

6 Times 511

Chapter 511 Will He Neglect Me, In Face Of All The New?

Susan's mention of Alan pulling "Betsy's" shirt up and suckling on her nipples gave him an idea. He hadn't even been touching his mother's big tits for a while now, since she was using them to titfuck him so vigorously. But she'd slowed down considerably for the past couple of minutes, so she could lick his cockhead and describe her increasingly outlandish fantasy without losing her breath. He took advantage of that by pulling his dick away, scooting his ass back, and bending his head down. He held her erect left nipple in place and started sucking on it. That was why Susan stopped talking.

For a few long moments, Susan's mind raced with alarm and extreme arousal as she realized what he was doing. The pleasure was so intense that her body seized up and her eyes rolled back in her head. She started panting hard, causing her great knockers to heave some, despite the fact that she was still pressing them tightly together.

When she sensed he wasn't going to stop his nipple sucking anytime soon, she stepped out of role-play mode and cried out, "Tiger, no! Time out! Time out! Son, please, not that!"

He lifted his head back up in confusion. "Why not?"

She said, "You KNOW that you're not allowed to play with my tits. But you do it all the time."

"Come on! You totally invited it! Isn't that what this role-play is about?" He bent back down and started sucking on her other nipple.

She was momentarily speechless as she realized how right he was. She let go of her breasts and clutched at his head, but she couldn't get herself to actually push him away. Then, between heavy, gasping breaths, she said, "Okay, point taken. I am pretty slack on that rule, and I guess that's okay. I'll admit that my whole purpose was to get you to play with and fuck my tits! I just wanted you to live out your Christine urges. But sucking on my nipples is different! You can't do that, ever!"

He pulled again and sat back up. "Why the hell not?! I was getting a big reaction there. I could see you really love it. Your whole body was on fire!"

"That's exactly why! I love it too much! You'll make me go crazy!" She changed tone, and resumed licking on his cockhead, hoping that would help appease and distract him. "Tiger, look at me. I'm already one of your de facto sex toys."

He protested, "Mom, come on. That's ridiculous! You mean so much more to me than that! I love you with all my heart!"

"I know, and I love you just as much. I'm not saying I'm JUST that, but that's part of it. Not just in a role-play, but for real. But that's okay! You know that I've come to love it. I've never been so happy in my life!"

She suddenly craned her head down even more, swallowing all of his cockhead. She bobbed on it a few times before the effort got too much and she had to pull off.

Alan was taken by surprise. He groaned with lusty need. He very nearly shot his load, but he clenched his PC muscle frantically and just barely staved off defeat.

"See?!" She went back to licking around his piss hole. "That's what it's all about. Your cock needs to be continually pleased, nearly all day long. Nurse Akami said as much. It's practically a medical necessity! But if you suck my nipples, I'll pretty much lose my mind! I can't think, I can't breathe, I can't suck you, I can't do anything! I just start cumming and cumming until I go crazy!"

"How do you know this, if you don't let me do it?"

"I know, baby, I know. Believe me! Like when you were doing it just then, it was too much for me to take. I'm just super sensitive there. You have NO IDEA what your tit play alone does to me, or how much I love it when you fuck my tits!"

The discussion came to an unexpected halt, because she somehow managed to swallow all of his cockhead again. With even more straining effort than ever before, she managed to slide her tightly puckered lips as far down as his sweet spot. She slid her sweet lips rapidly back and forth right where it counted most, and slathered his cockhead in her mouth for good measure. At the same time, she squeezed his shaft in a constantly-moving and thoroughly-oiled-up tit-tunnel.

She was going all out with all her might. For one, she wanted to show her passion and love for serving his cock. Two, she did love a good titfuck, and she'd reminded herself that she really wanted one now. But three, she craved to get him to cum, and right away, for strategic reasons in addition to erotic ones. She hoped that he'd be too distracted by all this pleasure to try sucking her nipples again. Then, once he came, he'd be too wiped out to do anything at all, further removing the nipple sucking "threat."

She truly didn't want him to suck or even lick her nipples, ever, because she feared that if he did, he'd wind up fucking her cunt before long. Not only were her nipples super sensitive, but it was as if she could feel a direct connection between them and her cunt, igniting both areas. She feared, and with good reason, that if he sucked her nipples for a good while, her pussy would grow so tingly and needy that she would loudly demand that he give her a good hard fucking. And she still feared that motherfucking was true incest, and a grave sin.

So instead she worked her oral and titfucking magic on him with great enthusiasm. She got him to assist by holding her tits in place, which let her perform another amazing titfuck-blowjob combo. But it was such a strain to maintain the position that tears leaked from her eyes.

Alan was over the moon. In fact, he was completely blown out into the stars. After just a couple of minutes of her new effort, he gave up his orgasmic struggle and let go with a loud cry. Hot ropes of his cum rocketed to the back of her throat.

She'd been leaning and craning so far forward that when she suddenly pulled back, his cockhead popped out of her mouth. She quickly grabbed his shaft and shut her eyes tight. She proceeded to paint herself a facial. She got a kick out of being both the targeter and the target.

Then, when his cum was all gone but his cock was still stiff, she resumed licking and sucking him until he was completely flaccid.

Finally, she pulled off. She kissed his shriveled penis with love. "Aaaah! Now, THAT'S how it's done! See, Tiger, that's what you've done to me. You've made me love doing this. So much! So let me keep doing that to you every day, and no more nipple sucking or suckling, okay?"

"Okay. If you insist. Geez!" He was puzzled by how strongly she felt about that.

"I do. That and 'no pussy touching' are the two rules I have to be strict with."

He slid off her tummy and wound up lying next to her. He was wiped out, just as she thought he'd be.

She'd been so preoccupied with his cock that she hadn't had a chance to have an orgasm of her own. But now she closed her eyes and quietly fingerfucked herself to a nice one while he laid next to her with his eyes closed, oblivious.

But all of her cock-pleasuring activity plus her own orgasm didn't tire her out. In fact, she was still wired with energy and passion. She finally pulled the straps of the slingshot suit all the way off her legs, so she could revel in her total nudity (not counting her high heels, of course). She rolled her luscious body onto him.

He opened his eyes when he felt her weight on his chest. He looked up into her smiling face from mere inches away, and chuckled at her seemingly endless enthusiasm. He couldn't fail to notice that her face was soaked and dripping with his cum. He also loved the feel of her massive boobs on his bare chest, since they were still slicked up from all the suntan lotion.

She playfully kissed the tip of his nose. "God, I love this. All of it. This is what I call a fun way to spend an afternoon. Each time we do this sort of thing, I love it more. Look what you've turned me into. I'm hopelessly addicted to your cock."

"Phew! God, that was amaaaazing!"

"Son, please don't use the Lord's name in vain. You know that's improper. But in any case, wasn't that fun?" She swiped up a cum gob that fell from her face to his, and slurped it into her mouth.

He nodded. "Mom, you have no idea! But you spoil me far too much." He wiped the tears that lay between the many streaks of cum on her cheeks. "Look. You actually shed tears from the strain of managing to blow me along with the titfuck. That's too much! You're making me feel guilty. Especially since you won't let me reciprocate by going down on you."

"Hush your mouth! Don't even speak of that! That's even worse than if you suck on my nipples. But Son, don't worry. I LIKE it when I have to struggle so much that I cry a little. In fact, I love it! I've come to love cocksucking so very, very much lately. Don't question it, okay? Just enjoy it. Although a compliment or two along the way wouldn't hurt." She winked.

He chuckled at that. "Man, I could compliment you all day long. That was friggin' crazy! For starters, your whole Christine role-play was brilliant. That was exactly what the doctor ordered. It's like you could read my mind, because I was having all kinds of fantasies along those lines, especially on the car ride home. What inspired you to come up with that idea?"

"It was a no-brainer. Remember last night, how I helped you with a role-play after your practice date with her? I figured why not do the same here. Clearly, she has a knack for getting your cum boiling, but then she foolishly fails to follow through and give you proper relief. But I'm not too upset, because that means more tasty spermies for me!" She winked at him and licked her lips.

He asked, "How did you do that so well?! I mean, you barely even know her. And, let's face it, you're not known for your acting skills, because you're so honest and open."

Her cummy face continued to stare down into his clean one. "Son, it's true, I didn't have much to work on. But I didn't need to act, because I wasn't really acting. I just put myself in her shoes for real. What if I was your classmate, and a smart, busty beauty to boot?"

She shifted around, just so she could drag her oiled up tits across his chest. "Of course I'd want the best of the best. She's going to fall for you soon enough, mark my words."

He sighed. "Look. You don't know Christine at all. It's not like that. True, I lust after her, okay? I have these fantasies, as we've obviously seen here. But, at the end of the day, I know it's not right for her and me to get together, for lots of reasons I'm too tired to go into right now. Plus, she's not into me. So she makes good eye candy and role-play material. That's it! We're just FRIENDS."

Susan shook her head in disagreement, and slid her slick tits on him some more. "I beg to differ. Time will prove me right, you'll see. You've developed this sort of sexual magnetism lately. Women can't resist you! I know I can't, and I had to overcome the incest taboo, so why should she?"

"Mom, trust me. She turned me down, remember?"

"Maybe she feels that way now, but she'll come around. I have endless faith in you."

He was intrigued and even shocked by what she said, especially her use of the words "sexual magnetism." Christine just told me today that I have "animal magnetism." That's almost the same. There must be some truth to it if they're both saying it independently. How can I deny it when my cum-covered mom is lying naked on top of me? But what the hell does that mean?! What am I doing that's "magnetic?!" How did that happen?! I sure don't feel "magnetic."

He put that issue aside and said, "Mom, that's just the thing. You DO have endless faith in me. That's why Sis and I do so well in many things, because we know you're standing behind us a thousand percent. Encouragement is great, but there's the harsh real world too. Things don't always work out like we want them to."bender

Susan took his hands, which were limp at his sides, and brought them to her ass cheeks. She smiled as he started to caress her there (although without much vigor, since he was so tired). "Son, you may think that role-play was wildly unrealistic, but it wasn't."

"Oh, come on! It was TOTALLY unrealistic!"

She repeatedly clenched and unclenched her ass cheeks in his hands, hoping to inspire him for another round. "No. Not really. You DO have a stable of beautiful, busty women who are learning the joys of serving you."

He pointed out, "You're basically talking three, four if you count Amy. That's not a 'stable.'" But in his own count he left out Glory, Heather, and others he was involved with at school, either because Susan didn't know about their involvement or because he doubted his relationships with them would last very long.

"I do count Amy; she's coming along nicely as one of your official personal cocksuckers, even if she's not allowed to suck yet. And four is a lot! Success breeds success. We DO proudly call ourselves your sex toys and personal cocksuckers. Some of us, anyway. I'm sure our numbers will grow until you have a full-on harem. It's true there is no 'Betsy,' but there are others like her, incredible sexy women you'll fuck and control someday, probably by the dozen."

"'By the dozen?!' Now you're way off in la-la land."

But Susan was defiant. "I don't mean all at the same time! But over the years, sure. And why shouldn't you tame Gloria Rhymer and Christine too?! I know how long you've desired them, no matter what you say."

He asked incredulously, "Wouldn't you mind?!"

She continued to slide her lotion-soaked tits over his chest while he fondled her clenching ass cheeks. "Why should I mind? You're a superior kind of man. Your sexual talents and stamina will grow and grow, I just know it. Yet, no matter how many lovers you'll take, fuck, and tame, I'll always be your big-titted mommy who loves you all up. I'm not immodest, but I'm confident that I have the kind of face and figure that you like best. Plus, I get to live with you, which gives me the inside track. I know you'll always save a lot of those cum-filled inches of throbbing hot son-cock for me, won't you?"

He smiled and nodded. He ran one hand all the way up her shapely bare back while his other hand idly explored her ass crack. He couldn't imagine ever neglecting her. His love for her was truly immeasurable, and that was even before the great sex began.

She smiled back warmly. "See?" She wiped a finger through her cummy left cheek, then sucked the finger clean. "I had you cum on my face on purpose, because you make me proud to wear your cum. And I know you won't forget your sister, or your auntie, or cousin Amy, because of the love we share. So, as long as that's true, why shouldn't you go out and take what you want, and who you want? Don't be shy. Don't be afraid to use your special talents. You're going to make a LOT of women very, very happy!"

He said, "Wow, Mom, you're kind of scaring me with all that. I mean, I'm just a guy. I don't understand what's happening to me. But I still believe you're way off. There's just no way your fantasy vision will come true. If nothing else, there are physical limits. I'm close to the limit of what's even physically possible, right now."

She chuckled knowingly. "You'll see."

With that, she scooted on down his body until her face was in his crotch. As had become her tradition, she rallied her energies yet again and thoroughly licked his penis and balls clean.

He reacted to feeling one of his balls slide into her warm mouth by saying, "Wow, Mom! Thanks, again! You're too good to me. Seriously. I feel undeserving." His mood soured as he thought that over. "What have I done to deserve all this royal treatment? Nothing, absolutely nothing, that's what."

As she continued to "clean" his balls with her tongue, she looked up at him and said, "Son, you take that back! Never say you're undeserving. Never! This isn't some unpleasant duty I feel obliged to do. This is an expression of my love for you! And I love doing it! Maybe that'll damn me to Hell, I don't know, but it's too late for me to stop now. I have to admit I love it too much."

"Well Mom, I love that you love it. And it can't be wrong or a sin if it feels this right. But I want to reciprocate. Let me finger or lick you down there. Please! It's only fair. I feel guilty."

She gave him a stern, disapproving look, even as her chin rested on his balls. "You know that whole area is off limits, and for good reason. So you just hush and let me finish cleaning you."

She finished her "cleaning" a couple minutes later.

Feeling deeply satisfied, he kissed her on the cheek in appreciation. A short time later, he went up to his room to take a nap.

Susan was very satisfied too. She felt like such prolonged sessions were helping her to take her cock pleasuring skills to a new level. With each new time with him, her lingering prudish worries and reservations were falling away, and more and more, she was truly loving the sexual action with all her heart.

She didn't want the fun with him to end, especially since she had him all to herself, but also didn't want to interfere with his nap. So she walked around naked and with his cum still on her face. She mentally reviewed and relived what had just happened. From time to time, she ate up some of the cum.

Now, THIS is what I call a good day! And to think: this is a glimpse of the future! Being a personal cocksucker isn't a temporary thing. A large part of my daily routine from now on is going to be like this, for years and years to come! In fact, wouldn't it be great if I regularly spent more time sucking Tiger's great big cock than cleaning house? I had a lot of free time on my hands that I was just wasting anyway. Why, just a month or two ago, I used to religiously watch soap operas on TV. Hah! What did all that time

with Theresa Lopez-Fitzgerald or Precious ever do to help my life? Now, I can better spend that time naked and kneeling and gagging on son-cock!

She walked to a mirror and looked at the cum on her face. She smiled without a hint of shame. She saw a big cum gob above her upper lip that she'd missed, so she licked it into her mouth. Mmmm. Yummy! I just hope I'm right with what I said about him. I don't think he can see it yet, but I can sense the sexual power he has. I know it's true because of how he makes me feel. He's going to fuck and tame so very, very many women! Maybe I should be more jealous, but it's so HOT! But will he neglect me, in face of all the new? I honestly don't think so. He loves me so much! Just so long as he doesn't live far away, everything will be okay. I do worry about his college plans sometimes though.

Chapter 512 Share Your Latest Alan Fantasy

Fifteen minutes later, Susan heard the sound of Katherine driving the car into the garage. That snapped her back to reality. She finally washed her face clean of the remaining cum. (It was starting to get gross anyway.) Even though Katherine went straight to her room, Susan took off her high heels and resumed doing her daily chores in typical around-the-house clothes.

However, her attempt to give herself a sexual break didn't last that long, because Brenda gave her a call. Actually, Brenda had tried calling several times, but Susan had been too busy to answer. After the customary greetings, Susan asked Brenda why she was calling.

Brenda replied dreamily, "I think you know why. I've been thinking about Alan and his cock all day long! Please tell me nasty, naughty true stories of what you've been doing to him today!"

