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Chapter 451 The Ass Play !

Suzanne quietly made her way downstairs, hoping that Susan wouldn't notice her. But she needn't have worried, because Alan had gone the extra mile to cover Suzanne's and Katherine's tracks. When Suzanne came down the stairs towards the living room, she looked over to the kitchen for Susan and indeed saw her there with Alan.

Susan was facing away in front of a counter top, wearing high heels, an apron, a skirt, and a blouse, while Alan knelt behind her wearing a T-shirt and pants. He had her skirt pulled up and was rubbing her ass intently. She continued to fiddle with the oven while humming happily, acting as if her son wasn't exploring every nook and cranny of her butt.

Suzanne pondered, That's funny. I thought Susan said Sweetie couldn't touch her in places like that. So much for boundaries! Then it occurred to her, Oh. This must be the "getting attention" tradition I've heard about. Nice!

She heard Susan ask, "Tiger, was Suzanne really pleasuring you all this time?"

"Yep!"

"But it was so long!"

He quipped, "It still is."

"Mmmm. I know! Tiger, you're so insatiable! And after all that, you come down here and start playing with me!"

"That's because you were naked."

"Only because I was following your orders. Then, when I beg and plead and you finally let me put my clothes on, you just push them aside and act like they're not there. It's soooo hot!"

Suzanne walked away from the kitchen, towards the front door. Today's little poolside scheme is already working wonders. Sweetie's definitely got a natural talent for this kind of thing. Either that, or he's an exceptional learner. It looks like Susan is going to crumble even faster than I'd thought. Excellent. Moving quietly, she went to the underwear cabinet and changed from her robe into normal clothing.

Before Suzanne left the house, she walked through the living room to peek and see how things were faring in the kitchen. To her surprise, Alan now had his face buried up his mother's ass crack. He looked like he was rooting around for something in there with his nose, like a pig searching for truffles.

Susan no longer appeared calm, but in fact clutched the counter edge as if she was about to climax.

Suzanne chuckled to herself. I should just let the happy couple be. But if I speak up, I might help push things forward a bit further. So she spoke up, asking, "Sweetie, did you lose your car keys? I don't think you'll find them up there."

She chuckled at her own joke as Susan and Alan hurriedly disengaged and frantically scanned the room to find the source of the voice they'd just heard. When they finally looked back and saw that Suzanne was alone in the living room, they relaxed a little bit.

At least Alan relaxed. He'd jumped up when he'd heard her voice, but quickly got back down on his knees and grasped his still skittish mother's legs so she wouldn't be able to pull her marvelous ass away.

Susan couldn't hide how flustered she was, especially since Alan was once again lightly breathing onto her bare ass, giving her goose bumps, something that he'd earlier discovered drove her crazy. She stood erect and tried to act casually, even though her ass was completely exposed and her son's face was buried in it. "Uh, hi, Suzanne. Very funny. It's, uh, not what it looks like."

Suzanne raised an eyebrow. "Oh, really?"

"Uh, okay, maybe it is. But, uh... we were just, uh... Tiger was helping me, ummm..." Her face reddened further as she failed to think up even one vaguely plausible cover explanation for what Suzanne had seen.

Alan stepped in to save her. "I was just helping her by 'getting her attention'. I told you about that, Aunt Suzy, right? It's kind of a rule we have that I can play with her ass as sort of foreplay before she gives me a blowjob. Remember how Nurse Akami says I need a lot of stimulation and not just a quick ejaculation." He went back to blowing on his mother's skin, causing it to tingle.

"Oh. Of course," Suzanne replied in a level voice, as if Alan had just told her about a promotional special price on rental cars. "I think that's a good idea. Not only that, Susan, but your Tiger has to get your attention in some kind of special way if he needs a blowjob. Otherwise, how are you going to know just how needy he is?" She was just saying whatever would make Susan happy. She wanted to make up for her naughty interruption and put Susan back at ease.

In addition, the longer Suzanne talked the more she could watch. So she continued, "Besides, sucking your son's cock is a very difficult task. Especially lately, what with the way it's been growing longer, thicker, and ever more powerful. If you have any hope of making him cum with your tongue and lips and busy fingers, you need energy and inspiration. So it's only right that he plays with your body to his heart's content to get you in the mood."

Susan was already losing herself in another erotic fog as Alan continued to stimulate her ass in exciting ways. She struggled to come up with a response. "Um, yeah. It's all very... necessary. As long as he doesn't, uh, play with my... pussy. Because that would be... wrong!" She was going to say "hot" but caught herself at the last second, making the way she said "wrong" sound strangely enthusiastic.

She tried to change the subject. "I thought you'd gone home already. You surprised me."

"Yeah," Suzanne said, not really explaining anything at all. She brought the conversation back around to sex. She was still on her campaign to condition Susan to taking part in sexual acts while others watched, and she could tell that Alan had figured out her intent and was playing along. "Tell me more about this 'getting attention' ritual, Sweetie. Exactly how do you show her you need her to suck your cock?"

"Glad you asked, Aunt Suzy," he replied, speaking directly into Susan's ass. "When Mom cooks, it's good if she wears something like this apron that I can simply brush aside to get to her ass, no problem. She always needs to think that I might sneak up on her and grab her ass at any time, so she should give me easy access. Don't you, Mom?" He was heavily kneading one of her ass cheeks even as he blew between her legs to excite her pussy, which was a mere couple of inches from his lips.

"Uh, um, yes... But really, Son! This is not the type of conversation... Oh my God! Please take your hand off! Suzanne can see!" The hand she referred to was now deep in her ass crack. She was tremendously

excited by his suggestion that she needed to dress to give him easy access to her private parts at all times.

Suzanne calmly noted, "Big deal. I saw a lot more than that by the pool this afternoon. You're lucky he's letting you wear any clothes at all. Please continue, Sweetie."

He said, "Yeah, what was I thinking? Mom, you're way overdressed. Take it all off. Now."

"But Son!"

Sounding exactly like a parent, he chided, "Don't make me have to tell you twice."

Susan caved in. She took her top off and then her blouse while Alan continued to fondle and even lick her ass. She could feel Suzanne's eyes on her, and that doubled her arousal.

Once Susan was completely naked (not counting her glasses and high heels, of course), Alan stood up, allowing him to fondle her tits from behind.

"Son!" she protested.

"What?" He tugged on both of her nipples at once, making her lose her breath and practically lose her mind.

She caved in again, because his touch felt too good. "Um, nothing." She didn't even protest the fact that she could feel his bulge in his pants pressing against her bare ass. (The remarkable thing was that he was still wearing pants, but he was trying to pace himself, giving his dick a rest.)

He dropped a hand back down, allowing him to fondle her ass and her tits at the same time while also continuing with his explanation. "Like I was saying, I'm pleased to see when Mom dresses so I can easily get to her ass. No underwear, of course." He ran a finger deep up her ass crack. "And her crack is extremely clean. Is that a new thing, Mom?"

Susan panted as he kept probing her ass crack, "Yes! Oh yes! Since you... Mmmm! Since you started... MMMM! Oh God! In the morning, I always- OH! For you... Yes!" Her entire body was writhing about wildly.

Seeing that she was having such trouble talking, he continued explaining to Suzanne, "I've managed to surprise her a couple of times, including just before you came in. It kind of reminds me of when we used to surprise tickle each other when I was a kid. Anyways, I grope at her ass cheeks, like I'm doing now. She really digs that. A couple of times, she's pretended that I wasn't there at all and let me fondle her for ages. But today I felt like zeroing right in on her ass crack. I wanted to see what was in there. Like this curious hole."

He let go of her boob and got down on one knee so he could focus all his attention on her ass. He quickly licked his finger for lubrication and then stuck it into her anus. He carefully placed a couple of his remaining fingers outside her ass on either side of her pussy lips. He was going as close to the limits as he could.

She cried out, "Tiger! Please!" However, her body betrayed her words. Her cunt leaked copiously as rich-smelling lubricant started flowing down the insides of her thighs.

He acted dumb. "Please what? Please saw my finger in and out a bit? Like this?"

"YES! I mean, no! UGH! What I really mean is, Suzanne is here!"

He teased, "You mean I'm being rude to play with your ass but ignore our guest's ass?"

"Yes! I mean, no! Don't stop! Don't stop!"

"Then do you mean you'd like Aunt Suzy to take over?"

Before Susan realized it, she heard herself saying, "No! You're doing just fine! Uh, I meant..."

She was at a loss for words. She bent over at a right angle to give him even better access to her ass and also to hide her very red face. Her asshole was opened wide and her slit was also on view. Her body was

primed and in the ready position to be mounted and fucked hard until she passed out. It felt like the most natural position for her to offer her son.bender

She thought, This is terribly embarrassing, but let's face facts. I'm a hot, horny, centerfold mommy, ready to be used for my son's pleasure in any way necessary so he can empty his cock of another spermy load! Mmmm! And then, when he's given that up, his balls will fill with cum again and I'll help him drain them yet again. And again. And again. Forever! What a glorious cycle! MMMM! I just have to put up with my deep shame to save him from that nasty sperm buildup! That's the most important thing.

I just wish Suzanne wasn't here to see all this! I'm losing all my moral authority as his mother!

She mashed her boobs into the cold kitchen counter, which stimulated her hypersensitive nipples. That alone caused her back and ass to buck convulsively, and she almost screamed.

Suzanne chuckled at Susan's response. Before Susan could complain some more, Suzanne said, "I see. But Sweetie, what were you doing when I came in? It looked like you were trying to shove your whole face into that hole."

"Oh. That. I was, sort of. Mom likes it when I lick her ass crack. It's something I just discovered today. Don't you dig it, Mom?"

Susan refused to answer the question, trying to put on a false "nothing to see here" smile. She was blushing furiously. She felt that she'd been found out, because having her ass licked didn't seem necessary for advancing her professed goal of keeping her son's balls well drained. She prayed that Suzanne wouldn't point out the inconsistency.

Alan immediately dove back in with his tongue. Its probing wetness found her puckered anus. He spread her cheeks with his hands to give him better access to that secret spot. He plunged the tip of his tongue right into her hole.

Susan let out another excited gasp. Oh no! Too much! Suzanne isn't here, she isn't here! But she is here!

Suzanne asked very matter-of-factly, "So, Susan, how is it that I never heard about this 'getting attention' ritual before today? I thought we shared everything."

Susan was so aroused that she had a hard time talking. "We do... but... it's so embarrassing... shameful... Mmmm! I told you about the uh... the uh... MMMM! The ass play... well, most of it, but... Oh, Tiger, please!"

Susan looked back at Suzanne nervously, and then reached back and pushed her son's head away. She said with more determination, "Tiger. Please! Really! That is so improper! That's enough ass licking for now, buster."

He abruptly withdrew his tongue and stood up. "You're right, Mom. That is enough of that. I'm ready for you to suck my cock now." He unzipped his fly and whipped his dick out of his pants. It was rock hard, throbbing with his beating heart as the blood coursed through it. The cockhead was already shiny and slick from pre-cum. He repeatedly clenched his PC muscle, which caused his dick to bob up and down enticingly.

Susan was still pressed face-down into the counter, so he spun her around like a rag doll and put her hand on his rod. She stared at the ceiling because she couldn't bear to look at Suzanne while being manipulated so readily.

He continued, "Aunt Suzy, you're more than very familiar with this next part. Mom now drops to her knees and sucks, licks, and strokes my erection until I feel reeeeeeally good. Don't you, Mom? Would you like to be my helpful cocksucker right now?"

Her hand had already been stroking his erection from the instant he placed it there; now her other hand quickly joined in. "You know I would. But Suzanne is here. And..."

He prodded, "What does that matter? Hell, do you think my blue balls just go away when Aunt Suzy is around? No! They usually get much worse."

"I know that, Son..." Her fingers were happily slipping and sliding up and down. She craved to drop to her knees, but she forced herself to remain standing. "She's so beautiful."

"Why, thank you!" Suzanne exclaimed. Seeing that Alan was looking at her, she unbuttoned her blouse to her belly button and then ran her hands over her bra-free breasts as if she were overcome by heat.

Not only was Alan awed by Suzanne's blatantly sexy display, but even Susan was transfixed. She just kept stroking her son's boner as she stared slack-jawed at her gorgeous best friend.

All the staring grew a bit awkward, so Suzanne was forced to say, "What? I'm just helping out with visual stimulation. I'm even keeping my blouse on. ... Well, mostly." She had to add that caveat since her big tits were hanging free through the opened front as she continued to caress them.

Susan seemed to snap back to reality, trying to think. "Never mind about that... I was gonna say... There's something else. ... On the tip of my tongue... What was it?" She kept stroking as she stared into space, and then it came to her. "Oh yeah! Your punishment! No blowjobs from me until Tuesday. Don't you remember?"

"Dang! My punishment. Huh." He was frustrated, because he did remember. "It seems like more of a punishment for you than for me, but whatever." Then an idea came to him and he pointed out, "Well, you only said no blowjobs. You can still give me a handjob, like you're already doing."

"I suppose I could..." She stroked for some more moments, pondering again. At first, she wondered whether it was really proper to give her son a handjob, considering the general punishment idea.

But after a minute or two, with her fingers continually to run on autopilot up and down his pre-cum-soaked skin, she got so aroused that she began to wonder if it was really fair to have a ban on blowjobs after all. My son has needs. Big needs! To deny him blowjobs would be like denying a sick patient their medicine, right? Is it really fair to punish a boy with a cock this thick and tasty? If anything, HE should be punishing ME with a hard spanking! She didn't have any plausible reason for that line of thought, but she wasn't thinking logically.

She was completely lost in the act for a couple more minutes. Then she heard some noise, looked up, and saw Suzanne standing there across the kitchen with her blouse still wide open. Susan blushed all over again, because she'd been so into pleasuring her son's dick that she'd completely forgotten she was being watched. "Suzanne! You're still here! Um, of course you are. What am I thinking? But you're so quiet. How can you just stand there and watch me do this?"

Suzanne stepped forward. "Oh, you're right. I'm sorry. How rude of me. You must need some help. Here. I can take care of his balls." She drew nearer with an outstretched hand.

Susan let go of Alan's boner in shock, and then physically moved to stand between Suzanne and Alan's crotch. "No! I didn't mean that!"

She saw Suzanne's hand continuing to get closer, and decided it was better to do without than share. That was another sinful boundary she didn't want to ever cross. "Tiger, that's enough of that! Put your thing away right now. We can't do this in front of other people. It's time for dinner in any case. Look. You've made me nearly burn the food."

Chapter 452 Too Much Talk About Sexual Things.

Susan turned back around and moved to the stove to tend to the food. It wasn't actually burned, but it was a good excuse for her to get away. Her whole body was shaking with excitement and shame.

Suzanne was secretly amused. Partly it was the sight of her friend attempting to act serious even as she stood there while trying to cook in the nude.

