

6 Times 491

Chapter 491 Look At That ASS!

Alan sat up straight in his counter stool so he could watch his sexy mother while he fully recovered from his epic orgasm.

Susan was still feeling very randy, and knowing that Alan's lusty gaze was on her only inflamed her desire even more. She felt obliged to take over the cooking (enabling Katherine to sit at the counter as well), but she tried to work in a highly inspirational manner. For instance, she bent forward over the stove far more than the cooking required. Her display was half that of a suburban mother cooking breakfast and half that of a sex show starring a physically perfect hottie dressed in a see-through nightie.bender

For many minutes, both Alan and Katherine sat transfixed, watching Susan's fantastic body from a few feet behind her. Mostly, Susan liked to show off her ass, since she did have to cook most of the time. If she wasn't bent over something, she would find some excuse to walk around the kitchen on some task. Often, she was just pretending to have an excuse to walk here or there, just so her giant jugs would sway obscenely for her son.

Not surprisingly, Alan got very aroused mentally, even though his penis wasn't quite up yet. He loved that Katherine was allowed to sit next to him in just her shorts, and that Susan hadn't said anything about her daughter's toplessness. That was a great sign for days to come.

Katherine got extremely hot and bothered from watching Susan too. After a while, she felt an unusually powerful desire to stick her tongue in her own mother's pussy. But she knew that would be a big mistake. It was strange that Susan loved to suck Alan's dick at the drop of a hat, but even a kiss on the lips from Katherine was considered out of bounds, yet that's how it was.

After a while, Alan's energy was restored. His penis remained flaccid, but he was ready for more fun, figuring it wouldn't take that much more visual stimulation to get him fully erect. So he came up with an idea for something new. He went to the nearby stereo in the living room and put on the song "Oh, Pretty Woman" by Roy Orbison. Then he went back to his stool and looked expectantly at his mother.

Susan knew the song and really got into it. She especially liked the opening line "Pretty woman, walking down the street," because it gave her an excuse to show off her new strutting skills. Soon, she was more dancing and grooving than even pretending to be cooking.

Alan thought, I'm a glutton for punishment or something. I need to come up with ideas like this when my dick is able to handle it! He'd hoped this would be enough to get his dick stiff, but it only engorged a little bit.

Katherine saw the state of his penis, and asked him, "Big Shampoo Bottle Brother, how are you enjoying the show? I noticed Alan Junior still hasn't rejoined the fun. What's up with that?"

Susan was surprised to hear Katherine refer to his penis as "Alan Junior," since she herself had come up with that term just the previous Saturday night. She wondered if Katherine might have overheard her. But in fact Katherine had come up with the name independently, since it was such a logical thing to nickname Alan's penis.

Although Alan enjoyed watching his mother dancing and grooving in just her sexy nightie, he longed to see her completely naked. He said, "I don't know. I'm loving the show, of course. Mom, I love the way you're learning to move with rhythm and grace. But maybe Alan Junior would love it more if I could see every inch of my mommy's flawless body."

That caused Susan to freeze. Her eyes went wide, and she clutched at her chest defensively. She had delightful visions of cocksucking while naked and on her knees, but she'd calmed down some, and she was self-conscious again about Katherine being there too.

Katherine said, "Yeah, Mom. You know what Confucius says: 'A good mommy is a naked mommy. Not counting high heels, of course.'" She giggled.

Alan joined the joking. "Did Confucius really say that? I missed that somehow."

"That's what you get for sleeping through class."

Susan stood there for some long moments. She thought, A good mommy IS a naked mommy. I can't let Angel's presence bother me so much. Think about all the delicious cocksucking I'll miss out on. Besides, she's one of his personal cocksuckers too. I'll probably be watching her bob and slurp a great deal as well. That's just the way things are around here. It's God's will!

She slowly stripped out of her nightie, making sure to dance her way to the love seat in the dining room so that Alan would have a completely unobstructed view of her. She was blushing and embarrassed, but that didn't stop her. Once the sheer fabric was lying on the floor, she let herself go, letting the rhythm of the music take control of her body.

Katherine gasped in awe at the stunning sight of her nude mother. "Wow! Would you look at that?" she breathed disbelievingly. "Look at that... that... ASS! Just look at it!"

She grabbed Alan by the arm, but couldn't bring herself to tear her eyes away from her mother's backside. "Mom's ass looks good enough to eat! How am I supposed to compete with that?" she complained.

Alan, just as mesmerized by the sight of Susan flaunting herself for him, remembered the importance of always making sure no one felt slighted. So he murmured back to her, without taking his eyes away, "There's no competition here. You're my super sexy sister, and your ass is world-class too." Realizing he was being slightly rude, he looked her way and smiled warmly.

Katherine tightened her grip on his arm before replying hotly, "Yeah, well, let's just say that right now I so totally wish I had a penis for a day, just so I could stick it in Mom's hot ass!"

Alan suddenly felt absurdly giddy as he realized, Hey, I DO have a penis that I could stick in Mom's hot ass! Am I lucky, or what? Heh! Well, at least if she'd ever let me do something that improper to her. And with the way things are going, I've got a very good feeling about that! He was so mesmerized by Susan's luscious butt cheeks that he temporarily forgot about his usual aversion to how "gay" and "disgusting" anal sex seemed.

Susan was shocked to realize that her wanton display was enticing her daughter enough to admit to a desire to do THAT with her as a result of seeing her naked ass. As she grooved in place, she kept her back to her children and enticingly gyrated her hips. No, Angel, your mommy's ass is for your brother to fill, to fuck with his hard cock and his hot cum. It's not for you! You can hold and lick his balls while he fucks his cum into Mommy's ass, where it belongs, and where he belongs, and where I belong!

While still facing away from her children, she suddenly spread her legs widely, and then bent down to touch the floor. Mommy's got a hot ass that needs Tiger's cock and cum. Son, give it to me! Then, driven by the music, she got back up and resumed grooving around.

Alan, in awe of his mother's dancing, but unaware of her turn of thought, tried to joke, "Hey, it's not all that great having a penis. You know what Confucius says about that: 'Man with hand in pocket feels cocky all day.'"

Katherine laughed hard at that. "You silly! That's not even logical!"

"Hey, it made you laugh," he pointed out gleefully.

When the song ended, Susan seemed to wake up, as if from a trance. She sensuously ran her hands over her ass cheeks, imagining those hands belonged to her son. But her bliss was fading, so she finally turned back around and asked her daughter, "How 'bout now?"

Katherine replied glumly while checking out the state of Alan's penis, "No. Still down for the count."

Alan said, "Sorry, Mom. This has nothing to do with how sexy you are. I'm so mentally horny that it's not even funny. But you know there's a refractory period that sometimes just can't be avoided."

The rest of the album happened to be Roy Orbison's more typical sad ballad material, so the dancing ended along with the song.

Susan went back to the kitchen and resumed chatting like she did most school mornings when she was preparing their breakfast. However, Alan and Katherine were too distracted by her still very sexy (and still very naked) movements to talk, so they mostly replied monosyllabically.

Susan repeatedly reminded Alan to drink lots of fruit juice, saying things like, "Drink up. You want to have lots of big, tasty cum loads, don't you?"

It made him feel a little like she thought of him as a cum factory, but if that was her price for all the blowjobs, he didn't mind.

They finally all sat down at the dining room table to eat the rest of their meal. Alan was still naked from the waist down, and eventually his boner began to engorge again. He ate almost without looking at his plate.

Katherine was at a disadvantage in getting his attention. Although she was topless too, Susan sat at the end of the table, adjacent to her son, so he could easily see into her lap. She even kept her chair well away from the table, to help make sure he had a great view.

So Alan gawked at his mother's incredible body, as if he'd never seen it before. He particularly loved the unobstructed view of her pussy, which was still sopping wet from earlier. It was so close that he could have reached out and touched it. But he sensed that was one rule he couldn't break without making her upset.

Out of the blue, Susan asked him, "Tiger, are you okay with this? I'm just thinking that if we're going to get you to at least seven climaxes today we have to start early. Two loads in the morning would be a big help. At least. I'm thinking three might be better." She swirled her tongue all the way around her lips, and winked at him.

He smiled contentedly, like a Cheshire cat. "You know I love it. You're such a great cocksucker, and you cook a great breakfast too!"

"Thanks. You're too kind." She blushed with pride. "Looks like someone enjoyed my dancing, after all." She chuckled as she reached for and grabbed his newly-erect penis. She looked over at Katherine and nearly lost her resolve.

"I sure did," he agreed enthusiastically.

She held his exposed hard-on. Her heart was starting to race again. "Would you like me to suck you some more, you big, cum-filled boy? Will we ever be able to drain this thing of cum, even with all of us combined?" Again, she looked anxiously at her daughter. She felt sinful doing that with Katherine present, but she just couldn't help herself.

He replied, "Thanks, Mom, but that would make it really hard for me to eat breakfast. I can't even think while you do that, much less eat. Why don't you just stroke it a little while I finish my food?"

She flashed a toothy smile. "It would be my pleasure."

He thought, It's so true! She loves it! Does she have any idea how much I love it too?! Talk about a win-win!

Seeing how eager Susan was, he suggested, "You know, they say that even stroking a stiff dick feels better when you're on your knees."

She nodded with a very serious look on her face. Then she silently got on her knees below the table and tenderly stroked his boner. She knew what he wanted at the moment, which was something low key, so she kept the pace light and slow while he continued to eat. Dear Lord, what have I become? He commands it and I do it, no matter how humiliating. Angel, please don't look! But it's true. It DOES feel better on my knees. Drat. If I don't watch out, I'm going to spend all day like this!

That thought gave her a powerful, lusty shiver. She suspected there was a lot of truth to that.

After a minute or two, she started licking his cockhead, since it was right there, only a couple of inches from her mouth. A minute after that she had all of his cockhead and then some in her mouth. I'm so bad! I'm supposed to just stroke. But how can I help myself? Still, I need to pace myself. This is probably going to be a very long, cocksucky day, not to mention a wonderfully titfucky day. Suzanne isn't here, so it's up to me and Angel, and Angel has her punishment, so it's really all up to me. If I play my cards right, I can keep the joy going for a long, long time!

She truly was determined to keep things mellow, at least relatively speaking, so she generally kept her tongue inactive and just slowly slid her lips back and forth over his sweet spot. She absolutely loved doing that.

Alan rode the pleasant wave of a light buzz. Now this is what I call service. An excellent breakfast made even better by some mellow stroking and sucking. What more could a kid want in life?

He suddenly became very frustrated, almost angry. Aside from wanting to FUCK my MOM! Arrgh! Why did that have to pop into my head again? I can't think about that or I'll go crazy. If she's content to just suck my cock till the end of time I think I'll slowly go insane, from not getting to do the ultimate deed. Fuck. I just can't have these thoughts or it becomes ten times worse to bear.

Out of the blue, Susan stopped her slow bobbing long enough to ask, "Angel, could you do me a favor? Could you put that 'Pretty Woman' song back on again? These other songs are nice, but they don't rock; they don't put me in a cocksucky mood."

Katherine got up and dutifully changed the song. However, once again she felt neglected. I think Mom's snapped or something in the past two days. She's normally so afraid to do anything in public, yet now she's jacking and sucking Brother off in front of others without shame. This morning proves it - she couldn't care less that I'm here, as long as she gets that cock. She's even happy I'm here so I can change the CD's. Grrr. I literally can't even remember how she used to be just weeks ago. Now she just seems so eager to please. Too eager!

With the way things are going, he's gonna be fucking her within days, and then my big brother is gonna totally forget all about fucking his little sister! Fuck that shit! I'm not gonna just sit here and take it lying down. So he's into lingerie and I don't have any. Damn again! I can't go to Victoria's Secret and buy the entire store out, like she did the other day. But at least I can put on a robe and hopefully get some attention. You'd think Brother would treat his Number One Fuck Toy just a little bit better. Grrr!

Chapter 492 I Don't Want To Stop Him!

Katherine hurried to her room, slipped out of her shorts, and put on nothing but a bathrobe instead.

When she came back, she stopped by the stereo and put on Nick Lowe's greatest hits. The song "So It Goes" blasted out, immediately upping the energy level.

She walked into the dining room area and saw that Alan was still eating his breakfast at the dining room table, and Susan was still on her knees beneath the table and happily bobbing on his rod.

Susan looked so sexy sucking cock in just her glasses and her red high heels that Katherine practically wanted to scream.

When Alan saw his sister, holding her robe open in front, he raised his hands in the air in astonishment. "Sis, look at this! Just look! Mom is on her knees sucking me off! I know, I know, that's not 'new' news, but still. I've been thinking about it. It's just... I mean, think about what she was like a month ago. You

know? It's... just... Wow!" He slumped back in his chair, too overwhelmed from all the pleasure to be very articulate.

Katherine wanted to be annoyed, but she couldn't help but agree. It IS pretty amazing. I need to be joyful for Mom. She's never been this happy before in her entire life, and now she's walking on air every day. Plus, the more sexual she gets with him, the more I could openly do with him too.

Susan thought, That's right: I'm bare naked under the table, acting like a total, shameless slut. And I'm loving it! She reached to her pussy and ran her fingers up and down her wet lips. Squish, squish, squish. She pushed two fingers in her slit. My pussy is so juicy. Always so juicy and wet. I can't wait to tell Suzanne about this later, especially if I can keep him hard and throbbing in my mouth or cleavage most of the morning. She'll be soooo jealous! Every time I cum, it's like I get to cum twice: once while pleasuring my cutie Tiger, and then a second time hours later telling Suzanne about it. Life is so damn good!bender

She pulled her lips off her son's shaft again, looked up from under the table, and immediately said to her daughter, "Isn't that robe a little bit revealing, Angel?" The "problem" was that Katherine had deliberately left her robe wide open in front.

"Yeah, I guess it is. I was just inspired by your nightgown. Or lack thereof." Katherine giggled.

That last comment was a bit cheeky, but Susan let it slide. She was having too much fun playing with her son's privates. Sensing her son's eyes on her, she knelt very far forward so that her own exposed heavy tits hung nearly to the floor. Then she moved back into position and resumed her licking. She longed to suck, but she sensed she'd probably have to speak some more in the next couple of minutes.

In fact, Susan steeled her resolve, and as she slurped in a circle around Alan's cockhead, she said, "I want you to put on something to at least cover your... you know what. Down below. Please."

Katherine griped, "How can you say that, when you're, well... just look at you!"

Susan thought about her pose and blushed. She even stopped her licking for the moment, although her hand kept on jacking off her son's shaft as if it was on auto-pilot.

Sensing that she had the upper hand, Katherine added, "Look. You say I have this stupid punishment where I can only give him one handjob today. But I want to help out somehow, just the same. It occurred to me that I could help him out with more visual stimulation. We have to keep him hard at all times so there's more cock to suck. Can't you let me do that much?"

Susan grumbled, "Well..." Clearly, she was weakening. She realized that if Katherine helped keep Alan's cock stiff, that would mean more cocky fun for herself. She was too embarrassed to overtly give permission, but she tacitly agreed by not saying any more. She closed her eyes and resumed her cock licking.

Katherine smirked, sensing victory. She turned to Alan. "You don't mind, do you, Bro?"

He had his eyes fixated on Katherine now, especially since he couldn't really see much of his mother under the table. "Mind? Of course not. You look great."

Addressing Susan again, Katherine said, "As for this being revealing, it all depends on how you wear it. If I keep the sash closed, then the best I can probably do is expose my tits." She did so. "But if I open the sash" - she did so as she said the words - "then he can pretty much see full frontal nudity. Especially if I walk over to him and lean over like this." Again her actions followed her words. "Brother, it's like you can practically reach out and touch my cunt, can't you?"

He started to do so.

But Susan changed her focus from lapping his erection long enough to say, "Hold your horses! Katherine, that's quite enough! Visual stimulation is one thing. I'll grant you that. But no touching forbidden places! Please close your robe and finish your breakfast."

