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Chapter 51 Suzanne's Tongue

Alan sat up and looked around. He finally realized with a start that his cum lay all over Suzanne's tremendous tits. Much of it had hit her right in her cleavage. Then he looked up and saw that even more had landed on her face.

He wanted desperately to take his hands and explore the depths of that deep valley, rubbing his cum all over her round mounds. The fact that she was still lightly panting, causing her cum-covered tits to heave, only increased his mental excitement. He also got an extra thrill from being reminded how he'd shot his load on his mother's equally huge tits the night before.

But he dared not touch Suzanne, not understanding what limits there might be. Others might have been much bolder, but he was too inexperienced and shy to take the initiative. Furthermore, he saw no need to push his luck, particularly since his penis was down for the count and he was so wiped out that he could barely move a muscle.

Suzanne said, "Okay, now it's time for you to REALLY tell me what happened during your medical appointment. Not to mention what happened when you masturbated in front of your mother last night!"

He feigned confusion. "What do you mean?"

She pouted, "After I do that for you, you still play dumb with me? I talked to Susan about it and she told a different story than the one you gave at dinner. For instance, you forgot to mention how Akami gave her a so-called breast exam."

"Ooooooh... THAT appointment."

Suzanne chuckled.

He said, "Look, I'm just trying to protect her. She obviously was very conflicted about the whole thing. I don't want her to be all embarrassed."

Suzanne ran her hand through his unruly hair. "That's really sweet, and that's one reason why you're my Sweetie. But she told me everything. You know how we don't keep secrets from each other, so why should this be any different? I just want to hear your view, your impression." She ran down some highlights of the event, revealing how much she knew already.

So he went over the appointment again, but this time didn't hold anything back. In truth, Susan hadn't told Suzanne absolutely everything, but Suzanne adroitly asked him questions to help fill in the gaps in her knowledge without revealing that there had been any gaps.

As he talked, he felt his erection slowly reviving. The fact that Akami had rubbed his dick had been extracted from him during the previous night's dinner only after repeated questioning. This time he freely described Akami's sexy ministrations in great detail. In fact, after a while, he mentioned little else but that and the way that Akami had fondled Susan's chest. The more he talked, the more he remembered just how exciting it had all been.

Between his own words and the continued sight of his cum slowly trickling down Suzanne's body, his hands found themselves wrapped around his new hard-on.

But she quickly saw that and said, "Don't you dare touch that just yet! Leave that to me. Why do it yourself when you've got Aunt Suzy all addicted to your cock already? You've won yourself a very eager cock stroker."

He could hardly argue with that. Christ! Is she serious?! This must be a dream, and I'm gonna wake up at any moment. He pulled his hands away.

She added in her delightfully raspy voice, "But since you got your pleasure, I hope you don't mind if I get off too." She thrust one of her fingers into her gash, which unfortunately for him remained hidden under her kimono.

He couldn't really tell what was going on underneath there, but he desperately wanted to find out. Growing bold, he reached out to adjust her kimono and give himself a better view.

She chided. "Look, but don't touch. It's my great pleasure to give you stimulation, Sweetie, but we can't go any farther than that. So no touching me. After all, I'm your dear old Aunt Suzy, aren't I? This body has to remain off limits to you."

For maybe a week at most, hee-hee, she gleefully corrected herself in her private thoughts. Just until Susan comes around some more. Then she told him, "Now, no pouting. And since you're being so good, maybe you'd like me to do this some more?" She took his hot pole back in her hands and resumed stroking it.

"Um, yeah?!" he answered with incredulous joy.

She was all smiles. "Me too. Now, tell me more about how you really felt at the doctor's office."

He had pretty much told her everything already, but he didn't mind describing how Akami had played with Susan's immense breasts in more detail. He was amazed that he could even talk while Suzanne's sliding fingers were pleasuring him so much.

At one point, he thought, Somehow, I feel surprisingly comfortable in this situation, as if we've done this many times before. Sure, I'm insanely horny - how could I not be with the goddess Suzanne?! But I'm not jittery like earlier. This must be because I know and love my Aunt Suzy so much. We get along so well. In a weird way, this feels natural!

He kept on talking as she continued stroking while lightly blowing air over his cockhead. But before he could finish the story, much less tell the next one about his masturbation session while his mother was watching, there was a knock on the door.

It was Susan. She said through the door. "Tiger? Suzanne? You still in there? How's it going? It's been a while now."

Alan looked around for his shorts and started to reach out so he could quickly put them back on.

But Suzanne waved that effort off. Instead, without attempting to cover up or move from where she sat, she said, "Oh, things are CUMMING along nicely. Come on in, Susan."

Then, to his total shock, Suzanne kept on stroking his erection, occasionally using both hands.

Susan opened the door and stepped into the room. The first thing she noticed was Suzanne's pale white back. She didn't see any clothing above her friend's waist, and realized that meant Suzanne's front also was completely exposed. Then her eyes went to Alan and she realized that he was sitting in the perfect position to ogle Suzanne's bare chest.

As she stepped further into the room, she was able to see around Suzanne's back more until she saw enough of Alan to determine that he wasn't wearing any shorts. Then she saw his shorts on the floor. She froze before she got enough of an angle to see his erection, but she knew it was there from the lusty look on his face.

Susan gasped loudly. Oh no! Suzanne, she's ... she's ... I can't believe it! She's playing with his member! Why is she doing that?! Doesn't she know I'm standing here?! Of course she does. I'm so confused! Oh dear. This is dreadful!

Susan recovered from her shock enough to shriek, "Suzanne! What on God's green Earth are you doing?!"

"You know very well what I'm doing. Sweetie needs a lot of help, and I'm helping him."

"B-b-b-but" Susan stammered helplessly. She couldn't see what Suzanne's hands were doing from where she stood, but her body suddenly felt strangely tingly all over just the same.

While Susan was practically in shock, Alan was nearly as surprised, due to how she looked. He couldn't get over the outfit she was wearing. She looked like a teenage girl about to go out on a hot date, with a black mini-skirt and a nearly skin-tight top that exposed her shapely back and taut belly. She was blushing profusely and holding both arms to cover her chest, but that just made her all the more arousing.

Suzanne hadn't turned around to look at Susan at all, but she knew with certainty that Susan was blushing and covering up as much as she could. Suzanne was the one who'd told her what to wear, and she knew well Susan's personality and how uncomfortable she would be wearing that outfit. So, as she rubbed Alan's sweet spot - his frenulum - a little bit, she said to Susan with authority, "Drop your hands to your sides this instant."

Susan was mortified, but she brought her arms down. She still hadn't tried to move to a spot where she could get a good look at Alan's crotch, for fear of what she'd see there. It wasn't his erection that she feared so much as the sight of Suzanne's hand holding it, and probably even stroking it. She knew that would make her feel terribly jealous, and even more aroused than she already was.

Although Susan couldn't see what Suzanne's hands were doing, she could see Suzanne's arms moving. Oh my God! Dear God! She's... She's... She's pumping on him! Just like Akami did! Just like what I saw him doing to himself last night too! Oh God, I'm living that nightmare all over again! But the "nightmare" was so "traumatic" that her nipples practically poked through her top, and her already wet pussy started to pulse with need.

After Suzanne gave Susan enough time to reposition her hands, Suzanne said, "Now, thrust your chest out and let your son admire your new outfit."

Susan protested, "But this outfit, it's hardly appropriate, I mean, it's so scandalous to begin with-

"Susan!" Suzanne was good at speaking in a way that demanded obedience.

Susan could hear the squishy sounds of Suzanne's hands sliding up and down Alan's pre-cum-soaked shaft. "Suzanne, please! Really, don't you think that while you're in the middle of, well, using your hand to-

But Suzanne interrupted, "Remember that you're here for visual stimulation. You're doing what you can do to help his condition, and I'm doing what I can. I'm in the middle of helping his member get hard again, and you have fantastic 38G breasts that help inspire him. I think he could use a good dose of visual stimulation right now."

"But you have 38G breasts too," Susan pointed out. "And what's more, you're topless."bender

"I know," Suzanne replied. "But he's got a special thing for yours. Don't you Sweetie?"

Alan figured it safer not to reply.

After a pause, Susan sighed. "Very well." She thrust her chest out and stood with her arms straight at her sides, like a soldier at attention. Meanwhile, she continued to stare. As if there was any doubt about it, she just confirmed it! She IS "helping his member get hard again." That means her fingers are playing up and down his thick ... member. I knew that's what that lewd sound was. Oh dear! Why does this keep happening to me?!

She glanced back over at Suzanne, only to see that while Suzanne was preoccupied with Alan's crotch instead of her, Alan had turned his head and was looking directly at her.

Her nipples and pussy buzzed with arousal as she thought, Tiger's staring right at me! Oh God! Too exciting! Why does he bother looking at me when Suzanne is totally topless right in front of him? And she's simply gorgeous! Could it be that he thinks I'm sexy too? Does he really have a "special thing" for my breasts?

Oh, he does! I just know it. Look at him: he's staring right at my CHEST! Oh God! I'm so humiliated in this ridiculous pose, but I can't deny that I'm feeling strangely... tingly... all over again. It's so hot! Tiger just loves his mommy's big tits!

Suzanne finally looked back to see what Susan was actually doing. She demanded impatiently, "More thrusting, please."

"Is that really necessary?" She loved the attention that her stance was getting, but she felt guilty and slutty too.

"Suuuuusan!" Suzanne chided.

Blushing furiously, Susan thrust her chest forward as far as she could. She wanted to crawl into a hole and die from embarrassment, but at the same time she reveled in the shame and the naughtiness of what she was doing. She still couldn't stand to look in her son's direction beyond an occasional glance, but she felt light-headed since she knew he was staring at her.

She thought, Tiger's member is long and stiff and thick, I just know it! I can't see it directly, but I know exactly what it looks like after yesterday! Boy do I ever! Suzanne's busy running her lucky fingers all over it, while he gets even longer, stiffer, and thicker looking at Mommy's big rack! Son, that's the same rack you squirted two loads of cum on yesterday!

Oh dear. I can't let myself think such naughty thoughts. It's all so exciting, but it's wrong too! It's okay if he gets horny, but I shouldn't be getting tingly like this!

Alan was so transfixed by the sight of his mother standing in that lewd position that he hardly paid attention to the way Suzanne's fingers were dancing up and down his shaft and cockhead. However, he certainly did enjoy the amazing feeling. He thought, What's with Mom?! It's like she's Aunt Suzy's puppet, staying in a weird pose like that. But what a sexy, sexy pose! DANG, she's hot! And she's my loving mom!

Suzanne, still without turning, then asked Susan, "So. What is it that brought you in?"

Holding her body in that lewd thrusting position, Susan tried to say in a casual voice, "Oh, I just wanted to say hello and see if you needed anything. Just seeing how you're getting along. But I, uh... I didn't know that you'd be, um..."

The truth was, she hadn't had any reason to come in, but Suzanne had told her in advance that this was the time she was going to be giving Alan his first handjob, and as the minutes went by Susan's curiosity eventually got the best of her. She absolutely had to know how things were going. She secretly longed to stroke him herself, but she didn't dare. At least she could live vicariously through her best friend.

Suzanne knew this would happen. She could have strung Susan along, but decided to have mercy since Susan was doing her best by wearing the outfit and posing in such a sexy way. She said, "I just stroked him to a very nice climax, didn't I, Sweetie?"

He thought, I can't believe we're having this conversation. How surreal! But he answered, "Uh, yeah. Mom, it was, um, very nice. Aunt Suzy is very talented with her hands."

Susan also found the whole situation bizarre, but she managed to reply, "That's nice. I'll bet she is. But Suzanne, isn't he, uh ... still ... you know ... hard?"

Curiosity was making her slowly drift further into the room, even as she kept her chest thrust out. She finally reached the point where she could see Alan's erection, and she dared to look directly at it. She held her breath in awe as she saw it pointing up stiffly. She actually couldn't see much of it, since both of

Suzanne's hands were wrapped around it and sliding up and down, but she saw enough to feel an electric, erotic shock down to her toes.

She froze again and gawked. She didn't even notice all the cum on Suzanne's face, since her gaze was focused on Alan's hard-on like a laser beam.

Oh Lord! Dear Lord God! She really is doing it! Mmmm! Look at all that thick yummy goodness in her hands! Oh God! She's gonna stroke and stroke and stroke until he just explodes! He's gonna cum all over her! Just like she said he should cum all over ME! And just like he splattered me last night, TWICE!

I thought that was gross at first, but I'm kind of getting to like it! And look at Suzanne. She doesn't seem to mind at all, and he splattered his cummy sperm all over her face! WOW!

Confirming out of the corner of her eyes that Susan had come even closer and could see Alan's erection now, Suzanne felt delightfully devilish and just couldn't resist temptation. She flicked her extraordinarily long tongue out and briefly lapped it against Alan's sweet spot.

Alan didn't see it, since he was looking at Susan, but he felt it. He didn't know what was happening exactly, but a jolt of pure pleasure shot through him like an electric shock. He closed his eyes tightly and cried out loudly. Between the way Suzanne's fingers were dancing all over his shaft and the way she was continually blowing air on him in new ways, he didn't really consider that it could be her tongue that had caused the jolt. Besides, the last time he'd looked, her mouth was too far away for her tongue to reach - if it had been a normal-length tongue, that is.

Susan did see it. My GOD! Look at that tongue! I knew she had a long tongue, but I didn't know it was THAT long! It's not even human! She gasped a few seconds after Alan's cry, since the pleasure he felt was instantaneous, while it took her a bit to register and truly believe what she was seeing.

Since Suzanne was only "supposed" to be giving Alan a handjob and not a blowjob, she reluctantly pulled her tongue back in her mouth. She could hardly wait to do a lot more of that in the near future though.

Alan belatedly noticed Susan's gasp, and opened his eyes to gawk at her some more.

Realizing that Alan could see how blatantly she was staring at the handjob Suzanne was giving him, Susan freaked out and backed away. "Um, nice. Very nice! Uh, I gotta go. Let me know if you need anything else!" By the time she finished saying that, she was back in the hallway. She closed the door behind her and rushed to her bathroom to take a cold shower.

She couldn't believe how aroused the entire encounter had left her. Oh my! Oh my! That was too hot! That shook me down to my bones. I think that's the sexiest thing I've ever seen in my life! Except maybe watching Tiger cum on me twice last night. Okay, it's tied. I just hope and pray that my wanton, shameful lust didn't show on my face!

