

## 6 Times 521

### Chapter 521 The Game Continues

The game continued, and for a while the women made sure the breaks between performances were extra-lengthy so Alan really could recover some more. He was panting hard and clenching his PC muscle non-stop, even during the breaks.

The next time it was Susan's turn, Alan asked her, "Since there have been some fun costume-oriented themes, do you think you could dress up as a telephone operator?"

Susan considered that. "Well, I don't know. I mean, I can't really think of anything a telephone operator would wear that would be distinctive OR sexy. Why?"

"Well, it's this song." He got up and put a new CD in the CD player. (His erection bounced around freely as he did.) The song "Switchboard Susan" by Nick Lowe started to play.

Susan immediately decided she had a new favorite song. It had a good beat and melody, and it had telephone-themed lyrics about a sexy woman, but best of all, it had "Susan" in the lyrics. She especially loved the couplet: "When I'm near you girl, I get an extension / And I don't mean Alexander Graham Bell's invention."

She rushed off and quickly came back dressed "business hot," in the kind of formal but fancy business suit that Suzanne often wore. It wasn't exactly what a telephone operator would wear, but it looked sexy as hell on her. Then she proceeded to strip as the song played again.

Alan clapped and cheered as Katherine jacked him off. He particularly loved the line near the end of the song: "Hey babe, your number's great, 38-27-38."

She brought her hands to her now bare tits, waist, and hips as each body dimension was sung, as if she'd heard the song many times before and not just that once.

Susan was so excited that when the song ended she wanted to immediately put on the same clothes just so she could strip to the same tune again. Not only were her reservations about the fashion show obliterated, she was already hoping they could make this a regular event.

However, she still tried to maintain some boundaries, mostly because of Amy. For instance, each time they went to the other room to change, she could barely stop from fingering herself to relieve the tension, but she knew that as soon as she did, Katherine and Suzanne would eagerly do the same, and she worried what Amy would think of that.

Little did she know that Amy was only holding herself back from such frigging for fear of what her mother Suzanne would think. So all of the women got more and more aroused, but none of them could manage to get off.

As they continued to show off various outfits, Suzanne and Katherine especially began putting on spontaneous one-person mini-dramas.

Katherine went the furthest when she displayed a bunny outfit, which left her pussy, ass, and tits all uncovered from the very start.

As she modeled it (while Susan continued to "tend" to Alan's erection), she made up a dialogue that resembled a twisted version of Little Red Riding Hood. "Oh no!" she cried out in mock anguish. "I'm a helpless bunny, lying here on the floor. Oh dear! Here comes Alan, the big bad wolf! What is he going to do with me? Is he going to eat me? I hear wolves love to eat us cute bunnies. Oh no! It looks like he wants to eat my pussy, even though I'm hiding it right between my legs!"

She spread her legs wide at this point, exposing her pussy for all to see. "Big Bad Brother Wolf, what a big tongue you have!"

Susan frowned with displeasure at the "illegal" focus on the pussy. But she didn't want to interrupt.

Katherine put her hands on an imaginary head of someone licking her pussy, then shook all over with pleasure. "Mmmm! I guess it IS all the better for you to eat me with!" Then she frigged herself some more, thrusting in and out in time to the pounding beat of the Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive."

But she went on, "Oh no, Big Bad Wolf, what a big penis you have!" She turned over and kicked her legs up in the air, bending them at the knees. "Oh, Alan, my sexy, well-hung brother, are you going to fuck me in the ass with your big bad cock?"

"Okay, that's enough, Angel," said Susan, while her hand still rhythmically slid up and down her son's stiff pole. "You went too far, with all that pussy and intercourse stuff. No feelies for you. Next!"

Susan was enjoying the show as much as anyone else, but realized they were right on the verge of losing all restraint. She was disturbed that Katherine would talk so openly about fucking her brother, and she made a mental note to lecture her about it later.

Katherine pouted, "No feelies? Mom, you're so mean!" "Feelies" was a term that had spontaneously coined during the show to refer to Alan's groping of their outfits. She complained some more, "I did an extra sexy display; I should get extra feelies!"

Susan made herself the arbiter of making sure such things didn't go too far. "Nope. Sorry. You crossed the line."

But Alan said, "Come on, Mom. Sis did a really good job and I want to check out her outfit."

"Well, okay. But remember, no touching her pussy this time. Which you shouldn't be doing anyway."

Inspired by Suzanne's lap dance, Katherine sat in his lap. She started sliding and grinding on him just like Suzanne did.

All the while, Susan's hand kept on pumping up and down his shaft. She was irked at her daughter for pushing her luck with the rules, so she tried to keep Alan's cock from her until the lap dance was over.

As time went on, things got more sexual, more wine was drunk, and Susan grew more lax about enforcing her boundaries. Good music continued to play, with people frequently changing CDs to choose favorite songs.

Alan's "groping of the outfits" grew more blatant, but still there were some boundaries that Susan demanded be observed. For instance, the "no pussy touching" rule was strictly maintained. And she remained insistent that Alan could only touch one woman at a time. The air was so thick with sexual excitement and frustration that one could cut it with a knife, and she was worried that a full-on orgy would break out.

She didn't count her own penis tending in this, however. So, in practice, Alan seemed to be in sexual contact with two women more often than not.

Rather incredibly, no one had climaxed yet, not even Alan. Everyone was right on the brink. Susan's handjob action was usually slow and delicate in order to make sure he didn't lose it too fast, which would have put a big damper on the show, possibly ending it completely. Katherine was similarly careful when she took over during Susan's turns "on the stage."

He was also still left alone during each change of clothing, giving him about five minutes each time to cool down somewhat. But he could only take so much physical and visual stimulation.

His endurance came to an end when Suzanne walked out in a "dress" that in fact was nothing but lines of chain links all over her body. Like the other women, at this point her pussy was already flowing like a faucet. One of the chains split her vulva and bush, and that was a big part of the reason she was leaking so much. With every step she took, with every movement of her lower body, the chain pulled tightly against her pussy, massaging her clit.

Appearing like that was more than she could take, and the rubbing of the clinking chains helped push her over the edge. She closed her eyes, stomped her feet a couple of times, and had an obvious orgasm while simply standing there in front of everyone.

As if that wasn't enough for Alan, Susan had been making sexy comments to him on each outfit to augment the handjob she was giving. This time, she whispered, "Look at Suzanne, Doesn't she look just like a slave at a slave auction? But don't worry; you already own her. She's your sex toy! Your sex slave, even! We all are!"

He cried out, "NO!" and frantically tried to push Susan's hands away from his rock-hard boner. He was desperate not to cum, since he didn't think he'd be able to get erect again tonight.

But Susan could sense that he'd already crossed the point of no return. She happened to be playing with his balls as well, and she felt them tightening up. She jerked him off even more vigorously.

Within seconds, he lost it completely. His body thrashed around in one of the most intense orgasms he'd ever had.

But Susan wasn't deterred by his spasmodic movements. She bent over, locked her lips around his cockhead, and swallowed all his powerful squirts.

With Suzanne and Alan cumming, Katherine and Amy threw caution to the wind and blatantly fingered themselves. They had relatively quiet but very satisfying orgasms too. Only Susan didn't cum, since she was so intently sucking, but she was having a blast in more ways than one.

Katherine happened to be sitting on Alan's other side. With her one orgasm done, and while Susan continued to suck him while his penis slowly deflated, Katherine cuddled close and playfully ran her hands across his chest. She was still dressed in the last thing she'd modeled, which was a stethoscope, nurse's hat, sterilized gloves, and not much else. "I hear Mom whispering, and you know what finally set you off? It was when Mom called Aunt Suzy a sex slave!"

"No, you're wrong," he complained, but his face practically turned purple with embarrassment.

Katherine knew that she had found one of his hot buttons, that the "sex slave" comment was at least a big part of it, although admittedly by that point just about anything could have sent him over the edge, including what Suzanne did. "A-ha!" she cried triumphantly to the other women. "Look at his face! I'm totally right. Alan Plummer, Mr. Politically Correct himself, gets off on the idea of sex slavery! Is that fucked-up or what?" She giggled gleefully.

He protested, "No I don't! It was just that Aunt Suzy looks so gorgeous cumming with her blushing face like that. And Mom's slip-sliding fingers. And all the outfits. Christ, the outfits! Plus, the long, long build up. I mean, what Mom said, that was just... It was one tiny part of it..."

Suzanne was still standing there in chains. She'd recovered from her orgasm, and she was smiling at him. Just the renewed sight of her and the thought of what she'd done a mere minute ago were likely to make him horny again. She purposely put her hands behind her back as if she were tied up, to emphasize the slave idea.

But his penis had begun to hurt, thanks to it being stroked for so very long, so he purposely turned away and tried to think unsexy thoughts. The fact that Susan was now licking his crotch completely clean didn't help matters any.

Suzanne thought to herself, That's odd. I really enjoyed the chain outfit. Really, really enjoyed it. Yet I've always been a dom. Just the other day I got off on spanking Katherine, so it's not like things have changed recently, have they? But maybe I can go both ways, dom and sub. I think maybe I just like sex in all its forms: any and every way to do it.

But I am NOT going to get all "I'm your submissive little fuck toy, Sweetie; I'll do your every whim like a mindless slut," the way Angel does with him. Not to mention what Susan says. That's just not dignified, and it's not necessary to have fun. I'm the one secretly directing things here, and I'm not going to run around calling someone else "Master," thank you very much!

Susan had gotten what she most wanted: a drink at Alan's fountain of cum. Furthermore, she sensed he was tired and wasn't going to get erect again soon. So, once she finished "cleaning" his cock and balls, she broke up the show. The show would have had to end soon anyway, as they'd modeled about fifteen outfits, new and old, and were beginning to run out of new things to display.

Everyone had a good time, and Susan noted approvingly to herself that although some boundaries were pushed, things hadn't gotten completely out of hand. Alan, for instance, had managed to keep his fingers actually out of any vaginas except for a few furtive pokes with the last few outfits when Susan wasn't paying attention, even though she'd seen him petting many bushes.

They all agreed that they should have another show soon, as this one seemed to have ended too quickly. Everyone secretly hoped that the mini-dramas would be more physically interactive with Alan the next time around.

Katherine, Suzanne, and Susan ran off to Susan's bedroom to look at the rest of the clothes and toys that had been bought, especially the ones that Alan wasn't supposed to see yet. Amy wasn't interested, since she knew it would only frustrate her that none of the new clothes were hers.

The bathroom was also heavily used as each female found the opportunity to relieve herself and get herself off.

What disturbed Susan when it was her turn was that, for once, it wasn't just the thought of Alan that occupied her when she was masturbating. She also thought about all the naked female bodies she'd seen. She couldn't get them out of her mind. But she told herself it was doubtless a one-time thing brought on by the fashion show, and all the sexy outfits, and the even more sexy poses.

## Chapter 522 Amy Into The Mix

Alan and Amy were left alone in the living room.

By this time it was very late, but Amy wanted to wait for Suzanne so they could walk back home together. Amy was a bit disappointed that she didn't get to keep any of the outfits, and she tried to hide her sadness by suggesting that Alan play checkers with her.

They started to play, but his mind wasn't on the game. After seeing and feeling up four beautiful women, he was incredibly frustrated that he didn't actually get to end up fucking anybody.

Since Amy was sitting in front of him, with her big boobs nearly hanging out of her shirt as she leaned over the checkerboard on her elbows, he set his sights on her. In fact, she was such an inspiring sight that his penis unexpectedly fully engorged after only about ten minutes of checkers.

He'd noticed lately how simply taking his penis out of his shorts usually led to a good result, so he figured he'd try that again. "Sorry, Aims, but if you don't mind, can I take my dick out? I'm getting excited all over again from thinking about the show, and it's hurting being all cooped up in my shorts."

"Oh sure, Bo," she replied. "Do you need any help with it?"

"Actually, yeah." Too easy! he thought gleefully.

She clapped her hands. "Goody!" With one hand she took off her shirt, and with the other she took off her shorts. She wound up buck naked from head to toe, since she hadn't gotten into wearing high heels like Susan and Suzanne.

"I think it's time you start your cocksucking training. Would you like that? To be one of my regular cocksuckers?"

"M'kay! Totally! I thought you'd never ask." She added with pride, "I am one of your official personal cocksuckers already, you know." But then she got worried, and looked around carefully. "But... what about my mom's rule against that?"

"Yeah, that is a problem," he conceded. "But that's an out-of-date rule that's meant to be broken. I'm willing to risk it, if you are. I think, with all the stuff that's happened lately, if she sees us, she'll grudgingly concede that the rule has to go. Besides, we can just say that you started with a handjob and things kind of got carried away."

Amy showed no hesitation. "I'm totally game. I can't wait to get rid of that stupid rule!" She quickly knelt between his legs. She looked up at him with a twinkle in her eyes. "Check it out! I'm in the Susan position!"

He chuckled at that.

"So, Bo, now what? What do I do?" Despite all the sexual play she'd been involved in lately, she'd never actually sucked his cock before, except for a half a minute with him a few days earlier.

"Just hold it and rub it like you've done to it so well already," he suggested, while holding it himself.

"I know about all THAT, since I've done it to you a few times," she said impatiently. "I wanna get to the sucking and licking part! Everyone else is doing it, and I feel like I'm way behind."

"Okay, cool. Definitely put your mouth on it and suck it. It's good to run your tongue around it. Generally, just treat it like a lollipop. After a while, when the white stuff, the cum, starts coming out, you may want to try to drink it up. Otherwise, let it splash on your chest or stomach so it doesn't get on the carpet."

"M'kay! But let me just do some rubbing first, and then work up to the more complicated stuff." She began rubbing his hard-on. Of all the women pleasing Alan, she was the least experienced by far, and it showed. But she still had a lot of infectious enthusiasm.

