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Chapter 471 So You WERE In Playboy! Wow!

He'd long since tossed his newspaper aside and out of reach, so that wasn't an available distraction. His dick was so hard that he wanted to cum right away, just from the view alone, never mind the way that Suzanne was jerking him off at the same time. That forced him to close his eyes to reduce the urge to ejaculate.

That seemed to calm all the women, since they knew he couldn't see them. Slowly but surely he was able to bring his breathing under control. As he continued to recover, he tried some small talk to serve as a distraction to what Suzanne's fingers were doing. He asked, "By the way, Aunt Suzy, you know, Mom mentioned the other day that the two of you could have been real centerfolds. Is that true?"

"What do you mean?" Suzanne asked.

He explained, with his eyes still closed, "Mom said that you both used to get lots of offers to be in magazines and movies and stuff like that. No one ever told me about that before. I'd love to hear your side."

Suzanne replied as she kept stroking his boner, "Oh, well that's true. I guess I have been a bit modest about that, but then again it's not really a big deal. Sure, I had lots of guys wanting to take my picture and such. If I had a nickel for every time someone told me they could make me a star, well... I'd have a mountain of nickels!" She chuckled. "And then, later on, Susan got a lot of offers too."

Amy asked, "Why only later?"

Suzanne explained, "It's all a matter of where you are, how you dress, and who sees you. When Susan was growing up in rural Nebraska, needless to say, there weren't droves of professional photographers scouring the corn fields looking for the next Christie Brinkley. But after she moved here and we became best friends, I sort of taught her how to be an Orange County socialite and upgraded her wardrobe and so forth. After that, there was hardly a party she went to where some smooth talker didn't tell her 'you ought to be in the movies,' or some line like that."

Katherine looked at her mother and asked, "Is that true?"

Alan opened his eyes to see her response.

Susan blushed and dropped her head demurely. "Well, I don't know if it was THAT common. It was annoying, actually. Suzanne taught me how to brush off guys like that. But boy, were they aggressive! And they didn't seem to care in the slightest that Suzanne or I were married, even back when our husbands were with us."

Alan asked, "Is that all it was? Some cheesy come-on line? Were there any serious offers?"

Suzanne replied, "Oh, I'm sure there were. Remember, a lot of these parties were the kind where everyone came in a Porsche or Maserati or something super snazzy like that. We met a lot of famous people over the years, including Hollywood people. You'd be surprised how many live not far from here."

"Like who?" Amy asked eagerly.

"I've told you some stories over the years," she replied. "Anyway, I don't want to get off the point, which is that a lot of the offers were sincere, in the sense that those people really had some connections. But most of them probably had some 'casting couch' hanky-panky in mind too. And besides, it was all a dead end."

"Why?" Amy asked. "'Cos you both were married?"

"Well, there was that. But also, both of us were simply far too busty. There's sort of an ideal size for advertising and acting and such, and if you're too endowed it's considered distracting. Both of us were, well, porn magazine size, to be frank. In fact, I had a friend with the exact same dimensions as me who tried to go Hollywood and ran into all kinds of trouble, since she wanted to be a real actress and not in porn. She would have done much better if she'd had breast reduction surgery."

Suzanne thought fondly of her busty college roommate, Xania. It was the first time she'd thought about her in ages, and she wondered whether Xania was still working on the margins of the Hollywood movie industry. They'd remained in some contact over the years, but it had been a couple years since they'd even talked on the phone.

She continued, "Heck, we were both too stacked even for Playboy. I'm not sure they've ever had any Playmates who were natural G-cups like us. So that's one reason why I taught Susan to turn down every offer flat, no matter what."

Alan perked up, even sitting up a bit. "But you could have been! Mom, all this talk of you being my 'centerfold mommy' isn't just talk. And you too, Aunt Suzy! Maybe not for Playboy, but lots of other magazines would have loved to have you!"

Susan was still blushing, but she also smiled shyly. "Well, I suppose that's true. Obviously I never listened to those offers because I was married, but it's a nice fantasy to have now, to think that I could have been a real centerfold for you."

She suddenly stood up and began sensuously running her hands up and down her hips. Her upper torso was already bare, and she subtly pushed her dress farther down, until a bit of her bush came into view. "Would you have liked that, Son? Would you have liked to have found an old Playboy with your mommy all naked inside?" Her hands slithered down to her knees, which caused her to bend over. That, in turn, made her big melons dangle down enticingly while her dress slid all the way off her ass.

Katherine was sitting next to Amy, so she said to her, "See what Mom is doing? This is what all of us ladies here are going to be doing a lot of. Providing visual stimulation. It's particularly good if we work like a team. See, my mom provides the sexy visual and your mom uses her hand to make sure his thingy stays nice and hard."

"Cool beans!" Amy replied. "That looks like fun. Should we help out with the visual part too?"

"Nah. I think Mom's got this."

Susan had paused to listen, so she gave her opinion. "That's right. I've got this. Amy, watch and learn. You can't just stand there and think your beautiful nude body will do the job. You have to put your heart into it."

Then Susan turned her attention back to Alan and got back into her role. Even her voice changed, as she squealed with apparent dismay. "Oh my goodness! Look at me! This is just the kind of pose I'd take if I were in one of your nasty magazines!" She struck another sexy pose, letting her dress slide the rest of

the way off, showing off all of her pussy. "Would you keep your Playboy with Mommy on the cover under your bed, and secretly jerk off to it every night?"

He groaned lustily. "Oh, you know it!" He was very glad that Suzanne was still jacking him off. In fact, she was stroking him more vigorously, now that she could sense his growing arousal.

Susan struck another pose, with her hands over her head. "Son, would the page of your magazine get all sticky, because of your cummy fingers trying to turn the pages?"

"Yes!" he moaned.

She continued, "Would you dream of sliding your big fat cock right between Mommy's big tits?"

"YES!"

She began rubbing her big tits together, mashing the tit-flesh and distorting their shape. "But all those thousands of other boys across the country, they could only dream of doing that! But you! You can really do it! You can stick you superior cock right here" - she ran her hands up her cleavage - "and I'll lick your knob too! Wouldn't you like that?"

"Oh! So much!" He was squeezing his PC muscle frantically.

Katherine rolled her eyes, knowing no one was looking her way. Give me a break! First, I get to find out all kinds of famous Hollywood types were trying to get Mom and Aunt Suzy in magazines. Nobody's ever done that to me! Or Aims, 'cos she would have told me. But as if that isn't enough, now Brother's getting off on this whole 'Mom as centerfold' fantasy, and I sit here with MY tits hanging out of my top like I'm chopped liver! Arrgh!

Suzanne was also getting annoyed. After all, she was doing all the rubbing and stroking, but Alan only had eyes for Susan. And she had walked right into that by the way she'd brought Susan into the discussion.

Trying to bring his attention back to her, she suddenly exclaimed, "Sweetie! Guess what? I really did pose for some erotic photos once!" She hadn't told anyone about that in many years. Not even Susan knew of it.

That got his attention back. He looked her way and asked, "What? Really?"

She slowed down her stroking so he wouldn't cum just yet. "Really. It was when I was in college, before I met Eric. I was pretty willful back then. There was a guy from Playboy, doing one of those 'Girls from the Pac Ten' pictorials." She thought back to her favorite picture taken from that photo session. She looked remarkably similar, except that she hadn't started growing her long tassel of hair yet.

Alan exclaimed, "So you WERE in Playboy! Wow!"

"No, not exactly."

Amy chimed in, "Cool! My mom was a Playboy Bunny! But I thought you said your breasts were too big?"

Suzanne was flustered. "Well, remember they were a little less full then, before I had you or Brad. But no, I never got in the magazine. There's kind of a tangled story there, but basically, they took the pictures, but then I got cold feet and wouldn't give permission. I started to think about who might see, like my parents..." Now she was the one blushing. "In any case, I still have the proofs around somewhere."

"No way!" Alan and Amy exclaimed at the same time.

Even Katherine and Susan were excited by that. Susan paused her sexy nude posing and asked, "Really? How come you never told me?"

"Susan, up until about a week ago, how approving would you have been?"

"Hmmm. Good point. But anyway, now you have to show us!"

"Yeah!" the others all agreed.

Suzanne dropped her head, weighed down by frustration. She'd only brought that up to get Alan's attention, and now that brought up the practical problem of actually finding the pictures. She was in the middle of a nice handjob, and didn't want to give up her hold on Alan's erection. She knew that someone else would take over before she could even leave the room. She said, "Later, okay? They're in my attic somewhere, but it could take an hour or two to find them, or more."

That deflated the group's excitement. Even Alan's boner seemed to soften a little bit.

"Oh." Susan said as she just stood there in her high heels, panting slightly.

Suzanne looked to Alan. "Sorry, Sweetie. I'll find them for you later, okay? Meanwhile, here's something to tide you over until then." She bent down and swallowed his cockhead.

Susan wasn't so happy about that. She looked around, and said, "Amy! Look away!"

Amy looked to the ceiling with annoyance. "Aunt Susan, I'm not a kid, you know. I've already seen Katherine do that." With Suzanne there, she didn't mention that she'd briefly done it to Alan herself.

"Oh." Susan thought about that, then added, "But still, Suzanne IS your mother. You should look away."

Annoyed, Katherine stuck up for her friend. "Why? You let me watch when YOU do it to him! Your rules are weird and aggravating, and extremely UNFAIR!"

Susan was going to reply to that, but didn't get a chance, because Alan let out a loud lusty gasp. All eyes snapped to look at him.

He grabbed Suzanne's head and roughly pulled her lips farther down his erection. "God dammit! You fuckin' SUCK COCK like a succubus!"

She was in danger of gagging with him holding her head down, so she frantically bobbed and licked, hoping to get him to blow before she had serious trouble breathing. Luckily, she needn't have worried, because he was already well past the point of no return.

No one said a word, but the other women all watched with undisguised desire. It was clear as they began to pant more and more that each of them was imagining themselves in Suzanne's place.

Alan grunted and moaned like he'd been shot in the legs. He was usually relatively quiet during his orgasms, but this time he let out a loud wail as he fired and fired and fired into the back of Suzanne's throat.

The three watching women all frigged themselves to their own climaxes, as subtly as they could manage, each taking advantage of the distraction provided by Suzanne's frantically bobbing head.

Suddenly it was all over. Susan muttered something about needing to bake cookies for her "growing boy," and scurried off to the kitchen. She left her dress behind on the floor, but once she got to the kitchen, she put on an apron.

Even Katherine and Amy seemed abashed after everyone's climax, and quickly found an excuse to go upstairs.bender

Suzanne sat up and sighed. "Well, I guess I'd better go find those pictures, before an angry lynch mob forms." She kissed Alan's forehead, pulled her sexy dress up into place, and went to join Susan in the kitchen.

She wasn't in a hurry to leave Alan, but felt the need to talk to Susan to prevent her from slipping back into prudish-mode.

Alan didn't know anything about that, so he felt a little peeved at being suddenly abandoned by everyone as soon as his dick had wilted after he'd ejaculated. He realized that he was also feeling tired, so he went to his room to take a nap.

Chapter 472 Mom, I'm Not THAT Dumb.

Suzanne was pleased to see how sex acts were becoming increasingly public within the Plummer house, especially in the last twenty-four hours, but she was frustrated that Amy had become increasingly involved in what was happening. She made a mental note to talk to her daughter about it later. She wanted to reiterate her policy that Amy could see, and even help with, Alan's visual stimulation, but she couldn't directly do more to him than handjobs.

She was even more disappointed at Alan's attitude. After making sure that Susan hadn't reverted to prude mode, she said to her, "Did you see that? We're not arousing him enough. I mean, sure, he had a great climax at the end, but that was after I jacked him off for what seemed like three hours. And even with all of us there looking really hot, it wasn't until we started talking about being centerfolds that he finally got going."

"And that's not even to mention how long it took before he agreed to be stroked," Susan pointed out. "This is really worrying. Do you think he's getting tired of us?"

"I think he's just still tired from yesterday. Still, we should take steps to make sure it doesn't happen again. Remember, this is long-term war, and like Angel said, each day is a battle."

Susan's eyes narrowed and she said with fierce determination, "We're falling behind. But today's is not a battle I'm going to lose!"

The two mothers went upstairs and met with their daughters. All four put their heads together to try and figure out what was wrong. After some discussion, they ended up agreeing with Suzanne's observation that 'Sometimes a person just needs a break, a chance to step back and absorb everything that's happened.'

But Susan pointed out with concern, "That's fine, but he's already been doing that for more than half the day. Here it is, past one o'clock, and he's only cum twice! If this keeps up, he's not even going to make his quota of six, much less the seven or eight he needs to bring his average back up. He's already in danger there, with two sub-par days in a row before an admittedly remarkable yesterday."

"And then there's his upcoming scouting trip, Mom," Katherine pointed out.

Susan grimaced like she'd been punched. "Oh dear! He can't take the rest of the day off! We just have to find a way to keep making it interesting for him so he can at least get to six."

They all nodded in unison.

"But how?" Amy asked. (Alan's medical story hadn't been completely explained to her yet, mostly to protect Akami and Dr. Fredrickson in case Amy slipped up and talked to someone. But by this time she had learned enough to get the gist.)

Suzanne suggested, "Maybe it's time for more drastic measures."

Susan grew defensive. "Meaning?"

"Meaning, we should try two women stimulating him at the same time."

"Absolutely not!" Susan declared defiantly.

"Why not?" Katherine asked. "That's bound to work in even the most dire situations."

Susan put her hands on her hips. "It's just too improper. It's downright... depraved! Why, if we start down that road, the next thing you know, we'll be having full-on orgies!"

Suzanne thought, Exactly! That's the plan! But she could tell that this wasn't the time to push in that direction. Susan was just getting used to having someone watch. So instead she said, "I've long believed that clothes can do wonders. Partially naked is often more sexy than totally naked. Why don't we all try to dress up in new things that'll make him look twice?"

So they went to Susan's room and tried on clothes (except for Amy, who was only allowed to watch, and was too short for most of the clothes anyway). Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine were all so similar in size that they could wear each other's clothes. By now, a majority of the clothes in Susan's closet had come from Suzanne anyway.

Once they all picked out outfits they liked, Amy said, "Everyone's looking really sexy. Super duper sexy. Incrediwonderfantaburifically sexy, even." She looked at Suzanne. "I especially like what you're wearing, Mom. If that doesn't get his thingy all hard and happy, then what will?"