Susan's face brightened. "I'd be delighted to! It's been quite a day, since he doesn't have school. I think my skin must smell of sperm all over!" She brought a hand to her face and inhaled. Sure enough, it did smell of her son's cum.

Brenda squealed. "YES!"

Susan sat down and made herself comfortable on the dining room love seat, knowing this was likely to be a long, intimate conversation. "Let's see... Have you been practicing cocksucking with your Alan-sized dildo, like I suggested?"

"Yes!"

"And?"

"And I, uh... I don't have any trouble getting into the spirit of things anymore. All I have to do is think about him and I get so horny that I just HAVE to suck and suck and suck!"

"Good. Are you practicing so that you'll get better at it?"

"Of course. I've been reading up on it, and I even watched an instructional video. I know that sucking cock is going to be a VERY big part of my future life as one of Alan's busy sluts, so I'm working hard to be one of the very best, one of his favorites! But it's much more fun to practice while listening to your hot stories, especially the latest real things that have happened to you."

Susan giggled with glee. "I've got more of those. I'll make you a deal. I'll tell you my latest experiences, if you'll share some of your latest Alan fantasies."

"Deal!" Brenda was smiling from ear to ear. She'd started the call fully clothed, but she was already so hot and bothered that she began removing her clothes. She made a mental note to always just get naked before even calling Susan. "I've had some good ones. Since you told me that he was going on a date with that hot, stacked girl Christine last night, I had a great dream where he took ME out to a fancy restaurant."

"Oh? Tell me more!"

"Okay! First, he made me suck him through the entire dinner, during which he flirted with the sexy waitress. Of course all the other customers were outraged, especially since he'd had me strip to just my high heels and the tablecloth really didn't cover me very much, but what could I do? Once I started to suck him though, I simply couldn't stop! Then he had the waitress - who bore more than a passing resemblance to that photo of Christine you showed me, by the way - join me under the table for our dessert while he was fully enjoying eating his!"

Susan started to take off her clothes. She could tell that this call in particular was going to be a scorcher. "That's so him! Leave it to him to seduce the waitress too." She chuckled with pleasure. "I can totally picture Christine and you sucking him off together, right there in the middle of the restaurant! Did that happen?"

"Oh, did it ever! SO MUCH! I can practically still taste his sweet cum on my tongue - and that's just from a dream!"

"Wow! That sounds fantastic. You're going to have to tell me the whole story in great detail. But give me a sneak preview: how did it end?"

"How do you think? He finally took the two of us home, where we met up with you and he fucked all three of us all night long!"

Susan whispered in shock, "You mean... he fucked me too?!"

"Of course!"

"All night?"

"So many times! You screamed and screamed until your voice was hoarse. We all did!"

Susan whispered even quieter, "But that's not allowed!"

"Not in reality, at least according to your current rules. But anything goes in dreams and fantasies, right? And good God, did he fuck you hard and long in this one! He left the three of us with sore pussies and tired jaws, passed out from exhaustion in a tangle of arms and legs, covered in sperm and sweat!"

Susan was still whispering, but now in awe. "Wooooow!" She thought, This is why I love listening to Brenda's fantasies so much. She goes places I won't let myself go, or she thinks of things that hadn't occurred to me. Isn't it simply a matter of time before he fucks me like that? Ooooh! Shivers all over! But I CAN'T let myself think like that! I can't!

Brenda asked, "By the way, how did Alan's real date with Christine go last night?"

"Oh, that? Gee, that seems like ages ago already. So much has happened since then. He was rather tight-lipped about it, even when I gave him a nice long titfucking when he came home. Katherine helped with visual stimulation, by the way. Unfortunately, I'm sure it didn't work out like your dream version did, but it must have gone very well, because he took her to the beach today. When he got home, I role-played her in a skimpy bathing suit. Naturally, he fucked my face pretty good, and my big tits too!"

Brenda was ecstatic. She pushed her bare breasts together, imagining that Alan was fucking her tits. "Good God! Too hot! It sounds like he's well on his way to taming her and turning her into one of his many busty sluts!"

"That's my hope. Knock on wood."

Brenda joked, "Suck on wood!"

Susan chuckled. "That too. Do you have your Alan dildo with you now?"

"Yes!"

"Then let's get to it." Susan already had her clothes off and was caressing the undersides of her huge globes. She was eager.

Brenda was too, but worried about being caught once she started making a lot of noise. She asked shyly, "You don't mind if I freely masturbate and slurp and suck on Alan's cock, er, I mean the dildo, while you talk, do you?" bender

Susan replied, "We're way past the point of worrying about that kind of thing. Ever since the phone call where you told me that great story of Sultan Alan, well, let's just say it's pretty obvious what we're both doing when we're huffing and puffing, and it's not emulating a steam locomotive."

Brenda quipped, "As the phone company's old slogan used to say, we let our fingers do the walking... all over our naughty places!"

Susan giggled. "Exactly! Now, where to begin? There's so much to tell If you'd called just a little earlier, you would have caught me with Tiger's cum all over my face!"

"Tell me! Tell me! Tell me everything!"

Susan chuckled. She started her story from the moment Alan had come downstairs for breakfast.

Half an hour later, Susan had Brenda caught up through the events of the previous night. Then she had Brenda take the story-telling lead for a while, starting with a detailed description of her fantasy dream date with Alan and the Christine-like waitress.

Because it didn't take much for either Susan or Brenda to climax, it was surprising that they'd each "only" had three orgasms. Certainly there would have been more, especially since Susan still hadn't gotten to detailing her adventures with Alan earlier that day. However, the call had gone on for nearly an hour by the time Brenda finished sharing her vivid fantasies, and Susan worried that Alan would soon be waking from his nap. Furthermore, it was likely that Katherine, Amy or Suzanne would see her before long and she figured she needed to be presentable when that happened. So, reluctantly, she ended the call.

However, by that time she was already looking forward to enjoying another long call with Brenda. Such discussions weren't just helping with Brenda's indoctrination and her blowjob practice on the dildo; they were also bonding Susan and Brenda as close friends, united in their submissive mindsets and lust for Alan. Susan's jealousy of Brenda's breast size was also fading by the day.

After Alan woke from his nap, he tried but failed to actually do some homework. There were too many beautiful women and exciting recent events on his mind.

Things have gone mad, barking at the stars mad. My life has gotten so very... eventful. Staying just friends with Christine has gotten more difficult, for one. The situation at school has just gotten a lot more complicated too. Heather's like a relentless barracuda. I wonder what my new painting duties will lead to. So many things to think about. And everything is coming up sex, sex, sex!

And then what about the mystery of Mom? She's so eager for cocksucking that it's almost scary. I mean, I totally love it and I can't get enough of it, but I have to admit that it must be completely off the charts

for a woman to be THAT into it. Yet here's the kicker: she's still completely opposed to the mere thought of actual fucking! God, that alone is enough to drive me mad. I get to run my hands all over her perfect body with increasing frequency, but I still can't so much as touch her pussy.

Has there ever been a situation where a guy was so sexually satiated and yet so sexually frustrated by the exact same woman?! Dammit, I should just up and fuck her one of these days, but I can't! She's my mom! Even if she got into it eventually, I'd hate myself for forcing it that way. She has to want it a lot too. Man, that would be so epic, fucking her when she is fully passionate and into it! I can wait for that. Besides, it's not like I really have a choice: I have to wait.

He continued to hang out in his room and think. He didn't let anyone know he was awake because he just wanted to spend some time alone in his room and chill out. His sexual encounters lately were more emotionally draining than physically tiring.

Meanwhile, Suzanne came over again and took Katherine out by the pool for some nude sunbathing. It was actually fairly absurd for Suzanne to sunbathe, as she'd already done the same thing with Susan for about two hours earlier in the day. But sunbathing was just a thin excuse for Suzanne to get naked. Katherine certainly didn't have a problem with that.

In Suzanne's case, it wasn't even real sunbathing. She generally sat on a lounge chair under the shade of some nearby trees or an umbrella. If any sun actually hit her fair skin, she had already applied some powerfully strong suntan lotion, so she couldn't really tan at all.

Katherine's tan, on the other hand, had developed nicely to a rich light bronze that she thought contrasted with her areolae quite well. She was eager to finally get rid of the tan lines, but they were slow to go away.

Chapter 513 I Have Some Pretty Sexy Nighties These Days.

Katherine and Suzanne spent a long time putting suntan lotion on each other while they chatted, but they had to behave themselves because Susan could see them clearly from where she worked in the kitchen.

The fact that Susan could watch Suzanne and Katherine both buck naked and rubbing suntan lotion all over each other in a very sensuous manner and not complain about it showed how much her attitude had changed. In fact, as she looked at them through the window, she thought, They're both Tiger's sex toys too. It's amazing that he's tamed Suzanne, but he has! And his own sister. Such a stud! So it's only right that they act a little slutty with each other. That kind of attitude will help make them better sex pets for my son!

Suzanne and Katherine moved inside the house when it began to grow dark, after which they talked to Susan as she continued to prepare dinner, even though they were both still naked from the sunbathing. They were trying to push the envelope with her.

Susan actually was wearing a fair amount of clothing to cook in, including blue jeans. She had come down from her sexual high some time earlier. So she eventually insisted that they put on some clothes. But they delayed doing so as long as possible by distracting her with more chit-chat.

Alan finally came downstairs, where he greeted both naked women with an affectionate, but not too passionate, kiss and hug. He knew that his mother was watching from the kitchen, and given how she was fully dressed, he had to be careful what he said and did.

Susan complained, "Angel! Suzanne! PLEASE! Please put some clothes on already. What, with Tiger being here and all..."

But she didn't get to finish her thought, because Alan walked up to her and gave her a kiss too. However, unlike the other kisses he'd just given, he kissed her right on her lips.

That surprised and displeased her at first; she even made a feeble effort to push him away. But, after a few seconds of tongue dueling, she got into it and simply melted into his arms.

Then suddenly she broke free from their necking, because he'd just pulled her blue jeans down her thighs. Naturally, she wasn't wearing any underwear, so she tried to cover her pussy and ass with her hands. Concerned mainly about the other two watching women, she complained to him, "What are you doing?"

"Just getting your attention, Mom." He pulled her in close for a hug, wrapping his arms around her. She unthinking wrapped her arms around him in return.

That left her ass uncovered, as he had cleverly anticipated. He slipped both hands down and brazenly kneaded her ass cheeks.

She was facing the counter, so she could see Suzanne and Katherine sitting at their stools, staring and smirking. She blushed and looked away in humiliation. But she didn't try to remove her son's hands.

He told her, "You know I'm allowed to touch your ass for that. But how can I get your attention when you're wearing those tight jeans?"

She protested, "You have my attention already!"

But he just kissed her lips again. Within a matter of seconds, she was kissing back passionately and rubbing her busty body against his. She tried her hardest to forget that Katherine and Suzanne were right there and watching, although she couldn't forget completely.

After another minute, he had her loose sweatshirt and shirt pulled up to her shoulders. He broke the kiss and said, "Mom, the only clothes problem I see here is that you're not naked enough."

"But I have to cook," she pointed out. "Oh my gosh! My cooking!" She broke away from him, pulled her clothes back down over her breasts, and went to check on the seitan (wheat gluten) sizzling merrily on the stove. She had to waddle though, since her jeans were down her thighs and she was in such a rush to look at the food that she didn't have time to pull them up first.

Now that her back was turned, Alan looked at Suzanne and Katherine, giving them a smile and a wink.

They smiled and winked back. Suzanne gave him the thumbs-up gesture for good measure. Both of them understood that Susan needed the extra attention to get loosened up.

Alan walked back to Susan and caressed her bare ass cheeks from behind as she tended the food.

She let him, but complained, "Okay, Son. You've definitely got my attention by now. That's enough. Any more would be terribly improper."

He relented with her ass, for the moment, but also he said, "Remember, Mom, I have authority over what you can and can't wear. And I think you'd look best cooking in just one of your erotic aprons."

She sighed. "What am I going to do with you?" But she was smiling from ear to ear, basking in his attention.

Susan actually had recently stored a selection of aprons in a kitchen cabinet, now that she knew that Alan liked the "erotic apron" look so much. So she decided to change into one right there while everyone watched.

Her libido had kicked into gear after his fondling, so she didn't just undress, she made a mini-striptease out of it. As she did so, she mock-complained, "This is so outrageous! Look at me, Tiger!" She wiggled her blue jeans down her legs. "I'm starting to wonder why I should ever wear any clothes at all. Is that any way to treat your loving mother, telling me what I can and can't wear?"

Katherine jokingly answered for him, "Yes. Yes, it is." She giggled.

Susan huffed at that, even as she bent way over to make a production out of pulling her blue jeans down her lower legs. She said, "Angel, you don't even know the half of it. Would you believe that, earlier this afternoon, while I was busy sucking his fat stiff pole, he threatened to spank me! He even gave my bare ass a few hard swats! Is that gratitude? I tell you, it's an outrage!"

Her face was so obviously happy and lusty that no one worried at all about the supposed "outrage."

Suzanne saw Susan's obviously strong submissive tendencies as key to getting her to sexually open up. So she said, "It sounds to me that you'd better watch yourself and be good to him, then, if you don't want to get a hard spanking for real."

Susan was torn. On one hand, hearing that was too hot to be believed. But she also took her mothering duties seriously, and she worried about her authority being undermined. So she complained, "But I'm his mother! Don't I have to stay in charge? I mean, I'm not naked ALL the time."

Suzanne replied enigmatically, "There are times for you to be a good, responsible mother, and there are also times for you to be a naked and horny big-titted mommy. And big-titted mommies tend to be naughty and get spanked by their hunky, well-hung sons. A lot!"

Susan clutched at her bare breasts and gasped. Her entire body shivered at that.

She calmed down enough to resume changing clothes. She wanted to complain about Suzanne and Katherine still being naked, but her own near total nudity pretty much undercut any credibility she might have had in telling them to put on some clothes. The apron she chose covered her pussy up to her belly button, but left her tits and ass completely exposed.

She sighed, and thought, I guess this is how it's going to be, for better or worse. We're all his sluts now, and our nudity pleases him. I just wish he wouldn't embarrass me so much in front of the others. And I don't see a bulge. No bulge! That's really distressing.

Suzanne, Katherine and Alan just stood and sat around the kitchen counter area, talking casually, while Susan kept cooking, joining in the conversation when she could. Nothing overtly sexual happened, even though all the women remained naked (aside from Susan's apron). But the very normalcy of the situation chipped away even further at Susan's boundaries, by getting her more accustomed to casual nudity.

Just before Suzanne had to leave for her own home to prepare her own family's dinner, Katherine asked her, "Aunt Suzy, can I ask you a big favor?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"You should have seen the way Brother went wild for Mom's nightie this morning. I'm so jealous of my mother!" She didn't care who heard. In fact, she wanted her mother to hear in hopes that she'd give her more time with her brother.

Susan, still standing close by in the kitchen, blushed with pleasure at remembrance of the morning.

Alan also listened from across the dining room while his eyes went back and forth between the naked bodies of Katherine and Suzanne.

"He's so into that nightie and lingerie stuff, and I never knew it. Could you please, please, PLEASE go shopping tonight and pick up some sexy lingerie stuff for me? I want to look really good for him tomorrow morning."

"Sure. I know just the place. In fact, since your mom doesn't like us just standing around naked, let me show you an item I got there and haven't worn for him yet." Suzanne walked up to the underwear cabinet in the front foyer and picked out a top. She walked back to the kitchen counter to put it on, since she knew Alan could see them well enough from there, and he would appreciate the show.

It was a red and black leather top that left Suzanne's shoulders, tits and stomach uncovered. "Check this out," as she pirouetted for them. "This is pretty typical of the stuff they have. They've got a lot of S-and-M-themed stuff."

Alan grinned with delight, and the others saw his reaction. He loved the fact that Suzanne was blushing slightly, because she didn't blush readily.

Katherine clapped her hands together in glee and thought, This is exactly the kind of thing I need to compete with Mom.

She raised her voice and said to Alan, "What do you think, Big Stick Shift Brother? Do you like this kinky stuff?"