"Feels great!" He was genuinely surprised how well she was doing. He would have told her to focus on his sweet spot, but she was doing that already. The pleasure was intense.



She was silent for several minutes, as she just stared intently at his cock and her fingers. It looked like she'd learned some techniques somewhere and she was trying hard to remember everything. She was trying out different moves and carefully gauging his reactions.

When she finally spoke again, she exclaimed, "This is great!" Her sliding fingers were soaked with precum. "You know, I think... I think I'm getting all tingly myself! And nobody is touching me, even."

"Yeah, you're getting good at stroking it," he said encouragingly. He lovingly caressed her hair.

She looked around with worry. "What about my Mom? She's right upstairs. I'm worried she'll walk in on us when I'm sucking on you. It kind of makes things extra exciting, but I'm scared too!"

"Hmmm. Yeah, I don't know about trouble, per se, but we might want to kind of speed things up here," he noted.

"M'kay! I'm ready to try with my mouth! Bo, are you ready for me?"

"Definitely, my beautiful Aims. Go for it!"

Amy abruptly stopped stroking and put her mouth around his erection instead. While it was true she'd done this with him once before, she was twice as excited this time, since she would be allowed more than just a brief taste.

After fitting the whole of his cockhead in her mouth, she quickly pulled it back out and exclaimed, "Gosh! It's so big! It's like, I can hardly fit it in there!"

Alan said quietly, "You might want to keep it down 'cos of your mom. But don't worry about the size. I'm told that's not a big problem after you get used to it."

"M'kay. You mean, you want me to do this to you a lot?"

"Oh, definitely! I'd love that."

"Cool beans! I'll try again. Here goes..." She opened her mouth as wide as it could go, but then she stopped. "Wait. Bo, if I'm gonna be doing this to you a lot, like the others are, and I'm gonna be an official helper and everything, then I want you to give me lots of tips on how I can get better, m'kay? Totally tell me what you like and what you don't. I wanna get super duper good at it, as good as my mom, even!"

He nodded. He was getting pretty excited, and didn't want to encourage more talk.

He watched as she crammed all of his thick knob in between her wide-open lips again. At first she looked distressed, like she'd been forced to fit a baseball in her mouth. But she quickly started getting the hang of it.

He thought, Sweetness! I'm such a lucky fuck! According to Mom, I've got three "official personal cocksuckers," and now Aims is gonna be my fourth, in name and in deed! She must have gotten some tips on how to do this too, because she's already doing a good job!

She sucked him for two or three minutes non-stop before pulling off. She wiped saliva off her chin and beamed at him. "How's that?"

"GREAT! Truly! More importantly, how are YOU liking it?"

"It's fun! It's kinda weird, but I dig it. Let me try some more!" She immediately engulfed him again.

He talked her through the experience, giving encouragement and suggestions. For instance, he said, "You seem like a natural. Your bobbing is great, and I love how you're always doing something to my most sensitive spot. But don't try to take it so deep. Even your mom spends over 90 percent of the time with her tongue around or just below my cockhead. If you want to do something to the rest, just stroke it."

She started stroking as she kept on bobbing. She looked up at him questioningly.

He grunted erotically in approval. "Like that! Perfect!"

Pleased, she closed her eyes again and concentrated intensely on bobbing, licking, and stroking, usually all at once.

Alan was used to such a high standard of oral skill that he didn't realize how odd it was that she was ably doing all three things at once, pretty much from the very start. He'd come to think of that triple combo as a "typical" blowjob, but it wasn't. He had no idea how far above the norm Glory, Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine in particular were with their cocksucking talents.

He loved watching Amy's whole head slide back and forth, causing many inches of his erection to disappear and reappear.

This rocks! he thought. This has been a long time coming. But I've got a feeling that this is just the start of a really great thing with Aims. It's true that we don't have a lot of the same interests, but she's just so lovable. I kinda feel bad, like I'm corrupting an innocent, but with her sexy body she's gonna get corrupted soon enough. It's better to keep her "in the family," where she belongs. Besides, she's so great. Maybe it's just the awesome blowjob making me feel this way, but I think I love her, and not just as my de facto cousin!

Jesus! She's really getting into this, too! That feels soooo good!

"Bo," she said, taking a short break after a few more minutes elapsed, "I'm getting even more tingly, and all leaky!" She squealed quite loudly, bringing a hand to her pussy. "Oh! Oh my God! Oh!"

"You're having orgasms, Aims. Don't you know that? Does it feel good?" He was impressed that she was climaxing just from giving him a blowjob.

"Woooooowww. Gosh, that was good! I totally know that tingly feeling, and in fact I had a nice special tingle during the fashion show, but I didn't know it would hit me now!" She giggled. "Let's make that happen some more."

She rubbed her pussy lips. "Can you touch me up my special hole, like you did earlier with your thumb?"

"I'd love to, but it's kind of risky. Think how your mom would freak. Even my mom might get mad if she walked in. Ironically, blowjobs are okay for her, but she's strict about her 'no pussy touching' rule, like she was during the fashion show."

"M'kay. Bummer. Let me do some more of this then." She opened her mouth wide and leaned her head forward.

He was truly concerned about Suzanne getting angry if she caught them doing this. But he didn't want to only take without giving, so he suggested, "Hey, what if I play with your ass crack and your asshole? I was doing that to you during the fashion show, and you seemed to like it."

She giggled, a lot. "I did! M'kay! I'd totally love it if you do that some more. And play with my boobies too! And everywhere else!" She giggled some more at that.

He immediately got more adventurous in running his hands all over her. But he focused on her ass for the most part, even toying with her anus.

She contemplated his thick cock from very close up, trying to psych herself up to cram it into her mouth again. "Does this feel good?" She blew air right onto his sweet spot.

He groaned, and squirmed in his seat in response. "Really good!"

She giggled. "Cool beans! It's so neat to get you to react like that." She blew air on his shaft some more, keeping him squirming. Then she commented, "Boy, your thingy is too darn big. I can barely put it in my mouth, and my face has to get all stretchy. But I love it."

She went back to just lightly licking his cockhead for a minute, because she wanted to talk to him some more. "Am I doing okay enough?"

He chuckled. "You're doing great! I'm not just saying that either. The only reason I'm laughing is because the answer is so obvious to me. I love this!"

Her face lit up with a 1000-watt smile, even as she kept licking. "Really? So, can I be one of your personal cocksuckers, like, all the time?"

He nodded. "Of course! I thought we already agreed to that?"

"I know! But that was more in theory. Now, it's really happening!" Somehow her smile grew even larger. "I promise to try my best, my super duper best! All the time! And you know you're the only guy I care about, so I wouldn't even think about touching another guy's thingy. I know that's part of the rules."

"What rules."

"The 'official personal cocksucker rules,' silly! Kat explained it all to me, so don't worry."

He wondered what those rules were. He certainly had never heard about it. But he decided not to ask, for fear that knowing too much would ruin some of the magic and mystery of what they were doing to him.

She lapped intently against his sweet spot, driving him wild with desire. "And I promise I'll suck it, like, a way super duper lot, if you want, but I won't be a cock hog. I'm totally into sharing! I promise that-"

He cut her off, laughing again. "Aims, stop! You don't need to convince me! Like I said, it's a done deal. Besides, you're acting like I'm doing you a big favor letting you do this, but it's the other way around. I'm honored and delighted - really delighted."

She sat up eagerly, just holding and stroking his dick, so she could look him in the eye. "Really? Cool beans! So I get to be one of your personal cocksuckers? For real?"

He nodded emphatically. Man, everything is backwards. It's like she thinks that's an honor. I should be thanking her a thousand times over!

"Woo-hoo! Super double duper awesomemegatasticilicious!" She opened her mouth wide and swallowed her way down to his sweet spot. Then she started bobbing frantically all over it.

He laughed some more, totally loving life. "Aims, that's good, but too good! Ugh! Lighten up, or I'll cum too soon and then you'll have to stop."

She changed her pace immediately. Over the next few minutes she did some unusual things with her tongue, experimenting more with what worked and what didn't.

At one point, Alan suggested, "Try more suction. Don't worry; I can handle it."

She immediately complied, creating a tight seal and sucking and bobbing intently. That practically made his eyes roll back in his head, it felt so fantastic. Her eagerness to please was remarkable.

Another minute later, he cried out, "NO teeth! Not the teeth!" She'd been experimenting with gentle teeth scraping against his skin, but had gotten too aggressive with it. Nevertheless, some of her experimental ways felt quite good and unique.

He was increasingly convinced that she must have gotten training. She was trying out advanced techniques on her very first time. He was fairly sure that one of the others had taught her, probably Katherine, but he didn't ask about it. By this time he was panting hard and he wasn't exactly in a talking mood.

He was getting near a climax and Amy's naked body was writhing around. He wanted her to enjoy a nice orgasm too, but with the way she was kneeling between his legs, there wasn't much he could do to help with that. So, even though he was too winded to talk much, he managed to tell her to touch herself down below.

She did, mostly diddling her clit. Before long, she was just as ready to explode as he was.

But just as they spiraled up to mutual erotic peak, Suzanne came walking down the stairs. She was heading back home from being in Katherine's room. She was alone because Katherine was too busy with her new dildo toys to see Suzanne out. She was naked because she was planning on wearing some clothes from the underwear cabinet back home - she kept a lot of "normal" clothes in there suitable for wearing outside.

She was shocked at what she saw, but not that surprised. In truth, on some level she'd been expecting something like this to happen sooner or later, despite her specifically prohibiting it. Amy was obviously getting more and more involved in all the sexual hijinks around Alan, and Suzanne's attempts to stop it had been surprisingly halfhearted and ineffectual.

But even though she'd been expecting it soon, it was still shocking and disappointing for her to actually see her daughter sucking Alan's cock. Realizing it could happen in theory was one thing, but to watch it with one's own eyes was another altogether. Besides, it meant more competition for Alan's attention and cum, without even providing an extra pleasure partner for herself, since she wanted to stay away from her own daughter and actual incest. She could never forget that, unlike the adopted Alan and Katherine, Amy was her real genetic offspring.

She also was frustrated that Amy had obviously disobeyed her, deliberately breaking the stricture she had specifically and clearly placed on Amy forbidding her from sucking Alan's cock. Even though she knew that rule had been likely short-lived, particularly given sexual events like the fashion show, Amy's unusual direct disobedience still felt painful to her.

Suzanne suppressed the urge to barge into the room and yell. She remained at the top of the stairs, just watching, until she had calmed down some. She quietly sighed. Fuck! My Honey Pie is growing up. I just have to grin and bear it. She's part of this family, and we're all sex friends now. How could I expect she wouldn't become one of his cocksuckers? If not today or tomorrow, it would happen within days, no matter what. But still, it seems like just yesterday when she had her first period. Ugh. I have to remember that she's not a kid anymore!

She clomped down the stairs loudly to make sure the others heard.

Alan noticed, and urgently tapped Amy's head. He quietly hissed, "Aims! Your mom!" He was seized with fear, because he didn't know how Suzanne would react.

"Come on, Amy dear. Time to go home," Suzanne said as calmly as she could manage. "It's past eleven and past your bedtime." She wanted to scold Amy and punish her, but she figured she could hardly do so given the wide variety of sexual things she herself had already repeatedly done with Alan in Amy's presence.

Amy didn't seem that alarmed. She briefly pulled her mouth off Alan's cock, then replaced it with busy hands because she sensed he was just seconds from cumming. "You're not upset?!"

Suzanne sighed. "I am, but... well... I suppose this was bound to happen sooner or later."

"COOL!" Amy resumed licking around Alan's sweet spot.

Suzanne said impatiently, "Come on. Let's go."

Amy continued to lick as she said, "Oh, Mom, can't I just finish him off here?"

Alan decided to make the argument moot. He'd been holding back by sheer willpower, so he just gave in. "Too late! I'm starting to cum! Hi Aunt Suzy! Quick, Aims, your mouth!"

Amy locked her mouth around Alan's thickness yet again. He began spasming into it, but she was completely unprepared for the experience. She had gotten secret training to help with her technique, but there was no way to prepare for this part except to experience it.

She seemed to be choking, so she quickly pulled her lips off and tilted her head back. With her eyes closed, she held on to his boner but just let the cum fly wherever it would. Nearly all of it ended up on her face, while some hit her neck down to her heavy tits.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed in frustration when it was all done. Seeming to forget about Suzanne's presence altogether, she apologized to Alan, "I'm so sorry! I totally wasn't expecting all that. It just came out all of a sudden, so much. I wanted to swallow it all, but I couldn't keep up. That's hard!"

"It's okay, Aims. Don't worry about it." He caressed her neck and gave her a hug, though he was careful to do it in a way so that he wouldn't cover himself with his own cum. "You'll get better; I guarantee it. And you did a great job up until then. Did you enjoy it?"

She brightened suddenly. "Did I ever! Gosh! It was awesome! Can we do that again right now? I promise I'll do better this time! There's all kinds of stuff I was just starting to figure out."

Alan looked up at Suzanne as he said to Amy, "Thanks, but penises take some time to revive. I think you know that, don't you? And I think your mom is waiting for you."



Suzanne stood naked by the underwear cabinet near the front door, looking very cross and annoyed, not least for being almost completely ignored ever since she'd made her presence known. But she still kept her composure. She tried to look sympathetically at Amy, saying, "Come on, Honey Pie; it's time to go."

"You're so mean," Amy pouted.

"I'm not being mean, I just love you and am looking after you."

"Awww, Mom. Don't get all gushy." Amy was suddenly happy, and she smiled up at her mother.

But Suzanne grew annoyed again. "Would you rather I get upset? I'm mad at you, you know. I explicitly told you NOT to suck Alan's cock. I've reminded you of that several times, so I'm sure you didn't forget. You deliberately disobeyed me."