Suzanne was also amused at her own chutzpah in stepping towards them and attempting to join in. Oops. I tried too much there. Maybe I'll have better luck next time. It was a bit bold to even interrupt their privacy, but it was worth it just to see the look on her face. I'm such a terribly naughty meanie these days, hee-hee-hee. I just have to keep it up, so that eventually Susan and I will be able to trade off stroking and sucking, and she won't even blink an eye about it.

Since Alan's erection was still hanging out of his pants, Suzanne took another step forward and held it in her hands. "Look at this, Susan. Our Sweetie here is still hard. Are you just going to ignore this and leave him suffering? Isn't this why he was getting your attention? Should I take over if you're too busy with the food?"

Susan turned around with another look of total shock and dismay. She'd expected that Alan would have tucked his hard-on away, but now she saw that Suzanne's hand was sliding up and down his slippery rod. "Let me take care of that!"

He spoke up. "That's okay, Aunt Suzy. Thanks for the offer, but Mom's right. It's time for dinner. Anyways, I've already cum eight times today and I could honestly use a break." Actually he hadn't meant to have things go this far - he'd originally rubbed his mother's ass just to allow Suzanne to leave unnoticed, which turned out to be a moot point, anyway.

Suzanne said as she kept on stroking, "Eight times?! Holy cow."

Susan turned around again to stare at Alan. She had to put a hand over her mouth to hide how widely it was hanging open in surprise.

He said, "I know. And the day's not even over."

"Wow. That's impressive." Suzanne was stalling for time with small talk while she kept stroking. But after nearly another minute of gently jacking him off, she looked up at an increasingly peeved Susan and forced herself to ask, "Are you sure I should stop, Sweetie?"

"He's sure!" Susan answered for him.

Alan agreed. "Yep. I'm sure."

"You positive? Because I would hate to leave you hanging. So to speak." Suzanne smiled now at her increasingly obvious attempt to draw things out even more, so she could continue to fondle and stroke his cock.

He smiled too. He thought, I know Mom's not pleased, but what was she thinking, just stopping right in the middle of something like that? Frankly, this feels far too good to give up. Is nine times today doable?!

After another long pause, he looked at Susan, who had now placed her hands defiantly on her hips, and said to Suzanne, "Well, if you insist, you can do that for another minute or two until dinner is on the table. But please make sure I don't cum again. I don't think my dick will be happy tomorrow if I do."

He cupped his hands and yelled loudly, "KATHERINE! COME! I WANT YOU TO GO DOWN! THERE'S SOMETHING HERE FOR YOU TO EAT!" Suzanne and Alan chuckled, but his strange wording flew over his mother's head.

Susan asked him plaintively, "Can I please put my clothes back on? I need the apron at least, for cooking the food."

"Well, okay. The apron."

Susan quickly picked up the apron and put it back on, fearing he might change his mind.

With that accomplished, she looked back at Suzanne and her stroking hand. "Now, Suzanne, Angel is going to be down here soon, and I really must insist that you..."

With perfect timing, Katherine came bounding into the room, looking fresh and dressed for dinner. It had taken less than a minute for her to get there. "Hey, everybody! What's up!" She was in a great mood after what she and Suzanne had done together.

Susan closed her eyes in frustration and muttered, "Oh no!" Then she forced herself to deal with it, opening her eyes and turning around from the stove to greet her daughter. She saw Suzanne still jacking off Alan's prick. That wasn't much of a surprise, but the fact that Suzanne was now topless certainly was. She'd been wearing her blouse not half a minute earlier (although it was wide open in front). "Suzanne!" she griped. "Your blouse. What happened to your blouse? I thought you were trying to keep it on, at least!"

As Katherine walked into the kitchen, she took stock of the situation, then quipped, "Hi Mom. It probably went the same way that all your clothes did."

Susan reached around and felt her ass. She remembered to her dismay that she was only wearing the apron, so her ass was still completely uncovered and now three people were staring at it. She quickly turned around, because her apron at least served to cover her pussy and, slightly, her nipples, although it left most of the rest of her big tits exposed. She complained, "Come on, people. Look at how we're dressed. Look at what Suzanne is doing to Tiger. We can't let this place descend into a house of debauchery and sin!"

The others all covertly made faces or rolled their eyes at that.

Suzanne answered, "Susan, you don't expect me to jack him off with all my clothes on, do you? That's so not-visually-stimulating for the poor guy." She got down on her knees and put her face close to Alan's cockhead. "And what about this guy down here. We have to think of his needs." She technically wasn't blowing him, but her mouth was so close to the tip of his dick that her every breath stimulated it even further.

Susan was now increasingly irked, both at herself and at everyone else. She felt like she'd been made a fool of. "Suzanne. Please! Don't you dare start sucking him! I'm trying to maintain some order around here. And there are more important things in the universe than stimulating him, believe it or not."

"Such as?" Katherine asked.

Susan was briefly stumped, but then said with irritation, "Eating dinner, for one! As a matter of fact, I'm putting my foot down. Please stop that right now! Alan, it's time for dinner. It's time to get seated at the dinner table. You too, Katherine."

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Alan was greatly enjoying the whole situation. Getting blown or sucked had become such a common thing for him that he felt completely relaxed about it. He stood in a casual pose with his hands in his pockets while Suzanne had one leg snaked between his and her breasts pressed into his pants-covered thighs.

Suzanne was letting her tongue flick around his cockhead a little bit, but only when she was sure that Susan's view was obstructed.

Susan couldn't see that from where she was standing, because Suzanne carefully positioned her head and her wavy hair to block the view.

But Katherine could. Inspired, she said, "Well, I know one thing: I'm overdressed!" She started to remove her clothes, first taking off her blouse.

However, Susan pleaded, "Angel, please! I'm trying to maintain some decorum, but everything is getting out of hand! Can't you be good, for me?"

Katherine replied, "There are different ways to define good. Tell you what. I won't unbutton my blouse all the way. How's that?"

"I suppose that'll do. Remember we're about to have dinner."

Life was really good for Alan. It seemed that the only limit to his fun was how much his dick could take. At that point he was certainly testing the very limits of just how much stimulation one man could stand.

Suzanne's blouse hung wrapped around her stomach. She finally let go of Alan's rod and pulled her blouse back up, re-buttoning it, all in response to Susan's continued unhappy muttering. "Susan, you're miffed, I can tell. Sorry. I'm really not trying to be flippant, or undermine your authority here. It's just that, well, thinking about Sweetie's thick cock makes me want to do crazy things. Of course I want to tear off my clothes and suck him to completion. You can understand that, can't you?"

"I sure can!" Katherine giddily interrupted. "What did I miss here, by the way?" She grabbed some plates and silverware and started setting the dining room table.

"Oh, not much," said Susan, glum but a little bit mollified. "Just the usual. Too much talk about sexual things."

She turned to the now-standing Suzanne. Alan stood next to her, but he was finally putting his erection back in his pants. Watching it disappear felt like a tragedy in progress to Susan; it was all she could do not to dart over and stuff it in her mouth instead.

Thus she was very sincere when she said, "I understand where you're coming from, Suzanne. Boy, do I understand! I can't believe I let Tiger do that to my ass, but it just shows how I get carried away too."

"Do what?" Katherine asked.

"Never you mind," Susan said sternly. She continued to Suzanne, "Let's try to respect each other's wishes a bit more and be more discreet in helping him with his treatments, okay? The place for that is not in the middle of the kitchen with Angel and everybody walking around!"

Suzanne nodded. "Yes. Certainly. I'm sorry I interrupted you and then got carried away. And speaking of dinner, I really should be going. My husband and kids must be starving. If my husband knew what was keeping me, he might get a bit angry!" She snickered.

Suzanne held her hand next to her ear as if she was holding a cell phone, then pretended to speak into it, "Hello, Eric dear. I'll be over shortly; don't worry. I meant to have dinner started already but time flies when you're holding throbbing teenage cock in your hands."

She pretended to be listening to her husband's response, then said, "What? You disagree? Well, don't knock it till you try it. You've never felt tempted to rip your blouse open and rub your 38Gs all over Alan's chest while he floods your mouth with his sweet seed? No? Oh, I forgot, you don't have G-cups - more like C-cups."

The others laughed. Eric had gained enough weight in recent years to develop some "man boobs."

Then Suzanne added into her pretend phone, "Don't tell me you don't like the taste of his seed. After all, you've kissed me enough times just minutes after I've blown him."

This time, her comment was greeted with more shock than laughter. She had to point out, "Just kidding, folks, just kidding. Even Eric doesn't deserve that. Besides, I'm pretty sure he's forgotten what kissing is. I've gotta run. I'll see you later."

She rushed to the door and left. As intended, her pretend phone call had at least distracted Susan so that she no longer felt ashamed and irate. But the effect wasn't all good, because, instead, Susan and her children found themselves thinking of Ron and what might happen if he ever found out what was really happening in the Plummer household. That sobered them all, at least for a little while.

After Susan finished cooking, she left to change out of her apron into something more formal and alluring. Alan knew they'd been pushing her pretty hard, so he gave her permission to wear whatever she wanted, until further notice.

She and her kids sat down at the dinner table. As they always did before dinner, they linked hands and bowed their heads.

She prayed, "Dear Lord, please give us the strength and wisdom to deal with our... rather unusual situation. I understand Alan's special needs are important, but they should not so overwhelm our lives. Please give us the grace and peace of mind to help cope with all this... strangeness. Oh, and look out for Aunt Marcy and give her the strength to heal from her recent fall."

She went on, "And last but not least, thank you for all the joy you've brought us from learning to love pleasuring Tiger's member. He's a special young man with special needs. May his member stay thick and stiff and well-tended by all of us tomorrow, and beyond. Amen."

The two kids muttered "Amen" and released their hands.

Lately, Susan had been mentioning something along those lines in her prayers, but it seemed to be getting more explicit all the time. Alan thought, Man! You know things are getting weird and wild when even Mom's nightly prayer threatens to get me hot and bothered!

With Katherine free to talk, she asked, "So what's the special occasion, Mom?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're actually wearing clothes!" Katherine laughed at her own joke.

Susan wasn't so pleased. "Very funny," she griped. She nervously twirled a strand of her hair in her fingers, afraid that Alan might not like her rather conservative appearance. She'd been somewhat freaked out by what had happened earlier and wanted to wear something more respectable for dinner, but at the same time she still wanted to arouse her son. Whatever she wore would have a hard time competing with how she'd just been walking around nude, or attired just in an apron.

"Well, I think you look great, Mom," Alan said positively. "You know, sometimes you're just as alluring all dressed up as when you're naked."

"Thank you, Tiger." She was very relieved to hear his compliment.

Susan was wearing a lilac halter-top dress over long white sleeves and a white point collar. It exposed a tremendous amount of cleavage. But compared to what she'd been wearing lately, it seemed conservative, since it didn't have any potential for her nipples or tits to pop out. The fact that this dress was now considered conservative showed how incredibly much things had changed in just a few weeks.

Of course, she wasn't wearing any bra or panties. That Plummer house "tradition" had become so well established lately that it was now more like an iron-clad rule. The feeling of her nipples and her pussy rubbing against the rough fabric helped keep her in an aroused state.

He asked his sister, "What do you think?"

"Oh, I think Mom looks totally steaming hot. Good enough to eat." Katherine lewdly licked her lips. Coming straight from sex with Suzanne, she was very aroused by the prospect of doing the same to her mother, as unrealistic as that might be for the foreseeable future.

Susan could feel the sexual desire radiating from her daughter, so she nervously tried to change the subject. She stood up. "Speaking of good enough to eat, let's go get the food."

Alan said, "Mom, let me help you."bender

"Don't even think of it." That answer was no surprise. It was a point of pride for Susan to do all the cooking and serving, although she did appreciate help in cleaning up afterwards.

When she came back to the table, Katherine asked her, "So what's all this about your ass, Mom? Why was it hanging out so deliciously naked when I came down, and what did you say Big Brother was doing to it before?"

Susan sighed. "Here we go again. Let's see. How can I explain this?"

Alan helped out. "Sis, I was fondling Mom's bare ass when Aunt Suzy came into the kitchen. But I wasn't violating the no-touching rule. You see, when Mom set that rule, she also made clear some allowable exceptions. For instance, she said that it would be okay if I 'got her attention' when I needed sexual relief. I do that by grabbing her butt and fondling it as long as I like."

Susan looked away and muttered, "I don't know about the 'as long as I like' part." She made an excuse to go back to the kitchen, blushing profusely.

Katherine grumbled quietly. She was feeling jealous about this "new tradition" until she thought about it some more, finally coming up with an idea. Then she enthused, "Oh great! What a great rule! If you want to get my attention, why don't you do something similar? I know! You can stick your finger up my fuck hole. Or really, stick any object of that general size and shape in there. That'll be sure to get my attention, hee-hee."

"Kaaaatheriiiiine!" chided Susan from the kitchen. "You know Tiger shouldn't do something like that. Even talking like that is unladylike. It's so very improper! Words like 'fuck hole' - for SHAME! Angel, I thought I raised you better. Why don't you think of something else?"

"Okay," Katherine said, delighted that her mother didn't mind the general concept of having her own special way of getting Alan's attention. "Let's see... the butt is already taken. We could make it the boobs, but let's face it, mine aren't as big as some other people's around here." She made a frustrated, screwed-up face at that thought.

Then her face lit up. "Oh, I know: my pussy! Not the inside, Mom, don't worry, but the shaved smooth outside. That's something special. He could pet the outside. What do you think, Big Fa- ... Uh, Brother?"

"Sounds fine to me!" He picked up his knife and fork and began to eat. Knowing that Susan would have an issue with him touching his sister's snatch, he clarified, "After all, it would be the general pussy area. Not actually, you know..." He was deliberately vague. "We can't have THAT!"

"What do you think, Mom?" Katherine asked. "Is that an okay signal?"

Susan answered from the kitchen. "Well, Angel, I don't really see why we need these signals in the first place, but I guess since I have one it would be hypocritical of me... Tiger, do you promise to restrain yourself and go no further than the outside of that... general area... with this signal?"

"Yes, I promise. I won't go any further when signaling." He was careful with his words because he thought to himself, However, when not signaling I'm going to keep fucking her silly!

He was rather staggered that his mother had agreed to his sister's bold suggestion, since she normally had such a strict rule against any contact with the pussy area. It so happened that all the playing around in the kitchen had left Susan as hot as an oven, so that her attempt to look and act normal was only a false front. She was feeling very horny and was imagining Alan rubbing her own pussy, so her willpower was particularly low at the moment.

Also, she trusted him completely, since he had never broken a promise, at least as far as she knew.

But he often adhered only to "the letter of the law," and this time he realized he'd found another loophole. He even rationalized that fucking his sister was okay from the fact that his mother had never explicitly forbidden them from fucking each other.

Before Susan could fully process his clarification, Katherine cried, "Goody! Why don't we try it out right now, and see if it works?" She stood up and walked around the table to Alan. She wore a short dress and pulled it up. Of course she wasn't wearing panties, so that left her brother's face inches from her bare pussy.