Katherine stood back up, but she defiantly kept her robe wide open in front. "Mom, okay, fine. No touching there. But you're contradicting yourself. You say visual stimulation is okay, and then you say close my robe. May I point out again that even as I'm standing here you're busy slurping on your son's fat cock! And at least I'm wearing a robe. What if Brother decides to lean down and run his hands all over your naked body? Are you really going to stop him?"

It took some long moments before Alan got a clue. He gleefully bent down and ran his hands over as much of Susan's curvaceous body as he could reach. He avoided touching her pussy, but only just barely.

He even ran his fingers through her dark brown bush. But, not surprisingly, he mostly focused on her massive boobs. He paid special attention to caressing their undersides, knowing she was extra sensitive there.

Susan was so turned on by this that she quickly went from simply licking his cock to deeply sucking on it. She wasn't able to deep throat him, but she gagged on it a little before she settled down and found a good bobbing rhythm. She thought feverishly, God help me, it's true! I can't stop him! I don't want to stop him! I'm gagging and choking on this cock because it's overwhelming me and defeating me by being so sweet and suckable! MMMM! HRRRNG! God, it's so good! Can't stop! Can't stop! Thank the Lord he's got the impression that he's not allowed to touch my pussy, because I'm so horny right now that I wouldn't even stop him from doing that!

He focused on playing with her nipples for a while, causing her to think, OH NO! Tiger, please, I'm begging you, not the nipples! I told you you're not allowed to play with my tits without permission. Don't you know I love it too much? It makes me helplessly horny! BAD boy! Son, isn't it enough- Mmmm! Isn't it enough that I... MMMM! Son, isn't it enough that you have your own mother shamelessly bobbing on your cock like it's the world's most delicious, largest lollipop?! UNGH!

Her suction increased, along with her groaning. Oh dear! I need to say this out loud to get him to stop, but I can't take his cock out of my mouth to save my life! It's just too thick and delicious! And if he doesn't stop playing with my tits soon, he's gonna make me cum! And I'll need to scream, but I can't, because he's fucking my face!

In fact, there was no way he could fuck her face, since he was still sitting in his chair, albeit scooted all the way up to the edge. But she was so very worked up that it seemed that way to her.

Katherine smirked with glee. She sensed that her mother was far too aroused and distracted to complain about her robe anymore. "So, Mom, I think we're in agreement that it's okay if I keep my robe open if I want. If you're cool with that, show your approval by lustily sucking on his fat knob!"

Susan moaned helplessly. She wasn't about to pull off for anything at this point, especially since her son was still fondling her tits. She just blushed and kept on noisily slurping and sucking, as well as stroking.

Katherine snickered. Knowing that Susan had her eyes closed and wasn't in an appropriate position to see, she lovingly ran her hand over her brother's back, since he was still bent way over. On a playful whim, she added, "Oh, and Mom, if you feel like giving me a hundred bucks later today, indicate that by moaning in an erotic, breathless, 'my mouth is too stuffed with cock to speak clearly' fashion."

Susan couldn't help but moan erotically, any more than she could completely pull off his cock. But she briefly opened her eyes and gave Katherine a sharp look to let her know that she wasn't going to be giving out any money later that day.

Katherine giggled. "Just kidding! Although you do sound super sexy, and you look even sexier. I love seeing his cockhead bulging through your cheek. Are you doing the Cheeky Surprise right now?"

Susan somehow managed to combine an affirmative nod with her continued bobbing motions. She'd given names to her favorite cocksucking moves, and she'd shared those moves with Katherine, discussing them at length, to help her daughter better serve her brother Alan. The "Cheeky Surprise" involved rubbing his cockhead against her inner cheek while at the same time lapping against his sweet spot and bobbing rhythmically.

Katherine was all smiles. "Cool! I've gotta try that one again, judging from the blissed-out look on his face. As far as the touching goes, I was just hinting that he should get my attention at times, if you know what I mean. You did allow him to do that, you know."

She leaned down and briefly nibbled on his earlobe, and then licked that ear for good measure. "Anyway, the important thing is what Big Brother thinks about how I'm dressed. Will it arouse and inspire him? Will it help keep him stiff and throbbing with extreme pleasure for a long time? And, Mom, will it eventually help him drain all of that nasty cum into your mouth?"

Alan finally managed to rouse himself from his euphoric stupor to speak. "I like it! A lot! Thanks for the help and inspiration, Sis. And by the way, Mom, I'm done with breakfast. Thanks again for the food. Not to mention your, uh, very special loving attention. You're really great at that." He stroked his mother's long, straight hair in a way that indicated he was in need of a strategic break.

Susan was tickled pink by the praise. She pulled off to say, "No, thank YOU for your, uh... well, for being such a studly and impressive young man. I'm so very proud of you!" Sensing she might need to talk more, and knowing he wanted a break, she switched temporarily to just licking on and around his sweet spot.

Katherine sat down at the table across from Alan, happy to win at least a small victory in being recognized. She kept her tits uncovered by the robe. But her victory was short-lived.

Susan said between licks, "Angel, we'll talk about this later. I'm a bit busy, as I have to help Tiger out right now. Tiger, I've been holding back, and it's been killing me. Since you're done eating, are you ready for your mother's lips to lick and suck every inch of your manhood some more, without having to go slow or take it easy or any of that bullshit? Pardon my language, but I feel strongly about this!"

He laughed. He was tickled pink at how passionate she'd become about her cocksucking, but he also was amused at how incredible it was that what she'd just done hadn't already been her best. "You mean you've been holding back?! Seriously?! Wow!"

She turned her head in slight embarrassment, causing her to even stop the licking for the moment (but not her sliding fingers). "Well, yes. I didn't want you to cum right in the middle of eating. Plus, the way you've been running your hands all over me is highly distracting."

"Stand up," he said point blank.

"What?"

"You heard me. Stand up. Oh, and put your hands on your head."

She shivered lustily upon being given a clear command like that. She gave his cockhead a loving "goodbye for now" kiss. Then she quickly stood up and put her hands on her head. She was blushing with embarrassment, but she stood very stiffly and proudly, like a soldier on parade.

He immediately resumed fondling her amazing, voluptuous body. Except this was better than before, because he didn't have to bend down awkwardly to do so. Also, he figured this would help him have a real strategic break, since her "mere" licking was still far too arousing. He asked, "You mean, like this?"

She shivered with arousal, and whispered huskily, "Yes! Just like that!" She thought, I wish there were two of me, so I could get fondled standing like this while sucking him on my knees at the same time. It's like I'm nothing more than his personal plaything. And that's SO HOT!

But then she remembered her occasional rule about breast touching. "Wait a minute. Son, what's the rule about playing with my breasts?"

He knew that he wasn't supposed to touch them without permission. But he kept right on fondling them as he said, "Oh yeah. I need to focus more on the sensitive undersides." He started doing just that, with both hands. "You really love this, don't you?"

She panted and moaned helplessly. "I do! I do!" Oh God, help me! Give me strength! Hrrrng! Too hot! But she tried to gather her wits and put her foot down. "That's not what I meant!"

He still played dumb. "Oh, I know: more nipple play! Aunt Suzy has been giving me some tips on how to improve my breast play technique. How's this?" He caressed and squeezed her breasts with just the right amount of pressure while also stimulating her nipples.

Susan clenched her teeth and gasped for air, because what he was doing felt so fantastic. NO! Please, God, no! He's getting BETTER?! The whole reason I have that rule is because I love his tit-play too much, and it makes me lose all control! I suppose it's useless trying to stop him, even though he's getting ever more dangerous. At least he hasn't sucked on my nipples much. I swear, that would make me completely lose my mind!

Katherine was so inspired by her lusty mother that she couldn't resist reaching out and fondling Susan's nearest leg and ass cheek. "Wow, Mom. You're so firm and fit." She gave that ass cheek a light slap. "Look at that! Those are, like, buns of steel! How do you do it?"

Susan was so pleased at the compliment that she overlooked the intimate way Katherine was still examining her with her hand. And she shivered lustily at the provocative smack, but tried hard to also pretend that it hadn't just happened. Instead, she spoke like a lecturing mother. "Two words: hard work. I cannot emphasize that enough. Angel, if you want a perfect 'fuck toy' body for your brother, you've got to exercise religiously. Suzanne has been a big help to me, bless her soul. She's the one who forced me to start exercising daily, all those years ago, and even now she never lets me skip a day."

As Alan reached up to fondle Susan's tits some more, Katherine asked, "Speaking of Aunt Suzy and exercising, where is she? You two are usually finishing up by now."

"Oh, she called to say she had some things to do. Personally, I think she was just being considerate, knowing it would be a while before you two would be up and ready for breakfast." While her son played with her nipples, she thought, Hmm. I don't mean to be a cock hog, but I kind of hope she's in no hurry to come over. I'm on such a roll!

I don't mean to sound blasphemous, but I hope Heaven is as much fun as this! It's downright wicked the way that Tiger is fondling my shamefully naked body absolutely everywhere, even while his cock takes a much-deserved rest. But it feels oh-so-right! This is the kind of indignity us big-titted mommies have to get used to if we want to spend more time on our knees, slurping and sucking on our well-hung sons!

Time passed. After a minute or so, Alan had Susan turn around so he could fondle her backside, and especially her ass. Not only was he having great fun with the fondling, but it also had the strategic purpose of giving his penis a break. Given that she'd said that she'd been taking it easy on him until now, he was certain that he'd need it.

Katherine also took advantage of the situation. She fondled Susan a good deal too, under the guise of examining just how fit she was. She made sure to pepper her with relevant compliments and questions to keep her distracted.

Chapter 493 When The Hell Am I Going To Get To Fuck Her?

Eventually, Alan indicated that his cock was ready for more.

Susan happily dropped down to her knees and resumed licking and stroking. The only difference was she sat in a different spot so she wasn't under the table. She wanted her son to be able to see all of her.

Alan sighed and moaned with pure pleasure as he felt her tongue and lips on his boner again. "Wow! So great! I wish every morning could be like this."

Susan thought, Me too, Son! Me too! I don't even mind so much that Angel is watching, because it's good that she's learning!

He glanced over at Katherine, with her open robe. "Feeling your sexy, talented tongue on me, Mom, even as I look at your sexy and stacked body, Sis. And good food, and good music playing too. This is living the life of Riley!"

Before Susan launched another all-out oral attack on his cock, she pointed out while lapping at his sweet spot, "This may be a bit improper and unorthodox for most families, but we have a special situation here. There's no reason why we can't have more mornings like this, as long as we all respect the boundaries."

He responded, "Good idea, Mom. But would I be pushing my luck if I asked for a titfuck? You know how we arranged it before so you could suck on me at the same time."

"Very well." Susan tried to say that reluctantly as she got into titfucking position, like she was doing him a big favor, but her face showed her attempted deception, since she absolutely loved the idea.

Katherine griped, "'Very well?' Come on, Mom. Who are you trying to kid? You know you love the feeling of his big, fat log sliding through your cleavage. Why deny it? Remember that Aunt Suzy says it's okay for you to feel pleasure."

"I know," Susan conceded, even as her face beamed brightly while she tightly squeezed his boner with her hefty globes. "But I still feel ashamed about it sometimes. I mean, look at me. I'm kneeling on the dining room floor with my son's thick cock between my tits, wearing nothing but high heels. Knowing how relentlessly horny he is, I wouldn't be surprised if he made me lick the tip of his delicious knob at the same time. Mmmm..."

She decided that was a very good idea. She paused to just lick as much of his cockhead as she could reach, while titfucking the rest. Needless to say, he hadn't forced her to do that at all.

Then she continued, while expertly working his cock, "It's just all so terribly improper! I can't even begin to imagine what my parents would think. Or my siblings, for that matter. Heck, anyone back home would have a heart attack if they saw me like this! Is this any way for a God-fearing, married woman to behave? Could this possibly get any MORE embarrassing?!"

As soon as she said that, he immediately started to think what he could do to make the situation more embarrassing. He wasn't cruel, and he loved his mother dearly, but he knew that she got off on a certain level of humiliation, and he sensed the situation was ripe to up the ante a little bit.

He playfully rubbed his hands together, and cackled like a mad scientist. "Let's see. What CAN we do to make this more embarrassing? Oh, I know: why don't we take this out back?"

Susan sat back from his privates and gaped in shock. "What, are you crazy?! You mean by the pool?!"

"Of course. The three of us. And naturally, you'll still wear what you're wearing now."

She squealed, "But I'm not wearing anything!" She instinctively covered her pussy and nipples with her hands.

Katherine loved the idea of moving the fun times to the backyard. She chided, "Mom, what do you think you're doing with your hands? What kind of big-titted mommy are you, covering up like that?"

Susan dropped her head in defeat. "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking. I was just... But... The backyard? We can't go back there!"

Alan started to say, "But yesterday we went to a nude beach and..." His voice trailed off because he looked up and saw Suzanne standing there. He spoke loudly and gladly, "Aunt Suzy! Hey! Welcome. What's up?"

Suzanne had quietly snuck into the room, wearing her exercise outfit. She was standing surprisingly close already. She walked closer still, until she could reach out and touch Susan if she wanted. She wore a smirky smile a mile wide. "Oh, not much. Anything going on here?" She casually looked around the room, as if seeing Susan kneeling between Alan's legs in just her high heels was nothing out of the ordinary.bender

Susan was far too humiliated to speak. She scooted back a couple of feet and angled her body away, as if trying to flee the scene of a crime. Her face burned red, and she started to cover her privates with her hands. But she remembered how Katherine had just chastised her for doing that, and she didn't want to be chastised again by her own daughter in front of Suzanne. So she fidgeted and squirmed around while remaining kneeling with her hands more or less at her sides.

Alan was as delighted by the interruption as Suzanne and Katherine were. He thought, Well, we were talking about going out back to take things up a notch, but this works just as well! He casually replied, "Oh, you know, the same ol', same ol'." He smiled down warmly at his mother, and ran a hand through her hair.

Katherine gleefully added, "Yep! A little of this, a little of that." She giggled. She was still in just her robe, but she was so unfazed by Suzanne's arrival that she didn't even bother to pull it closed in front.

Suzanne finally looked directly down at her blushing best friend. "Susan, what are you doing there?"

Susan was glad that at least she hadn't been actively stroking or sucking Alan's cock when Suzanne came in. In her highly ashamed mood, she didn't want to admit what she'd really been doing. So she lamely said, "Oh, I'm just, uh... I was looking for something."

Suzanne raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Oh, really? And what would that be?"

"Um..."

"Would that have anything to do with the copious saliva on your son's cock? Or the way that it's extra red and throbbing from lots of stimulation? How 'bout the drool down your chin? And what about the way the inner slopes of your breasts are wet, just as if a hot, soaked cock had been there recently?"

Susan could tell she'd been busted. But she was far too embarrassed now to simply resume having fun with her son. So she stood up and turned to face Suzanne. But she couldn't bear to make eye contact, and she just looked down at the floor. She crossed her arms under her tits and squeezed them tightly from the sides and below, hoping to hide how wet their inner slopes were even though Suzanne had obviously already seen their condition.

She thought, Why does having Suzanne see me like this make me so darn horny?! I mean, I was extremely aroused already, kneeling naked so close to my son's wonderful cock. But now, it's like my pussy and nipples are on FIRE! Lord, please! Give me strength!

Alan was starting to feel bad for his mother. He liked pushing her buttons to get her super horny, and a certain amount of embarrassment or humiliation worked wonders for that. But he thought they might be going too far at the moment, because Suzanne's arrival had really rattled her. So he tried to take some of the heat off her, allowing her to avoid replying to Suzanne's question. He asked, "So, Aunt Suzy, what brings you here?"