But it had, of course. She was terrible at hiding her true emotions. Not only had Suzanne picked up on her mood, but even a highly distracted Alan had as well.

Susan's one all-consuming thought was that those could be her hands, provided she would agree to help him "do his thing" in a more direct manner.

Chapter 52 Aim For My Mouth!!

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As soon as Susan was gone, Suzanne thought, A-ha! I've always figured Susan would be submissive in bed, and the way she secretly loved being told to thrust her chest out proves it. She could have just done that for a minute and stopped. But no. She kept right on doing it! Things are going to get miiiiiighty interesting around here, that's for sure!

She chuckled. She'd paused in her stroking, but now she resumed a steady rhythm. She spoke to Alan in a matter-of-fact manner, as if this kind of thing were commonplace. "Awww, shucks. I was hoping she would stay longer. I didn't even get to show her this lovely pearl necklace you gave me."

She swiped a gob of his cum off her cum-splattered chest, then made a great show of sucking it into her mouth with her free hand. "Jesus H. Christ!" she said with great surprise. "Has anyone ever told you how sweet your cum tastes?"

He let out a loud groan. "Oh. My. Gaawwwd. Aunt Suzy, this has just been too weird. Great, damn great, but weird. I mean you" - he pointed at her cum-splattered chest - "and then Mom" - he pointed at the door. "I mean, it's just... Whoa!"

Since he was at a loss for words, Suzanne said, "Yeah, I know. It's a lot coming at you all at once. You have to admit though, that your mom looked really hot as she stood there obediently with her chest thrust out, her giant tits hanging out right in front of you, panting and staring hungrily at your big, hard cock. Didn't that turn you on?"

He assumed he needed to keep his incestuous desires a secret from everyone, even Suzanne. "It's not like that, Aunt Suzy. Really."

She raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Really?"

"Honest to God. I mean, yes, she's attractive. Hell, more than attractive. But she's my mom. I don't think of her that way."

Suzanne kept pressing, trying to get him to confess some attraction. She began intently rubbing his sweet spot again, to further break down his resistance. "Oh, come on, Sweetie. 'Attractive?' Is that the best you can come up with? That's like saying the sun is kind of warm."

He admitted, "Okay, she's gorgeous. She's frigging incredibly beautiful, just like you are. I mean, her dimensions are just crazy. Big up top, a narrow waist, and then wide hips. Again, exactly like you. What more could a guy want?! But she's my mom! No one can deny that she's beautiful, but I don't see her, as ... you know ... sexy."

Suzanne's fingers slid up and down his slicked-up shaft. "Sweetie, don't lie to me. You have to admit she looks damn sexy. Are you saying you don't see your mother as beautiful AND sexy, just because she's your mother? Is that what you want me to tell her?"

"No!" he cried in agitation. "God, she's totally HOT!" He got even more flustered after realizing what he'd just said. He blurted out, "Don't tell her anything! Please? Promise? It's not like that!" He started sweating profusely, as if he were being tortured under interrogation.

Suzanne stroked his erection even more aggressively. "I won't tell her anything. Your secret is safe with me. Personally, I don't think there's anything wrong with sex with an adoptive parent, as long as you're both loving and consenting adults. Don't you agree?"

"No comment." He was really sweating bullets now. He knew that his lust for Susan was as plain as day. After all that happened yesterday, it was like some inner restraint had broken: he couldn't hide his feelings for his mother anymore.

Suzanne decided to give him a break and not press him too hard on the issue. "Whatever. But you have to admit she looked hot."

"How do you even know what she was wearing? You didn't turn to look, did you?"

"I did, eventually. But I didn't need to, because I knew she was going to wear something scandalously sexy to help you cum. That's the kind of loving mother she is. I kind of got a kick out of not seeing what it was exactly at first, and just imagining. But let's go back to the appointment. What do you think she was thinking while Akami was playing with her nipples? Don't you think she got really horny, between Akami doing that and the way she was devouring your big dick with her eyes?"

"How the heck should I know what she was thinking?"

Suzanne grew more excited herself. "Don't you think, after watching Akami jack you off for so long, Susan would want to jack you off herself? What happened last night, with just you and her? Did she touch it, or even stroke it, like I'm doing? Wouldn't you like her to do what I'm doing right now, wrap her soft hands around your prick and make you feel incredibly good? Don't you want to blow your load all over her just like you've blown your load all over me?"

He looked at the pearly mess all over her face and curvy tit-slopes. He pleaded, "Please don't ask me these questions! It's freaking me out! Aunt Suzy, I'm so on the edge! I don't just mean that I'm about to cum, although that's true too. I mean that my brain is just about to shut down from stimulation overload. I'm really freaking out!"

Suzanne realized she was pushing him too far too fast. She thought, What am I pushing him for, anyway? It's as clear as the sun rises in the east that he lusts after Susan as much as he lusts after me. I don't need to actually get a confession out of him to know that. As long as that's true, my plan to seduce the entire Plummer family is still very possible. As always, the main barrier is Susan's prudish attitude, but we can see that's starting to change. Everything is beginning to come together brilliantly!

She let go of his turgid dick. "Oh. Well, I can understand that. Sorry for being kind of pushy. I'll tell you what. Why don't you just chill out and do some homework, and I'll come back another time. There are some things I still want to discuss with you."

He was relieved; he really did feel overstimulated. But at the same time he looked down at his erection and said, "Thanks. But, uh, before you go, you know, since you're so against chafing and everything, I'll just be honest. As soon as you go out that door, I'm going to masturbate like there's no tomorrow."

She gave him a put-out look. "Let me guess: you'd rather I finish you off than do it yourself."

He nodded shyly, wondering if he'd pushed his luck too far.

She could have teased him about it, but she decided it was better to build up his sexual confidence. So she said, "Uh-oh. You got me. Looks like you've already discovered I can't turn down a chance to play with your cock." She leaned in and resumed stroking it, while also blowing on it with every breath.

She knew he was already pretty close to cumming. As she stroked, she said in a dispassionate voice, "Since you've got me here, bare breasted and on my knees, with my hands full of cock, now's as good a time as any for that serious discussion I wanted to have with you later."

He groaned. "Oh, Aunt Suzy. Can't it wait?"

"No. I want you to remember this. Your mother is a sexy woman. She may even be having horny thoughts about you, though she probably doesn't know or understand them herself. I'll bet when she was in that bathroom in the doctor's office, fingering herself, she was thinking about you. She even hinted as much to me. She kept talking about her 'unnatural, disturbing fantasies.' She was dreaming of you in there; I know it! She was fantasizing about holding your cock, and doing to it just what Akami was doing to it, which is what I'm doing right now!"

He found himself at the edge of another climax, even more from her words about Susan than what her fingers were doing. He strained to hold out a little longer.

But then Suzanne brought him down by adding, "But she's your mother, you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said dejectedly, slumping in his chair.

"Sexual contact between you and her is wrong. That's what I'm for. If you ever get horny thoughts about your mother, your sexy little sister, or anyone else, come to me and I'll make sure to keep you satisfied. Very satisfied. Sweetie, especially given the way your cum tastes, you won't have any trouble getting me to help you again, believe me. Show some willpower and don't let your mother give you anything more than a handjob or blowjob, no matter how much she wants to do more. And don't touch her sexually before she touches you, EVER! Let her steer. Is that clear?"

"Uh, yeah." After a pause, the full realization of what she'd said sunk in. "Blowjob?!" he exclaimed out loud. No one's ever given me a blowjob! It's like Aunt Suzy is saying, "Fuck your mother, but not on alternate Wednesdays!" Could Mom actually be having sexual thoughts about me, or be willing to help out with a blowjob or handjob or something like that?! No frigging way!

Suzanne was getting nearly as excited about Alan and Susan playing with each other as he was. She had a quiet cum without him even realizing it. She was very surprised at that, as she'd never before cum just from giving a handjob, especially considering she wasn't even touching her clit at the time.

She recovered quickly and realized that Alan was about to blow at any second. She brought her face close to the tip of his cock again and said, "Let's not make another mess. Aim for my mouth!"

He let out a great roar and shot at her face from only about a foot away. As he kept squirting, he moved in closer and closer.

She positioned him so that he was firing mostly into her mouth while she continued to stroke his dick. The sight and feeling made his climax that much more intense.

She drank the jism that hit her square in the mouth. She was tempted to pull him in between her lips so he could shoot straight down her throat, but she wanted to save the experience of his first blowjob for another time.

Besides, she had discovered earlier that she really liked the taste of his spend. It seemed a waste to lose it down her throat without being able to properly savor its sweet flavor.

She kept on stroking until he didn't have even one more drop of cum to give. The rest of his load ended up on her cheeks and chin, but a lot of that slowly dripped onto her bare boobs.

She now had the better part of two of his copious loads dripping down her face and chest. She was drenched in cum, and she loved it. Mostly she loved the taste, and wanted more. The idea of giving him a blowjob practically made her salivate in anticipation, now that she knew just how delicious his cum tasted. But her desire to pace herself with him still won out.

He flopped back in his chair like he'd melted into it. "Ugh! ... Good God! ... So good! ... Man, that was something!" He sank deeper in the chair as he panted. He'd never felt so completely satisfied and happy in his entire life.

She relaxed. "We all have to do our part to help you with your ailment, don't we? Your mom is going to have to help out in a hands-on way too, though she doesn't realize it yet. Can you just imagine your mom and me taking turns jacking you off, every single day? And that's not all! If you don't know what a blowjob is like, don't worry; I think I can arrange a practical demonstration very soon."

Those ideas were too much for him. He didn't know what to think of what she was saying. It was fantastic enough to imagine that Susan might want to touch him sexually, but it seemed even more improbable that Suzanne would actually encourage such a thing. He'd never heard of women who were into sharing.

There was sweat and cum all over the place, especially on Suzanne, and they both looked as completely drained as they really were. The intoxicating smell of her perfume was now overpowered by the sweaty smell of sex, from both his and her multiple copious cums.

She brought a hand up to her face and felt the cum there. "It's almost a shame that I'll have to wash this off. But as for now, why don't we get cleaned up a bit? Then you can get some rest, since you have a big day tomorrow."

"I do?" He couldn't think of why that would be.

"You do. After all, I have some new things to teach you and your dick. Doctor's orders," she said as she winked at him. She opened her mouth to the shape of an "O" and bobbed her head forward and backward, pretending she was sucking him off.

She still couldn't get a rise from his overtaxed penis, but his imagination went into overdrive. His eyes bugged out.

"This is about preventing chafing, after all. Isn't it?" she joked.

Suzanne's kimono had fallen almost completely off her body. She was using it to ensure that he didn't get a good look at her pussy; she was saving that treat to stimulate him anew on another day. Therefore she adjusted the kimono's sash to keep her covered below her waist while leaving her breasts and midriff uncovered.

There were things she still wanted to discuss with Alan, such as what else had happened the day before that he hadn't had a chance to explain completely. However, she figured she should let him just rest for a while. Besides, she knew she could get most of the answers she wanted from Susan.

Chapter 53 Suzanne And Susan's Dirty Talk With Imagination..

Suzanne left Alan's room dressed like that and headed down the hallway to Susan's bedroom. She figured the odds were nearly 100 percent that Susan was in there masturbating about what she'd just experienced and seen in Alan's bedroom.

The wily redhead walked in without knocking, and, sure enough, she was right.

Susan was caught in the act. She stared incredulously at Suzanne with a deer-caught-in-the-headlights look, because Suzanne had never before barged into her room like that. The only face-saving aspect was that she had pulled a corner of her sheet around her lower body, so Suzanne couldn't actually see her fingering her pussy. However, it was obvious that her other hand was busy pinching one of her nipples.

She sat up in bed, pulled her hand from her pussy, and draped an arm across her boobs in a rather futile effort to cover them. She was literally shocked speechless.

Suzanne pretended to look confused and contrite. "Oh. Susan! I wasn't expecting you here in the middle of the day. I just wanted to use your bathroom to wash up, since Sweetie is using the other one." She was taking advantage of the fact that one had to go through Susan's bedroom to reach the only other bathroom on the upper floor.

The mention of washing up caused Susan to take a closer look at her best friend. As the shock of being discovered started to wear off, she grew more aware of her surroundings. It hit her like a body blow to be reminded that not only was Suzanne topless, but her face and chest were splattered with cum.

Susan's eyes were wide as saucers. "Suzanne! What the?! ... Just look at you!" She was so taken aback that it almost made her forget about being caught masturbating. Of course she'd seen some cum on Suzanne when she was in Alan's room a short while earlier, but that view had been at an angle. It was truly breathtaking to get the full effect face-to-face, and after another cum load had been added.

Suzanne walked into the room and closed the door behind her. She smiled warmly. "I know. Isn't it great?"

"Great?! What?! Suzanne, are you INSANE?! You're covered in, in ... well, yucky guck!"

Suzanne chuckled, as if amused with Susan's naïveté. She walked over to the bed and sat down on the edge of it. "Susan, Susan, Susan. That's not 'yucky guck'; that's your Tiger's cum."

Susan replied bug-eyed, while covering her nipples with her palms. "That's what I mean. Alan's cum! Ewww!" She realized she'd been staring at it, so she averted her eyes by staring at the ceiling. Did he cum on her again?! I think he did! He's so virile! It's just SO MUCH CUM!

Suzanne chuckled knowingly, then shook her head. "It sounds to me like you still have a lot to learn about sex. You're carrying on like cum is a bad thing, a disgusting thing."

"It is!" Susan didn't believe that, not after what had happened the day before, but she felt she had to keep her "shameful" lusty feelings a secret.

"No it's not. Cum is great! Cum is the reward you get. Here, consider this scenario. Imagine that you're kneeling in front of your hunky son, wearing nothing but high heels while happily jacking him off."

Susan was reeling from sheer excitement. She could well imagine that, because she'd been in that pose the night before, although she'd been topless instead of nude and she'd merely looked at his cock instead of stroking it.

She was determined not to let her true feelings show, so she tried to summon up moral indignation. "'Happily?!' Suzanne, I'm his mother, and a good Christian woman!"

"Just listen to me, okay. So you're kneeling there with his great big cock in your hands. It feels warm and alive as you stroke it. But there's a problem."

"I'll say!" Susan exclaimed disapprovingly. "I shouldn't be touching it, for starters! And why am I naked? And what are the high heels for?" She found herself looking at Suzanne, rediscovering the cum on her best friend. Blushing, she turned away.

"Susan, I'm giving you a hypothetical scenario, okay? Don't question everything I say, or we'll be here all day."