Amy instantly went from happy to sad. "I'm so sorry, Mom, but everyone else was doing it, and it seemed like so much fun. I just had to try it. And it is! Fun, I mean. It's soooo super cool!"

But she stifled her enthusiasm and continued in a chastised tone, "I'm, like, really, really, REALLY sorry. Super duper sorry."

Alan spoke up from where he sat. "Aunt Suzy, please. Don't get mad at her. I'm to blame. I talked her into doing it."

Suzanne sighed heavily, "I'm deliberately trying hard not to get mad at anybody because this was bound to happen. Amy's seen the rest of us doing it to you, and then leaving you two alone after something like the fashion show..."

He nodded. "Yeah. It's kind of like being upset at a ball for rolling downhill. Please don't be mad at her."

Suzanne again stroked Amy's hair consolingly. It seemed to be just about the only place she could touch her without getting her hand cummy. "That's all right. I understand. You have raging teenage hormones. I guess there's no stopping some things."

She hugged her daughter as a sign of not being really too upset, but in doing so she wasn't able to completely avoid Alan's cum. A few strands of his semen connected her and Amy like cobweb strands hanging between them, before breaking and falling back against their skin.

Amy changed moods again, brightening somewhat. "You mean that? You're not going to punish me? You'll let me do that again?"

Her mother grudgingly nodded, sighing. "I can't keep fighting the inevitable. You just continue to grow up."

Amy bounced excitedly on her toes. "What about your rule?!"

"I think you just killed it." However, Suzanne wagged a finger at her, "But no actual sex for you though! I don't want him to even touch your pussy!"

Chapter 523 Welcome To The Club.

Amy was so excited to hear those words that she gave her mother a big bear hug, yelling "YEAH!"

That would have been relatively innocuous, except for all of the cum on Amy's chest.

Suzanne couldn't help herself - she "readjusted her position" several times, which meant she slid her big tits against Amy's, further smearing the cum between them.

Alan had been watching the interaction closely. After all, how could he not be interested in two beautiful, naked women who were rubbing their big racks together and spreading his cum all over each other? He stood up and walked closer to them so he could have an even better look. He tucked his flaccid penis away as he did so, then zipped up his fly.

He found that the spectacle was becoming even more entertaining, because Amy was so excited that she kissed Suzanne on the face as well. True, it was a series of pecks across her face, not a lip-to-lip kiss, but her facial cheeks kept rubbing against her mother's, smearing his cum between their faces.

Suzanne shivered, repeatedly. She was trying very hard not to get aroused, but she'd developed a Pavlovian reaction to the mere smell of Alan's cum. And feeling it smearing onto her skin was even more of a thrill. Plus, Amy's naked body was soft and tempting.

Amy turned to Alan while still hugging Suzanne tightly. "Hey Bo? Do you mind if I try that some more tomorrow?"

"Do I mind? Of course not, Aims! It's my great pleasure if you want to suck it any time."

"Oh goody!" She bounced up and down on her feet, causing her tits to slide even more against Suzanne's. "I promise I'll be better next time. Tomorrow! Definitely! Can I really suck it some more tomorrow?!"

Alan nodded, smiling at her happiness.

Suzanne winced and clenched her teeth. She was attempting to simply hug her daughter, but all the cum-slicked bouncing and tit-mashing was filling her with a strong desire to kiss and fondle.

"COOL! That's so awesome!" Amy bounced up and down even more vigorously while still hugging her mother. That set off a massive tit-quake between them, as their cummy boobs bounced around while they remained more or less pressed together.

Suzanne began to reach for her clothes in the underwear cabinet. The cabinet was almost within reach, but Amy was so excited and happy that she wouldn't let go of her.

Then it occurred to Suzanne that even if she was freed to dress, she and Amy couldn't exactly return home with Amy's face and chest dripping with Alan's cum, not to mention her own increasingly cummy condition. She had a strong desire to lick the cum right off her daughter's face, and she stuck her tongue out. But she stopped before she started when the incestuous implications hit her.

She turned to Alan and complained, "Look at us!" She pulled slightly back, exposing how both full racks were smeared all over. She wiped a finger across her cummy left cheek, drawing attention to the condition of her face as well. "Why did you have to give her such a big load? Jesus H. Christ! And after a full day of sexual fun, no doubt. Amy, what are we going to do with all this cum?"bender

"I guess I'll go wash my face," Amy replied. She finally broke the hug as she started for the bathroom.

But Suzanne's pussy was throbbing, and in fact her entire body was on fire with arousal. That affected her thinking when she countered, "If you do that, we'll never hear the end of it from Susan. One important thing you have to realize, Honey Pie, is that Alan can only produce a certain amount of cum per day. So you don't want to waste a drop if you can help it. Why don't you lick up and eat what remains here. That's your reward for giving him an orgasm. Here. Let me show you."

Suzanne encouragingly ate some streaks of cum that had ended up on her skin after hugging her daughter.

She did it with such enthusiasm that Amy eagerly followed suit with the much more copious amounts dripping all over herself. "Yummy! Mmmm. Mom, why is Alan's cum so delicious?"

Suzanne explained as she scooped more cum into her mouth, "It's his diet: lots of sweet fruit, and not much that's bitter."

Amy's tits were still pressed against her mother's, with their nipples sometimes touching. She had a hand on Suzanne's ass helping to keep them together. She swiped up some cum from Suzanne's chin and ate it. "Mmmm! Mom, I'll bet he tastes even better when you've sucked and sucked for a super long time and he finally blows right into your mouth! Is that true?"

"It is. People value things more when they have to work hard for it. That's human nature." She paused to swipe a cum gob from Amy's nose. It was a lot easier to get cum off of Amy's face than her own, since she could see where the cum was on Amy so clearly. "Sweetie has really great stamina; that's undeniable. Did you see how long Susan stroked him during the fashion show before he finally came?"

"Mmmm hmmm." Amy was eating more cum off Suzanne's face while their cummy tits continued to slide against each other. "That was cool. I don't know much about sex, but even I can tell that's, like, really unusual."

"It is," Suzanne said, goggling down more cum. "Sucking his cock is almost like a prolonged ordeal. Your jaw will hurt. Your tongue will hurt. You'll run out of energy and despair that he's never gonna cum. But if you keep at it, when he does, it feels like the greatest victory!" She stuck a cummy finger into her mouth and sucked it clean. "Then, like you said, when that cum blasts in your throat, or on your skin, it tastes even MORE delicious! It's easy to get addicted."

Amy swiped more cum from Suzanne's cheeks. "Mmmm. I think I'm addicted already!" She giggled.

Then, after a pause, Amy added shyly, "Mom, Alan's kind of agreed that I can be one of his personal cocksuckers. Can I?! Is that okay with you?!"

Suzanne sighed heavily. Hearing that disturbed her, but she was so aroused that it dulled how upset she felt. After a long pause, she said, "I'm not thrilled about it. But I suppose it's pointless to fight it, especially since I qualify as one of his helpers too."

"YEAY!" Amy gave her mother another big hug, and then a closed-mouth kiss on her lips. When that was over, she looked to Alan and said, "Did you hear that?! It's really truly official now, and everything!"

Alan chuckled and nodded. He didn't want to say anything, because he was trying to stay modest.

Suzanne and Amy had been furtively enjoying all their "accidental" tit rubbing. But it wasn't long until all the large cum deposits were cleaned from their faces. They pulled farther apart and started cleaning up the cum from their own tits instead.

Alan was having a great time watching all this, even though his penis was too wiped out from all the recent activity to have any possibility of a quick revival.

Suzanne was in big-time denial, pretending there wasn't anything sexual going on with her daughter. She couldn't completely ignore how very aroused her body was, but she told herself that was entirely due to eating Alan's cum.

Eventually, the cum on their tits was all eaten up too. There was still plenty of cum on both of their faces and chests, but it was smeared into the skin too much to easily consume. Licking might have helped, but Suzanne wasn't so far gone to let herself lick Amy's tits, or allow Amy to lick her own.

Amy complained, "Bummer. I think the cum is all gone."

Suzanne pointed out, "True. But there's almost always more where that came from." Her irritation with Amy was mostly forgotten due to lust, and she smiled as she pointed in the general direction of Alan's crotch.

Amy smiled too. "I totally get it now! I was kind of wondering what the big deal was, but I'm totally ready for some more sperm dessert."

Suzanne chuckled at that. "Welcome to the club."

"Thanks!" Amy gave Suzanne another hug, which resulted in still more tit rubbing.

The two sexy ladies finally broke apart.

Alan found it interesting that he had gotten fully dressed while Suzanne and Amy were still completely naked. He liked that a lot. But then Amy and Suzanne started to dress. Amy just put on the clothes she'd been wearing originally, while Suzanne went to the underwear cabinet.

As Suzanne bent over to get some clothes out of a lower drawer, Alan couldn't resist. He stepped closer to her and ran a hand over her bare ass cheeks.

Suzanne sighed quietly, as if she were really put out by that, but she didn't pull away from his hand. In fact, she spread her legs some more, pretending that she was having trouble finding what she was looking for.

Taking advantage of her wider stance, he ran his fingers between her ass cheeks and down to her pussy lips. They were moist and getting a lot wetter by the second.

Shivers of delight ran up and down her spine. But she quietly muttered, "Please! Not in front of Amy!"

He looked over at Amy. She'd stopped dressing and was staring intently at his fondling.

He reluctantly removed his hand. But then he "helped" Suzanne dress, which mostly involved fondling her body a whole lot more. Then he French kissed her for a while.

Amy watched all that intently too.

Suzanne kissed back eagerly, but between kisses she whispered, "You're so bad! Don't you ever get enough? You're a naughty boy even when you're totally flaccid."

He whispered back, "What can I say? You inspire me."

Amy had been feeling left out, but then he took his turn kissing her. In fact, they necked so passionately it was a close thing that she kept her clothes on.

When he finally let her go, she let out a heavy, pouty sigh. "Bummer! I'm soooo not done with you, buster!" She wiggled a finger at him playfully. "Tomorrow I'm gonna suck your cock for hours and hours and hours! And that's just for starters."

She turned to her mother. "Hey Mom! I'm one of his official personal cocksuckers now, and you are too! Isn't that the coolest?!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes and quietly muttered just to herself, "Oh, great. Thanks for reminding me." She thought, So much for the days when it was just me, and then me and Angel. Pretty soon we're going to have to take turns and get in line.

Amy was too busy smiling back at Alan to pay attention to her mother's sad demeanor. She gave her mother another bear hug. "Thanks, Mom, for being so cool and understanding and everything. You're the best mom ever!"

Suzanne felt conflicted, though she was happy to see her daughter so joyful.

"Thanks a lot, Aims," Alan said as the two women went to the front door to leave. He playfully added, "Aunt Suzy, your daughter is a natural cocksucker!"

Suzanne turned back and gave Alan the middle finger, partly in jest and partly in sincere frustration at seeing her daughter introduced to such sexual behavior. She really did still see Amy as "her baby" much of the time. "Kiddo, you really know how to push your luck - you know that?"

Alan didn't know how to respond to the finger. He knew that, more than anyone else, he was to blame for "corrupting" Amy, but he didn't feel particularly bad about it.

He simply shrugged and waved goodbye as the two of them opened the door and walked away.

#### Chapter 524 Just One Teeny Weeny Blowjob?

Alan went back to his bedroom and undressed. He was ready to go to sleep. That was climax number seven. No need to pleasure myself tonight, since I reached my daily target. Boy, what a way to get there too! So much help in one day, and I didn't even need to touch myself. In fact, with the way things are going, I may never need to masturbate again! And things were nicely paced all throughout the day too.

Fuck, what a fashion show that was! It seems like half the day, someone was doing something great to my dick. Yet it's still in one piece, it's not too sore, and I even got some homework done with Aims. Even though Sis and I didn't get to go to Kim's house today, what happened at home more than made up for it! Mom is just totally breaking down lately and letting herself go. goodbye boundaries, hopefully! Good riddance!

He lay back on his bed but left the light on, since he was too excited to go to sleep right away. And Aims - today was like her coming out and full initiation into the cocksucking club. This whole "personal cocksucker" thing is kind of bizarre, and I don't know what to say when they mention that, but I sure am reaping the benefits!



Hopefully, Aims can help to open things up around the house even more. I know Mom and Aunt Suzy in particular have been holding back whenever she was around. I hope that before long they won't be doing that anymore. Seeing Aims and Aunt Suzy hug like that gives me hope.

Every day it all gets better and better. How good can it get? If every day could just be like today, or even yesterday for that matter, not to mention the day before... or the day before that!

He chuckled. It's okay if I haven't fucked Aunt Suzy or Mom yet. Yeah, it's frustrating, but how can I really complain about anything? I've died and gone to heaven already! Heck, every day is a total dream.

Susan and Katherine had gone to sleep already.

But, remarkably, the day still wasn't over for Alan.

A minute or so later, Suzanne knocked on his door. She'd returned after making sure that Amy had gone to bed at a reasonable time, since she had school the next day. "Sweetie?"

Alan had been hoping Susan might pay him a visit, but Suzanne's voice was an unexpected and pleasant surprise. He got up, walked to the door, and let her in. He was naked, but he didn't bother to cover his privates.

The sultry redhead immediately took off a loose, conservative dress that he'd often seen her wear to cover up when walking between their houses. That revealed her real outfit: a see-through top and extremely low-cut, cut-off jean shorts. Her feet were bare, since that went with her country girl look.

He stood back and whistled in appreciation.

She carefully closed the door behind her and stepped further into the room. "Sweetie, I know you must be tired, but I'm hoping you still have some life in you. I was going to go to bed, but I realized I'd be haunted by all that cum on Amy's face and wouldn't be able to get to sleep unless I got some of my own. Not only that, but tomorrow is Tuesday, and we know a certain cock hog will demand you for herself all day. You can't have me go without getting your cum for two whole days!" She made an exaggerated pout.