"Thanks, Honey Pie," Suzanne replied. She wore a skin-tight black leather outfit. It was brand new and the first time she'd worn it in front of others. With the dark glasses she had on, she looked like she'd stepped off the set of *The Matrix*. "But I don't know if this'll get his mojo working. Maybe I'm not flashing enough skin. Or sometimes someone just isn't in the mood. But in any case, I have a more radical suggestion. You know what I was saying earlier, Susan, about the beach?"

"No beach," Susan replied firmly. "How many times do I have to say 'No' to that already?"

"Wait. Hear me out. Instead of just Sweetie and me going to the beach, what if we all go? Maybe he just needs a change of scenery to liven things up. If going to a beach with all of us in sexy bathing suits won't get him going, then nothing will. That'd be better than any of these outfits."

"I don't know..." Susan said doubtfully, but not ruling the idea out.

"Oh, come on! It'll be great," Suzanne enthused. "Just imagine. There will be sexy women everywhere. Your cutie Tiger's tongue will be hanging out of his mouth like a horny, happy puppy-dog. But we'll be the sexiest of them all. His dick will be soooo hard, he won't be able to resist rubbing it all over you! And he'll wear that new skimpy bathing suit I got him, the European-styled one. His hard, throbbing boner will barely be able to stay contained in that little slip of cloth. He'll just have to whip it out and get a nice cocksucking from his mommy!"

"Mmmm. Lucky you, Aunt Susan," Amy spoke up again.

Suzanne turned to her daughter, a bit disturbed to find that Amy was showing interest in doing that. I really, really have to have a serious talk with my Honey Pie soon. I keep putting it off. I know I've agreed to let her help out with handjobs, but blowjobs seems like a dangerous escalation. She's just a child! Monkey see, monkey do. If she sees and hears the rest of us giving him blowjobs all the time, she's going to want to do it too. It's probably already happening, with that comment! I guess I have to accept her taking part to some degree, but there has to be a boundary, or he'll wind up fucking her before long. ... Fuck. There I go, sounding like Susan again.

She conveniently forgot how sexually active she had been when she was Amy's age, and younger.

Amy continued, "When will I be able to get a full load of his yummy cum to fill my mouth? I keep hearing so much about it."

Suzanne was even more disturbed by that. "You aren't going to, dear. Sorry. Susan and I were discussing this earlier. I know you've stroked his 'thingy' some, and you've been a big help in the visual stimulation department already, my sweet darling, but you have to leave it at that, okay? You're just too young and innocent."

"But I'm the same age as-

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"That's final," Suzanne cut her off. "I really shouldn't even be including you in discussions like this, but I'm trying to be accepting of what is, and what you've already done repeatedly. Okay, I've already said you can stroke him all the way to orgasm. I suppose that means he can cum on your body, since it has to go somewhere. But please, no more than that, for now. Okay?"

"M'kay." Amy wasn't that enthused, since her mother hadn't really granted anything new.

Suzanne shook her head sadly. "We really need to get you a boyfriend, and fast. What's happening to you is not how a girl should develop sexually. You're giving handjobs before you've had a proper date."

Susan commented, "Suzanne, I do think it's for the best if Amy helps out a bit more than that. I know she's young and immature, but her body is already that of a grown woman, and she has womanly urges. She can't be around all this constant stroking and sucking and not be a part of it somehow. Since she's already helping with handjobs, then why not blowjobs too?"

Suzanne winced. "I know that's probably inevitable, and soon, but let's take this one step at a time. Even if she's ready, I'm not ready to handle that quite yet." She wagged a finger at Amy. "Visual stimulation and handjobs only, young lady. Is that clear? And if I say 'no' on anything, that means no."

Amy nodded.

"And don't tell ANYONE outside this house a single word about ANY of this! Don't even mention it in our house! Is that clear?"

"Duuuuh! Mom, I'm not THAT dumb. Of course. Geez, Louise."

Suzanne sighed, and then redirected her energy to the problem at hand. "In any case, Susan, if we all go to the beach, we'll be able to send his libido into overdrive, and at the same time we'll be restrained from going too far, as we did yesterday, because we'll be in a public place. We'll be able to keep his dick throbbing, hot, and hard for a couple of hours, which, as you know, Akami says is very healthy for him."

Susan was pretty much sold on the idea already, ever since Suzanne had concluded her description of the beach trip with a "nice cocksucking from his mommy," which presumably would happen once they got back home. But she still had her worries. "Hmmm. Possibly. But what happens if, you know, he gets too excited, and needs relief right there on the crowded beach?"

Katherine naughtily clarified, "Relief? What do you mean, Mom? Do you mean if his big, thick, hard, pulsing erection is crying out for the warm mouth of a sexy, buxom, sweet-assed woman such as yourself? Do you mean if he's just so aroused by the likes of us that he can't take it anymore, and he just has to rip his bathing suit off and shove his penis down your throat?"

Susan blushed and coughed nervously. She unconsciously crossed and un-crossed her legs as her pussy began to dampen at the thought. "Um, something like that," she meekly admitted.

She cursed her own body part: Damn you, shameless pussy. Always betraying me! You're almost as bad as my tits. Can't you ever get satisfied, or are you going to make me die of dehydration as I just plain gush myself to death?

Suzanne said, "If this got too sticky, so to speak, I'm sure we'd find a way. Imagine, for instance, if we park near the beach and you just take him back to your car. With the tinted windows, you could get comfy in the back of the minivan for a long, long slurpy time, if you know what I mean."

Katherine teasingly added, "Mom, bring lots of handi-wipes for your face and chest, 'cos I'm sure he'll want to blast a load or two all over you."

Susan licked her lips hungrily.

The idea of sucking off Alan in the back seat of the minivan very nearly sold her on the beach plan. However, she still had her concerns. "But what will we do if that kind of thing happens in a public place? I would be terrified. Anyone could see! In fact, I don't like the idea of walking around in a public place in nothing but a sexy bikini. Whenever I go out, I dress to avoid attention. My body belongs to Tiger now! I don't want others to see it. Maybe it would be better if we just hang out by the pool in the backyard. That's what we have a pool for, after all."

Suzanne had an answer for that, too. "There are two kinds of beaches we could go to. The usual kind is a very busy, public one. But there are also very empty, private ones. Not exactly private, but I know of a beach that's so remote that we'll be the only people in sight, even if it is a weekend."

"Are you sure?" Susan asked in a worried voice. "You know how I feel about letting strange men look at me."

But in her mind she'd already acquiesced to the idea, since she figured that Suzanne usually knew best, and it sounded like too much fun to pass up.

Chapter 473 Beach

Suzanne drove the group south down Highway 5, but she wouldn't tell them where she was taking them. Amy, Susan, and Alan were in the car too, but Katherine had not been allowed to join them.

Katherine very much wanted to go, but Susan wouldn't allow it. Susan had pointed out that Katherine was grounded for the entire week. In actual fact, that was part of it, but Susan also didn't want the competition from her eager daughter.

Along the way, there was a bit of a musical tug of war. It had become known that Susan's sexual awakening was also spurring a musical awakening for her. So Amy wanted to play her some dance pop CD's she'd brought along of her favorite bands. But Alan wanted to play her some classic rock CD's that he'd brought along.

Suzanne would have preferred to listen to classical music, but she knew that wasn't going to happen, so she mostly stayed silent and let the others "fight it out." Since Alan was sitting in the front passenger seat, he had control of the stereo, but he graciously let Amy pick every other song. So songs like "Get Ur Freak On" by Missy Elliott and "Whenever, Wherever" by Shakira alternated with "Shake Some Action" by the Flamin' Groovies and "I'm on Fire" by Bruce Springsteen.

As had been the rule for the past year or so, Amy was banned from playing Aqua or the Vengaboys. That was one rule everyone could agree on (except for Amy, of course).

Things were surprisingly normal on the drive. The four of them made typical small talk about anything and everything but sex. Alan's penis got a break, with nary a hint of a hard-on.

A little over an hour later, the group arrived at Black's Beach, far to the south in San Diego County. Suzanne parked the car in a parking lot that was at the top of a two-hundred-foot cliff near the beach. The others didn't know it yet, but it was the area's unofficial nude beach. Of course, since it was unofficial, there were no signs marking it as such.

It was only when they got ready to get out of the car that they stripped down to their bathing suits. Happily, for mid-November, it was a beautiful sunny day with only a light wind. Alan carried a backpack with chilled water bottles, a thermos of coffee, assorted fruits, granola bars, croissants, towels, suntan lotion, and other assorted items, since none of their skimpy bathing suits had pockets.

As they gathered their things to walk down a steep, winding path, a guy who looked like a surfer walked up to them and said to Alan, "Whoa, dude, one guy with three total babes? Are you lucky or what! What is this, some kind of photo shoot or something?"

Alan reflexively replied, "Yeah. Yes it is. It's a photo shoot." He leisurely put an arm around Susan's shoulder possessively, to make it clear that these women were with him and him alone.

Susan, while surprised at the move, didn't say or do a thing to discourage it. As a matter of fact, she rather enjoyed the way her son had suddenly gotten so territorial about his women in the presence of another male.

"Wow!" the surfer replied. The three women were all so sexy and gorgeous that it was no wonder he appeared to swallow that story. "Right on! What kind of magazine? Can I watch?"

"No, you can't watch. And it's, uh, the magazine hasn't been decided yet. Probably Maxim or GQ." Alan was packing a nice camera, so he purposely took it out to bolster his story.

"Rad, man. No way." The surfer then asked, "So who's going to be on the cover?" He looked from one of the women to the next, trying to determine who was the best-looking.

"Who do you think?" Susan surprised everyone by replying. She wiggled her body back and forth in her red bikini, while her body language tried to shout: "Pick me! Pick me!"

Alan looked over at Susan and was stunned by the way her tits swayed from side to side as the golden sun beamed down upon her fair skin, framed by the sight of the ocean off the edge of the cliff far below them. His breath caught in his throat.

"I don't know, lady," the surfer replied uncertainly. "I would totally say you; you're just about the hottest babe I've ever seen on this beach, and that's no lie. But then I look at this babe, and then this one..." His eyes jumped from one female to the next, each of whom mugged for him seductively.

It occurred to Alan that all three women were preening and posing shamelessly, they were so eager to be the one chosen. He realized just how competitive his mother could be. That seemed very unusual, since she was normally very shy around strangers, particularly when not all covered up in clothing. But in an attempt to be picked, she moved her body practically like a practiced stripper, thrusting her hip out to the side as she made bedroom eyes at the surfer.

After a few more seconds had passed, it became obvious that the surfer was unlikely to make a choice anytime soon. "Don't make me choose!" he finally said in honest exasperation.

"Diplomatic answer," Alan laughed. "We've gotta run." He wrapped his arm around his mother's shoulder again and dragged her off, even while she continued to mug and pose.

The surfer gave Alan two thumbs up, using both hands. "Excellent! Good luck. And whoa!" He whistled appreciatively at the three women and then walked off.

Alan was extremely glad that the stranger hadn't picked one of the women, because he himself always tried his best not to play favorites. If one of the women had been picked, it would have caused all kinds of damage control problems for him.

There was a lot of joking as the group continued down to the beach. The women were all very flattered to have been so easily taken for fashion models. They'd each been called beautiful and many similar things, individually and together, but they'd always shown themselves off as suburban family types. Whereas now they were all dressed in killer bikinis, so it was very believable that they were models.

As they walked, Susan looked at the steep trail down the side of a cliff with concern. "Um, isn't there a better way? We don't want to be too far from the car."

Suzanne knew Susan's real concern: she was thinking about the earlier suggestion that she could take Alan back to the car to stroke and suck his dick. Suzanne just said, "Don't worry; I've got it all worked out." Trying to change the subject, she noted, "I was surprised to see you preening for that strange guy. I thought you said you didn't want any other men to see you? Didn't you say, and I believe this is an exact quote: 'My body belongs to Tiger now?'"

Susan blushed. She couldn't deny that she'd said that, especially since Amy had been in earshot then and was now. "Um, I may have said something like that. You know how I get carried away sometimes. As for that guy, he was harmless. One guy, I can handle that. Besides, I have to admit I was kind of excited thinking about being a centerfold on a photo shoot, particularly after our earlier discussion."

Alan walked closer to Susan. He put a hand around her back and kissed her briefly. "You're my centerfold mom; there's no doubt about it. Here, let me help you down." He put a hand on her ass cheek, ostensibly to guide her.

The trail was taking a rather steep decline, but his helping was all about being able to fondle her ass.

Susan protested, "Oh, you! Not here. Not in public!" But she secretly thrilled to his daring touch.

To further get Susan in a good mood, Alan stopped halfway down the steep trail and took some photos of her posed on the rocks, since he happened to have a camera with him.

That got such a good reaction from her that he took some photos of Amy and Suzanne too, and they even took a few of him.

By the time he was done snapping a bunch of photos, they all felt that much more happy and frisky.

When they made it down to the beach, Suzanne was surprised that it wasn't as empty as she'd hoped it would be. True, the beach was mostly empty, but not completely so. They couldn't find any spot that was fully out of sight of everyone else so they picked a stretch of sand that had two naked men about three hundred feet away in one direction, and a family, partially naked, about two hundred feet away in the other direction.

Susan immediately commented on their neighbors and their nakedness. "Suzanne, you said we'd be completely alone. And why are those guys over there without any clothing?! It's outrageous. It's so improper! This is a public beach!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes behind her dark glasses. "Susan, this is California. Don't tell me you don't know about nude beaches. This is a public NUDE beach. Don't worry about those two guys looking at you. I'll bet you a million bucks they're both gay. Half the people on these nude beaches are gay men."

She pointed down the beach. "That family on the other side is probably European. You just have a grandma, mother, and kids there anyway. So, really, we're pretty private. And I'm sorry it's not completely empty. That's how it was when I was here once before. But I guess since it's such a brilliant, lovely day, even though it's November. Add to that the fact that it's a weekend and there's just a few more people here. We'll live. And not to put too fine a point on it, but have you considered what they all might think about all of US being here? If they have the courage to stick around, why can't we?"

Susan was upset. "Suzanne, you tricked me. A nude beach? I don't mind being naked in front of family, but in front of strangers is something else! My body is for my son's eyes only. Period!"

Suzanne pointed out, "You were just putting on a show for that surfer up by the parking lot. So what's the difference?"

"First of all, I was hardly 'putting on a show'. It's totally different when I'm at least wearing a bikini. Tiger completely owns my breasts, so only he gets to see all of them." She stepped close to Suzanne and spoke quietly so only Suzanne could hear. "Besides, I can't help it if that guy admired my body. I want

Tiger to think of me as his centerfold mommy, and having that guy hype me like that helped. After you shared today that you almost were in Playboy, do you think I can just stand around and be an old fuddy-duddy nobody?"