Susan nodded. If there was one thing she wanted, it was for Suzanne to hurry up and finish. She was both aroused and disgusted by all the cum dripping down her best friend's body, but either way, it was practically unbearable to see Suzanne just standing there like that.

Suzanne continued, "So, like I said, there's a problem. The problem is, your Tiger is such a virile, cum-filled young man, with a really big, powerful erection. It's hard to get someone with a superior penis like his to cum quickly. So you stroke and stroke and stroke it, and then you stroke it some more. Sure, he's constantly moaning with pleasure, and his thickness gets wet with pre-cum, but he just won't cum! Eventually, your hands get tired. You just can't stroke it anymore! What do you do?"

Susan answered thoughtfully while staring at the wall, since she couldn't bear to look Suzanne's way. By this point she was vividly imagining herself in Suzanne's story and very much needed to find a way to get Alan to cum, if only so the far-too-arousing story would end. "Boy, I don't know. I've never really done that kind of thing to Ron, and well, even if I had, we've never had a problem of him lasting very long." She blushed more as she belatedly realized what that implied about Ron's sexual stamina.

Suzanne plowed onward. "Well, Sweetie is a very different kind of man than Ron. Today was my first time stroking him, but I can tell already that he's a natural. It takes a lot of work to get a big, long, powerful erection like his to finally shoot."

In truth, Alan's great stamina was almost entirely in Suzanne's imagination at that point. She was confident that she could teach him to last a lot longer. She foresaw lots and lots of practice, and she

knew he was a quick learner, so it was possible he could even develop great stamina. But Suzanne wanted to hype the "power" of Alan's penis from the get-go, to help fire up Susan's lust and break down her sexual barriers.

Susan pulled her sheet up over her big breasts, as if she were a bit frightened by such a potent penis. She belatedly realized that she should have done that earlier. "Oh my goodness. So ... what do you do then?"

She looked at Suzanne, but then turned away again when she saw all the cum on her once more. She licked her lips unthinkingly as she remembered how sweet and delicious her son's cum had tasted.

Suzanne confidently replied, "You stroke and stroke and stroke some more! Because that's what a good mother does, right? She'll do most anything to help her son, because that's love for you. And with your son, the help he needs is with his penis. His constantly erect, thick penis. It needs to be stroked and stimulated and loved. Six times a day. But I digress. My point is, there you kneel in your high heels, your big breasts bouncing wildly in time to your hands sliding up and down his long cock-"

"Suzanne!" She looked aghast at her best friend.

"What?"

"Don't say that word!"

"What word?"

"You know. The one that begins with the letter 'C.'" She gazed for a long time at the cum dripping down Suzanne's face before she finally remembered to turn her head again.

Suzanne rolled her eyes, knowing that Susan wasn't looking at her at the moment. "Sorry. Anyway, you've been jacking him off for so LONG, and you're just not getting anywhere! So you do the only thing you can do: you tilt your head forward and lick your way all around his cockhead!"

Susan was so into the story that she acted like she was really forced to do that. "Suzanne, NO! That's too scandalous! Besides, you used the 'C' word again."

"Sorry, but I have to. I said 'cockhead.' There is no other word for that body part."

"Oh." Susan was quite gullible.

"Anyway, I know it's scandalous, but remember, this is just a story to illustrate my point. So there you are, with your tongue lapping all over your son's big dick. Of course, if you're a good and talented mom, you'll keep jacking him off too. When it comes to a superior erection like his, there's plenty of room for both, and you'll need to do both at once if you want to get him to cum. Can you picture it? Your lips and tongue sliding all over his more sensitive cockhead area, while your fingers pump up and down the rest of his thick shaft?"

Suzanne waited for Susan to reply, but Susan just lay there, panting hard and fantasizing.

Susan still had her hands on her fantastic globes. Now that her sheet was pulled up, she realized that she could subtly tweak her nipples instead of just covering them, and Suzanne would never notice the difference. She didn't want to admit it, but she was getting very aroused listening to Suzanne's story. Still, her prudish beliefs were also on her mind.

After a long silence, she complained, "Maybe I don't want to get him to cum. I mean, where would it go if he did? Is there at least a towel nearby, or something?"

"No! No towel. He's going to cum on your skin! Remember what I've been telling you lately about the sin of Onan? It's not a sin if he cums on you, preferably on your face or chest. Look at me. It would be just like what my Sweetie just did to me."

Susan looked. She was finding it harder and harder to look away from the glistening goo. She asked with more curiosity than revulsion now, "Why there?"

"Guys really like that. Sweetie obviously loves it." Since she'd already concluded that Susan was naturally sexually submissive, she tested to see just how submissive she was. "I guess, when you think about it, it's a way for a man to assert his dominance. To kind of claim you. Like a dog marking his territory."

Susan's eyes went wide and she stared at the dripping cum on Suzanne's chest with newfound interest. Oh God! Tiger? Claiming me? Marking me? Marking US? Oh dear Lord! Have mercy! It's just too hot! Why does that kind of talk arouse me?! It's not right!

Susan didn't get very jealous thinking about Alan marking Suzanne. In fact, such thoughts aroused her more than upset her. They were such close friends that she felt like the two were on the same team instead of competing, so Alan cumming on Suzanne felt almost like him cumming on herself.

She asked, "Really? But isn't that demeaning?"

Suzanne could tell that she'd hit a bull's-eye with those comments. So she continued in that vein. "Well yeah, obviously. But you're already naked and on your knees, licking and sucking on your son's great big erection. So you've obviously thrown dignity out the window. And you should have seen the look in Sweetie's eyes after he shot his hot jism all over me." She wiggled her eyebrows playfully. "Oh boy!"

"Really?" Susan was getting excited. Under the sheets, she tried to squeeze her nipples between her fingers without showing any movement.

"Really! He loves it! It makes him feel like a man, I'm sure. I mean, look at my breasts. Really look at them. Don't you think it looks kind of sexy, to see the cum splattered all over them? And not just any cum, but your cutie Tiger's cum! It's like he's claiming me. He's not only showering me with his fertile seed, he's showering me with his love. Frankly, I wear his cum with pride! I'll be kind of sad to wash it off. But it does get gross after a while, I suppose."

Susan was ecstatic. She's right! Tiger came on my breasts TWICE last night! That means he claimed me and then claimed me again for good measure! So it's kind of like, even though I'm a married woman, my breasts now really belong to him!

She continued to furtively fondle her nipples. Her body was heating up by the moment, but she was trying hard to focus on her lingering prudish feelings. "But... Why does it have to be cum? It's so icky."

"Hardly! Susan, have you tasted his cum? Mmmm! It's so good!" She licked a big cum gob off the slope of her curvy cleavage, savoring it as she brought it into her mouth. "Mmmm! Really good! I'm being

totally honest when I say it's the best cum I've ever tasted." For once, she actually was being honest, and not just exaggerating or hyping things to better indoctrinate her best friend.

Susan nodded without realizing it. It is! Dear Lord, it's so delicious! Now, I can't speak about any other cum; I don't even know what my husband's tastes like. But I'm sure Suzanne is right!

Suzanne noticed Susan's nodding. Hmmm! Interesting! I'll bet she took snuck a taste at some point yesterday! Excellent! However, Suzanne pretended to stay clueless.

Knowing that Susan was watching with rapt interest, she scooped up another big gob and ate that too. "Mmmm... So sweet. It must be all that fruit he eats, not to mention all that fruit juice. It's funny, because he loves pineapple juice so much, and I could almost swear I can taste a hint of pineapple. Mmmm!"

Even though Susan had sampled Alan's cum on a number of occasions the day before, Suzanne's words and actions left her hungry for more. In particular, she was dying to see whether she too could taste pineapple in his cum.

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She longed to lick some of his cum right off Suzanne's body. Of course there was no way she could ask to do that without dying of shame. She kept on surreptitiously fondling her nipples. She longed to play with her pussy too, but she feared that moving her hand down there would give away what she was really doing.

Suzanne was pleased to see that Susan was no longer attempting to look away. In fact, Susan now simply couldn't take her eyes off the cum on Suzanne's face and chest. "So anyway, the reason I'm telling you all this is because I felt I had to correct your misconceptions about your Sweetie's cum. Let's get back to how you're doing with his cock in the story. Er, sorry, his erection. You've stroked it so long that your hands are tired. Then you've been licking it too. Loving it with your tongue and your lips. Maybe even sucking on it. Engulfing his entire cockhead in your mouth, and giving it a passionate long cocksucking with all the suction you can muster!"

Susan gasped. "Oh no! I could never do that! It's too big!"

"Maybe so, maybe so. It is an extremely big and impressive penis, I'll grant you that. Can't you just imagine, though, how happy it would make him to see his beautiful, big-breasted mother bobbing on his shaft? Boy, that would really be a sign of a loving and caring mom. But in any case, after all that hard work you deserve a reward. And then Tiger cums! He cums all over you! Splattering his love on your face and your breasts. Especially your breasts, which I know he loves very much."

"Really? He does?" Somehow, one of Susan's hands had slipped down to her pussy. It wasn't even a conscious thing, but more like idly scratching an itch. She figured that if she hadn't noticed it happen, that Suzanne wouldn't have noticed it either, especially since her hand stayed under the sheet the whole time. So now she was fingering her pussy lips and one nipple, but trying to act like her hands weren't moving at all.

Suzanne pretended not to notice where Susan's hand had gone, but she couldn't help but smirk a little bit. She hefted her big tits, lifting them with both hands. "Oh yes! Look at my breasts. Look at the cum all over them. I know he loves these too. But consider the fact that yours are basically the exact same size as mine! So this is more or less EXACTLY what it will look like when he cums on YOUR chest! He'll be over the moon! Can you imagine yourself, kneeling naked before him with his hot cum flying directly into your mouth from mere inches away? He'll just want to cum on your face and your boobs until you're simply DROWNING in his sweet cum!"

"Oh God!" Susan gasped. She had a vision of him doing just that to her, and it was divine. All of her guilt and reservations about incest had vanished for the moment, allowing her to revel in the joy she and her son would share when he got to thoroughly paint her face and rack with his copious cum.

Susan was so turned on that she quickly forgot to make sure her masturbatory moves were unnoticed. In fact, before long she was probably going to climax. Hard.

Suzanne didn't want that to happen. For one thing, it would be next to impossible for her not to "notice" Susan's masturbation if it was that blatant. (Naturally, she'd noticed it already, but she was pretending that Susan's activities weren't obvious.) For another, she wanted to keep Susan in a state of constant arousal. She figured that if Susan came, she'd probably get the post-orgasmic blues and go back to her prudish mindset for a while.

So Suzanne abruptly changed the subject. "Oh, by the way, what were you doing here when I came in? Are you feeling okay? Is there something wrong with your nipples?"

Susan's hands froze. She blushed as she remembered how she'd been caught with her hands on her privates when Suzanne barged in. But she thought fast, and explained, "Um, no, not really. You see, Akami taught me how important it is to do a proper breast check. You know, for cancer." She looked away in embarrassment and mentally crossed her fingers, hoping Suzanne would buy that.

Suzanne didn't believe it for a second, but naturally she pretended that she did so Susan wouldn't freak out. "Oh. That's a good idea. I should probably learn how to do that too. Can you show me?"

Susan was relieved that she'd dodged that bullet, but her embarrassment grew. "Um, I'd rather not. I mean, it's not proper for us to see each other in, uh..., well, when we're not fully dressed."

Suzanne looked down at herself and chuckled. "And what about me? Haven't I been talking to you while topless all the while?"

"Yeah, but I'm shy."

Suzanne was hoping to see Susan play with her boobs since she had a long-standing well-concealed lust for her best friend. However, Susan looked so cute and vulnerable at that moment that Suzanne decided to let her be, at least for the time being. She stood up to head to Susan's bathroom. "Very well. Then why don't you come with me and I'll show you how to clean up a cummy face."

"Um, is that something that really needs to be taught?"

"Sure it is." In fact, Suzanne knew it would be another chance to keep Susan horny, but out from under the sheets where she couldn't climax. There wasn't really anything to learn, but she knew she'd be able to draw out the description of the experience, hyping for quite a while longer the joy of having Alan cum on her. In fact, while they were there Suzanne figured she could give such a detailed account of her first handjob with Alan that Susan would end up so hot and horny that she wouldn't be able to tell up from down.

Suzanne smirked a little more. She loved this.

Susan sighed. She wasn't too happy to get out of bed, especially since her head was so filled with arousing thoughts and her pussy and nipples were feeling extremely needy. However, she felt like she had no choice. "Very well. But let me put on some clothes first."

Suzanne got up and went to Susan's closet. She took a terry-cloth robe off a hanger and threw it at the bed. "Here, wear this." Another goal of hers was to keep Susan naked as much as possible or, barring that, at least dressed in something revealing. Most importantly, she wanted her without a bra and panties at all times, which would help break down Susan's resistance that much faster. Having her wear a loose robe would be nearly as effective as having her stand there in the nude.

Suzanne couldn't have been more delighted that she had further confirmation of Susan's sexual submissiveness. She knew that she had decades of Susan's religious teaching to overcome, and that wouldn't be easy. But her friend's submissive tendencies would make it much easier to change those beliefs and attitudes.

Chapter 54 Naked Cheerleading!

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Suzanne kept Susan hot and bothered for a very long time. Along the way, she learned the rest of what she'd wanted Alan to tell her. Most importantly, she'd learned all about Susan's late night "soreness check," including the fact that Alan had cum on her twice.

Suzanne couldn't have been more delighted. In her opinion, that event couldn't have gone any better.

By the time Suzanne finally left the Plummer house, it was about ten o'clock.

Alan thought the excitement of his day was over, but his sister had other ideas.

Katherine had been using a glass at Alan's door to listen to what Suzanne was doing with him, just as she'd done the previous few times that Suzanne had been in there. She was ecstatic when she heard Suzanne finally touching and stroking Alan's erection, because that made it much easier for her to do the same. She'd had to stop eavesdropping when she'd heard Susan coming up the stairs to go into his room, but what she'd heard before that made her very horny and excited.

Katherine could tell how much fun Suzanne was having helping Alan, and she wanted to have some of that fun herself. I'll just tease him a little bit once he's recovered from Aunt Suzy, she thought. She turned on her stereo loudly, kept her door open a crack, hoping he soon would come by.

Alan took a shower just to get back in touch with reality a bit. Then he went back to his room and tried to read, but he was still too excited to concentrate. Finally, he decided it was time to call it a night, so he got up to brush his teeth and get ready for bed.