He sat down on the edge of his bed, feeling bummed. "Aunt Suzy, I just can't do it. For one thing, Mom still hasn't given me my goodnight kiss. I expect her here any minute."bender

"That's another reason I came back. Your Mom is asleep for the evening. She was so exhausted that Katherine and I literally had to drag her to bed. This was right before I came downstairs and found Amy slurping between your legs. All this sexual activity is very tiring, you know, and she's not used to all the wine. So I figured if she can't tuck you in, I'd better do it."

Her eyes widened with mock alarm. "We can't have you go to sleep not tucked in!" She put her hands on her cheeks to express her concern while holding her mouth in an open "O" shape.

He grinned at that, but said, "I don't know, Mom. Er, I mean, Aunt Suzy. I wish we could, but I've done it seven times already today. It really wouldn't make sense for me to do it anymore." He thought it was curious that he was confusing the two mothers with each other.

Suzanne noted it too. It was something he'd only started doing lately. She saw it as a very good sign, since she knew just how much he loved and lusted after his own mother. Somehow, it made her horny as hell. (Not that she wasn't hot and bothered already!)

She slipped into her extra sultry mode and grinned knowingly. "Oh, that's okay, Son. You know, these stupid shorts." She caught the waistband of her shorts with her thumbs and began slowly pulling them down. "They must be too big on me, 'cos they keep falling off my hips all the time!"

She kept pulling until her bush came into view, and still they kept sliding further down.

Alan's worry that he wouldn't be able to get erect again flew right out the window. Yet he wasn't too surprised, even after cumming seven times over the course of the day.

In fact, it had pretty much come to the point that just looking at Suzanne or any of the other three women at home would almost automatically make him hard, no matter what they were wearing (unless his penis was already in a hopeless state). He'd seen them all naked so much lately that he could literally undress them mentally. He knew their every mole and every blemish, which wasn't difficult since all four of them had such flawless skin.

Suzanne kept sliding her shorts slowly down until they were around her knees. Then she leaned forward, with the very pleasant side effect of her top hanging forward and loose.

He finally replied, jokingly, "Aunt Suzy, you need some new shorts. You're right; those are far too big on you."

She ignored his comment. "Sweetie, the fashion show was great, but it left me soooo horny! You don't expect me to put on such a great performance without a little reward, do you? Just one teeny weeny blowjob?"

Suzanne had actually hoped to have some actual intercourse. After her role as Elle at the party and then their almost fuck at the nude beach, she was ready to have her first "official" fuck with the man she loved. But given his current tired condition, she decided she'd better content herself with just a blowjob.

One thing she'd learned from the Elle incident was that it was no good forcing intercourse in a less than ideal situation. It was a bit of a miracle he was able to get hard at all, and his willpower was so worn down that he probably wouldn't be able to hold out for very long. Plus, with Susan and Katherine asleep nearby, they wouldn't be able to make much noise.

He remained reluctant despite his erection, made obvious because of his nudity. Man! How can I turn down the sex goddess Suzanne, especially when she looks like that?! But I'd be asking for trouble by cumming too many times in one day. I might even damage my dick before long if I keep on pushing my luck in situations like this. And what the heck is the deal with her acting like a blowjob is a reward for herself? Amy was going on about that too. That's so not normal!

He said, "I'd really love to, but I really, really can't. I mean, six times today! That's such an absurd number for most people."

"You're not most people. I know six is your daily target, but I'll bet it has become slightly below average for you. I don't think you realize the total sexual stud you've turned into. I think you can handle one more time. And I'll bet Daisy would agree with me."

As Suzanne said this last sentence, she slid her shorts up and down a couple inches around her knees, as if she normally wore them way down there. She changed her voice and assumed her Daisy Duke southern accent. "I only hope you can do it again, 'cos I's got a powerful fixin' for a good cocksuckin'.

Mammy says I's been a-suckin' and a-fuckin' my pappy's cock far too many times a day lately, and that I gotta help my brothers out more often. You needin' any help there, Bro?"

She had deliberately used Katherine's term for him, hoping the allusion to incest would make him hard. (She'd also called him "Son" a minute ago, but she decided that "Daisy" was too young to be a mother.) She let her shorts drop all the way to the floor. Then she shifted her weight from one leg to another in an exaggerated manner, keeping his eyes glued to her crotch.

"Oh no!" he groaned. "You're evil! Pure evil, Daisy Duke! How can any sane guy possibly ever resist you? You're so impossibly beautiful. Come on over here, Daisy; your brother needs your body in a big way."

"Yee-haw!" Suzanne yelled. She pulled her thin top over her head, and tossed it aside. Then she leapt onto his bed.

He was taken by surprise at first, but he quickly buried his face between her huge tits. She grabbed his dick and pumped it with her hand. "Daisy's never met a cock she'd didn't love to suck, but yours is my favorite, Jim Bob, 'ceptin' daddy's of course. Oh, by the by, mammy said I's gotta remind you you'd best be doin' your chores or she's gonna tan your hide with one of them erotic spankin's. If you do do them, you get to be spankin' her, so I 'spose it's a spankin' either way."

He laughed. "Chores? You mean I gotta feed the goats and milk the cows?"

"No, I mean your fuckin' chores. Don't tell me you plumb forgot. Have you been drinkin' too much moonshine? I's touched you like me best, but you gotta feed all your other sisters your big fat cock too. Fill 'em up till their holes and mouths are overflowin' with seed, just like you do every day. Then you've gotta milk your mammy's big, creamy tits. Bless her heart, if she don't get her milkin' and fuckin' every three hours, her nips hurt somethin' terrible with leakin' milk. Downright criminal not to fuck her regular, it is. Ain't you rememberin' nuthin'? Ain't you gonna help out your milky mommy Susan with a good ol' daily fuck n' suck?"

"Susan?! Oh God!" He groaned as he succumbed to Suzanne's titillation and pleasuring.

"Daisy" decided that was enough talking. She engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing.

Suzanne didn't really care whether her husband Eric was concerned about where she was and when she might come home. They hardly ever spoke anymore, anyway. She knew that it wasn't really fair to have Alan perform again, but she couldn't help herself. She had her pride, but in fact she wasn't that different from what Susan had become. Suzanne had to guzzle Alan's addictive cum down her throat at least once a day or it was a total loss from her point of view. Nothing else mattered as much.

Suzanne with mouth open at the tip of Alan's cock, with one hand lightly touching it near the root

Alan stayed hard seemingly forever. Ten minutes passed, and then another ten. For most of that time, Suzanne ended up kneeling on the floor while he sat on the edge of the bed. That was most convenient, because she switched between cocksucking and titfucking when one or the other got too tiring for her. Oftentimes, thanks in large part to her extraordinarily long tongue, she managed to do both at once.

#### Chapter 525 How 'Bout A Little Kiss As A Reward?

She thought back to what she'd told Amy downstairs. I told my Honey Pie that pleasuring this cock takes a lot of hard work. Ain't that the truth! I've been at this for nearly half an hour and he STILL hasn't cum yet! But it's like I told her: the harder the struggle, the sweeter the reward!

As she bobbed with tight suction, she thought, I can't believe my innocent Amy had her lips stretched around this fat pole a little while ago. From now on, choking and slobbering on this monster is going to be a big part of her life! She's gonna learn to love it, I'm sure! She'll come to adore tickling his sweet spot with the tip of her tongue while her mouth is completely jam packed with cock, just like mine is right now! Aaaaah! So good! And he'll fuck her tits, her cunt, and probably even her ass eventually. She may never know another man!

That excited Suzanne tremendously, and she fingerfucked herself for a while, until she had a nice little climax.

Indeed, Amy remained on Suzanne's mind. She had mixed feelings about her daughter becoming one of Alan's personal cocksuckers. But Suzanne considered herself the most talented and experienced at that. She thought that she'd give him a "mellow" blowjob, since he was tired and worn out. But in actual practice, she went through all of her moves to prove to herself that she would still be his number one, despite Amy helping now too.

It's true that Alan was running on fumes. Before long, he closed his eyes, and eventually he laid back on the bed because it was too much trouble to sit up. He certainly didn't have the energy for lots of PC muscle squeezing. But his penis had become so accustomed to enduring great amounts of stimulation that he didn't cum anyway.

There wasn't much talking. But at one point, she suddenly stopped, sat up straight, and looked into his face. Using her normal voice, she asked, "So, the idea of me being your sex slave really turns you on, does it?" She licked around his piss hole while waiting for an answer.

"No!" he protested. "You know that can't be. That's not right. I love independent, emancipated, intellectual women, not mindless slaves."

She continued to slurp up his pre-cum, repeatedly making an X pattern over his sweet spot. After a pause, she said, "That's your answer? Sweetie, if you're not completely honest, I'm going to stop doing what I'm doing." It was a bluff; she didn't even have the discipline to pause in her licking while making the threat.

But he believed her enough to confess, "Okay. Okay, you got me. I'll admit it excites me a bit. But Holy Christ - who wouldn't be aroused by that, plus the way you looked when you just stood there and climaxed? And what Mom was doing to me and everything. Good grief! I'm only human!"

"Mmmm," she said contentedly. "Honesty gets rewarded!" She took his cockhead back into her mouth and bobbed on it some more.

After another minute or two, she popped it out long enough to ask, "Would it turn you on if we all called you 'Master?'" She was thinking back to her discussion with Katherine on the ride back from the sex shop earlier that evening.

He cried "NO!" far too loudly. But his cock twitched in her hands, and he couldn't hold back. She found it interesting that the word "master" obviously turned him on so much, and was helping to trigger another climax. But she didn't have time to contemplate or comment on it. She lurched forward, and her lips locked around his thick knob just as he began to shoot his cum out.

She kept on sucking and sucking, helping to prolong his orgasm. She proudly thought, Take THAT! I'm sure Amy will learn to be a very talented cocksucker. She's my daughter, after all. But I highly doubt she'll be able to do all the things to you that my tongue and lips can!

But she was in for a disappointment. In comparison to his usual gushers, he didn't cum much, and at the end he ran dry, with nothing coming out at all even though his cock continued to twitch for a while, like it was a gun shooting blanks.

He was disturbed. "Oh shit, What's happening? Where's the cum?"

Suzanne continued to suck him until he went flaccid. She was able to savor a little on her tongue, and she loved his sweet taste, as always. But it wasn't the copious, creamy reward she'd been anticipating.

She finally gave up, and commented, "I've heard of this happening. It's nothing to worry about. In fact, I'm surprised it hasn't happened to you before, given how active you are. It's amazing that you have anything left at all after that load you left on my daughter's face. Don't worry; just drink lots of juice and get a good night's sleep and your body will make lots of cum for all of us to enjoy tomorrow. Actually, scratch that. Lots of cum for Susan to enjoy. I keep forgetting that tomorrow is a Tuesday and she's already been working to make the rest of us femmes scarce. Grrr."

He was so tired that he crawled up onto his bed and laid down. His privates remained a little messy, since she didn't see the need for extensive "cleaning" like Susan did.

Suzanne remained resting on her knees a little longer. She thought, So he gets off on the word "master." And earlier this evening we found out that "sex slave" is an orgasm trigger for him too. That's pretty kinky, but then again, most any guy his age probably would have similar fantasies. It's good to know, though, if I ever want him to cum in a hurry.

She got in bed next to him and cuddled up with her head on his chest. She said, "The thought of this whole Tuesday thing, you know, I must admit, it makes me a little jealous. Sometimes, I'm afraid you're more attracted to your mom than me. Aren't you?"

"Aunt Suzy, please! Don't make me make those kinds of comparisons; it's not fair. You know I love you very much. You're like a second mother to me."

"I know you love me. And you're right that it isn't fair. But I'd feel a whole lot better if you could just name three things that you like better about me than you do your mom."

"Well, I guess I can do that this time, but only if you promise never to have me compare you to Mom or anyone else again."

"Okay. So flatter me. And I'm talking about sex appeal, not cooking skills or something like that."

"Three things? Hmm. That's tough, because both of you are so incredible, and your bodies are so similar. But your voice. I definitely love your voice. Your voice sounds the way you look. Soooo sexy. No wonder everyone compares you to Jessica Rabbit, because you sound so sultry. You could make a fortune as a phone sex operator."

Suzanne laughed, delighted. "I'll keep that in mind," she joked.

"But seriously. I don't even have to see you to get aroused. You've got this kind of slight raspiness, too, as if you've been up all night screaming and fucking, causing your voice to be a little sore."

"What an excellent idea!" she joked again. "Sneak into my bedroom a couple hours after midnight. Odds are good we won't wake up my husband; he's a sound sleeper, and he sleeps in the next room anyway. Just don't bounce on the bed too much. Let's see just how sore my voice can get."

Alan rolled his eyes and ignored her comment. "And your accent. Mom has this Midwestern, kind of normal-sounding accent. But you have this sophisticated accent, with almost a hint of a foreign accent."

"I suppose I still might have a bit of a French lilt..." Suzanne then played up a very heavy French accent. "You know that I lived in France with my husband a couple of years after college, mon amour. Even though we'd had the babies already, I hung out in Parisian cafes, smoking like a chimney, and acted like a character from some art nouveau film."

"I can imagine. Dark glasses and scarf, right?"

She laughed, because he was right. "Oui."



He reached out and combed his fingers deeply through her hair. "Then there's your hair. My mom's hair is great, don't get me wrong. Perfect like some shampoo commercial model, cascading all over the place. But I love how yours curls in unexpected directions. It's like, every time you look at it, you never know what you're gonna get. Even the color changes, depending on how much the light brings out its reddish tinge. Sometimes your hair is dark brown, sometimes you look like a redhead. I could look at it forever."