Suzanne held Susan close and spoke softly into her ear. "You're no fuddy-duddy, that's for sure. Your son totally has the hots for you, and you know it! Besides, you could have been in a magazine just as easily as I could, and you know it." She kissed her on the cheek encouragingly and then pulled back.

Susan glanced over at Alan and Amy, and saw that Alan was busy giving Amy a tickle attack. Obviously, neither of them were bothered at all by the fact this was a nude beach. She muttered quietly, "You say that, but you know that's not true. Whenever we go to a party together, all eyes look to you first. Only then do some people say, 'Hey, look at that attractive lady with her.' I can't compete with you!" She stared at the ground sadly.

Suzanne said, "Balderdash! True, I used to get more attention, but that's because of how I dressed and how you dressed. People thought you were a fuddy-duddy because you dressed in fuddy-duddy clothes. Now, things are changing; you're turning into a sexy fashion queen. Just look at how your son can't keep his eyes off you, or his hands and lips off you!"

Susan grinned shyly just a little bit. "Well, that's true, I guess."

"Sure it is! Now, as far as those naked people go, don't worry about that. Relax. This is a really remote beach, mostly because of those high cliffs behind us, so some people get a little wild and take off their clothes. Big deal. The waves are pretty flat today, which means we don't have to contend with surfers. So really, the only other men around are gonna be gay men, and what difference does it make if they see you? Besides, we'll sit way back near the cliff. We can find some nooks and crannies in the rocks if we really want total privacy. The only problem will be people walking along the beach, directly in front of us, who might look over and see us. But even then, anyone walking along the beach is going to be at least 100 feet away from us. And you can see them coming from a ways off before they get a good look at you, so you can cover up if you really have to."

"I do!" Susan huffed.

Alan's tickle attack had ended, allowing Amy to catch the end of Suzanne's comments. She said, "Well, I don't know about everyone else, but I LOVE it! Nude beaches totally rock! I'm so psyched."

Knowing Amy's propensity to make up long words, Alan asked her, "Just how psyched are you?"

"Totally super double awesomarifficallyfantasmamegasuperultraduper psyched!"

He grinned from ear to ear; he loved her made-up words. "That psyched? That's impressive. But I'll have you know I'm TRIPLE super awesomariffically... whatever you said."

She added, "Cool! But I'm quintuple zillion times more psyched than that!"

Amy looked at Susan and tried to remove the worried frown from her face. "Aunt Susan, think of the bright side. You won't be the only naked one here. Alan'll be naked too. Tooooooally naked!" She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Suzanne picked up on that, wiggling her eyebrows playfully and suggestively too. "You know, he's gonna be so horny and hard, watching all of us lathering each other in suntan oil. His big stiffy is going to be bouncing all over the place in need of some serious motherly attention."

That mollified Susan, although she tried not to show it. "Well, I don't know... I'm not happy about this. Not at all." She bitched a little more, but it wasn't as if she was ready to go home.

Chapter 474 It Would Actually Be SO IMPROPER To Stay Clothed.

Alan took a moment to survey the pleasant scene. A bikini-clad Susan sat on a towel on one side of him while Amy and Suzanne were on the other. Suzanne was just starting to take off her skimpy bikini, since she'd gotten caught up in the discussion with Susan.

Amy, by contrast, was already totally naked, which, since her pubes were shaven, was as naked as the day she was born. It had taken her mere seconds to strip off her clothes and lie face down on her towel.

She looked back up towards Alan and flashed him her usual winning smile. Of the four of them, Alan had fully expected Amy to be the first to disrobe. He was amused to see that he'd been right.

"How you doin', Amy? Does it feel good to be naked on the beach?" he asked her with a grin. Meanwhile he slipped off his own bathing suit, revealing his full erection. He didn't care that much if other people saw him; he'd recently gotten used to being naked. He saw, off in the distance, a small flock of seagulls swoop and glide gracefully in the pleasant beach wind. Between the beautiful ocean atmosphere, lovely company, and a pleasant erotic buzz washing over him, he felt very good indeed.

Amy replied, "I love it! It feels GREAT! I mean, a nude beach! That's the bestest idea, like, ever!" The look of glee and excitement on her face made her appear even younger than she actually was, which also made her seem even more beautiful. "Wouldn't it be cool if ALL beaches were nude beaches? And not just beaches, but everything! Nude shopping centers! Nude schools! Nude sports stadiums! Wow!"

Alan smiled approvingly. That's so Aims. She's naturally all over nude beaches like white on rice. I don't know where her love of nudity comes from, but it seems to be infectious. Heck, my package is hanging out, swinging all over, and I'm not minding it at all. I don't even care if those gay guys over there see. It's not like I'll ever talk to them or see them again, and Aunt Suzy says they're not gonna get that close.

And Aims. Look at her. She looks so good like this. Just one look at her cheery smile gets me hard, not to mention her cute, round, naked butt. That's a damn fine butt, big though it is. Or Aunt Suzy. Turn this way, Auntie. Yes! Turn around some more, you pale Amazon goddess! Awesome. What a great mother-daughter combination!

He had no trouble getting hard, and even flaunted his erection a bit, letting it stick straight out like a flagpole. He asked Amy, "You ever been to a nude beach before?"

"Are you kidding me? Certain people" - she rolled her eyes, both to express her frustration and to motion towards her mother - "never let me. She doesn't even let me run around naked in our own backyard! Or even in our house! Geez, Louise!" Amy made it sound like she was practically the only teenager in town who didn't live completely naked in her own home.

She turned towards her mother. "Thanks so much for allowing me to come, Mom. This means a lot to me, and not just because of the nudariffic beach. I feel like one of the gang. It's like you're treating me like an adult who actually has a sex drive."

Suzanne smiled benignly at her daughter as she straightened out her towel and lay down on it. "Sure thing, Honey Pie. I guess maybe I'm too protective sometimes. You have to understand, it's difficult for me to see you turn into a sexually active adult. I still think of you as my little baby."

After a pause, she added, "Believe me, I do understand you have a sex drive. I know it all too well; I was a lot like you. It's just that I don't think you're mature enough to handle grabby boys yet. Remember what happened with Jack Johnson? Remember that scary incident with him?"

Amy's face nearly turned angry. "Arrrgh! Please don't mention that name! I'm so over that. I was never that traumatized in the first place, but you're gonna use that as an excuse to prevent me from doing stuff forever!"

Suzanne said, "Now, hold on. I've said it's okay if you help Alan some with his rather special needs, within limits. I understand you have raging hormones; God knows I did at your age. For now, you can let out some of your sexual energy on him. Just stay within the limits I made clear. Okay?"

"M'kay. Does that mean I can kiss him on the lips?"

"Yes, of course. That's not so bad."

"Oh, cool! Hey, Bo! Let's kiss!"

Before Alan could reply, Suzanne complained, "Wait a minute! I didn't say NOW. Not on a beach like this, when you're both naked!"

"Darn." Amy stared down in frustration, drawing patterns in the sand.

Alan scooted over to her. "Hey. One kiss is okay, as long as our bodies don't touch. Right, Aunt Suzy?"

Suzanne moaned. "Ugh. I suppose. One kiss."

Amy threw her arms around Alan. "Yeay! Mom, I love you!"

Alan and Amy French kissed, but Alan made sure to keep it brief so Suzanne wouldn't regret giving her permission. He also took great pains to make sure that Amy didn't come into direct contact with his stiff boner.

bender

When the kiss was over, Amy's mood was transformed; she was back to her usual bubbly, happy self.

Suzanne thought, I wonder if I'm being wise. Sweetie is a wonderful, loving young man, and if any horny guy his age can be trusted, it's him. Look at how he's resisted simply up and fucking Susan or me, even though the temptation must be incredible. The idea of Amy dating anyone else is a nightmare! I could imagine some sleazeball would take her to a gang bang, and she'd just cluelessly say, 'M'kay!'

But the problem is, even Alan has his limits when it comes to obeying rules. Look at how he's started secretly fucking Angel behind Susan's back, for instance. He's got raging teenage hormones, just like everyone else. What if he fucks Amy? She has the body of a grown woman but the mind of a child. I'm going to have to make absolutely clear to him that when I set limits with him and Amy, those aren't rules meant to be broken, like Susan's changeable 'boundaries'. Those are for-real RULES! Amy's just not ready!

Once Amy was looking and acting happy, Alan looked in the other direction, towards his mother. She was still wearing her prescription sunglasses and her skimpy red bikini. Dang! Look at that. The sight of the dark fabric against her light skin is breathtaking, particularly against the ocean in the background. It seems completely improbable that someone so beautiful, such obvious centerfold material, could be a mother to teenagers like Sis and me. But it occurred to him that it could get even better.

He said, "Mom, we're at a nude beach. Aunt Suzy, Amy, and I - we're naked. Can you guess what I'm hinting at?"

"I can guess. But Tiger, I can't do it! Being naked at home is one thing, but out here..." She scooted closer to him and then sat up on her heels in a dramatic cheesecake pose, with her hands behind her head. "Isn't this good enough? Don't you think I look good like this?"

Alan gasped. His mother looked like some magazine photograph of a supermodel, now come to life. He had a nearly overwhelming desire to push her backwards down into the sand and fuck her roughly right on the spot. But of course he couldn't, especially not in the middle of a public beach with other people around.

He tried to hide his approval, managing to gasp out, "That's nice, Mom, but it IS a nude beach, after all." It occurred to him that he could use her own favorite phrase against her. "It would be rude to stay clothed, because the rules here are different. It would actually be SO IMPROPER to stay clothed." He couldn't help but grin at that, and he could hear Amy and Suzanne giggling behind him.

Susan grinned too, despite her consternation. "Very cute. Let me think about it, okay?" She thought back to her behavior with the surfer, just a few minutes earlier. It was one thing to preen a little in hopes of being chosen as the most beautiful, but it was quite another for her to actually get naked in front of other males, even if they were a long way away and probably gay. She really had a big issue with that.

After more teasing, Susan finally broke down and undid her bikini top, but then immediately lay face down on her towel. That was a big step for her when it came to being out in public, so the others were content to let her be, at least for a while.

Then they all put on waterproof suntan lotion. Though the idea of Alan putting the lotion on everyone else was popular, Susan wouldn't allow it. Also, as Suzanne wryly noted, "If Sweetie helps, we'll probably never make it past applying lotion before we have to leave."

In fact, they didn't have that much time to spend. They'd had a late start to the beach, it was a long drive there and back, and the days had gotten short with the season. They were only a month from the Winter Solstice and it would be getting cold and windy before long. So as soon as the lotion had been applied, they all ran into the ocean to swim.

Alan could hardly believe his luck at being at the beach with three such incredible women, two of them totally nude. (Susan had put her bikini top back on for swimming, since there was the potential for more people to see her while she was going to and from, and in, the water.)

They all tried body surfing for a while, but the waves were disappointingly small. Still, it was a lot of fun.

Afterwards, Suzanne said she wanted to take a walk with Alan. Again, she was scheming to get him alone for more "impermissible" hanky-panky.

But Susan wouldn't have it. "Alan is still grounded," she pointed out. "I'd better come with you."

Suzanne noted, "I was planning on going that way." She pointed down the beach. "Ten minutes down that way, the nude beach fades out and it becomes a public beach. A very crowded one called La Jolla Shores. Are you sure you want to go down there, dressed like that?"

Susan looked down at her skimpy bikini and reflexively put her hands over her chest. "No. I'd be too shy. But I'm not leaving you alone with him! You're always full of mischief. Take Amy too."

Inwardly Suzanne groaned, though outwardly she acted unconcerned. In reality, Amy was a serious restraint on her plans. She'd been hoping to find a private spot behind some rocks before reaching the public part of the beach, and really have some fun with Alan. She had a growing need to get seriously fucked, and she didn't know how much longer she could hold out.

Chapter 475 Hot Amy And Suzanne

Suzanne, Amy, and Alan had a nice walk towards the public beach, though it was nothing compared to what Suzanne had hoped for. She carried all three of their bathing suits, since she expected that eventually they'd have to put them on when they got to the non-nude part of the beach.

Amy was so excited that she ran off ahead of them, seemingly unconcerned that she was totally naked. It was a very amusing and arousing sight for Alan to see, as Amy ran this way and that like an excited little child at the zoo. She just gloried in being allowed to be naked in a public, outdoors setting, probably for the first time since being a baby. Her tits bounced around so wildly that it must have hurt, but she didn't seem to care.

Alan had never seen anything like it. He seriously wondered if she could hit herself in the face with a tit.

Amy didn't mind that they passed a few other people, because those people were also naked (and most of them gay couples, Alan guessed). After a few minutes, however, she ran up to Alan and Suzanne all

out of breath and huffed, "There's lots more people up ahead! Mom, Alan, I'm worried people will see you. You'd better get changed."

Suzanne handed Amy her bikini, which she'd carried with her. "Here. You put this on too."

"Oh yeah," Amy pouted. "Me too. Bummer. Do we have to go that way?"

"We do." In truth, they could have gone the other way, but Suzanne wanted to be seen in public with "her man." Since their relationship was secret, this was the best she could do, for now. She would have preferred if Amy hadn't been there too, but that couldn't be helped.

They put on their bathing suits and continued on their walk. Their stroll through the popular beach was quite an ego-trip for Alan, because the mouth-wateringly gorgeous mother and daughter were walking on each side of him, holding his hands. Nearly everything sexual that had happened to him up to this point had taken place in private, so this was his first time to be seen in public with his new sexual persona. His chest swelled with pride.

Soon, the beach was so crowded that they had to thread their way through people both coming and going.

Nearly everyone, even other females, did a double-take when they saw Suzanne and Amy. It was remarkable enough that they were such knockouts, but the fact that they were both acting as if they belonged to the same teenage boy was even more surprising.

Alan felt like he was walking down the red carpet into the Academy Award ceremony, with a movie starlet on each arm.

The two women also basked in all the attention.

The three of them generally walked in silence, but Alan finally spoke, asking Suzanne, "You seem to be enjoying yourself today. Why is it that you never go to the beach? Heck, you don't even swim in your pool, or our pool, very much."

Suzanne thought about that, then looked down at her ghostly-white arms. "I guess it's because of my skin. Being so pale, I've always avoided the sun. So I'm just not a beach gal. But I've learned that if I cover up from head to toe really thoroughly, it's not so bad. Look - I may even be getting a tan."