Suzanne ran a hand down her curvaceous body, showing off her skin-tight exercise outfit. "Isn't it obvious? I'm here for our usual daily exercises. As you know, there's no rest for the slurpy." She winked, and ostentatiously licked her lips. "Although... if I came at a bad time, I could come back. Susan, I can see Sweetie's cock is quite thick and stiff, and wet with your saliva. He must be aching to bust a load all over you or in you. Since you obviously did all the hard work, you should get the creamy, spermy reward. I can just sit and wait until you two are done..." She headed towards the nearest chair to do just that.

While Suzanne was talking, Katherine glared at the way Susan was clutching her breasts with her arms.

Susan dropped her hands to her sides. She felt even more ashamed about being "forced" to do that, but it also aroused her even more. She was so horny that she was nearly woozy with lust.

Alan still worried he'd pushed Susan a little too far this time. He figured that she was still getting used to performing sexually in front of Katherine or Suzanne, but to do it in front of both of them at once might really freak her out to the point where she wouldn't enjoy herself. So he said to Suzanne, "Actually, I'm good. I've cum once already, but the day's just started. Since there's no school, I want to draw things out as much as possible. And since we've started a break here, I might as well make it a big break and chill out for an hour or two."

Susan in fact was freaking out over the possibility of blowing or stroking him in front of both Katherine and Suzanne. She didn't want to do that. But even so, she was very disappointed to hear him say that. While still standing there buck naked with her arms at her sides, she turned Alan's way and asked, "Really? An HOUR or two?! Son, are you sure?"

He nodded. "If I keep going at this rate, I'm going to have six or seven orgasms by the early afternoon. I need to pace myself. Why don't you two go exercise? I'll probably be raring to go when you're done."

Suzanne looked to Susan.

Susan considered that. Just look at Tiger's big fat cock! He's so close to a really nice cum; I can tell. But he does need his rest. I've been a cock hog lately, and we'll have lots of time today. Would I really enjoy it if he blasted a yummy load all over me while Suzanne AND Angel watched and waited for me?! No! Besides, I can't skip my daily workout.

She nodded. "Sure. Let's do it. I'll go put some clothes on."

Suzanne nodded back. "Good. Let's go. I love getting physical and stretching out. I could really use a long, hard... workout right now." She suddenly stretched out a leg, grasping it with one hand and pointing it nearly straight up to the ceiling. It was a very impressive physical feat. As she did that, she stared right at Alan with bedroom eyes, while the sultry purr in her scratchy voice indicated what else she clearly wanted that was long and hard.

Her skimpy spandex top didn't cover much in the first place, but with the way she stretched, she made sure that it exposed a tremendous amount of under-boob. In fact, it would have slipped up even higher except that the bottom edge had hung up on her erect nipples.

Even with so many other highly-arousing sights and sensations, that sight nearly knocked him over. Hot mama! Damn! Aunt Suzy is so flexible that it's nuts! I'll bet she's the best fuck in the world! And she's hot for ME! That's the crazy thing. When the hell am I going to get to fuck her?!

Susan gave Suzanne an unhappy glare, but mostly because she didn't like Suzanne completely stealing the spotlight. She also was frustrated that she wasn't able to strike the identical pose. She didn't know what to say though, so she just started to walk out of the room. She hoped that the undulations of her bare ass cheeks would recapture some of her son's attention.

Suzanne lowered her leg and followed Susan. Her point had been made. She could hardly wait to demonstrate her flexible fucking skills to her "nephew."

But before they got far, Alan said, "Oh, wait!" Once they stopped, he went on, "There's just one thing. I don't have much to do. Do you mind if I come down to the basement and watch you two for a while? I know you do your daily workouts, but it's been a long time since I've seen you in action. I kind of kept away on purpose so you could have your privacy, but lately, well... things have changed." He couldn't help but stare at his stacked and naked mother in particular.

She started to cover her privates again, but she forced herself not to.

Suzanne also looked at Susan, and said wryly, "I see what you mean. There's certainly no need for modesty or privacy anymore around here, is there? It's okay with me if it's okay with you, Susan."

Susan shyly nodded. She was still blushing profusely.

Katherine stepped into the middle of the room, with her robe still wide open in front. She eagerly asked, "Oh! Can I watch too?! I'd also like to know more about what goes on down there every morning. Maybe that can help me with my own exercise routine."

Susan and Suzanne agreed to that too. Then they walked through the living room and up the stairs. Presumably Susan was going to put her workout clothes on, and Suzanne was going to accompany her.

Once the two sex bomb mothers were gone, Katherine asked Alan, "So, what was that all about? You totally should have had Mom blow you while Aunt Suzy and I could watch! Why didn't you?"

His tired penis started to deflate quickly. He said, "Believe me, I was tempted. But there's kind of a fine line. I'm trying to get a sense of when to push and when not to push. She's my mom, and I totally love her. I want her to really, truly love doing this. I'm sure you've caught on she gets off on being embarrassed, but I just got a sense the vibe wasn't right."

She asked, "So, it would have been okay for her to blow or titfuck you out by the pool, with me watching, but not to do the same inside, and with Aunt Suzy and me watching?"

"Yep. I know that seems like a weird distinction, but that's how I saw it. I think I was already pushing things with the outside idea, and then when Suzanne came in, it was too much at once. At least that's how I read her body language."

"That's cool that you're being careful about her feelings. I really appreciate that, because she's simply the greatest mom ever, in the history of the world."

He chuckled. "Indeed!"

"So what's gonna happen downstairs?"

He shrugged. "Heck if I know. I'm totally winging it. I don't even want to think about it, because part of the fun is not knowing what's gonna happen next. You know what I mean? But somehow, I get the feeling that more than just watching is gonna take place."

Katherine clapped her hands together. "Oh, sweet! I'm so there!"

Chapter 494 Oh God.!

Alan waited about ten minutes before he went downstairs to the basement with Katherine. He knew that Susan and Suzanne had to know that he'd end up doing more than just watching, and he wanted to build up the anticipation. He also wanted to give his penis a genuine strategic break. Plus, he figured, correctly, that Suzanne had a rough idea of what he was hoping to have happen, and she could use the time to psych Susan up. Susan had already been very hot and bothered, but things would naturally cool down some once Susan was clothed and away from her son, so Suzanne had to try to keep Susan as hot as possible.

Alan was dressed in his usual T-shirt and shorts and Katherine had put on a one-piece bathing suit. That was the closest she had to the kind of workout outfits Susan and Suzanne typically wore, and in addition to having sexy fun, she thought she might actually learn some of their workout routine to help stay in shape too.

As he opened the door to the basement (in the hallway between the bathroom and den), he whispered to Katherine, "By the way, since there's no telling what'll happen, things may get pretty hot. I don't want Mom to suffer too much, so if I give you a certain look, like this, then can you make yourself scarce for a while?"

"Okay, sure. No problem. I'm all on board with her... sexification. I guess that means that sometimes we have to make sacrifices for the bigger picture."

"Right. It's all about curing her of her remaining prudishness. Once that happens... well, I don't know what, exactly. But it'll be awesome for all of us!"

Katherine nodded. "Totally!"

They didn't have to worry much about being overheard because they'd been whispering very quietly and the basement area was quite large. Alan reached the bottom of the stairs and walked into the large basement area with Katherine right behind him.

He could tell right away that Suzanne succeeded in spades in keeping Susan very hot and bothered. For starters, there were the exercise outfits. Suzanne was wearing a very revealing one, which he assumed wasn't one of her usual ones, since it didn't provide much support or cover. But Susan's outfit was like a pornographic parody of real exercise clothes! It actually covered less skin than a typical bikini. And while her top was about the size of a bra, it hung loosely on her, and didn't even reach to the bottom of her round melons, which meant that her boobs were bouncing and swaying with every move she made.

Suzanne had heard the kids come in, but Susan was so far gone into lust that she hadn't noticed yet. It looked like Suzanne had thought through the implications of their arrival, because she was angled to look at the door while Susan was not. She briefly turned and winked.

She didn't do more because she had her hands full - literally. To the teenagers' surprise, the two mothers were lifting free weights, and very heavy ones. They were holding round weights on either end of a pole, and repeatedly lifting them over their heads, just like the old-fashioned weight-lifter style. Alan didn't know how heavy the weights were, but he seriously doubted that he could lift that much. He was flabbergasted that both his feminine mother and auntie could lift so much!

He glanced at Katherine and saw that she was similarly astounded and impressed.

He was already quite horny, since he was still riding an erotic buzz from before. In fact, his penis was fully erect even before he'd gone down to the basement. But he realized the free weights were potentially dangerous, and it wouldn't be wise to interfere in any way until they were done with them.

So he and Katherine just stood there and watched for about five minutes until the two beautiful MILFs put the weights down and took a short rest. They were already sweaty, so they bent down to pick up hand towels to wipe their face.

Out of the blue, Suzanne said to Susan, "Brenda."

Susan still didn't realize her children were watching, because they were keeping still as statues in the shadows. She turned to Suzanne, and asked, "Excuse me?"

"You heard me. Brenda. You're just not with it today; you seem highly distracted."

As Susan wiped her sweaty face, she said with a touch of sarcasm, "I wonder why."

"What does that mean?" Suzanne asked.

"You saw what was happening when you came in. Oh, Suzanne, it was glorious! I'm loving this holiday. It's been non-stop fun from the minute Tiger came downstairs until when you showed up. It seems that most of the time I was nude and kneeling, and practically choking on Tiger's fat cock! But what's even better is that I have the whole rest of the day to look forward to!" She stared off into space longingly, and clutched at her breasts. "I can't wait for him to fuck my tits next. That's what he was hinting at right when you arrived."

Suzanne said, "Well, that's why I say 'Brenda.'"

Susan frowned. "I don't get it. What does she have to do with anything?"

"Think about how big her tits are. When Tiger gets all horny, who do you want him to think about if he has to choose only one: you or her?"

"Me, obviously!"

"But her tits are bigger. You've got to make up for that, especially when it comes to titfucks. But you've got a big advantage over her: she's soft. She's pleasantly plump. Whereas you've got the hard body of a twenty-year old athlete. Tiger loves sexy hard bodies. But what if you don't exercise?"

A fierce look crossed Susan's face, showing her renewed determination to exercise. "I see where you're going with this. Let's do it! What's next?"

Suzanne glanced back at the teens, and said, "I think some more stretching exercises before we hit the machines." She waited a minute until she and Susan were in the middle of stretching, and then pretended to notice the others for the first time. "Oh, hi there. Look, Susan, our visitors have arrived."

Susan was startled, even though she knew they'd be coming. She stopped her stretching and stood up stiffly. Gasping, she asked, "How long have you been standing there?!"

Alan walked further into the room, directly towards Suzanne. He said to both of them, "Long enough to see you hefting those weights over your head. I'm seriously impressed!"

Susan clutched her face. "Oh no! That means you heard all that Brenda stuff! I'm so embarrassed!"

Katherine walked forward too. "That's okay, Mom. That's kind of the new normal for you."

Susan wailed, "But I don't want it to be the new normal!" However, she stopped and turned when she noticed Alan was up to something.

Alan stood next to Suzanne and immediately brazenly reached out and ran one hand up her nearest bare thigh and another hand down her taut exposed tummy. He said, "Aunt Suzy, you're totally sexy pretty much all the time, but seeing you lift those heavy weights turns me on even more than normal! May I?"

Suzanne said with a knowing smile, "I'm not sure what you're even asking exactly, but the answer is yes anyway."

"Thanks." He leaned forward and started French kissing her. But his hands stayed busy. Suzanne was wearing tight lycra, and at first he started fondling her tits over that tantalizing fabric. But even before the first kiss ended he slipped his hands under her outfit and kept on fondling.

Katherine sidled up to where Susan stood gawking, and whispered to her, "Guess what?"

There was a long pause before the stunned mother asked, "What?"

"That's going to be you next! Look! He doesn't waste time, does he? He just pulled Aunt Suzy's top up over her breasts so he can fondle them that much better. And look. Whoop! There go her shorts. She's just standing there while he pulls them all the way down to her knees! Isn't that hot? He just takes

control. He doesn't even know the meaning of the word 'no.' He's so super horny right now. I wonder what he's going to do to you."

Susan's ogling eyes widened even more as she considered that. She clutched at her breasts defensively, like she was already trying to fend him off. Her pussy was already moist, and she sensed it was getting downright soaked in a hurry. She looked down to see if a wet spot was showing. It was. She gulped.

bender

Katherine put a hand on her mother's back, and asked, "What's wrong? I thought you love it when he treats you like his personal property and strips you naked and fondles you all over."

"Do you have to put it like that?" Susan hissed nervously.

"I do."

"Well... it's true. I do love it so. So very much, God help me! Look at what he's doing!" She nodded to the way Alan was making out with Suzanne while brazenly cupping and caressing her big tits from below. "I know you were watching as he and I did naughty things upstairs, but to have both you AND Suzanne watch? I can't handle that. Where's the dignity?!"

Katherine ran her hand up and down Susan's bare and slightly sweaty back, but in a friendly way. "There's no dignity, Mom. None. We're officially a couple of his personal cocksuckers now. That's what we do now. We stroke it. We lick it. We suck it. We titfuck it. We pleasure it in every possible way." Making an obvious reference to Susan's rule against fucking, she clarified, "Well, most every possible way, if you know what I mean."

Susan's heart thumped even harder as she thought about her fingers slipping and sliding up and down her son's long shaft, and what it might be like to then hold it and guide it in as it slowly slid into her hot, tight cunt. She whispered breathlessly, "I do!"

Katherine resumed, "Anyway, Mom, if you had a choice between dignity and servicing-" She cut herself off to point out, "Ooooh, look! He's coming for you!"

Susan quietly muttered, "God, give me strength!" She hastily stopped staring and bent down to resume her stretches. She hoped against hope that Alan might see that she was preoccupied doing that, and he'd go back to playing with Suzanne.

He did stop for a minute or so, to watch her. But that only fired his lust up higher and higher, with every move she made.

Seeing her bend over to touch her toes was the final straw. He stepped forward and put his hands on her ass cheeks. Because her "workout outfit" was little more than a G-string down below, he encountered nothing but warm, sweaty skin.

"Hey, Mom," he said casually, as he slid his hands over her ass, which was even firmer than usual due to her flexing muscles. One of his hands kept right on sliding under her thin panties, freely exploring her ass crack.

Susan was so taken aback by that that she reflexively stood up and turned to face him.

But before she could say a word, his arms were around her and his lips were on hers. She started to mutter "Tig-" but then she was blissfully carried away with a passionate lip-lock.

As his tongue explored inside her mouth, and her tongue did the same to his, she thought, Oh God! Oh no! He's such a good kisser! How did he get to be so good at this? It's unfair! How am I supposed to resist?! But I HAVE to resist! I'm too hot already! If I get any hotter, I'm literally going to burst into flames!

She felt his hands running all over her. He'd quickly gone from simply holding her to fondling her ass. And even though the bottoms of her outfit was little more than a G-string, that was an impediment to him, and he pulled them halfway down her thighs.

She thought, Okay, I'm just going to stand here like a statue. Well, with my hands around his back, admittedly - it feels so good to hold him! - but I'm not going to encourage him in any way. I just know he's going to go for my tits next... oops, there he goes! And my nipples are throbbing with need, just like my pussy is! If he starts playing with them, I'm a goner! It won't be long before I'm on my knees and breathing through my nose as all that delicious cock-meat slides deeper and deeper in my mouth! But I can't do that this time, I just can't! Not with both Angel and Suzanne watching!

Oh no! Now he's pulled up my top, and... NO! Please, Son. No! He's playing with my nipples! He didn't waste time! Oh, it's too great! Gosh darn it, I can't help it! She took her hands from behind his back and slid a hand into his shorts. She started jacking him off with one hand and playing with his ass with her other.