He began playing with her curls. "And, still on the hair, I love that one long zig-zag strand that hangs down. It draws the eye to your chest. You've had that ever since I can remember, but don't know if I ever got the story behind it? What IS the story there?"

"I don't think your eyes need much help finding my chest," she said playfully. "You mean this strand?" She pulled at her strand of teased hair that zigged and zagged several times before stopping above one of her nipples. "I've had that since college. There's no big story. I thought it would make me look more sophisticated. Now maybe it just makes me look older."

"No way! Please keep it. It's definitely you. I can't imagine you without it. And the third thing is your legs. Again, Mom has awesome legs - don't get me wrong. But you're so flexible with yours."

"I'm double-jointed."

He thought, Ah. Just like Aims. I guess it runs in the family. "Well, that explains things. You could seriously scratch your nose with your toes. And your muscle tone! Both you and Amy are so soft and pillowy, yet so muscular. When you're at rest, it's like you're a human marshmallow. But when you tense up, I can feel all the muscles in there, and it turns out you're not fat at all. It's like ... soft muscles. Is there such a thing?"

Suzanne laughed gleefully. She was pleased with all the compliments. Even as he was speaking, she flexed her legs in one direction and then another, to show just how flexible she was. "I don't know about fluffy muscles, but at least it looks like my daily exercising is paying off. I feel a lot better now. I was beginning to wonder if I'd created a monster in getting Susan to help you so much, but I think it's gonna be okay. So are those all my good points?"

"Not by a long shot. But I actually gave you more than three there. And I didn't even mention your extra long tongue, or get started on your great personality. Or what about the way you sashay? You're the

definition of 'walking orgasm.' Or your emerald green eyes? Or even your feminine smell? I don't know what it is exactly, but I love your smell. And your extra fair skin. So many things!"

She smiled from ear to ear. "I'll give you an hour to stop."

He smiled too, while still caressing her hair. "How 'bout a little kiss as a reward?"bender

They kissed for many minutes. He made a point to grasp at her thighs, and she playfully flexed her muscles every now and then, since he'd talked about that. Both of them would have loved to go further, but his weariness was painfully obvious; he desperately needed to sleep.

Suzanne got a kick out of giving him a last kiss and tucking him in.

Once she left him, she thought, Tuesday means another day without a chance to finally fuck that lovely boy. God dammit, I never should have pulled that Halloween party stunt. However, that seems like a hazy dream compared to the better memory of him slipping his big cock into me yesterday at the beach. Now I've got this itch and I just gotta scratch it. Not smart. Not smart at all. Not prudent. But I've gotta have it! And when I want something, I always get it.

Alan also was busy with his thoughts while he laid there in the dark. That was such a great fantasy. Good ol' Daisy! I used to have fantasies like that, but I don't anymore. Huh. Now that I think about it, I used to be a complete daydreamer, but I hardly ever have any fantasies at all. I guess it's because real life is honestly much better than any fantasy. It's so much more solid and real. Now all I think about is reliving what happened earlier in the day and on previous days, and imagining what's gonna happen tomorrow. I mean, I came eight times today. That's a lot of times!

Shit. If Mom wakes up and comes in for a goodnight tuck-and-suck, I'm gonna have to cry uncle. Who needs fantasies to escape from reality when reality is this good?

## Chapter 526 Almost Sex With Susan

When Alan awoke on Tuesday morning, his first thoughts went to wondering about his mother and her shifting moods. Yesterday was great! Especially last night. That fashion show was fuckin' fantastic! Who

would believe me, that four total babes like that would take turns showing off in sexy outfits while Mom steadily jacked me off? And Aims! Sweet, sweet Aims. As she would put it, awesomtastarriffic! He snickered happily.

But today! It sucks that I have to go back to school. But on the plus side, today's a friggin' Tuesday! I hope Mom still has her special thing about Tuesdays, 'cos I'm definitely much more psyched about this day of the week than ever before, thanks to her. Maybe that'll stop her from sliding back into one of her prudish moods. And what about my dick? Will it be able to handle today's stimulation? Or did I push it too far last night? Hmmm, I'm not getting a boner right now, despite so many arousing and very vivid memories. Not good.

However, he realized that he'd woken up before his alarm clock was due to go off, no doubt due to his anticipation of sexy morning fun. But even so, he was feeling tired and wanted to rest a little longer.

A few minutes later, Susan knocked on his door. After hearing him grunt out a "Come in," she poked her head in the door. "Tiiiiger! Good morning!"

He opened his eyes and was rewarded with such an inspirational sight of his mother bending forward that his penis immediately engorged to full size.

Not messing with success, Susan was wearing a sexy nightie again. The only difference was that this recently-purchased nightie was even more revealing than the one she'd worn the previous morning. It actually covered her thoroughly from head to toe (if 'covered' was the correct word), except for her hands and feet, but that was fine with Alan because the fabric was almost completely transparent. The only fabric that actually visibly covered anything was a thin strip of extra fabric trim that went around her waist, and another strip that went straight down the middle of her front, covering its front closure.

Not surprisingly, she also wore high heels.

She let him get a good long look at her all-but-totally-nude body, and then said playfully, "Tiger, the way I look at it, you have two choices. You can stay in bed and catch some more Z's until your alarm rings, or you can come downstairs now and maybe we can have some special time together." She stayed leaning over for no reason at all other than to give him a great look at her dangling, slightly swinging melons.

Alan sat up suddenly in a very dramatic manner. Since he'd lately been sleeping in the nude, that put his newly-erect boner on display. With a big smile on his face, he sat on the edge of his bed and asked, "Does that answer your question?"

She stepped forward. "Oh my!" She licked her lips, and looked back to the door. It was clear that she was considering blowing him right then and there, but she was also mindful that Katherine's room was right across the hall. She took another step closer and said, "Do you realize that today is a Tuesday?"

"I'm well aware of it. I love Tuesdays."

She licked her lips again while staring so intently at his lightly swaying hard-on that it seemed she hadn't heard his reply. Then she apparently came to a decision because she suddenly rushed out of the room. As she closed the door behind her, she said, "See you downstairs!"

As he sat there, he thought, Man oh man! Mom gets me so fuckin' horny! That's like zero to sixty in two seconds. And to think I was worried I'd have trouble getting erect today. Phew! He hopped up and started putting on his clothes with a hurried purpose.

A minute later, he literally skipped and jogged his way downstairs, through the house, until he got to his mother, who was standing in the kitchen still wearing her high heels and long see-through nightie. Wow! She's lookin' so fuckin' good! I can't believe I've got a centerfold mom!

Susan stood in front of the sink, looking like she was busy washing the dishes. But the water wasn't turned on, because she was really just standing there waiting for her son. She gave no indication that she was aware he'd entered the room, but she was aware of little else.

He decided to do something he'd forgotten to do the morning before. He stealthily crept up behind her, lifted her nightie, and fondled her ass. By her rules, that was the only touching he was technically permitted, under the absurd fiction that it helped him "get her attention." He was pretty sure that rule would go by the wayside, as it usually did, once she got hot and bothered enough.

No words were said, but soon she was breathing heavily and moaning loudly with her usual "Mmmm!" noises. Neil Diamond's song "Forever in Blue Jeans" was playing on the stereo. Susan had long been a Neil Diamond fan, but in the past she'd rarely played music by him or anyone else. Alan was pleased that she was listening to music more often these days.

She was bent over the sink, so the movement of his hands pressed her up against it. His heart was pounding hard due to his excitement. He rubbed his hands over every inch of her bare ass, including playing with her anus, but although he came right up to it, he was careful to avoid touching her pussy. He thought that the region between her vagina and asshole was a boundary zone that he could slowly redefine over time.

Her nightie was proving to be a bit troublesome for him. It was much longer than the other ones she'd been wearing lately, and it kept falling down over her ass. Luckily, her ass was thrust out at a perfect ninety-degree angle, so once he hoisted the nightie up over her lower back, it stayed there.

But as great as playing with her ass was, it wasn't enough. He knew she tended to be inconsistent about allowing him to play with her hefty tits, mostly depending on how horny she was. He knew she appeared to be pretty horny at the moment, but just to be on the safe side he distracted her with compliments as he pulled her nightie down her arms. "Mom, it's true. You really ARE a centerfold mom. That's not just some hype. Your body is so sexy and perfect that it defies description!"

Her face flushed, but with pride and happiness instead of embarrassment. "You're just saying that." She obligingly helped him remove the nightie by moving her arms at just the right times.

"No I'm not," he said with conviction. "If anything, I'm understating it." He rubbed his thinly covered erection against her thighs, making her shiver and shake.

"Wh-what are you doing to my nightie?" she asked, as she felt it being slowly pulled all the way off her body. "You're not taking it off, are you?"

"Well, I kind of am. I'm sorry. I love your new nightie, but I just have to see your body in all its naked glory. Besides, I have the right to choose what you wear at any time, and now I want you wearing nothing at all." He tossed the nightie on the counter and pressed his body against hers from behind. That pushed his boner back into her thigh, only inches from her hot pussy, as he leaned over her and held both her huge breasts in his hands.

"Well, okay," she said uncertainly. "You do have that right. But don't forget the boundaries." She winced, because she knew she was already violating them herself by letting him do this much, but it felt too good for her to muster up the words to tell him to stop.

She thought, I'm so naughty, but I just can't help it! It feels so right that I should be completely naked for my son. I just wish he was allowed to touch me everywhere! I wish he could rub his BIG COCK right against my pussy lips! Oh! Oh no! Can't! Too hot!

She felt on the verge of an impending cum, but then it passed and she was able to control her emotions again (well, mostly).

As he freely groped her mammaries and fiddled with her nipples, he said, "You know, Mom, it's pretty incredible how big your jugs are. How did that happen?"

She took the question seriously, and answered, "Well, genetics, I guess. After all, you've seen my mother, and my many sisters, and some of the other females in my family. They're all pretty well endowed in that area. Heck, some of my sisters have daughters coming into bloom, and they're just as endowed as their mothers, or even more so! Mom even joked that there must be something special in the Nebraska corn. All the men in the family seem to have some kind of boob fetish, because they pick very busty wives. Plus, we were all well fed and we exercised a lot. It was practically a sin to leave any food on our plates."

As he fondled her soft tit-flesh, he said, "Thank God for Nebraska corn. There is something special from Nebraska: YOU! Your mother and sisters are pretty, but you're totally gorgeous! But what I really love is your kind, loving heart." He rubbed his thinly-covered cock against her ass crack.

She blushed. "Pshaw! Stop with all the compliments, or I'm gonna cum all over the place!"

He snickered, "That would be terrible!" Knowing that she liked to be controlled, he said, "Don't worry, that won't happen. Starting right now, you're not allowed to cum until I say so."

She pouted, "Oh, son! Oh, poo! You're such a meanie." But that made her even more horny, so she started humping her ass back into his boner.

After a minute or two he announced, "I'm taking off my shorts to give my dick some air."

"Okay," she said uncertainly, "if you must, but please remember the boundaries. Remember your promise."

He thought, Damn, why did she have to bring that up? Torture! She's soooo fuckable!

He removed his shorts and tossed them aside, then held his stiff rod and immediately resumed rubbing it against her thigh. I'm probably the only guy on Earth to endure such pleasurable torture. I could just stick it in her right now! I'm so close! But she seems to think this is okay while real fucking is incest. I just have to live with that boundary and get used to it, at least until she changes. I have to be the good, obedient son. But damn. Fuck! So fucking close! Well, I might as well enjoy what I've got.

Up to that point, he'd been careful not to hump into her too much so she wouldn't complain, but now he began to press into her rhythmically. He liked not having to wear his shorts, so he pulled his T-shirt off and tossed it away for good measure. He leaned back over her and resumed kneading her massive tits.

In the midst of their heavy petting, she said, "Tiger, I'm so sorry about last night. I was so tired. I didn't plan to fall asleep but the next thing I knew it was morning."

He said, "That's okay. Why are you apologizing?"

She answered, "Because I failed to tuck you in and give you a goodnight kiss. It's mommy's duty to make sure you fall asleep deeply satisfied, with your cock completely drained dry. Please forgive me!"

She nearly shouted this last part as she felt his hard-on slide up into her ass crack. He was eager to take advantage of her nudity. She thought for a moment that he would stick it in somewhere much deeper, but he was content to keep the length of it trapped between her ass cheeks.

He was so involved with that that he didn't respond to her plea for forgiveness.

She wailed, Oh my goodness! He won't forgive me! I have to do better serving his cock! He's so right. I failed him; I don't deserve to be forgiven! I have to redouble my efforts to be his favorite cocksucking, big-titted, centerfold mommy!

He slid his body down hers, rubbing his throbbing cock all the way down one of her legs until he reached the back of her knee. Then he repeated the process on her other side. Wherever his cock went, it left a trail of pre-cum like the slimy path of a snail.

She was moaning like an animal. She worried that Katherine would hear her from upstairs, but she was too hot to stop or even quiet down.

She asked in a near whisper, "Can I cum yet?"

"No."

"Mmmm! MMMM! Oh God!" Her entire body wiggled and writhed as she struggled to control her urges. He said that so decisively! SO HOT! His control over my naughty body is growing!

But still he wasn't satisfied. He drew his standing body up closer to his mother's bent-over figure, imagining his cock going only the few extra inches forward it would need to enter her pussy.

She could sense from the way his legs rubbed up against hers and his hand braced on her ass that he had his erection poised as if to enter her pussy. Her legs slowly spread apart, causing her to slide a little way down from the sink. She wiggled her ass seductively. Her body, especially her pussy, really wanted his big prong.