Suzanne pulled at her bikini top to show more of one of her tits than was already exposed, pretending to show off a tan line. But it was a joke, because there wasn't any tan line at all on her ivory skin. She pulled the bikini so far from her skin that Alan could see the entirety of one of her nipples. He was surprised that she'd do that with so many men staring. Her action got some loud whistles, even though only Alan was in a position to actually see her nipple.

Alan replied gamely, "Sounds like what you need are some strong hands that will completely cover you..."

"With suntan lotion," Amy completed the sentence he had purposely left hanging.

"I was thinking of some other kind of whitish cream, but that might work just as well," he answered jokingly.

Suzanne ribbed him, but added, "Maybe someday soon you can cover me with both."

They continued onward, receiving attention from everyone as if they were royalty. Alan thought to himself, You know what's amazing? There are a lot of gorgeous women on this beach, but none of them are as good-looking as the two I'm with right now. Not even close. And the killer is that both of these women are MY women. They're both totally after me, and not anyone else. I could probably do whatever I wanted with them.

Well, within legal limits, anyway. For instance, I could just put my hand on Amy's butt, even though we're a public spectacle. Hell, why don't I?

Alan did so. First he switched from hand-holding to an embrace with both females, and then he slid his hand down Amy's back to her butt, even as they continued to walk. When he found no resistance or reluctance, he put his hand underneath her bikini bottoms and explored her ass crack with his fingers.

Awesome! he thought. That's what I'm talking about. Yes! With Aims, I could probably fuck her right on this crowded stretch of beach, and she'd just go, 'M'kay!' Aunt Suzy says to take it easy with her, but I don't know how long I can stand it. She's just so agreeable and sexy. I want to lie ON her! Next time I see this girl alone, I swear to God, I just might go all the way. Well, okay, probably not; I have to respect her mother's wishes or I'll be in really deep shit. But damn do I want to!

And as for Aunt Suzy, talk about fucking lucky! I have no idea what I did to deserve it, but she's totally into me. Just look at how she's beaming. She's psyched to be seen with me! I'm going to do the same with her and see what she does.

He slid his hand down Suzanne's back and into her bikini bottoms as well. Just as with Amy, he couldn't even see any change in facial expression as he turned his head from side to side to look at their faces. They only wore big, contented smiles.

He wanted to test just how far he could go. So after another minute passed, he pulled his hand away from Amy and licked his fingers. Then he slowly stuck an exploratory finger right up Amy's anus.

Amy's eyes flew wide and her mouth opened as if she were saying "Ooooh!" but she didn't say a word. She didn't even break stride as they walked. The only change was that her smile grew wider and her stride changed to more of a saunter.

Then he did the same to Suzanne, and laughed inwardly as her smile also grew, so much so that her facial expression nearly perfectly matched Amy's. The way she walked also changed to match Amy's saunter.

Like mother, like daughter, he thought bemusedly. I guess they really are alike in many ways.

There was one important difference between them, however. Exploring further, he found that he could only get his middle finger into Amy's very small and tight hole, but managed to fit his middle and ring fingers into Suzanne's more accommodating anus. All this experimenting created a great deal of pained yet delighted gasping from both females as their asses repeatedly clenched and relaxed their grip on his fingers. As a result, they more waddled than walked, which was liable to direct more attention their way.

Suzanne mumbled while barely moving her lips, "You cheeky bastard."

"Actually, I'm an ass-cheeky bastard," he joked. "Do you want me to stop?"

"Did I say that?" Actually, Suzanne was very pleased. She was trying to get him to act more aggressively, and here he was finally doing so. She didn't want to discourage that in any way. She was embarrassed, true, but also surprisingly aroused. She asked, "I don't have eyes on the back on my head; are you doing the same to Amy?"

"Yep!"

"You ARE an ass-cheeky bastard." But Suzanne was still smiling.

Amy said, "Mom, I think it's sexy and hot! I dunno. The fact he's doing it to both of us at the same time, isn't that kinda, well, hot? Especially with everyone watching!" bender

Suzanne surprised herself by saying, "Yes. Yes, it is. Don't encourage him, though."

The three of them laughed at that.

Somehow Alan continued to walk and probe their two assholes at the same time. He found the subtle interplay of their ass muscles as they strolled along to be very arousing. It was fun watching them try not to squirm. He very much wanted to see the expressions of people behind him who could see what he was doing with their asses, but he couldn't see in that direction.

Suddenly a strange voice said, "Alan? ... Alan Plummer?"

Alan looked around and saw a face looking at him expectantly. At first he was confused, but then he placed it. "Darryl?"

The teenager who waded in the surf in front of them turned out to be a former classmate of Alan's who'd moved away and changed schools, so they'd lost contact.

Alan stopped to chat, politely introducing his two sexy companions. But something possessed him not to take his hands off either Suzanne's or Amy's ass, not even to shake hands. (Besides, he realized it would be rude to pull his finger out of an asshole and then present it to someone to shake hands.)

In fact, as he casually talked with Darryl, he continued to saw in and out of both their hotly clenching assholes with his fingers. It seemed to him that all his sexual fun had been taking place in private, but here was a rare chance for him to publicly "mark his territory" and hopefully not have it come back to haunt anyone.

Meanwhile, his digital stimulation of their asses, plus the idea of being watched by so many people, was really driving Amy and Suzanne nearly crazy with lusty need. They started to squirm as if they each really had to pee.

Suzanne thought, What the heck is with me? I'm supposed to be the one in charge here, but Sweetie is treating me like some kind of bimbo. And I'm loving it! My god, if just two of his fingers feel this good, what would it feel like to have his big throbbing cock stuffed up my ass?

Shit! Now my face is all flushed, and I'm probably leaking all down my thighs. My whole body is probably trembling visibly. His friend must certainly know what's going on, not to mention the countless people standing behind us. This Darryl guy must be able to see the glistening juices running from my pussy and down my thighs. Probably the same on Amy, too. Fuck! This is wild!

Sweetie's treating me like I'm some kind of "ho'." It would be embarrassing enough if it were just me, but I'm letting him do the same to my daughter! From the look on her face and the way she's squirming her hips, she might be getting off on this even more than I am. It's like he's the pimp and we're just a couple of his ho's, not even worth including in his conversation with his friend.

This is so naughty and politically incorrect! I've always been the one in the driver's seat with my other lovers. If this were anyone else, I'd slap the guy upside the head. But this is just too much fun to stop. Especially seeing that the timid and nerdy Alan is finally blossoming into a total Don Juan. Wow! What have I created?

Amy, if anything, loved what was happening even more than her mother. Having always been behind the pace of the other women in terms of the sexual acts they'd shared with Alan, this caused her heart to pound much more than it did Suzanne's.

When Amy got horny, she loved to get naked, so this was causing her to have a nearly overwhelming desire to rip off her bikini. She imagined falling to the sand in the buff, then having Alan pounce on her and fuck her silly while her mother and crowds of beach-goers watched. If her mother got naked and joined in their sandy romp, so much the better. But Amy restrained herself, even as she helplessly writhed more and more on Alan's invasive digit the longer they stood there talking to Darryl.

Alan was enjoying the moment too. But he saw it in a different way, mostly thinking it was a great lark. However, out of nowhere, his experience at Baskin-Robbins with Heather torturing him in public came to mind. He recalled how painful that experience had been for him, and feared that he might be making Suzanne or Amy feel the same way he'd felt back then. Unfortunately for him, he had no idea how horny his actions were making the mother and daughter or he would not have worried. But because he didn't, he broke off his conversation with Darryl and said his goodbyes. Then the three of them turned around and headed back to Susan.

Now Alan could see the faces of all the people, male and female, who had clearly seen what his hands had been up to. There were a lot of upraised thumbs and approving whistles from the men. Some of the women even made approving signs to Suzanne and Amy.

He thought, That was a really close call with Darryl. Luckily he moved to San Diego and goes to a completely different school. Of course that makes sense, since we're at a far-off beach, but there still was a small chance - still IS a small chance - that I could run into someone from my own school. How the heck would I explain walking with these two, especially if some classmate saw where my hands are, and even where my fingers are probing? Most of them know Amy, who's a cheerleader. And a lot of them know Aunt Suzy from seeing her at the open house nights and such, since she's so good looking. Or what if Glory happened to be surfing out here today? Whoa. She DOES go to far-off beaches to avoid her students. I need to be smarter than this!

He pulled his hands completely away from both their asses as this idea of getting caught sank in.

Amy griped audibly, "Awww..."

He was suddenly feeling bad, so he said, "I'm sorry, you two. Did you mind, you know, what I was doing with my hands?"

Suzanne mumbled out of the corner of her mouth so that the other people nearby couldn't hear, "Did I mind? Let's see if this answers that question." She grabbed his wrist and put his hand back on her ass, then slid it back inside her bikini bottoms again.

Amy laughed agreeably upon seeing that. She playfully grabbed his other hand and slid it back onto her ass under her bikini bottoms too, saying, "I only minded when you stopped!"

So he figured, To hell with being smart. I'm too horny! God, people must be staring at my bursting dick throbbing hard against this suit, and my hands are occupied so I can't even adjust it. It's liable to pop out any moment and then we'll really be a sight! But he still continued what he was doing with their tempting asses.

He said under his breath, "Dammit, when we get back to where it's safe, I'm gonna need the biggest blowjob of my life. I'm probably not gonna last two seconds before I blow."

Amy replied none too quietly, "Oooh! Shotgun! I get to help him first!"

Suzanne said like a chiding mother, "No, Honey Pie, shotgun only counts for getting the front seat in a car; it doesn't count for helping our Sweetie here. And what about Susan? Shouldn't she get a fair chance?"

Amy replied, "Hey. You snooze, you lose!"

"Hey, yourself, Honey Pie. Besides, didn't I just tell you today that you're not allowed to blow him, period? Handjobs only for you. I don't want you to get too wild sexually. You have my genes, which means you could love sex far too much."

Amy shot back with, "Don't I get a say in this? Most girls my age have had sex already. Besides, I called shotgun."

"It doesn't work like that. Don't make me regret giving you permission to do at least some things with him."

"Bummer! What if I stroke his thingy while you make it feel good with your mouth?"

"Absolutely not!"

The two of them continued to argue about who should pleasure him, and how, which only made it more difficult for him to keep walking with his increasingly-stiff erection. Meanwhile the crowds thinned out as they continued north along the beach. Finally, they got around to asking him what he thought.

He didn't want to play favorites, so he just quipped as he gave both of their ass cheeks an extra firm squeeze, "What do I think? I think you're both being very cheeky."

That elicited groans for the word play combined with groans of arousal from the squeezing.

Then he said, "You want to know what I really think? I think it's crazy that we're walking literally in front of hundreds of people. And everyone is staring at my hands. I'll bet they can see the way my fingers are moving. Well, some of them, anyway."

Suzanne suddenly complained, "Shut up! If you say one more thing, I'm gonna fall to the ground and explode with the most powerful orgasm ever! I can barely hold on as it is!"

So he stayed quiet. But he played with their ass cracks most of the way back, keeping Amy and Suzanne each right on the edge of a great climax the entire time.

Chapter 476 Double Play-Go Amy!

As soon as the three of them crossed the line that they'd guessed marked the start of the nude beach, the two women took off their bikini tops again.

Alan still had his hands on (and in) their butts.

Suzanne said, voicing it as a complaint but with the intent of a command, "I suppose you're going to have to play shamelessly with our tits now, Mr. Pimp."

"It's a bit hard when we're all walking," he pointed out. "Besides, I don't have enough hands." Inwardly he wondered, "Mr. Pimp?" What's that all about?

"I'm sure you'll manage," she replied. She grabbed his wrist from near her ass and guided his hand to her chest as she thought, And to think, we might even have been fucking behind those rocks over there if Susan hadn't insisted that Amy come along on this walk. It's so fucking frustrating! I've just got to get a few hours with him alone.

God DAMN Susan for keeping him on such a short leash. I thought today would be my big chance. But it hurts so good to have the anticipation build. When I finally do fuck him, he's gonna know what it means to be truly and profoundly fucked by a woman who really knows what she's doing. Watch out, big boy; you don't have even a clue about what's coming. And I know I'm going to positively die of joy when he pummels me with that marvelous cock. My Sweetie!

Alan asked Suzanne as he caressed her nearest boob, "Isn't there some kind of public indecency law we're violating or something? I mean, I've got my entire finger up Amy's ass and she's squeezing it to death, and at the same time I'm shamelessly playing with your tits. There has to be a law against that, right?"

"Probably," Suzanne conceded. "But I'm so hot that I don't give a flying fuck! ... Pardon my language, Amy."

"That's cool, Mom. But I totally know what you mean. Can we stop soon? 'Cos I really have to cum pretty badly."

"I do too, but hold on just a little further, Honey Pie. We'll find a private spot up ahead and take care of ourselves, and then we'll take care of him."

A little bit further on, when they were firmly back in nude beach territory, all three took off the rest of their clothes. They went to a secluded spot behind some rocks so that both Amy and Suzanne could have their big climaxes from his continued probing. In fact, both of them got off even before they made it all the way to their chosen spot.

They collapsed on the sand, panting hard. But Suzanne quickly got Alan standing back up (so she wouldn't have to deal with the sand), then started to lick his erection.

Amy soon joined in, licking his ass crack. Since she was kneeling behind him, Suzanne didn't notice at first. In fact, Suzanne was so consumed with her cock licking that she pretty much forgot about Amy being there altogether.

Alan felt like a king. Man, this is great! Hot damn, it feels so good! Aunt Suzy's cock licking is as great as always, but Aims is really adding a whole 'nother dimension. She's licking my ass crack so brazenly! Thank God I'm clean back there. And not only that, but I'm standing up just enough to be able to look over these rocks. I can see the crashing waves and all of nature's beauty, but nobody out there is the wiser about what's happening to me. Sweetness!

Then Suzanne went from mere cock licking to cocksucking, and Alan's pleasure doubled again.

However, after a couple of minutes, Amy wanted to try something else. She couldn't see what was happening in front, but she could tell from the slurpy suction noises that her mother had switched to bobbing on Alan's erection. She knew that her mother did that with her eyes closed, so Amy reached between his legs and began fondling his balls.

That went on for another minute or two, until Suzanne's hands, which were holding the base of Alan's shaft, finally bumped into Amy's fingers long enough to realize that they were someone else's fingers and not just his balls.

Suzanne suddenly remembered that in her cock lust she'd lost track of Amy, and it became clear where Amy was and what she was doing. Chagrined, she raised an eyebrow and stared at Amy's fingers gently massaging both of Alan's balls.