"Katherine, please! Not at dinner!" Susan complained from the kitchen. "You haven't eaten yet." She hastily walked back to the dining room table with several plates of food. She had outdone herself, preparing a succulent eggplant and spinach lasagne, with quinoa, lettuce and broad bean salad on the side.

"But MooooOOOOOooooom!" Katherine whined.

Alan more cleverly said, "Mom, do you suppose we could try it out for just a minute? I think it would be important to establish just what's acceptable here, while you're nearby, so you can help us clarify some gray areas. Otherwise we won't know how far to go when we're alone."

Susan felt trapped by that compelling logic. She took her seat at the head of the table. "I don't know. It's so improper. I mean, doing something like that in a public room, in front of someone else..."

"But Mom," he persisted, "you were just letting me fondle your ass with Aunt Suzy there. And you blew me in the back yard today in front of two people, even. You did a really great job of it too, by the way."

Susan blushed some more.

Alan thought that both cute and arousing.

As usual, she relented. "Don't remind me of my shameful mistakes. ... Okay, okay, fine. You're completely incorrigible. But just to clarify the boundaries. Very briefly! Your food is just sitting there getting cold. I made that lasagne with love."

"Excellent!" Katherine cried. She immediately took off all her clothes. The two of them moved to a love seat near the archway to the living room, but behind Susan's chair.

Susan twisted in her chair to see what was happening. "What do you think you're doing?!" she complained to her daughter. "Your clothes!" She rightly wondered why Katherine had to take her top off just for Alan to touch her bald pussy.

But rather than let Katherine answer, Alan immediately placed his hand on his sister's pussy and asked Susan, "Here's a question: the clitoris. What do you think about my touching the clit? It is on the outside, you know. So isn't that okay?"

Alan rubbed Katherine's clit as he asked this. He used one hand to pull back the hood and rubbed the tip until it stuck out like a little prick, red and swollen. He used his sister's moaning as an excuse to push things even further. "I hope I'm not being too rough; maybe you need a little lubricant." He licked his finger and rubbed her nub even faster now that it was covered with spit.

Susan waffled. "I don't know. I mean, that seems awfully sexual." Her own clit was throbbing as she imagined him playing with it. That dulled her objection.

He asked, "But is it really that different from pinching a nipple after touching a breast?"

"Well, no, but..."

He cut in, and went on before she could think, "Then we're in agreement. But what about the pussy lips? That's a tougher one. I mean, OBVIOUSLY, I wouldn't want to put my finger INSIDE her! But if I put my finger right here, along Sis's slit, I'm still on the outside. And I could kind of press down, like this."

His finger first circled around the outer lips, then slid back and forth in between the inner folds. He was still holding back her clitoral hood with his other hand. He managed to rub her clit while massaging his sister's meaty labia.

Susan was silent, as if struck dumb by the sight. She felt her own pussy start to moisten. When she'd first heard Katherine's suggestion, she'd imagined only touching vaguely near the pussy area. She definitely did not want to agree to this. But seeing what she was witnessing was so arousing, she was struck mute. She felt like she was watching Alan play with her own pussy.

He said, "So that's on the outside. Whereas THIS is on the inside." He dramatically plunged two fingers into his sister's slit and started up a rapid fucking action with his hand.

Susan was tempted to fall to her knees and have a powerful climax. This was the forbidden act she'd been longing for Alan to do to her. Even though she was fully dressed, she knew that she only needed to touch her clit to explode in total ecstasy.

Katherine moaned loudly. She was in a very happy place as his fingers explored her clit and then caressed her lower lips, all wet with her juices. She could even smell her own aroma as it started to fill the room.

Her mother could smell it easily as well, even over the steaming lasagne. "Tiger, please! Outside the lips only! And in any case, the proper time for that is after dinner! Your food is getting cold. I thought you were talking about just petting the area where she used to have hair." She looked down into her lap and noticed that her legs were rubbing together, as if someone else were in control of them. It took all her self-control to force them to stop moving.

"Oh, you mean like this?" He took his fingers out of his sister's steaming hole and caressed her silky skin all around her labia, which were very sensitive. "You're saying this is okay."

Katherine moaned again and kicked her legs about in excitement.

Susan formed a serious, disapproving frown. She was wondering why she'd even agreed to that much.

He sensed her mood and tried to wrap things up. "I'll try to keep it like this and go no further than what I was doing earlier."

"Fine." Susan sighed. "Now that we've got that sorted out, will you two please sit back down at the table, fully dressed, and eat all the food I spent so much time making? You really shouldn't be doing this kind of thing in front of other people, even me. Can't we be a normal family for a few minutes while we eat?"

All three of them sat down to eat.

Susan glared at her daughter. "Angel? Forget something?"

"Oh yeah." Katherine smiled mischievously, because she was still completely naked. She got up and put on her clothes.

"Really!" Susan complained as she ate, "I think you two take far too much advantage of my kind nature. Imagine. Eating dinner naked! Katherine, remember that you're grounded for the week."

"No problemo! That means I can stay home and suck Brother's Popsicle all week long!" Katherine pointed out happily. She was sitting down again after quickly throwing her clothes back on.

"No, young lady, remember the other part of your punishment? No blow... um, oral stimulation tasks for you. But since I'm in a generous mood, I'll let you stimulate him once a day with your hands."

"Woo-hoo!" Katherine squealed.

Susan wagged her finger like a chiding teacher. "But that's it! And you're done for today. After all, you're supposed to be having a punishment, not a reward. And Tiger, remember, no touching her either. If she can't touch you, then you can't touch her either."

"Except for touching her pussy, to get her attention," he pointed out.

"Yes, I suppose. Except for that. Just once a day though. God, I can't believe how weak I am!" She wagged a finger at both of them in a mothering way. "And no more stunts like this pussy-petting at dinner or whatever you call it. Is that clear? ... Oh my. I said 'pussy.' Is there any decent word for that area? Bush? No, you don't have one. Mound? Er, vaginal... No. Oh dear. Nothing works. You two are corrupting me."

The siblings nodded in agreement at her restrictions, and also at the fact that they were corrupting her. They tried to hide their smiles.

Chapter 454 We're A Normal Family Eating A Normal Dinner.

Susan said, "Now then. We're a normal family eating a normal dinner. So can we please focus on talking about something else at the table other than sucking Tiger's Popsicle? Um, I mean, uh, orally stimulating his member?"

"Sure. But Mom, I want to make clear that you said you're weak, and you're not weak at all." He took the first bite of his lasagna, then continued, "This week I'm going to need all of the strength and help I can get. Remember that my Boy Scout hike is coming up next weekend? I'm going to be gone all of Saturday and Sunday. That means I'll probably need to aim for seven or eight times a day for the weeks before and after, since I'll be lucky to have even one orgasm on each of those scout-trip days."

Alan had been in the Boy Scouts for years and had recently become an Eagle Scout. Now, at age eighteen, he'd become an Explorer Scout, helping the scoutmasters. But ever since he had begun his "treatment" he had been neglecting the Scouts. He'd realized that he had to go on this camping trip or he'd be in serious trouble with his scouting troop.

"Oh my!" Susan exclaimed. "Oh dear." The implications sank in as she happily imagined blowing her son that many times a day. Too much was not enough for her. In her current mood at least, she could literally suck him off a dozen times a day and still want more.

Her pussy throbbed and her nipples grew harder than ever, but she clenched her legs and tried to ignore the way her mouth was watering. "Oh dear. Tiger, that's going to be really tough. My jaw hurts from just thinking about it. Do you think you'll be able to handle it?"

"I don't know. Just averaging six times a day is REALLY hard. As you know, even though today has been an exceptional day so far, I was below target the last couple of days. So you can see I'm really going to need a lot of help. Especially from you and Aunt Suzy, since you won't let Sis here help much. Not to mention the sheer amount of time it takes to get sucked off so many times! Luckily this is a weekend, so we can really take time to enjoy ourselves. But how can I manage so many times a day during the school week?"

He continued, "I'm thinking that sometimes it would be helpful if someone could just milk me with me hardly noticing. Like, for instance, if I'm doing my homework, Mom, and you come up and jack me off and I never even stop doing my homework the whole time. Remember how Akami said that prolonged stimulation was essential."

"I don't know, Tiger," said a visibly worried Susan. "I'm supposed to be punishing you, even if it's only until Tuesday... I promise that when Tuesday comes around I'll really help you out a lot..."

He could see she was wavering. "You just said the punishment was for blowjobs only. But in any case, you'll hardly let Sis touch me, and you won't touch me now, so are you expecting Aunt Suzy to do everything? She's here some of the time, but not all the time. Like, she's never over in the mornings, and I need a lot of help then. I can barely make six as it is; how can I do seven or eight without a lot of help from more than just her?"

Susan fretted. Having her son cum many times a day had become very important to her. "I don't know, Tiger. But you've hardly eaten a bite yet. Is this really an appropriate topic for our dinner conversation?"

So they changed topics and finished dinner.

When it was over, Susan went back to her room to change. Despite the compliments, she already felt overdressed. Despite most of the dinner being fairly normal, she still felt a strong erotic desire that just wouldn't go away. Screw this "normal clothes" shit! she cursed to herself as she stood before her dressing closet.

Who needs all that heavy clothing? We live in Southern California. Clothes are unnecessary in this weather. There's a big, powerful cock in this house needing to be pleased and stroked and sucked. He has serious NEEDS! With Angel out there as competition, I'd better wear something that'll allow more "accidents" so he'll notice ME. Let's see... This'll do. She grabbed the lowest cut dress she could find and put it on.

Alan and Katherine were eating watermelon and canteloupe slices for dessert as Susan came back into the dining room and sat down. She said, "Now, where were we? Now that dinner is over, we were going to finish our discussion about penis stimulation."

Alan smiled to see Susan's revealing new outfit, but he didn't comment on it. "I think we were near a decision. Come on Mom, what'll it be? Can't you help out more, or have Sis help out more, or both?"

"Hmmm... I don't know," she said uncertainly. Despite her cocksucking lust, she felt the parental need to follow through on her punishments. She hoped to at least make it without blowing him until Tuesday. "What if you just have Suzanne help you a couple of times a day, and 'do your thing' to make up the difference? For the next two days?"

Susan was sitting in her usual place at the head of the table, while Alan and Katherine sat on either side of her, as they usually did. She leaned forward as if deeply engrossed in the topic, which caused her skimpy periwinkle-blue dress to slide down, making her bountiful mounds spill forward, exposing them fully to his eyes.

Despite all her talk about wanting to act like a normal family, she had specifically changed into that dress just so it could slip down in this manner. Her face looked demure, but her erect nipples betrayed her excitement.

The fact was, she still had an erotic buzz she couldn't shake. It had started when they were hanging out by the pool in the afternoon and it had never really gone away. Alan's ass fondling before dinner got the buzz humming even louder, but then they'd been interrupted by Suzanne before the two of them could get off. Furthermore, the fact that he had been doing things to her right in front of Suzanne and

Katherine turned her on even more. The idea of being ravished by him in a crowded public space kept intruding on her thoughts.

It was all he could do not to reach out and pinch his mother's nipples. But he was equally distracted by his sister, sitting across the table from him. She'd cleverly changed clothes too when Susan went upstairs. Now she wore a thin top which barely had enough fabric to not qualify as see-through. Worse (or better, depending on one's point of view), it was about two sizes too large, so one or the other of the two shoulder straps kept falling off her shoulders almost every time she took another bite to eat. This frequently caused her top to fall down enough to completely expose a boob.

He finally tore his attention from his mother's and sister's tits long enough to answer, "Mom, you actually want me to masturbate? To commit the sin of Onan? I'm shocked!"

She crumbled, putting her face in her hands. "No, of course not! I don't know what I'm thinking anymore. What if Suzanne and I just jack you off a lot?"

"Um, Mom, we could try that, but let's face it: my stamina is growing. Would that really be enough to always get me off? Besides, my dick might get seriously chafed. Remember what Akami said about the difference between a hand and a mouth when it comes to chafing."

Katherine giggled at the apparently absurd notion of cock chafing. However, she quickly controlled herself, and said as seriously as she could, "That's a big problem, Bro. Are you sure it isn't chafed already? Maybe we should take a look."

He looked to his mother for permission.

She coughed nervously. "Ah, yes. I think that, uh, for medical reasons, it's good to see its condition now before we consider our future options. We do have to consider the, uh, chafing... problem."

So he unzipped his pants and released his eager boner. Since he'd just finished eating his dessert, he pulled his chair away from the table (and closer to his mother) so the other two could have a good view of his cock.

It was as if he'd hit a button controlling his mother labeled "pant". Susan's chest immediately began heaving as her breath became heavy and ragged from seeing his mouthwateringly tempting cock-meat so close to her. With all that movement, her dress slid down to her stomach.

Alan felt that he could watch his mother's heaving naked breasts for hours. He eventually tore his eyes away long enough to look back at his sister's chest, and noticed a similar reaction. It was almost comical how loudly the two of them were now panting and how much their big globes were bouncing up and down.

In fact, Susan got so horny so quickly that it was all she could do not to reach into his lap and start stroking. But she still had enough of her old mindset to worry about doing that with Katherine right there. So instead, she said, "Tiger, why don't you scoot up to the table there, and I'll get you both some homemade cookies."

She didn't really want to get them cookies, as they'd just had dessert and she tried to limit their sweets, but it was an excuse for her to get away from him before she did something rash. She stood up to go.

He replied, "Okay, but you know there's a certain morning alarm clock that I've been greatly missing. Honestly. I thought after Tuesday that maybe I'd wake to that more often."

Susan gasped and fled to the kitchen, tightly clutching her big, bouncing breasts.

Once Susan reached the kitchen, she more or less composed herself, even to the point of pulling her dress back up enough to cover her nipples. Then, after a few more deep breaths to gird herself for the process, she returned to the dining room with a plate of oatmeal raisin cookies.

Alan had scooted all the way forward, so Susan couldn't see into his lap from where she now sat. But what she didn't know was that while she was in the kitchen, Katherine had started to play footsie with her brother's dick. Alan had changed position to help facilitate his sister's movements.

As it was, Katherine had needed to slump in her chair, acting as if she were really full, in order to reach across the wide table. Her bare foot had found his exposed dick and trapped it against his thigh. As she built up a good rhythm of pressing down on it and rubbing, she couldn't help but briefly let out a wicked smile.

Susan was still too flustered by her own desires to notice.

Alan wolfed down a couple of cookies while slouched back in his own chair, giving his sister's foot even better access. Both kids looked as if they were stuffed after eating a marvelous repast, slouching back to provide extra room for their swollen stomachs.

Alan spread his legs even wider. That allowed Katherine to experiment with two feet on his hard-on at once. It wasn't easy, especially with an unsuspecting Susan sitting so close, but Katherine managed to trap his dick with one foot and rub it against that foot with her other one. After a bit, she concluded that the two-footed approach wasn't worth all the extra effort and risk, so she returned to rubbing his stiffness against his thigh with just the one foot.