He had been watching intently even as he still made a pretense to be reading. But he gave up the pretense and looked up at his sister. "Definitely. Though, I like my little sister's outfit just as much."

Katherine was still buck naked, standing just a few feet away from him. She pirouetted around for him in response.

Suzanne turned to Katherine. "Why have me pick the stuff out? Why can't you go yourself?"

"Remember, Mom won't let me leave to go anywhere 'cos I'm grounded." Katherine exaggerated her pout as she said this. Being grounded, she knew, was both a blessing and a curse. While she could stay home and tease her brother mercilessly, she couldn't do much else with him except once a day. And

even though she thoroughly enjoyed prancing around the house naked or semi-naked with her mother and brother, she did have an outside social life and she missed it, if only just a little.

"Oh, yeah," Suzanne remembered. "But weren't you gone earlier in the day? I'm sure you were."

"I was. But that's because I had to go to cheerleading practice. School events don't count." She didn't mention the fact that she'd taken a couple of hours after the practice before she came home. Susan hadn't minded or asked about it at all, since that had given her so much one-on-one time with Alan and his cock.

Suzanne said to Susan in the kitchen, "Susan, that's really mean. How can I pick out the best clothes for Angel if she's not there? It's not like you and me, where we're the same size. I don't even know her measurements at all."

Susan answered, "Hmmm. I can sympathize, Angel, but you really should stay home and take your punishment. What kind of grounding is it if I let you go shopping? And I don't want to have to ask you again: please put some clothes on already! Don't be so disrespectful of your mother."

Katherine, now standing right next to the kitchen counter, stretched and wiggled her naked body as she pleaded, "Please? Please, Mom?" She looked at Susan earnestly, but in fact she was more focused on wiggling her ass for her brother's benefit, since he was sitting behind her.

Suzanne had an idea on how to manage Susan. She suggested to her, "I know. If you let Angel go, just this one time, I'll make sure to pick up some extra nice things for you to help you tempt and titillate your son. Don't you think he'd like it if you wore an even sexier nightie tomorrow for breakfast?"

"I dunno," Susan replied skeptically. "I have some pretty sexy nighties these days."

"Thanks to me," Suzanne pointed out. "Practically everything you're wearing lately is borrowed from me."

Susan bit her lip. "That's true. I would like to have more of my own. Are there even sexier ones out there?"

Suzanne grinned, knowing Susan was hooked. "There are! Guaranteed cock stiffeners, virtually every time you get that certain craving. And I can get them for you. You know we wear the exact same sizes, so if it looks good on me, it'll look good on you. Not only that, but we'll be gone for a long time after dinner, leaving you all alone with him. To spell it out, you'd be all alone with your hunky son and his always-erect and tasty treat."

"Darn you, Suzanne!" Susan said in frustration at her friend, and at her own lack of self control. "How can I turn down that offer?"

Her mouth salivated as she thought back to the time alone she'd had with Alan in the afternoon. Our time together this afternoon was the BEST! I can't even imagine having that much fun again so soon. My jaw is still sore from all the sucking, but in a good sore kind of way. And more nighties and erotic aprons and such means more cum loads blasting on my face and down my throat!

She said, "I could really use some sexier clothes, especially some see-through nighties of my own. I'm going to Hell, and Suzanne is the devil who stole my soul." She wagged a finger at her daughter. "Okay, Angel, you can go just this one time, but you have to give something up in return. You have to give up your one time stimulating Tiger today."

"Argh! I should have done that earlier!" Katherine cursed in frustration. However, she remembered that Alan had secretly fucked her in the morning, and she felt kind of guilty about it, so she didn't feel so bad to lose her "allowed" time with him. "Oh well. It'll be worth it. Aunt Suzy, this is going to be fun!" She pumped her fist into the air.

"Don't worry about money," Susan said to Suzanne. "The more stuff you can get for Angel and me the better, and I'll cover all our stuff, whatever it costs. If it's sexy and you like it, don't hesitate. If you think it'll help Tiger get and keep a big fat boner, just buy it. Especially if it's for me. I'd like to start to return some of the clothes I borrowed from you."

Suzanne nodded. "Will do. I've got some ideas. And I'll remember to get more see-through nighties. Soon, we'll be so good at tempting Sweetie that it'll seem like his cock will never go flaccid again!"

Susan licked her lips at that thought.

Chapter 514 I'm Living The Fuck Toy Dream!

After Suzanne left to make dinner at her own house, Katherine, Susan, and Alan continued to hang out. Once again, Alan was driven to distraction by the clothing, or lack thereof, on Katherine and Susan.

Eventually, Susan insisted to Katherine, "With dinner coming up, I must insist you at least wear something to cover up your privates."

Katherine griped, "And are you gonna keep on wearing that erotic apron?"

Susan sounded indignant. "No, I'm going to change into something else too. This is dinner!" But she was already thinking about outfits that would arouse even more than the apron, if that was possible.

Katherine changed clothes, but she wore the sexiest thing she could think of that technically complied with that order. She was keen on seeing her brother's dick get stiff again, even if she wasn't allowed to personally benefit from it.

She didn't know where Suzanne had bought the extremely tiny bikini that had proven so popular with Alan recently, so she'd decided to devise something of her own. She took scissors to her skimpiest bikini and trimmed the fabric even more, so that there was nearly nothing there at all. It made Suzanne's bikini seem conservative by comparison. She made the cuts look very professional-looking so that her mother would think some women actually wore such things in public.

Again, she decided that short skirts were the best way to go for showing off her butt and pussy. She used the same scissors to cut her shortest skirt even shorter. It was now so short that even when she stood erect and perfectly still, one could see the bottom of her pussy. It was almost a misnomer to still call it a skirt. Her bikini top and skirt were a matching dark green.

Additionally, she wore high heels as she usually did these days when Alan was home. Only Amy was slow to catch on to that, having so far failed to join the other women in wearing high heels constantly when around him. Like Susan, Katherine was starting to connect high heels to sex so much that just looking at a pair of them could make her nipples erect and her pussy moist.

So Katherine outdid her mother for the time being, since Susan was forced to remain cooking in her erotic apron.

Susan realized that she was being temporarily outdone and was very eager for the new clothes Suzanne would hopefully bring back for her later that evening.

While Susan kept cooking, Katherine stood next to Alan in the dining room and let him "get her attention."

Susan complained from the kitchen, "Children, is that really appropriate?"

Katherine replied, "You want him to get erect again, don't you? He's been on the verge for a while now. This might just push him over the edge."

That quieted Susan right up.

Katherine's nearly nonexistent skirt was just the perfect thing to provide Alan access to her pussy. He spent many long minutes rubbing her clit, kissing her here and there, and whispering sweet nothings in her ear until she cried out in climax. He was glad he was able to give back and totally focus on someone else's sexual needs, for once.

Susan, able to see them from the kitchen, was driven to distraction with jealousy, but there was nothing she could do except to try and hurry the cooking.

Alan actually had deliberately willed himself from getting erect until Katherine came, so he could completely focus on her. Once she did, he stopped fighting it and a bulge grew in his shorts.

Katherine announced, "A-ha! Mom, check it out! I told you that would help."

Susan was pleased, especially since she planned to spend a lot of intimate time with him after dinner. But her hands were still tied, since she needed to finish cooking. She said, "Tiger, hang in there! Don't let it go flaccid again, please?"

Katherine suggested, "Mom, I'm know I'm being punished and all, but what if I just stick my hand in his shorts and keep it warm for you for a little while?"

Susan wasn't happy, but she reluctantly said, "Well, I suppose. I'm such a softy. But just keep it nice and stiff. Nothing fancy! And NO oral!"

"Okay, Mom." Katherine jacked him off inside his shorts. She actually preferred it that way, because Susan couldn't see what she was doing exactly, so she couldn't complain.

Meanwhile, Alan initiated a wide-ranging conversation about sexual matters. The two of them discussed the merits of shaved versus unshaved pussies, the various ways to stimulate clits, the merits of using vibrators, and so on.

Katherine quickly recognized that his purpose of all this talking was to get their mother hot and bothered without saying anything "over the line," so she eagerly played the role Alan had hoped she would.

Susan heard every word, and had a hard time cooking as a result. She found herself rubbing her crotch up against sharp corners, like a cat desperately in heat. And since her erotic apron didn't even cover any of her bouncy breasts, she constantly fondled them any moment her hands weren't needed for some cooking task. From time to time she would peer over the counter and see Katherine's hand slipping and sliding inside Alan's shorts, and that practically made her scream with frustration.bender

She was extremely relieved when the food was finally ready. She rushed up to her bedroom and changed to the sexiest and most revealing thing she could think of. She chose a see-through nightie, open to her belly button. And of course she kept her high heels on.

When dinner began, Susan led the family in prayer, as she always did. But more and more, her sexual mindset was creeping in her prayers too. Several weeks ago, she still had prayed out loud that Alan's energy problem could be cured. But now she prayed that he'd have frequent and prolonged orgasms.

Alan deliberately put more of his attention on Katherine during dinner. He sat right next to her and out of reach of Susan. This allowed Katherine to periodically stick her hand in his shorts and "check" if his penis was still erect. Her vigorous checks lasted for minutes at a time.

Normally, Susan would have chided Katherine about her outfit and made her wear something else for dinner. But she couldn't this time, because she was wearing something scandalously revealing too. Her eagerness for cocky fun after dinner was affecting all of her thinking.

On top of that, Susan was so horny that she even got a thrill from looking at her daughter's nice body. At the same time, she learned through her daughter's moves and poses some different ways to flash her own body.

Katherine felt like she was on a roll. When she wasn't "checking" on Alan's penis, she made every excuse she could think of to stand up and walk around. It was a wonder she ate anything at all. She especially enjoyed dropping things on the floor right next to where he sat and then picking them up without bending her knees, nearly shoving her ass and pussy into his face. At the same time, she'd rub a hand all over her ass and make innocent small talk by saying things like, "Oh, no! Can you believe I dropped the salt shaker AGAIN? I'm so clumsy. I hope you're not looking between my legs right now, Bro, 'cos you'd be able to see EVERYTHING!"

Susan finally complained about Katherine's outfit, asking, "Where on Earth did you get those postage-stamp clothes?" But her real agenda was to try and find out where Katherine got them so she could get something similar.

Katherine didn't let on that she'd made her outfit herself.

A few minutes later, after Katherine bent over lewdly for Alan yet again, Susan leaned forward and caught a good view of her daughter's crotch. She realized that Katherine's pussy was absolutely soaked. She said, "Angel, your cunt... Uh, I mean, your pussy... Um, uh. Let me start again. Your nether regions. They're very wet. It's just a ... big, gooey mess. Why?"

"Mom, do you have to ask? Isn't it the hugest turn-on, exposing yourself to him? Doesn't it just make you wet all the time, or is something else causing that?" She pointed at Susan's obviously erect nipples poking against her see-through nightie, and giggled.

Susan was flustered by that. "That's not really... That's a private matter. Please! Let's settle down here. I run a respectable family. I suppose I'm just curious why you're SO wet. I mean, we all get wet around him, but, well, not like that."

"Come on, Mom," Katherine insisted. "Answer my question first."

"Never you mind about that," Susan replied as she started to blush. "Okay, fine. So I kind of like exposing myself for my son. Heck, I love it! I especially love the hungry way he looks at my big breasts. There! Are you satisfied?" She proudly arched her back and thrust her tits forward, but at the same time, her face turned red.

"I am, actually," Katherine replied. "As to answer your question, remember when he fingered me a little while ago? He got me soooo wet when I came! And it's been nothing but sexy fun ever since."

But Susan got a revenge of sorts soon enough. She had been eating with unusual speed while Katherine posed and played around and hardly had a bite. So when Susan was done, she scooted her chair next to where Alan sat. Without even asking him, she reached her hand under the table and stroked his boner while he continued to eat, much like she'd done for him during breakfast.

She said, "Angel, thank you for keeping him warm, but I've got it under control now." She looked down at Alan's crotch and unzipped his fly, freeing his boner. She licked her lips and smiled. My mouth is going to make love to this glorious pole tonight, that's for sure! Mmmm...

Katherine was frustrated that she couldn't be the one doing the stroking, but she couldn't complain. She was being punished, and Susan had been extremely lenient in letting her help, even if it was for selfish reasons.

As Susan's fingers expertly rubbed Alan's sweet spot, she said matter-of-factly, "By the way, Son, I really do have to apologize."

"You do?" He couldn't imagine for what. He was loving life. With her hand doing amazing things to him at that very moment while he ate her delicious curried grilled kebabs, he couldn't possibly imagine how she could be a better mother.

"I just feel so bad about all the dinners you've been eating lately. We dress so skimpily, and it gets you nice and hard, but then you suffer there until you finish eating. Take last night. We got you so hard that you had to whip out your lovely tool halfway through your meal. But then it just sat there on your thigh, completely unattended until after you'd finished eating. That's just cruel. Don't you agree, Angel?"

"Definitely," Katherine replied, staring at her brother's lap while Susan continued to stroke his boner. She thought, It seems the entire Plummer house revolves around Brother and keeping his cock throbbing with pleasure. COOL! I'm living the fuck toy dream!

Susan went on to say, "Son, I think it's more important that you get instant relief than it is that we all put food in our mouths at the same time. The needs of your cock come first. To cum six times a day or more is just such a difficult task; we all have to try harder to help. Next time, if you get stiff, I'll try not to keep you waiting."

"And what, suck me while I'm eating dinner?" he asked incredulously.

"Okay, if that's what you need," Susan grinned, glad to see that he had suggested exactly what she'd hoped he would. "I promise I'll try harder to please you. Like what I did this morning during breakfast. Do you think it's unseemly if your big-titted mommy sits naked between your legs and gobbles on your thick knob during a meal?"

"Um, no! Not at all!"

Katherine joked, "Somehow, I knew he'd say that."

Susan asked, "Do you like it when your mommy gives you visual stimulation?" With one hand, she pulled down on the straps of her see-through nightie, leaving her totally topless. Her other hand kept on steadily jacking him off.

He just nodded. Dang, Mom is one horny mama today. And it's a frigging Monday. Tomorrow's a Tuesday. I'm going to be literally and actually killed by her horniness before I can live to see another Wednesday! Not to mention, Sis is a totally sexy vixen tonight. If I can make it to Friday, I'll deserve an Olympic gold medal for sheer endurance.

Susan stated as she stroked, "Tiger, I've been thinking that sometimes you're so busy trying to reach your six times a day that you don't have enough time for things like homework. But I'm thinking if we just lightly stroke your big fat boner for long periods of time, you'll be able to reach your target and get things done too. Think of it as a stealth stroking - you won't even know I'm here. We can start practicing during dinner, right now, to see if it bothers your concentration."

She looked at her sliding fingers. "In fact, it seems we've kind of started already. If that works, then we can try doing it when you're doing your homework. Sort of like when Suzanne jacked you off while you read the newspaper yesterday. Does that sound good?"

"You know it does. But what about Sis?" He cast a concerned glance at Katherine, who looked increasingly annoyed at Susan's blatant behavior and wanton display. It was obvious that she dearly wanted to get her hands back on her brother's erection and do all kinds of wild things to it.

"Yeah, what about me?" Katherine seconded. Her postage-stamp bikini top had ridden up her chest, since Susan had pulled her nightie down. She placed her arms underneath her tits to thrust them out even further.

Susan suggested, "Don't worry, Angel. I didn't forget about you. I'm thinking this is a two-woman job. One of us can stroke while the other one eats. And then we'll switch. That way our hands won't get so tired from all the rubbing, and we can all finish eating at around the same time."

Katherine's eyes brightened at that. "Mom, that is a GREAT idea. I don't mind missing dinner completely if I have to, as long as I can have my brother's hot stick in my hand. I mean, he has his condition, and we all need to help out. In fact, when can I take over what you're doing now?"

"Remember that you're still grounded and you gave up your penis privileges for the rest of the day." Susan looked down at Alan's boner and smiled at it. "So this bad boy is all mine tonight." She bent down and briefly kissed the tip of his cockhead while her fingers continually worked on his sweet spot.

Katherine griped, "MooooOOOOooooom! That's not fair!"