It took a lot of self-control, but Suzanne managed to pull her lips off Alan's shaft and ask her daughter, "Just what do you think you're doing?"

"Just helping out." Amy kept fondling as she talked. "You said 'we' were going to help him out. 'We.'"

Suzanne let out a heavy sigh. She wouldn't have minded at all if she was sharing with Katherine, and she would have positively loved it if she was sharing with Susan. But she was having a very difficult time thinking of her own daughter as a sexual being. So she said, "Honey Pie, you can't do that! At least, not yet. I didn't mean 'we' in that sense. We need to talk about this at home, in private, okay?"

Far from stopping, Amy began licking Alan's perineum (the "taint" between the asshole and balls), right up to her fondling fingers. "But he looks like he really needs it. I just want to help! Can't I?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"It isn't right."

"Why not?"

"It just isn't!" Suzanne was trying to focus on getting Amy to stop, but with Alan's stiff cock still just an inch from her mouth, she couldn't help but resume licking it at the same time.

"Why not?" Amy was still fondling and licking.

"Susan has a rule against this very kind of sharing thing, and we have to respect that. Okay?"

"M'kay."

Some long moments passed. Suzanne kept on licking around Alan's sweet spot with her incredible tongue, but she kept her eyes open, watching for Amy's hand to pull away. It didn't. Finally, she said, "That means now."

"Now?" Amy continued to gently play with Alan's balls.

"Are you hard of hearing? I said now! I told you, it's Susan's rule."

"Well, m'kay, I'll keep that in mind for next time. But you can't expect me to stop NOW, can you?"

"I can."

"Why? Just look how full of spermy goodness these balls are. Alan, don't you like what I'm doing?"

Alan was having a hard time not laughing. He could tell that Amy was just stalling for time, and doing a very good job of it. He played along. "Definitely!"

Suzanne exhaled in frustration. She could see that trying to stop Amy from joining in the task of helping Alan was a losing battle, but she was still fighting it at every step. She grumbled to Amy, "Not now, okay? Besides, we don't want those people to see, so we've gotta wait." She nodded towards a couple far off in the distance who were walking closer. "Okay?"

"M'kay." Amy reluctantly let go of his balls and sat back.

In fact, the distant couple was extremely unlikely to notice them, or care (except for seeing Alan standing above the rocks, seemingly alone). But Suzanne had seized on their appearance to finally get Amy to stop.

Alan remained standing, which was a minor miracle in itself, since his urge to cum had grown so great that he wanted to collapse and scream with joy. He didn't do either of those things, but he did clutch at the air dramatically, like an overemotional soccer player who had missed an easy goal. "Arrgh! You two are killing me here! I gotta cum so bad!"

Suzanne stood back up and wiped the sand off her legs. "Well then, let's hurry the rest of the way back. We're almost there anyway, and if you cum I'll bet your mom will sense it somehow and get upset. I swear, she's turned into some kind of bloodhound when it comes to your cum. I guess that makes her a cum-hound. But don't worry, we'll take care of you, soon enough."

Both Amy and Suzanne were still nearly frantic with desire, even though they'd just climaxed. The three of them hurried on since they had promised Susan that they wouldn't be gone for long.

Alan had the two women carry their own bikinis so he could play with their tits as they walked. His ego surged even more, despite the fact that the beach was nearly deserted now that they had returned to the nude section.

Amy commented on his tit play. "Hey, Mom, isn't this pretty cool? Doesn't this make you pretty horny?"

Suzanne was reluctant to admit that. "Well..."

Amy carried on, regardless. "I'm not talking about what he's doing with his hands. I mean, since we're walking and all, he can't do much but just hold our nearest titties. But it's the idea! Y'know? I mean, I've gotta admit that when Susan or Kat go off on all that submissive-y stuff, I've just been thinking 'Whatever.' Y'know? I mean, Alan's just Alan, not some superman, right?"

"Right," Suzanne agreed.

"But the way he's been parading us up and down the beach, letting everyone know that we both belong to him... Isn't that hot? I think it's super hot! Super duper lavatasticultrathermoflamoboilistically brilliant, even! I mean, walking along like this, with him holding our tits, doesn't that make you all tingly and giddy?"

"I was already feeling tingly and giddy," Suzanne replied. That was true, but she was also dodging the question.

"Me too. But don't you feel EXTRA horny, way more than if he'd just being doing it to you walking one on one?"

Suzanne realized she couldn't dodge that without lying. "I suppose."

Amy giggled. "You suppose. You're funny. Hey, Mom, you know, there's a problem. With Alan holding our tits, he can't do anything with the way his super-stiff thingy is all bouncing around. Maybe you should hold him there too."

Suzanne was going to refuse, because she didn't want things to get too sexual while Amy was there. Plus, with them walking in the open, there was a good chance others would see. But she was so extremely aroused that she threw caution to the wind.

Grinning from ear to ear, she wrapped a hand around his erection, saying, "Good point, Honey Pie. Sweetie, we wouldn't want you to damage your valuable equipment with all that bouncing. You might get, I dunno, a cock sprain or something. Do you mind?"

In fact, the bouncing had been bothering him, but he hadn't wanted to say anything about it because that could have led to him having to let go of their big tits. So he replied, "No, not at all. In fact, I was just trying to help you two out. What with all the bouncing boobies, I don't want to see you get a tit sprain."

Amy laughed. "How considerate!"

The three of them were nearly a walking orgy as they continued down the beach. They passed the occasional stranger sitting back near the cliffs, but they were having so much fun that they had no shame. Suzanne realized that she was sharing a sexual situation with her own daughter, but it wasn't anything that "serious," and since she couldn't see Amy with Alan in between, she found herself having a good time.

Alan was secretly ecstatic. I can't believe it. Aunt Suzy's totally jacking me off as we walk, AND I'm playing with Amy's tits at the same time, and I'm not getting busted for it! I know Aunt Suzy's really skittish about anything sexual happening with Amy in sight, but I can sense a kind of slippery slope that we're sliding down, and I'm all for it. It's funny that Aunt Suzy is so effective in manipulating Mom down her own slippery slope, and Aims is doing much the same thing without all the cleverness. She's just so damn persistent with her simplistic ideas and desires that it wears you down.

Go Amy!

The three of them took their hands off each other's privates when Susan finally came into view, but they were nonetheless quite a sight to see as they returned. They were panting hard, and not at all because of the walking.

Chapter 477 It's Like We're All Non-Stop Sex Machines!

Susan stewed a bit while she waited. She felt that she had missed out and fallen behind because of her fear of being seen naked by others. She also was a bit frightened of being left on a nude beach all alone, even though she wasn't naked because she'd kept all of her bikini on. But luckily, while the others were away, the two men who had been closest to them got up and left. It was starting to get late and the sun was sinking, so that left her without anyone else in sight.

When the other three returned, Susan was assaulted by the wave of sexual energy that they brought with them.

For instance, driven by lust, Suzanne had a new attitude about Susan wearing her bikini. Even before Suzanne came to a halt in front of her, she said firmly, "Susan, you're taking that bikini off now, and that's final - no arguments."

Susan tried to change the topic. "How was your walk?"

"Incredible! But that's beside the point. Sweetie, are you with me here? Don't you have the power to decide what your mother wears? Or in this case, doesn't wear?"

"That's right, Mom. I'm afraid you've got to take your bikini off. And no covering up with your arms or by lying down, either."bender

"Oh, poo! You do have that right. I was hoping you'd forget!"

Deep down, Susan loved it when Alan ordered her to do things. However, she really hated for any other man but Alan to see her in the nude.

After some discussion, Alan agreed that she could just take her bikini top off. Suzanne, Alan, and Amy were still completely nude, so Susan was still a bit behind, but for her, actually exposing her chest in a public place (and not lying face down) was a major step. She nonetheless kept her hands over her breasts as much as the others would let her.

Now that they were all completely nude, or nearly so, Suzanne said, "Sweetie, I know you're pretty worked up after that walk and seeing so many lovely ladies on the beach. It's time to decide who gets the cocksucking honors, don't you think?"

Suzanne was the pot calling the kettle black, since Alan had gotten her and Amy very worked up and he damn well knew it. The mother and daughter were still dripping wet with excitement, despite their orgasms, while he was hard but not especially so. His erection had gone down a bit simply from being up for such a long time. (Having Suzanne pull him along by his dick hadn't helped either.)

Still, he appreciated the offer and said, "You know it, Aunt Suzy. I'm all over that idea. I know it's risky, but if I don't get some relief soon, I'm gonna die."

Susan asked, "What about taking him back to the car? Can someone do that?"

Suzanne said firmly. "Sorry. Too far, too difficult. Don't you remember the cliff we practically had to climb down to get here? But we can't wait; he has extremely blue balls."

"Oh dear!" Susan clutched her hands at her bare rack. She didn't quite know what that meant exactly, but it sounded serious.

"Susan? You want to do the honors?" Suzanne asked. While Suzanne would have preferred to do it herself, she saw this as an opportunity to further break down some of Susan's barriers.

Susan looked to Suzanne in horror. "Me? No way. I could never do that in public. Never! I'm having enough trouble with this scandalous topless situation!" She tightened the grip over her bare breasts. "You do it! Please! Amy and I will guard you."

Seeing the depth of Susan's resistance, Suzanne acquiesced. She sat on Alan's legs and jacked him off while Susan and Amy sat on either side and tried to block the view of any potential onlookers. (There were none, anyway.)

But Susan and especially Amy were really more intent on watching rather than staying on the look-out for strangers. They practically salivated over what Suzanne was doing.

Susan muttered things like, "Isn't this illegal? Son, the things we have to do sometimes for your medical treatment. Really! It's so improper!"

That caused Alan to think, Oh yeah. My medical treatment. It's so hilarious. I've almost forgotten about that completely, now that I've gotten into the six-times-a-day thing as an end in and of itself. Let's see. Is my energy level any better lately? Hmmm. Not really. But then, who the fuck cares? It's not like I'm gonna ever want to stop, even though all this attention is slowly killing me. If I'm going to die, this has to be the ultimate way to go!

Suzanne could feel his balls tighten, but she pretended that she didn't know he was about to cum. He followed her lead and didn't say anything either, so his cum simply started to spout into the air, arcing up and then down towards Suzanne's chest. Her big rack was an easy target to hit, but she expertly aimed his cock and made sure that some got on her face as well. By the time he was done there were bits of cum all over her, plus some on his thighs and on the towel underneath.

Suzanne would have preferred to swallow it all, but she wanted to push Susan a bit further yet again. She'd known that the sight of Alan's spurting cum would reduce Susan to a quivering mass of horny nerves.

Sure enough, Susan stared at all the splattering cum like her eyes would pop out of her head. Her stiff nipples showed just how horny she was. She was so transfixed, she even forgot to keep them covered.

Suzanne asked, "How did you like that, Sweetie?"

He replied, "It was great, as usual. Thanks a ton, Aunt Suzy. I think doing it in public makes it way more exciting. Even if no one is watching, here we are out in the open, underneath the sun and the clouds. It's beautiful. I don't like taking risks, but this has all the fun without any real danger."

"I'm with you. It is a real kick. But now we have this big mess." Suzanne started to scoop up some of the gobs of cum and put them in her mouth. "Susan, would you be so kind as to help me clean up here?"

"Me? Uh, no. I really shouldn't. ... Well, if you insist." Susan leaned over and down.

Suzanne cackled inwardly with glee. She felt Susan's hands on her tits as Susan swept up every gob of cum she could find, eating them all. Susan absolutely loved that.

"You know, we really should stop this," Susan said halfheartedly, even as she gloried in rolling the cum around the insides of her mouth.

Amy also reached over and scooped up some cum.

Suzanne didn't notice at first because her eyes were closed, but then she realized there were too many hands on her. She opened her eyes, sat up, and barked, "Amy, what do you think you're doing?"

Amy swallowed another big gob. "Can't I help too? It's so yummy."

"No!" Suzanne lay back down while Susan continued to feast, ignoring the minor dispute. "Honey Pie, what am I going to do with you? I'm sorry I included you on this trip today. Allowing you to directly help with Sweetie's special needs is turning out to be a big mistake, because you keep getting too involved. You're too pure and precious to me to get mixed up in all of this."

"Oh, Mom, that's not fair." Amy got up and stomped off. She was obviously peeved, which was very rare for her.

Susan and Suzanne continued their cum feast. Suzanne hoped that Susan would get bold enough to lick the cum straight off her big tits, but unfortunately that didn't happen.

Alan just reclined on his towel and enjoyed the sight, though his dick stayed flaccid.

There wasn't a tremendous amount of cum, but the two of them took their time enjoying it, savoring every gob.

After a few minutes, Suzanne asked Alan, "Sweetie, could you get up and help me for a minute?"

He was already right next to them, but he sat up and said, "Sure, what is it?"

Suzanne sat up on her heels and then stretched backwards so her crotch was on prominent display between her bent knees. "Susan, do you realize we've been forgetting our manners? Here we are, eating a nice little snack, and we haven't offered our cutie anything. How 'bout it, Tiger? See anything you'd like to eat?"

She pulled her pussy lips apart and allowed him a glimpse into her hidden depths.

Susan complained, "Suzanne! You're not planning on letting him do THAT, are you?! I thought that area was completely off limits! We agreed!"

Suzanne said, "I know. But there are too damn many boundaries and limits! As long as he doesn't actually fuck me, what's the harm? You should let him do it to you too."

That stunned Susan into silence. Besides, she'd been coming to that conclusion on her own. A big reason why she'd let Alan touch Katherine to "get her attention" the day before was because she was toying with changing the boundaries about that. But still, she was undecided, so she stayed quiet for the moment.

Alan was a bit chicken at going down on a woman with as much pubic hair as Suzanne had, so he wasn't sure. Susan had made the whole pussy area such a forbidden zone lately that he felt a bit taken aback. It further occurred to him that the last time he'd been alone with Suzanne, she'd promised that he could play with her pussy. But he could scarcely believe that the first opportunity would be like this, with a compliant Susan resting her arms on one of Suzanne's thighs.

Then something Suzanne had said a while earlier finally registered with him, and he said, "Hey. You called me Tiger. That's Mom's nickname for me. That's confusing me."

"I did, didn't I? That's okay. I get confused myself. You have two tall, naked, big-titted mommies to serve your every sexual whim. It's easy to confuse us when we're both so sexy and so hot for cock!"

That was a nonsensical explanation as to why Suzanne had said "Tiger," but it worked for his libido, which was her real purpose. His face drew closer to her gaping gash.