Her lower body seemed to act on its own, but her mind wasn't so sure. She thought, This could be it! My son is going to fuck me! Should I let it happen? I could. All I need to do is say the right word! I need it so bad, but it's so wrong. I'd be on the express train to Hell, but my body has needs! I need it! Besides, I failed him last night, not tucking him in. I have to make up for it by giving him my HOT CUNT!

She was torn between logic and lust. She didn't know what to say or quite how she felt, so in the end she didn't say anything at all. It was up to Alan to make a move. However, she kept wiggling her ass around enticingly, hoping he'd choose to take the plunge, completely filling her. That way she'd get all the joy without having the guilt of having asked or permitted him to do it.

Alan thrust his hips forward. He felt like this could be his big moment, his chance to finally fuck his own mother.



But in the end he chickened out. His cock drove between her legs, but he purposely went too low. He slid it between her legs rather than entering her. He was so frustrated he thought he would cry, but, by a matter of a couple inches, he managed not to break his real promise to her, which was to never disobey her direct commands.

He consoled himself by slowly dry humping her, sliding his slick dick back and forth between her legs. His cock was a bit low, so it was actually squeezed between her thighs.

She squeezed her legs tight so that her thigh flesh folded around his thick erection, somewhat like a titfuck. She moaned her usual, "Mmmm. Mmmm! MMMM!"

He just grunted his agreement. Her thighs and his cock were both so wet that he slid back and forth almost effortlessly. It felt amazingly good - he almost could close his eyes and imagine he was really fucking. He idly wondered why he'd never heard of thigh fucking before. Then it occurred to him that if two people got this intimate, they normally wouldn't stop there but would really fuck instead.

He thought to himself, Okay, come on, you're inches away. Just put it in! What's the problem? You know she totally wants it; so what if she'll feel bad later? Don't be a chicken. She'll get over it. Just DO IT, you idiot!

But he had visions of her crying and feeling guilty and greatly distressed afterwards. Deep down, he didn't want to do it unless she had completely made peace with the idea, rather than just being carried away by a temporary surge of lust. Unfortunately, his body was calling out for satisfaction and his throbbing boner needed release. As he thrust his shaft back and forth between her thighs, he could feel the urge for a proper fucking slowly take over. The temptation was just too much to resist.

Susan, too, was beside herself with lust. She was thinking much the same things he was thinking. She knew that if she gave in now, she'd feel awful later. But she was beyond the point of caring; she was ready to cry out for him to stick it in.

Susan had been panting and moaning so loudly that Katherine had heard her from the top of the stairs. So Katherine came strolling into the kitchen and dining room area fully expecting to see a blowjob or titfuck, based on the lusty sounds she'd been hearing, but what she actually saw took her breath away. bender

"HOOOLY...! Holy FUCK!" Her heart leapt to her throat. As she cried out, she looked closer and saw that although Alan and Susan were both totally naked and making humping motions, they weren't actually having intercourse (though she'd thought at first that they were). It was an easy mistake for someone to make.

Susan heard her daughter's voice and her body immediately seized up. She stood up and moved suddenly, leaving Alan's rampant boner thrusting into nothingness. She tried to cover her ample chest with both arms as she turned to her daughter with a horrified look. "Angel! It's not what you think!"

That made Alan really want to cry. He'd been so close, he could almost taste it (and he certainly could smell her aroused pussy!). But he too had been momentarily panicked by the unexpected voice, which had served to cool his ardor as well. When he saw that it was just his sister, his instinct was simply to go back to what he'd been doing and damn the consequences. However, he couldn't, since his mother had pulled away from him and their mood had been broken. It was obvious that Susan had been really spooked.

"That looks like a fun way to say good morning," Katherine finally said. "How's breakfast coming, Mom?"

Susan stood there panting for some moments. She was terribly frustrated too, since at Alan's command she'd been holding back from cumming for so long. Now that urge too had passed, thanks to the interruption.

Attempting to regain some dignity, she tried to wipe her thighs clean of the pussy juices that had run down them. But that only made her feel more ashamed, because now her hands were wet with her own intimate fluids. Still naked, she went over to the stove, where she had some oatmeal ready to be heated.

Chapter 527 Oh God.!

bender

"Good morning, Angel," Susan said. She tried to sound normal, like preparing breakfast in only her high heels and glasses was not out of the ordinary, but her voice was quivery. She grasped the countertop near the stove to keep her shaky legs from collapsing. "How are you doing? Tiger was just, uh..."

"I'm not doing as well as you, I see," Katherine replied, giggling. She had her hands on her hips, and was wearing a leotard, but pulled down so all of her big breasts were hanging out.

Susan frowned at her daughter's outfit and busied herself with cooking, still trying to maintain some reputation and decorum. Then she remembered that she needed to do something about her own nudity, and especially her swampy pussy and inner thighs. With trembling hands, she found her nightie in a heap on the counter and started to put it back on. "It's really not what you think. Really! Tiger was just, um..."

Katherine could have teased Susan some more, but decided her mother needed sympathy at the moment. She didn't want her to have another prudish freak-out. "I know, Mom. He was just slipping it between your legs. I saw."

"Oh, thank goodness!" Susan sighed with great relief. "Because, you know, the other thing is wrong. Completely wrong! Not between mothers and sons!" She looked at the scandalous way Katherine was dressed and wagged a chiding finger at her. "Or between brothers and sisters. Never forget that!"

Katherine rolled her eyes, but again she held her tongue.

Alan was frustrated, mostly because he'd reached a wonderful plateau right on the edge of orgasm that seemed to last forever. But now that had been lost. He found his T-shirt on the floor and put it back on, but he deliberately neglected to put his shorts back on as well.

Susan realized after the fact that it had been a mistake to put her nightie back on so quickly. Her crotch was still totally soaked. In fact, there were rivulets dripping down nearly to her knees. Yet she couldn't clean herself without messing up her nightie or having to bend over and lift it way up. She decided to just ignore her wet condition for the moment, and try to stay facing the stove.

Then she turned her head toward Alan, looking at him with mournful eyes. It seemed like she would cry. "Tiger, I want to thank you for being strong and not... taking advantage of the situation. But we shouldn't have gotten into that position in the first place!" She explained to Katherine, "He started getting my attention, and well, somehow things just got out of hand. It's a good thing you came in when you did."

Susan looked back to her son. "Could you please not do that again? You know, getting your penis that close to my... you know. With all that rubbing up against me like that, it's more than I can take! If we keep doing that, something might happen! We really, really can't do anything like that again. Absolutely."

"Okay, Mom, okay. Sorry." He sat on a stool by the kitchen counter, buried his head in his hands for a minute, and tried to get a grip on himself. He wasn't sad; he just needed to control his horny urges. Fuck. I think I'm going to have a nervous breakdown if I don't get to fuck Mom soon. Fuck! What awful timing! If only Sis had waited a minute or two more...

He sighed, and then looked up at his mother. Now she's just cooking breakfast as happy as you please. Technically she's "dressed," but she looks even more obscene and fuckable in that outrageous see-through nightie than if she was still buck naked! I don't believe it. How am I supposed to cope with all this round-the-clock temptation? Well, I gotta fuck something. I need to put my dick in some hole right now or I'm going to burst!

He looked at his sister, now standing above him.

Katherine said lustily to her brother, "Big Brother, aren't you going to say hello to me too? I don't think you've fully 'captured my attention.' This outfit is especially suited for just that very thing; that's why I wore it."

"I'm sorry, Little Sis. Niiice outfit, by the way." He took a better look at his sister standing in front of the refrigerator just a few feet away, wearing something she and Suzanne had bought the night before. At first glance it looked like a shiny silver one-piece leotard or bathing suit, until he realized that her boobs and pussy were uncovered.

She came closer, allowing him to rub against the smooth skin of her crotch. She even put her hands behind her head, striking a sexy, submissive pose while making clear that she wasn't going to do anything to stop him.

He was careful not to go inside her pussy with his fingers (because of the latest rule on touching that his mother had imposed). But her clit was fair game, so he paid it a lot of attention. His other hand ran up and down her legs. He thought, Maybe I'll be able to fuck her somehow before school. At least fuck her mouth. Something. Anything! I'm so horny right now, it's almost not a joke to say it's a good thing there aren't any sheep around here! Sheesh!

Susan turned from her cooking and watched her two children. After only another minute or two, she said, "Okay. I think you've got her attention by now." Normally she would have had a hissy-fit at seeing her daughter in such an outfit, but as happened so frequently these days, she couldn't really complain given what she herself had been wearing and doing.

Besides, she was getting hotter and hotter just watching, imagining that the nearby pussy that Alan was playing with was her own. She felt completely naked because the silky nightie draped on her very loosely. The feel of the cloth as it brushed against her skin was a constant turn-on, and the smell of her pungent, wet pussy only aroused her even more. The previous night's fashion show was the unspoken thought on everyone's mind, in part because virtually all the outfits they had worn were just like what she and Katherine were wearing at that moment.

"Hey, no fair, Mom!" Katherine complained as she reluctantly pulled away and sat down on a stool next to her brother. "Talk about double standards. You said he could touch my pussy just like he could touch your ass. And you've just been at it for way longer!"

Alan had taken his hand away, but said, "Okay, fine. But Mom, I'm soooo aroused from what we just did that I think I'm going to pop a gasket. If I can't get off with Sis, then you have to help me. Somebody. Anybody!"

Susan tried to sound like a reasonable mother, as she fought her own lusty urges. "Well, Tiger, I think things got a little out of hand just now. Thankfully, Angel came along in time. What we all need to do is cool down a little."

Alan griped, "That's easy for you to say, Mom, but that's not how guys' plumbing works. I'm so hard and throbbing that I just gotta get off!"

Katherine looked over at her brother's boner, poking out below the edge of his shirt (since he hadn't put his shorts back on). She said, "Mom, have some mercy on the poor guy. His cock is stiff and needy. Are we not his personal cocksuckers? This is our duty, to take care of it. After all, aren't we trying to get him to cum as much as possible?"

Susan frowned. She wasn't worried about Alan cooling down so much as she wanted herself to cool down. She was frightened by what she had almost allowed to happen. But the fact that she was still terribly horny made her susceptible to suggestions. "Well... I don't know..."

Alan begged, "Oh, come on Mom, please!"

Katherine continued to press his case for him. "Mom, look at you. You're wearing that totally see-through, totally sexy nightgown, and high heels to boot! You can't take a step without showing off your gigantic bouncing boobies, your firm bubble butt, and your sopping wet pussy. Have mercy on the guy. Your outfit screams 'I live to suck my son's fat knob.' So if you won't let me do it, do it yourself!"

Susan turned quickly, fully exposing her front, causing her big breasts to sway wildly, moving around like extremely full and firm water balloons.

Alan growled with lusty frustration.

Susan suggested, "Angel, you do have one time you're allowed a day, you know. You could use that now."

Katherine replied, "I'm tempted, but no. I'm not gonna use up my time when he's gonna blow in like two seconds. You do it."

Smiling, Susan walked around the counter, knelt in front of him, and began jacking him off. "Well, if you insist."

She breathed sexily directly on his cockhead. "Mmmm! It's wet and sticky already, just the way I like it. Tiger is such a good boy. Such a big, good, smart, understanding, and terribly cum-filled boy. Mommy's so proud of her sex-stud son. What do you think? Is Angel right? Does my outfit scream 'I live to suck my son's fat knob?' Because if it does, maybe I should do just that."

"Yes! Yes!" he groaned. "Please! Please!" Normally, he tried to retain control of sexual situations, or at least the appearance of control. He'd noticed women found that sexy and appealing. But at that moment he'd so lost his cool that he was on the verge of begging.

Katherine urgently pointed out, "Mom, he could blow at any time, and look at you!"

Susan looked down at herself in confusion, even as she stroked Alan's boner. "What?"

"You're seriously overdressed. You're the one who always says that we have to be topless when serving his cock."

"But I'm effectively completely nude wearing this," Susan said while steadily pumping her son's shaft.

"True, but that's a nice, expensive outfit, and you just know he's gonna shoot all of his hot, sticky cum all over you."

Katherine was going to say more, but Susan quickly agreed. "Good point!" However, instead of undressing, she started licking Alan's sweet spot. At the same time, she mumbled through her licks, "Angel, could you please... pull this off my shoulders?"

"Certainly!" Katherine got very touchy-feely with her mother as she pulled the nightie down. She loved running her hand over Susan's silky smooth back. She was tempted to do more, but she didn't want to push her luck, at least without some excuse. So, once the nightie was pulled down around Susan's waist, she asked, "Should I take it all the way off?"

"Nmmm-nmmm." Susan was so intent on licking that she didn't speak very clearly, but it was enough for Katherine to understand. The horny girl reluctantly let go and went back to sitting on her stool.

Even though Susan felt like she was just getting into the blowjob, Alan felt his balls tightening up after only a minute or two. He'd really meant it when he'd said that he wanted to get off right away, because he was still so worked up from nearly fucking his mother. As a result, he made little attempt to prolong the action.

Susan had been manipulating his balls, so she felt his orgasmic surge coming and quickly positioned her mouth. She wrapped her luscious lips around his shaft in time to get the first rope of cum in the back of her throat. The feel of his cum striking her throat was like heaven on Earth to her.

Alan closed his eyes and leaned his head back. He was in ecstasy, so gave in totally to the experience. He yelled out loud, much more than he'd been doing for most of his recent orgasms. The pleasure was so intense that he nearly passed out.

Knowing that no one would pay any attention to her during his climax, Katherine furtively fingered her own pussy and clit. She was glad that she'd chosen an outfit that made such fingering easy to do.

When Alan came back to Earth, he looked at his mother. Her facial expression was an incredible turn-on. She had been as overcome with bliss as he. Cum dribbled from the corners of her mouth, flowed down her chin, and dripped down onto her chest. He was pleased at how good he'd apparently made her feel. With each new blowjob she gave, her nervousness and doubt grew less and less, while her skills got better and better. She was more than fully comfortable in her cocksucker role now, even with Katherine sitting right next to her, watching closely. Her face was one of pure contentment, like a crying baby instantly turned happy when it was given a bottle or nipple to suck on.