"Did you or did you not make a deal about the shopping? So there. But you know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking that if we, as a family, practice this a lot, then eventually Tiger will become accustomed to being jacked or sucked off while he's doing just about anything, kind of like dribbling a basketball without thinking about it. You and I and Suzanne can keep him hard and leaking tasty pre-cum practically every minute of the day!"

The horny mother was working herself up so much that she reached over with a second hand and started vigorously double pumping. "It doesn't matter what he does - studying, showering, eating,

reading, sleeping. One of us will be ready with hands or mouth to take care of his needs at all times. Then he'll never have a problem reaching his six-times-a-day target."

Her eyes looked wild and she panted hard, she was so inspired by this new idea. Her massive globes were bouncing in time to her sliding hands. She thought, I love this "stealth" idea of mine! I'm going to be permanently attached to my son's cock! Morning till night! I'm going to show him my love with my mouth, tits, or hands every minute of the day! Literally every minute!

Alan was simply amused. He thought she was simply expressing a wild and completely impractical fantasy. He asked with a cocked eyebrow, "Sleeping?"

Susan was nearly hyperventilating with excitement. She took a moment to breathe slowly and calm down a bit. She slowed her pumping fingers too, and tried to get back to just rubbing his sweet spot with one hand. "Well, okay, maybe not sleeping. I guess I got a little bit carried away with the whole thing. But that's to better explain the general concept of stealth stroking."

He thought, Jesus! Mom is getting seriously out of control. She's getting soooo into the cocksucking concept that it's not even funny. Maybe she's diverting all her pent-up desire to fuck me into cocksucking? I mean, the way she's going on, she HAS to want to fuck me bad. Just hearing her talk, even I get so excited that I want to fuck me! The sexual feeling in the air here is so thick I can cut it with a knife.

Look at Sis. She's got her own heaving-tits thing going on just from hearing Mom talk about this new ridiculous idea of hers. And Sis has pretty ample tits of her own! I'm such a lucky dog. It's a miracle I don't just spontaneously ejaculate prematurely every time I see one of these beauties.

He said, "Mom, let me see if I get this straight. So stealth stroking isn't just a regular handjob, right? It's a totally different thing?"

"Exactly. It's not REALLY a handjob. It's just, well, think of it as one of us keeping your penis comfy and happy. Like what I'm doing to you now." She said this despite the fact that she was giving him a fairly "real" handjob. The only difference was she was back to using only one hand again, and it was rubbing more than making big stroking movements.

He said triumphantly, "So that means stealth stroking doesn't count against Sis's punishment! After all, you just said it doesn't count as a handjob."

Susan sat there, stroking, trying to figure out a way out of that trap. But she quickly gave up. "Oh, poo! I guess you're right."

"Woo-hoo!" Katherine reached across the table and high-fived Alan. "Thanks, Bro!"

Susan secretly liked losing to her son. Every time it happened, it reinforced her belief that he was her natural superior and even her master. She chided Katherine, "Okay, you can help tonight some more without it counting against your limit. Stealth stroking only! But you have to do your best helping with the visual stimulation, to keep him hard and humming with arousal."

"Deal!" Katherine was all smiles.

Chapter 515 THIS Is How Our Dinners Should Go Around Here, Every Night!

For the next ten minutes, Alan finished eating dinner while his mother lightly stroked his hard-on. He never ran out of inspiration as he alternated between staring at his mother's and sister's mostly bare breasts. He didn't actually have much food left to eat, but he was having so much fun that he ate extremely slowly, just to see how long he could prolong the experience.

Then Katherine got ten minutes of stealth stroking time.

Susan was too worked up to just sit there and watch, so she went to the kitchen and tried to keep busy by doing the dishes. But she kept a close eye on the clock, so as soon as ten minutes had passed she returned to the dining table and took over from Katherine.

With dinner finished, there was no non-sexual excuse for them to stay at the table, but they did anyway.

Susan tried to make small talk. In an attempt to discuss something non-sexual and help validate the stealth-stroking concept, she asked Katherine about how things had been going in school lately.

Katherine found that extremely odd, but she attempted to answer that kind of question as she always did.

As time went on, Susan's cock lust took over. The discussion petered out. Then the stealth stroking idea went out the window as she began to jack him off faster and with more skilled moves. Luckily for her, the table blocked most of what she was doing from Katherine's eyes, so she could keep up the pretense (at least to herself).

Then, sensing that he was nearing climax, she focused her entire being on pleasuring his boner. She was terribly frustrated that she couldn't just take his erection in her mouth, but that would have been too blatant a violation of the stealth stroking concept, especially with Katherine there.

Katherine could tell what was happening, but she didn't mind that much as long as the sexy fun continued. With Susan completely distracted, Katherine was able to openly pinch and tease her nipples, make lewd faces with her tongue, and eat phallic-shaped food in amusing and obscene ways.

She even said sexy things, knowing that her mother was too horny to complain.

Alan's penis control was in fine form. Susan was right that he was close to ejaculation, but didn't quite go over the edge. In fact, thanks to his growing ability to stave off climax with his PC muscle techniques, he knew it would take a lot more before he actually gave in.

So Susan switched to stronger measures.

In the on-going battle between Susan's desire to get him to cum and his desire to prolong the joy, he had an ace card, and he decided to use it. He asked his mother for some dessert. He figured that would give his hard-on a strategic break.

But Susan had an ace card of her own. She disengaged to stand up, and said, "Certainly. I know just the thing, and it's not too unhealthy. But Angel, while I'm getting that, please keep him warm some more."

Katherine clapped her hands. "Sweetness! But that doesn't count as my next turn, right?"

"I suppose not." Susan went to the kitchen and got Alan and Katherine their plates of crème brûlée coated with dark chocolate flakes for dessert.

She went back to rubbing his sweet spot while her children ate.

But Alan was feeling so cocky in this orgasm battle that when he finished eating, he stretched his arms above his head and said, "Aaaah! That hit the spot. Thanks, Mom. And thanks for the stealth work. You have such a fine, subtle touch that I can easily last for hours like this."

Frustrated to hear that, Susan took her nightie all the way off and sat directly on one of his blue-jeans-clad legs. Her face lit up brightly as she held his dick again and resumed stimulating his sweet spot.

Alan had to pull his chair back a bit to make room for his mother. He asked, "Comfy, Mom?"

"Very!" She bounced gleefully up and down on his leg, sliding her wet pussy over it a bit to show just how comfy she was.

Katherine acted annoyed, even though she was having a blast from watching. "Hey, Mom, what's up with your 'outfit?' I thought you said we can't get nude at the dinner table."

An embarrassed Susan replied, "Um, you heard what he said. I thought I had to resort to more drastic measures. Plus, dinner and dessert are over."

Susan was more than happy, because she'd figured out a nice way to rub her pussy directly on the rough fabric of his blue jeans right at a bony spot on his knee. It provided excellent friction, more than enough to cause her to create a wet spot on his jeans. She started to have small, secret orgasms from time to time, mostly thanks to that contact.

Katherine couldn't help but needle her a little bit. She sensed the humiliation would help arouse her. "Hey, Mom, do you have any idea how completely lewd and outrageous you look right now? Imagine if one of your sisters came to visit, such as Jane in Sacramento? Or what about the married ones who'd bring their whole families! Like Mary in Idaho!"

Susan froze and her blush deepened. She muttered, "That would be bad." Then she recovered and resumed her fingers slipping and sliding on Alan's cum-soaked pole.

Katherine asked, "Is that all you have to say? 'That would be bad?'"

"First off, I obviously wouldn't behave like this if they were here, so the question doesn't alarm me much. I think you're just trying to provoke me. Besides, things have changed. Angel, we're two of Tiger's personal cocksuckers now. Sometimes, that means taking extreme measures like this. If you can't handle this kind of thing, then maybe you aren't ready for that kind of title."

Katherine said defensively, "I'm ready already. Sheesh! You know that." She decided to stop her needling for now, since it boomeranged against her.

Alan figured that they were supposed to be testing the stealth-stroking concept, so he tried his best to ignore the naked, mostly-silent bombshell lightly bouncing on his lap. He carried on talking to his sister, and asked her more about the cheerleaders, especially Janice and Joy, since he knew very little about them.

Katherine found it fun carrying on another semi-normal conversation while watching her mother.

Although Alan tried to make it look like he was ignoring Susan, in reality he wasn't. It was as impossible as trying to ignore an attacking 800-pound gorilla. He barely managed to keep the conversation with Katherine going, even though she was doing most of the talking.

After a while, Katherine sensed that it had been ten minutes since her last turn, at least. But she hadn't been watching the time. She asked Susan, "When is it gonna be my turn again?"

"Soon, Angel, soon. Why don't you put on some music?"

Katherine got up. "Okay, but I'm keeping a close eye on the clock from now on. Ten minutes, and bam! It's my turn again." She put on the song "Doing It to Death" by James Brown. It was a fun, funky song, but she also got some satisfaction from the title, since she felt like Susan was taking too long. More funky James Brown tunes played after that.

The rousing James Brown music kept Susan happily bouncing up and down on her son's leg even more than before. In fact, she rhythmically bounced nearly non-stop.

She was having such a good, lusty time that she forgot to object when Alan started fondling her tits. In fact, he freely ran his hands all over her totally naked body, although he did avoid her pussy. He couldn't get over how fit and curvy she was. He never got tired of playing with her ample charms, especially when he was able to keep her making her happy "Mmmm!" moans while doing so.

Alan had developed many tricks to delay orgasm and prolong the pleasure for himself and others. He had a remarkable ability to defer short-term pleasure for greater, more delayed pleasures, and he showed that ability yet again. Just as she really had him on the verge of climax, he said, "Mom, I'm thirsty. Could you get me some milk? You always say I need to drink lots of fluids so I'll never run out of cum."

"Now? But, Tiger, we're so close!" She looked over at Katherine and indicated with her eyes that Alan should have Katherine do it.

"Now, Mom. Please. I love to see you walk around."

So Susan got up and hurriedly got the milk. When she came back she found that he'd taken off his blue jeans and wore nothing but his T-shirt. She was somewhat disappointed at that, because she'd loved rubbing her pussy over the rough denim.

But Alan wanted to feel her rubbing her pussy right on his skin. At least that would be a minor victory against her "no pussy touching" rule. He figured she wouldn't be able to resist, now that she'd been occasionally cumming while bouncing and rubbing on his knee.

She worriedly looked over at Katherine, who was trying to be poker-faced and appear uninterested. Reluctantly, Susan sat back down over his leg and it was like her horny body took charge. She immediately started sliding her wet pussy lips over and around the bony parts of his knee. Even as she did that, she complained, "Angel, don't look! This is so improper! I can't believe this is happening to me! It's one thing if I'm completely naked. But I can't rut like some animal on my son's leg! This kind of pussy contact is forbidden!"

Katherine justifiably asked her, "Why are you telling me that?"

"I don't know!" Then, after thinking it over while she continued to slide and bounce, she added, "Make it stop!"

Katherine giggled. "Sorry, Mom. Only you can stop yourself."

Susan whimpered helplessly. This is why I have these rules! Look at me. Out of control!

Soon, she was sliding her pussy over her son's knee with even more gusto than before. She found that she loved the feel of flesh beneath her nether lips even better than she had the jeans, and she grooved to the funky music more than before. Meanwhile, she continued to stroke her son's pole.

She looked to Katherine, who had taken off the rest of her clothes, no doubt because Susan had. Katherine had one hand on a nipple and the other hand below the edge of the table, undoubtedly to play with her pussy. Susan commented as her whole body slid back and forth over her son's knee and her hands pumped up and down on his long erection, "Things sure have changed in this house lately, haven't they?"

Everyone broke into laughter at the great understatement. But all of them were too worked up for sustained conversation.

Soon she was so far gone that Alan tried to push her a little bit more. "Hey, Mom, you know what you're doing to my knee? Pretend that's not my knee. Pretend that's my dick. You're sliding your pussy all over my dick, Mom!"

"Oh, Tiger! Oh! What an idea!" Both her hands and her pussy moved faster. "But that can't be your dick, because I'm holding it in my hand! Mommy is holding your big poker. She's going to get off all over you!"

"Imagine that I have two dicks," he suggested. "Imagine I have a clone twin. A second me. One is sitting behind you and you're sitting on his dick. In a minute we're going to double up on you and fuck your mouth and pussy at the same time!"

"Oh no! Dear God! Two Alans! Fuck! Mmmm! Yes! MMMM!" Susan was overwhelmed by an enormous multiple orgasm. The forbidden notion of getting fucked by her son carried her completely away.

She simply drenched his knee in her pussy juice. It dripped all down his leg as she continued to explode and her series of orgasms went on and on and on.

But still she kept on jacking him off the whole time. She'd never thought of two Alans before. She knew already that she would fantasize about it later and for a long time to come. She never thought of other men because she wanted to be 100 percent loyal to her son, but the idea of two Alans was something she could accept and get excited about.

He survived her erotic eruption without cumming, but he was using up the last shreds of his resistance. When his climax finally came it arrived so suddenly that it was a surprise even to him: one second he thought he was doing fine, and the next he was shooting his ropes straight up into the air.

Susan was not in a good position to get her mouth over his hard-on, especially since she was fairly out of it from her big orgasms. It happened to be pointed up when he started, so the first rope went high in the air and landed on the floor. The next two hit his shirt and then the floor some more before Susan finally managed to turn his cock around and aim it at her chest.

The rest of his ropes landed on her legs, stomach, and tits as she tried to direct his erupting pecker so that his cum covered her thoroughly. By the time she managed to get her mouth over his cockhead, there was no cum left, to her immense frustration.

The two of them ended up with a bigger mess than usual, since it was rare for any of his seed not to be directly aimed at a mouth, face, or chest. Both Susan and Katherine were disappointed by this, though Katherine acted quickly and scooped up some of the gobs from the table before Susan could think to do that for herself.

Susan had been holding out long enough to make sure her son came too. Once that was accomplished, she fell to her knees, and then slid the rest of the way to the floor. She laid down with her eyes wide, since she was still in a kind of orgasmic shock. Huffing and puffing like an old steam engine, she was spontaneously struck by yet another intense orgasm, even though she wasn't touching herself.

Her legs continued to twitch long afterwards as she lay helplessly on the floor. The cum seemed scattered everywhere.

She didn't give much thought to the mess, or to the increasingly public way in which Alan had been pleased, or to the outrageous way that they all had behaved. She just reveled in her pleasurable feelings. And though she wouldn't admit it to herself, to have Katherine or someone else watch increased her excitement, and thus her arousal, even more. I'm just a nasty, naughty mommy slut! I'm so shameless! What a time that was! THIS is how our dinners should go around here, every night!

Katherine had had her own quiet orgasm as she watched Susan have her loud and bigger one. But she wasn't done. She walked over to Alan and sat on his knee shortly after Susan had vacated it.

Katherine gave her brother a hug. "How was that, Big Salami Brother? Did Mom jack you off as well as I can? Watching all that made your fuck toy sister soooo very horny." She slid her pussy lips all over Alan's knee even more ostentatiously than Susan had been doing, which was saying quite a lot. Susan's juices mixed with her own. She found she could slide around extremely easily, like a skater on ice.

Alan's entire knee couldn't have been more wet if someone had poured a pitcher of water on it. Katherine slid many inches forwards and back as he tried to focus on her face and words. Even with his flaccid penis, he was still so aroused that he had a hard time thinking or even focusing his eyes on her moving face. "Ummm... It was good. Very good."

Katherine pouted, "The only bummer is that it was almost my turn again. Do you think you could get it up for a repeat performance?"

He looked over at Susan. "Nah. Sorry, not right now. You were really good, Mom."

She grinned at that, but she was too tired to reply.

His mental faculties returned as he saw an opportunity to tease his mother a bit. He pointed at his knee and stuck a finger in some cum which he found there. "Look, Mom. You shouldn't have created such a big mess. Sis is having a hard time sitting on me; she's practically drowning in your cum. Look at all our juices mixing together. Why, it's so slippery that she might just slide off me altogether."