Susan was busy wiping the remains of Alan's spray of cum off Suzanne's stomach, but she was watching closely, and the closer his mouth got to Suzanne's pussy, the greater her worry became. "Suzanne, I don't know about this. Even if you're okay with it, it still seems terribly improper to me." Her rejection of the idea strengthened as she talked. "Don't forget that we're in a public place! I refuse to allow such a lewd display. There's no one else around at the moment, but if anyone saw us, why, why... I don't know what!"

Suzanne laughed heartily. "I do. If anyone saw us, they'd get quite horny, that's what."

Alan took Susan's objection as an excuse to decline, sort of. "Aunt Suzy, since Mom doesn't want me to do that, how about if I finger you instead?"

"Works for me!" Suzanne said as she leaned all the way back for him. "Now that the children are gone" - this was a reference to Amy - "let the adults play some nice adult games." She thought she was joking with the "children" reference, but it really was more a commentary on her continuing failure to realize that Amy was becoming a woman.

Alan stuck two fingers into Suzanne's dripping and still-open slit before Susan could object. He distracted his mother further by saying, "Mom, there's lots of cum in this general area." He waved his hand over Suzanne's crotch and thighs. "It would turn me on to see you clean it up."

Susan considered complaining some more, especially since pussies were supposed to be a complete no-go zone, even on Suzanne, but her cum lust was just too strong. She searched for and eventually found each and every gob of cum that had landed below Suzanne's belly button.

Alan and Suzanne were both disappointed that Susan used her fingers instead of her tongue to lick it up, but seeing her scoop up and then swallow each bit of cum with such lusty need was an inspirational sight just the same.

Susan thought about how wrong this all was. But she too was helpless to stop her own actions, so she struggled to justify them. We all know Tiger's cum is very precious. It can't be wasted for any reason, and it certainly can't be allowed to fall on the ground, like Onan's. It ultimately belongs in a mouth or a pussy or at least on a woman's skin; that's just a fact. Amy shouldn't lick it off her own mother, so it's up to me. That's all there is to it. I have nothing to hide from God!

There's nothing wrong going on here. I'm just enjoying a yummy little sperm snack. I am NOT going to lick my way all down Suzanne's stomach, exploring her belly button with my tongue, lapping up my son's cum along the way. THAT would be wrong! If I start licking, I just might find my mouth down there right next to his plunging fingers. Soon I'd be lapping up her love juices that he's so copiously extracting, straight from her quivering hole. No! I have willpower. That would be a totally different thing from just enjoying some of his cum. That's a lesbian thing! I am NOT going to do that!

As time went on and Alan kept relentlessly fingering Suzanne's pussy, Susan's thoughts grew lustier. Look at him go! Digging deep. Deeper! That's gotta feel so good! Oooh, Suzanne, if only I could be you right now. If only he could touch me like that. But it's wrong, too wrong! Mmmm! I'll just have to- Mmmm! Eat all this yummy- Mmmm! Yummy cum! So wrong too, taking this right off Suzanne's hot, sexy body, but I don't care!

Once Susan ran out of cum, she focused all her attention on Alan's fingers plunging into and out of Suzanne's pussy. She muttered both "So hot!" and "So wrong!" at various times. She repeatedly licked her lips, and her hands seemed to constantly fight the urge to play with her own pussy, which shook and trembled with excitement as she imagined that it was she who was getting violated by her son's fingers.

The situation was just too much for Suzanne. It was as if her grand Plummer orgy scheme had already come true. The thought of Alan fucking her while Susan licked her clit pushed her over the edge. She started to cum, and once she started she just couldn't stop. She came again and again, completely forgetting that she shouldn't scream on a public beach. Her legs twitched and thrashed, but that didn't stop Alan's fingers.

Amy returned not long after Suzanne's massive climaxes began. She sat next to Alan and watched her mother writhe and scream.

When Suzanne first noticed Amy, she was horrified to be seen like this, but she was too far gone at that point to say anything. As she continued to buck, she realized the fact that Amy was watching made her even hotter.

Suzanne thought about it as she recovered from her climaxes, It's like we're all non-stop sex machines! Toys for my and Sweetie's amusement. It's amazing how much sex the rich, beautiful, and idle can have once they put their minds to it, hee-hee. The only thing holding us back is the thin veneer of restraint Susan still has, and that's disappearing by the hour.

Plus, this whole thing with Amy is killing me. As a responsible mother I really need to keep her out of all this. But as a lust-crazed woman I totally want to do her myself! That is so wrong! Wrong, wrong, wrong! Did I just say that? I can't even think about that. I am NOT thinking about it. She's my daughter; that would be real incest. No! No, no, no, no, no...

She turned her fantasy away from Amy and thought about Susan and Alan and all the wonderful things the three of them could do together. That was like a soothing salve to her worries.

Once Susan ran out of obvious cum gobs on Suzanne's skin, she didn't stop. She kept searching for more, which meant she ran her hands all over Suzanne. The fact that Suzanne had stopped cumming and was resting as if asleep made Susan's cum search a lot easier. She didn't realize that she was doing something sexual; she still just thought of herself as being very thorough in her search for Alan's cum.

It was a very inspirational and arousing sight. But somehow Alan still didn't get hard, perhaps because his penis remained weary from his recent climax and the orgasmathon the day before. Besides, he was content to just give pleasure to Suzanne, for once.

Eventually, Susan ran out of cum and thus out of interest.

Anyone still sitting up flopped back down on their towels, completely drained.

But, after a minute, Suzanne had the energy to quip to Susan, "So, I'm beginning to think this beach trip idea of mine was a pretty good one. What do you think?"

She laughed with pure delight, and the others all laughed along.

Suzanne thought, I never knew I could feel this happy. I'm a friggin' genius. Who says crime doesn't pay? Not that what I did was a crime - just a little bit of necessary and harmless duplicity. My six-times-a-day scheme is already the most brilliant thing I've ever done, hands down, and it's only gonna get better!

She stared lovingly at Susan. When I think of my best friend, liberated from the shackles of her wacko religious ideas, living and loving life, fully free sexually... I get so happy I almost have to cry!

Chapter 478 Fuck Fuck Fuck!

It was past four, and nightfall came early that time of year in the northern hemisphere. It was getting a bit darker and a bit colder, but everyone was still having too much fun to leave.

After a while, Alan and Suzanne ended up in the surf. They splashed in the waves while Susan and Amy remained on the beach. Since the waves were small to nonexistent, they had a good chance to talk as they played and swam.

At one point Suzanne idly made the comment, "I love you when you're naked outside like this."

That got Alan to think very seriously. He said to her in a contemplative voice, "You know, it's funny. I mean, you're practically like family. I even call you 'aunt.' But you've always been Mom's best friend from next door, and not officially family, and so there's been this formality. Especially with the way Mom was, you know, how she was so proper and formal. She's still kind of that way in certain respects, even though she's loosening up sexually."

He continued more earnestly, "But anyway, even now, you and I can say 'I love you when you're naked,' but not simply just 'I love you.' But that's what I want to say: I LOVE YOU. Because I really do love you. And I don't just mean physically. I mean, sure, you're a totally gorgeous busty sex bomb, but you're also one of my best friends. In fact, you're, like, one of the most important people to me in the whole wide world. I really mean that. I really, truly love you deeply."

Suzanne normally had a very jaded, sophisticated demeanor, but as he went on she felt herself becoming weak in the knees, even though she was in the water. She stared at him with an intense longing. When he said, "I love you," she was glad that she was nearly neck deep in the water, because without its buoyancy she would have literally fallen down. True, it wasn't the first time he'd told her that, but the eloquent and heartfelt way he said it this time really got to her.

Alan, in turn, tried to stare into her eyes during this important emotional moment, but he had a hard time keeping them from drifting down to her fantastic chest. Her boobs were easily visible just under the water, and the way they seemed to defy gravity and float made them seem even larger than usual. Due to the diffraction of the water, they looked nearly Brenda-esque in size.

He thought to himself, When I say I love Aunt Suzy, how much of that is because she's such a sexually insatiable hourglass-shaped Amazon, and how much is it her personality? ... Ah, hell, it's both. But there's nothing wrong with that, is there? Does that make me shallow? I think not. Physical attraction is a key part of any romantic love. It's just that her body is so... out-of-this-world amazing!

She held out until he said "whole wide world," but then she couldn't wait anymore. She cried out, "Sweetie!" and grabbed him tight and kissed him on the lips.

Since the two of them were already completely naked, their kiss naturally developed into an all-out (and mostly underwater) intense grope.

After a couple of minutes, when they had to pause to catch their breath, she panted, "Sweetie! I love you! I love you too. If you only knew how much... Oh, it feels so GOOD to be able to finally say that out loud without any restraint! What I've done, to get you to... Well, it doesn't matter. The important thing is: we have each other. I love you!"

They kissed some more. She had almost started to confess her whole six-times-a-day scheme, but then thought better of it.

Despite the cold water, she had a hand on his dick and managed to keep it long, hard and happy.

He similarly found her pussy and put two fingers into it without even a second thought.

As they worked on each other under the waves while remaining in a hug of sorts, he said between more kisses, "Don't think I'm saying that just because we've been so physical lately. I felt that way before, and the physical part has just added a new dimension to my love for you."

She said, "Stop. You're killing me. This is too much! This is like a dream come true. Sweetie, Alan, my friend, my lover, I love you so much! So very, very much."

He could see her tears as they ran down her cheeks. He was visibly surprised.

She saw him looking at them and pointed out, "These are tears of joy. I don't care if you're half my age. You're the only man I've ever met who I really loved. My husband can go hang - I wish he would if it would mean I could be with you! Age doesn't matter, not with you, not anymore, now that you're an adult. And you're such a great lover too!"

She pulled herself even closer to him so his erection was right on top of her bush. Her hand was wrapped around his tool already, but she went farther. Using both hands, she pushed his hand down there out of the way, and then pulled his dick between her legs, as if he would dry hump her.

She felt very devilish and decided that he deserved something a little more special than just an underwater handjob. She was so overwhelmed with love that she wanted to throw caution to the wind. Besides, since their bodies were mostly underwater, concealed by the ocean, she felt it was the perfect moment to take such a bold risk.

She said in her scratchy voice, "You know, sometimes accidents can happen. For instance, what if a big wave came by and sort of bumped you into me? What would we do then?"

There was no big wave, and in fact very few waves at all, but she pulled his stiff dick right between her labia. She kept on going, bringing the head of his cock into her cunt.

"Aunt Suzy!" he gasped as his mind boggled and his eyes went wide as saucers. "Are-are-are you sure? I mean, I, well, this is a big step!" He was completely thrown for a loop and didn't know what to do.

Even in his mind, he could hardly think at all. Holy fucking mother of God! Aunt Suzy is... My dick... Fuck! ... Her... She, Aunt Suzy... No way! We're fucking!

His heart pounded frantically and trip-hammered in a way that he hadn't experienced for several weeks. He felt as if he was going to pass out at any moment.

But Suzanne appeared calm. She smiled wryly and said, "What do you mean? Big step what? I'm just noting that accidents can happen sometimes."

Ironically, a wave did belatedly arrive. It swept both of them off their feet, but they hugged each other tighter while remaining connected down below.

She pressed herself into him, forcing his dick into her another two inches.

His eyes went wide as saucers in awe and amazement.

"B-bu-bu-but what about Mom?" he asked, even as his dick slid in another inch. He looked toward the beach to see if his mother was watching them. but he didn't see her.

Meanwhile, the two of them were floating deeper into the sea because they were unable to touch the bottom.

"What about me?" asked Susan from a ways off.

Alan heard Suzanne gasp and knew from that that something was not good. To his horror, he looked past Suzanne and saw that his mother was in the water, only fifty feet from them, quickly closing the distance.

Thanks to the sound of the waves, he guessed that Susan hadn't heard anything clearly until he'd said her name, but she could obviously see that something was up. No doubt she had seen all their intense kissing from the beach, and that had caused her to come closer and investigate.

Alan belatedly tried to answer Susan's question as he attempted to pull out.

Suzanne turned, saw Susan, and let his erection vacate her hungry vagina.

"Um, we were just talking about love," he said as Susan came even closer.

"Yes? Love? And?" Susan looked very suspicious. She was topless, since she'd seen Alan and Suzanne getting intimate in the ocean and felt the competition with Suzanne's total nudity.

Alan and Suzanne maintained their close hug because to completely break away would be even more suspicious. Besides, it felt damn good.

Alan thought on his feet, even as his feet were scrambling to find a foothold underwater. His erection continued to rub against Suzanne, making it hard to think. "I was just saying that I loved Aunt Suzy. I told her, 'I love you.' And she was saying that she loved me too. So that's why we were hugging and kissing a little. She said she loved me more than anyone in the whole wide world, so I asked, 'What about Mom?'"

"That's not fair," Suzanne complained. She played along with him in what was actually very close to the truth. "You can't compare love between a man and a woman with love between two women. I meant I love you more than any other man. Of course I love Susan just as much, but as a woman."

Susan was steadily moving closer, and was now only ten feet or so away. She was a romantic at heart, so her suspicions melted away as she heard their talk about love.

Then Suzanne gushed, "Susan, do you realize? He said he loves me! This is such a special moment in my life. I've never felt like this before! Not even with Eric!"

Susan came closer in an attempt to hold Suzanne's hand. It was obvious from Suzanne's face that she'd just had a pivotal emotional moment, so Susan wanted to share in it. She felt strange knowing the other two were completely naked and she was only wearing skimpy bikini bottoms, but she was trying her best to cope with such things.

Suzanne thought to herself, Oh, my! That was close. That's some good quick thinking, Sweetie. Maybe he has it in him to become as big a schemer as I am.

But even though Susan was nearby, Suzanne's fingers found Alan's erection and held onto it tightly. She found that she really missed the all-too-brief sensation of being filled by his thick dick, and wanted just a bit more of that before they had to stop. She even recklessly tried to put it back in her hole, despite the approaching danger. She hoped the water would cover everything.

Alan, always careful about showing favoritism, quickly added, "It's true that I said I love Aunt Suzy. But of course I love you too, Mom. I love you so much. Loving Aunt Suzy doesn't diminish that at all. No one can ever come close to replacing the special place you have in my heart."

As he talked, he used a hand that was already underwater to keep Suzanne from putting his dick back inside her. They had a bit of a furtive tussle before she gave up. He was too flummoxed to realize the

incredible irony: that for days he'd been trying very hard to get into that hole and now he was fighting to stay out.