Her red face was burning with shame, due to the other two women in the same room. She thought, If I keep my eyes closed, then it's like the others can't see me. Right? Oh, I know that's not true, but how I wish that it was! But with his body pinned against mine, at least I hope they can't see what my hand is doing to his cock. Oh! But that's a lie too, isn't it? They're his personal cocksuckers too. They must know that resistance is useless! He's kissing me and touching me and controlling me everywhere! I give up! Tiger, you win! Mommy's just a big-titted, horny slut who needs your cock down her throat way too much!

Sensing what was coming, Alan spotted Katherine and gave her that significant look he'd indicated earlier when they'd been about to enter the basement.

Katherine understood, and gave him the okay sign with her hand. Then she cleared her throat, and said, "It looks like my Big Brother is in good hands. I've got some things to do upstairs, but I'll be back in a little while. Okay?"

Suzanne was slightly puzzled at that, and gave Katherine a curious look.

Katherine responded with an "I'll explain later" sort of look, and then headed to the door.

Susan was necking with her son so intently that she was incapable of speech, or pulling away. But she moaned into his mouth in a way that she hoped Katherine would interpret as a friendly send off.

Then Katherine loudly closed the door behind her to make sure Susan heard she was gone.

Chapter 495 I'm Gonna Fuck Both Of Them, Over And Over Again!

Susan thought, Thank You, Lord! Thank You! What a lucky break. Maybe miracles do exist! She suddenly broke the lip-lock with her son and dropped to her knees, pulling his shorts down his thighs along the way. In what seemed like a millisecond later, she had his entire cockhead in her mouth!

She moved so quickly that she stretched her G-string-esque bottoms so much that they ripped in two and fell to the floor. That left her with just her loose bra-like top hanging uselessly up above her massive breasts. But she didn't care one whit about any of that. In fact, a wave of profound bliss washed over her. She felt like she was where she belonged, doing what she was best at.

She moaned with pure pleasure as she immediately started to bob and suck. MMMM! Yes! MMMM, AAAAH! Oh, I need it! I need it so much! Tiger, don't just stand there, fuck me! Fuck my face!

Alan was still far too gentle with his mother to initiate a face fuck. But she forcefully grabbed his ass cheek on one side and the front of that same leg on the other side, and started moving his hips back and forth to give him the idea.

He quickly caught on. It wasn't an all-out face fuck, but he held her head and moved his hips forward and back a fair amount.

Susan thought she was ecstatic before, when she'd started to suck, but now she was positively over the moon and off into the stars.

Just then, Suzanne walked up and put a hand on Alan's shoulder. "Hey, kid. So how do you like our... workout regimen?" she smirked.

Susan had her eyes closed to fully concentrate on her oral task, as usual. But she had to open her eyes and look to see what Suzanne was doing. She was distraught to see that her best friend was still completely naked. She was even more distressed to see Alan take his hands off her head, hold Suzanne's firm, pale ass cheeks, and pull the redheaded bombshell in for a quick French kiss.

She was still watching (and sucking) as Alan broke the kiss and replied, "I like! It's funny, but I kind of feel like I'm having a bit of a workout of my own, somehow."

Suzanne looked down at Susan and smiled, but in an affirming and loving way. She knew her best friend was highly embarrassed, but also deliriously happy, and that made her very happy too. "It does seem to be that way, doesn't it?" bender

"It does." He sounded relatively cool and collected, but his entire body was energized and his heart was pounding wildly.

Suzanne reached down toward Susan as she said, "Here, let me help you with that."

Susan was briefly frightened that Suzanne was going to help her with Alan's cock. But she was relieved, and even pleased, when Suzanne instead pulled her top the rest of the way over her head. She had to pull her lips off her son's hard-on for a brief moment to let it clear, but then she was passionately sucking again in a flash.

Suzanne looked down at her totally-naked best friend as she leaned in to Alan. "There. That's better, Susan, don't you think? A big-titted mommy should always try to suck topless, unless there's some special reason not to."

Susan was in the middle of a complicated tooth-scraping corkscrew move. She simply thought, That's so true! She scooted forward slightly so her erect nipples would poke against her son's thighs.

Suzanne took one of Alan's hands from her ass and brought it to her hefty rack. Then she asked him, "So... how are you enjoying your day off?"

"It's... good." He was trying to act calm, but he was breathing hard and his heart was racing wildly.

She couldn't help but chuckle at that ridiculously bland understatement. She looked at his hand caressing the underside of her left breast, and then looked down at Susan's bobbing head. "Just 'good,' huh?"

He put a hand back on Susan's head to try to slow her down some, because the pleasure was so intense he was worried about cumming already. He clenched his teeth and nearly went cross-eyed as Susan hit him with one of his favorite techniques - the one she called the Reverse Candy Cane Stripes. When he recovered from that, he replied, this time with deliberate understatement, trying to indicate that he was still coherent enough to joke around. "It's getting better all the time."

Suzanne put a hand to her ear. "What's that? I can't hear you over all the slurping."

Alan practically swooned, because Susan really was slurping loudly. He'd just closed his eyes in an attempt to prevent sensory overload, but there was no escaping the sound of his mother's sexy slurping, not to mention her continual and distinctive passionate "Mmmm!" noises. He had to clench his PC muscle almost continuously to prevent climaxing too soon.

As usual during her blowjobs, Susan had her eyes closed so that she could fully concentrate on and savor the experience. But she briefly opened her eyes and peered up at Suzanne. Oh dear! She's still there, still clinging to Tiger. This is not good. We're right on the border of breaking the 'no two women on him at the same time' rule. Plus, she's staring right down at me! I wish there was something I could do about it, especially if they kiss or fondle some more. But it's not like I can pull my lips off this sweet, fat cock to complain; Tiger is far too yummy! MMMM! So good! Luckily, if I can just keep him right on the cusp of cumming, he'll be too distracted to do much else!

She went all out, fervently licking his sweet spot even as her lips slid back and forth with tremendous suction. She used her hands on his shaft and balls while at the same time rubbing her nipples against his legs.

It was all too much for him to take, especially with Suzanne running her hand over his chest. He knew he'd have to take a break or cum, so he decided to take the break. He put both hands on Susan's head and gently pushed her back. "Mom! Please! Gotta, gotta... rest!"

Susan reluctantly pulled off, mostly because of his insistent pushing.

Alan spent the next minute or two just recovering. But he was still dangerously close to the edge, and he knew he wasn't likely to last long with the two of them stimulating him at the same time. So he came up with an idea to distract Suzanne while also satisfying his curiosity. "Hey, Aunt Suzy. I almost never come down here. Can you tell me the names of all these machines and what they're used for?"

"Certainly." She had an idea. "In fact, I won't just tell you, I'll show you." She proceeded to walk to each machine and physically demonstrate how it worked. And all the while, she posed, stretched, and flirted outrageously with her nude body. It was about as pornographic a display as one could imagine.

Susan had been raring to suck and she didn't have the patience to wait until he deemed his break was over. She'd never let go of his shaft, so she went from holding it to stroking it. Then, with his attention mostly on Suzanne, she resumed licking him. It wasn't long after that before she was back to sucking on his thickness. However, she was careful at first to take it easy and slow. She wanted this to last a long time, just like he did, and she realized she'd earlier gotten a little carried away with her enthusiasm.

Suzanne took advantage of the fact that many of the machines utilized some kind of pistoning motion to pretend like she was getting fucked. In fact, she spent most of her time on those kinds of machines, and she said things like, "As you can see, this is another one of the fucky machines. See how I put my ass here and then I thrust my hips back and forth, just like I'm bouncing on your cock? In fact, imagine that your cock is right here on this seat, and I'm slowing impaling myself down on it... noowwww... Aaaaah! Susan, are you watching?"

Indeed, Susan was. Of course, she was continually bobbing on her son, using her favorite corkscrew move, but she was managing to watch Suzanne out of the corner of her eye as well. She didn't fully understand her feelings, but in truth she was far from immune to Suzanne's ample physical charms.

Suzanne continued, as she all but fucked the machine, "You really should watch this, and learn. I have a feeling it's going to come in handy someday soon, if you know what I mean. Watch me rise up... up and up and up... on Tiger's cock! So thick and long! UNGH! But now, OH! I'm skewering myself back down on it! HNNRRG!"

Suzanne paused, pretending to be recovering from the pretend impaling. But she soon continued her fucking motions. "So FAT! Jesus Christ, it's too fucking FAT! It's filling me up! Susan, do you know how thick he feels in your mouth right now? Just imagine your tight, small cunt, stretching impossibly wide to accommodate his fucking baseball bat! Forget Ron's penis. That's like a pencil in comparison! Tiger has a damn redwood tree between his legs, and he's going to make you scream for mercy and joy, all night long!" She worked herself up so much that she wound up brazenly fingerfucking herself with three fingers by the time she finished saying that.

But then, she abruptly got off of the machine and walked to the next one. Her demeanor went back to calm and cool in a flash. Acting like a (buck naked) fashion model showing off a new product, she gracefully ran her hand over the next machine, and said, "Moving on, this one works the biceps and the triceps." She continued to describe the machine in clinical terms.

Alan laughed out loud at the ridiculous contrast to what she'd just been saying and doing.

Susan was so deliriously aroused and ecstatic that she scarcely knew up from down. For the past several weeks, during her daily workouts, she'd had fantasies about Alan coming to the basement and doing pretty much exactly what he was doing right now. The reality was so close to the fantasy that she couldn't really tell them apart, and she felt like she was truly living out an incredible dream.

Susan usually used a two-handed technique during her blowjobs, stroking his shaft and/or playing with his balls, for maximum effect. But she'd stopped doing that not long after Suzanne began demonstrating the machines, because she was continually fingering her pussy. She was so very hot that she had an orgasm early on, and then they kept on coming and coming! She quickly lost count. It became one seemingly endless orgasm for her. She truly felt that fantastic.

Unfortunately, between Suzanne's pornographic talk and displays, and the face fucking of his mother, Alan couldn't handle the incredible arousal. He knew that he would have to pull his pole out of Susan's sweet lips and then disengage completely for a second time, and fast, or he'd cum for sure.

He started to do so, but Susan craved his cum and wasn't about to easily let him go. Sensing that he was very close indeed, she grabbed one of his ass cheeks and held it firmly.

Even so, he still could have easily disengaged if he really wanted to, but the pleasure was so great that his heart wasn't in it. Instead, he thought, Oh God! Fucking Aunt Suzy! Fucking Mom! Fuck, fuck, fuck! The next thing he knew, he felt his balls tightening. He screamed, "Cumming!"

Susan stopped masturbating and braced herself with her hands on her legs. But she pulled him in even deeper, to make absolutely sure he wasn't going to get away from her. She was gagging and choking slightly as he started to shoot his cum.

She didn't like how that caused most of his cum to go down her throat before she could savor the sweet taste. So, after just a second or two, she pulled her lips all the way off him, firmly held his cock since he wasn't doing so, and then aimed it so the latter half of his load splattered all over her face.

Once that was done, and with a few last feeble squirts still coming out, she engulfed his cockhead all over again. Aaaah! Mmmm, yes! What a feeling! What a rush! A happy big-titted mommy slut is one with a very spermy face! Plus, I'm naked and kneeling, and Suzanne is watching me. Does it get any more humiliating, arousing, or better than this?! Mmmm... I feel like his cum bucket, and that makes me feel so good. Plus, his cock is still nicely stiff! With any luck, I'll help him stay stiff, and keep going for another round. If not, then I'll just transition into giving him a thorough "cleaning." Either way, I win!

Suzanne walked over and put a hand on Alan's shoulder. Smirking, she reached down and ran a finger through Susan's cummy left cheek. She playfully teased her, "Look at you. You naughty, naughty mommy! You let your son douse your face with his cum, and yet you STILL can't get enough. I think a naughty big-titted mommy like that deserves to get spanked! What do you think, Sweetie?" She made a big show of licking her cummy finger into her mouth and purring with delight at the taste.

Alan practically swooned. He silently mouthed the words, "Fuck me!" My mom is so friggin' beautiful, and sexy! He looked down at her steadily bobbing head, and felt more shivers run down his spine. Not to mention cock hungry! And Aunt Suzy too! Jesus! I'm gonna fuck both of them, over and over again! Maybe not today, or tomorrow, but soon, and forever! Once I start, I'll never be able to stop!

He sensed that his dick simply wasn't going to go flaccid this time. Already it had been more than a minute since the end of his climax, and he only seemed to be getting more stiff and aroused. But he was mentally destroyed from his last orgasm, and even though his dick couldn't help but stay erect thanks to Susan's talented mouth, it was crying out for a break.

So he said, "I have to go upstairs. Uh, gotta pee. I'll be back downstairs if and when I can handle it. This is just... way too hot! Good God!" It's true that he was starting to get the urge to pee, especially now that he was thinking about it. His shorts had been down by his knees, so he yanked them back up and staggered out of the room.

Just as he reached the stairs, Suzanne called out to him, "Don't be long! When you come back, I say your mom and I should trade places! Or maybe we can both suck and lick you together!"

That very nearly made him stumble and cum on the spot. He groaned like he'd been shot. But he somehow made it up the stairs.

Suzanne chuckled. She went to her favorite seat and wiped her sweaty face with a hand towel. She looked at Susan, still just kneeling there, and said, "I think that went pretty well, don't you?" She chuckled some more.

Susan was emotionally exhausted from all the orgasms. But she finally managed to at least turn enough to look at Suzanne. She complained, "You shouldn't have talked about fucking. That's completely improper and you know it!"

Suzanne waved a hand dismissively. "Oh, come on. It's just talk. Besides, these machines practically cry out for that kind of thing. Anything to arouse him, right?"

Susan looked around the room and had a daunting thought. Oh no! I was watching Suzanne pretty much through her entire lewd display. She simulated fucking on a whole bunch of these machines. Now,

whenever I use any of those, all I'll be able to think about is fucking, and my Tiger, and fucking my Tiger! Oh dear God! That's so HOT! I mean, so WRONG! Wrong, definitely wrong!

She swiped a big cum gob from her cheek into her mouth, and smiled.

Chapter 496 Lovely Scheming Heather

It took Alan five minutes before he could pee, because his erection wouldn't go down for anything. When he finally managed, his boner softened only slightly, and then got stiff again as soon as he was done. Thinking about what had happened with his two bombshell beauties downstairs was truly too arousing to even contemplate. He washed his hands and cleaned up, but he lingered in the bathroom, wondering if he was ready to go back downstairs.

Hot damn! I'll never think of the basement in the same way again. It's like an inferno of sweaty lust down there. I'm almost afraid to go back down! Aunt Suzy promised me she'd blow me next. Dear God! No one could possibly believe how lucky I am. If they don't kill me soon, that is! But seriously, I need to pace myself and take a long break, at least until my dick gets soft. And that could be a while!

He'd gone back to just sitting on the toilet seat, with the lid down, when he heard the front doorbell ring. He figured it was a door-to-door salesperson or religious proselytizer or someone annoying like that, but he went to check anyway. He was actually looking forward to some kind of distraction, even an annoying one, to help him calm down.

He peeked through the peephole first, as he habitually did, and saw it was Heather. Heather?! What the hell?!

He shouted, "Just a minute!" Then he raced back to the bathroom and checked himself in the mirror to make sure there was nothing suspicious or out of place. He also sniffed the air to check if he smelled of sex, but luckily, he'd washed his face, hands, and elsewhere just a few minutes ago. He decided that he looked presentable, so he went back to the front door.

He opened the door and tried to act surprised. (That wasn't hard to do, since he was very puzzled by her arrival.) "Heather?! What are you doing here?"

She was wearing a tight yellow top that didn't even come down to her belly button, and very tight, short jeans shorts. Her top was so revealing that it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra, and in fact she wasn't wearing any panties either. She looked slightly peeved. She handed him an envelope and said, "Here's your stupid test."

Alan walked outside and closed the door behind him.

As he did that, she furtively peeked at his crotch. She was shocked to see how obviously aroused he was. Good grief! It's like he's got a caveman club in there!