She commented, "Hey, Bro, I'll bet it feels good to relax after a nice meal like that."

"Oh, it sure does, Sis. It feels incredible. You have no idea how good." Of course, they were talking about the footjob, but their mother didn't know that.

"Oh, I think I have some idea," she winked. "It's good to kick back and relax. You know, stretch your feet out and take a load off." She gave his dick an extra hard rub at that moment to make sure he understood what load she wanted to get off.

His eyes went wide at her innuendo and daring rubbing, but he recovered quickly. "I don't know if I'm ready to take a load off just yet. Let's not rush it." He turned to Susan and said, "Boy, Mom, that lasagna really was good. And homemade cookies again!"

He had good reason to praise her. Ever since Ron had returned to Asia, it seemed that she was cooking Alan's favorite dishes and making special desserts every night. The house was overflowing with homemade cookies in particular. She smiled widely at his compliment. She couldn't explain why, but lately she was extremely eager to please him in all things. She was also thinking on some level that the more he ate, the more sexual energy and cum he could produce.

He added, "Now that I'm done, can I get Sis's attention properly?"

She frowned at that. "Certainly not! I said-"

"You said," he interrupted, "and I quote, 'The proper time for that is after dinner.' So we're just obeying your instructions from earlier."

Susan wrinkled her brow in consternation, trapped by her own words. She was mostly worried that the sight of more sexual fun would get her too aroused again. She wavered. "I don't know. Angel is still eating a cookie, and I--"

Before Susan could get any further, Katherine took that as a yes and yelped in glee. Then she said, "Don't worry, Mom; I'm all done." She stuffed the rest of the cookie into her mouth, then with a mouthful of cookie she mumbled, "Come over here, Bro." Under the table, she removed her foot from his crotch so he could stand.

He walked around to the other side of the table to sit next to his sister. He stepped out of his already-opened pants as he got up, so that his stiff erection was unencumbered, allowing it to bounce lewdly as he walked.

"Tiger!" Susan complained. "Your pants!" She'd managed to calm down a bit while she was in the kitchen, but her boobs resumed heaving as she watched her son's dick bounce right past her.

He deliberately made it worse by pausing right in front of her. With his dick nearly at her eye level, he reached forward and grabbed another cookie.

Susan grasped at her chest as if struggling for air, which caused her low-cut dress to fall below her nipples again. For once, she hadn't done it on purpose; she was just reacting and clutching instinctively, and the dress did the rest.

Chapter 455 Um, Uh, Don't Disappoint Your Mommy!

He said, "What, Mom? Didn't you ask me to take my dick out earlier? And I'm so stuffed after that wonderful meal that I can hardly be expected to keep my pants on." He stood above his sister and looked down, admiring the great view down her top, her nipples clearly visible through the fabric.

Then he sat down next to her. When she lifted her skirt for him, he asked, "Aren't you stuffed, Sis?"

"Gosh, I'm really stuffed!" she proclaimed. "But I like it, feeling stuffed. Don't you think, Mom, that sometimes it feels really good to just be totally stuffed?" She tore her eyes from Alan so that they would be on her mother when her own shoulder strap fell for what seemed to be the hundredth time that evening.

Susan, wide-eyed and panting, completely missed Katherine's double meaning (at least on a conscious level). Which was of course Katherine's intent; like Heather before them, the two Plummer kids couldn't resist slinging double entendres over their mother's clueless head.

Alan began to caress Katherine's bare pussy with one hand while holding onto her left breast with the other. She'd thoughtfully pushed her chair far away from the dinner table to give him better access to her lap, but also so her mother could see everything.

"I don't know," Susan replied, "I try to watch my weight very carefully, so I feel too guilty to enjoy feeling really full." She proudly thought, I have to keep my body in perfect shape, because I'm Tiger's centerfold mommy! And that means exercise AND diet.

She felt like she had to put her foot down and restrain her children's behavior, but before she could even respond to one thing, something else would come up. In fact, at that very moment she had to complain, "Tiger, take your hands off Angel's tits! Uh, her breasts, I mean. Isn't feeling up her pussy good enough for you?"

"Oh. Sorry." He obeyed his mother's command, since he figured he was pushing his luck with just the pussy contact.

Susan's brain wasn't working well, due to her arousal. Again, she was fantasizing that it was her pussy which was shaved to look like a young girl's, and that his hands were running all over and inside her most private region instead of over her daughter's.

Susan normally would have felt jealous, but she was too horny for her feelings to really qualify as jealousy. Instead, she thought, All I'd have to do is give the word, and I'm sure he'd be delighted to rub me down there. Just like that. It would be so easy! Maybe I should have him do me, to save my precious

Angel from his rapacious clutches. Mmmm! After all, Suzanne says I need to serve his insatiable lust! Mmmm! Is he pulling on her clitoris? I'll bet he is!

She leaned forward and confirmed that was what he was doing. God yes! Of course he is. He knows exactly how to please a woman and how to take her to the pinnacle of desire! I'm so worked up that I can barely breathe! Pull on my little nub, Tiger! Mmmm! Make your mommy feel good!

She rubbed her legs together under the table, but it was merely a feeble imitation of the stimulation she really wanted.

Katherine gave up trying to eat so she could talk. She spread her legs wider. "Well, Mom, every now and then you just have to ignore your guilt and let yourself go. I think it does a world of good. I think you should get stuffed and just enjoy yourself. Don't you agree, Brother?"

"Oh certainly, Sis," he replied, as he happily stroked his sister's bald snatch. "Mom, one of these days I'd really like to stuff you myself."

Katherine nearly choked on his unusually blatant innuendo. Her eyes went wide as he continued to pull and play with her clit.

He continued, "After all, you're always cooking for us. One of these days we should cook a really nice meal for you." The extra sentences helped tone his meaning down, but Susan seemed remarkably oblivious in any case.

"That would be really nice," Susan said, wide eyed and breathless. "Maybe you can surprise me for my birthday or Mother's Day."

Surprising himself with his boldness, he said, "Don't worry, I'll definitely be stuffing you on both of those days."

Susan finally got the true meaning of all this stuffing innuendo. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes bulged out even more. But she wasn't angry; in fact she wanted to spread her legs wide and yell, "Why wait? Stuff your mommy now!"

But that was something she felt she could never say and never allow. She had become worked up to a fever pitch, but over the next minute or two she slowly calmed down, even though her son's erection was still wobbling in the air right in front of her.

Alan and Katherine were generally too busy with each other to pay much attention. If Alan did look her way, his eyes would inevitably linger on her bare, jiggling breasts.

When Katherine's gaze followed his, she tended to stare at the same sight.

Susan decided that she had to bring an end to the evening's activities before she did something rash, or agreed to any more new rules. She said, "Okay you two, that's enough. Why don't we get up and clean up these dishes?" She looked over at her daughter, hoping to see a positive response.

Katherine was bold enough to lift her left leg and hang it off the armrest of her dinner chair. It gave Susan a clear view of her crotch while allowing Alan even greater access to that entire erogenous zone. It was clear that her slick pussy juice was oozing from her slit and rolling down over her asshole.

Susan stood up. Even though she was trying to cool things down, her wardrobe was not cooperating. Both of her nipples were already on display, and now her top dropped completely from her hefty rack, falling across her firm tummy.

Katherine said, "Big Rolling Pin Brother, Mom is saying something about how you need to get off. But first you have to help me get off, too."

Because Alan was already all over Katherine like an octopus, Susan assumed that Katherine meant she wanted Alan to literally get off her. But she didn't understand the rest of what Katherine was talking about, or why she mentioned a rolling pin. She had a strong feeling that there was something extra going on, something sexual in the words her children were saying. But the idea that they might be tricking her and toying with her somehow turned her on even more.

Taking their words at face value, Susan said, "Actually, I said 'get up.' As in to do the dishes. I think you've gotten your sister's attention by now, Tiger. Come on."

Alan turned to look at Susan and reply, but he found it more than a bit difficult to converse with her. Not only were both of her big tits hanging out enticingly, but her chest was heaving even more than before, as if she were on the verge of hyperventilating. Her nipples were flying around in circular patterns that were almost hypnotizing.

Furthermore, now that she was standing, she rubbed her thighs back and forth against each other as if attempting to imitate the rubbing movements of a grasshopper. The juices from her arousal were flowing freely under her dress, and she delighted in the slippery sliding between her wet thighs. The obvious activity under her dress was a most distracting sight to watch.

She knew that she had to get away quickly before she lost all control. She closed her eyes so she wouldn't have to see her son's big dick now that he had turned her way.

But as soon as her eyes closed she began daydreaming. She imagined that both of her children stopped what they were doing and jumped her instead. Her fantasies weren't just about Alan for once; at that moment she wanted both of her children carnally. She imagined the two of them tying her up as she screamed for mercy. Katherine then sat on her face and forced her to lick her daughter's hairless crotch while Alan sank his stiff boner into her vagina and fucked her mercilessly.

She thought, It's a mother's duty to provide for her children. In my case, that means I should provide them with my hot body so they can fill my orifices with their fluids, until cum is dribbling out of my mouth and cunt! MMMM, yeah! That's just what responsible, good mommies do!

The daydream was so vivid that she could almost feel Katherine's slick, shaved pussy rubbing against her nose and Alan's dick rhythmically banging against her cervix.

She was so lost in her startlingly lifelike fantasy that when she opened her eyes again she could scarcely believe her kids were still sitting at the table and not crawling all over her. She stepped forward and grabbed the table to brace herself as she felt a mini-orgasm quake between her legs. She'd lost count of how many orgasms she'd had over the course of the day.

Since Katherine had asked Alan to get her off, he wanted to do that before he got up to help with the dishes. Susan seemed so lost in her own world, he figured he could continue what he was doing, for a while at least. He continued to stroke his sister's pussy, and while he didn't let his finger dip into her slit, he focused intently on her labia and clit. She was as wet as her mother and she was barely able to restrain herself from attacking his erection as it kept slapping her legs.

Suddenly, Susan shouted out, "No! Don't do it to your mommy!"

Her two children stopped what they were doing and looked in her direction. Her eyes were closed; she was still engrossed in her fantasy of being overpowered by her own children, so at first she didn't realize that she'd said something out loud.

"Do what?" he asked quizzically.

Susan pieced together that she'd yelled something, and guessed from her daydream what it was. Covering for her accidental outburst, she stammered, "Um, uh, don't disappoint your mommy, I mean your mother, by doing that to your sister too long."

Gathering steam as she realized that her words actually made some sense, she added more forcefully, "I want you two to stop right now and clean up. Angel, the kitchen is a complete mess. I want you to clean it top to bottom. Tiger, you're in charge of the dishes." She didn't actually care about the kitchen at that moment, but she needed things to cool down before she literally burst with lusty desire.

"The dishes?" he mildly griped. His mother hadn't been giving him chores very often for the past week, ever since she'd openly fallen in love with sucking his cock, and he was getting a bit spoiled about that. "What about my dick? It really, really needs help! And Sis is right here..."

"Put your pants back on and behave yourself. Really!" As Susan said this, her dress slipped further down. Only her wide hips prevented it from falling all the way to the floor. "Katherine is grounded and shouldn't be enjoying herself with such things so much. I'm going to take a shower right now, and I fully expect you two to behave in the meantime. I'm at the end of my rope, especially with the way you both violated my trust by the pool this afternoon. If I come back and you aren't doing your chores responsibly, I think I'm going to break down and cry. You make me feel like a bad mother. ... When I come back, we'll see about your special penis needs."

She hurried out of the room and headed upstairs. She'd decided that she needed a quick, cold shower to cool her ardor, as well as to clean up her copious drippings. She was inches from just ripping her dress off and yelling, "Do me! Now!" She didn't even care who "did her" - Katherine, or Alan, or even both of them.

That seemed utterly crazy to her. She'd never had lusty feelings for her daughter before, so she figured she must be on the verge of losing her mind to be thinking like that.

After she'd gone, Alan said to his sister, "You know, playing with Mom's cluelessness is fun, but we're probably taking it too far. I don't want to disrespect her."

Katherine thought about that and nodded. "You're right. Geez! I don't want her to cry or feel bad. She was kind of frazzled there. I guess we'd better behave for a while. But it's just so much fun, what with her really sincerely trying to act dignified while her dress falls all the way to her hips every two minutes."

He nodded and grinned. He started to get up.

But she grabbed his arm and said, "Wait. Let's behave, but not before you make me cum."

He sat back down. His grin grew wider.

But before he could get started, something came to Katherine's mind. She whispered, "By the way, I kind of confessed to Aunt Suzy that you and I are fucking. She said you pretty much told her as much."

He thought that over, but not for long. He whispered back, "Yeah, I guess it was inevitable. You and I should have talked it over first, but I feel better that she knows."

Katherine nodded. "Me too. But talk later. Fun now!"

They both laughed gleefully at that.

Chapter 456 Susan And Brenda Exchange Thoughts.

The cold shower made Susan feel much better. The sheer coldness of the water prevented her from masturbating. When she got out, she felt nearly normal.

But just as she was toweling off and thinking about what she should wear, the phone rang. She went to pick it up and heard Brenda say hello.

She sat down on her bed, mostly dry but with a towel wrapped around her waist and another wrapped over her hair. She engaged in the usual greeting pleasantries. Then she said, "Sorry, Brenda, I don't mean to be rude, but whatever you're calling about, could you cut to the chase? I'm in my bedroom, I've just stepped out of the shower, and I've got kind of a situation to deal with downstairs."

"What do you mean?" Brenda asked.

"Well, we finished dinner and my kids are cleaning up and doing the dishes. So that's good. But you know how Alan is, with his special problem. I have a feeling that problem is going to come up soon, if you know what I mean, and I may need to deal with it."

Brenda was tickled pink to hear that. She said in a playful, knowing tone, "Oh, so you're saying his problem may RISE soon?"

Susan chuckled. "Indeed."

Brenda gleefully ran with the wordplay. "Sounds like it could be a HARD problem, not to mention a very BIG one. You'll have to get down and dirty, and really hands-on to deal with it, until the problem is thoroughly licked!"

Susan laughed at that. "Yep! You got it!" However, she didn't try to banter back, because she wasn't very good at it. She went off on a tangent instead. "The only snag is, as soon as his 'problem' is licked, it tends to come up again before long. Brenda, you won't believe what happened today. It seems I spent the whole day dealing with his ever-rising dick in one way or another. I wish I had time to talk and tell you all about it, because it was WILD! There was spanking, and of course lots of sucking, and outdoor nudity, and ass licking, and delicious humiliation, and so much more!"

Brenda was thrilled, especially by one thing she'd heard. "Wait! You said there was spanking?"

"Yes. Suzanne spanked Katherine, and Alan very nearly spanked me. But unfortunately I don't have time for this. I'm keen to get back downstairs."

Brenda thought, Wow! Suzanne is a spanker too! That means I could get spanked by Alan AND Suzanne! Maybe even together, where they take turns on my naughty ass! But I can't let my thoughts run wild. Susan is in a hurry.