She inhaled slowly and deeply before letting out a sigh of supreme satisfaction. "Aaaaaaah!"

Katherine grumbled, "Mom, I'm so envious. I can smell his sweet cum, but I can't taste it! And you, you look beautiful, with long spermy strands dangling from your chin!"

Susan inhaled again, sighing happily. "I feel beautiful!" She swiped a finger over her cummy chin and then sucked the finger clean.

Katherine groaned in frustration. "Mom, I'm dying here. Can I at least lick him clean?"

Susan started licking Alan's balls, as if worried that Katherine would beat her to it. "Sorry. This is part of how I show my appreciation for his spermy reward. Don't worry; your punishment will be over soon, and then you'll be able to spend countless hours cleaning him with your tongue."

Katherine huffed, "I know. But that doesn't help me now. Grrr!" Giving up, she stood up and walked around the counter to the kitchen. "Bro, I'm gonna have some Honey Nut Cheerios. Want some?"

"Sure."

Susan continued licking his penis and balls, cleaning them completely, even as her two children ate their cereal.



Then Susan pulled her nightie back up and resumed cooking, as if nothing more unusual had happened than, say, someone having to answer the phone.

Soon, the rest of their breakfast was ready. Susan licked up the cum still on her face and then sat on the third stool on the other side of Alan to eat her own breakfast.

Alan felt a wave of relief to finally get release. His desire to fuck his mother abated temporarily, so for a while he felt ashamed that he'd had thoughts of raping her. But within minutes he was already getting horny again.

This is the disadvantage of sitting on stools instead of at the dining table, he thought. These two beautiful women aren't on display as much since we're all staring forward, and I can't play with Katherine under the table with my toes. Oh well, it's not like I can complain after all that's happened this morning already.

#### Chapter 528 We Don't Want To Ruin Your Beautiful New Outfit.!

To Alan's disappointment, despite having a nearly-naked gorgeous woman on each side of him who loved nothing better than sucking him off at the drop of a hat, and despite feeling very horny mentally, his penis hadn't recovered by the time that breakfast ended.

Occasionally, he'd reach out to stroke Susan's or Katherine's sexy outfits, but he did so in more of an affectionate way than a sexual one. Cumming so many times yesterday must have worn me out, he realized. I didn't actually reach my record of ten times in one day, but thanks to getting to skip school, it seems I spent the whole day playing with bombshell beauties! He chuckled to himself. Yep, it's definitely a tough life!bender

Although the near-constant stimulation and daily PC muscle exercise of recent weeks had given him impressive powers of endurance, he still had his limits. That morning he found that his penis was weary and sore after so many intense orgasms in past few days. His body was literally almost entirely drained of cum. He considered putting his shorts back on as a signal that he was done for a while, but he kind of liked the extra attention he got when half-naked.

Alan's orgasm hadn't been up to his usual gusher standards. That was obviously on his mother's mind when she placed a bottle of fruit juice in front of him and said, "Drink a lot, Tiger. Replenish your body with lots of fluids." Ever since she'd realized that the high fruit content of his diet helped make his cum taste sweet, she encouraged him to drink fruit juice, especially orange or pineapple juice (since their acidity countered the naturally alkaline taste of cum).

All three of them were mindful of the fact that they actually had to complete some tasks BEFORE school started, the biggest of which was eating breakfast. They ate as quickly as they could and without any talking, so they could have more time for their now-usual sexual play.

Katherine and Susan kept glancing at his penis whenever his T-shirt wasn't covering it. However, it remained flaccid, although by the end of breakfast it had started to twitch with a little life.

Feeling frisky again, he placed one hand on his mother's thigh and the other on his sister's. His mother's legs were covered with the nightie while his sister's were bare, but his mother's nightie was so thin that he disregarded it. Within seconds, he was sliding his hands to within an inch or two of their slits.

Susan gasped, and said, "Tiger! What do you think you're doing?!"

"Sorry, I just wanted to check out who's wetter. Both of you are so... gushy." He stroked their inner thighs in the same way at the same time.

But Susan was unhappy. She was embarrassed over just how wet she was, and concerned about getting too aroused with Katherine right there. She was always leery of him touching her pussy, and doubly so after she'd just come so close to begging to be fucked.

Katherine said, "Mom, don't you just love it? Bro's not just touching us, he's showing that he effectively owns us! Our bodies are here for his enjoyment, and he's putting us in our place."

Susan griped, "Yes, that's all well and good, but there are rules just the same."

Katherine asked, "What rules? He can do whatever he wants to us!"

"No, there are rules. For one, he shouldn't touch both of us at once. That could lead to orgies." Even as she was explaining this, his hand strayed closer to her slit. That caused her to give it a light slap and say, "Okay, enough of that! That's the second thing he shouldn't do. Touching in that area is terribly improper!"

He withdrew his hands from both their crotches, but being able to explore those areas had stimulated him enough to get his tired penis half-hard.

That was hard enough for Katherine to curl her fingers around his shaft and ask, "Big Bro, would you like me to help you with that?" She was horny enough to want to use her one allowed time with him already.

"That's okay, Angel," Susan said to her daughter, "I can handle it."

Katherine reacted to that grumpily. "Hey, I can help too! What am I, a potted plant?" She was furtively squeezing his penis back to full size.

"No," Susan answered, "but you said you didn't want to use up your one time just yet."

"Yeah, but that was then and this is now," Katherine explained. "I knew then that he was gonna blow quickly. Whereas he's just getting hard now, and he came once only a few minutes ago, so that means he'll have extra stamina! I'm hoping I can spend every last remaining minute until we have to go to school stroking and pleasuring his big fat cock!" She started openly jacking him off.

But Susan wasn't happy. She wanted this turn, for much the same reasons Katherine did. She said, "I'm sorry, but I can't let you do that."

"Why not?" Katherine asked as she rubbed her thumb hard against his sweet spot.

"Tiger needs a tremendous amount of stimulation, and simply jacking him off isn't gonna do it. A powerful cock like that one needs a lot of loving sucking! Besides, I failed to tuck him in last night, and I feel terrible. I'd like to make it up to him with a long, slurpy, sloppy blowjob until you two have to leave." She licked her lips as she watched Katherine's hand slide around in his pre-cum.

"Sucks to be you then," Katherine said smugly. "I get my one time, and I'm gonna take it now."

Alan finally decided to speak up. "Mom, don't stress about last night. It was no big deal."

But the two women ignored him.

He added, "Besides, Aunt Suzy knew you were zonked out, so she took care of me."

Susan glared at him unhappily. "She did, did she? What did she do, exactly?"

Sensing that Susan was possessive about this new tuck-in tradition, he was careful with his words. He also decided this wasn't the time to bring up what Amy had done to him last night. "Well, Mom, she's not you. You're my nightly, uh, tucker-in-er. But my dick was still stiff when I went to bed, and she knew it, so she took care of it. With, uh, her mouth."

Susan thought, So hot! She conceded, "I suppose that was the thing to do." She continued to stare at Katherine's stroking fingers. "But Angel, if you keep doing that, that's going to count for your one time."

"I'm okay with that," Katherine replied happily. "I'm gonna service this great big cock until the minute we have to go. Then he's gonna splooge all over my face!"

"Wait!" Susan pleaded, her desire increasing steadily. "Today is Tuesday, and you know that means a lot to me. That's, uh, that's the day the nurse says I need to pay special attention to his cock. You know, check it for abnormalities and so forth." She knew she was blatantly lying, using that rationale to provide a "medical need" for her to pleasure Alan all day long on that day each week, but she did it anyway to maintain the pretense (mostly to herself).

Katherine's fingers were sliding much faster over his sweet spot, because she was getting the sinking feeling that she'd soon be forced to stop.

Susan continued, "I'd really like if you don't take your turn at all today." She knew Katherine was going to blow up, so she quickly added, "However, in order to make it up to you, you can do him twice each day through to Friday to make up for it. How's that for a deal? Three for one."

"Well... okay, but only if I get to blow him those times. As you just pointed out, handjobs just aren't enough for his demanding cock."

Susan licked her lips again. Angel is so right! His powerful cock DEMANDS more! "Well, one handjob and one blowjob for the next four days. That's a GREAT deal, and you know it."

"I guess," Katherine admitted grudgingly, even while she continued jacking him off. She was trying to act nonchalant, but she was secretly excited because she knew it really was a great deal. It just about negated her punishment, except for the fact that she was still limited in where she could go while she was being grounded.

"Take your hand off him now," Susan commanded, "or this will count as one of your times for tomorrow."

Katherine immediately removed her hand. She noted, "You must really have a thing for Tuesdays."

"I do!" Susan replied with gusto.

And, in fact, she did. After all that had happened in recent weeks, just thinking about Tuesday in the abstract made her hot. If someone even mentioned the word "Tuesday" in a conversation, it usually started a whole series of sexy fantasies for her. She was trying (and succeeding) to build on past Tuesday successes to create a Tuesday "tradition" within their family.

She'd already made clear to Suzanne that she wanted to be alone with Alan every Tuesday, and that Amy should stay clear as well. In return, she hinted that she would step back and pretty much leave Wednesdays to Suzanne and anyone else who wanted them.

With so many women now openly competing to "help" Alan, if he actually masturbated it would make a number of women very unhappy. Increasingly, there just wasn't enough of him to go around.

Susan eagerly knelt down before her son, intent on slurping on his cock.

But a devious plan was forming in his mind. His penis was already starting to grow flaccid now that Katherine had stopped stroking it, and he thought that if he could fake having trouble getting it fully erect, he might be able to use that 'problem' to push Susan's boundaries a little further. So just as she was reaching out for her prize, he said, "Wait!"

Her hand froze in the air.

"Could you take your nightie off first? I love the way it looks, but I've got a good feeling that I'm gonna blow a sticky load all over you. Sis had it right before: we don't want to ruin your beautiful new outfit."

"Okay, Son." She loved it when he told her what to wear, or, more often, what not to wear. She pulled the nightie off her shoulders, baring her chest.

"No," he said firmly. "I want it all off. All the way off."

Katherine giggled with glee. "Way to go, Bro! That's how to handle your big-titted cocksucking mommy!"

Susan blushed at that, and at having to strip completely, but at the same time, both things increased her lusty need. As she got up and took her nightie off, she thought, That IS how you handle your big-titted cocksucking mommy! Angel is so right! I'm totally humiliated, as usual, but so what? Serving your spermy needs comes first, over my dignity!

He'd decided to try to stay flaccid, in hopes of breaking more rules. He kept his eyes closed, rubbing them and acting like he had some minor irritant in one eye, because he knew she'd make a sexy show of disrobing if he was watching and that wasn't going to help him go flaccid.

Finally he couldn't stall any longer without making her suspicious, so he opened his eyes.

Once again she was totally nude but for her high heels, and immediately knelt back down between his legs.

Just the sight of her like that nearly knocked him out of his chair. "Wait," he said, trying not to pant too hard. "We should probably move over to the dining room table, where we can be more comfy."

## Chapter 529 Susan And Katherine

So the three of them changed locations.

Susan once again knelt between his legs. She was still hot to trot, despite the delays. However, she was dismayed to see his penis had shrunk to a half-hard state at best. She cooed, "Here Tiger, if you're going to reach eight times today, it would be good if you could do it twice before school. This is a good opportunity to practice the stealth stroking I was talking about as well. Let's get this thing back to its magnificent ten-inch length!"

"Um, actually, it's more like eight," he said, closing his eyes again to cut down on the stimulation.

"So you say, Son, but I know its real size. You just like to be modest." She started stroking it. Then she turned to Katherine sitting next to them and asked, "Don't you need to take a shower or something?"

"Yeah. I might as well get it done now." Katherine quickly rushed out of the room, planning to take her shower in record time.

With Katherine gone, Susan turned her full focus to stimulating her son's penis. But she frowned at its semi-hard state, and kept on frowning, because it didn't pop up to full hardness in a few seconds as it usually did. She tried everything she could for about five minutes, rubbing and sucking him every which way, but nothing seemed to help - no matter what she did, she couldn't manage to get it more than partly erect.

She didn't know that he was trying to think of the most vile, disgusting, non-sexual things possible. He was also either keeping his eyes closed or looking away from her as much as he could get away with. Even so, he wouldn't have been able to fend off her sheer sexiness and stimulating efforts except for the fact that his penis was still worn out from eight climaxes the day before.

Katherine returned quickly after taking a very quick shower. She hadn't bothered to put on any clothes at all, because she knew there was still lots of time for more sexual fun before school.

She took a look at her mother's grim frown and the flaccid state of her brother's penis as it was being licked and stroked before making some disapproving "tsk-tsk" sounds. "Mom, what's going on? Don't tell me it's been five minutes and he still hasn't gotten hard?"

"I know!" Susan said with great worry. "I'm working on it."

Katherine noted, "It was hard enough when I was stroking it, before you told me to stop."

Susan looked up at her and said, "I'm more than aware of that. Unfortunately, there was a few minutes of no stimulation between when you let go and I took over, and apparently that was a few minutes too long."

There was silence for a few moments, before Katherine said saucily, "Maybe that's the reason, or maybe it just takes a sister's touch."

Susan had just started suckling on his cockhead, but that prodded her to pop his dick out of her mouth and complain in a huff, "I think a mother's touch is just fine, thank you very much!"

Turning to look up towards Alan's face, Susan asked, "What seems to be the problem, Tiger? It usually takes more than one orgasm to cause you to give up, and even then you usually eventually rebound, and keep doing so until it's just too painful for you to continue."