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He peeked at her chest and noticed the erect state of her nipples, clearly poking through her skin-tight shirt. He gulped, trying hard to outwardly keep his cool. He asked, "That's it? No, 'Hey Alan, how's it going?'"

She said snarkily, "Hey Alan, how's it going? And there's your stupid test."

"May I ask what test?"

Even though they were alone, she was deliberately being vague out of embarrassment. "You know. Remember, in the parking lot on Friday you said I needed to get tested? Those are the results. Of course it shows that there was never anything to worry about."

"Ah. Good. Um, thanks. By the way, I got tested on Friday too. I still haven't gotten the results back though. These came back really fast; they told me mine would take a few days, and I know they won't come today since it's a holiday so there's no mail."

She said aggressively, "Are you calling me a liar? Do you think I faked them?"

"No. Geez. Take a chill pill."

"It so happens I paid extra to have fast results, so I could get my reward sooner rather than later. I just picked these up at the clinic before coming here." She looked all around, causing him to do the same. That allowed her to sneak another peek at the lewd bulge in his shorts. She asked, "By the way, why are we standing on your front walkway? Can't we go in your house?"

"NO! We can't. Remember, I told you last time that you can never, ever, EVER come to my house. Period!" He didn't trust Heather any further than he could throw her, so while he was talking he was scanning the results she'd handed him.

"Why not? It's the logical and ideal place for me to get my reward."

"Reward? What are you talking about?"

"You know," she hissed urgently. "You said as soon as I proved to you I had good test results, you'd give me my reward." Her voice turned husky, and she stared at his tenting shorts again, but very overtly this time. "My long, thick, stiff reward." She held one of her breasts from below, lifting it enticingly.

"Ah. That reward." He looked down and saw what he was showing. He tried to tuck his erection away, without much success. Despite her attempt to act seductive, he was still reading the test results instead of looking at her. Suddenly, he noticed something significant. "Hey! Wait a minute! What's this?" He pointed to a spot on the paper. "It says right here: 'Warning: these are preliminary results only.' What's that mean?"

She sighed with exasperation. "Fine. You got me. As I said, I paid extra for fast results, but not even the fastest lab can get final results in less than 48 hours. Something about needing time for certain cultures to grow. I kind of got bitchy about it and managed to get them to give me this. I'm totally in the clear! It says right there, for real! But if you want the final 'official' results, that'll have to wait until tomorrow."

He gave her a chagrined look and handed the paper back to her. "Yeah, I want the REAL results. This isn't good enough."

She folded the paper up and stuffed it in the back pocket of her shorts. "Anyway, where were we? Oh, yes. We were talking about you giving me my reward."

"Reward?" He'd been distracted by his discovery that the test results were only preliminary, so he wasn't thinking about her husky demand for his "long, thick, stiff reward."

She purred lustily. "Here, let me refresh your memory. I'm talking about this one." She brazenly reached out and caressed the obvious lump in his shorts.

"HEY!" He forcefully pushed her hand away. "You can't do that here!"

"Why not?" She looked all around. As she examined the potential danger of being seen, she casually stated, "We're pretty much shielded from the street by bushes and such. There's no direct angle from the sidewalk to here. Besides, who would be out on a street like this in the middle of the day anyway? Nobody's going to notice a little fondle."

"Maybe not, but you forget about the people INSIDE the house! My mom, for starters. She's the main reason I said you should never, ever come here. She's a total prude and a hard core Bible thumper. Believe me, you do NOT want her to know we're fooling around. She wouldn't even understand the concept of casual sex."

Heather struck a sexy pose, cocking her hip and brushing her hair back with her hand. "Come on, she can't be all that bad. I've met her. She seemed nice and normal enough."

"She's nice, very nice. But she has some very wacko religious beliefs. Ask Katherine or Amy or anyone else if you don't believe me."

Heather frowned. "Then where am I going to get my reward? I have an itch that needs scratching." She deliberately ran her hand over her thinly covered pussy mound.

"Sorry, uh..." He was momentarily blown away by the fact that Heather was raring to have sex with him again. He was feeling so horny that it seemed like a very tempting idea. The thought occurred to him. Hey, if Heather's clean, that means I should be clean. So even though my results are taking a lot longer, I don't really have to worry. Sweet!

She impatiently prodded, "Hello...? Reward?"

He griped, "Heather, what do you want? Do you want me to up and do you right here, right now? On the front lawn, maybe?"

She grinned impishly. "Kinky! I like!"

He rolled his eyes. "Get real. That wasn't a suggestion. Besides, you twisted my words. I never said I would do you when you gave me your test results; I said that was a precondition. And that's when you get your FINAL results, not the preliminary ones!"

"Preliminary is plenty good enough. They told me that was like ninety-nine plus percent accurate." She was lying. "Besides, we can have sex now, and then again when we get more results."

He folded his arms across his chest. "No."

"Oh, come on! Don't you think I deserve a reward, especially for getting the results back so fast?" She struck an enticing pose, leaning forward with her hand on her hip.

He waved his hands in frustration. "Even if I did, where? How? When? What happened on Friday was crazy," he said, alluding to the sex they'd had in the school parking lot. "That's not going to happen again."

"Well, duh! We don't have to use a parking lot this time, silly. We're standing right in front of your front door, hint hint."

"My house is off limits."

She broke her provocative pose to gesticulate with frustration. "Why?! It's right here."

He glared at her with annoyance. "Remember what I told you about my religious mother?"

"So? Let's just sneak up to your room. She won't be the wiser."

"It doesn't work like that. She knows everything that goes on in the house. She doesn't have a paying job, so taking care of the house is like, her thing. She knows every inch like the back of her hand. Besides, what are the odds we'd be able to stay quiet?"

Heather scoffed derisively. "HA! Don't make me laugh! We were quiet enough last time, and if she knows everything that goes on in the house, she obviously must know we're fucking already!"

Alan stood there for a second like a deer in headlights, at a loss for words. But he quickly recovered, and came up with a response. "Trust me, you don't know my mom. She's supernaturally perceptive about some things and totally oblivious about others. Aren't either of your parents like that sometimes? Most are."

Heather realized he had a point, because her parents were like that. For instance, it had taken ages until her mother realized she and Simone were having sex in her room, and she still wasn't entirely sure if her father figured it out too and just was in denial or if he really still didn't know. She switched to a frustrated pose. "Your mom can't be that much of a prude, can she? I mean, she's totally gorgeous. A woman like that must be getting regularly plowed by somebody, right? She'll know the deal. A girl's gotta have it. Am I right or what?"

He frowned. "Look. I'm not going to discuss my mother's sex life with you. Of course she's sexually experienced, but she's also very innocent and naïve about many things. When you were here, you picked up on that right away and played verbal tricks on her for your own amusement. That totally pissed me off! No way am I letting you near her again."

He leaned towards her, nearly angry. "I cannot state this any more forcefully or clearly: you can't come here, ever! Just standing near the front door like this is dangerous. She might overhear and invite you in, and things'll go downhill from there. Trust me, don't even go there!"

Now it was Heather's turn to roll her eyes. "You're such a pussy. But fine. Whatever. What about my house then?"

Alan thought fast. "Your house... well, that might be okay, but I'm not keen on an encounter with your big Marine dad. Anyways, I'm a busy guy. I don't know how often I'd be able to get there. Besides, I'm not going to have sex with you right now, no matter what or where."

"WHAT?! Why not?!" She put her hands on her hips and gave him an indignant look.

"If I did, that would be rewarding you for showing up on my doorstep unannounced, and on a holiday no less. I'm not going to do anything at all to reward that behavior. Plus, I'm waiting for the FINAL test results." Knowing she was going to get in a huff about that, he quickly followed, "HOWEVER, there's always tomorrow."

Before he could say more, she cut in, "Today is better. Much better."

"Sorry, I'm not going to fall for your feminine wiles."

She raised an eyebrow, and reached out to cup his bulge again. "Oh, really? I see about eight inches of hard cock that says otherwise." She expertly caressed his shaft through his shorts. "And I noticed you were all stiff like this from the moment you opened the door." She muttered to herself, "It's pretty tough not to notice a bulge this big!"

He complained, "I'll admit I peeked to see who it was, and I got a quick chubby when I found out it was you." He figured that was a good way to cover up the dangerous truth. "I'm not dead! But I'm not like your other guys. I'm not ruled by my dick."

He realized that in fact he hadn't been doing anything to get her to remove her hand. Her fondling felt extremely good. But he couldn't let her keep doing that after saying "I'm not ruled by my dick," so he firmly removed her hand.

She pouted, "Aaah, you're no fun." She stared longingly at his bulge. She was feeling hot to trot, and was completely unaccustomed to getting turned down. But at the same time, his resolve and resistance greatly increased her desire for him.

He wagged his finger at her for emphasis. "I'm serious about my house being off limits. Forget about today. If you're that raring to go, think about tomorrow. What would be great is if we had some kind of place to be private in school. Really truly private. If we had that, hell, I could give you your reward during lunchtime, even. Assuming you have the test results by then, of course."

A new look of determination crossed her face as she gave that idea real consideration. Damn, he's right. I never really cared before, but after the way he's rocked my world three times, things have changed. It would be simply delicious to fuck like animals right in the middle of school! Maybe even every day! Good thing I used my pull with the staff. There's a private spot that's not being used, and he doesn't know it yet but I already grabbed it!

However, she didn't want him to know how she'd gotten her private spot at school, since getting it had involved bending the rules in a way that could get more than one person in trouble, including herself. So she told him, "No worries. I'm on it. The next time you see me, I'll have a private spot where I can claim my reward. I don't know where it'll be, just yet, but I'm gonna find one. And I'll have your damn stupid piece of paper. Who knows? It might even be sooner than you think." She was already scheming for a way to have sex with him later in the day.

He'd been forced to stop for her, so he turned and looked at her closely. "You'd do that?"

She nodded. Then she looked around furtively. "Okay, I'm going to go now. I don't want your Bible thumping mother to give us trouble. But what about at least a goodbye kiss? You can do that much, right? Unless you really are a total pussy."

He carefully looked around too. The bushes and trees did shield them from the street. He decided a kiss would be the quickest way to get rid of her. Besides, he didn't want to be seen as a "total pussy." He groaned, "Okay, fine. But let's make it quick."

Chapter 497 Oh God..!!! I Have Willpower..

"Yessss!" With a great big smile on her face, Heather stepped forward and threw her arms around him. Before he knew what was happening, their lips were locked in a passionate smooch.

Alan had been extremely horny from before, and seeing Heather in her skimpy outfit while she expressed such a blatant desire to get fucked by him had kept his fires burning. So the kiss was a lot more prolonged and intense than he'd wanted or expected. In fact, before long, she had her hand inside his shorts and she was brazenly jacking him off.

Worse, considering his attempt to show some resolve, he soon had his hand inside her shorts and he found himself fingering her pussy! She was very wet down there before he even started.

All the while it was happening, he knew that he really needed to stop. He wasn't worried much at all about being seen. He'd be hard pressed to remember the last time he saw anyone walking down his street in the middle of the day, and the vegetation really did provide enough cover. But he was dead against giving in to Heather. However, he was very frustrated at never being allowed to so much as touch his mother's pussy, and here was a hot and eager pussy that he could freely fondle. He simply couldn't help himself.

Heather loved everything about this kiss, including the fact that they were doing it outside. Although even she could tell that the true odds of being seen were very, very low, she liked to hype up the danger in her mind. But mostly, she loved the "take charge" way Alan was treating her. He just seemed to have a natural knack for touching her in the right places and in the right ways. He had a confidence and aggressiveness with her that literally no one else ever had.

The truth was, his lust was quickly getting out of hand. Thanks to what had happened in the basement, his willpower was basically shot to hell before Heather even got started. While one of his hands steadily pumped two fingers in and out of her tight slit, his other hand went roaming all over her curvaceous figure. Mostly, he aggressively explored her tits and ass. He was so aggressive, and her clothes were so skimpy to begin with, that her shoulder straps soon slid down her shoulders, completely exposing her hefty tits to his hands. After a while, even her tight shorts slid down just below her butt cheeks.

He noticed this was happening, but he seemed unable to stop. Her tanned and fit body simply felt too good, and the way she was jacking him off practically shut off his rational brain. During a break between kisses, he growled at her, "You're such a SLUT! Where are your panties?! Where's your bra?!"

She was beside herself with delight as she replied, "I figured: why bother? It would just slow us down. Besides, where's YOUR underwear?" She looked down knowingly at his crotch. She'd just pulled his shorts down some for better access to his cock and balls. She was fondling and stroking him there with both hands now, and there certainly wasn't any sign of underwear to slow her down.

He knew that she got off on abusive sex talk, and again, he couldn't resist. He growled some more, "That's right, bitch! You love that cock, don't you? You love it! You're such a skanky cum bucket that you think you can just show up at my door and I'll fuck you within an inch of your life!"

She excitedly replied, "I do! I am! And you will! Won't you?"

It took him a few moments to figure out what each of her answers was referring to. I didn't help his thinking that he was going to town on fondling her pussy and left breast.

Before he could reply, she spoke with fire in her eyes. "Let's do it! Right here! Right now! Fuck your mother! Who cares what she thinks? Fuck me, you fucking STUD! I don't care if you are a nerd; you're the BEST! Bang me on your front door!"

The phrase "Fuck your mother" had unintended meanings. Those words were like a slap to Alan's face, because it reminded him of his incestuous love of his mother (and sister), as well as the danger of Heather finding out about it. With a surge of willpower, he pulled his fingers out of Heather's cunt and rather forcefully pushed her away.

She staggered back a step or two, but quickly regained her balance. She stared at him in total confusion, without bothering to cover up. She loudly asked, "What the hell?!"

He hastily pulled his shorts up and tucked his privates away. "Sssh! Be quiet, you stupid slut! If my mother hears us now, we'll really be in a world of hurt!"

She got a dangerous look in her eyes. Her manner completely changed to seductive. She cooed, thankfully in a quieter voice, "Correction. YOU will be in a world of hurt. After all, I can just leave. It seems like I've got you by the balls."

She reached out again to literally get him by the balls, but he stepped back, until his back was against the front door.

He gave her the evil eye, and blocked his crotch with both hands. "Sorry. I'm not going to play that game. The world doesn't end tonight, you know. If you want to be on my good side tomorrow and beyond, you damn well better not play games with me! And if my mom does find out about us, it'll make it MUCH more difficult for us to have fun in the future."

She exhaled with frustration. She decided not to push her luck, at least not that much. "Fine. I suppose having you pound me on the door would be a bit much."

He couldn't help but smirk in amusement. "Yeah. A bit."

She continued to stand there with her top just below her breasts and her shorts just below her pussy and ass. She was still hoping he'd lose his resolve and give in to fucking her in the very, very near future. There was a brief silence as she contemplated her next move to make that happen.

He spoke before she had a chance. "That kiss wasn't supposed to happen like that. You caught me in a very horny mood, unfortunately. But now you REALLY have to go. If you do, right now, I promise we'll fuck tomorrow, if you can find a safe place for us and you have the right paperwork."

She stepped closer, still in seduction mode. She loved that she had him pinned to the door, with no easy escape route. She purred, "Oh, I'll find a place all right. You're going to fuck me good and hard, I know it." She seductively pulled her top off, and then, with an arm stiffly stuck out to the side, held it far from her body. "But first, you have to get me to leave. And the thing is, I ALWAYS get my way."

He hissed, "What the hell?! Heather, you can't do that!" He frantically looked all around. There were practically a forest of vegetation protecting them, but much of it was a good ways away, across a lawn. It sure looked like she was standing topless, and effectively bottomless, in the middle of the great outdoors. His heart was thumping with both excitement and fear.

She snickered in delight at his distress, while poking her index finger into her mouth as if it was a stiff cock she very much wanted to suck. "Maybe I'll just toss this into the bushes."