When he heard surprisingly loud music coming from Katherine's room, he fell into her trap. He stopped outside her partly-open door and said through the crack, "Hey Sis, what's with all the noise? I'm about to go to bed, so could you keep it down?"

"Bed? It's not that late," she replied back through the door. "Isn't it still before eleven?"

"I know, but I always feel tired. Remember this treatment of mine is all about my tiredness?"

"I can't hear you, Big Brother. The music. Can you come in?"

Unsuspecting, he opened the door and walked in. He was greeted by the sight of his sister in her cheerleader outfit, practicing her cheerleading routine to the beat of "Get on the Good Foot," a funky song by James Brown.

He thought, Holy Cow. More sexiness! If I hadn't just gotten refreshed by that shower, I think I'd just pass out trying to wrap my head around so much sexiness in one house.

He pulled up a chair and sat down near her door, asking, "Sis, what are you doing practicing your routines at ten o'clock at night? Isn't that kind of unusual?"

She spoke as she continued to dance, "Have you noticed how hot the weather is lately? We must be the richest people in town to not have a working air conditioner. So it's cooler to do it later in the evening. Even now, I'm burning up with sweat. But hey, since you're here, could you do me a favor?"

"Sure. Shoot."

"Can you watch my routine and give me some feedback?"

"That's all? Sure. ... What do I have to look for? You've never asked me to do this before so I don't know what you need. In fact, if I remember correctly, you didn't even want me to go to the games when you were cheering."

"That was then; this is now. Since Mom's trying to shake off her fuddy-duddy ways, so am I."

"Cool. So what do I do?"

"Just look for mistakes. If you don't notice it, then it isn't much of a mistake. And watch for general demeanor, rhythm, and enthusiasm."

"Okay. Sounds easy."

So he sat and watched his sister do her routines. She put her all into it and tried to show herself off as sexily as she possibly could. Once she got going, she was disappointed that she hadn't had the courage to remove her bra and panties before luring him in.

But shortly after she started, Susan stopped by, knocked on the door, and said through it, "Angel, please turn that racket down. I'm going to go to bed now." Susan's bedroom was just down the hall, and she wanted to go to sleep now that Suzanne was gone.

But Katherine wouldn't be deterred that easily. She got Alan to relocate with her to the basement, where she could continue dancing to the music without bothering her mother.

"This is actually a better place to practice," she said as she plugged in her CD player. "More room to move around. But it's so stuffy in here. So hot. Do you mind if I get down to just wearing my underwear?"

He noticed that it really was quite hot and stuffy. The walls were made of thick concrete, which meant that when they heated up during the day they took a long time to cool down at night, somewhat like

adobe. "Um, okay," he said uncertainly. "But do you think it's really... I mean... Do you think Mom..." He was having a hard time expressing his concern directly, which was, Is this an appropriate activity between siblings?

Even so, Katherine got the gist and said, "Bro, if you're thinking something isn't appropriate about this, remember that I'm supposed to help you get aroused, right? So no problem. I made the suggestion partly so I could do my share with the 'sexing things up' plan. I'm sure this doesn't compare to the stuff that Aunt Suzy has been showing you lately, but I want to try to do my part. Anyway, it's just the same as wearing a bikini."

She paused, frowning. "Unless you don't want my help?"

"No, that's not it. I totally appreciate your help. I was just asking what Mom would think about it, is all."

"Don't worry about that. Mom and Aunt Suzy sat me down and filled me in on the whole 'sexing things up' plan. I'm supposed to help with the visual stimulation part."

That sounded harmless enough, so Alan sat back to watch. While his penis was still down for the count, he was eager to see more of what she really looked like. He'd never even seen her in a true bikini before, since she'd always dressed so conservatively.

Katherine started doing her routines again. But she danced around even more sexily now, and really put on a show for her brother. It wasn't just that she was dancing only in her underwear; she put true passion into it. She stood mere feet from him and constantly stared into his eyes.

He thought, Shit, it's like a strip show with pom-poms! She's really good too. She moves so gracefully. No wonder she got on the varsity squad.

Dancing in her undies was as far as Katherine thought she might go. But she got so worked up showing herself off for her brother that she didn't want to stop there. She decided she wanted to get completely naked or have Alan take off some of his clothes. What she wanted most of all was to bring him to an orgasm one way or another. But she was too shy to move things any further. Then an idea occurred to her.

She announced her practice was done, and got some feedback from him.

He was polite and gave her some nice compliments. He then made to go. However, he noticed that she was staying. In fact, she didn't even turn the music off. "Hey Little Sis, aren't you going to bed now?" he asked as he headed towards the stairs.

"No, I'm not done, Big Bro. I've still got some routines to do that I'm too shy to do in front of you. They're kind of extra sexy."

"Oh. Okay. Good night. And a great job dancing. You're really good." That was true - she was a natural when it came to dancing.

"Thanks!"

He walked up the stairs.

But on his way out, he realized that the stairs were completely dark and they were the perfect place to spy on his sister.

He didn't realize that she was trying to get him to spy on her, so once again he fell into her trap. Curiosity naturally got the best of him, and he decided to stay at the top of the stairs for another minute, rationalizing to himself, I have to see what routines are so sexy that she couldn't show them even to me. I thought the ones she just did were as sexy as it could possibly get. I know all the routines the cheerleading squad does in public, so what else is there?

Katherine was extremely nervous. Alan was barely out of the room when she said out loud, "God, it's so hot!" and took off her bra. I can't believe I'm doing this! What's gotten into me? This isn't right. I'll bet anything that Brother is up there watching, and he's gonna see me naked! But even as she thought those things, her hands pulled her panties down her legs as if they were controlled by someone else.

Then she began doing her cheerleading routine completely in the nude.

Alan still lingered at the top of the stairs, looking down from the darkness. He was worried she might see him, so he bent down and kept his head just barely peering over a railing. He figured that if she did look his way he could duck down and get out of the area completely within seconds.

He got involved watching her. There really were no additional extra-sexy routines, as she'd done all her best ones for him earlier. But the fact that his sister was naked made him forget all about judging how sexy her moves were. All her moves were beyond arousing now. He even felt his penis stir, which was remarkable considering all it had been through in the previous few hours.

Katherine did her naked routines facing towards the stairs, hoping that she wouldn't scare him off, if he was in fact there at all. She was dying to know whether he was watching, but had no way of knowing.

God, I feel like a total idiot, she thought. No way would I do this if I didn't think he was watching - my boobs bounce around far too much.

But why do I want him to watch? If he's watching me, won't he think I'm some kind of slut? I'm totally ruining my reputation. What the hell? Am I crazy? My God - what if he tells his friends about this? No, he would never do that. But I feel so hot, just thinking that he might be watching me and getting turned on looking at me. Maybe he's even masturbating at the top of the stairs while looking down at me. That would be pretty cool!

Katherine's thoughts were spot on, because after a few minutes of watching his sweaty, naked sister gyrate lewdly with her pom-poms, Alan unzipped his shorts and began stroking his suddenly revived boner.

I shouldn't be doing this while looking at my sister, he thought guiltily. I mean, Aunt Suzy is one thing, 'cos she's not really my aunt. This is like incest! But how on Earth can I pass up this opportunity? I know: what if I just pretend she's someone else? I mostly can't see her face since her back is turned. What if I pretend she's one of the other cheerleaders, like Aims?

But it was the fact that it was his sister and not some other cheerleader that gave his feelings a special intensity, and on some deeper level he realized that. His effort to pretend she was someone else was a flop. Nevertheless, he couldn't stop watching, even though he felt he should.

As she got over the shock of being naked, she started to do her routines more enthusiastically. Knowing where Alan had to be if he was watching, she made her moves conscious of what she'd be showing in that direction. In particular, she focused on routines where she could bend way over and show him her butt, or spread her legs. She did the splits frequently, from front and back. And just about every routine had her jumping around, her tits bouncing wildly. In fact, they bounced around so much that she vowed again this would be the first and last time she ever did her routines in the nude.

Soon Alan really had to cum, and didn't know what to do about it since he didn't have his usual towel or tissues to shoot into. He was desperate though to do something fast, and decided to cum into his T-shirt as a last resort. Just as he finished shooting his wad, he heard his mother shouting. "Tiger? Angel? Where are you kids? Remember, you have school tomorrow."

He immediately hopped up, stuffed his erect dick back into his shorts, and scurried back up the rest of the stairs to the ground floor, and then up more stairs to the bedroom floor. Once he was closer to Susan's room, he saw her standing at her door, so he said to her, "I was just downstairs. Sis is down there too, but she'll be coming up shortly, I think."

She replied, "Very well. I don't want you dragging around tomorrow morning."

"No worries, Mom. Good night."

"Night."

Katherine didn't hear all of that, but she did hear what Susan was shouting. From that she knew that Alan wasn't in his room, and apparently wasn't upstairs at all. My God! He was down here watching me! He had to have been! No way!

She fell to the floor and began fingering her pussy furiously. This is so wrong. So very wrong. God is going to punish me for this!

Katherine considered herself to usually be a good Christian. However, she wasn't nearly as devout as her mother. In fact, nearly everything Katherine knew about Christianity came from what Susan had taught her, or from all the countless times Susan dragged her children off to church.

Before Katherine went to sleep, she wrote about her worries regarding incest in her diary.

Dear Diary,

I got Brother to watch me dance naked tonight! Woo-hoo!

She went on to recount in detail what had happened in the basement. She concluded:

Hot damn! But do I dare take this further? Diary, you KNOW how much I've gone on and on about my love for my brother and all the sexy things I want to do with him. But that was just fantasy. This is getting to be real! Really real! I don't want to cross some line and push him away from me. How much would he consider us doing it to be incest? I mean, we're family but we're not really related genetically. Would he be okay with messing around, or would he totally freak out? I've gotta find that out somehow. How can I do that without screwing things up?!

But her worries took second place to her excitement, and writing about what had just happened got her so hot that she had to masturbate some more before she went to sleep.

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That night, Katherine had a very strange dream. She was cheering at a football game as usual. As the players left the field for half time, she got ready for the half time show. Walking on to the field with the others, she felt a bit of a draft blowing, but it was nice and warm. When she got to center field, she was surprised to see the others still standing at the side and doing a cheer for her.

"Go Kat, go Kat, you're so hot! Show them all just what you've got!"

Suddenly, she realized she was only wearing shoes, socks, and pom-poms. Oh no! I'm completely naked in the middle of the stadium and all eyes are on me! How did this happen?!

She tried to run back to the others, but instead she just seemed to be running on the spot.

Now what do I do? I don't want to show my body to the entire school! At that she glanced up at the stands and got another shock. Alan was in the front row with Suzanne on his left and a very red blushing Susan on his right. Both were completely naked too. Furthermore, they had their hands in his shorts, and she could see stroking movement going on.

Quickly, she scanned the rest of the stands. Impossibly, everyone in the crowd was either Alan, Suzanne, or Susan, but the vast majority were Alan. They were all hollering for her to give them a show.

She was a little hesitant, but started to do a routine. She figured that if it was family, and especially for Alan, then it was okay. She was nervous, but as time went on she started to really get inspired in her fluid motions. The cheers from the crowd became even louder and soon the entire crowd looked like Alan. She wasn't dancing for her school; she was dancing for a crowd of hundreds of Alans. Even the other cheerleaders had disappeared.

Soon, she lost all inhibitions and proudly displayed every inch of her naked body in daring routines. As she was doing this, she felt herself get hotter and more turned on than she had ever been. She couldn't help herself, and found herself doing pelvic thrusts and running her hands all over her body. She locked eyes on the first Alan that she'd seen, and silently mouthed to him: "Fuck me! Fuck me, Brother!"

As she kept doing this, the stadium started shrinking until it became the size of a room and the crowd of countless Alans was so close to her they could actually touch her. And touch her they did. She felt hands all over her body. There was no pretense of dancing left. Instead she slowly dropped to her hands and knees, letting all these Alans play with her body. She was being caressed over her entire body.

She started to cum hard in her dream. She woke up with a deep guttural groan of pleasure, realizing that she was cumming in real life too. She found the sheets soaked near her crotch, her fingers playing furiously with her clit and nipples.

When she calmed down, she sat up and looked over at the clock. It read 2.30 a.m. That was intense! I've never cum like that. And weird! Phew! Just one Alan is more than enough for me, thank you very much. I'd better change these sheets before the cum soaks through into my mattress. And I'd better go wash up a bit. I'll have to be quiet about it, though. I doubt Mom would understand.

She quickly pulled off her sheets and put them in the laundry hamper. She sighed. I'm way too obsessed with my brother! Even after lusting for him for a couple of years, my feelings only grow stronger. Now Aunt Suzy gets to live MY dream in real life, and I'm stuck with nothing but weird wet dreams.

After a quick visit to the bathroom, she put on a fresh set of sheets and fell asleep again as soon as her head touched her pillow.

Chapter 55 Dirty Talk

bender

The next morning, Suzanne thought, It's time for a serious talk with Susan. I'm sure she's about to fall back into her prudish ways as a means of dealing with her unfamiliar urges. She's like memory foam: if I'm not actively imprinting a new impression, she's going to snap back to her prior shape. I'll soothe her feelings about all these exciting changes that are troubling her, and push her further at the same time. This is fun!

She looked at her best friend, who was dressed only in black spandex exercise clothes. The two of them were finishing off their morning exercises in the Plummer house basement, the same room where Katherine had 'practiced' her naked cheerleader routine the night before.

Suzanne was surprised at just how rapidly Susan's attitudes were changing. She'd tried for years and years to get Susan to loosen up about sex, without much success. Now it was as if the floodgates had opened. Suzanne felt she had to strike fast while Susan's newfound feelings about sex were still in flux.

Susan had always had a certain uptight vibe to her, but lately she'd seemed very carefree and happy. True, Susan was all over the place with her feelings, one moment lost in an obvious sexual fantasy and the next going on about sin and the fires of Hell. But overall, now that Suzanne was convinced that Susan had incestuous feelings for her son, Suzanne was pleasantly surprised that Susan wasn't more visibly wracked with guilt and torn by indecision.

She must be deceiving herself, Suzanne decided. She's experiencing all the joy of sexual liberation and fantasy but hasn't actually given any serious thought to potential real-life consequences. Maybe that's because she doesn't fully admit that she has "those" feelings for him or that he has "those" feelings for her. Or maybe it's just that right now it's all still just fantasizing, and the prospect of actually touching him in a sexual way seems completely off limits. She can write off what happened yesterday as a one-time freak event.