By now Susan had closed the distance completely. She was feeling jealous, but his words that he loved her too had her heart soaring. She too was so emotionally moved that she decided to hug them both rather than just hold Suzanne's hand.

Alan managed to reach the ocean bottom just as the three of them hugged. Even though Susan's bikini bottoms were the only stitch of clothing between the three of them, it was a mostly platonic and loving hug, at least at first, because they were mainly thinking about love.

"Suzanne. My Tiger. You two are too great! I'm so happy for both of you," Susan cooed.

Susan's close presence caused Suzanne to give up her immediate hope to fuck some more, so she removed her hand from Alan's crotch and pulled herself into their group hug.

Alan thought to himself as he hugged, Dang. That was too close! Aunt Suzy and I were about to fuck! Fuck! Really and truly fuck! With AUNT SUZY! We're not just talking some schoolgirl here; this is Aunt Suzy!

Wow! I mean, technically, I was already in her a couple of inches! And right in front of Mom, no less! I guess she got carried away with what I said.

What if Mom had just come out here a couple of minutes later? We would have been going at it with total abandon! I know I would have. Totally fucking wild abandon. Dang. Just one minute later and I could have at least done a little! Shit.

What'll Aunt Suzy do now? Is she going to step back and regret what we were about to do, or can we finish what we started later? Please God, please, let me fuck her! Soon. Pleeeeease!

At the very same time, Suzanne thought, That was dumb. If only I were a little more prudent and had started after we were some distance from Susan, we could have gone all the way. What a torturous tease I am, just like when I pretended to be Elle at the costume party. This DOES NOT count as our first

time either. No way! We're still at zero in my book. But I just couldn't hold back anymore after he told me that he loved me!

Screw my scheming. This is so far beyond my scheming or just winning another conquest. This is love! I really am in love! I haven't felt like this since I was a teenager. I didn't even know a woman my age COULD feel like this!

Meanwhile, as Susan hugged them both, she thought, I absolutely love this cutie. My very own son! I just love him all up. I don't deserve such a great kid. Of course he loves Suzanne. She's so great; it's only natural. How lucky am I to have her as my best friend? She's always there for me. For us.

But things were a little fishy before I butted in. Good thing I came out here, because I think Suzanne was getting a bit carried away. I mean, they are buck naked. And that look in her eyes... Later I'm going to have to talk to her and make sure she's straight on the boundaries. I don't know about that kind of kissing either, even though I've kind of slid a little in that direction myself sometimes lately...

Oh my! And what's this? Oh my goodness! She gasped, because she suddenly felt Alan's turgid prong brushing against her leg. But rather than push him away, she pulled in even closer. That sent his dick sliding up her leg.

Just like that, the mood subtly yet significantly shifted as all three became more aware of the fact that Susan and Suzanne had their big, bare boobs pressing against Alan's skin. In fact, there was so little room that their tits actually touched in the middle of his chest.

Woo-hoo! Alan thought. Talk about a dream come true! He could tell that Susan was feeling skittish about the threesome situation, as well as the fact that his throbbing boner was pressing into her thigh, so he said passionately, "I love both of you so very, very much!"

There was nothing new that he hadn't just said, but both women were overcome with love again just the same. They wanted to kiss him on the lips at the same time, but Susan got there first, so Suzanne had to wait her turn.

As he took turns necking with the two smoking-hot mothers, he let his hands slide down their backs until he was clutching both of their asses at the same time. Susan's bikini bottoms were no impediment;

he simply slid his hand underneath them. Then a minute or two of vigorous ass kneading pushed them down to just her thighs (which also pulled them down in front, uncovering most of her pussy).

Suzanne didn't feel jealous, even as she waited for her turn. In her grand scheme, she'd always envisioned sharing Alan with Susan, and Katherine too. Part of the reason was that she lusted after all three of them. As a result, she couldn't help herself; she wound up with an arm around Susan's back, under the pretense that it was just part of maintaining their close group hug.

Susan was so focused on Alan that she barely even thought about it, although she was vaguely conscious of the fact that her best friend was completely naked and in close contact.

Alan was truly in heaven. The two sultry MILFs were so eager to kiss him that when one wasn't actually lip to lip with him she was kissing and licking his face. Then the other one would do the same while waiting her turn. And all the while he could feel four erect nipples sliding against his chest.

The three of them were getting increasingly hot and bothered, and it seemed as if an orgy might break out right there in the chest-deep water. But as Susan's hands were wandering all over Alan's backside, one of her hands somehow wound up stroking Suzanne's ass cheeks. When she realized that she was touching Suzanne's "private parts," she was so alarmed that she abruptly jerked away.

"My goodness! We got a little bit carried away there, didn't we?" she panted. Already, she was upset at the loss of contact with Alan's boner, since she'd lost that when she pulled back. She wanted to press tightly against him, but it was hard to do that without allowing Suzanne to do the same.

Not wanting to alarm Susan too much, Suzanne also pulled back from Alan. But she said, "Not really. We love him, and he loves us. We're just expressing our love for each other." Knowing what Susan was about to say, she beat her to the punch. "And don't say it's 'so improper' either. Are we not both his personal cocksuckers?"

"Well, yes, but-"

Suzanne cut her off. "No buts! And are you or are you not his big-titted centerfold mommy?"

"Well, of course I am," Susan replied indignantly. She smiled and reached out and ran her fingers over her son's cock to help show her love for it, and for him.

"So there you have it," Suzanne continued confidently. "Of course there will be some incidental contact between you and me from time to time. Even intimate contact. We'll get used to it soon enough. The important thing to keep in mind is that we're not trying to touch each other; we're just both trying to pleasure his cock."

"That's true," Susan said, "but remember, not at the same time! I have to draw a line there!"

"Fine. I have no problem with that," Suzanne lied. "Now, let's not leave my Honey Pie feeling lonely."

Chapter 479 Beach Time Fun..

The three of them waded back to shore, and went back to their towels on the beach.

Amy still sat there in all her naked glory. She looked a bit dubious about all the hugging and kissing in the ocean that she'd seen - at her distance it looked like the other three were having a mini-orgy out in the water, and she wasn't completely wrong about that. She frowned, but kept her mouth shut.

Alan let his erect dick bounce proudly in front of him as he walked up the beach toward her. "Can someone help this swelling go down?" he asked as he sat down next to her. "What about you, Amy? Would you like to help out?"

"M'kay!" she said, her frown replaced by a big smile. "That sounds super awesome! Cool!"

Suzanne threw cold water on that idea. "Wait a sec, you two. Honey Pie, I know I said you could help out with your hands earlier, but I don't really feel comfortable with that, what with us being out here and everything. I'm still getting used to the idea, so please give me a little time to adjust."

Amy looked crestfallen.

But Susan said, "Amy, don't worry. You can have your turn later today; I'll make sure of it. There will be many, many chances, now that you're uh... helping out." She was going to say "now that you're one of his personal cocksuckers," but she didn't want to say that with Suzanne nearby. She correctly figured that no one had informed her about Amy's new status yet. Like the others, she sensed it was better to hold off on mentioning that to Suzanne until Suzanne had more time to adjust.

Susan continued, "Let's give this one to your mom. She and Tiger had a special moment out there in the water, so it's only appropriate. Today just seems to be her day."bender

Alan thought, Mom, you have no idea how "special." Dang! I cannot believe that Aunt Suzy almost fucked me! The thing is, we do love each other. I meant every word, including what I said about you, Mom. And- Shit! Fuck! She's not wasting any time!

Alan responded to the fact that, while he was lost in thought and before he'd realized what was happening, Suzanne had already put her mouth around his dick. (It wasn't a totally spontaneous act, however, since she was careful to lay down a towel first to avoid the sand.)

Susan protested, "You can't do that! Not here! Please!" But then she thought, Drat! Once I get started, I can't stop for anything. I'm sure she's the same. Just watching her bobbing makes me too horny! I suppose I have to make the best of a bad situation.

She told Amy, "I don't approve, but let's make sure no one else can see this lewd display. Okay?"

"M'kay!"

Amy and Susan quickly went into position and shielded the blowjob from either side. They knew they could all be in trouble if they got caught performing a sex act out in the open. Susan also clutched her arms across her bare chest, now that she was in 'worry mode'.

Amy couldn't help but pout a bit as she both watched and shielded the action. "Mom, you get all the fun. I want to have a special moment with him too!"

Susan responded, since Suzanne's mouth was occupied. "Don't worry, Amy dear. I'm sure you'll have lots of special moments with Alan. Isn't that right, Tiger?"

Alan was so overcome with the pleasure Suzanne's mouth was giving him that he could barely answer. "Mmmm hmmm. Yeah. ... Definitely."

"Just watch and learn, Amy," Susan said motheringly. "Watch your mother's technique. She's really talented with her long tongue. Before too long, that'll be your tongue on his cock. Er, I mean penis."

"Really? Cool!" Amy said with her usual enthusiasm.

Suzanne groaned inwardly at the thought of her daughter blowing Alan; that was against the rules she'd given Amy. But her mouth was too occupied for her to say anything about it.

"Sure," Susan continued, trying to help so Amy wouldn't feel too left out. "Before you know it, that'll be you lying naked with your face in his crotch, with your lips sliding up and down his thick shaft!"

"Wow! Awesome! I can't wait!"

Alan couldn't believe it. Everything around him was so arousing, he thought that he'd bust his nut within the first minute. It was almost inconceivable to him that Susan was encouraging Amy to suck his cock, while both of them were sitting there watching Suzanne do it, and on a public nude beach, no less!

The one thing that saved him from cumming too quickly was that Suzanne was so annoyed by Susan's encouraging comments that she pulled off, saying, "Now, wait a minute. Just to be clear, Honey Pie, you're still not allowed to do that. Stroking him, okay. That's a done deal anyway. But cocksucking? No way!"

"But Mom!" Amy whined. "Aunt Susan just said it was cool."

"Am I your mother, or is Susan?" Suzanne responded.

The two of them argued for a minute or two. (Susan wisely stayed out of it.) Suzanne was so preoccupied, she just jacked Alan off absent-mindedly while giving him an occasional lick.

This gave him a chance to regain some margin of control before she was ready to go full tilt on him again.

And that's what she did, after the conversation ended with no firm conclusion.

Suzanne knew just what turned Alan on. She knew stimulating him was mostly about stimulating his frenulum (his sweet spot). She could go down into a near deep throat and then come back up and flick her tongue right at that spot, driving him wild. She even knew how to gently use her teeth in a way that aroused him further. Not even Glory had done as much with her teeth.

Susan was so aroused and intrigued by seeing Suzanne doing new things to Alan's erection that she put aside her usual prudish concerns, and even more or less forgot they were on a public beach. After a while, she said to Amy, "Oooh! Look at that. She's doing some very advanced things. Watch and learn what to do. Heck, I'm learning a lot! Oooh! Look at it bulge inside her cheek. This is so exciting!"

Susan and Amy were crowded in close, with both of them putting their hands on Suzanne's back for support. Their checking to make sure the coast was clear was almost totally forgotten, although Amy occasionally remembered to look around when some noise reminded her of where they were, like a particularly loud crashing wave.

When Alan had his dick in Suzanne's mouth he was truly in heaven. His heart pounded as hard as it had ever pounded before, and yet he was curiously relaxed. Maybe because he was so insanely horny, the thought of being seen or even caught was more arousing than worrisome.

Suzanne felt just as good in return. She particularly loved the naughtiness of it all. Having both Susan and Amy watch closely was almost too much, and made her nearly lightheaded with pride. She tried her best to put Amy out of her mind (even though Amy's presence thrilled her against her will). But she occasionally looked Susan's way, and made a lot of visually obvious moves just to show off for Susan a little bit.

While Suzanne sucked, Susan narrated for Amy's benefit. "You see what she's doing with her hands there? That's what I call the 'Confusion Cock.' Her hands are stroking around his penis one way, and her

lips and mouth are working on it the other way. Then she switches directions with hands and mouth at the same time. Tiger doesn't know what's hitting him or from what direction. That's pretty neat, I must admit. Suzanne and I have talked about these techniques so much, but now I get to see exactly what she means. Watch and learn. Soon that'll be your mouth stuffed to the brim with his fat pole - once your mother allows it, that is."

"Cool!" Amy exclaimed. "I love how Mom's not only all, like, technically expert, but yet she's also putting so much LOVE into it! You can totally tell she loves his big cock, and she, like, adores sliding her lips all over it!"

Susan sighed longingly. "I know. It's true. I feel the exact same way. And it is love! Amy, I know you think Alan is a pretty special guy. Soon you'll be able to show him just how special you think he is, with your hands, and your lips, and your tongue." Since Susan already considered Amy one of Alan's personal cocksuckers, she had to frequently remind herself that Amy was still prohibited by Suzanne from sucking.

"Wow! Awesome! That's fansuperterrific! I'm sooooo all over that!"

Suzanne groaned. Great. Amy's eventually gonna hate me if I keep denying her this pleasure. Dammit, Susan, stop making this problem worse! But she kept on sucking and licking.

One of Suzanne's goals was to get Susan to be at ease with cock stimulation in front of others. She saw this as a chance to further that goal by passing along tips. So she pulled her lips off his boner, pausing in her bobbing, and said, "I want to show you something new, Susan. I've never done this to Sweetie before. I call it the Love Tug. Nibble your way up the side of his cock like it's corn on the cob. Take the skin lightly between your lips or teeth and tug gently. Gently! Needless to say, this is a really tricky, difficult technique. But if you do it right, your little nips will fire his nerve endings without causing any pain."

Susan watched with rapt attention while Suzanne performed the technique.

Of course, Amy took notice too, but she tried to be circumspect about it so that Suzanne wouldn't stop.

Alan could see what Suzanne was doing in showing off her techniques, so he helped by commenting, "Dang! That feels good! It's like... the part lower down feels as stimulated as my sweet spot does sometimes!"

That was music to Susan's ears. She fidgeted where she sat, eager to try the technique herself.

By the time Suzanne's very prolonged, expert blowjob concluded, the sun had already started to set. The beach was still mostly deserted so they didn't need to worry about onlookers, but it was getting colder, too cold to stay naked. As a result, there was no big cum-eating production as there had been earlier; Suzanne just let Alan fill her mouth with his seed.

Funnily enough, no strangers had been nearby during the blowjob, but just as Alan was cumming a pair of nude joggers went by and there was no way for their presence not to be noticed. And there was no chance for Suzanne or Alan to stop what they were doing either.

Susan and Amy tried to run cover for them, but they could only do so much.