"NO!" He stepped forward with his hands reaching out. He recalled the parking lot incident, where she had gotten him to fuck her in the school parking lot, and realized she was capable of anything. He was determined not to let her get her way again.

Even she decided tossing her top into the bushes was a bit much, so she simply let go of it, allowing it to fall to the ground at her feet. Then she suddenly dropped to her knees right in front of him, sliding her shorts the rest of the way down her legs in the process.

Now she truly was buck naked. But she didn't care. In fact, she was absolutely delighted, not to mention incredibly aroused. Even though she thrilled to the idea they might get caught, and hyped that danger to herself in her mind, she felt on some level that such an event almost certainly wasn't going to occur. Besides, she figured that if it did, Alan would be the one more likely to get in trouble.

She arched her back seductively, reveling in her nudity as well as her kneeling pose. She purred in a very sultry tone, "I just HAVE to take care of your horniness. It would be rude not to, don't you think?" She giggled at that.

He froze. He didn't know what to do. He felt that social rules rightly made it impossible for him to hit or otherwise hurt a woman. But short of that, he didn't know how to stop her. If he let her play with his dick, then she'd win. But if he ran away or rushed back into the house, she would still win, but in a different way. It didn't help him that lust was muddling his thinking (which of course was her intent).

She reached out and again caressed his bulge through his shorts. "I suppose I AM a slut. A naughty, shameless, cock-hungry SLUT! Just look at me: it's impossible for me to keep my clothes on around you!" She ran a hand from her tits to her pussy, before bringing that hand to his bulge as well. "And what kind of slut would I be if I left you with this great thick pillar of throbbing frustration? I promise: one blowjob and then I'll go." She licked her lips lasciviously. "Then we'll both be happy."

With one hand still stroking his boner through his shorts, she used her other hand to start pulling down his zipper. She salivated and stretched her jaw in anticipation. She was already practically tasting his sweet cum .

bender

But he held that hand and stopped her from making any progress. He spoke quietly but forcefully. "Sorry. No can do. That would be rewarding you too much. Hell, the 'kiss' was way too much. Put your clothes on NOW, and get going NOW, or the fuck tomorrow or soon thereafter will be off too. If you think I'm bluffing, just try me. I've got a lot of other beauties who satisfy me. I don't need you!"

She remained on her knees, but reluctantly removed her hands from his shorts. She stared up into his eyes, again testing his resolve.

She thought, He's just a nobody nerd! How could he have other "beauties?" Dammit, I really, really do want his cum! But then again, I've underestimated him a few times already. The truth is, I barely know him. There's gotta be a lot of secret sides to him. Besides, he did just resist me now, and nobody does that, ever. And he looks pretty damn determined. I need more information before I act rashly. I'll have him wrapped around my finger soon enough. Until then, I don't want to risk my reward fuck.

She reluctantly picked up her top, stood back up, and started to slowly pull her clothes back on. But she still tried to tempt him. "Your loss. I don't offer to give a guy a blowjob that often, you know. I came here by car. If you're so worried about your mom, we could do it in the backseat, right now."

He was very tempted indeed. Amongst other things, she was performing a sexy reverse striptease more than putting her clothes on in the ordinary way. She seemed completely heedless of any strangers who might be watching. In fact, that danger continued to thrill her and inspire her. She pretended to have great difficulty pulling her top down over her breasts, instead, they kept on bouncing and jiggling.

She soon managed to pull her shorts back up and into place. But, seeing his hungry gaze on her chest, she gave up all pretense of putting her top back on. Instead, she held her tits from their outsides and squeezed them together, dropping her top again in the process.

"I know you're a tit man, Alan. Perhaps a titfuck would be more your style?" She kept on rhythmically squeezing them, like she was in the middle of titfucking him already. That sounded like a very tempting idea to her as well, if he wouldn't cave on the blowjob. "Or, better yet, imagine a titfuck with a little bit of cocksucking action on top. I can do that, you know." She craned her head down and licked the imaginary cock she was pretending to titfuck too.

He gawked at her licking tongue with obvious lust. But he told himself, Thank God for Mom and Sis! Normally, I would have totally given in by now, but I know they're home and ready and eager to help me out. Heather is dangerous! I can't let her get the upper hand, ever. Sure, I'd love a blowjob or titfuck from her right now, but somehow that would mean she wins. I've gotta stay strong. Remember, Mom. And Sis!

He smiled thinly while continuing to keep his crotch covered with his hands. "Thanks, but no thanks. You are a hot, sexy slut, I'll give you that much, and that's tempting. But I have willpower. The answer is still NO! Talk to me once you get your REAL results back."

"Dammit!" She was so frustrated that she actually lost her cool for a moment and shook her fist in frustration. But she quickly recovered. She gave him another seductive smile and struck a flirty pose, but he stood there with a poker face. She could tell it was no use.

She finally, reluctantly, picked up her top and again pulled it down over her impressive rack. "Okay. Fine. Whatever. Your loss. Seriously, your loss! There's lots of other guys out there who would give their right

arm for so much as a kiss from me. As for a titfuck or a blowjob; they'd die of a heart attack from the mere idea! I'm Heather fucking Morgan, the most beautiful girl in school!"

He grinned. "Then go cause some heart attacks. But remember that if you have any kind of sex with any other guy, then we'll have to wait that much longer for your real test results."

She stomped her foot and clenched her teeth. "Dammit! FUCK!" She knew she could fuck another guy later in the day without him finding out if she wanted to, but she didn't want just any guy, she wanted Alan. He was the best, in her opinion, and she wasn't willing to settle for anything less.

He looked around nervously. "Ssssh! Keep it down already. Don't have my mom find us now, when we're almost in the clear. We'll talk tomorrow. Okay?"

"Fine!" She shot him an annoyed look. Then she turned around and stomped off in frustration. Ironically, she hadn't blushed the entire time despite her brazen outdoor nudity, but now her face was reddening from the embarrassment of defeat.

As soon as she was sitting in her car, she dug out her cell phone and called her best friend Simone. Once Simone answered, Heather barked at her, "Girl, I need you now. I need your hot body under me NOW! This very minute! Okay, maybe not this very minute, but as soon as I get home, I want you there. I'm so hot and horny that I can't stand it!"

Simone just laughed. But she certainly was going to be there. She loved it when Heather got in this kind of super horny mood.

Alan opened the front door and went inside. He was careful to make sure it was locked, just in case Heather tried to get tricky. He leaned against the door, and slowly slid down it until his ass hit the floor. He sighed heavily.

Uh-oh. I have a sinking feeling about this. Heather's supposed to just be a flash-in-the-pan thing, right? That's what Aunt Suzy says. But she sounds like she's pretty determined to have sex with me a LOT! Not only did she actually get tested - probably, we'll see for sure tomorrow - which kind of surprises me, but she even paid extra to get the test results so fast! Could Aunt Suzy be wrong?

What if Heather does find a private place for us right in the school? Is it possible that I'd really end up having sex with her, regularly, right under everyone's nose?

I doubt it. That seems just plain nuts. She might claim to have found some good spot, but no spot is risk free. Every room is used for something or other, I'm sure. So whatever she finds, I can just tell her I'm not gonna risk it. I'm not going to do the parking lot thing all over again.

But it is kind of a hot fantasy, though, I must admit, boning the head cheerleader in school, in the middle of the school day. But... nah! There's no chance of that happening for real, is there?!

Chapter 498 Hot Sex With Katherine..!!!

About a minute later, Katherine came up from the basement, walked down the hall to the front foyer, and saw Alan still sitting against the front door. She was still dressed in her one-piece bathing suit. She crossed her arms under her ample rack and stared at him hard. "Brother, what the heck happened to you?!"

Even though Alan was simply sitting with his back against the door, he was a strange sight. He was still breathing heavily, and he looked wide-eyed, bedraggled, and all-around frazzled. He looked up at his sister, and said, "I was... attacked!"

Katherine's heart leapt to her throat with concern.

After a carefully timed beat, he added with a grin, "By... sheer sexiness!"

She breathed a sigh of relief. Then she giggled. She knelt down next to him and lightly punched his shoulder. "Don't scare me like that! I love you too much. What happened? Seriously?"

He asked, "Before I do, how did you know to come up here?"

"Not long after you left our two red hot mamas, I went back downstairs to see what was happening. Apparently, I missed out, big time. They hinted that things were, like, surface-of-the-Sun hot for a while there!"

"They were," he noted. He felt a thrill race down his spine just thinking about it, especially the way Suzanne did her pretend fucking on the exercise machines while Susan blew him non-stop.

Katherine continued, sat down next to him, thinking she'd be there a while. "I'll bet, and I'm gonna get a full report on it from someone later, dammit! Anyway, things aren't as fun when you're not there. Us three ladies actually got to talking about exercising. They put their clothes back on and kind of resumed their routine, while showing me how it all worked. But after a while, when you didn't come back down, I came up to check on you. I peeked through one of the front windows and saw you talking to Heather. The bitch! I went back downstairs and told Mom and Aunt Suzy that it was just some political pollster asking you lots of questions. 'Cos Mom still doesn't know about you and Heather, right?"

"Right."

Katherine continued, "But I was super curious why Heather was here. So I left the door down to the basement open, and I kept an ear out. When I faintly heard the front door open and close, I knew you had to be back. Then I told them I was going up to my room, and I carefully closed the basement door behind me."

"Clever, Sis. Very clever."

She lightly shook him. "So, are you going to tell me about this 'attack of sheer sexiness' already?! Is that a good thing or a bad thing?! If Heather hurt you in any way, I'm totally going to kill her!"

"Don't worry, she didn't hurt me. She just tempted me, big time. But I managed to fend her off... eventually. I'm so damn horny right now that it's crazy!"

Katherine leaned in over him. With the way he was sitting with his knees up, she hadn't been able to get a direct look at his crotch. But now she did. She smiled from ear to ear and licked her lips as she saw an extremely prominent tenting in his shorts. "Sheesh! I've got a doofus idiot for a brother, you know that? Why didn't you say something already?"

She rather forcefully lowered his nearest leg, to allow easy access. Then she started to reach for his crotch.

But he held a hand out in a stop gesture. "No, wait! Not here. Let's go upstairs."

Katherine playfully saluted. "Excellent idea. Fuck Toy Number One, reporting for duty!" She quickly ended her salute, but maintained a stiff posture, like a soldier on parade.

Alan thought, Okay, it's official: I have the sexiest sister ever! She's really into this whole "fuck toy" thing, and I'm sure as hell not complaining! Man, I'm so horny right now. I've GOT to do something about it. And I will! Sweet!

The two of them got up. Although Alan was out of sorts from his Heather encounter, he definitely wasn't out of energy. He raced up the stairs, and Katherine ran right after him.

He went straight into her bedroom instead of his, and laid down in the middle of her bed, propping the pillow under his head.

Katherine carefully closed and locked the door. Then she hastily took off her one-piece swimsuit. As she did so, she said, "So, tell me all about it."

"There's not much to tell," he responded. "Heather really wanted to fuck. And I mean, she was pretty much ready to do it right on the front step! She was wearing this totally skimpy and sexy outfit, and she did everything she could think of to tempt me."

Katherine hopped on her bed. She crawled up between Alan's legs to his crotch. Figuring they were going to have lots of fun, she pulled his shorts all the way off first so she could have easy access to his crotch. Then she laid down with her head in his crotch. She began stroking his shaft while licking his sweet spot. "And...?"

He laughed at the casualness of her actions. Although he didn't normally do it, he pulled his T-shirt off, for good measure. "Is that how it's going to be from now on? No talking about it first, just whip off my shorts and start working on my cock?"

She gave him an incredulous look, while at the same time saying, "But of course! Helloooo? You really are a doofus today, aren't you? Not only am I your fuck toy sister, I also happen to be one of your personal cocksuckers. Those are titles I take VERY seriously. In fact, you're going to have to do all the talking, due to the fact that my mouth is about to be crammed full of brother-cock! If I have a question, I'll just write it on your thigh or something."

He chuckled at that.

Sure enough, she slid her entire body forward a couple of inches, causing his cockhead to slide all the way into her mouth. But what he didn't realize was that after she'd taken her clothes off, she'd taken a breath mint from her desk and popped it into her mouth. As a result, he was hit by a blast of minty cold. He clutched at her bed sheets and moaned needfully.

Encouraged by his response, she pressed the mint directly against his sweet spot and swirled it around.

That caused such an intense sensation that his entire body squirmed around. His heart raced and his head felt dizzy. He was tempted to escape from the bed altogether, but he was determined to brave it out.

A couple of minutes passed. She kept on torturing him with the breath mint, and he kept on squirming and panting. But even though it was a kind of torture, it was an incredibly pleasurable one. The mint was just one part of her performance. She kept on sucking, stroking, and doing incredibly talented things with her tongue. He was actually frustrated when the mint mostly dissolved in her mouth.

She was too. But she had an idea. She pulled her lips off, sat up, and then hopped off the bed.

He asked in a lusty daze, "Where are you going?"

She went back to her desk and held up a box of Altoids. "I've got dozens of mints in here. Dozens! Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

He chuckled. "You're evil, you know that? Evil!"

She popped two mints in her hands and held still more in her hand as she came back to bed. "Nope! Not evil, uppity. There's a big difference."

"Where'd you learn the breath mint trick?"

As she settled back down between his legs, she lightly punched him, on his hip this time. Then she began stroking his long shaft. "No thanks to you, Mr. I Don't Kiss and Tell. When one of your sex pets does something you really like, you have to tell the rest of us, so we can learn. Duuuuh!" She rolled her eyes at him while still giving him a playful grin. "Luckily, Aunt Suzy told me about Saturday's minty mouth-stuffing adventure. She said you really liked it."

"Hmmm. I don't know if 'like' is the right word. It was definitely interesting and intense though. I guess it's like eating a super spicy meal and suffering, but then wanting to do it again."

"Good enough for me!" She engulfed his cock again. Within seconds, she pressed one of the mints directly against his sweet spot.

He moaned even louder than last time. "Oh... MAN! Yep, that's pretty damn INTENSE! Damn, Sis! Take it easy with the two mints, please!"

Another couple of minutes passed, with a lot more squirming and moaning on Alan's part. Eventually, he commented, "I can't keep quiet. You're making me moan and groan so much! I'm worried Mom is gonna come check on us and hear me. You are only allowed one handjob today, right?"

She raised her middle finger at him while she kept on sucking with great suction.

He said, "Let me guess: you're saying, 'Fuck that.'"

She tried nodding. But that wasn't any different from the bobbing she was already doing on him, so she gave him a thumbs up for clarity.

He chuckled. "This is crazy. Anyway, the good thing is, thanks to your mints and your generally uppity ways, I've pretty much totally forgotten about Heather, but I'm still riding a super lusty wave of arousal, thanks to what she started, not to mention what happened in the basement."

Katherine kept right on sucking with lots of breath mint playfulness. She wasn't pressing them directly against his cock as much as before, so they were lasting longer. When one of them dissolved, she'd pop another one into her mouth. She kept her spare mints on the sheets so she could use both hands to constantly stroke and fondle his balls and lower shaft as well.

But in the middle of that, she briefly removed one hand and managed to draw the shape of a question mark on his upper thigh.

He spoke his thoughts out loud. "Hmmm. A question mark. I guess that's shorthand for a question. You're probably wanting me to say more about what happened to Heather."

"MMMM!" She gave him another thumbs up.

He looked down at her eager eyes staring up at him as her lips slid over his pole. He laughed out loud from sheer joy. Oh, man! This feels soooo good! Sis is the greatest. I'll never think of breath mints in the same way again, that's for sure. But I've had a ton of blowjobs lately. It's time for something more!

He said, "I could tell you all about that, but I've got another idea. The main reason I thought to come upstairs was so we could..." He dropped his voice down low. "You know..."

Her eyes had been closed tight so she could fully focus on her cocksucking, but now she opened them and glanced up at his face.