She said, "Okay, I'll try to keep it short. And I'm sorry for calling you in the first place. I must seem like a pest. But it's just that..."

There was a long pause as Brenda tried to figure out how to phrase what she wanted to say. She'd been determined before the phone call began, but now that she was actually talking to Susan, she was getting cold feet.

During that pause, a thought occurred to Susan that she couldn't resist sharing. "Sorry for interrupting, but there's one more detail I simply MUST tell you. I'm not 100 percent sure, but I do believe that Alan has climaxed EIGHT times today already! EIGHT! And I don't think he's even done yet!"

Brenda gasped loudly, unsurprisingly. "NO!"

"Yes!"

"NO! It can't be! That's impossible!"

Susan boasted, "For other men, yes, but not for my special son! I'll admit that's unusual even for him, but it shows what he's capable of."

Brenda sighed with longing. "I wonder what that's like. I can't even imagine... Which do you think is better: having a loving, romantic relationship with a man who can only cum twice or three times a day, or living in the middle of a sex tornado like you do with your son?"

"That's easy, because I don't have to choose. BOTH! My unstoppable sex stud is the man I can love all up too! It really is the best of both worlds. But anyway, I just remembered that I don't have much time. What did you want to ask me?"

"Oh, yes. I've been doing a lot of thinking in the past day or two. And I do mean a LOT of thinking! What do I really want to DO with my life?! I feel like I'm standing at a crossroads and I don't know which way to go. Or maybe a more fitting metaphor is that I'm standing on the edge of a cliff, and all I can see is darkness below, which is the great unknown of trying to become one of Alan's helpers, one of his..." - she took a few breaths before suddenly gasping out - "one of his sluts! Should I jump? Or is it even crazy to think about jumping? I could really use your advice."

Susan heard the growing anxiety in Brenda's voice. Although she remained jealous of Brenda's body and especially her larger breasts, her altruistic nature came to the fore, allowing her to put her petty issues aside for the moment. "Sure. I don't have to leave right away. I can spare a few minutes. What do you want to ask me?"

"Oh, geez. So many things! I guess mainly I'm wondering how it is to be you. If I were to aspire to become one of Alan's big-titted sluts, my life would be at least somewhat like yours, right?"

Susan considered the question seriously. "I imagine so."

"I understand I wouldn't get to see him nearly as much as you would, but the basic rhythms of life would be much the same, I figure. So I'm just trying to get a sense of what it's really like. Not just during the times you're with him and serving him, slurping and choking on his cock. You don't have to tell me how great THAT is!"

Susan chuckled happily. "I could go on for hours!" Her towel "accidentally" fell off her chest, now that she was starting to get aroused.

Brenda replied earnestly, "I know. And I wish you would! But some other time, when his big fat erection isn't waiting for your tender loving care downstairs. No, what I'm wondering is, what's it like to be you during the other times. I know all about how you talk about him, stay in great shape for him, practice your technique, and so on. I don't mean that either. I want to hear about the down times, the lonely times, the doubtful times. Because that's most of the time, and I'm probably going to have a lot more of that kind of time than you will. In short, does the good outweigh the bad?"

"No question! There's no question in my mind! I've never been so happy in my entire life!" Susan was speaking from the heart. She knew Suzanne wanted her to hype Alan at every turn, but she also figured that it was only fair to give Brenda sincere advice on serious questions like this. Besides, it was pretty clear that Brenda had already crossed a point of no return, and was mostly wanting reassurance that she had made the right decision, so Susan didn't have to make a "hard sell" anyway.

Brenda said, "I figured you'd say as much. But still, it can't all be non-stop spermy joy. Let's put it this way: could you list all the problems you have with your new lifestyle?"

"Certainly. And I won't hold back either, since you need to go into this with your eyes wide open. So let's see... Well, the obvious number one problem is that I'm Alan's mother, which means he can't go all the way with me. That bothers me every day, practically every hour. I want to belong to him, totally, and serve him with all of my body, but how can I, due to that one crucial restriction?! I'm afraid to even let him touch my pussy, because that danger is always looming if we lose control."

Brenda said, "Okay, but I knew that already. Besides that, what are your other problems?"

"Hmmm. Well, there's my frustration at his physical limitations. Cumming around six times a day is a large amount for any man, but think how much better it would be for all of us if he could cum a dozen times, or even TWO dozen! Can you just imagine? I'd be soaked in his spermy love nearly all the time! You would too. We all would! Or, better, imagine if he never went flaccid after cumming! Can you just imagine? My mouth waters from even thinking about it!"

Brenda laughed. "Susan, you're too much! Even discussion of your problems is getting me hot and bothered! What else?"

Susan was essentially naked now that the towel had fallen off her torso, and she was starting to get horny, but she decided she'd better not touch herself. Brenda needed well-considered answers. "Huh. Let me think. Sure, there is a lot of lonely time, and down time. Alan is at school most of the day, from eight until three. Then he's often somewhere else at other times. It helps to talk to Suzanne, and now you, and to exercise, and masturbate, and so on. But sometimes I do get lonely or glum."

She sighed sadly. "I must admit that a big part of the problem is that I don't have much to keep me busy these days. I used to have my hands full raising my kids and running the house, given that Ron was effectively out of the picture. But now Alan and Katherine are getting older and more independent, and they don't need my mothering that much. So it's easy for me to get obsessed over my new personal-cocksucker role. I'm probably too obsessed about it already. Maybe that's because everything is still very new and exciting, and things will calm down before long. I don't know." She stared off into space thoughtfully.

She continued, "I recommend that if you do get involved, make sure to keep busy with other things. Such as raising Adrian. He's a couple of years younger, and you're essentially a single parent too, so he still very much needs you."

Brenda replied, "Yes, but then again, no. Of course he does to some extent, but just like you, I have way too much free time on my hands. Boredom is the curse of the idle rich, I guess. He's out of the house as much as Alan, and I've got Anika who does practically everything. Sometimes I feel like a useless third wheel in my own house. It's a problem that I need to address now that my divorce will soon be finalized. I need to make some big changes and big decisions, such as moving out of this ridiculously large mansion."

Then she said, "But please, let's not talk about me. I want to know more about you. What other problems bother you?"

Susan pondered that. "Let's see... There's having to share Alan with other women, of course. I actually like sharing him with Suzanne and Katherine, even though it can get embarrassing at times, to say the least. You should have seen what happened today, for instance. He made me do all kinds of naughty things in front of both of them! And out in the sun by the pool, no less. It was soooo humiliating!"

Brenda said confidently, "But you loved it, didn't you?"

Susan giggled. "Of course! But please don't get me started on describing it, or I'll never make it downstairs. The frustrating part is sharing him with all those other women, like the big-titted cheerleaders at school. I hate to say this, but this sharing problem could be a source of friction between you and me, if you get serious about serving his cock. There are only so many hours in the day, and he can only cum so many times. When Ron left, I had high hopes that Alan would be painting my face and chest with his cum three or four times a day, but that hasn't happened. And who knows how many MORE women who will end up serving him? We're in uncharted waters. That's why we've been reluctant to have you get involved, even though it certainly seems you'd be a good fit."

Brenda didn't want to make her case for joining in, since she'd done that before and she didn't want to keep Susan on the phone too long. So instead she asked, "By the way, that reminds me of something I've been meaning to ask you: what exactly is the situation with Amy? I keep hearing bits and pieces about her, but I haven't actually met her yet. And whenever her name comes up, Suzanne changes the subject. It's very strange. I've gathered she's busty and beautiful too, as well as a lovely, friendly person. She gets on great with Katherine and Alan, it would seem. So is she one of his sluts too?"

Susan responded, "Ah. Yes, that is a very tricky issue. You see, Amy is maturing into a very beautiful woman, but Suzanne still sees her as her little girl. And Amy is, well, I wouldn't say dumb, but... spacey. She can be kind of an oblivious airhead at times. So Suzanne is extremely protective of her. Normally, she'd be glad to talk your ear off about her daughter, but probably when Amy's name came up we were horny and talking about sexual things, so that's why Suzanne changed the subject."

"Ah, I see," Brenda replied. "That explains it. But still, is she helping Alan or not?"

"That's tricky too. The short answer is yes. On Sunday, I caught Alan titfucking Amy while Katherine licked his cockhead from above, so clearly, Amy is well on her way to becoming one of his personal cocksuckers. I'm sure she'll make a very good one. She's got an eager attitude, a fabulous, fit body, and a powerful love for him - all key ingredients for being one of his ideal big-titted sluts. Personally, I wouldn't mind that, because she's such a lovable sweetheart. She and Alan would be great for each other."

She continued, "But the longer answer is: it's complicated. Since Suzanne is in such denial about Amy's sexuality, I think Alan has been taking things slowly with her. It's all rather hush-hush, again out of concern for Suzanne. That's why I'm not even sure what the latest developments there are."

"Hmmm," Brenda muttered, as she thought that over. "Thanks for sharing that. I'm glad for her, and I'm keen to meet her, but what you said is troublesome for me. If Alan is going to have Amy helping too, that's four helpers, all within shouting distance. That doesn't leave much room for me, does it?" bender

"No. And that's been the problem with you joining all along. Helping Alan cum is so much fun that all the women who know about it want to be a part of it. He's a remarkably virile, well-hung young man, and that naturally draws sexy women like us to him. If more and more busty beauties throw themselves at him, will he turn them down? I honestly doubt it, unless he reaches some point of total exhaustion. As I keep telling you, these are very early days. Where will it all lead? How many serious helpers will he end up having? It's very hard to say at this point."

Brenda let out a sad moan. "That's not very reassuring. It sounds like the whole thing could fall apart!"

"No, it's not. But I'm being honest with you because you deserve to hear the truth. If it helps at all, I worry about some other things, which I've been mentioning to you, but I don't worry about the whole thing falling apart."

"You don't?"

"No! No way! I know Alan and everyone involved very well. We make things work out. We always have and we always will. Sure, there will be some bumps in the road, but we all love what's happening way, way, WAY too much to ever let it come to ruin."

Brenda said glumly, "That sounds very good for you. But what if it turns out I'm just one of those bumps in the road? He could decide there's simply no room for me."

"THAT, I can assure you, isn't going to happen. If he decides to accept you as one of his sluts - and that's still a big 'if,' mind you - but if he does, that means a commitment from him to you as well. One big reason why we all love helping him so much is because he's so kind and loving. You seem like a very nice person too, so I'm sure he'll develop feelings for you before too long. On top of that, your timing is lucky: he's just getting started on his sexual road of discovery, so he's not totally overwhelmed with help yet. Besides, let's address this directly, with no beating around the bush: Brenda, you're a remarkable woman with a remarkable body, and a great, submissive attitude! I get jealous because I worry you'll be TOO perfect a big-titted slut for him! I selfishly want to be his favorite, the one he comes to first whenever he needs to have his balls drained dry."

Brenda groaned in frustration. "You can't possibly get jealous of me, because I'm way more jealous of you! You're living the dream! I'm on the outside, with my nose up against the window, wishing I could be right where you are! So what if my breasts are a little larger? That means nothing compared to the loving, lusty look in his eyes whenever he looks at you."

"You think?" Susan brightened up.

"I know it. I can easily see that he loves you way more than most sons ever love their mothers, even without the sexual aspect added to it. Whatever he does in life, it's going to be because he wants to meet your expectations and please you. I could never, ever compete with that, nor with the fiery sexual spark between you two."

Susan responded, "That might be so, but then you can't be jealous of me either. You asked me earlier which is better, love or sex, and I said I didn't have to choose because I had both. Well, that could very well happen to you too. I told you he's a big-hearted man who will probably develop feelings for you before too long. You'll develop feelings for him too. I've discovered that really great sex is a powerful bonding experience that works both ways: each time we cum together, I desire him a little bit more, and

he desires me a little more too. So, yes, you'll never be his mother, but you could end up having a 'best of both worlds' thing with him too."

Brenda thought, That sounds so incredible! Suzanne wants me to use Alan to explore my submissive side, then move on to some other man. But why would I want to move on, ever?! I don't even need to have sex with him once to know it'll be great. Hell, the physical mechanics of it could be terrible, objectively speaking, and I'd love it to death just the same because it's Alan totally dominating me!

Feeling turned-on and excited about the future possibilities, Brenda said, "What you have with your son is inspirational. In fact, why are you still talking to me? You should go downstairs right now and celebrate everything that's wonderful about your relationship with your son by giving him a really long, fantastic cocksucking!"

Susan brightened even more. "Really? Should I?"

"Sure! Of course you should! Life can be tough. It can hit you hard. You never know what tomorrow will bring, even if you're on top of the world, like you and I are right now. Enjoy today to the fullest!"

Susan stood up with renewed purpose. "That sounds like a great idea!" But then she frowned. "The only problem is, well... I'm kind of supposed to be punishing him. I already told him that I'd only help him with handjobs for a while." She lamely added. "It's a long story."

Brenda groaned in frustration. "I'm not going to tell you how to live your life. I don't have that right. But I know what I'd do if I was in your shoes! I'd put on my high heels and some see-through lingerie, go downstairs, and choke and gag on his cock so long and so deep that I'd damn near break my jaw! And I wouldn't stop until my face was thoroughly painted white with his hot cum-cream!"

"Mmmm!" Susan obviously liked the sound of that. However, she protested, "I wish! But I can't. I have to stick to my punishment."

"Punish him some other way then. Because what you're really doing is punishing yourself."

"Maybe. But anyway, Katherine is downstairs too, and I can't have sexy fun with her watching. But that reminds me that I really should get going. Have I answered all your questions?"

"I suppose so. Most of them, at any rate. And I must say that I can only wish I had your problems. Your lifestyle sounds pretty great to me. It's funny: I asked you to tell me your problems as a sort of 'playing devil's advocate' approach to give me some second thoughts. But I find myself wanting to join more than before!"

Susan replied, "And talking to you makes me better appreciate how good my life is. I suppose most of my problems are of the 'couldn't things be even better still' variety. I know most people would scoff if they knew how I've started living my life, but they just don't know what it's really like! It's soooo good! If I could make changes, I don't think I'd change a thing!"

Brenda teased, "Except make Alan able to cum even more often."

Susan laughed. "Oh yeah! Except for that! Anyway, I've gotta go. It was nice talking to you. Let's talk again soon."

"I'd like that a lot. And thanks so much for taking the time to put my mind at ease."

The call wound down with some more pleasantries. But just before she said goodbye, Brenda said, "Promise me you'll at least consider giving Alan a nice long suck tonight. Do it for me! I haven't even done it once! You get to do it whenever you like."

Susan promised that she'd think about it. Then, once she was off the phone, she could think of little else.

Chapter 457 You Tricked Me, Didn't You?

In hopeful anticipation of more cocksucking to come, Susan decided to just wear the dark blue bathrobe hanging in the bathroom. She also put on a pair of black high heels. The mere act of strapping them on her feet made her tingle with arousal.