Susan thought, Forget my other reasons. I can't have Tiger fuck me. Because if he did he would kill me. I would simply die of sheer delight. He almost killed me just now from across the room. It's just too much! Or two Tigers! Dear Lord, that's too sexy to even contemplate!

She began eating the cum that still remained on her heaving chest. What kind of mother am I? So irresponsible! But I just can't help it. Can't stop...

She was totally blissed out. She reaffirmed to herself that this new lifestyle was the best thing that had ever happened to her.

As Susan lay on the floor, still catching her breath, Katherine removed herself from her brother's knee. She walked over and stood above her mother, examining the sight. There were still uneaten gobs of cum all over. "Yummy, Mom. You've got a very yummy mess covering you. Do you want me to help clean it up?" She licked her lips suggestively.

Susan thought back to how she'd cleaned Suzanne's "mess" up at the beach yesterday, and how she almost couldn't control herself from diving into Suzanne's pussy with her tongue. "NO!" she cried out, filled with fear that the same temptation could happen to Katherine.

Susan was starting to feel some regret about going too far as the post-orgasmic blues hit her. She added, "Really, Angel, this is too much. We have to have some kind of decorum around here. We can't just sit around sucking Alan's big fat boner and eating his cum all day."

"We can't?"

"Well, not ALL day. Can we get up and do something else for a change? I have things to do. So I'll take care of this mess myself, thank you very much!"

She picked herself up off the floor and went upstairs to have a reinvigorating hot shower.

But before she turned on the water, she finished gathering and eating all the remaining gobs of cum on her skin so they wouldn't be wasted down the drain. I'm such a hopeless case. Where's the leadership? The moral authority? The firm boundaries? It all crumbles the instant I get horny. She sighed a very heavy sigh as she savored another cum gob on her tongue.

Despite her attempt to restore some normalcy to the house, she knew the evening's sexual games were far from over. She looked forward to being all alone with Alan and his penis while Katherine and Suzanne went shopping.

The thing was, she didn't really have many other things to do in her life. Since there was no need for her to work for a living, and she hadn't pursued a highly active social life or hobbies and such, she'd had lots of time to spare.

As she showered, she idly wondered, What did I used to do with all my time before I became one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers? That seems like ancient history already. I think I spent far too much time watching TV, shopping, cleaning, and socializing with friends I didn't really like that much in the first place. The house is a bit messier these days, but nobody seems to mind.

But in all seriousness, this feels like my calling in life! I love it! Too much, probably, but I can't help that. I know I'm just gonna sit around and fidget and watch the clock until I can blow him again after the others go shopping.

I just have to focus on the cocksucking so I won't cross the line into full-out fucking. There's no moral ambiguity or excuse for that. That's just plain immoral and wrong.

Even though it would be so, so good! If cocksucking is this great, imagine how fucking a real man like my studly son would feel. Ungh! SO HOT! But I can't think about that!

The stealth stroking hadn't exactly been stealthy, and certainly hadn't been even remotely low-key near the end. But it was successful in that everyone had a very fun time, and Susan's boundaries receded a little more.

Alan hit the books shortly after going to his room. Remarkably, he was able to get some work done for a change. He purposely didn't shower so that he could smell like sex, for later. His room was nearly the same.

Then, around seven o'clock, Suzanne finally came over to get Katherine and go buy some sexy clothes.

Chapter 516 My Name Is Ginger.

Suzanne drove Katherine to a store called "Stephanie's" that was located in a nearby business district. Suzanne had never been there herself, but she'd heard of it. Her regular store to buy lingerie and other sexy items was already closed. "Stephanie's" was open until 8:00 p.m., so they had less than an hour to make their purchases.

There were a couple other customers milling about when they came in. Suzanne immediately grabbed a few items she found promising, and said to Katherine, "Let's go try these on." They hurried to the changing rooms.

The changing room was reasonably big, and had a large mirror on one wall. There was a bench on the opposite side, but there was no door - just a curtain that parted in the middle. The two females quickly got naked and put on some lingerie they'd picked out.

As she undressed, Katherine complained, "God, I'm so friggin' hot! You wouldn't believe all the stuff I got to watch today, but couldn't take part in. I swear, Mom's tongue is surgically attached to Alan's dick these days. I want some action!"

Suzanne whispered, "Be careful with the 'M' word. We're in a public place." But she thought to herself, You want some action? That can be arranged. Hee-hee!

"What do you think?" asked Katherine, as she pirouetted around in a one-piece nightie.

"It's hard to tell just by looking," replied Suzanne. "An important factor with this kind of clothing is, how easy is the access to your best assets? If I'm Alan, for instance, will I be impeded in reaching your tits?" Suzanne grabbed one of Katherine's tits, but pretended that having the thin fabric between her hand and Katherine's nipple greatly bothered her. "You see? I want your nipple, and all I get is the nightie."

"But why don't you just slip your hand underneath?" Katherine guided Suzanne's hand with her own, until Suzanne found Katherine's hard nipple and began properly pinching and twisting it.

"Yeah, but what if he has to do that when Susan is bare chested? As she almost always is these days. Don't put yourself at a disadvantage. Get something that says 'Fuck me now' a little more."

While her hand continued to grope at Katherine's tit, her other hand reached for the girl's pussy. "And what about down here? Again I'm impeded. I want your pussy now, not next week!" In truth it was no bother for Suzanne to push aside some fabric and begin fingerfucking her young neighbor, which is what she did.

"Now see how the access is on mine," Suzanne said as she pulled her top all the way off.

Soon the two of them were naked on the carpeted floor, busy licking and sucking each other. Luckily, it was a big changing room.

A pretty employee named Ginger came by the changing rooms after about ten minutes to see what was taking them so long. She could hear their moaning easily enough and guessed what was happening, but to better satisfy her curiosity she knelt down and looked under the curtain, since it didn't go all the way to the floor.

Since Katherine and Suzanne were now rolling on the floor, completely naked in a sixty-nine position, they didn't leave much to Ginger's imagination. Such customer activity happened every now and then at sex shops such as this, especially since this particular shop catered more to women than to men because of its large women's clothing collection (as well as the usual offering of sex items). So Ginger just smiled to herself and went to check on other customers.

After Katherine and Suzanne both climaxed, gushing all over each other, Katherine said, "I give our current clothing choices the thumbs up. Not that we're actually wearing them!" She giggled. "But if we're going to try every item out with a practice fuck, we'll never get enough shopping done before this store closes."

"You're right," Suzanne agreed. Then she said with an amused smile, "We should have come in here a couple hours earlier so we could practice-fuck with every single item. Instead, let's go out there and find something even more fuckable." She pulled some tissues from her purse so that they could wipe their faces free of cum.

Suzanne put on the lingerie she'd just 'tested' instead of her street clothes, then shamelessly went out into the store with her tits and pussy faintly visible through the semi-transparent fabric. A few of the other women customers eyed her strangely.

The employee who'd spied on them earlier walked up to Suzanne and said with a friendly smile, "Hi, my name is Ginger. How are you finding everything? I was afraid you and your young friend had gotten lost in the changing room."

"No, I think we're finding everything we're looking for. We believe in giving products like these a full test run before buying them." Suzanne said this in a knowing manner. From the way Ginger was looking at her, she had no doubt that Ginger was aware of what had happened in the changing room, and that she was apparently more than OK with it. Suzanne was feeling wanton, wanting to flaunt her sexuality even more than usual.

"That's commendable," Ginger said. "I see you like one of our latest models," she added as she began caressing the shoulder straps of Suzanne's lingerie.

"Yes, I will take this one. However, I was just saying to my friend Katherine..."

Katherine walked out of the changing room as she said this, also dressed in lingerie, though it didn't show as much. "Katherine, can you come over here?" Turning towards Ginger, Suzanne added, "My name is Suzanne, by the way. Katherine is my next door neighbor's daughter."

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Ginger replied. She wondered if Katherine might not be Suzanne's own daughter, judging by the age difference and their similar, unusually tall, dark-haired busty bodies. But she was far from certain, especially since Suzanne was so pale while Katherine was quite tanned.

Katherine walked up to them while Ginger was speculating about this.

Suzanne gave the brief introduction, "Katherine, Ginger. Ginger, Katherine. Ginger is going to help us shop, aren't you?"

"I'd be delighted to," said Ginger. "What in particular are you looking for?"

"Well, as I was just saying to Katherine, we need items that are even more sexy and revealing than the ones we're wearing. In particular, we need some that leave our private places exposed instead of covered. Do you have anything like that?"

"Of course. Let me show you to the back of our store."

Ginger reminded Katherine of Heather, mostly because they had the same shade of long blonde hair (perhaps from using the same hair dye). But Ginger was shorter, somewhat less stacked, and far less tanned. She also appeared to be a lot nicer, with a very kind, gentle face.

The back of the store consisted of another large room that was entered from the front via an open doorway with a curtain. It had no windows, so people on the street couldn't peer within. It contained a whole range of extremely revealing lingerie, together with a large assortment of sex toys and accessories in display racks and on the walls. Suzanne soon found something that she particularly liked.

"Ah, Katherine, you see? This is what I was talking about." Suzanne held up a *négligée* like the one she herself was wearing, except that the new one had holes for boobs and pussy. "Just my size. I think I'll try it on."

Ginger started to say, "The changing rooms are located..." but stopped because she realized that Suzanne was already stripping right there in full view.

Katherine gasped, quickly putting her hands over her shocked, gaping mouth. She thought, Oh My God! I'm feeling playful, but I wasn't exactly expecting public nudity!

Suzanne put on the new outfit. "What do you two think?" she asked, as she proudly displayed her bare tits and pussy to any and all in the area who would look, strutting up and down an aisle as she modeled the outfit. Aside from Ginger and Katherine, there was one older lady in the back part of the store, who immediately looked at Suzanne very disapprovingly. (All of the store's other customers were on the other side of the curtain, in the front part of the store.)

"You look great, Suzanne," Ginger said with a professional demeanor. Privately, she was amazed at how gorgeous and voluptuous this older woman was, but she didn't want to be too obvious about it. She wondered if Suzanne might be a porn star, actress, or fashion model who had come down from L.A. to shop anonymously. It wouldn't have been the first time something like that had happened in her shop.

"I think it looks waaay hot!" Katherine said, surprising herself by just how excited she was. "But I can't believe you'd just put it on right here!" Suzanne's public nudity was getting Katherine very hot and wet, not to mention what it was doing to Suzanne herself and even to Ginger.

"Why don't you try one on?" Suzanne encouraged Katherine.

Katherine soon found a similar item that she liked. She started walking to the changing room, but Suzanne grabbed her arm and asked, "Where are you going?"

Shaking nervously, and blushing more than she had in weeks, Katherine hastily changed clothes right in the middle of the room. Suzanne thoughtfully blocked the aisle in the direction of where the one other customer stood, but Katherine wasn't so worried about that. She was more attuned to the fact that Ginger was standing just a few feet behind her, watching her every move.

Katherine somehow thought the ordeal would be over when she finished changing, forgetting that she was putting on an outfit that exposed her tits and pussy. Then she suddenly realized that she was still on display. She attempted to cover her exposed privates with her hands, then nearly died of shame when she looked at the one older lady still in the back, who now was giving her the evil eye. She was so flustered and embarrassed that she didn't notice that the old lady was holding two dildos in her hand, sizing them up for purchase (or she would have stared at the dildos in return until the woman looked away).

"That outfit's very nice too," Ginger said encouragingly, even as she continued to check out Katherine's bare pussy and impressive boobs.

"I come from the 'show me' state," Suzanne said as she reached out, pushed Katherine's protective arm away before cupping Katherine's exposed tits. She groped them in a blatantly sexual manner right in front of Ginger.

Katherine closed her eyes in both delight and embarrassment. She was amazed that both Ginger and Suzanne were acting as if public nudity was completely normal, so she tried her best to act cool about things too. By closing her eyes, she unfortunately missed seeing when Suzanne turned deliberately towards the older woman in the store and gave her a sexy wink.

The unknown woman opened her mouth in shock.

"What do you think, Ginger?" Suzanne asked. "Try them out for yourself and see if this is the best choice for her."

Ginger wouldn't have been working in a lingerie store if she didn't enjoy seeing and touching beautiful women. Without much hesitation, she reached out and cupped one of Katherine's tits while Suzanne worked on fondling the other. "Katherine's boobs are impressive," Ginger said dispassionately, as if she was discussing the hem of a dress, though she couldn't completely hide her excitement. "We should find clothes that draw special attention to them."

Turning to Suzanne, she said, "You, on the other hand, have such big breasts that I'm at a bit of a loss on what would suit you best." Turning around, she grabbed Suzanne's rack with both hands.

"I'm sure you could think of something to do with them," Suzanne said in a provocative voice.

"I'm sure I could as well," Ginger replied, "but that might not help you find any more clothes."

The other lady in the back room finally left, apparently disgusted at the shamelessness of 'the younger generation'. However, she was still carrying the two dildos that she had decided to purchase.

"I know what you mean," said Suzanne. "For instance, I could find a lot of things to do with this," she reached out and rubbed her hand along Katherine's shaved pussy lips. "That's why I need her pussy unburdened by any covering at all times."

"That's why we're here to help," Ginger said, following Suzanne's hands with her own, now fully devoting her attention and both hands to Katherine's crotch.

There were now three hands down there, all enjoying the tactile sensation of a bare and slippery wet pussy. One of Suzanne's hands expertly worked Katherine's clit.

Ginger asked, "I assume it's important that a finger be unimpeded if it were to ... say ... enter a certain hole?"

Suzanne replied, "Why don't you find out for yourself?"

Ginger rammed a finger into Katherine's already wet pussy, causing Katherine to cry out. Then the helpful employee began rubbing Katherine's G-spot.

Ginger was trying to remain cool as a cucumber but her body was betraying her, as she was now panting as loudly as the other two.

Katherine was delirious with excitement, well aware that at any moment someone she knew might walk through the curtains and see her. She reached out and held on tightly to a clothes rack; her knees were so shaky it was all she could do not to fall to the floor.

"Yes, that is of supreme importance." Suzanne agreed. "But don't forget that we also need access to the anus."

As if on cue, Ginger deployed her other hand and stuck a finger up there too.

Suzanne was pleasantly surprised to see that Ginger was so bold. "And also let's not limit ourselves to just fingers. Dicks and dildos too."

Ginger apologized, "Sorry, we at Stephanie's can't help you with dicks today, but as you can see, we have a wide variety of dildos for sale." She pulled a hand out of Katherine momentarily and pointed at the wall where dozens of dildos were hanging.

"So I see," Suzanne said. "Why don't we try one of those out on Katherine, to make sure that it will fit in the hole of this *négligée*?"

Ginger smiled deliciously at that suggestion while Katherine shuddered, afraid she couldn't take much more.

Suzanne then suggested, "But before we do that, Katherine, why don't we pick out some more of these sexy clothes. And Ginger, would you also be so kind as to model some of the more revealing items? Look how embarrassed this girl is. Her whole face is tomato red. I think she might be more at ease if you got naked too."

"I'd be only too delighted," said Ginger. She walked to the open doorway between the front and back rooms of the store, then made eye contact with the other female employee there, who was helping a customer near the front door. Winking, she pulled the doorway curtains all the way closed, isolating the back room from the front of the store.

Katherine meanwhile whispered to Suzanne, "Have you no fear?"

"Nope," Suzanne answered happily. She whispered back, with Ginger still out of range, "Do you mind if we share Ginger?"

"I was kind of hoping to be with just you a bit more. But I guess opportunities like this don't come along very often. And I'm so fucking hot that if I touched a red hot poker it would probably cool me down."

Suzanne smiled a grand smile, pleased at everything that was happening.

Chapter 517 Best Customers Ever!

Suzanne and Katherine spent the next twenty minutes or so picking out a large number of items for potential purchase. Their sexual fun was largely postponed until after they were sure they'd have enough stuff to bring home. There was some danceable music playing on the radio, so they all swayed and grooved as they shopped to songs like "Elvis vs JXL - A Little Less Conversation" and "By the Way" by the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

They both continued to wear outfits that exposed their pussies and tits. Suzanne concentrated much of her attention on fingering her own pussy, but Katherine was too shy to follow suit. At one point, Katherine whispered to Suzanne, "How can you be so calm about doing this in public?"