He mouthed the word: "FUCK!"

Her eyes went wide. She understood the reason he didn't speak the word. There was a slight chance Susan could be eavesdropping on them already. Certainly she would figure out they were taking part in some kind of hanky-panky, but that was okay, as long as she didn't get the idea they were fucking.

Katherine pulled her lips off him again and sat up in his lap so her face could be close to his. She kept right on jacking him off.

He liked her new position, because it allowed him to fondle her at the same time. He immediately started playing with her pussy lips and clitoris, while exploring her upper body in general. He whispered in her ear, "Sis, I totally love your oral action. Especially with the minty twist. But Mom's been giving me a lot of that lately, as you saw this morning. I love that too, but some variety is nice."

She jokingly (and quietly) acted shocked. "NO!"

He chuckled. "It's true." He whispered quietly, "This no pussy touching rule in particular is driving me crazy. I love that I can touch yours all I want." He gave a significant look at his fingers, which were already probing inside her slit, looking for her G-spot.

Katherine whispered back, "I love that too. Just like I love you all up, Bro."

"Mmmm. I love you too, Sis. So much. You're too good to me!" Overcome by passion, he kissed her lips.

They shared a nice kiss. It was more affirming than frantic, but it was very sexually satisfying just the same.

When it ended, Katherine playfully rubbed her nose against his. "I AM too good to you," she whispered. "Sucks to be you, I guess. You're just gonna have to grin and bear it."

He tilted his head back and stared at the ceiling with a dramatic, mournful look. "Life is suffering. And then we die."

She playfully slapped his cheek. "Doofus!"

"Hey! You haven't called me that in a while, and now you're calling me that a lot."

"That's 'cos you're extra doofy today." She pulled off him and scooted down the bed. She sat up on all fours, with her ass practically in his face. She reached back between her legs and spread her pussy lips open. "Luckily, when I call you names, there are ways you can punish me. Ways you can DRILL into me to be a good fuck toy for you."

He looked to the door anxiously, then back at his provocatively posed sister, ready to get fucked doggy style. "Ssssh!" He pointed to the door, and whispered, "Ixnay on the illdray."

Katherine knew that was Pig Latin for "Nix on the drill." She tilted her head until she made eye contact with him. Then she mouthed the words, "Just fuck me!"

He whispered back, "With pleasure!"

She had gotten in that lewd pose just to tempt him into getting the fucking started. But he figured that as long as she was in that position, he should take full advantage. He sat up on his knees and scooted forward. Then, with just a little guidance from his hand, he was able to slowly and steadily plow into her tight slit.

They both sighed blissfully as he filled her up. His cock was already soaked from her great oral attentions.

He thought, So fuckin' great! God, I really do have a fuck-toy sister! Whatever that means exactly, it's fucking AWESOME! And nothing beats getting to fuck her! Although... if Mom really is listening at the door, and that's certainly very possible, we must sound as suspicious as hell. All this whispering and sexy sighing and whatnot. I think I'll just stay like this and luxuriate in the joy. Meanwhile, I'll make some idle small talk, to throw Mom off. If she's there, that is.

He said, "Soooo... Like I was saying earlier, Heather seriously tempted me. Honest to God, she would have blown me or even fucked me right there if I'd let her. Hell, she probably would have done it on the middle of the front lawn. She truly is a shameless slut."

Katherine was surprised by the small talk and lack of fucking motion, but she had an idea. "Oh, really? What kind of fucking do you think she was up for? For instance, what if you kept perfectly still and she fucked her ass back and forth on your super thick fuckstick?"

She immediately showed what she meant. He actually had to bite down on his hand so as to not loudly scream or moan. But she was heedless of his noise problem, and expertly churned her ass this way and that while pumping back and forth at the same time.

He realized that he wouldn't be able to just stay still while fully sheathed inside her. Besides, he didn't want to. So, after a minute or two of that, he said, "Yeah, knowing her, she'd probably love that. I think I'd fuck back. In fact, I bet I'd grab her ass with both hands to keep her slutty ass still, and then I'd show her who's who and what's what!"

He did just that. With both hands on his sister's ass, he started vigorously thrusting.

She didn't keep entirely still. In fact, she was still doing a lot of sexy gyrating.

But at this point he was in the driver's seat. His eyes rolled back into his head as shivers of pure pleasure ran through his body.

Katherine giggled with glee. She asked, "Oh, rrrreally?" She playfully rolled her R. "So who IS who and what IS what? That's what I'd like to know. And does one have to get thoroughly fucked to find out?"

He chuckled at that. He slowed his fucking some so he could still talk. "No, you don't have to, although it helps. In fact, I'll tell you. The 'who' is me and you, and the 'what' is that I love you more than words could possibly say. Sis, you don't have to play about being my 'fuck toy' just to get me to pay sexual attention to you. Yes, Mom and Aunt Suzy are totally busty and beautiful bombshells, and there's some other pretty stiff competition."

Katherine was very emotionally moved by what he'd said already. In fact, she was nearly teary eyed. But at the same time, she remained playful and horny. She teased, "Yes, there seems to be a lot of stiffness around here lately, in general." With that, she rotated her hips, causing a slow churn effect on Alan's cock that nearly made him lose his mind.

He didn't lose his mind, obviously, but he did lose his train of thought. Oh God! Oh God! So fuckin' INTENSE! Blowjob are great, don't get me wrong, but fucking ROCKS! And with my sister, the sister I love so much!

It took over a minute of exquisite slow churning before he managed to get back on track. He lightly smacked her left ass cheek. "Stop that! Or I'll..." He was still out of it, and couldn't think how to finish the sentence.

She teased, "Or what? Or you'll spank me? I dare you to do it again!"

"What, like this?" He smacked her other ass cheek.

"Harder!" Now, it was her turn to feel especially powerful waves of pleasure rushing through her body. She thought for sure she'd cum right away, just from his smacks.

He spanked her left cheek again, but much harder this time.

"UGH! MORE!" She showed her wholehearted approval by resuming her slow churn fucking. HNNNG! Talk about fuck-toy bliss! Brother really IS showing me who's who and what's what! He's the big-cocked, hard-thrusting master, and I'm his fuck-toy sister slaaaaave!

Funnily enough, neither of them felt they had to keep quiet about spanking noises and related talk, since Susan would allow that, but at the same time, they remained careful about their fucking noises and related talk.

He loved her erotic fuck-motions, but they were highly distracting, making him worry he'd completely lose vocal control while Susan might be eavesdropping. So he complained, "Stop that!" He smacked her again, twice on each ass cheek this time.

She stayed still, hoping for more spanking fun. But when it became clear he'd stopped, she started quickly thrusting back and forth on his cock. She was extremely close to cumming, so she wanted to slide over the edge into erotic nirvana. "HNNNG! So fucking GOOD! Brother, I love it when you spank me! When you do, I see it as you showing me who's who and what's what!"

After some more frantic thrusting back and forth, she managed to continue to give him more of a somewhat toned-down version of her private thoughts. "And here's my answer: the who's who is that you're my... masterly brother... and... and I'm... I'm your submissive fuck toy sister!"

That gave him another powerful thrill. It also spurred his memory. "Oh yeah. I was saying, we all know how impressive Mom and Aunt Suzy are, not to mention some others, like, say, Brenda. But sex appeal is a lot more to me than just bust size or waist size or things like that. I love YOU, my adorable sister, whether you're my fuck toy or not! I'll always love you, to the ends of space and time! And I'll show you my love physically, every way I can!"bender

"Oh, Brother!" She was so moved that she pulled free from his cock and turned around to come to him. He says he loves me. If only he knew how much I love him! Bro, at times like this, I don't mind your other lovers. In fact, I revel in your sexual prowess! You're the BEST! You should fuck the very best! Sometimes I even secretly love knowing that you're fucking Heather too, 'cos your putting her in her place with your unstoppable cock!

She sat on his lap, but not before settling back down on his thickness. THIS COCK! Right now, it's all mine! She let out a long sigh as he slowly filled her up again. "Aaaaah!"

Chapter 499 Hot Sex Continued!

With her arms around him, and his arms around her, she gave him a scorching kiss. Then she said, "Brother, I'm SO glad to hear that. But here's the thing: I LOVE being your fuck toy! I know that kind of lingo is an attention getter, and that's a bonus, especially since the likes of Heather are after you these days. I'm sure the competition is only going to get more intense as the word of how much fun it is playing with you can be. But I love submitting to you, regardless. Hell, I was calling myself your fuck toy long before there even WAS a competition! I was writing that in my diary, like, well over a year ago. Do you want to see?"

He was taken aback by that. "No way! You promised to skewer and roast me if I so much as looked at the cover of that thing!"

She lifted herself almost all the way off him, then suddenly re-impaled herself. She knew he was dangerously close to cumming but she simply couldn't resist. Then she whispered in his ear, "I don't know about roasting, but there seems to be a lot of skewering going on today!" She giggled while impaling herself on him again.

Then, she resumed in her normal voice. "I know. But this is a special exception. In fact, I insist. Nay, I demand it!" She pulled off him to go get her diary. But she couldn't resist yet again, and impaled herself back on him one more time. Then she really did get off the bed.

He sighed with tremendous relief. He loved the fucking and didn't want it to ever end, so now that she was off him, he hoped he could get a real strategic break that would allow him to keep going much longer.

She realized she had a problem, because she didn't want him to know where she hid her diary. (She actually had several hiding places, just to be on the safe side.) So she said, "Close your eyes. And keep 'em closed, or there will be some serious skewering and roasting. Actually, put a pillow over your face for good measure."

He closed his eyes and put the pillow over his face. But he also said, "Sis, you don't need to do this. I trust you and believe you. If you say you wrote something, then you wrote it."

She went to her stereo and put the "With the Beatles" CD on. That was an easy choice, since she loved the Beatles as much as her brother did. She said, loudly, "I'm gonna play some music, so you can't hear where I'm digging." That was true, but she was also thinking that would help cover the sound of fucking once they resumed. If Susan was listening, it was a great excuse for music.

Then, as she went to her closet, she said, "Thanks for saying that. And I'm sure you mean it. But if you see with your own eyes, you'll believe it even more. That's just human nature." bender

To be honest, he didn't care at all where she hid her diary. He'd known she had a diary for a long time, and while he'd teased her from time to time about looking for it, he'd never actually done so. He loved her too much to violate her privacy like that. Besides, he was happy just to rest and let his heart calm down.

A minute later, she had her diary in hand. "Okay, you can take the pillow down and open your eyes now."

He gasped loudly when he saw the diary. Then he pretended to be injured. "Aaaah! It burns!" He closed his eyes again and covered them. "It's like staring into the Sun! The pain! The pain!"

She lightly slapped his shoulder. "Cut it out. I've removed the curses and hexes for the moment, so you can look at it... briefly." She held it out to him as he opened his eyes. "You don't know what a big deal this is, Bro. I'm trusting you in a big, big way."

"I'm honored. Believe me." He took the diary from her and gazed at the cover. He asked, "What should I do?"

She said, "Don't open it just yet. Pick a number between, oh, say... one and fifty."

"Okay. Twenty-two."

She took the diary back from him and flipped to page twenty-two. She quickly scanned it, looking for the phrase "Fuck toy." She didn't find it there, but she found it on page twenty-four. "A-ha! Just two pages off. That's 'cos I used that phrase a lot. Here, check out this entry."

She handed the diary back to him and pointed where to start reading. Now that her hands were freed, she gripped his still very erect cock with one hand and lightly rubbed his sweet spot.

He read aloud, "'Dear Diary, I had another one of THOSE dreams last night. You know the ones. I don't know what caused it. Actually, I do. Brother and I watched a movie together last night. It was so sweet. We cuddled together on the same sofa with our feet on the table in front. We even shared the same blanket. Mom, Aunt Suzy, and Aims were sitting all around, but I didn't care. It was like Brother and I were in our own world.'"

He looked up and gave her a surprised look. "Wow!"

"Keep reading." She kept on jacking him off, but gently, since she was mindful that he was trying to give his penis a break.

He resumed, "'He had his arm around me, and I had mine around him. We were like a married couple! It was awesome! I so badly wanted to do more than hug. So much more! So I'm sure that's what caused the dream. Because in the dream it was just the same, except I was his Fuck Toy! I DID reach out and slip my hand into his shorts! And even though it was under the blanket, I didn't really care who saw. God! And Diary, his cock was so thick and long! I could barely get my hand around it. Or my lips around it! Because just like so many other dreams, it wasn't long before I was sucking him off!'"

He stopped reading and asked, "Now, wait a minute. When did you write this?"

"Over a year ago." She asked, "Are you gonna ask a lot of questions?"

"Probably." He looked at her stroking fingers and wondered if he should ask her to stop, so he could get more of a break. But the way she was rubbing his sweet spot felt so good that he didn't want it to end.

"Do you need to read more?"

"Um, I kind of want to, but I get the gist."

"Goody!" She tossed the diary to the floor. Then she promptly sat back in his lap, face to face, and settled down onto his cock again. "MMMM! That hits the spot!" She wiggled around a little bit, and then started humping up and down.

He chuckled to himself. So much for a prolonged break! But at least I'm doing somewhat better now. He held her hips, helping her rise and fall on him. He stared lovingly into her eyes. "You certainly are a cheeky one."

"Uppity. The word you're looking for is 'uppity.' In fact, I'm so damn uppity, maybe you need to spank me some more."

"Maybe I do." He smacked her ass cheeks a few times. But it wasn't as hard as before, since she was in constant movement, and he didn't have a good angle.

She closed her eyes and tilted her head way back. "Good God! This is the life!" She was totally blissed out, even as she kept on rising and falling on his cock.

He resumed helping with her hips. "Okay, Sis, can you tell me what that diary entry was all about? That was, like, over a year ago! Why the hell were you lusting after me way back then? I didn't give you any reason to want me whatsoever. I was in major geek mode back then. My body hadn't filled out much either. I was a skinny, dorky, virginal, geek brother."

She still had her head tilted back, as she fully luxuriated in the fucking sensations. But she managed to say, "I know. But you were MY skinny, dorky, virginal geek brother. Can't you see?" She opened her eyes

and stared intently at him. "You may not have been a hunk, but you were still my very best friend and the only guy I've ever had ANY interest in. I had to go through the motions of going on a few dates - where nothing happened by the way - just so people wouldn't think I was weird."

He stared at her in wide wonder. He'd never realized that before.

She kept on ably talking, despite her slow hip churning. "It's like what you were saying about breast sizes and waist sizes and whatnot. I'm sure it helps that Mom and Aunt Suzy have the bodies of perfect supermodels, and their tits and asses are ridiculous, but don't you think you'd still love to fuck them if they were more like normal women?"

"Totally!" he said without hesitation. "I'll admit the sex bomb thing helps a lot. I guess I'd have a certain threshold in the looks department, even with you or them. But I'd be willing to overlook a lot because of the love. That's what I was saying before, about how you don't need to be my fuck toy. And you don't need Brenda-sized boobs either. I mean, you're my Kat, my Sis. That turns me on more than the sun is hot."

The fucking had mostly come to a stop as they shared an emotional moment. He remained fully sheathed in her. "I mean... like the way we were cuddled together watching that movie a year ago. We've done so much stuff like that, ever since we were in diapers. Nothing could compare to that. Nothing! We're so much closer than most brothers and sisters. Even when we were off doing different stuff, we still had this... connection. You know?"

She beamed. "I know! And that's why I lusted after you even when you were skinny and extra doofy. And it turns out I'm the submissive type, so I've had Fuck Toy type fantasies for a long time now. Since I loved you, and lusted for you, you were the one I wanted to, well, tame me." She brightened even more. "And now, unbelievably enough, YOU HAVE! I can barely believe it, but look at us now!"