She's going to be in for a real surprise soon, when she has to admit her feelings and motives fully, and then act on them. The shit's about to get real!

Suzanne found herself torn about the idea of Susan and Alan getting physical together. On the one hand, she wanted Alan all to herself. Divorcing her husband and marrying him instead was a constant fantasy of hers, even as she realized the odds were slim that he would marry a twenty-one-year-old woman. But on the other hand, she was also very turned on by the idea of Susan getting it on with her own son. And she felt she was doing Susan a big favor by sexually liberating her. Most importantly, she knew that the more Susan transformed, the more sexual fun she herself could have, not only with Alan, but hopefully with Katherine and Susan too. Ultimately, her vision of a sexual utopia included both Alan and Susan, which meant that they would need to get intimate with each other as well as with her.

Suzanne looked at her friend on the adjacent exercise machine, stretching her legs out and then pulling them close to her chest, over and over again. It was a piston-like movement, just like fucking. She'd talked Susan into wearing a new outfit that was really skin-tight. It practically looked painted on, and she wasn't "allowed" to wear any underwear underneath.

Susan is like me; she just doesn't know it. She can deny it and push away all of the countless guys who try to get in her pants, but that doesn't erase the fact that her body is built for one thing: fucking! Just like me. At least I recognize it and haven't lived like a nun my entire life. Heck, most nuns have had more sex than she's had. Of course she's always covered up like a Saudi woman in a burka because otherwise the line of suitors after her would stretch down the street, and she doesn't want their attention. Such a waste of a body like that.

It's too bad she got married barely out of high school and never had a chance to play the field. She's never experienced great sex. However, it's not too late for her. We may just end up best friends AND lovers. Wouldn't that be sweet? And sharing Sweetie between us? Phew! That idea heats up the room! I just have to play my cards right.

Actually, I'm not sure if I really have to do much pushing at all, now that the wheels are in motion. It's more that I should guide things to make sure they stay on track. Angel, for instance, seems to be progressing fine without my meddling. This six-times-a-day scheme is such a powerful setup. Susan and Angel can do all kinds of incestuous things with Sweetie and still convince themselves that it's all just to further his treatment. Hopefully, it's just a matter of time before the two of them knuckle under. Even more hopefully, my own knuckles will be involved! She chuckled to herself.

No father at home, everyone walking around nearly naked, no other sexual outlets... They're both ripe fruit ready for the picking!

And speaking of fruits, they're both so sexually repressed that the taste of forbidden fruit is all the sweeter for them. It's irresistible. Sweetie's a good kid who normally wouldn't think any serious nasty or forbidden thoughts at all. But when a beautiful - no, make that a gorgeous - woman throws herself at you, what boy his age could resist that? Nobody. And if several throw themselves at you, there's no way he can say no. The fact is, wealthy people like us fuck whomever we want. I just have to push things a bit here and there to make sure it happens. The Plummer family orgy! Yes!

The only problem was, Suzanne felt bad about lying to Susan and keeping her real intentions hidden. She tried hard not to think about it much, but the guilt really bothered her. She was a natural schemer, but over the years she'd come to trust Susan with everything, trying to be as honest with her friend as possible. It was as if Susan were the conscience that Suzanne sometimes lacked.

But now she was essentially cheating on her own conscience. She tried to tell herself that she was doing it for Susan's own good, but the fact was she knew deep down that she'd do it even if Susan didn't benefit, just to get Alan. As long as she didn't out-and-out hurt her closest friend, she would be relentless in her pursuit to win him. Her life was boring and in a rut, with no end in sight until she fell in love with him, and now all her future hopes depended on him. She wanted to make up for lying to Susan by giving her the same happy ending - love and sex with Alan - that she would make for herself.

Suzanne spoke aloud, "Susan! I'm all done here. Are you?"

"Yeah. That was really invigorating." They each towed off the sweat before beginning their cool-down stretching exercises.

"Susan, can I ask you a personal question?"

"Sure, shoot."

"Have you masturbated since the appointment with Akami?"

"Hey! That's a VERY personal question!" Susan suddenly stopped her stretching. "And by the way, the answer is NO!"

"I think you have," Suzanne said boldly.

Susan blushed as she thought about just how much she'd masturbated in the last 48 hours, starting with her time in the bathroom at the doctor's office. She was most ashamed to recall how she'd secretly played with her nipples and even her pussy the evening before while Suzanne was in her bedroom upstairs. True, she'd done it under a sheet, and only because Suzanne's talk made her too horny to control herself. But now she worried that Suzanne had witnessed her secret "shame."

Suzanne could guess what Susan was thinking, and didn't want her to worry. "Of course I have no way of knowing for sure; I'm just saying that because everybody masturbates at some point. It's no big deal. I've already proved to you that female masturbation is no sin. We all do it. It's just that some people are willing to admit it, and some aren't."

Susan thought about the fact that she'd never really masturbated until two days earlier during the medical appointment with Akami. She'd been so sheltered that she was almost an adult when she first learned women could even do that sort of thing. Since the appointment with Akami, she'd been making up for lost time. In fact, she'd masturbated six times since then. She'd even masturbated herself to sleep the previous night, just hours earlier. However, she still called it "performing a breast self-exam," and she generally restricted herself to touching her breasts and not her pussy. But her nipples were so sensitive and her thoughts and fantasies about Alan were so arousing that she was able to climax each time just the same.

She'd managed to avoid masturbating so far since waking up that morning, but even while she was exercising she'd already been thinking that another "breast exam" might be in order very soon.

Susan realized the "breast exam" distinction would never fly with Suzanne. For one thing, Suzanne would ask why Susan needed to perform a monthly exam five times in a single day. So, with a hangdog expression, she admitted, "Well, okay, so what if I do? Rarely, mind you! And I'll have you know I only touch my breasts and not any further down. But what business is it of yours, anyway? It's a very private and very personal thing!"

"I'm just curious what you've been thinking about lately when you're masturbating, that's all."

"SuzaaaaaAAAAanne! No WAY! That's way too personal!" She blushed profusely, because ALL of the sexual dreams and fantasies that she'd been having lately revolved around Alan. She closed her eyes in shame as she recalled some of her recent sinful thoughts involving her son.

Last night was the worst. After I saw Tiger sitting naked in his room with Suzanne right there on her knees in front of him, I nearly lost my mind! I wanted so badly for that to be me. "Look, Tiger. Look at Mommy's titties. They're just as nice as Aunt Suzy's, and just as big too. You want to play with them? Why don't you play with them while Mommy holds your erection? Oh yeah! Mommy likes to hold her Tiger's meaty rod so very much. Can Mommy stroke it for you too? If you let Mommy stroke it, you can play with her boobies any time you like. Squeeze my nipples just a little more, Tiger! Oh yes! Mommy's stroking faster and faster!"

And that darn Suzanne. Coming into my room and making me think about how it would feel if Tiger were to cum on my chest, and even on my face. I mean, the thought of stroking his big member over and over again, and even licking it, just so he could cover me in his sticky goo again! 'Cos he's already done it to me twice, and I loved it! And Suzanne seems to think I might even have to put it in my mouth and suck on it in order to get him to cum! Why, the very idea is just so ... hot!

Wait. Did I say "hot?" I meant "disgusting." I mean, what kind of mommy, what kind of big-breasted mommy, would take her son's huge erection and lovingly lick and kiss... Uh-oh, I'm doing it again. My head is filled with nothing but these filthy thoughts!

Suddenly she snapped back to reality, remembering that Suzanne was standing there waiting for her response. Oh dear! I hope it wasn't obvious that I was spacing out there.

In fact, it was obvious; Suzanne had seen Susan's eyes glaze over. But she was diplomatic enough not to mention anything.

They got some water bottles from a nearby counter and sat down to recover from their workout.

"I'm sorry for asking," Suzanne said contritely. "It's just that... I'm sure this last week or two have been very trying for you, ever since Sweetie began his treatment. After hearing about what happened at the appointment with Akami, it sounds like you were put in a very difficult position."

Susan turned a deeper shade of red. She had no way to respond to that. The use of the phrase "difficult position" made her think of her position on the floor of the medical office bathroom frigging herself, and that only increased her shame. She felt like she would die of embarrassment.

"Don't worry," Suzanne pressed on, "I think you've been performing brilliantly in a very difficult situation. Normally, no mother ever gets put in the kind of situation that you've been forced into. I mean, I know you would NEVER want to do anything incestuous with your son."

"Never!" said Susan, with wild desperation in her voice.

"I know, I know. Relax. You're just helping him with his medical problem. That's all. The fact that you may end up jacking him off on a daily basis has nothing to do with incest."

"Wait!" Susan thought, What did she just say?! "Jacking him off on a daily basis?!" That's... that's just too... too... HNNG! I can't breathe!

She pulled herself together and pleaded, "Suzanne, can we please not talk about that right now? It makes me feel ... conflicted. Frankly, it gives me a headache."

"Okay. Sorry." Suzanne realized that she probably was pushing too hard. It wasn't the end of the world to give Susan a break for a while. But she planned to return to her same themes over and over until Susan was a complete "convert." She knew that with Susan there was no middle ground; Susan was used to complete moral clarity and had a hard time with gray areas. Thus Suzanne had to break down Susan's belief system, substituting a new belief system that looked at sex in an entirely different way without affecting Susan's innate goodness.

Suzanne had some errands to run anyway, so they agreed to meet later by the backyard pool and continue their conversation at that time.

Chapter 56 Mixed Signals - Christine

As Alan wandered down a mostly empty hall, heading to the cafeteria to get some lunch, Christine suddenly came up from behind him and planted herself right in front of him, blocking his path. She had her hands on her hips and she looked seriously pissed.

He knew from experience that she had a naturally intense look, so when she looked angry it didn't necessarily mean she really was. He halted in his tracks and waited to see what she wanted.

Christine waited what she felt was an appropriate interval for him to say something, but when he continued to show no signs of being ready to do so she blurted out, "Alan, when are you going to stop avoiding me?"

He blinked at her in confusion. "Huh? What do you mean?"

She glared at him. "You know what I'm talking about. Ever since ... that day ... you've been avoiding me like the plague."

They both knew what she meant by "that day" - the day he'd clumsily tried to ask her out and she'd turned him down. It was too sensitive a subject for him to discuss or even mention directly.

He protested, "I have not. I see you every day and say 'Hi.' I just said 'Hi' to you earlier, in fact."

She struck a more apologetic pose. "I know, but all you do is say 'Hi, how's it going?', and you're pretty much obliged to do that because we share some of the same classes and even sit next to each other a lot. What I mean is, there's no real meaningful communication anymore. Look, I know what I said upset you. I was taken by surprise, and I kinda handled the whole thing badly. I figured I'd give you some time, but it's been seventeen days since then and you still hardly say more than two words to me at a time!"

"It has?"

"See?"

He laughed at how he had just proved her point. Christine was so serious and intense most of the time that she wasn't much of a joker. Even this was more a matter of her expressing her exasperation than of her attempting to be funny.

Realizing that playing dumb was both impossible and counterproductive, he opened up. "You know what? You're right. I guess I have been avoiding you. It's just that, well, I'm not good at this whole thing!" He flapped his arms about helplessly.

They both understood "this whole thing" referred to asking a girl out and dating.

She said, "Hey, I'm not the best at it either. I'm totally frustrated too, because you're not just 'some guy.' I really like you. We had a good friendship going. I don't want to ruin that!" She stomped her foot in frustration, which inadvertently set her big rack jiggling.

He couldn't help but stare in silent appreciation. Dang! How I manage to talk to Christine and not just drool like an idiot is beyond me. She's so friggin' sexy! And stacked!

Sometimes he wondered how much of his friendship with her was based on the fact that she had such big breasts. Spending so much time with Susan and Suzanne somehow left him drawn to large racks like a bee to honey. On the other hand, his long experience with the two mothers enabled him to act relatively normally around someone as extraordinary beautiful as Christine. Few other boys even dared to try to talk to her.

He said, "I'm frustrated too. I hope you know I really like you too - as a friend, I mean. It's just that, I like you so much, it's hard not to like you that other way too. Especially when you look as amazing as you do. You're just so ... beautiful!" He said that word like he was in awe.

Christine turned aside and blushed in a really cute way.

He continued, "I'll try better to crush these inappropriate feelings of mine and get things back to the way they were before. I'm sorry that I've been in denial, avoiding you like that. That's not smart."

She briefly held up a hand with a stop gesture. "Now, hold on. Don't crush those feelings entirely. I never said I didn't want to, you know, go on a date or something." She looked away bashfully, but then made eye contact again. "I said I wasn't ready. You can't just come out of the blue with a request like that! You need to woo a girl properly first!"

"So, can I woo you?" he asked nervously. It was almost like asking her out again, and that was extremely scary for him, but he had such strong feelings for her that he forced himself to do it.

She made an exasperated noise. "Well, I didn't say that either. Let's just... Can we just get our friendship back on track first? I kind of... Well, I've kind of missed having you to talk to."

He smiled widely. "Sure! I was just about to head to lunch. You wanna join me and hang out? Just the two of us?"

"YES!" She smiled with relief. In truth, Christine had a great number of acquaintances, but virtually no real friends. Other girls were envious of her looks, not to mention her smarts and all of her great talents and skills. Boys were too intimidated, at least after they'd once come on to her and had their heads handed back on a platter. Her "Ice Queen" persona put everyone off. She didn't suffer fools gladly, to say the least. But somehow Alan always saw through all that and treated her like just "one of the guys" (not counting his frequent gawking at her fantastic body). He was the only classmate she felt she could let her hair down with, and also one of the few she could respect on an intellectual level.

He wanted to hug her, but she'd always been skittish about that kind of thing. So he just started walking away, and she walked with him.

He said, "Hey, you know, this cute blonde came up to me yesterday after school and asked me what time it was. I told her it was three o'clock. She frowned unhappily, so I asked her what the problem was. She told me, 'I've been asking that question all day long, and each time I get a different answer!'"

Christine rolled her eyes, but she was secretly amused. Alan had a long-standing tradition of telling her dumb-blond jokes, because she was blonde and yet she was most definitely not stupid. In fact, she was almost certainly the smartest student in the entire high school. But she rarely had good comebacks to his dumb-blond jokes since humor wasn't her strong suit, and that amused him.

The two of them had a good time reconnecting at lunch, which let them put a lot of the awkwardness behind them.