"Pshaw. I haven't done this kind of thing in years, but you should have seen the way I was in college before I got married. I had this friend - we called her 'The Snake' because of her tongue."

"She was a great pussy licker?"

"That too, but no, mostly because her tongue was even longer than mine, if you can imagine that." Suzanne stuck her tongue out proudly. "She and I, well... I'll have to tell you some stories sometime when we're both naked and squishy."

"As opposed to now," Katherine said, causing both of them to giggle. Katherine was slowly loosening up some more, especially since no other customers had seen them since the one older lady had left, and it was nearing closing time.

They tried out clothes with the excitement of little kids on Christmas morning. Suzanne put on a black leather outfit that covered her arms from mid-forearm down and her legs from mid-thigh down but left most of her torso bare, including her pussy, stomach, and cleavage. "What do you think?" she asked Ginger and Katherine. She pretended to swing a whip through the air.

"I like," Katherine responded. "Definitely sexy! Hit me, mistress, hit me!"

Ginger pretended to be more doubtful, even though she actually loved it. She walked over to where Suzanne was posing, then thrust two fingers up Suzanne's pussy with a loud squish. "I like this part," she said as she yanked on Suzanne's clit with her other hand.

Suzanne laughed heartily. "And to think I've been shopping at your competitors' all these years!"

Ginger kissed Suzanne square on the mouth, then the two necked and fingered each other for a couple of minutes. Finally they snapped out of it, thanks to some loud coughing by Katherine, who was feeling left out.

Ginger now stood back and gave a more honest assessment of the dress. "Katherine is right. Lots of pussy and ass..." - Suzanne twirled around to show her ass - "but it covers your nipples. With assets like yours, I'm not sure you should ever hide your nipples."

"Good point," Suzanne said, "but I think it'll turn him on anyway. Put this in the 'buy' pile." She wiggled out of what clothes she wore and then changed into something else, even as she grooved to the music and frigged herself at every opportunity.

In a whirlwind of activity, they set aside for purchase just about anything they liked at all, throwing the rest into a pile. They were so excited that they were leaving their fluids on just about every item they touched, but Ginger didn't see that as a problem, since they were buying almost everything they tried on and the few remaining items could be cleaned later.

Much of the clothes they selected had an S&M theme to them. Katherine found herself drawn to items that made her look submissive, like dog collars and handcuffs. Suzanne found herself drawn to many of the same things, to her own great surprise. But there were many other styles that they liked. Their only criterion was whether they thought it would turn Alan on. However, they were careful not to refer to him by name.

It seemed that each new item was more revealing than the last. Most were specifically designed to show off and expose boobs, asses or pussies, and many were designed to show off all of them at once.

Ginger ended up modeling the most revealing outfit of all, consisting of little more than rope, dildos, and her favorite cap.

Katherine was gratified to note that Ginger also had a noticeable bikini-bottom tan line, because Ginger was just about the only other female that she'd seen naked who shared her problem with tan lines.

"What do you think? Would he like this?" Katherine asked Suzanne as she modeled yet another S&M-themed outfit.

"I don't know," Suzanne said with indecision. "What do you think he thinks about the whole S&M thing, anyway?"

"Not sure. I do know he likes spankings. You should hear what he told me about... uh... well, I'll tell you later." Katherine realized naming names in Ginger's presence wasn't wise, despite Ginger's friendliness.

"Well, if he's totally into it, would you want to be whipped and beaten by him?" Suzanne asked.

Ginger intruded on the question, walking up between Katherine and Suzanne and cupping tits on both of them at the same time. She breathed, "Getting whipped is sexy and fun. You have to try it. I could show you."

Katherine tried hard to ignore that, instead considering the question for a moment. "I'm not crazy about the idea, but then I never thought I'd enjoy a finger up the butt or a spanking either. Or being with women, period, for that matter. So I try to keep an open mind. The important thing is, if he wants me to do it, then I have to obey."bender

"Same here," Suzanne said, surprising herself with what she'd be willing to do for Alan. "But still, let's not encourage him too much in that direction, okay?" She bent forward and licked one of Ginger's nipples.

Ginger was intensely interested in finding out who this mysterious man was, and his relationship to these two gorgeous women, but neither of them let any clues slip. Ginger suggested to Katherine, "That's a nice one you're wearing. Why don't you show it to Cindy, the woman who's working in the front part of the store?"

"What? You want me to walk to the front of the store in this, and model myself in front of who knows how many strange people?" Katherine immediately became bashful again, covering her exposed tits.

"Uh-huh," said Ginger. "Sounds exciting, doesn't it?"

"Maybe, but I'm not into dressing scantily in public. There might be guys up there! My only goal in dressing this way is to please... my master." Katherine said "master" at the last second to avoid saying Alan's name, but she liked the sound of it.

"Not just our master," Suzanne pointed out, though she wasn't happy to use that term. "For instance, you also please me." She stepped forward and kissed Katherine on the lips. The idea of walking to the front part of the store, or even trying on more clothes, was forgotten as Katherine and Suzanne once more got into exploring each other's bodies. This new concept of Alan being their designated master made Katherine and, to her growing surprise, Suzanne very hot.

"And just what do you think you're doing without me?" Ginger asked, pouting that she was missing out on the action.

"Oh, sorry," said Katherine, as she and Suzanne turned their attention to the store assistant. "By the way, what does it take to get a preferred customer discount around here?" The two of them reached out to Ginger and ran their hands all over her.

"Um, I'm not really entitled ... That is..." said a flustered Ginger as the two overwhelmed her and brought her to the floor.

"What about a Ginger sandwich?" Suzanne suggested. "That should be worth a ten percent discount, at least!" Ginger was unable to answer because Katherine lowered her pussy onto the assistant's face while Suzanne buried her tongue deep in Ginger's pussy.

There was no pretense at any more shopping after that. Suzanne and Katherine stayed well past closing, after the other, older sales attendant Cindy left to go home to her family.

After everyone had gotten off several times, Ginger said, "Speaking of S&M, there's nothing to worry about. Why don't I show you how it works?"

"Um, thanks but no thanks," Suzanne said.

"No, really. It's no problem. I know it seems weird to think of being whipped, but how about being the person who does the whipping? Why don't you give it a try? You can practice on me." Katherine and Suzanne could see that Ginger's offer to be whipped was hardly an altruistic act - the cute employee was clearly trembling with excitement at the prospect.

"What do you think, Katherine?" Suzanne asked doubtfully.

"Oh, I guess trying out a few cracks of the whip wouldn't do any harm. As long as no one tries it on me, that is."

So they went ahead and tied up Ginger, then whipped her repeatedly on the butt. Neither Katherine nor Suzanne really got off on expressing dominance over Ginger, but Ginger got off on being submissive well enough. Before too long they dropped the whip and went back to using their hands and mouths on her. They kept her tied up, just for fun, giving her an occasional spanking or hole poke as they went through a final selection of their clothing.

Suzanne was amused at the situation: two total strangers were in a locked store after hours, and the only employee had been tied up with a rope. Suzanne pointed out, "I wonder what a policeman would think if he happened to wander in here right now."

They all laughed at that delicious thought.

Katherine immediately grabbed a strap-on dildo and role-played being such a policeman discovering the other two.

Ginger loved the treatment. She said, still tied up and bent over with her head on the floor, "You two are seriously the most fun customers I've ever served. Not to mention being the best looking."

"I'll tell you what's being served," Katherine said in a naughty mood as she fingered the helpless woman. "Something spicy. A big steaming plate of Ginger-flavored pussy."

Suzanne walked over and sawed into Ginger's asshole. "You're forgetting the side serving of Ginger ass. And a nice glass of Ginger pussy juice completes the wholesome meal."

Ginger cried out in ecstasy at their double assault. Her only real gripe was that her two customers were too timid. As she lay on the floor with her face in the carpet and her ass up in the air, she said, "Toe me."

"What?" said a confused Suzanne. "Tow you? To where?"

"No, toe me. Stick your toes in my cunt. Do what you want. Go wild. You have me naked, tied up and helpless. Get medieval on my ass! I love it when my ass gets seriously abused. We've got the toys around here to do anything."

But neither Suzanne nor Katherine really wanted to put their toes in someone else. They were getting tired of the whole S&M thing. They were also well aware that there was a lot of fun waiting for them at home and that they needed to save their energy for that, so they reluctantly untied Ginger and went to the front of the store to make their purchases.

When all was said and done, Suzanne ended up paying for over three thousand dollars in clothing and sexual paraphernalia. A majority of her purchases were for Susan.

To their surprise, Ginger did end up giving them a ten percent discount. She joked, "I forgot about the corporate rule that a Ginger sandwich IS good for ten percent off. I wish more customers knew about it! After all, we want to encourage repeat customers. Our goal is to have you cum again and again."

Katherine smiled wryly and corrected, "You mean come back again and again."

"That too," Ginger replied, barely able to keep a straight face. "I seriously wish I could give an even bigger discount, but I don't own the place. Maybe you could get an even bigger discount if you bring your master in and have him help try on some clothes. I wouldn't mind getting in some trouble for that. And if you introduce his penis to Stephanie, the owner, you just might end up getting everything for free. Who knows? But call first and make sure I'm working that day."

Chapter 518 Alan Is Like A Kid In A Candy Store

As Suzanne drove back home, she said to Katherine, "Angel, I liked Ginger. Do you think we should introduce her to our Sweetie? Not to mention that other woman? That was quite an offer she made."

"Hmmm. Brother would definitely like her; she's beautiful enough. And she's apparently single and has the right 'can do me' spirit. But frankly I've got too much competition for his time as it is. I don't want one more. Or two, for that matter. And to be honest, we don't know enough about her yet. Maybe later on."

"I'm with you on that," said Suzanne. "Especially the part about finding out more about her. We acted too rashly today, I suppose. I'll put that on my 'to-do' list. But if Sweetie says he wants more women to fuck, what do you think about that? In general, I mean."

Katherine carefully replied, "Well, I think that, first and foremost, we need to take such good care of him and his cock that he won't need many other women."

"True. I couldn't agree more. But I noticed you said 'many' instead of 'any.'"

"I'm just trying to be realistic," Katherine said unhappily. "It's obvious he has some kind of special sexual talent. He's a natural! And his stamina is, like, ten times more than I'd ever imagined! He's already working his way through the cheerleading squad. It probably won't be long before he's fucking every single one of us, including Amy and me."

Suzanne thought that was a very interesting tidbit indeed, although the mention of Amy in that context made her frown.

Katherine continued, "So, yeah, of course he's going to fuck other women. I'm not thrilled about it, to say the least, but what can I do? I'm just one of his fuck toys."

Suzanne said, "Given that he's going to be playing the field, don't you think we should help him find other women to fuck? That would have several advantages. For one, that'll allow us some quality control. We can make sure they're cleared of sexual diseases and so forth, first, and also make sure they aren't psycho or other kind of troublemakers. And we can also make sure they aren't TOO good!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, he's going to want some variety, especially starting out. He's like a kid in a candy store, discovering his new sexual talents. I'm sure he'll feel like fucking most any beautiful and busty babe he sees. That's okay, assuming we check for the diseases and such. But what we want is to have him spend most of his time with us, and ultimately focus nearly all of his sexual energies on us. So the occasional 'piece of strange' is fine. But what if he finds some really impressive girl, like Christine?"

"She had her chance and turned him down," Katherine pointed out. "Thank God!"

"I know. Although... who knows what might happen there, eventually. But I mean someone like her. Someone he can fall in love with. We have to steer him clear of those types, because there just isn't enough of him to go around."

"Amen, sister! Aunt Suzy, I like the way you think! To be honest, I kind of get off on him fucking random bombshells, and the sexier the better, because that validates all over again what a total stud he is! It makes me burn with jealousy, but it makes me totally wet too! But I worry about Christine and types like her, the ones who are stunning AND smart. So your plan is perfect!"

Suzanne was pleased Katherine agreed. "I think it makes the most sense. How would you see Ginger possibly fitting into that? Is she a threat to us?"

Katherine replied, "A girl like Ginger is nice enough, but really no competition for his affections compared to the likes of you and me. She's fuck-worthy, sure, but she's not a perfect ten like, say, you are. And she's not that stacked, and we know how much he loves that. Plus, I can't see her clicking with him personality-wise, and she seems to be into some freaky stuff. I see him fucking her a few times, at most."

"Agreed. Admittedly, we don't know much about her yet, but I can't see Sweetie falling in love with her."

Katherine nodded. "So let's keep her in mind, in case he asks for a new fuck partner. She seemed very keen on meeting our mystery man, and like I said she has a good 'can do me' slutty spirit. So I'm sure she'd be game. But our main goal should be to keep our master so well fucked that he won't want anyone else."

"Do you really have to call him 'master?'" Suzanne asked. "Isn't that a bit much?"

Katherine hadn't meant to say that out loud, but now that she had, she shyly asked, "Can I just say it around you? It turns me on."

Suzanne raised an eyebrow and looked at Katherine questioningly. Finally, she said, "He IS just your brother, you know. I know he's very sexually exciting to be with, but we have to keep things in perspective. When all is said and done, he's just an eighteen-year-old high school student, not some all-powerful master type."

Katherine frowned. "I know. But I'm enjoying this fantasy, okay? I guess I must be the naturally submissive type, because in my dreams, I like to think of him as my master."

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "Whatever. You know, by calling him 'Master,' that implies you're his slave."

"I'm aware of that. I'm my brother's fuck-toy sister. I take that title pretty seriously. It's basically the same as 'slave.' He's still my brother, of course, and he always will be. I love that. But my role is to

sexually serve him, no matter what. No limits! And, of course, I belong to him and him alone. I wouldn't think of so much as kissing any other guy."

As Suzanne drove, she glanced over at Katherine with concern. "I know you're a very passionate girl, and your love for him runs deep. You're siblings, best friends, lovers, and more. But are you sure you know what you're getting into when you say that?"

"Nope! I don't! But that's okay. I'm diving off into the great unknown. I'm sure there will be problems and adjustments, but we'll overcome. His fuck toy is exactly what I want to be. I've had that fantasy for a couple of years now. And look at Mom. She doesn't say 'fuck toy' much due to her rule against incestuous fucking, but she basically wants the same thing."

Suzanne said, "I don't know if you really know what you're saying. Sure, it's all fun and games now, but what if he tells you to do something you'd truly hate to do?"

Katherine smiled fondly as she thought of him. "That'll never happen, because he loves me. If he knows I hate it, he's not going to force me to do it."

Suzanne shook her head. "I have a feeling I'm not going to make a dent in your ideas right now, so I'll drop it... for now. I guess that's why they have the saying, 'Whatever turns you on.'"

"Hey, you were getting off on calling him 'Master' too. I saw you."

"I did not! I never called him that."

"Okay, maybe not, but you were getting off on it when I did."

"I was not!"

"Was too!"

Suzanne finally rolled her eyes. "Whatever." But she was disturbed that there was some truth in what Katherine had said. She vowed to be careful about letting herself go in that regard. She finally added, "You know how much I care for you. We're family, close family. I'm just concerned for you, that's all. I don't want to see you get hurt by going overboard with your enthusiasm."

"Thank you. I appreciate that. But I can handle myself."

After a pause, Katherine asked, "By the way, what about Susan? Why aren't you getting on her case when she calls herself Brother's 'personal cocksucker' and 'sex toy' and the like?"

Suzanne replied carefully, "Her situation is... complicated. I'm needing to resort to extreme indoctrination methods to get her to shed her prudish persona for good and to completely embrace her sexual side. We'll all benefit greatly once all the walls come down and everybody can fuck everybody else. It'll be like we'll have our own little sexual and loving utopia!"

Katherine nodded. "That's what I'm totally rooting for, every single day. I'm not criticizing; I think what's happening to her is fantastic. But she's getting really into a submissive attitude, and it just makes everyone that much more aroused. It's got the whole house hopping with non-stop fun! So if it's good for her, why can't it be good for me?"