Then she went to her bathroom to brush her hair and check herself in the mirror. Normally, she didn't wear make-up, except for special occasions; her face has such natural, youthful beauty that she didn't

need it. But this time she lightly applied red lipstick to her lips. She grinned as she did it, thinking, Brenda's right: I'm going to get my lips tightly sealed around his great big slab of cock-meat tonight one way or another. How can I resist?! Maybe I need to come up with some other kind of punishment, like she said. I AM one of his personal cocksuckers, after all. I'm wearing this lipstick to see just how far I can go. Maybe I'll set a new personal record exactly half-way down his shaft! The red ring will be the proof!

She walked into the kitchen dressed in just the robe. She was delighted to see her children hard at work cleaning up. Alan even had his pants back on and zipped up, and Katherine was as fully dressed as her clothes would permit.

Susan's timing was great, because they were just finishing up. She did a quick inspection and gave the job her seal of approval.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" Susan asked. "Now, Tiger, let's see to this problem in your pants. Do you still need help?"

His face lit up. "Mom, do I ever! You left me hanging there." He had helped Katherine get off after Susan left, but he had yet to cum himself. His penis had gone flaccid while doing the dishes, but his erection was suddenly back, thanks to the promise of her slightly opened robe and her encouraging words. "Do you want to see something hard? I'll show you something hard." With one fell swoop, he pulled his pants to his knees. His stiff boner sprang out and bounced around wildly.

Susan's heart raced and her nipples and pussy tingled with delight. But she didn't want him getting too full of himself, so she merely responded with a curious, "Hmmm." Taking a closer look at his entire crotch region, she noticed how surprisingly red his thighs were. Then she remembered that when the four of them had been lying by the pool earlier in the day, his legs were the last body part to get the suntan lotion.

"Oh no, Tiger, look at your legs!" she cried in genuine dismay, her motherly instincts kicking in. "You've got a serious burn there." (It wasn't a serious burn, but there was some red.) "Here, Angel, you finish up here in the kitchen and I'll go get some aloe vera to put on your brother before he burns. Oh, and the floor still could use a good mopping." She went out to the back patio to break off some thick fresh leaves of aloe vera from plants in the backyard.

"Oh great. Whoop-de-do," said Katherine more or less to herself, rolling her eyes. "I get to mop while Mom gets to tend to brother's cock. I can't wait for my punishment to be over."

Susan overheard Katherine from outside, and chided her daughter's language as she walked back inside. "Angel, please be polite and refer to it as your brother's penis or member, not a cock."

Susan temporarily forgot or ignored the many, many times she'd called it a "cock" in the heat of passion. But even as she tried to maintain a typical suburban soccer mom attitude on the outside, on the inside the sight of Alan's rigid penis standing at attention was beginning to get to her. All she could think was "cock, cock, cock!"

She was hardly back from the patio for ten seconds when she felt that her bathrobe was just too suffocating, so she loosened the sash and parted the front until her nipples were exposed, which made her feel much better. Aaaaah! That's more like it. Serving Tiger's cock isn't just a matter of using one's hands or mouth; it's an entire attitude. And that starts with visual stimulation - showing off my body. That says, "Yes, Son, I'm here to serve you! Your big-titted centerfold mommy needs to pleasure your big fat cock!"

Alan retired into the living room and sat down on a plush reclining chair.

Susan stayed in the kitchen to cut up the aloe vera. She took her time, psyching herself up to soothe Alan's stiffness without getting overly excited about it. Memories of her fantasy of being "raped" by her children were still fresh in her mind, making her horribly ashamed of her thoughts. I can't allow myself to ever think such nasty things again. I think my problem is that I've been depriving myself of enough contact with his big erection. If I could just hold it in my hands, or slide it between my lips, I wouldn't have the urge to think such wild things!

A minute or two later, Susan brought the freshly-cut slices of aloe vera to her son. Her bathrobe was being held open by her extended nipples.

She looked at his crotch with some trepidation, remembering that her "grounding" of him didn't permit her to give him a blowjob until Tuesday. She hoped that she could restrain herself to a mere handjob, at least as long as Katherine was nearby, but she had serious doubts about her willpower.

As soon as she bent over, the robe draped open around her boobs, still exposing her belly button and more, but now her movement also caused it to open below the sash, parting around her legs. It was almost as if she wore nothing below the sash any longer. He could easily see her slit, and even some beads of arousal as they formed and dripped down her legs.

A wave of excitement and relief surged over her with the awareness that her entire chest and crotch were exposed to her son's eyes. A big smile came to her face - she felt as if she'd just been unshackled from prison chains. It's not my fault! None of this is my fault. I can't help it if Tiger's cock is so thick and yummy all the time. It practically compels me to suck it off, right now!bender

Alan's legs weren't really that red and the skin probably wouldn't peel due to his natural darker hue, but the sunburn did hurt somewhat. Susan applied the aloe as she talked to him about the importance of covering up and protecting his skin. She worked all around his dick, acting as if it wasn't there - for the moment. But it was constantly on her mind, especially its "urgent" erect condition.

As she finished with his thighs - the backs of his thighs and his lower legs weren't nearly as bad because of how he'd been sitting - he silently took her hand in his and pulled it to his erection.

"Wh-what are you doing?" she asked nervously, as if she hadn't seen and touched his dick many times before, as if it wasn't already exposed, and as if she wasn't aware that nearly the entire front side of her body was exposed as well. It seemed that all her efforts to calm down and remain that way had been in vain, because her bare tits were heaving and she was flushed once again.

"I'm even more red right here." He knew her willpower was on the verge of collapse and he couldn't wait any longer for her to get started. He held on to his boner with his other hand, and slipped her hand up and down as if to show just where he was red and how she could help with it.

"Oh... my!" was all she could say. But Tiger is right. His penis needs special attention. LOTS of special attention! Finally she picked up another aloe leaf. "Let's get it all covered then, if that's a problem area." She began to rub the cut aloe leaf all over his boner.

"Oh, it is. It's a big problem area. In fact, you should probably focus all of your attention right there."

She blushed, because that's what she'd really been planning on doing all along.

The jelly-like material inside the leaf slowly squeezed out. It felt deliciously cool against his warm, engorged skin.

She deliberately leaned in close, so that his erect dick remained inches from her mouth. Several times the tip lightly rubbed past her cheek or chin, nearly driving both of them crazy with desire.

She thoroughly covered his stiffness with the slippery aloe juice. Very thoroughly. At some point, probably without her even realizing when the change had occurred, she shifted from rubbing in the aloe to giving him a fantastic handjob. The aloe functioned as lubricant, and they both loved the slippery effect it provided.

Look at me! He's got me servicing his big cock again. I might as well shuck my robe all the way off, because I always end up completely naked around him. He even got me to wear my high heels somehow! I just wish Angel wasn't in the other room. Then I could just... mmmm... bend down and... MMMM! ... open my mouth wide and... SUCK!

She began to throw herself enthusiastically into the job. She bounced up and down from her crouched position as she imagined that his hot rod was between her legs rather than in her hands. That in turn caused her boobs to bounce in every direction, even crashing into each other. The sash on her blue robe loosened more and more until she finally just slipped it off her arms, letting the robe fall in a heap around her on the floor.

"You tricked me, didn't you?" she complained hotly. But while she might have looked miffed, she was actually secretly delighted. "I'm down to wearing nothing but high heels, as usual. Worse, you found some thin excuse to get my hands on your cock, knowing that once I touched it, I wouldn't let go."

She didn't even realize she was saying "cock", the same word she'd been criticizing Katherine for using a short time earlier. Her use of that word was a telltale sign of how aroused she was getting.

She went on, "I'll bet you think you're so clever, tricking your mommy like that. Just because you have such a big fat cock, you expect every big-titted woman you meet to suck it at the drop of a hat. Sorry, mister! You need to rethink that! I'll have you know that not EVERY beautiful, busty woman is one of your personal cocksuckers - just the few of us who know you best!" She giggled with glee.

Both her hands were flying up and down his shaft by that point. She was so excited that it was obvious she wasn't really mad at him.

He grinned and said, "Speaking of sucking, I think some of that aloe vera is stuck. It won't come off unless you lick it."

"Ha! Fat chance! You think I'm going to suck you off? That's not going to happen. I'm not going to fall for that one!"

"You're not?" He couldn't figure out if she was joking or what.

She actually was serious, because she'd thought of something else that would prevent her from technically violating her punishment for him. "No! Foolish boy! However, your punishment says nothing about me titfucking you. Put your cock in my tits this instant, and that's an order!"

He obeyed immediately. With all the aloe vera on his pole, there was no need to add lube to her cleavage, so he started sliding back and forth right away. It felt great.

Too great. He only lasted through about a minute of vigorous titfucking, if even that. He couldn't hold back, despite his vaunted PC muscle control.

She was just about to take her hand and impale a couple of fingers into her dripping pussy when he began to shoot. She froze for precious seconds when the first ropes of his cum hit her chest. Then, thinking nothing more than Yummy!, she stuffed his entire cockhead into her mouth and started to suck.

She found herself milking his hot pole with her lips for all she was worth. She didn't just want the cum that he was going to expel anyway; she wanted all that he had. She worked his boner with every trick she knew, licking and sucking for long moments after his ropes of cum stopped shooting.

Finally she realized that it was over. She blushed as she looked up at him briefly and said, "Oh, poo! I just swore up and down to myself that I wasn't going to do that tonight." Her voice briefly dropped down to a whisper. "With your sister within listening distance! And your punishment, too. I can't keep your cock out of my mouth for three days! There's no way. Heck, I wasn't even able to do it for a few hours. Your mother is just too naughty for words."

She giggled, delighted at her own naughtiness. She poked him in the chest playfully. "And you, sir, are a hopeless case. Always tricking your mommy to get naked and on her knees with her lips around your cock."

Chapter 458 You're Such An Unstoppable Sex Machine!

Somehow, Alan's dick remained fairly hard for another few minutes. There wasn't the usual amount of cum on Susan's face since she'd managed to swallow a lot of it. There was some on her chest, but she planned to get that later.

Susan carefully licked his erection, ending up sucking off nearly all of the remaining aloe vera at the same time. "We have to get you nice and clean," she said. "It's part of Mommy's daily cocksucking duties, you know. I have to leave this sparkling clean for the next busty beauty who's going to suck it!" That thought really got her going.

She had intended to just give him a handjob and/or a titfuck, so she wouldn't violate the 'no blowjobs' punishment she'd handed out mere hours earlier. But licking his dick and balls clean made her forget that idea. Her earlier sense of restraint was long gone; now the overriding and nearly only thought in her mind was: Yummy cock!

Meanwhile she used a hand to pump his prick and prevent him from getting flaccid. Between her hands, her mouth, her dangling big breasts and her infectious enthusiasm, Alan was soon hard again, if he'd ever really gone flaccid at all.

He thought, Christ, what is it now: nine times already? And I'm heading for ten orgasms in one day? Is it possible to simply orgasm to death? The pleasure is just so phenomenal!

She drew her mouth in close to the tip of his dick and said, "Tiger, why don't we just forget all about your punishment? I'm one of your personal cocksuckers now, for heaven's sake! It's my duty and my privilege to lick, stroke, and suck you whenever you need it!" She lavishly licked his shaft from his patch of pubic hair up to the very tip, glorying in its length.

She did that a few times, with some tongue swirls around and on his sweet spot along the way, so he thought she was done talking. But then she added, "Besides, who's really getting punished here, since

one of your other personal cocksuckers will take care of you instead? Mommy needs your cock in her mouth every single day or she just doesn't feel right. Not to mention, I need to reward you for giving me so many wonderful orgasms today. I have just one request."

"Um, what's that?"

She was lavishing so much oral loving on his sweet spot that it was nearly a minute later when she said, "Can you stand up while I show you just what a nice big-titted mommy I can be?"

"Uh, okay." He didn't understand why, but he was too far gone already to really care. He stood up.

Then he gasped, as his cockhead disappeared far into her mouth yet again.

She felt an extra thrill now that he was standing. She'd been talking to Brenda a lot lately about how the best way to suck him off was while kneeling and wearing only high heels. That reminded her that she wanted to do a lot more sucking that way herself. It made her feel extra subservient, which caused her pussy to gush even more than before.

He'd been meaning to tell her something about Amy, but it kept slipping his mind. She'd just given him a good opening, so once he recovered from the intense wave of pleasure caused by her sliding lips and busy tongue, he said, "Uh, speaking of other personal cocksuckers... you know that Suzanne still won't let Amy suck me."

"Mmmm," Susan muttered as she sucked him with tight suction.

"But even so, Amy asked me if she could be another one of my personal cocksuckers. I told her yes."

Susan's eyes had been closed, as they usually were when she sucked him off. But her eyes opened as wide as they could and she stared up towards his face while continuing to suck. She mumbled with her full mouth, "Rearray?"

"Really."

Susan considered that. She felt some jealousy, but that was swamped by much more lust. Wow! Just... wow! SO HOT! And I love that he told me that even as I'm kneeling naked before him with my mouth crammed full of cock! He puts me in place all over again! Wow! Amy too?! Oh my!

Hearing that news inspired her to suck him with even more passion, although it was hard for him to tell because her usual passion and talent was already so great. The main difference was her extra loud and approving "Mmmm" noises.

She sucked lovingly and tenderly for long minutes, naked on her knees before him. As she did so, she thought more about this latest news. So, with Amy, that makes four official personal cocksuckers... that I know of. I'm sure he has more at school! I'm sure Brenda will be worshipping his delicious cock-meat soon too. MMMM! Why does that make me love sucking his cock even MORE?! I have to do my best, every single time, because the competition is as stiff as this great tree-trunk my lips are tightly wrapped around! Tee-hee!

Goodness gracious, he's such a STUD! It's a shame that Suzanne won't let Amy actually suck him yet, but that'll change soon, I'm sure. And then it'll be as it should be: Tiger may not like the word "harem," but he's got a de facto harem at home, no matter what he wants to call it! Mmmm! Too hot! If he's relaxing at home, maybe watching TV or reading a book, the odds are good that one of us will be feasting on his fat knob! That's too hot too!

Susan used her favorite corkscrew and reverse corkscrew moves as she thought, I just hope Amy knows what she's getting into. It's a lot of difficult work with no guarantee of any reward, if you measure that strictly in terms of orgasms. It's theoretically possible that I could suck him for a full hour without cumming at all, although I can't imagine that actually happening. You really have to love the act of sucking, like I do. Mmmm... MMMM! My goodness! Like when I'm using as much suction as I possibly can, like I am right now! MMMM! So GOOD!

But I don't know if Amy has the right attitude. Even I would get tired out after a while if it weren't for the mental aspect of it. Not just the sexy humiliation, but also the joy of being totally dominated! Amy doesn't seem like the type to fully get that, which is a shame.