Nevertheless, the encounter left Alan frustrated. Afterwards he thought, Talk about mixed signals! It's like she turned me down, and still doesn't want to date, but she wants to keep me hanging. Maybe she'll change her mind at some unknowable future date if I "woo her" properly, whatever that means, but then she says she doesn't want me to woo her! Women! Grrr. Thank God I have all these other sexy things in my life going on. If all I did was obsess over her, before long I'd turn into a basket case.

Chapter 57 Domineering Suzanne

Susan and Suzanne got back together a few hours later. They lay on lounge chairs by the pool in the early afternoon.

Susan wore a two-piece bikini, with swaths of various shades of blue and purple. It was a new gift from Suzanne, making it the first true bikini she'd ever owned. It had a relatively conservative cut, almost like a sports bra, but it was a drastic change from her older one-piece suit that seemed intentionally designed to hide all of her charms.

Suzanne also had a bikini, a much more revealing red one, but she only wore the bikini bottoms.

Susan was duly shocked about that, but Suzanne managed to convince her that it wasn't a big deal. She explained, "Look, Sweetie needs to cum six times a day, every single day. Who knows how many weeks or months it'll take before he gets better. His treatment may well go on indefinitely. I'm going to have to get very used to being naked, or at least topless, around him on a daily basis. So I need to get accustomed to it myself first."

Susan frowned, but accepted that.

Smiling, Suzanne added, "You should try it too. After all, don't you want to get used to showing Sweetie your bare chest?"

Susan reflexively covered her big breasts, even though she was wearing a bikini top already. "No thanks!"

Suzanne decided not to push it, at least for the moment. She shrugged. "Suit yourself. But if he ever has trouble getting an erection, seeing you topless will fix him up right away. Guaranteed."

After Susan got over that initial shock, Suzanne slid her bikini bottoms down as far as decency would allow, right to the edge of her bush.

"What are you doing?" Susan asked in dismay.

"I'm trying to get rid of my tan lines." That was bull, because Suzanne's skin was too fair for tan lines. She knew from painful experience that she pretty much went from pale to sunburned, which is why she was always careful to cover her alabaster skin with the strongest suntan lotion she could find. She wasn't interested in getting a tan; she only wanted to talk to Susan while they were both nearly naked.

bender

Eventually Suzanne brought the conversation around again to the earlier topic. "Like I was saying downstairs earlier, you've been doing well, considering everything. But still, you're forced to cope with his penis. Thinking about it, being close to it, even touching it. That can be very trying."

"Yes," said Susan, now in a drained tone. "So very trying. You understand just how I feel."

"We've established that it's not a sin for you to give him a handjob. In fact you'd be helping to save him from sin. I'll do what I can, but I can't be here to help even close to six times a day. Besides, you said that Akami specifically told you that YOU are the one who will have to perform the abnormality checks. Even so, you still have trouble accepting that helping him out would not be wrong. So how do you expect to do those checks? It seems to me that you don't really have a choice."

Susan thought about that for some moments. Then she asked, "Tell me, is your vision really that bad? I still haven't seen you wear reading glasses."

"We went over this yesterday." Suzanne lied, "My vision is good enough for most things, but it's not twenty-twenty. Polyps and abrasions on his penis can be very small. They can start out no bigger than a pimple. I might do an okay job, but you'll do an excellent job. Don't you want what's best for your son? What if I miss something that you would have caught? Would you ever forgive yourself for that?"

"No, I guess not," Susan conceded glumly.

Suzanne continued, "So here's what I recommend. You have to make a mental separation between your son and his penis. Think of the penis in the abstract. It could be anyone's penis. Your husband's penis, for instance. Think about the penis as a purely physical thing, as a medical thing, just another part of the body's anatomy. The fact that it's attached to your cutie Tiger is just a side issue. Just like your teeth have to be brushed every day, his penis is something that needs to be stimulated to reach orgasm every day, six times every single day. If no one else can help, then it's the duty of people like you and me to caress it or suck it so he can achieve release, so that he can be fully healthy."

"Are you saying ... I should put my mouth on my son's ... private organ?" Susan had a dazed look on her face. Since she wasn't feeling horny, she had trouble using the word "penis." She even managed to avoid saying the word "suck."

"There's your problem, right there! Don't think of it as your son's penis. Just think of it as a penis in the abstract. Put a different face to it. Put your husband's face to it, if that helps."

Susan looked like she'd just sucked a lemon. She certainly didn't want to imagine giving her husband a blowjob instead; that would take all the joy out of it. "But sucking on it! That's so improper!"

"Well, you don't have to if you don't want to. It all depends on how much you're willing to help him. You could limit yourself to the abnormality checks once a week, if that's all you can manage. Or maybe you'll be a better mom - a more responsible and helpful mom - and lick, suck, and stroke him every day."

Those words hit Susan hard. Above all, she prided herself on being a great mother.

Suzanne went on, "You don't have to decide now. In any case, draw a solid mental line between helping your son and incest. They're completely different. Incest is having intercourse. That's a totally different thing. As long as you don't get emotionally or even romantically tied up in it, there's no harm in just providing some physical relief for him. Even Nurse Akami said so. Think of when you go to a professional masseuse. You have a strange person put their hands all over you, and touch you in sexual places, like your inner thighs and your ass. But that's okay, because it's not done with sexual intent. It's done for the purpose of getting the muscles in that area to release and relax. If Tiger gave you a massage and ran his hands all over your naked ass, would that be incest?"

"No?" Susan answered uncertainly. She was in danger of slipping into a daydream as she thought about how wonderful such a massage might be.

"No!" Suzanne said with conviction. "Of course not. It's only a massage. And what if you turned over and he ran his hands all over your bare breasts? Picture him massaging them at length, exploring every inch of them with his tender hands."

Susan clutched her chest, and felt little but bare skin. She felt naked and exposed in her bikini. Her nipples suddenly grew erect. She asked uncertainly, "Do breasts even need to be massaged?"

"Sure they do. It just depends on the situation. For instance, what if you were lactating and you were having trouble with it? Sweetie might pull, twist, and fiddle with your nipples for as long as it took until your milk was flowing freely. Why, he's such a thoughtful guy, he'd probably suckle on them if need be."

Susan suddenly felt dizzy; it was like her nipples burst into flames. She'd never been able to lactate for her children, and doing so was a long-standing fantasy of hers that Suzanne had discerned.

Suzanne went on, "He could do all that and it would be okay, because it's just a medical thing. And even if it wasn't, a little breast play here and there is okay. That doesn't count. Remember, incest is only intercourse."

"Incest is only intercourse," Susan repeated in a daze, like someone being brainwashed. She began subtly shifting and writhing on her lounge chair, because she was too horny to keep still.

"So that's how I think of it, anyway," continued Suzanne. "You know that I'm also very close to him. He's like family to me too. Since he's not your natural son, how different are our situations really? I know you hate to be reminded of that painful fact, but it means you could help him with his penis needs every day and not have to worry about it being considered an incestuous sin."

That's a very good point! Susan thought.

"I've decided that I would be remiss as his friend and 'aunty' if I don't give him a handjob or blowjob whenever he needs one. You know that yesterday I gave him a handjob. You even saw it, didn't you? Did you see my hands sliding up and down his great big erection?"

Susan spaced out, recalling what she'd seen. Suddenly it was as if her pussy had burst into flames along with her nipples.

Suzanne let her fantasize for some long moments, but then she prodded, "Well? Didn't you see?"

Susan turned her head away in embarrassment. "I might have, uh, seen ... your hands around his ... er, his, uh ... his member--"

"And starting today, I'm going to give him a blowjob, if I can have your permission."

"A blowjob?! But why? Isn't a handjob enough? Is there no end to the depravity?"

Suzanne sat up and looked at Susan with a cocked eyebrow. She often gave that look to express impatience with people.

Thanks to Suzanne's movement, Susan noticed her friend's large melons slide and sway. That made her think of her equally large orbs doing the same thing, except with Alan there, watching. Her nipples tingled with erotic joy. She asked, "Could you please put your top back on? It's distracting!"

Suzanne let out a disappointed sigh. "Susan, first of all, I explained to you why I need to go topless. I have to get into practice being naked. But please, let's not hear things like 'Is there no end to the depravity.' How many times do I have to explain that what we're doing is not immoral?"

Susan complained, "A blowjob in and of itself is immoral. In our church back in Nebraska, the preacher told us that the only allowable sexual position is the missionary position. Ron tried to make me do the doggy-back position once, but I put my foot down. And oral sex wasn't even up for discussion. No siree!" She firmly shook her head no.

"Susan, you're having some kind of bad prudish flashback. Those days are over, okay? And by the way, it's 'doggy-style.' Sweetie has a serious medical problem and you're still living in the last century. If you're too stubborn and repressed to change your ways on oral sex and just stick to giving him handjobs, that's your problem. But are you saying I shouldn't either?"

She paused, giving Susan a chance to respond.

When Susan failed to do so, Suzanne continued, "Are you saying I should just let him suffer until he develops some abnormality on his penis from all the self-abuse? Or gives up with the treatment? You heard what the doctor said he needs. He still has no girlfriend - I have to help him out! You should too."

Susan was petulant. "I don't see what the difference is. If you have to use your hands, then so be it. But why the mouth? That's so much more vulgar. It's VERY improper!"

"Six times a day is just so often, Susan. With nothing but hands, hands, hands, his penis is going to get severely chafed and have all kinds of problems. Variety is what's needed. Just picture my long tongue licking directly on his sweet spot. Do you think that'll cause any chafing?"

Susan's eyes glazed over as she pictured that. "No, I suppose not," she finally admitted. She wondered why she found the idea of Suzanne doing that so very arousing. She licked her lips unthinking, fantasizing about doing it to him herself.

Suzanne continued emphatically, "Of course not! And he'll get bored. It's like having vanilla ice cream six times a day. Anyone would get bored with that before long. I'll probably do other things too, just to help with the variety."

"Like what?"

"Probably a titfuck." Seeing the look of confusion on Susan's face, Suzanne elaborated, "I've told you about those before, some of the times when I was recounting my affairs. Remember? That's where you repeatedly slide his big erection between your breasts. You put some lotion or oil there first for lubrication and it's even less chafing than using the mouth."

Susan clutched her boobs together tightly, imagining her son's hard-on trapped in her cleavage. "I don't know. That just seems so--"

"Improper. I know. But desperate times require desperate measures. Would you throw yourself in front of a train to save your son's life?"

"You know I would!"

"So you'd do that, but you wouldn't let me put his penis in my mouth to help him out? Or do it yourself? Susan, your mind is all in a muddle. You need to see the forest for the trees here."

Susan just sat quietly, taking all of it in. She was feeling increasingly aroused, and that was making her feel more receptive to these ideas. She's right! Why would I give my life for him, but not give my body to him? That doesn't make sense.

So Suzanne continued, "That's why I was asking you what you masturbate about. It's not so much the deed as the context. It's okay to have a little fun, get a little pleasure from helping him out even, as long as one keeps things in perspective. Why not? It sounds like Nurse Akami was enjoying herself, and I

don't begrudge her that. But if you or I start thinking about him in a romantic way, then that's what's unhealthy. Then people can lose control and cross boundaries that shouldn't be crossed. When you daydream about him, do you think about him in romantic terms?"

"No. Of course not." Only after she said this did she realize that she had just admitted to daydreaming about him. Suzanne already knew about Susan's dreams, but daydreams were much more embarrassing since one had some control over them.

"See? So what's the problem? As long as you daydream about him in a sexual way but not a romantic way, that's perfectly fine. It's just a penis, another part of the body like an elbow or forehead. Remember, just think of it as a penis in the abstract. There's no sin, there's no harm, and if you get a little enjoyment in the process, that's all the better. This is just a temporary thing, for as long as the nurse says it's necessary. A year from now, we'll probably be looking back on this and laughing with fond memory."

Susan was skeptical. "I guess... I still have a lot of reservations about this, but ultimately I trust you even more than I trust myself. If you think it's really necessary for him to have these blowjobs, then I give you permission to do them. But please don't expect me to do them too. Is that clear? I can't imagine anything more repugnant than to put one of those things in my mouth. Ugh!"

She said that, but not very convincingly. In truth, her curiosity was much greater than her disgust.

"Okay, fine. And thank you." Suzanne figured she'd pushed enough on that for the moment; she would apply more pressure later. "But you will still help with the daily handjobs, right?"

"Suzanne! You can't ask me to do that! I'm a good Christian woman!"

"I don't see what that has to do with anything, but fine. Let's drop that for now. At the very least, you'll help with the abnormality check, won't you?"

Susan frowned. The problem was, she wanted to do the abnormality check far too much. Even the idea of a blowjob seemed a lot more intriguing to her than she was letting on. Additionally, she felt like she'd be letting Suzanne down if she didn't at least help with that. But she also feared that she could slide down the slippery slope.

She finally asked, "Why don't we play that one by ear? Since the appointment was on Tuesday, that means a check won't be needed again until next Tuesday. Maybe some other solution will present itself by then. For instance, what if we pay Nurse Akami to do it? That would just mean he sees her every week instead of every two weeks. What's wrong with that?"

"There are some other possibilities, and that is one," Suzanne said noncommittally. "But if you think about it, if we pay her for sexual help, that becomes prostitution, and that's illegal. Are you willing to take part in a crime like that? Do you want to expose your son to prostitution, and tell him that's the answer to his problems?"

"No! Of course not! But the alternative--"

Suzanne abruptly rolled to her side. "Right now I'm feeling tired. I think I'm going to take a nap."

Suzanne pretended to sleep as a way to cut off the conversation, now that she'd accomplished what she wanted. She thought, Susan jacking Sweetie off is a vital part of my overall scheme, since she's gotta learn to walk before she can run. It's good to plant the seeds with talk of blowjobs, but I'll need to focus on handjob with her for a while.

I have to keep anticipating alternatives, like paying Akami to do it, and keep Susan off balance with excuses for them not to work. Susan will be forced to jack him off herself when Tuesday arrives, for lack of anyone else able to do it. Then, once she gets started, hopefully she'll tumble down that slippery slope. And she'll keep falling and falling until we wind up as one big fucking family!

Chapter 58 Another Handjob Pt 1

Susan was left alone with her thoughts. She still couldn't really fathom what her friend had just told her. The fact that Suzanne had said she was about to go off and play with Alan's penis hardly registered, compared to everything else. Dear Lord, is this some kind of test? Give me strength, Lord. Please! Why is this happening to me? Why did this bizarre medical situation have to happen to our family? Why couldn't Tiger just get chicken pox or the mumps or something like that?