Suzanne said, "Look. If you want to call yourself his 'fuck toy,' fine. I'm not going to stop you. I'm just saying be careful, and don't box yourself into any corners. You may get tired of him calling all the shots pretty quickly. After all, it's not like you're a wallflower type. You've always been very outspoken about what you want."

"And I still will be. I'm an uppity fuck toy, and he gets that. I know it's weird, but it works for us."

"If you say so."

"I do."

There was a lull in the conversation for a while.

As Suzanne continued to drive home, she started to have big second thoughts about what they'd done, now that her arousal level was returning to normal. She said, "I suppose what happened with Ginger tonight worked out okay, but we really can't do that kind of thing again, together or alone."

Katherine nodded.

Suzanne added, "You know I've had many affairs."

"Sure. I don't know the details of course, just that you went through a long phase of that after you and Eric were all but divorced."bender

Suzanne sighed, as that brought up a lot of bad memories that she didn't want to think about or discuss. "Yeah, well, over time I developed some security protocols. I didn't just jump into bed with anybody; I had the person carefully checked out first. There are too many things that can go wrong. Like I was saying before, the person could turn out to be psycho, or careless about STDs, or whatever. But obviously, I didn't do that with Ginger. I don't know what came over me."

Katherine said, "I do. Obviously, you just wanted to be a little risqué and show off, but things kind of spiraled out of control. The Plummer house has been like a sex inferno lately, and we've all gone a little bit sex mad. We were too horny to say no."

Suzanne sighed again. "Yeah, that pretty much sums it up. I don't know what's wrong with me; I'm letting my pussy rule my brain. In any case, please don't let me do that again. I know being spontaneous is fun, but it pays to be careful."

"Okay."

They didn't mention Ginger at all back at home, but both Katherine and Suzanne now had a new favorite store for buying lingerie.

Katherine also started referring to Alan as "master," but only when she and Suzanne were alone together. Suzanne found the term both repugnant and strangely exciting at the same time, but she made a point of never using it herself. She wanted to be the one in charge.

The night was still young when they arrived home, and Suzanne had an idea on how they could best show off their new purchases for Alan. She was very confident that he would love it.

Chapter 519 An Upstanding, Prudish, God-Fearing, Church-Going Fuddy-Duddy

Alan had continued to study while Suzanne and Katherine were shopping.

Amy came over and worked on her homework with Alan, sitting next to him. She wore short shorts and a white T-shirt with a low-cut collar that she made sure usually hung open for him to peek inside.

Susan was extremely frustrated. She'd been looking forward to a long, satisfying cocksucking while Katherine and Suzanne were gone. But if there was one valid reason not to do that, it was to let him do his homework. Obviously, that had a higher priority.

Even so, Susan had her new "stealth stroking" idea, and she wanted to at least try that out, if he insisted on doing his homework now. She was now more than willing to suck or stroke his penis in front of Suzanne or Katherine, Amy's presence still gave her pause. She didn't understand how far he had gone with Amy in private, so she continued to think of Amy as a sexual innocent who would be safe with her son, and she worried Amy would be "corrupted" by seeing her "stealth" help.bender

But most importantly, she thought it would be highly irresponsible to stop the two teenagers from doing homework just to meet her own cocksucking desires. She understood that she was even more excited about the idea tonight than he was, and she felt guilty about that.

Rather remarkably, Alan and Amy actually did focus on their homework, although they chatted a lot during their breaks.

So Susan unhappily worked on things around the house to keep herself busy. This continued until about nine-thirty, when Katherine and Suzanne finally returned with their arms full of shopping bags. They'd been gone about two and a half hours.

Susan had cooled off considerably by that time, and she was thoroughly bummed that she had been denied Alan's cock while they were out. She was forlorn that now they were back, it seemed her big opportunity had been lost. The night was getting late, and there was school tomorrow.

However, it turned out the fun was just starting.

The two happy shoppers snuck off to Katherine's room and hid many of their purchases, including much that they had bought for Susan. Some of their purchases for her, like the regular and strap-on dildos, they didn't want to show yet. But most of their items they wanted to show off right away.

Finally they were ready. They moved to the living room and then called Susan, Alan, and Amy to come and join them. Suzanne suggested, "Katherine and I just bought a mountain of sexy clothes. I'm thinking it would be fun that us ladies could put on an impromptu fashion show to display the new clothing we've bought! Of course, the focus will be getting a good, cocky reaction out of our young man here." She smiled at Alan.

Susan had cooled down considerably. She complained, "That seems terribly improper. What happens if Tiger, well, if he gets engorged and aroused?"

Suzanne shrugged. "I imagine we'll help him out right there. That'll certainly allow him to enjoy our little impromptu fashion show all the more."

Susan frowned. "Do you realize what you're suggesting? I mean, sure, if it was one or two of us. But there are FOUR of us and him! Including AMY!" She glanced Amy's way.

Alan pointed out, "Mom, didn't you say more than once that nothing should be denied me? Certainly there's no rule-breaking planned here, just lots of nudity. That's lots of good inspiration for my daily needs."

"Well, that's true... I suppose." Susan's lust was starting to rise as she imagined stripping all her clothes off in front of her hunky son.

"Not only that, but aren't you supposed to wear what I tell you to? What if I order you to change into those outfits?"

"You could," Susan conceded. "But what about Amy?"

Suzanne said, "I understand that you're worried. And believe me, I worry about her too. But she's got a role to play in helping our Sweetie out. She certainly can help out with some sexy visual stimulation."

"Yeay!" Amy bounced on her feet excitedly. "But what'll I wear?!"

Katherine replied, "Don't worry, Amy, you can model some of my outfits." Nothing had been explicitly bought for Amy, mostly because Suzanne still wasn't very comfortable with Amy getting into the "sexing things up." On top of that, Amy hadn't been present to make any clothing requests.

"Oh goody!" Amy replied, shucking off her T-shirt right there, knowing that Alan liked to see her topless. "Let's go get changed."

"That's not what I meant," Susan complained. Her concern was primarily about protecting Amy's innocence, but she was clearly behind the curve on that point.

Suzanne commented, "Oh, come on - if I can handle including Amy, then you can. I'm not crazy about the idea of including her, but they're right. It's just a little visual stimulation, and Amy has done that much for him many times lately. Remember what she saw at the beach yesterday, for instance. I'll bet you're just worried everyone will be showing off clothes but you. Don't worry; we've got lots of very sexy stuff you can model for your cutie Tiger."

The happy prospect of Susan strutting her naked or nearly naked body in front of her hunky son broke the last of her resistance. "Well, I suppose..."

Suzanne spoke confidently, "Trust me. Have I ever steered you wrong? You're gonna love this."

All the females went to an adjacent room to change. Susan was delighted at the purchases they'd made on her behalf, which caused her mood to improve rapidly.

Katherine promised Amy that the two of them would go back to the same store and pick up some more things soon, making Amy feel much better. Katherine mentioned something about how Amy would really like the "ten percent sandwich discount" there, but Amy didn't understand what that phrase meant.

Susan continued to make her usual "It's so improper" complaints, but Suzanne knew just what to do to silence her. She had Susan go first, while everyone else gathered on sofas to watch. Alan got pride of place, right in the middle of the centrally located sofa, with the others gathered around him.

Initially, things were very awkward. Susan stood before Alan and the other women dumbly, burning with embarrassment. Her outfit had a Western theme. She wore a cowboy hat, Lara Croft-styled utility top that showed off her ample cleavage, blue-jean-styled bikini briefs, and cowboy boots. It was a fairly conservative outfit in comparison to some she could have worn, since it didn't directly expose her pussy, nipples, or ass crack. But Suzanne thought they should start slowly and build gradually, turning up the heat on Alan gradually until the situation reached some sort of boiling point.

Susan was burning with embarrassment and hid her eyes. She rarely thought of her husband Ron anymore, but for some strange reason the idea popped into her head of her husband looking from afar into their house and seeing her dressed like an erotic cowgirl. Oh my goodness! What if he could see me prancing around in front of all these other people, like some kind of shameless strumpet?! He still is my husband, technically speaking. I can't imagine what his reaction would be, unless it was an actual heart attack!

The mental image of this confrontation bothered and shamed her. She also was painfully reminded of the fact that she was still wearing his wedding ring.

"How do you like the outfit?" Suzanne asked her best friend. "Does it get two thumbs up?"

"It gets one finger up," she answered in an exasperated voice, giving Suzanne her middle finger. She didn't even realize she'd made a joke of sorts. It was the first time she'd ever flipped the bird at anyone, and it felt good. "You know, this is all your fault, Suzanne. Why the heck did you have to pick this outfit out for me? I look... dorky!"

"What do you think, Alan?" Suzanne asked. "'Dorky?'" She didn't know what he'd say to describe his mother, but she was sure it wouldn't be "dorky."

Alan answered, "Mom, you look totally hot! I think I'm gonna faint from the heat radiating from you. It's like standing near the sun. God, that outfit makes me soooo horny."

Susan was very pleased, especially since she could clearly see a bulge in his shorts. She blushed even more and pushed her arms against her sides like a shy little girl, but in doing so she also caused her tits to push forward even more. "You think so?" she asked coquettishly.

"Definitely, Mom! Check it out!" He ran his fingers over his bulge, causing it to tent the fabric even more. "My dick is just about to explode with hot cum just from looking at you!"

She grinned. "Well, why on Earth did you make me wear this without my glasses? I want to see all that hard, throbbing, cocky goodness. You know I can hardly see a thing without them."

"Sorry, Mom. Just for this one time, I thought it would make you look even more exotic and different. And it sure does. I seriously can't even believe this is the same mother who drove me to soccer practice all those years and made such great birthday cakes ever since I was a baby."

Susan smiled. "That's me!" But she still seemed nervous and uncertain.

So he said, "I've got an idea. Since your vision isn't so good, why don't you come over here and feel my package. That way you'll know for sure how much I love your outfit."

"Well, if you insist." Betraying her supposed reluctance, she rushed forward. Her vision without glasses wasn't bad enough to prevent her from immediately finding the big lump in his crotch.

Suzanne prodded her, "Don't stop there! His cock is stiff and needs your help! Whip it out!"

Susan looked around nervously. She began unthinkingly stroking his bulge. "What, you want me to unzip him and just start stroking him, in front of everybody?!"

"Sure." Suzanne smirked at Alan. "It's not like you're against that idea, are you?"

He chuckled. "Definitely not! Go for it, Mom!"

Susan was extremely embarrassed about all the others watching. But she was so cock-hungry after the last several hours while he did his homework with Amy that she couldn't help herself. "Well, if you insist..." She unzipped his fly and wrapped both hands around his bare erection.

"Aaaaah..." she sighed contentedly. She closed her eyes and tried to forget the others, or her ridiculous outfit. Her worries flew out the window as she began to stroke. Mmmm!

For a full minute or two, the room was dead silent except for the sound of Susan's heavy breathing and her sliding fingers. They started to make squishy noises as his pre-cum began to flow and lubricate.

However, Suzanne eventually said, "Enough of that. Sweetie, please make her stop or this fashion show will never get off the ground. Susan, when you're done, you can go back to helping him feel nice and stiff. But first, you need to strut your stuff."

"Oh, POO!" Susan was mightily upset to be pulled away from her son's erection (which remained exposed but untouched), but now her mood was completely different than before. Whereas before she had seemed reluctant, now she radiated pure desire. But still she stood there awkwardly, because she didn't know what she was supposed to do next.

"I know!" Katherine exclaimed suddenly. "Brother, you know what Mom totally reminds me of? A porn star! She looks totally like some kind of porn star in a cowboy-themed movie. Some corny porn flick like 'Fuck-off at the O. K. Corral' or something like that."

Alan laughed, but he had to agree. "You're right. She is SUCH a total porn star! She needs a name like Darlin' Debbie or Janet Juggs or something. Oh, I know. Suckin' Susan."

Everyone guffawed at the appropriateness of that.

Susan blushed a bit, but grinned too. She kind of liked it, now that she was horny at least, but she was too embarrassed to admit that to the others.

Then Alan commented, "You know, Sis, I'm amazed at just how similar you and Mom look when she has her glasses off. It's hard to believe you were adopted. So, if Mom looks like a porn star, do you know what that makes you look like?"

Katherine giggled, while eyeing his erection poking through his fly. "An upstanding, prudish, God-fearing, church-going fuddy-duddy?"

"No!" Alan said, and since Katherine was in reach, he leaned over and started tickling her.

Everyone laughed at the good fun, but Susan still seemed nervous and reluctant. So Alan said to her, as the tickling of his sister let up, "Mom, sorry if it seems like we're laughing at you, but this is so much fun. And the idea of you being a cowgirl porn star makes me soooo friggin' horny. Geez. This is my mom we're looking at here! Everyone should stay away from me because I'm a serious fire hazard. I'm about ready to burst into flames. The only thing that could make me any hotter, Mom, is if you dance around a bit."

"Hrm." Susan stood there looking doubtful. She was torn between arousing her son and further embarrassment. If only one of the others would have been watching, she would have had no hesitation, but three other pairs of eyes felt like a crowd to her. The thought came to her, I've come this far. A little dancing is nothing compared to some of the things I've done lately. After all, this is for my son. Let's face it: I'm basically one of his personal, big-titted sex toys now. This is what we do. I love him, and it's my job to please him sexually!

Finally, she smiled, and said with a playful accent, "Well, partner, I reckon I could do just a little bit of dancin'."

"That's the spirit!" he said. But the disco hit "Le Freak" by Chic was playing, and Alan thought that seemed very inappropriate for his mother's outfit. He jumped up and went to the CD player, holding his erection against his stomach as he went. "Just a sec. Ah. Here." He put on the Blues Brothers' version of "Rawhide," the theme song from the old cowboy TV series.

Susan wasn't gifted like Suzanne at doing accents or improvisational dialogues, so she just tipped her hat, said, "Thanks, partner," and started moving her hips. She strutted and posed to the music, hesitantly at first, but more boldly with every passing second.

After only a couple of minutes the song ended and the music changed styles, but she was on too much of a roll to stop. Alan switched the music to "Knock on Wood" by Eddie Floyd, and that beat worked just fine for Susan. She galloped around and whooped it up as if she were at a hoe-down. She completely abandoned herself to her dance.

Suzanne called time at the end of that song, so Susan ended her dancing, to great applause.

By then, Alan's mother was a solid convert to the whole fashion show idea. She rushed back to the changing room like a kid who'd just discovered an exciting amusement park ride and was hurrying back to the line to ride it over and over again.

Each of the four women took turns modeling. One would stand in front of the other three and Alan and sexily model an outfit for a few minutes. Then all four women would disappear into the adjacent room, pick out another item, and help the next person up to put it on. There would be a lot of discussion amongst the women over which item to wear, and how best to accessorize it. That left Alan alone a lot of the time, but he didn't mind, considering the show he would get each time if he only had a little patience.

Suzanne was next to model.

While she walked to the makeshift stage area, the other women sat down on the sofas to watch.

Susan sat next to Alan and began stroking his still erect and exposed rod. She muttered quietly, "Suzanne says it's okay, but I'm only allowed to do this while someone's on stage. Is that okay with you?"

"Mom, you know I love it! You're the best."

Sure enough, Susan kept at it, sliding her hands all over his erection every chance she had until Suzanne would call time again.

Alan was amazed at her stamina in being able to jack him off for long periods of time without getting tired. She rubbed his sweet spot nearly non-stop, keeping him buzzing with great pleasure.

When it was Susan's turn to model an outfit, Katherine would temporarily take over the cock stroking. But when no one was on the stage, Alan was left alone while the women all worked as a team in the next room to quickly dress whoever had the next turn. This start and stop stroking kept bringing him to the edge and letting him fall back, so he could last even longer than usual.

Amy was particularly excited to be included. She realized that it was another important step toward her full acceptance in the sexual "gang." She modeled her first item, which consisted of long black gloves, long black boots, a top hat, a small, rigid mask, a cane, a small leather piece barely covering her tits, and another one barely covering her pussy.

"Hey, I'm on stage!" she cried out.

"How is it over there?" Alan asked while Susan jacked him off. Katherine was sitting on the other side of him, cuddled into him and occasionally nibbling or licking his ear. He felt like a king.