She triumphantly rose up and let herself back down. They both sighed lustily. Then she resumed her incredibly arousing slow churning. She whispered near his ear, "I'm your FUCK TOY! That means you fuck me at will! At YOUR will! And I live to serve YOU! My joy is pleasuring your cock! And that's the truth. I get so much joy out of it that it's not even funny. Not to mention the countless orgasms!"

"Really?" He reached out and started playing with her clit. Even with her continual churning and gyrating on his cock, he managed to keep diddling her there.

She whispered urgently, "if you keep that up, I'm gonna cum right now!"

"I know. That's the idea. But you're not allowed to."

"WHAT?!"

"You heard what I said. That's an order. Or is this fuck toy stuff just talk?"

"Oh, FUCK!" She suddenly halted her churning, and just held him tight.

"Why did you stop?" he asked.

She pulled back and looked into his eyes. "You have to ask? Gaawwwd! If I keep going, even five seconds more, I'm totally gonna cum and cum, and cum so more! And you say I can't, you meanie! So I HAVE to stop!"

He said, "Okay, keep going, and that's an order. But don't cum! That's an order too!"

"You can't do that!" she wailed. But she resumed her sexy gyrations. In just a few seconds, she started panting hard. "Oh God! Oh God! I'm gonna cum! So hard!"

Seeing that she was bouncing on his cock quite vigorously without any help, he took his hands off her hips and started playing with her breasts.

She quietly hissed, "Fuck me! Fucking fucker! Don't do that or I'm really gonna cum!"

He grinned impishly. "Sucks to be you."

"AAARGH!" She clenched her teeth and closed her eyes in a desperate attempt to delay her orgasm a little longer. But she could tell it was a losing battle. She was slowly slipping into orgasmic oblivion.

He was determined to get her to cum. He was curious how long she could hold out, and how she'd react once she'd climaxed without permission. Besides, he was getting close to cumming himself, and he didn't want to lose control before she did. He mostly alternated between playing with her nipples and clit, but his hands seemed to be everywhere at once.

After about another minute of desperately struggling not to cum, while churning on his cock with greater and greater speed and depth (her hips couldn't help it!), she asked him between clenched teeth, "What's... gonna... happen if... I... I cum... without..."

"Permission?" he helped out.

She nodded intently.

"Why, then I guess I'll have to spank you. And not some mild love tap either. I'm talking a serious wailing, with your naked body lying across my lap!"

That was the last straw. In her erotic delirium, that sounded like a wonderful reward, not a punishment. She started cumming hard. She was actually hopeful she'd get spanked like that soon thereafter.

Alan had worked himself up into a lather too, and all her non-stop gyrations had had their effect. Once she started cumming, he couldn't hold out and he started shooting his load into her. When she felt that, that sent her off into some kind of incredible super-orgasm.

The only problem was that they were still very concerned about Susan eavesdropping. Katherine was forced to bite down on her hand, to at least somewhat stifle her screaming. Alan saw that and decided to do the same.

The two of them were remarkably quiet as their orgasms went on and on and on. It was like they were silent, or anything near to it. In fact, they were rather loud. But at least they weren't "screaming their heads off" loud, which is what they would have been had they not been fighting it so hard.

Alan's climax ended first, naturally. Katherine kept on for another minute, or even more. But his cock stayed stiff most of that time, allowing her to continue to bounce on it, helping to keep her erotic euphoria in the stratosphere.

Chapter 500 Things Will Never Go Back To "Normal" Around Here

When she finally came down, she crashed hard. She went limp in his arms, just as his penis shriveled into its flaccid state.

He was staggered into total exhaustion too. He would have fallen asleep right away, except he had a naked, gorgeous sister on his lap, panting hard, with her big, heaving tits sliding up and down on the sweat on his chest. (He was glad he'd taken his T-shirt off.) That was distracting enough to at least keep him conscious.

She fell asleep, but not for long. After a few minutes, her eyes stayed closed, but she showed she was awake by saying, "Heaven!"

He'd been starting to drift off, but he asked, "Excuse me?"

"I said, 'Heaven.' This is Heaven."bender

"Is it?"

"Yes. If I die and there is a Heaven for real, it can't possibly beat this! I've never been so happy!"

He opened his eyes and tenderly ran his fingers across her cheeks.

She smiled at that and opened her eyes too. She similarly caressed his face. She said, "Tell me this is not a dream."

"It's not. Or, if it is, I'm having the same dream, and it's a great one."

She said, "You see from my diary that I'm not some Joanie-Come-Lately when it comes to this fuck-toy stuff. I've wanted this for so long! And now I have you!"

He winced as he asked, "You don't mind sharing me?"

She was reviving, and said with emotional intensity, "Hell no! I LOVE sharing you with Mom and Aunt Suzy. And sharing with Amy is gonna be awesome too, I can tell. She's my best friend. We're gonna have such fun licking and sucking your cock together, amongst lots of other things. I can't wait!"

But then her smile soured. "Of course, sharing with the likes of Heather is a different matter. I'm really glad you fended her off today. How did that end, by the way?" She wasn't so keen on Alan fucking Heather when she wasn't extremely aroused.

"Well, I fended her off for now, but I kinda promised her that I'd fuck her again soon. I guess I'm kind of weak."

Katherine tilted her head and considered that. She decided, "Kinda. I wouldn't call it 'weak' though. You've discovered this new sexual power. You have a special sex appeal, and you can't resist trying it out. I get it. Like I said, there's gonna be a lot of competition. But we've got our special connection. So I'm not TOO worried."

"But you are worried some?"

"Sure! Worried and jealous. You can see the fuck toy thing started a long time ago, way before I ever imagined you'd get it on with Mom or Aunt Suzy, much less both of them! But still, I'm glad it helps get me noticed some more. The squeaky wheel gets the grease and all that. But that's just the start. How long will it be before you're fucking Amy? Or Brenda? And what happens if you fully tame Heather? I know she's A bitch, but what if you make her YOUR bitch?"

"What?"

"You know what I mean. She's impossible to deal with now, but what if she totally falls in love with serving your cock? It could happen. It's happened to me. It's happened to Mom. You'll be fucking her

too, eventually, I'm sure. If it happens to Heather, that could change things in a big way. Can you imagine her collared and leashed, and you walking her around naked and on all fours, like a true bitch? A female dog? Then the rest of us will be stuck dealing with her bitchy ways. Grrr!"

"What are you talking about? That's really crazy!" He had a brief, freaky vision of Heather crawling on all fours down a school hallway. He was walking beside her, holding her leash. She glared in her intimidating way, challenging anyone passing by to laugh or complain about her nudity and position.

He assumed Katherine had to be playing with him, because that scenario was so impossible.

Katherine didn't even know if she meant it or not. But at the moment, she was so high on his fucking skills that she felt that practically anything was possible. She said, "No it's not. You don't know what it's like to get fucked like you just fucked me!" (In her post-orgasmic euphoria, she'd forgotten about the danger of their mother listening in.) "It's the BEST! Beyond the best! I'm sure there are all kinds of chemicals flooding my brain and my body right now, saying, 'Love and serve this man! Do whatever you can so we can get another hit of THAT!'"

"Are you serious?"

"Of course I'm serious! And I'm sure that's what happens too. I don't know much about it, but on some level love is a chemical and hormonal thing, isn't it? It's well known that fucking helps create and strengthen a love bond."

"So you're saying two people who hate each other can fuck themselves into loving each other?"

"I don't know. Maybe. Probably. Who knows? I'm talking out of my ass."

He reached around with both hands and gave her ass cheeks a playful squeeze. "You mean this ass?"

She giggled and smiled from ear to ear. "That's the one! But don't get started again, 'cos my body can't take it! By the way, what's up with this spanking you promised?"

"What do you mean?"

"When is it going to happen?"

He saw the fiery look in her eyes. "I don't know. Actually, I'm going to cancel it."

"What?! No!" She was crestfallen, and it showed. "Why?!"

"See? That's why. You're totally bummed, and it's supposed to be a punishment. Besides, I don't think I'm ready for it. You seem to be taking to this fuck toy role with gusto, but I'm having trouble with my role. I'm not a natural chest-beating, alpha male, he-man type. Spanking you? I love you, and my natural instinct is to protect you. How could I hurt you?"

"You were doing a pretty good job of it for a while there, when we were in the middle of... you-know-what." She looked suspiciously towards the door, because she remembered the danger of their mother Susan eavesdropping again.

Curiosity finally got the best of Alan. Now that the fucking was over and they were rested, he quietly disengaged from his sister and silently snuck to the door. Even though he was still buck naked, he suddenly opened it wide and peered into the hallway. To his surprise, there was no one there. He closed the door and went back to his sister.

As they resumed cuddling, he said, "Huh. I thought the odds were fairly good she'd be there. It seems to be happening a lot lately."

"True." She whispered, "Let's count ourselves lucky. If she WAS listening, she probably would have figured out we were fucking. We dropped a lot of clues along the way."

"Yeah. Especially the mutual orgasm at the end."

They both grinned madly at that.

She asked, "Not that I'm complaining, but I'm curious why you changed your mind about the 'no fucking my fuck-toy sister in the house, even though that's what she's there for' rule."

His body jerked with surprise as he realized that he had broken his own rule. Ignoring her teasing way of describing the rule, he exclaimed, "Shit! I DID forget! Dammit. But, in my defense, I was so damned horny that I couldn't think straight. After what happened in the basement, even though I had an orgasm there, and then what happened with Heather by the front door... damn! Man! My life has gotten so crazy." He sighed from mental exhaustion.

Katherine frowned. "So... does that mean the rule still stands?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

Katherine shook a fist in the air. "Shucks! Arrrgh! That's so frustrating! But you broke the rule, and with Mom in the house no less, and the world didn't come to an end. Why don't you at least..."

Her voice trailed off, because they heard someone coming up the stairs. They probably wouldn't have noticed, except that they were still thinking about eavesdropping.

Alan whispered, "Oh, shit! Speak of the devil. Now, THAT must be Mom!" He got up and quickly started putting his clothes back on.

Katherine did the same.

Sure enough, less than a minute later, there was a knock on a door. But, luckily, it was Alan's door across the hall. They heard Susan calling for Alan, and then opening his door. That gave them time to finish dressing and make themselves at least semi-presentable.

But both of them sniffed the air and realized there was no way Susan would miss the sex smell if she came into the room. While she'd probably assume they'd been doing something short of fucking, Katherine would likely get in some trouble, since she was technically limited to only a single handjob for the entire day.

So Alan quietly hissed to her, "Quick! Just walk out the door like you're going downstairs. Before she can come in!"

Katherine immediately saw the rationale for that. "Right!" She went to the door, but waited for Alan to stand out of view before she opened it. Then she casually strolled into the hallway.

Susan was just coming out of Alan's room, dressed in just a loose, very short, white bathrobe. She was slightly startled to see Katherine. The robe had been wide open in front, so she tried her best to quickly pull it closed. "Oh, hi there, Angel. Say, have you seen Tiger?"

Katherine was also trying to act casual. She kept on walking a few steps past Susan towards the top of the stairs before stopping and turning. She hoped the distance would help prevent Susan from noticing the sex smell that no doubt still clung to her. "Oh? He's not in his room?"

"No."

"Maybe he's downstairs with Aunt Suzy?"

"No, she just left."

Katherine wrinkled her brow, pretending to think intently. "Hmmm. Curious. I don't know then. But when I'm downstairs, I'll look."

Susan nodded while fidgeting at pulling her robe together. But it was so revealing that it only stayed closed in front when she continued to hold it. After a pause, she asked, "By the way... I don't know how to put it... but there's a kind of certain smell..."

Katherine kept her cool as she continued to increase the space between her and Susan, just to make sure that her mother wouldn't detect the rather obvious smell of sex. "Oh, that? Guess what I was just doing. I'll give you a clue: it begins with the letter 'M' and ends with 'asturbating.'"

Susan clutched at her chest in dismay. "Angel!"

Katherine put her hands on her hips. "What? It's wrong for a MAN to spill his seed on the ground, but it's no problem for a woman. A virile young man's cum belongs on a woman's face or chest, or in one of her orifices, wouldn't you agree?"

"But of course! Anything else would be, well... not just a shame and a waste, but a sin!" Clearly, Susan had fully bought into that idea.

Katherine looked over Susan's robe, which still revealed a tremendous amount of cleavage and thigh, despite her mother's continued efforts to keep it closed in front. "True. But there's no sin in a woman pleasuring herself. In fact, I'll bet dollars to donuts that you're off to take a shower, and while you're there, well, let's just say you might have a nice little orgasm or two."

Susan bowed her head and blushed. Realizing that her reaction had given her away, she said, "Well, there may be some truth to that, but in my defense, I'm having to deal with unreasonable, extreme temptation, every single day! You saw what Tiger did downstairs. It was just... so hot!"

Katherine grinned impishly. "Are you talking about the way he ran his hands all over your naked body like he owned you?"

Susan's eyes widened. Clearly, that phrase fired her lust. "Ummm..." She fidgeted, again tugging at her robe.

Katherine looked up and down Susan's body with amusement. "By the way, Mom, what's up with that robe? It's so short that it barely reaches down to your pussy, and even with the way you're tugging the sides together in front, there's still an obvious gap. Where did you get that? From a clothing store for kids?!"

Susan turned her head in embarrassment. "Er, it's uh... it's one of Suzanne's."

"But there's no way it would fit her either. The two of you are the exact same size, as everyone knows. I suspect that robe is less for covering up, and more for showing off. Why, if Brother had come to his door instead of me coming to mine, I'll bet that robe, and your amazing body underneath, would have given him a humungous erection within seconds! And seconds later, you would have been on your knees with that robe tossed on the floor, with your lips wrapped around his huge, hot shaft, your tongue lapping

just under the crown of his bulbous knob, and your fingers dancing up and down his long, fat pole! Was that your plan?"

Katherine had obviously hit the nail on the head. Susan was fidgeting so much from that description that she was practically dancing in place. Her face turned even redder from arousal. "Um... he has big needs, Angel. You know that. Very, big, thick, er... needs! I have to be ready at any time!"

Katherine's gaze went all the way down to Susan's feet. "Is that why you're wearing high heels too? Does it give you an extra thrill while sucking and slurping and licking endlessly on your son's constantly hot, throbbing, erect cock, knowing that you're a big-titted, high-heeled, sex-toy mommy who lives to-"

Susan rudely interrupted, "I've gotta go take that shower now!" She was too hot and bothered, and simply couldn't take it anymore. She turned and hustled towards her bedroom. She spoke over her shoulder, "If you see him, let me know. Especially if he has, you know... his problem."

"Okay, Mom!" Katherine continued on down the stairs. She was tickled pink at how well that had worked out. Hee! She's soooo easy to wind up. And it's so fun! Things will never go back to "normal" around here, that's for sure, since she's completely hooked. Thank God for that!

With Susan taking a shower, Alan had no problem getting out of Katherine's room unnoticed.

As he was leaving, he noticed Katherine's diary was still on the floor where she'd tossed it. He was briefly tempted to pick it up and read more of it, but he thought, Nah. Things are so great between Sis and me lately. I don't want to ruin that. She'd probably find out I'd peeked. And even if she didn't, it's not right. It's one thing if she's there and she lets me, but this would be totally different. She's so great to me in every way, especially lately... I'm going to be great to her in return.

He left the diary where it was. But he went downstairs to warn Katherine that it was lying out in the open, so she could put it back in one of her hiding places. Then he took a shower of his own to get rid of any incriminating sights or smells.

Then he went back to his room and started reading a book. He was reading *The Lord of the Rings* (and not for the first time), but he hadn't been making much progress on it lately, due to so much sexual activity. After his intense orgasm with Katherine, not to mention all the other sexy fun earlier, he was content to just chill out and do something non-sexual for a while.

Susan came by after her shower. She was visibly disappointed to find out that he was flaccid and not up for any kind of sexual activity any time soon. But she told him that she understood, that sometimes he needed time to recharge and recover. She went out to the backyard to do some gardening.