— — —

Susan was lost in reverie, contemplating "the penis in the abstract," when her thoughts were broken by the sound of another voice. "Wow, you two look really good."

Susan realized with a horrified start that it was Alan, standing just a few feet away from them. She turned her head and looked up. "Tiger? Son? What are you doing here?! How long have you been standing there?!"

She'd lost all track of time and realized that he must have just returned home from school. She was mortified that he might have heard them talking about his penis. Plus, she felt completely exposed and naked, since she was unfamiliar with wearing a bikini.

"I just got here a second ago. Why? Is there something private going on?"

Susan was relieved to hear that, but she was still shaken. "Yes there is. Can't you see that Suzanne is sunbathing nude?"

Alan looked over at Suzanne's breasts as Suzanne lay 'sleeping' on her side. In fact, those exposed breasts were the main reason he'd come out to the pool in the first place, so he could get a closer look. He also wanted to see his mother's new bikini. Just to see her in any kind of bikini was a great treat. But he felt bashful in the face of his mother's prudishness, and didn't want to gawk. He turned away from Suzanne, and said dumbly, "Yes, I can see that."

Susan looked at her son's crotch and noticed a long bulge practically threatening to pop open the top of his shorts. She thought, Look at that big thing! A month ago, I hardly even thought of Tiger as having a penis. Now, it's everywhere! I could practically reach out and touch it. She nervously bit her lip.

Suzanne came to Alan's rescue, suddenly not so asleep after all. "Chill out, Susan," she said as she opened her eyes. "I don't mind if you look, Sweetie. It's just going topless, for crying out loud. Millions of women around the world go to public beaches like that every day. After all, we're trying to sex things up, right?"

He nodded. "Right. Cool. So can I hang out here with you guys?"

"Sure. No problem, Sweetie."

He smiled nervously and sat down on an empty lounge chair.

Susan let the situation be, but she was far from comfortable about the propriety of it all. She was actually more worried about Alan looking at her in her not-extraordinarily-revealing bikini than she was worried about him looking at her topless best friend. She cursed his bad timing, since she was extremely aroused and her nipples showed it. She worried that he could also smell her wet pussy.

She thought, I don't know about this. I feel so naked. Heck, I am effectively naked! The last time he saw me this exposed, he was masturbating and he climaxed all over my big breasts! Twice! But then, he also saw me completely topless when we were with Akami. Oh dear. I guess I'd better get used to flaunting my body at him like this. Suzanne says I'm going to need to give him a handjob every single day!

Alan put on sunglasses and kicked back on his chair, staring at the two knockout MILFs from behind his dark shades. He tried to act cool and casual, but he really was terribly nervous. However, the sunglasses gave him some confidence by hiding his eyes.

After a minute or so, he said, "Aunt Suzy, it goes without saying that you look really good topless. But Mom, you also look stunning. Wow. I love your bikini."

Suddenly, Susan felt much better. There were few things she loved more than compliments from her son. She sat up and unconsciously preened a little, posing at an angle that made her fantastic rack look even more impressive.

She stared at the bulging crotch of Alan's shorts from behind the anonymity of her own sunglasses. Bursting at the seams was the perfect description, because that's exactly what it was doing, creating a huge tent in his lap as he sat. She couldn't tear her eyes away.

All the while, she said to herself, The penis in the abstract. The penis in the abstract. That is not Tiger's penis. The penis in the abstract...

Then he took his T-shirt off and Susan felt butterflies in her stomach as she admired his muscles, which had grown increasingly impressive in recent months. He certainly didn't have the weak physique of a typical "nerd." All he has to do is take off his shorts, and he'll be buck naked! With his great big fat dick standing up tall, needing help! Lots and lots of help, with my hands! Suzanne says it's not a sin. In fact, she says it's my motherly duty!

After a few minutes, Suzanne sat up and leaned over, putting her hands on her knees. She said, "Sweetie, I couldn't help but notice that you have a raging hard-on and it shows no sign of going down."

He said with embarrassment, "How can it? Ever? Not with you two looking like you do!"

Suzanne smiled at that, and Susan did too. Then Suzanne gave him a sultry "come hither" look, and purred, "Would you like me to take care of it for you now?"

Before he could reply, Susan bolted up from where she lay. "Here?! Now?! Suzanne, you can't do that!"

"Why not?" Suzanne got up and moved over to Alan's lounge chair. She sat down right next to his groin.

Susan was in a panic. "You can't! For one thing, we're outside! For another, there's me!"

Suzanne lazily ran her finger up and down the bulge in Alan's shorts. Without looking Susan's way, she responded, "So what? True, we're outside, but this property is surrounded by so many trees and high fences that we have total privacy. And as for you, I figured you'd want to look and see how it's done."

Susan frantically waved her hands, sometimes making a 'halt' gesture. "Me?! No! Please! I could never do that!"

"But you saw last night. You watched while I lovingly fondled my Sweetie's big hard cock!" She quietly hissed the word "cock" with extra-sexy force as she stroked his bulge even more blatantly.

That word hit Susan like a body blow. She wanted to cry, her nipples and pussy called out for attention with such desperate need. She protested, "That was different! I only got a brief look, and from a distance."

"That's not what I remember," Suzanne said. "Didn't you get a good look at me doing this?" She held Alan's bulge tightly so his erection stuck straight up and out with almost no slack fabric to conceal its lewd shape. Then she started sliding her fingers up and down it.

Susan panted breathlessly, "Please! I'm his mother! Take this inside and leave me some peace!"

Suzanne had pretty much started the handjob already, a fact Alan and Susan both most certainly noticed. But all three of them were also aware that there was a big difference between stroking him through his shorts, or directly skin-on-skin. Suzanne made eye contact with Alan and winked. "We can do that, can't we?"

He nodded. He wasn't even completely sure what he was agreeing to, but if Suzanne wanted it, he figured it would be very good indeed.

Suzanne let go of his stiff pole and stood up. She raised her arms and stretched, but positioned herself in such a way that Alan got to fully enjoy the view of her bare chest as her huge globes bounced and jiggled back into position.

Then she turned to Susan and said, "Okay, we'll go inside. However, I think it's vital that you watch and learn, so you can learn how to stroke your Tiger's big boner all by yourself."

"I... no..." Susan stammered, her heart pounding hard.

"Remember what you need to do to him on Tuesday, in any case."

Susan frantically hissed, "Shhh! Please don't talk about that!" She was embarrassed beyond belief about what she was supposed to do with Tuesday's "abnormality check."

"Tell you what," Suzanne continued. "I know you're shy about this kind of thing. We'll move to the living room and both face the fireplace. That way, you can watch, or not. It's up to you."bender

"Or NOT!" Susan said defiantly, with her arms unconsciously crossed over her ample rack. "I'm going to stay right here, thank you very much! Some things are just too improper to even be contemplated!"

"Suit yourself," Suzanne said flippantly. She took Alan's hand. "Come on, big boy. Let's go help you get rid of all that tasty cum building up in your balls."

He was so giddy he felt he'd float away before he could reach the house.

Chapter 59 Another Handjob Pt 2

As Suzanne walked through the dining room and into the living room, she whispered into Alan's ear, "I know your mom, and I'll be willing to bet any amount of money that she's gonna come along in a minute to watch secretly. Here's what we're gonna do." She looked around the living room and spotted a porcelain vase that served her purposes. It was mostly white, and very shiny, reflecting light almost as well as a mirror. She put it on the mantle above the fireplace.

Alan had no idea what she was doing, and he didn't try to understand. His brain was on overload just watching her walk around the room wearing nothing but her bikini bottoms. His heart was beating so hard already he could feel it in his ears.

He thought of the movie starring Jackie Chan and Jennifer Love Hewitt that he'd watched two nights earlier. It's like watching a topless Jennifer Love Hewitt stroll around, knowing that she's about to give me a handjob. Only better! That would be just some sexy stranger actress, but I love Aunt Suzy with all my heart!

Suzanne came back to him and whispered as she looked at the vase, "It's not perfect, but that'll be good enough to show a blob in the reflection when Susan peeks in. At the very least, we'll see some movement. So keep an eye on the vase. Now, let's have some fun. Oh, and remember, follow my lead and don't do anything rash that could scare her off."

She took a step away, and then stopped. "Sweetie?"

"Yes?"

"If I take my bikini bottoms off, do you promise to behave?"

"YES! Oh, yes! Totally yes!"

She chuckled. "Very well. Keep your hands to yourself and we'll be fine, even though my hands will be all over you." She slowly shimmied out of her bikini bottoms and tossed them aside.

Then she went to the stereo. She put on a CD of Mozart to create some background noise so Susan wouldn't have to worry about them hearing her.

As he watched her bend over and fiddle with the CD and the stereo, he thought, Holy hell! That is a damn fine ass! No, it's a PERFECT ass! How am I supposed to just sit here and not have a heart attack, knowing that not only is my total babe of an aunt gonna jack me off, but Mom is probably gonna secretly watch too?! Dang! I'm about ready to blow already, and she hasn't even started!

Suzanne knew that Alan was having the time of his life checking out her ass, and she loved it. She made sure to stand in such a way that he couldn't get a clear view of her pussy, as she didn't want to overheat him too much. But she wiggled her pale ass in an extremely enticing way.

She took a very, very long time fiddling with the stereo. Of course, she was just stalling for time so she could tease and tempt her love that much more.

He completely forgot to breathe, so eventually he found himself gasping desperately for air.

Finally, she finished fiddling with the CD player and stood up, but she mostly kept her back to him. She said, "Wait. I probably should put my bikini bottoms back on, because what would Susan think?"

She bent over to pick up her bottoms where she had tossed them away. Of course, she made a big show of doing that, with a lot of ass wiggling.

He was almost glad she'd covered up a little bit, because his brain simply couldn't handle such awesome erotic stimulation. Even so, he had to close his eyes and count to ten. With his erection exposed and poking up, he worried he'd start spurting before she even touched him.

Suzanne carefully positioned him on some big throw pillows on one of the sofas, so his crotch would be visible over the back and arms of the sofa, so that it could be seen from almost every angle. Then she made sure that he was tilted so his body would be at about a forty-five degree angle from the wide entrance between the dining room and living room, since that was where Susan was most likely to first appear.

The red-haired bombshell knelt down in front of him, then leaned forward. This had two effects. One, it left her big tits dangling in an extremely enticing way, and two, it allowed her to bring her face right up to his boner while keeping enough space between them that Susan wouldn't have her view blocked.

Suzanne's face was close enough to breathe on his cockhead, and she made sure to speak in a very breathy manner, driving him bonkers. "Now remember, whatever you do, don't look back at your mom. She's in a very delicate phase right now. Think of her like a wild deer in a forest. If you startle her, she'll scamper off. Play it cool, and she'll end up eating out of the palm of your hand. Or, in your case, stroking you with the palm of HER hand!" She giggled.

As Suzanne started to stroke him with both hands, Alan realized he was already near ejaculating, even though he had climaxed twice when getting up. He whimpered, "Aunt Suzy, I gotta warn you, I'm on the verge already! One more sexy thing, one more sexy word, and I'm gonna blow like an oil well!"

He continued with increasingly ragged breathing, "Not only that, but your stroking sends your huge tits swaying side to side, and if I keep looking, my brain may explode before my dick does! All this overwhelming excitement can't be good for my heart!"

She cooed, "Don't worry; you're in good hands. I'll take care of you and back off a little bit. If my boobs are too arousing for you, then close your eyes."

"But then I'll miss out!" he complained. "Do you know how many gallons of cum I've shot off over the years, trying to imagine what I can see right now? Closing my eyes wouldn't be a proper honor to the trillions of lost spermatozoa that bravely gave their lives trying to imagine the Aunt Suzy Boob Mystery."

She snickered at that, and he did too. Suddenly they both started laughing heartily at his silly comment.

Meanwhile, Susan was praying - literally. She'd left the backyard patio and rushed to the ground-floor bathroom to clean up her swampy pussy. Even her inner thighs had gotten wet. But then she went to the dining room while still wearing her bikini, and sat down on the love seat.

She folded her hands, bowed her head, closed her eyes, and began to pray. Dear Lord, please, I beg you, give me strength! Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from Tiger's long, thick, oh-so-yummy-looking member! Even as I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I shall not want to stroke him, and

run my fingers up and down his... Oh God! His... Or his hands on my nipples! My burning hot, tingly nipples! Why won't they stop tormenting me?!

Just then, she heard Alan and Suzanne laughing loudly. Curiosity got the best of her. She got up and peeked into the living room. There was just a double-wide doorframe between the rooms, so she didn't have to open any door.

Oh no! Mercy! Lord have mercy on me! She clutched her arms across her suddenly heaving bosom. Suzanne's hands are just sliding ALL OVER Tiger's big, uh, member! That looks even MORE tempting than when I saw Akami do it!

Her observation was correct, and there was a reason for it. Suzanne saw the movement of Susan's head peeking in, thanks to the reflection on the vase. (Alan was too out of his mind with erotic euphoria to notice just yet.) Since Alan had just said he needed a break, Suzanne stroked his shaft more for show than to actually arouse. In fact, her fingers hardly touched his slicked-up rod at all, which gave Susan an excellent view of its full length, from its tip down to his balls.

Oh my goodness! Susan panted. I can't believe the debauched scene before my very eyes! Suzanne is topless, like some kind of wanton hussy! And she's kneeling! Kneeling! Staring at his big member from close up like she's practically worshipping it! Just look at that look on her face! Rapture! Why, it's almost ... blasphemous!

Susan was so spellbound by the sight that she wandered deeper into the room without consciously thinking about it. Suzanne had promised that she would be ignored if she wanted to look, and she trusted Suzanne on that (and almost everything else) without question. But then she remembered that Alan could notice her too, and that made her freeze in her tracks about halfway to the sofa. She quickly ducked down behind another sofa and then emerged with only her head peering out above it.

Ironically, she was trying to hide from Alan by ducking down, but it was her sudden movement that caught his eye in the reflection in the vase, making him finally realize that she was in the room.

Suzanne saw that he had noticed, so, after making eye contact with him, she smiled and nodded knowingly.

He thought, Damn! Hot damn! Mom is right there, watching! Right behind that sofa, not ten feet away! WOW! Thank God Aunt Suzy's taking it easy on my dick, 'cos this is just too hot to handle!

Suzanne waited about a minute until he'd calmed down some more. Then she said, "Okay, Sweetie, it's time for a lesson of sorts. Do you know what the PC muscle is?"