The joggers wondered if their eyes had played tricks on them or if they'd really seen a woman's head bobbing up and down in a boy's lap, surrounded by two other gorgeous, topless women. Even by nude beach standards, that was a pretty outrageous thing to see.

When the blowjob finally ended, Amy giggled and said, "That was totally cute!"

"Cute?" Susan asked. "I'd say watching Suzanne's throat as she repeatedly swallowed, and her eyes bug out as she struggled not to spill any spermy goodness from her mouth, were a lot of things. Hot, definitely! Inspiring! Sexy! Mouthwatering! But not cute."

Amy giggled, "No, not that. I saw that, but did you see Alan's toes? They totally curled! That literally was a toe-curling orgasm!" She giggled some more.

When Suzanne's mouth was finally free, she saw the need to correct what Susan had been saying. "Now, Amy, remember you're not allowed to suck Alan's cock. So don't listen to Aunt Susan. I'm your mother. You really shouldn't have watched what I just did, since you're limited to handjob only. We have to set some limits, because you're still so innocent. You're not ready for more."

"I AM TOO ready!" Amy protested.

The conversation went back and forth for a while, but Amy couldn't convince her mother.

There were more joggers who came by, as many people liked to go jogging in the cooler hours at the end of the day.

Susan put her bikini top back on in response. As she saw two more people run past and another off in the distance, she said, "Look at those goobers gawking at us. I think that's our cue to leave."

Amy said, "M'kay, but Alan, didn't you bring a camera? Let's take some pictures!"

So Alan got his camera from his backpack and they took some pictures. It occurred to Alan that he didn't really have any pictures of any of them naked, so he wanted a lot of those. He convinced Susan to take her top off again briefly so he could get the three of them topless, all in a row. She also took off her prescription sunglasses so her eyes would be more visible.

"Perfect!" he said as he snapped them with their racks pressed into each other. He joked, "I'm going to call this one: Aunt Suzy and her two kids."

Susan and Amy laughed, but Suzanne said, "You're gonna get it now!" and raised her fist threateningly in mock anger.

Alan took a picture of that, too, which made them all laugh some more.

But the fact behind the joke was, Susan really could look like a teenager at times, and Suzanne could not. Even when she'd been a teenager she'd had an older, more sophisticated look about her.

"Too bad Katherine isn't here," Amy noted as they posed for another sexy photo. "She'll be bummed that she missed out."

"She IS being punished, you know," Susan pointed out as she put her glasses back on, now that the picture taking was over. "Maybe this will be a good lesson for her."

Alan commented, "I'm just bummed I can't have all of my four favorite women in the whole wide world in the same picture, with the ocean in the background."

"Next time," Susan pointed out. "I don't know about you all, but I want to come back here to this very spot again and again." And to think, she thought to herself, before we got here I was dead set against coming to this place. It's a good thing I followed Suzanne's advice. She's always so wise.

Susan had a brief vision of returning to the beach. In it she was alone with Alan, running up and down the beach hand in hand with him. Both jumped up and down in the shallow waves in complete naked abandon, not caring what anyone else thought. Then she pictured herself giving him a blowjob as they lay in the sand. Needless to say, she'd come to love blowjobs.

Amy tugged at Suzanne. "I wanna come back too, Mom! Can we? Can we?"

The others had a kind laugh for Amy's child-like enthusiasm.

Suzanne reluctantly nodded in response to Amy's question. Even though she didn't want to see Amy exposed to more sexual antics, it was hard to say no to her, given the circumstances.

They stayed long enough to watch the sun drop into the ocean and then they prepared to go. They purposely ignored the curious onlookers in the parking lot as they got back in their car. But such minor nuisances were hardly noticed.

Chapter 480 Did Everyone Forget About Christine....!!

Alan slept for the entire drive back home, since he was exhausted from all the sexual fun.

When the group did get back, it was already quite dark and past dinner time for most people. Suzanne and Amy had to go back to their own house to spend time with the men of their family.

Alan was still very tired. He rested some more while Susan told Katherine all about the beach trip. (Susan wasn't rubbing in the fact that Katherine couldn't go; she just loved to share her experiences.)

However, as tired as Alan was and as full as his weekend had been, it still wasn't over. He was scheduled for his second "non-romantic" date with Christine. Since he'd already canceled and rescheduled it on Friday, there was no way he could push it off again. He was glad that at least he was sufficiently rested for that.

Susan teased him about his "hot date." She seemed to think it was an established fact that Alan and Christine would become sexually involved, so she dismissed all his protests that this was just a "practice date."

Katherine, on the other hand, gave him a lot of grief about it. While she liked Christine well enough from a purely objective point of view, she burned with jealousy whenever Alan did anything with her.

Alan was relieved when he was finally able to leave the house.

He'd already promised Katherine that he wouldn't go to the movies with Christine, and he intended to keep that promise. So when they'd made their plans, he'd asked Christine what she wanted to do instead.

She'd replied, "Like I told you last time, I never get to go out on dates because I have to remain focused on school. But I had a lot of fun last time getting all dressed up and making a big deal of it. Why don't we do that again, but get even dressier? We can dress to the nines and go out to a nice restaurant. That'll be enough for me because Monday's a school day. What do you say to that?"

Alan had agreed. He dressed up in the nicest clothes he owned, which meant he wore a suit and tie, as he had done only a handful of times before in his life. He wasn't happy about having to do that, but the restaurant that Christine had picked, The Avalon, was the fanciest one for miles around and it required all men to wear a coat and tie.

He'd been impressed with Christine's nice outfit when he picked her up for their last date, because she usually wore nothing but nondescript, conservatively cut clothing at school. But he was absolutely floored when he arrived to pick her up this time. She was wearing the kind of fancy black outfit that

would be perfectly appropriate for a meal at a fancy restaurant like The Avalon, but it also looked like an ideal outfit to show off the goods of a high-priced call girl.

He took one look at her, and his jaw nearly dropped to the ground. Are you kidding me?! Are you friggin' kidding me?! She's soooo hot! Just look at that cleavage! Jesus Christ, it's like ten miles of cleavage! Dang! Instant boner! How the hell am I going to make it through this date when she's dressed like that? Talk about blue balls city. And what's amazing is that she's dressing like that for ME! Nobody else gets to see her in all her busty glory except me!

And she's not even my girlfriend, and now it's too late for her to ever be. Fuuuuck! I feel like this is almost some kind of cosmic test, to see if I'm morally worthy of having all these lovers. I can't give in to my lust and bring this pure angel down into my sordid world. I can't!

Christine was blushing and nervous as Alan walked up to her. Before he even got a chance to speak, she said, "I don't own any nice dresses myself. I borrowed this, and it's a little bit more daring than I would have liked." She fidgeted nervously and shifted her feet back and forth, which inadvertently set her breasts jiggling. "Okay, a lot more daring."

Even though Alan had been surrounded by naked breasts and entire naked bodies for the entire afternoon, the sight of Christine's deep cleavage got his dick hard in a heartbeat.

He thought, Holy hell! As if I'm not aroused enough already. I must be some kind of wicked person, because seeing her all shy and blushing is doubly arousing! It's like she's got the sultry body of a super elite call girl with the face and mind of an angel! Dang! She's showing so much cleavage, is it even possible for her to be wearing a bra with that?! I just wanna... I wanna kiss and caress her so bad!

He realized that he was staring too long and too obviously. He needed to do something to break her nervous mood. The song "You Sexy Thing" by Hot Chocolate popped into his head, so he sang,

"I believe in miracles.

Where you from, you sexy thing?

You sexy thing, you.

I believe in miracles,

since you came along, you sexy thing."

Christine had a good laugh, which helped to dissipate some of her nervousness at wearing such a daring outfit. The song was old, but it was famous enough so even she knew it. She thought, This is why Alan is great. He makes me laugh, and makes me feel really good about myself.

However, he could tell she was still a bit jittery, so he continued to play it cool. Smiling, he said, "No worries. I think you look great!" Trying to imitate Billy Crystal, he joked, "Daaling, you look maahvalous!"

She smiled in return. "Really? You're just saying that."

"Christine, pardon my French, but holy fucking Jesus H. Christ son of a bitch! Oh my God, you are SCORCHING! If you were any hotter, I'd seriously be afraid to touch you because I wouldn't want my fingers to burn off!"

She laughed. "Okay, now you're really laying it on thick." She added in a husky voice, "Sounds like we may have a problem though because I certainly want you to touch me."

He thought, Whoa! Warning alert! Danger, Will Robinson, danger! Is she giving off a sexy vibe or what?! This is not what I expected.

She took his hand as a friendly gesture before speaking.

But before she could, he pulled his hand away. He waved it around with a pained expression on his face, like he'd just touched a hot oven. Then she realized he was hamming up his comment about her being too hot to touch.

She laughed heartily, and the rest of her nervousness faded away. "Very funny, wise guy." She was trying to act chagrined instead of amused, but she couldn't stop chuckling.

He patted his clothes, as if looking for something.

"What?" she asked.

He was still pretending to check his pockets and so forth. "I'd anticipated this, because I'm well aware of what a hottie you are. So I made plans to bring oven mitts. But I seem to have misplaced them."

She chuckled some more. "Come on, you brunette bozo." (Due to what he'd started with his dumb blonde jokes, hair color references were a kind of friendly insult.) "Let's get going before I freeze to death. This napkin I'm wearing doesn't exactly keep me warm."

He took her hand, while acting extremely apprehensive about it. This time, he pretended surprise that his hand didn't burn off. "Hmmm. Maybe I'll be okay after all. I've sort of built up a tolerance after being so close to your hotness every day in school."

They started to walk away. She was going to modestly tell him to lay off the hotness jokes. But before she could, he stopped and stared off into space with a strange expression. "What?" she asked.

He stammered, "I feel a... feel a... sneeze... coming on... can I borrow your napkin?"

She remembered her comment likening her outfit to a napkin, and had another good laugh. But then, mindful of her plan to act more flirty, she said in a sultry voice while looking around nervously, "Okay, but here. Let's get to a private place, and then you can take my clothes off."

He jaw nearly fell off again. He stared at her in sheer confusion. He was certain she couldn't mean it, but then again, she didn't tease like that, ever, so could she possibly mean it?!

She let him suffer for a few seconds, and then smiled. "A-ha! Got you! Two can play the teasing game, you know."bender

He laughed, and felt strangely relieved. Phew! Not even I could be that lucky for her to actually mean it. And if she did, what would I do?! I'd have to say no, but would I mean it and stick to it?! Let's hope it never comes to that! He said, "Man you got me. You got me good."

They resumed walking. She said, "You know, one thing I like about these dates is that we can flirt without any worries that it'll go anywhere. I can even say something outrageous like that. It's kind of like flirting with training wheels on."

"Yeah, that is cool." He thought, Phew! She was freaking me out for a minute there. I thought she was coming on to me or something. Especially with that incredible black dress. Man, I never thought I'd live to see the day where I could see ALL of Christine's cleavage, but there it is in all its glory! Woo-hoo! And it's just as perfect as I'd imagined. The only thing that would make that a prettier picture is if my happy hard-on was in the frame, plowing up and down her busty valley.

Whoa, Nelly! Calm down boy. This is no way to start a non-romantic date, with a raging erection to end all raging erections. Think of something else!

He tried to follow his own advice, but his mind wanted to think about things like Suzanne's or Susan's cleavage, comparing and contrasting their busts to Christine's. That was only making his problem ten times worse. Are her nipples erect? I think they are. Hell, in that dress it's totally obvious that they are! Could she be that aroused because of me, or is it the cold, or just wearing such a revealing dress?!

Christine left him to his thoughts for a few moments, then said, "By the way, thanks for the compliments. I should mention that you look great too. Seeing you in a suit makes my heart go pitter patter. When you drove up I was asking myself, 'Where's Alan, and what's Cary Grant doing here?'"

That broke him out of his reverie. "Yeah, right. Now you're the one laying it on thick. But you're right: talking like this is fun." He'd been holding something behind his back with one hand the whole time, and now brought it out. It was a bouquet of a dozen roses. "Here, my lady, these are for you."

Christine squealed with delight, took them from him, and smelled them. Her face lit up with a grand smile since, unlike most hothouse roses, the florist had found some for him that were actually fragrant. Then Christine leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek.

She had actually intended to kiss him on the lips, but she chickened out at the last moment. That was one of her problems: because she was completely inexperienced sexually, she had very low self-confidence with such matters and had never developed any real flirting skills. However, she tried to make up for it by letting her lips linger on his skin while also giving him a partial hug.

When she pulled back, she said, "Thank you! I've never been given flowers before. These smell so nice. You're gonna get soooo lucky tonight!"

His jaw nearly hit the floor.

Then she winked and added, "Of course I mean that in a completely platonic way."

"Of course. Ah. Flirting practice. Fun." But for a few seconds he'd thought she'd really meant it, and his heart was racing a thousand miles an hour. Man, this is nuts! First, saying she wants me to touch her, then offering to take off her "napkin" dress, and now this. Good grief! I think she's trying to give me a heart attack! If it wasn't for the fact that I'm so used to being around all my lovable hotties at home, I'd melt from all the sexual heat radiating from her. Anyone would!

Calming himself a bit, he joked, "You know, those flowers cost extra. Knowing that you'd touch them, I had to buy the flame-proof kind."

She laughed. "I didn't know there even were ones like that."

"I didn't either, but just the same, you'd better put them down before they spontaneously burst into flames." He took her by the arm in a gallant fashion, and said, "Come, my lady. Let's go paint the town red." He opened the car door for her and generally behaved like a perfect gentleman.

As he started the car, he thought to himself, Man, if it's gonna be like this all evening long, I seriously don't know if my heart can take it. Flirty Christine is almost scary! She just looks too smoking hot to resist! I never thought I'd say this and mean it, but... hubba hubba hubba! Hot damn!

Had he known what Christine was thinking, he would have been even more blown away. She'd been coming around to the idea of getting romantic with him after all. Although she was all but certain that he was dating Amy and Kim as well, at the very least, she figured that she had a good chance of winning

any competition with any other girl if she just put her mind to it. She knew she had an incredible body, with a face to match, and was smart as a whip and all-around talented to boot.

She'd always liked him a lot, but mostly just as a friend. However in the past couple of weeks he'd become a new person in a lot of ways: much more assertive, easy-going, and generally happy (thanks to all his new sexual experience). That unaffected self-confidence made a big difference as far as the ladies were concerned.

She was hardly the only girl in school looking at him in a new light, especially with all the rumors going around in certain circles. She felt like she had to push the boundaries of the practice date or she'd fall too far behind the competition.