She switched to taking her son's erection extra deep, until she was flirting with triggering her gag reflex. She loved the dangerous thrill, as well as the resulting choking and gagging sounds. But even as she performed that difficult technique, she continued to think, Even so, I'm sure Amy will be a perfectly fine personal cocksucker. It's obvious that she loves him, and that's the main thing. Besides, if she ends up being not quite as devoted or talented as I am, that means more jaw-busting joy for me!

Eventually, she started to tire a little bit. She alternated between sucking and licking to give her lips a break. She tried to make up for that by using her hands more.

When she licked, she said sexy things between licks, such as, "Tiger, I'm your mommy! Is it right to have your very own mommy suck you like this?" and "Why does Mommy like to play with your cock so much? It's so very improper!" and "That was number nine today, wasn't it? You're such an unstoppable sex machine!"

Alan's favorite was, "Mommy's going to buy kneepads tomorrow, because she just loves to be naked on her knees in front of you. Don't you think Mommy belongs on her knees all the time, sucking your cock?"

But her questions were rhetorical; he knew better than to answer them with anything more than affirming moans. So when she said, "Tiger, if you're going to get your cock sucked, you'd better come to the best cocksucker around. Mommy's the best," she was surprised to get a response. She was even more surprised that the reply came from someone other than Alan.

She heard Katherine say, "The best cocksucker? Some of us might have a different idea of who that is."

Susan looked up in fright and confusion. She'd forgotten all about Katherine being nearby. Having her daughter watch was humiliating enough, but she nearly fainted when she saw both Katherine and Amy standing in the dining room, looking into the living room where she was kneeling before Alan.

Both girls smiled benignly. Amy said, "Great performance, Aunt Susan." The two of them actually clapped for her.

Susan pulled her lips off Alan's boner and tried to cover up in shame. She put one arm in front of her boobs and used her other to try and hide Alan's raging erection. She pushed it up against his stomach and put her hand and arm over it to try and cover it as best she could. But the effect was more comical than anything, because it made her look much naughtier than if she'd just left it alone.

Oh no! Angel I can understand. I completely forget she was right there, one room away in the kitchen. But Amy?! Oh dear! She must have come in the back door. What's she doing here too? Susan's horny

mood faded and she shrank in abject shame from the two girls. She'd grown somewhat used to sexually humiliating herself in front of Katherine, but not Amy, and especially not both of them at once.

Alan, however, wasn't embarrassed at all, since he knew he had nothing to fear from the happy observers. However, lacking further stimulation, his overworked dick started to grow flaccid, even though Susan continued to hold it against his stomach.

Susan cried out in distress, "Amy, I can explain! It's not what you think! I, uh, I was... With the aloe vera, you see..." She was caught red-handed and couldn't think of any excuse to explain away her incestuous act. She looked down at her naked body, noticed the glazed gobs of cum on her chest, and realized she was caught for sure.

"Don't worry, Mom," Katherine said quickly before her mother freaked out too much. "Amy pretty much understands everything. In fact, she's played with Alan's dick a couple of times herself. Haven't you, Amy?" She was deliberately vague, since she didn't know just how much Susan knew or approved. (She and Amy had come in a few minutes after Alan had told her about Amy's official personal cocksucker status, so that didn't help to clue her in.)

"Yeah. It feels neat!" Amy said breezily. "Remember, Aunt Susan watched us once when you helped me titfuck him?"

"Oh, that's right." Katherine was relieved to recall that. Obviously, Susan couldn't object that much at the moment if she already knew that.

Amy continued, "I like his thingy. But whenever I've played with it, it got all hard and happy. That gave him energy! But look - you're making it all small and sad!" By the end of her explanation Amy ended up frowning. One could see through Susan's fingers that Alan's penis had become semi-flaccid.

"Um," Katherine added, somewhat embarrassed, "we told her a lot, but as you can see, we didn't tell her everything."

Even Susan couldn't help snorting a derisive laugh in response to that. "I guess not," she chuckled. She felt incredibly relieved that Amy's attitude was so positive.

Amy said, "Aunt Susan, are you going to suck him some more, or can I play with him for a while? Mom still won't let me suck him, but I can do other fun stuff. Oh, wait! Look at me: I'm overdressed; I'm still wearing panties!"

Amy threw off her clothes with her usual abandon, so that within seconds she stood before them in her birthday suit.bender

Susan just goggled in surprise.

Amy walked into the living room and then across it to the entry foyer by the front door. Everyone watched her wide, naked butt sashay seductively as she walked away. She bent over to place her panties in the underwear cabinet, put the rest of her clothes on top of it, and then came back still stark naked.

Chapter 459 AMY

The sexy sight made Alan start to get hard all over again.

Susan was going to insist that Amy put her clothes back on, but then she felt his renewed arousal as she continued to hold his boner against his stomach.

That dulled her resistance, so she merely asked Amy, "Um, aren't you going to keep some clothes on?" She still sat on her knees in front of Alan, still nude but for her high heels. She'd forgotten that some cum was still on her face and chest from Alan's recent climax.

Amy pointed out, "I thought that Alan said when we do these kinds of things, it's best to not wear clothes."

"These kinds of things?" Susan asked suspiciously, turning to look at Alan's face. "Just what exactly have you done with Amy lately?"

Before anyone could answer, she added, "Oh, and by the way, Amy, congratulations!"

Amy smiled, as usual. "Thanks! But... for what?"

Susan surreptitiously and rhythmically rubbed Alan's sweet spot, since his dick was fully erect now. "For becoming one of Alan's personal cocksuckers."

Amy's smile grew. "Oh, you know about that already? Cool beans! When did you find out?"

"Tiger told me just a few minutes ago. The truth is, I haven't even had a chance to talk to him about it yet, since he chose to tell me when my mouth was full of, well, you know." She blushed slightly, as she realized just what she was saying. But she kept on rubbing his sweet spot. She even started to slide her other hand up his shaft from his balls before she caught herself and stopped.

Amy said brightly, "I know: it was full of big fat cock! Yummy!"

Susan frowned, because she knew about Suzanne's rule prohibiting Amy from cocksucking. She asked suspiciously, "Just what have you done with him so far?"

Alan explained calmly for Amy's sake, "It started out when Sis and I helped shave Amy's pussy a few times. Especially Sis. You've noticed it's been shaved, and that's how. Everyone on the cheerleading squad is going for the shaved look. You saw that earlier with Sis. So Amy came to us for help. But then one thing led to another. The most she's done is titfuck me a couple of times, including the one time you saw us. But that's it."

"Hmmm," said Susan suspiciously. She paused for a few moments, lost in thought. Then she looked at Alan again and whispered so only he could hear, "Tiger, do you want Mommy to shave her pussy? Would that please you?"

He thought about it, then whispered back, "No. I love you just the way you are." But her willingness to shave just for him got him excited and his dick began to pulse in her hands.

Susan was delighted to feel that. She leaned in to resume sucking him. But then she remembered her audience and wound up just kissing his cockhead a couple of times. She pulled her head back, looked at Amy seriously, and asked her, "Does that explain it? Is that what you've done so far?" She knew that

Alan hadn't always been honest with her about sexual matters lately, but she figured Amy was incapable of lying.

Amy responded, "Yeah. I'm kinda totally bummed, because the sucking part looks like the funnest part. But I've gotta remember the rules my mom gave me. That's okay though. I'm to make his thingy happy anytime and in any way I can, 'cos he's such a great guy. Besides, it's only fair after he helped me out with my leakage problem."

Alan quickly answered before Amy could say more. He realized they were getting in more dangerous ground here. Susan wouldn't like it if she knew he and his sister were fingering Amy's pussy, due to her lingering prudish beliefs about woman-on-woman sexual contact. "The leakage problem! Yes, it seems that while shaving her pussy, her pussy would sometimes leak fluid. We said we didn't know what that was and called it a leakage problem."

"You two!" Susan chided them for their apparent lack of knowledge, completely buying the explanation. "Amy, that's not a problem at all. That's what happens when a woman gets sexually excited. It's perfectly natural."

In fact, Susan thought as she continued to hold and subtly rub her son's stiff erection, Hmmm, I seem to be having more than a little "leakage problem" myself at the moment. Today seems to be my day to be naked and performing sex acts in front of others. It's so wrong! I really have to put my foot down, but Tiger's so clever and so well-hung. He's cum NINE times today and he's not even done yet! I have to fight the urge to engulf his cock again in front of others, but how? How can a big-titted mommy like me do anything but surrender to such sexual prowess?

In fact, while Alan had sexual talent, he was nowhere near the stud Susan thought he was, or even what some other women thought he was. At least, not yet. But his over-inflated reputation was paying him big dividends.

"There. You see, Amy?" he said. He was still keeping up the charade of the explanations that they'd told her as much as possible. "What do you know? We should have asked Mom for the answer. Looks like she knows more than we do."

Susan just rolled her eyes in disbelief, but didn't say any more. Without consciously realizing it, her hand that had been merely holding his shaft resumed stroking it in a visibly obvious manner.

"But why does a pussy need to leak?" Amy asked. She began masturbating herself while standing only a few feet from Susan. "You see, if I put my finger in here, it only takes a couple of minutes until-"

"Amy!" interrupted Susan. "That's not really necessary to show me! I know what you mean. The body releases those fluids in anticipation of having sex. It's lubrication so the penis can go in easily. ... Um, Amy? I thought I said that's not really necessary."

Amy still hadn't stopped fingering herself.

"It isn't?" Amy said dreamily. "That's okay, though. It still feels good." She sat on the floor and kept going, getting more into it.

Alan smiled and Katherine giggled at Susan's exasperation at trying to get Amy to understand the need to stop.

"Thanks, Amy, but we don't really need an anatomy lesson here," Susan said dismissively.

Amy, naked on the floor, legs spread wide, showing Susan how she 'leaks' when she masturbates

"No? You don't?" Amy asked in an innocent tone. She pried open her pussy lips. "Well, I do, since you seem to know so much. Maybe you can help me, now that I'm an official helper and everything. You see the flaps of skin around my special hole? What do they call-"

Susan interrupted again, "Amy! Please! Now's not the time for such questions! I'm trying to maintain some decorum. I run a respectable house around here!"

But even as Susan said this, the sight of Amy spreading her legs right before them made her even hornier than she already was, and she found herself sliding both hands up and down Alan's erection in an even more overt fashion.

It was so obvious that after a few seconds she consciously realized what she was doing. She really didn't want to do that to him with both Katherine and Amy there, but she just couldn't help herself anymore.

Goodness gracious! I really need to stop, but I can't! Tiger's cock is just too thick and too long! It's like it NEEDS to be stroked, and by two hands at once!

"M'kay. Never mind." Amy went back to fingering herself. Like Katherine, she'd noticed Susan's stroking, but she had politely tried her best not to mention it or stare.

Susan tried another tack. "No, really Amy, it's better you do that in a private place, like a bedroom."

"Oh, is it? M'kay! Kat, let's go to your bedroom! And maybe you can finally let me borrow your dildo. Thanks a lot for the explanations and stuff, Aunt Susan!" Amy skipped off joyously toward the stairs, naked as the day she was born.

Katherine lit off after her.

"Hey! Angel, wait!" yelled Susan.

Katherine turned around and headed back, and Amy stopped.

"What is it, Mom?" Katherine asked as innocently as she could manage. The short run had caused her minimal blouse to drop to her waist, so she quickly put her shoulder straps back on in case her mother was going to chide her about that.

"Um..." Susan's mind reeled. Dildo? Leakage problem? Amy masturbating right in the living room? Look at us. Nobody can keep their clothes on for five minutes! What the heck am I supposed to do as the only parent around here?! But kneeling like I am, nude in front of Tiger's powerful cock, I shouldn't be the first one to throw stones. Argh!

Not only was she stroking her son's cock, she could hardly wait for the girls to leave so she could get back to slurping and sucking on it. Still, she felt the need to be responsible, so she asked, "Angel, just what do you plan to do in there, in your room with Amy?"

"I don't know. Shave our pussies, I guess." Katherine didn't bother to mention that she'd shaved Amy's pussy that very morning.bender

Katherine continued, "And if we both masturbate ourselves a little while we talk about our personal cocksucker duties, that's all good too, right? The doctor said there's nothing wrong with masturbation, didn't he? And Aunt Suzy said that girls can masturbate all they want. It's only guys who have the 'Onan' problem."

Susan sighed while unthinkingly rubbing two fingers against Alan's sweet spot. "Yeah, I guess," she finally conceded. She couldn't complain about that, considering how much she'd been masturbating lately. "Just behave yourself, and remember the same boundaries you have with your brother apply to Amy. After all, you're still grounded. You're not supposed to be having fun during your punishment, darn it!"

"Okay! We'll be careful. Oh, and by the way, do be careful who you say the best cocksucker for Brother here is, because some of us might disagree."

Katherine quickly bounded up the stairs. She chose to interpret her mother's instructions liberally to mean that, just as she was allowed to stimulate Alan only once a day, she was similarly allowed to stimulate Amy once a day as well, starting immediately. And she further decided that the rules didn't say how many times Amy could make Katherine orgasm, since Amy wasn't a man. She concluded that there was nothing in the rules about dildos either.

Amy turned to go up the rest of the stairs as well, but Susan yelled her way, "Amy! Wait!"

Once Amy froze again, Susan said, "You and I will need to have a little talk about this personal cocksucker business. That's not a title to take lightly. It's a VERY serious honor, but also a very serious responsibility."

Amy nodded obediently, even though she was already out of sight. "M'kay. I get it."

"I hope you do."

Sensing she was dismissed, Amy ran up the stairs, eager to catch up to Katherine.

The two girls were all giggles and smiles as they rushed into Katherine's bedroom and closed the door.

Amy tonguing one of Katherine's nipples while fondling her other boob

The two horny teens didn't even make a pretense of shaving each other. They simply kissed and played with each other's bodies for the next hour.

Luckily, Katherine had two dildos handy and both of them got well used that night. If there had been any lingering pretense that what they were doing wasn't sexual, Amy's discussion with Susan had certainly dispelled it. So they were even less restrained in what they were doing.

For the first time, Amy freely explored another woman's breasts, while Katherine reciprocated by exploring hers. As with seemingly everything sexual, Amy took to it effortlessly and without question, as if she'd already been doing it for a long time.

Chapter 460 I'm Such A Shameless SLUT!-Susan

Meanwhile, back in the living room, Susan resumed her cocksucking before Amy even reached the top of the stairs. Aaaaah! My goodness, that hits the spot! Like a cool glass of water in the scorching desert. MMMM! Tongue, meet sweet spot! Yesssss!

She continued to think about her daughter and Amy, even while she bobbed on Alan's erection. Her other hand still futilely attempted to cover up her boobs.

I still can't get over that sweet, innocent Amy is one of us now. It sounds like her help hasn't reached the cocksucking level yet, but I'm sure it will before long. Suzanne can try to slow that down, but I doubt that no sucking rule will last for more than a few days. After all, who can resist the siren call of his cock? I sure can't! Mmmm! HNNG! Ah! Gaawwwd, I love it so much when my mouth is crammed full nearly to bursting and he's dominating me on my knees like this!