Amy beamed. "I love it! It's, like, super incredonourmouslywondertastic! Gosh, this is just like Halloween all over again, except more fun and way more sexy!"

She held her cane in her hand, expertly twirling it around in the air.

"But you know what's really cool?" she asked. "I can act totally all stripper-y. Like I can just take this off..." she pulled her leather panties off and flung them across the room.

Suzanne stood up, alarmed. "Honey Pie!"

Alan joked as he stared at Amy's bare, shaved pussy, "That is one name for it." But seeing Suzanne's distress he said, "Aunt Suzy, she's a woman now. You can't stop that. Let her be free."

Katherine chimed in, "Yeah! She's like the last virgin in school, just about. What's the harm of a little striptease?"

Suzanne sat back down, not very happy. She sighed sadly, "My little baby. My Honey Pie."

Amy removed her mask, but wisely decided to keep her top on, what little fabric there was of it. She also tried to keep a hand over her pussy for her mother's sake. But the stereo was blaring out "Turn Off the Light" by Nelly Furtado - Katherine had put it on, knowing it was one of Amy's most favorite songs - and Amy couldn't resist dancing to it.

Keeping her pussy covered soon fell by the wayside as she got more and more into it, especially during the more lively choruses. In fact, she put a lot of her recently learned cheerleader moves to use. She ended with her legs lewdly spread in front of Alan, just like she sometimes ended a cheerleader routine with the splits.

Alan and the others gave her a big round of applause.

Everyone clapped, that is, except for Suzanne, who complained, "That's enough, dear. As Susan no doubt would put it, that's a little improper."

Amy said, "What? I thought Alan loves pussies. Bo, don't you like my pussy? I'm keeping it shaved just for you." She remained splayed out on the floor right in front of him. That enabled him to see every detail of her invitingly open and very wet pussy lips.

Susan protested, "Enough, Amy. Please. Listen to your mother. Don't push your luck." Naturally, she was still rubbing her son's sweet spot.

"M'kay." Amy got up very slowly, and obviously very reluctantly. She didn't want the fun to end.

Suzanne simply announced, "Next!"

Katherine stood up and said, "Hey, why don't we break out the wine?"

Alan nodded. "Good idea."

As Katherine went to get the wine, Alan thought, Sis is smart. Aunt Suzy is too uptight about Aims. She needs to loosen up, and what better way to do that than to get her tipsy? I should have thought of that

myself, but with all the sexy sights and the way Mom keeps stroking, I'm lucky if I can remember my own name.

The bottle of wine was polished off in no time at all, since the women wanted a little "liquid courage" to loosen their inhibitions on stage.

Susan kept on jacking off her son during the drink break. The times his penis was left untended were getting shorter and fewer, since she sat with him as much as possible.

The show went on and everyone was feeling better and better. After Amy's stunt, stripping soon became the norm. Many outfits covered up private parts at first, but those parts were almost always uncovered by the time that turn on stage was over.

After a few outfits, Suzanne wore one made out of an unusual, fuzzy material.

Alan asked her, "What's it made out of?"

Suzanne answered by striking an inviting pose and saying saucily, "You should try feeling it yourself."

"Come here!" he commanded. Lust was making him bold.

Suzanne stood right between his legs with her hands on the top of her head.

With Susan's fingers constantly sliding all over his cum-soaked hard-on, he brazenly explored Suzanne's fuzzy outfit, and even under her outfit. The only thing he avoided was Suzanne's pussy, since Susan would have objected.

Susan looked up at Suzanne with awe, and muttered, "So hot!" She leaned her topless body against her son's side, and asked him, "Are you going to do that to me, when it's my turn?"

"Of course." Susan happened to be partly dressed. With a hand still on Suzanne's bare ass in front of him, he pulled the straps off Susan's shoulders and playfully rolled her nearest erect nipple in his fingers. "I'm probably going to do something like this."

Susan bit her lip. "Oh GOD! Dear Lord, give me strength!" She wanted to drop her head down and engulf his cockhead, but she contented herself with stroking with both hands.

From that point on, no modeling of an item was over until Alan got to feel the outfit, which quickly turned into a feeling up of the wearer's entire body. He would make various comments, like, "Look, Aunt Suzy; this doesn't cover your bush at all," and would proceed to feel up her bush to prove his point. While his comments were stating the obvious, they were all part of the game.

Chapter 520 Let Me Teach You About Something Called A 'Lap Dance' !

When Suzanne's next turn came up, she hadn't even reached the area they'd designated as the stage when Katherine yelled, "Time out!"

"What?" An annoyed Suzanne froze and turned around to see what the problem was.

Katherine folded her arms defiantly, causing her rack to thrust up and out. "I don't think you should be able to walk like that."

Suzanne raised an eyebrow in slight amusement. "Like what?"

Katherine pointed accusingly at Suzanne's long legs. "Like that! You know what I mean. The super sexy way you walk."

"Sashaying?" Suzanne suggested.

"Yeah. That. It's not fair. It's far too sexy! None of the rest of us know how to do that. Why, it's barely even anatomically possible! First, your hips sway so far to one side that it seems like you're bound to fall over, but somehow you don't, and then the same thing happens on the other side, but you don't fall over that way either. It's crazy! How do you even do that?!"

Suzanne grinned knowingly. "Practice. Lots of practice." She showed off by slowly sashaying across the room, right in front of Alan.

Amy said, "She has a good point. I mean, Mom, it's super duper intimidating to the rest of us. The way you put one foot directly in front of the other, and make your boobies bounce all around, it's just too hot. How are we supposed to compete with that? Look what it's doing to Alan's boner!"

All eyes went to Alan's crotch. Susan's hands were slipping and sliding up and down it, as usual. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Susan even happened to be employing her most commonly used corkscrew move, which she liked to do with her hands as well as her lips.

But still, Katherine seized on the support from Amy to say, "Yeah! And the outfit you're wearing isn't fair either. The top is okay, but your ass is only 'covered' by a string wedged so deeply in your ass crack that it might as well not be there. If I were Alan, I'd be totally jizzing right now, just from you standing there!"

"Yeah!" Amy emphatically agreed. She and Katherine were sitting apart, so they made high-five motions toward each other.

To quell the dispute, Susan suggested, "Suzanne, the girls have a good point - you're miles ahead of the rest of us with your fancy sashaying and all the other sexy ways you move your body, pretty much all the time. For instance, look at how you're standing with your back turned, cocking your hip in an enticing way, and subtly tugging on your G-string like you're liable to pull it all the way down at any moment. And you haven't even reached the stage yet! Look what you're doing to my poor Tiger!"

Again all eyes went to Alan, and specifically to his erection. As before, his dick didn't seem different in any meaningful way. Although Susan was expertly stroking it with both hands, using different rhythms and motions with each hand, and although the pre-cum was flowing freely, he didn't seem particularly close to cumming.

Suzanne had been keeping her full ass in view, but now she turned around and put a hand on a hip, striking another sexy pose in the process. "Look. That's just how I am. I've moved in a sensual manner for so long that it occurs without any thought. Besides, I don't see a problem here. After all, isn't the entire point of our little fashion show to keep his cock stiff and throbbing with pleasure?"

The room went silent, except for the squishy sound of Susan's fingers sliding through Alan's pre-cum, because no one could disagree with that. In fact, Susan thought, This is such a thrill! The four of us really have become his sex toys! I'm so pleased to see that Amy's totally into it too. Soon, she'll be one of his official personal cocksuckers. How can I keep still when so many momentous things are happening?!

Suzanne asked in her scratchy yet sultry purr, "Sweetie, does the way I walk bother you?"

He replied, a little out of breath, "Bother me? Are you kidding?! The way you, uh, sashay, um... swaying your hips, your ass cheeks bouncing and swaying from side to side... UGH!" He lost his train of thought and had to close his eyes, because Suzanne seemed to want to act out what he was saying. She resumed sashaying around the room in her ultra-arousing style.

Katherine triumphantly pointed out, "See? See what I mean? If you keep that up, you're gonna make him give up all his cum, and much too soon. He's gonna squirt a big creamy load all over Mom, and then he'll be dry for the rest of us. I'll bet all he can think about now is your ass, and touching your smooth silky skin, and what it would feel like to rub his stiff cock against it."

At that, Suzanne turned back around so he could have another very good look at the ass they were discussing. She didn't realize his eyes were closed.

Susan leaned in towards Alan and licked his ear. She purred in a sultry voice right into it, "Son, is that true? Are you thinking right now of rubbing your hard cock against Suzanne's ass?" He didn't answer immediately, so she just kept on expertly stroking his boner with both hands. "Are you thinking about what it would be like if you could stick your cock deep in her ass crack, so her firm ass cheeks could massage it for you? Would you like it if your big-titted mommy held it and fondled it while you dry humped your big-titted auntie's ass?"

Even as she kept on licking the ridge of his ear, she said with unusual force, "Son, look at me when I'm talking to you!"

At that, he unthinkingly opened his eyes. However, he couldn't look at Susan's face since her lips were nibbling his earlobe. Instead, he was startled to see Suzanne's effectively bare ass up close, directly in front of him. She was standing between his legs, putting her ass so close that he could have leaned forward and rubbed his face against it. Not only that, but it was swaying both side to side and forward and back, as if she was getting slowly fucked (and greatly enjoying it!).

"HOT DAMN!" he exclaimed in surprise. He was so overcome with sheer arousal that he was on his way to climaxing in a matter of seconds.

Susan had seen Suzanne carefully moving between his legs without touching him, and she had wanted him to get that erotic surprise when he opened his eyes. She stopped her stroking and just lovingly cradled his erection until his wave of arousal passed. She couldn't resist kissing and licking along his jaw line a little too, even though she knew she was pushing her luck. This is such fun! Tiger is using Suzanne and me as his personal sex toys - at the same time! I know things are getting too arousing for him, but how can I stop when his cock is so thick and strong in my hands?

With all the sexy walking lessons Suzanne's been giving me, soon that will be ME getting him rock hard and ready to cum just from walking around! I'm not ready yet - I still stumble a bit - but when I AM ready my cutie Tiger won't be able to resist; he'll have his big-titted sex cow mommy kneeling and slurping and sucking up an explosion of spermy goodness! I can't wait!

Katherine objected, "I think we somehow went from talking about Aunt Suzy needing to tone things down to teasing him and getting him even MORE horny. Can we get back to the topic at hand?"

Susan had been just as transfixed as Alan by Suzanne's slowly undulating, dancing ass. She asked with a start, "What? Oh. Yes. Back on track. Um... We were talking about Tiger rubbing his cock all over Suzanne's perfect ass, smearing trails of cum across her silky skin, running his hands down her-"

Katherine huffed in exasperation, "Before that. Remember, I was suggesting that Aunt Suzy tone things down a bit with her sashaying tonight, so that Amy and I don't feel so outclassed? She's hogging the spotlight, even when it's not her turn."

Susan said, "Oh, yes. Sorry." She resumed sensuously licking Alan's jaw, almost like she was somehow licking his dick by proxy. "Suzanne, maybe you could take it a bit easy tonight? Especially with the sashaying. I must admit that I also find that very daunting." She didn't mention that she herself was taking sashaying lessons from Suzanne, because she wasn't ready to unveil her new skills to Alan until she was fully ready.

Suzanne sighed. "Very well. Susan, I promise not to sashay for the rest of the evening. I'll try to walk more or less normally. But, in return, thanks to all this talk about Sweetie rubbing his cock against my bum, I'd like to sit down on his lap right now so that he can do just that." She quickly pulled the rest of her outfit off, leaving her in just her high heels.

Susan started to say, "I don't know about that. That sounds very improp-UGH!" She grunted in mid-word, because Suzanne didn't wait but plopped herself into Alan's lap, with her back to him so her ass could be the focus of attention.

Susan was quick to adjust and reposition. She was careful to keep both her hands wrapped around Alan's hard-on, no matter what, trying to hold it away from Suzanne's wiggling ass.

Once Suzanne settled in, Susan complained, "Oh dear. I still don't know. This is borderline unacceptable, at the very least." She had a policy of not allowing more than one woman to touch Alan in a sexual way at a time, for fear that things would "descend into debauchery." But at the same moment that she was speaking those words, she was sliding Alan's cockhead across Suzanne's ass cheeks, even as all her fingers kept on fondling and stroking its long length.

Suzanne spoke confidently, "Nonsense. Susan. Let me teach you about something called a 'lap dance.' Do you know what that is?"

Susan shook her head 'No.'

"Then watch. This is something good big-titted mommies do for their sons." She shifted her rear a bit, causing the tip of Alan's cockhead to slide up into her ass crack. She smiled widely at that.

Amy said to Suzanne in a concerned voice, "Um, I don't mean to cut into the fun, but Mom, I think this is the official start of your turn. We'll give you five minutes, max." Although Amy was less up front about it than Katherine, she also worried sometimes about being outshone by Susan and Suzanne, so she wanted to make sure that her mother's next turn in the spotlight didn't last too long.

Suzanne grunted, "Fine." She was already focused on her lap dance. Thanks to Susan's earlier comments, she wanted to see if she could really trap Alan's cock with her ass cheeks and massage it.

Susan seemed to be of the same mind, rather obviously letting her lust get the best of her because she began to slide Alan's cockhead deeper into Suzanne's "ass cleavage."

Alan clutched at Suzanne's ass cheeks, marveling at how good they felt. Shit! Five minutes?! Between Mom's sliding hands and Aunt Suzy's rotating ass, how am I supposed to not cum for all that time?! Lord have mercy! Oh no! Why did I just reach around and grab Aunt Suzy's tits with both hands? I'm just making things more difficult for myself!

This wasn't a typical lap dance by any means, especially since Suzanne was facing away from him. She actually kept her ass relatively still, to goad Susan to take charge.

Sure enough, Susan couldn't resist rubbing Alan's cock against Suzanne's ass, even though that violated her rules. It was just too tempting. As she did so, she purred quietly to him, "Tiger, your auntie has a great ass, don't you think? Have you squirted your cum on it yet?"

He had to think before answering, "Um... no."

"Well, you should! Look how you're leaving a cummy trail wherever I move it." Her fingers were flying up and down his shaft even as she rubbed his cockhead against Suzanne. "I think you should cum on her right now! Let Mommy help you. Cum for Mommy!"

bender

When it became obvious that he wasn't going to cum that soon, Suzanne spun around in place. As she plastered her big bare tits against Alan's T-shirt covered chest, she looked to Susan sitting to the side and said, "Now, this is a more typical lap dance. The general rule at strip clubs is that the guy is not allowed to use his hands, and no fucking is allowed. The woman uses her body and feminine wiles to rub him all over until he cums."

Susan wasn't happy about this new position. It even more overtly violated her rule about not letting two women work on Alan at once. She worried orgies and total debauchery would follow if that was permitted. She stubbornly kept a tight hold of his cock, and griped, "I don't know about this. It seems somewhat improper. Can't we just get back to the fashion show?"

"We will in a minute," Suzanne said, just before she started to French kiss him.

Alan thought for sure he was going to cum at any moment. Susan kept right on stroking and rubbing his cock, even though her hand was pinned between his body and Suzanne's. And Suzanne bounced and gyrated all over him while he firmly clasped her ass cheeks.

But Katherine and Amy were keeping a close eye on the clock, and they called time at five minutes. Suzanne finally got off him.

He thought, WOW! I can't believe I somehow "survived" that! That was incredible! Between Mom and Aunt Suzy, it felt just as good as if I'd been orgasming the entire time, except I didn't actually shoot a load. I'm so psyched Mom allowed that. I hope we'll be doing a lot more of that from now on!

The only problem was, he was so overheated that when Suzanne finally got off his lap he wanted to take a long break so his heart and body could recover.

He did so, but his five minute break ended all too soon. He was still breathing heavily when Katherine sprung out of her seat and proclaimed, "Time's up! Let the show resume! My turn!"

Susan had been letting him rest. But her fingers wrapped around his shaft and went back to rubbing his sweet spot before Katherine even finished saying that.

He sighed quietly, I swear, they're gonna kill me tonight. But what a way to go!