He replied, "Actually, I'm happy to say that I do! Nurse Akami happened to mention it at my last appointment, so I looked it up on the computer last night. I can't say that I really understand it though. I mean, I tried squeezing some muscles in my crotch, but how do I know if they're the right ones?"

"Just imagine that you're on the verge of peeing. Squeeze the muscles you'd squeeze to hold back from peeing. If it works, you may be able to make your erection elevate."

He grimaced and squeezed. "Like this?" Sure enough, his pole rose up, even though Suzanne was in the middle of lightly rubbing his sweet spot.

"Good! Very good! I just know we're gonna have so much fun together. Now, you said you were already close to cumming. I'm gonna practice some stimulating moves on you, and your goal is to clench your PC muscle at the right times to delay your orgasm. Ready?"

He wiped his brow of sweat before nodding. He couldn't believe how sweaty his body had become while he was just leaning against the sofa, but it was because he was humming with energy and nervous tension from the sheer excitement of it all.

Suzanne continued, "Okay, this first one I like to call 'The Claw,' because it involves the scraping of fingernails against your sweet spot." She'd found out that was what Akami called his frenulum, and she'd decided to go with that easier-pronounced name. "You have to be veeerrry careful with this one, even if your fingernails are clipped short, because there's a bundle of extremely sensitive nerves there, similar to a woman's clitoris. In fact, it is the male anatomical analog to the clit. If it's done right, I'm told it feels fantastic."

She'd already started the move, causing him to groan in a lusty daze, "It is! It is!"

Although Suzanne appeared to be speaking to Alan, her words were really meant for Susan. She figured that if Susan had more confidence with a penis, she'd be more likely to dare to play with Alan's. Thus she was indirectly giving Susan lessons on some of the best moves to use without Susan or even Alan really realizing that was her purpose. And at the same time, she was teaching Alan how to control his PC muscle.

She was very proud of her cleverness.

Susan got more and more aroused from watching until it seemed like she was so hot and bothered that smoke was liable to start rising from where she hid behind the sofa. Eventually she couldn't take it anymore. Because she thought she wasn't visible, she pulled her bikini top down so she could fondle her nipples.

She thought, My goodness! I can't believe what I'm seeing! So hot! Too hot! That could be me! It really could! Suzanne's almost exactly my size in every way. Tiger could be staring at MY big breasts while his steel-hard member pulses and burns in my hands! Oh! I could... I could... stroke it! My son!

I did it to him a little when Akami forced me to, but it was so brief. Less than a minute. How I wish I could be in Suzanne's shoes right now, stroking him without any time limit! Stroking him until he cums on my face or my breasts! But he's my son! Oh God! So wrong!

Suzanne's handjob and lesson in PC muscle control went on for about ten minutes, giving Alan time to start to get a handle on how to delay his orgasms. He was surprised at just how easy it was, and that the more he clenched the easier it became. Clenching his PC muscle allowed him to ride through some extremely arousing tactile stimulation that would otherwise have caused him to blow his load.

But just when he was starting to feel like he could clench his way through anything, he heard some squeaks and lady-like grunts and gasps from behind the sofa where he knew Susan was hiding. He realized that was the sound of his mother climaxing, while trying her best not to make too much noise.

Susan's nipples were so super sensitive that she could cum from nipple play alone, and that's just what had happened.

Hearing her ecstatic pleasure aroused him so much that he lost all control and started to shoot his load. Suzanne let go of him and cupped her breasts together to present him with a fleshy target. Alan quickly grabbed his wobbling shaft and shot directly at Suzanne's cleavage, like aiming at a bull's-eye.

He was genuinely trying to aim at Suzanne's boobs but he hadn't grabbed his pulsing dick quite soon enough, so a few ropes flew high and landed on her chin and neck.

Susan was watching with a mixture of horror and desire. She was particularly appalled by the cum flying at Suzanne's face. In her mind, she shouted at Suzanne: No! Run! Run away! Don't let him hit you with all that yucky stuff! What are you doing?! You're just standing there, holding your boobs together as if you LIKE it!

The truth slowly dawned on her. Oh God! She does like it! That wasn't just talk; she really does! Look! She's even sticking her tongue out like she wants his cum to go into her mouth! Her weirdly long tongue is searching it out!

She said that getting cummed on is like being marked, like a dog marking his territory. Tiger is claiming Suzanne as his territory, just like he's already claimed me! That's so... so... hot! I can't help it, but it is! But it's so wrong! I can't look!

After Alan's dick finally stopped shooting, Suzanne opened her eyes and wiped her face with her hands.

That put Susan in a panic, because she worried she'd be caught, trapped behind the sofa. Her entire body trembled as she nervously pulled her bikini top back into place. Suddenly, she was wracked by guilt and shame.

Suzanne and Alan both knew that Susan was hiding there. Neither of them wanted her to freak out, so Suzanne said to Alan, "That was nice, wasn't it? Let's just close our eyes and relax for a few minutes. We'll take a mini-nap and savor what just happened."

He slid down into the sofa. "Good idea. Can I rest my head in your lap?"

"Very well. It seems I can't say 'No' to you. But just rest! No grabby hands, please." She sat up next to him and cuddled into his side.

"Awww. Shoot." But he was all smiles as he closed his eyes. After a few moments he asked, "Aren't you going to clean up? You're all sticky."

She was glad he'd brought that up because it was an opportunity to indoctrinate Susan on that matter. "Definitely not! There's nothing better than a spermy mess all over a lady's skin. It's absolutely heavenly!"

Not realizing that she was really speaking to Susan, he was genuinely confused by her comment. "It is? How?" bender

"Well, where to begin? For one thing, it's physical proof that I've just satisfied my man. It's like seeing an 'A' on your homework paper, except you can feel it, and that's even better. But more than that, it's physical proof of your love. Cum... sperm... it's almost like liquid love." Suzanne knew the way that Susan's mind worked, and knew that idea would hit a bulls-eye because Susan was all about loving her children.

He started to say, "I was about to apologize for accidentally getting some on your face-"

"Don't! That's the best! I love it! I want you to cum all over my face next time!"

Susan gasped loudly. She was scandalized by that idea.

The other two heard her, but they pretended not to. However, Suzanne couldn't help but smirk a little bit.

Susan waited another minute until she was fairly certain that the other two were resting with their eyes closed. Then she beat a hasty retreat back to the dining room, and then to the kitchen and farther away until she felt she was safe. She thought, Thank the Lord I didn't get caught! That was too close! Too scary! I can't let that sort of thing happen again.

But what she didn't realize was that not only had Suzanne and Alan known she was there the whole time, but Katherine had known as well. Katherine had been waiting in her room, hoping to eavesdrop on

more hanky-panky if and when Suzanne and Alan went into Alan's room again. But then she heard music in the living room and went down the stairs just enough to peek, to make sure she wasn't missing out.

She couldn't go any further since her mother Susan was there hiding behind a sofa, but she was able to spy on the entire scene by peeking around a corner while high up the stairs.

She didn't have a great view of what Suzanne and Alan were doing, since their bodies weren't angled to her advantage. She could barely make out their words most of the time, since they were generally speaking low and were rather far away. But that didn't matter much, because she was extremely excited from seeing Susan, whose actions indicated that her sexual barriers were collapsing. Katherine figured that if their mother started directly helping Alan "do his thing," then Susan would have no leg to stand on when it came to objecting to her doing the same.

Chapter 60 Amy

Later that afternoon, Suzanne was at home washing dishes in her kitchen when Amy walked up to her, looking a bit anxious. "Hey, Mom."

"Howdy, Honey Pie. How goes it?"

"M'kay, I guess. But can I talk to you about something?"

"Sure, my sweet girl. What is it?" Suzanne kept on washing the dishes.

"Um, can we just talk for a minute? It's kind of important."

Suzanne was surprised, since Amy rarely was insistent about things. She dried her hands and turned around. "Wait. What's with your outfit?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"It's far too revealing, Honey Pie."

"MooooOOOOooooom! You wear stuff more revealing than this all the time. Besides, I was just working out."

"In that?" Suzanne decided she should try to lighten up. "We'll talk about it later. ... Okay, what's on your mind?"

"Um, you see... I want to talk about Alan."

"Okay..." Suzanne suddenly felt very nervous. She wondered whether Amy had found out about the sexual things she'd been doing with Alan lately.

"Well, you know, he's been really into Christine for a long time, right?"

"Right."

"And Christine's, like, totally awesome. I mean, she looks all wowser, if you know what I mean, and she's super smart and super athletic, and, well, just... super everything! Who can compete with her?"

"She does seem to be a pretty impressive young lady, from what I hear," Suzanne said cautiously. She didn't know where Amy was going with this, but she was greatly relieved that at least Amy apparently hadn't caught on to what she was doing with Alan.

Amy nodded. "So... I figured I didn't have a chance with Alan if he's all super hung up on her, and he was until recently. As we all know, he asked her out, and she turned him down, and he was all bummed out about it. I didn't know if she would come to her senses and see what a great guy he was, or what. But today, I happen to know that he talked to her at school, and they agreed to be just friends."

"Really? Interesting." In fact, Suzanne was quite interested, since she hadn't heard about that before.

"Yeah, well, and we all know that he's totally got a crush on Ms. Rhymer." By "we all," she meant herself, Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne - everyone who hung out at the Plummer house. "And that's a pretty serious crush, but come on! She's his history teacher, so nothing's gonna happen there. Right?"

"Right. But where are you going with this?"

"Well, I was just thinking... what if I could be his girlfriend?" Amy's eyes lit up. "Wouldn't that be cool?"

Suzanne scowled. "Hold on, young lady. That most definitely would NOT be cool!"

"Why not? Alan's a great guy! You know he is! Is there anyone you know who'd make a better boyfriend than him?"

"No, of course not. But that's beside the point. You're not ready for a boyfriend. Don't you remember what happened with Jack Johnson? That was a total fiasco. We can't have that happen again."

"Awww, Mom! Jack was a total bozo brain. That happened ages ago, but you keep using it as a reason why I can't date. Besides, that's why Alan would be so great. He'd be, like, the anti-bozo. He kinda loves me and I kinda love him already. We've grown up together. We could-"

Suzanne cut her off. "Yes, you love each other, almost like siblings. That's a totally different kind of love. It would only mess things up if you bring romance into it. Besides, who's to say he'd feel the same way?"

Amy said defensively, "Well, I'm just saying 'What if?' Would it be OK if he does show interest, and things kinda work out?"

Suzanne folded her arms defiantly. "Most definitely not! You're not ready for a serious relationship."

"Oh, Mom, come on! You treat me like I'm still a little girl!"

"Well, you ARE still my little girl." Suzanne glanced down at Amy's ample chest. "Just because your body has... developed doesn't mean you're ready. You may THINK you're ready, but you're not."

"MooooOOOOooooom! That's so untrue! I'm of age; I'm a woman now!"

"Honey Pie, I'm a lot older than you, and I'm experienced in these things. Besides..." Suzanne paused, as she realized she had to be careful what she said. She was thinking that Amy couldn't possibly date Alan because of the way that Suzanne herself was getting sexually involved with him, not to mention the long-term plans she had for him. But she realized there was no way to explain any of that to Amy, except possibly in a very oblique way.

"Besides what?" Amy finally asked.

"Well, there are things about Alan's situation these days that you don't understand. It complicates matters considerably. When you get older, I'll explain more of it to you."

"Mom! I'm older now! Why do you treat me like a baby?! Sheesh!" Frustrated, Amy stomped out of the room.

Left alone with the dishes, Suzanne thought about what had just transpired. Amy? Interested in my Sweetie? My sweet little Honey Pie and him? No way, no how! That would ruin everything!

She sighed, then tried to calm herself. I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised. After all, she used him as a subject for her drawings these past couple of years. He even posed for her while nearly naked a surprisingly large number of times, when she was doing her Life Drawing. Even though he was wearing a tight brief, I certainly saw that his penis was visibly erect, or at least turgid, in pretty much every one of her drawings!

bender

She stared off into space with a fond smile. He really is a handsome, well-endowed boy; there's no doubt about that! I should never have given her permission to spend so much time drawing him like that, almost naked, except that I was enjoying her sketches far too much myself.

She sighed again. I suppose I was being willfully blind, refusing to see that as a huge sign that she had an interest in him. I can't just keep assuming that, because they're like family, they can't get the hots for each other. After all, look at how I've fallen for him! Now that I think about it, all those damn sexy drawings probably did a lot to get me so hot for him. So why wouldn't they have had the same effect on her? I have to stop thinking that she's somehow too young to be interested in sex.

I suspect she's having this fleeting fantasy because she thinks that he's free now because Christine turned him down. Only he's not free. He's a smart cookie; he knows he's got a good thing going, getting all this help around here with his "problem." If he were to announce that he's got a real girlfriend his age, that might jeopardize everything. So he's not going to ruin that by dating Amy; I can guarantee that.

Therefore, I don't have to do anything. He's a considerate guy, so if she comes on to him, he'll let her down easy. No problem. I wish every problem could be solved this easily, with inaction. Hee-hee.

Of course, down the line, things will get tricky when she finds out that Sweetie and I are sexually involved. For crying out loud, just a short time ago he was shooting his spunk all over me! It would be more than a little embarrassing if Amy were to walk in on something like that! What would I even say or do? I probably won't be able to keep that a secret from her for very long, so I need to think of something.

And it'll only get worse when she finds out that he's involved with Susan and Katherine too, once my scheming there reaches fruition. I suppose one could argue that it would make sense for her to get it on with him too, if the others are doing so already, and normally I might be open to that. But not with my cute Honey Pie! She's just not ready. Emotionally she's a few years behind the way her body is maturing physically. Maybe, eventually, I might be open to that idea. In a few years, MAYBE. But not now. Besides, she's a very beautiful girl; I'm sure she'll find a wonderful guy when the time is right.

Anyone but Alan, please! Good grief, having Amy in the middle of the orgies I'm envisioning would really put a damper on things, at least for me. Incest between the Plummers - that's a whole different matter, because they're not blood relatives. But my Honey Pie and me? Touching in a sexual situation? Ugh! I shudder to think!

Maybe I should set her up with somebody else. Now, there's an idea. Just as soon as she's mature enough, I'll find a really great boy for her who'll put all thoughts of my Sweetie out of her mind. And that's if she still has a crush on him by then, which I highly doubt. I'm sure she was just having a fleeting fantasy about him today, after what she heard about him and Christine.