She felt so inspired that she tried to take him past her gag reflex. That didn't work, but the choking and gagging sounds aroused her so much that she was nearly dizzy.

A couple of minutes passed. She continued to suck, and continued to ponder. So now there's four of us. But of course it won't stop there. We know he's getting help at school, judging by the checkmarks on his chart lately. Looks like he's building up quite a little stable of cocksuckers!

She felt a pang of jealousy, but overall the idea was a lot more arousing than distressing.

Of course, I shouldn't be surprised. He's so filled with all that potent, manly sperm that it takes a lot of women to keep him happy. He has a medical condition, and it's up to us women who love him to help him out. We just have to keep suck, suck, sucking my beautiful boy until we suck him dry, and then start all over again! Amy's a real good kid. I don't mind sharing him with her, as long as she doesn't get in my way when I need a good suck. ... Which is going to be quite frequently, admittedly. Maybe she can take care of his needs at school, and I can handle things here at home...

Alan interrupted her thoughts. "Pretty weird, huh, Mom? I'll bet you're still thinking about Amy helping me out."

She pulled his cockhead out of her mouth so she could talk clearly. "Yes. I probably should have tried to say something discouraging, but I must admit the idea excites me. I couldn't even stop stroking you, while they watched!" She sighed heavily. "What an embarrassing day. One thing after another." She sighed again, but this time she deliberately blew air onto his spongy cockhead. "They must think I'm a cum slut."

"Mom, remember what I said about calling yourself a slut? Be proud of who you are. I don't mind in the slightest who you talk to while jacking me off and with my cum dripping all down your face and chest - you're my mom, and nobody calls you a slut. You're just trying to help me out."

She'd forgotten all about the cum on her body, and began to wipe it up and stuff it into her mouth with one hand. As with stroking his dick whenever it was within reach, nowadays she pretty much automatically ate any of his cum within reach without thinking. "Oh dear! I must look quite a sight. Amy saw how you spermed your way all over my big tits? My goodness!"

She shook her head sadly. "But you're too kind to me, Son. You really are. And the orgasms you give me..." She spoke in a husky, knowing voice. "Let me thank you the best way I know how."

She stuck her tongue out towards his sweet spot, but he kept it tantalizingly just out of reach by restraining her head with his hand. "Wait!" he said. "Are you sure? Now that you pulled off and gave me a moment to think about it, it occurred to me this will be my tenth time just for today. Isn't that too much?"

She rubbed his hard-on against her cheek lovingly. "It's never too much, Tiger. Never. As long as your cock can handle it, then you should do it. Besides, you need to build up a surplus before your scouting trip next weekend."

"Well, okay. I'll admit that my dick is in surprisingly good shape, considering everything that's happened today. I can't even understand why I'm not more sore, to be honest. But before you do that, can you finish up the job with the aloe vera?"

He turned around and exposed his butt to Susan's close face. It clearly was just as red as his front - his short bathing suit had left him too exposed there as well.

She groaned unhappily, since she was eager to resume sucking.

Hearing that, he added, "And also, this is a really good time for me to take a strategic break."

She sighed again, even more heavily. Darn those breaks of his! But I suppose it's for the best, because it means more sucking time for me. The problem is controlling myself until he's ready. He has such a cute, firm tush. Just applying the lotion there is going to get me even more insane with lust.

She had Alan lie down, then straddled him and began rubbing his naked ass with another aloe leaf.

"Why do these kinds of things always happen to me?" she asked him rhetorically. "It's so tough being a mom these days. Is it right for me to welcome Amy into the personal cocksucker gang with open arms? How am I supposed to respond as a responsible parent? Why is everything so sexual lately?"

"Sorry Mom," he said contritely. "I know that ever since my treatment started it must be very tough on you. Please forgive me for ruining your life."

She sighed yet again. "You haven't ruined my life. There's nothing to apologize for. You've made me happier than I could have ever imagined. It's just so confusing. I don't know sometimes if I'm doing the right thing." The hand that wasn't holding the aloe vera began massaging the area she'd just covered, but quickly found its way into his ass crack. Her finger even began to poke idly at the entrance of his anus as she talked.

He grunted lustily.

She kept talking as her hand movements became more sexual. "I guess it goes without saying that we can forget the 'no blowjobs' punishment. I wasn't supposed to blow you until Tuesday, yet I've already blown you once this evening, and I'm working on a second time. But that's okay. Your medical needs come first anyway. If you need extra help, I'll do what it takes. But just to get you through this Boy Scout thing, okay? Scouting is very important; you shouldn't miss that. After you get back on track with your six times a day, then we can go back to the old rules."

Even as she said that, she realized in her heart that a return to the old rules wasn't likely ever to happen. In fact, it wasn't even clear what the old rules were anymore. In her mind, an ideal situation would be limitless cocksucking, handjobs, and titfucking without the slippery slope violations of all the other boundaries.

"Thanks, Mom! You're the best. But you know what would be an even better way for you to thank me? Don't just poke at my anus - stick your finger all the way in. It feels really good."

She knew how good sticking a finger into an asshole felt, now that he had done it to her. Still, she asked with a snicker, "What about your strategic break?"

"That's for my dick. My ass is good to go."

He was able to talk her into doing it to him, but only after she made her usual complaints about how improper it all was.

Susan spent an exceptionally long time on his butt. She coated his ass with aloe not once but twice, and kept going when the aloe ran out. The whole time, she pistoned a finger in and out of his anus. She worked on his prostate gland like an experienced pro - after all, it wasn't that hard to do once one

learned how to locate it and got the hang of it. She even stuck two fingers in at one point, something no one else had done to him before.

Eventually, he turned himself over to reveal another massive hard-on. "Since you're willing to help out, and you're okay on blowjobs again, can you help me finish off orgasm number ten?" His hot pole pointed invitingly towards her mouth.

She sighed again, even as she bent over and began licking his thick tool. "Ten. Wow. I'm not that knowledgeable about sexual matters, but don't most guys max out at about four or five a day? I think your sexual powers must be truly extraordinary! Mmmm! Ron never made love to me more than twice a day, even on our honeymoon."

That was more information than Alan wanted to know, since he liked to imagine Susan as a virgin. But he modestly answered, "Yeah, ten is way unusual. But remember that I'm eighteen years old. That's the exact sexual peak for males." Changing gears, he suggested, "You can still reach around and finger my anus some more, you know."

She dutifully obeyed his request. "Boy, you're demanding today," she complained half seriously. "Is there anything else you want me to do?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact. Why don't you take your big tits and rub them all over my chest and face, since they aren't doing anything else?"

"Geez, you sure are bossy tonight," she complained. But she was secretly delighted at his aggressiveness. She obeyed his orders and rearranged herself over him so she could drop her tits onto his upper chest. She found herself enjoying this request so much that for a while she switched to a handjob so she could mash her tits on his face. For a time she mostly alternated between slapping his cheeks with her tits and enveloping his face with them, before eventually returning to more cocksucking.

Overall, she was having a great time, yet she sighed periodically at her lack of willpower. I'm such a shameless SLUT! Look at me! Apparently, my big tits are nothing but fleshy toys for his amusement. Why does that make me so HOT?! I talk to myself about becoming his tit slave just because it turns me on, but it's slowly becoming literally true! And getting his cock to cum is just too difficult. Mmmm! I could be here licking and sucking on his fat knob... Mmmm! All night long! MMMM!

After a few more minutes of bobbing contentedly on his pole, she wanted to see if he had any other fun ideas, so she popped his boner out of her mouth and asked, "I don't suppose you have another outrageous demand for your helpless, big-titted, cocksucking mommy?"

He felt emboldened because he could tell she longed for such a demand. "Why, as a matter of fact, I do. Thanks for asking. It saddens me to see your pussy so neglected. If you won't let me finger you, then I want to see you do it to yourself. And the second thing is, I'm getting pretty close to cumming. I want us to cum together, and I want to do it all over your face."

"That's three demands," she whined, acting all put out by his requests. But secretly she didn't know which one she liked the best. She quickly resumed sucking him while fingering herself.

She thought, I'm such a shameless hussy! I've completely given myself over to serving my son's cock, and I love it! I've grown to love the feeling of his cock spraying like a fire hose all over my face, and I love even more the feeling afterwards of his cum dripping slowly down my skin, leaving me tagged as his property in the same way a dog pees to mark his territory. I'd demand that he shoot on my face or chest every time, except that it inevitably means that I don't get to swallow as much of his delicious cum as when I take it straight into my mouth. So I'm always torn on the classic 'cum inside' versus 'cum outside' question. Both are great, in my opinion!

Alan indeed came all over her face while she fingered her clit. They ended up cumming together. The load he dumped on her wasn't that big, but she marveled that he was able to give her a facial at all, given that it was his tenth ejaculation for the day. She used both hands to rub the cum onto her skin while finding gobs to swallow.

Once that was done, she spent a very long time licking his balls and flaccid penis clean.

When she finished and lifted her head from his lap, he said, "Thanks Mom! You're the greatest. I'm gonna need a lot of help like that in the future, especially with the Boy Scout trip coming up. Can I count on you?"

"You can, Tiger. I'm sorry for being difficult before, when your father was here and everything. It's not that I don't enjoy helping you; I do. I love it so much! But I'm afraid. I'm terribly afraid we'll go too far and do things sons and mothers aren't supposed to do with each other, if you know what I mean. We can't have that happen, ever! Promise me you won't take advantage of me? I'm so frightened of losing control! I don't mind your little demands, like making me play with your ass. In fact, I love them. But

remember the boundaries, okay? I don't seem to have any willpower when it comes to the heat of the moment, so I have to rely on you to be good."

He vaguely promised, "Don't worry, I'll be good."

He said that even though he didn't really know what the boundaries were anymore (and figured it was better if he didn't ask her to clarify them). But he still planned to fuck her. He figured he just had to get her full agreement first so he wouldn't feel bad about doing so, and she wouldn't feel bad about him taking advantage of her. He knew that would be a huge challenge, since she felt that real fucking was synonymous with burning in Hell.

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Susan came to his room a short time later for a goodnight kiss and tuck-in. She wore another sexy nightie that he'd never seen before, and still had her high heels on. But her goodnight kiss was surprisingly chaste: it was just kisses on the face but none on the mouth.

He asked her about it, even as he reached in her nightie and played with a nipple.

She replied, "After all we did today, my mouth tastes exactly like your penis. You don't want to kiss your own penis, do you?"

"How come you didn't wash your mouth out?"

"I think you know the answer to that."

He nodded, guessing she enjoyed the lingering taste of his cum in her mouth. Well, let me give these a goodnight kiss then. He pulled the straps of her nightie off her shoulders and then proceeded to extensively kiss her nipples.

In truth, his body was tired and his mind was tired. His penis wasn't even close to being erect. But he still enjoyed kissing her nipples while cupping her tits from below. If nothing else, he was making a point that her tits were his to do with as he wished and she shouldn't deny them to him anymore.

Finally, it came time for his 'tuck-in.' She pulled his sheets all the way down, exposing his crotch. She bent over it and kissed his penis, even though she knew there was no chance of reviving it at that moment. Then she spoke directly to it as she planted more kisses up and down its length. "You be good, now, um, Alan Junior." She giggled at that name. "Get a lot of rest, because you're gonna have a busy day tomorrow. If nothing else, expect to spend a lot of time inside Mommy's mouth. Okay?"

"Okay." Alan spoke in a funny voice out of the side of his mouth without moving his lips, like a ventriloquist, trying to make it seem like his penis was talking.

Susan laughed and gave it another big kiss before finally pulling away. "It talks too! Is there no end to all the things it does?" She bent over and kissed her son's forehead and nose before finally getting up and walking to the door.

She used her best sashaying walk, making sure her ass cheeks undulated up and down. "Nighty-night, Son. Love you."

"Love you too, Mom."

She turned off the light and closed the door.

Back in her room, she was surprised to realize that she could have kept going, and had only stopped for his sake since he was so clearly sleepy. What's wrong with me? He already came a remarkable number of times today, yet I was pretty shameless in there, trying to inspire him for yet one more! I feel like I could literally suck his cock all night long. I mean, literally! Maybe it's the odor of his room as I went in for the kiss. Mmmm, such a fragrance! It's beginning to smell like a giant cum load again. I should remind him to air out his room.

Or maybe I shouldn't. I love it like that. Actually, I don't know what I want. Today has been the most amazing day of my life. The orgasms I had! Wow! They're worth dying for. Incredible! Somehow, knowing someone else is watching doubles my pleasure. But that's wrong. It's all so wrong! Why can't I be satisfied with a simple cocksucking, or a nice titfuck? Anything more is morally dubious. Heck, at the height of my depravity I was even thinking about Angel sexually in an almost, well, to be frank, lesbian kind of way! What's wrong with me?

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Katherine stayed up well past Alan, writing in her diary.

Dear Diary,

Today was such a KEY day! I can't wait to tell you what happened between Aunt Suzy and me! Or all the fun things Brother did to me. Or the great things that happened with Aims. But the biggest news is with Mom. Her boundaries are crumbling by the hour! The main thing is, her restrictions on sexy fun in front of others are collapsing in a big way. I can see the outlines of Suzanne's vision and how it's all coming true. It's so fucking great!

That was just the start, since she had a lot to say about all of those things.

Later, just before she went to bed, she went to her mother's bedroom, where Susan was reading a book (surprisingly, a non-sexual one). She pointed out to her mother that Suzanne had left her a jar of moisturizing cream to use.

Susan took it and began putting it on after Katherine left. She began thinking of all the arousing things she'd done that day, and wound up masturbating herself. Little did she realize it was the scent of Alan's cum in the jar which was helping to keep sex on her brain.

As she lay there in bed, she thought, No more false posturing. The fact is, I love it all. I'm not going to resist Tiger anymore. My attempts at self-restraint today were pathetic. Other people were snickering at me. True, intercourse is one thing I shouldn't bend on. I suppose I'll have to still say no to that.

But even as she was saying that to herself, she unwittingly shoved Alan's cum "cream" up her pussy.

I'm going to pleasure his big cock every other way I can from now on. It feels so good, so intense! I was completely out of control, riding on a wave of pure lust, for so long today. Hell and sin be damned; I can't live without it! I'm not going to overtly encourage him to do even more depraved acts, but if he commands me to, I have to obey. It's almost as if that's what I'm here on Earth for - to give my son sexual pleasure. I have to be a good mother and help him in every way. If he wants to play with my tits or ass or any other part of me, that's his right! Nothing should be denied him. Nothing!

Well, except for that one place, the naughtiest spot of all. But maybe even a little touching there should be okay. Why not? I trust him not to go too far.

She masturbated many times that night, thinking of her son and all the sexual things he could force her to do. The more he forced her (in her fantasies), the more she loved it. When she slept, he was the subject of all her dreams. She was in love with her own son, and was absolutely obsessed about pleasuring him.