"Believe you me, I want to get hard so bad. But I think yesterday wore me out. It's like if you don't sleep enough night after night, one day it all catches up to you and you crash. That's how my dick feels today." That was true enough; however, he failed to mention his deliberate effort to stay flaccid.

Susan was visibly concerned. "And on a Tuesday, no less. Isn't there anything I can do? We still have fifteen minutes or so before you have to leave for school. I want those to be minutes of pure joy for you, Son. You deserve nothing less." She sighed, temporarily giving up stroking him.

He sensed it was time for him to move his scheme to the next phase. "Well, perhaps if we try something new, that could raise my excitement level. You know, earlier, when I was running my hands over your inner thighs, and Katherine's too, my dick was so hard that-"



Susan stood up, and started pacing around. "No! You're probably right that that would work, and I'm so desperate to suck on your cock and provide your medical treatment that I'd agree to just about anything, but not THAT! Sorry, but that's one boundary that we can never cross." She was adamant on the subject mainly because she felt, and with good reason, that if she let him play with her pussy he'd be fucking her before long.

"Well..." He pondered that for a few moments. He was bummed that he couldn't push the envelope on that rule, but there were other rules he was eager to break as well. Addressing both Susan and Katherine, he suggested, "Since both of you are here, what if you kissed each other on the lips? That would be really sexy. In fact, just thinking about it is already starting to help out." He looked at them, which was plenty of inspiration, and let his penis engorge.

"Hmmm." Susan thought out loud while checking out his new boner. "Maybe that would be okay..." But then she changed her mind. "No, on second thought, that goes too far. I've been far too lax. I have to put my foot down." She sighed and sat down in a chair.

Katherine immediately came over and sat in her lap. "Oh Mom, don't be such a square! Please? Pretty please? I feel like you're always helping Alan out, and I never get to help. Here's my chance to contribute to his medical treatment. He needs constant visual stimulation. We have to keep that big dick of his hard and squirting cum. Won't you let me help just a little?"

Alan was trying hard to get his penis to go back down. Now that he'd let his resistance go, it just kept getting stiffer. That could take away the justification for a hot lesbian kiss, and he certainly didn't want that. The mere fact that his fully nude sister was sitting on the lap of his equally nude mother was making him far too horny. He carefully tucked his erection between his legs so it couldn't be seen.

Luckily, Susan was disconcerted and distracted by all the nudity, and especially by the way her daughter was now sitting in her lap. She had her hands full with that situation, so to speak, so for once her eyes hadn't been glued to her son's penis. "We shouldn't be doing this. It's improper."

But her protests were feeble, and Alan knew it. He said confidently, "Mom, DO it!"

Katherine scooted up closer and put her hands on her mother's shoulders.

"Can't we at least put some clothes on first?" Susan asked.

"No," Alan said with surprisingly strong conviction. He really, really wanted to see them kiss.

Susan thought, Dear Lord! How can I say no to him when he talks like that? Well, if we're gonna do this, we'd better get it over with soon, because there's too much naughty touching going on!

She didn't know what to do with her hands. At first she held them away from touching any part of her daughter's body, but realized that to keep doing so would be very awkward, so she put them on Katherine's hips.

Meanwhile, the way Katherine was sitting, Susan couldn't help but press her heaving, huge tits into Katherine's stomach. She could feel the heat radiating from her daughter's pussy, just as she knew Katherine could feel her pussy heat, but she tried to ignore that.

Katherine leaned even further down to look in her mother's eyes from inches away, which also caused her own ample boobs to press into the tops of her mother's even more massive orbs. She said, "Mom, think how important it is that Brother gives up another big, spermy squirt before school. Don't you think it's extremely critical that you slip and slide your lips all up and down and around his thick, tasty pole for as long as you can before we go to school?"

"Well, of course! That goes without saying."

Katherine kept talking, giving Susan no time to think about how they were positioned against each other. "Just imagine him sitting in school with blue balls for hours and hours, with that painfully aroused huge log of his just trapped there in his shorts, untended. When instead he could be shooting all that gooey goodness down your throat in a matter of minutes. All we have to do is kiss. That's no biggie."

Just as Katherine was hoping, Susan's brain was fogged by their closeness and touching, not to mention the talk of pleasuring her son's "huge log." Her eyes and mouth were so close to her daughter's that Susan felt a strong desire to move her head slightly forward and kiss the girl on the lips. But still she said, "That does sound pretty dire... I don't know... It seems so improper..."

"Oh please?" Katherine started bouncing up and down as if she were five years old and asking for a new toy. "Please, please, please?"

The bouncing stimulated Susan's body and fogged her brain even more. "But isn't that kind of lesbian, to kiss another-"

"Of course not, Mom! It's just a kiss. It's not like we're doing something sexual." Katherine slid forward and shifted her weight so she was more on top of her mother's right leg than her left. She made sure that Susan could feel her shaved pussy riding against the skin of that leg. "Besides, just think of that thick meat sliding between your lips. Think of that cum explosion just waiting to pour down your throat!"

"I don't know. The Bible says-"

Seeing that Susan was still undecided, Katherine realized that pleading wasn't the most effective approach. Instead, she put on her best authoritative voice, and interrupted, "Mom, don't think, just do it. You keep relying on your gut instinct, but that's based on habit, and all your habits are from your old prudish life. Trust me. Just let go!"

She looked over to her son, but she was disappointed to see his legs blocking her view of his penis. (He was still hiding the fact that he already had a full erection.)

Susan looked in Katherine's eyes and asked, "Are you sure about this, Angel?" Without thinking about it, she moved her hands forward and down from Katherine's hips until they were firmly grasping both of her daughter's ass cheeks.

"I am more than sure, because it's something Brother wants. Mom, if you aspire to be one of Brother's very best personal cocksuckers, sometimes you have to be willing to go the extra mile. He is the man of the house now and it's our duty to obey him!"

Katherine was secretly much more delighted than she was letting on. All of Susan's teasing that morning had gotten to her, so she was having to restrain herself to not just hump her pussy wildly on her mother's thigh.

Susan frowned, still wavering. "I don't know..."

Katherine goaded her, "Do it! Just do it, already! That's an order! Besides, just think of that thick meat sliding between your lips. Think of that cum explosion just waiting to pour down your throat!"

They both stood up to make it easier to kiss. It was easy for their lips to meet that way, because Katherine was as tall as her mother.

Susan leaned forward and quickly kissed Katherine on the lips. Since they were both so endowed up top, it was impossible for their lips to meet without their racks pressing together as well. Katherine held her arms tightly around her mother to make sure their front sides were touching all over.

Susan loved the idea of taking orders from her children, and Katherine's bossy ways were hard for her to fight. Plus, the talk of a "cum explosion" got to her - she simply couldn't take any more of that temptation.

Chapter 530 Susan And Kath Kiss..!!

Susan turned towards Alan. "How was that?"

His hand was between his legs. He'd been stroking his erection while still trying to hide the fact that he had one from Susan's eyes. He complained, "That's not what I meant. I meant a full, passionate kiss on the lips."

Before Susan fully processed his words, she said, "Don't do that." She was referring to his masturbating. She'd realized what he was doing, despite his attempt to hide it, from the way his entire arm was moving. "You should never have to do that, particularly if one of us is nearby. Remember how it can distort your cock, and don't get me started on The Sin of Onan. Come here."

Alan thought he'd been busted - if she knew he had a full erection already, then what was the excuse for their mother-daughter kissing? But lacking any alternative, he stood up and walked right up to her while holding one hand over his crotch.

She moved his hand away from his cock and replaced it with one of her own. She didn't even have to think about stroking it; her hands did that automatically as if she had spent her life at that task. Stroking his boner made her deeply content, somehow putting her at ease about the kissing problem.

She again considered what he'd just requested, about kissing her Katherine on the lips. With her hand going to town on his stiff pole, she was amenable to almost anything and easily deceived herself. By this point she wasn't thinking logically, so she didn't realize that if his cock was already nearly erect there was no need to continue with the kiss. Instead, her lust just took over.

She justified it to herself by, I have no desire to kiss my daughter, and in fact I have no interest or experience in women at all. Since it doesn't affect me, then there's nothing wrong with doing this to help him out with more visual stimulation.

In thinking that she had no lesbian desires, she conveniently ignored thinking about all the recent times that she'd been staring lustfully at other women's bodies. In particular, the fashion show the night before had been a real watershed for her. Her juices would have flowed repeatedly while looking at Suzanne, Katherine, and Amy strut their stuff, even if she hadn't had Alan's thickness sliding in her hand most of the evening to propel her along.

Katherine wisely stayed quiet, but made sure to keep a tight embrace on her mother.

Finally, Susan said to Alan, "All right, since today is a Tuesday, I'll go the extra mile for you and try a real kiss on the lips. But just this one time, and I really mean that. Are you ready, Angel?" She temporarily took her hand off her son's dick to give the kiss more of her attention.

She leaned forward and drew Katherine in with both of her hands. Then she kissed Katherine tentatively on the lips, but refrained from using her tongue.

At first Katherine was shocked. In theory she was big on the idea of kissing her mother like this, but in practice it took some getting used to. She grew more enthusiastic as their kiss continued, pulling her mother into an even close embrace and eventually probing her mother's mouth with her tongue.

Since Susan and Katherine had never broken their embrace, their big tits had remained pressed tightly together, although not really moving. But as the kiss went on, Katherine made sure to move her upper

torso back and forth and up and down, so their boobs would slide against each other. With Alan standing just a foot or so away, she knew he'd appreciate the view.

Not only did he appreciate the view, he had to restrain himself from reaching out and caressing all that sliding tit-flesh.

Susan had not intended to kiss Katherine for very long - a few seconds at most. But she was extremely horny, and once she had closed her eyes, kissing Katherine didn't seem that much different from kissing Alan. She quickly got carried away with the tongue dueling and lost all track of time.

Alan stood right next to them for a minute or two without doing anything. Then he gently took one of his mother's hands and brought it down to his erection.

She didn't break the kiss or make any noise. In fact, stroking Alan's boner had become so easy and natural (and commonplace) for her that she didn't even really think about what she was doing. She just held it while rubbing two fingers back and forth over his sweet spot.

"Is that enough already?" she asked Alan when she finally ended the kiss. Her fingers kept on relentlessly stroking his sweet spot.

"Wow, that was perfect!" he cried ecstatically. "But I'm still not all the way up. Just keep going like that!"

Susan had come to know Alan's penis well, and she knew that it didn't get any harder. In fact, it finally dawned on her that since his cock was already so hard, the whole reason for their kiss was gone. But Katherine's luscious lips were only an inch or two from hers, and between feeling Alan's hot boner sliding in her hand and the way Katherine's nipples were rubbing against her own, she was so hot she was just about ready to spontaneously burst into flame.

Oh Dear Jesus! Sweet Jesus! This is so wrong. God in Heaven, please forgive me! Not about the cock stroking; Suzanne has helped me see that that is all part of your divine plan. But kissing my own daughter in such a sexual manner! And, and... enjoying it! That's the worst part. This has to be a sin; it just has to!

She kissed her daughter again anyway. Stroking her son's dick was so relaxing for her that, before long, she didn't even really think about what she was doing anymore. She was living in the moment, fully giving in to her lusty feelings.

As a result, Katherine was beyond delighted at just how passionate her mother's kissing became. Neither of them had ever really touched the other since Katherine was small, except for the usual familial hugs and pecks, so this was a new and strange experience for both of them. Their tongues now battled each other delightfully as they both deliberately slid their tits together.

Susan's entire breasts were quite sensitive, not just her nipples, so all this tit rubbing was about as arousing to her as if she were getting constantly fingerfucked. She was on such an erotic high, she hardly knew up from down. She might have stopped for fear that she was getting too aroused by her own daughter, but the fact that she was jacking off her son at the same time somehow made it okay in her mind, somehow just normal heterosexual pleasure with a little extra activity going on.

Susan explored Katherine's back with her free hand while Katherine's hands ran freely all over her mother. Susan was too shy to rub Katherine's pussy, even though she'd been eyeballing the outfit that Katherine was wearing that morning, including repeatedly wondering what it would feel like to touch the outfit, and Katherine's bare pussy.

Alan was tempted to get in on the action. It would have been easy for him to step forward and join them in a three-way hug and grope. In fact, he was already standing so close to them that he had needed to take a little step back once or twice, or their action would have come to him. It was a struggle not to at least reach out and caress one or both of them on their flanks. But he didn't want Susan to freak out, break away, or complain about him trying to "start an orgy." Besides, she was using one hand to keep his pulsing pole very happy.

As mother and daughter continued to explore each other's mouths, Susan realized that somehow one of her legs had found itself between Katherine's legs. She had to fight the urge to make the usual "mmmm" noises that she usually made when she got aroused, because she wasn't supposed to be aroused in these circumstances (or at least, to be showing just how insanely aroused she really was).

Katherine was bouncing up and down a bit and thus rubbing her moist crotch on the skin of Susan's thigh.

Alan was delighted at everything that was happening. He realized they were having a big boundary-busting moment. Not only was Susan sharing her first intimate kiss with another woman, she was doing

it with her own daughter, and clearly loving it. In addition, by jacking him off at the same time, she was unintentionally opening the door to future threesome fun.

However, the situation was problematic in that it was all too arousing and inspiring for him to handle for very long. After another minute, he finally gave in to the temptation of putting his hands on their firm, bare asses, but he did so under the guise of getting their attention. "Whoa, thanks for helping out so much. I don't think I can last much longer!"

Susan immediately pulled away from her daughter and knelt down in front of her son. Frankly, she'd loved the kissing and would have been happy to keep on necking with her daughter, but pleasuring her son's erection came before anything else. She took his hardness into her mouth, closed her eyes, and lovingly milked him with her tongue and lips.

She sighed with utter contentment. "Mmmm! Mmmm! MMMM!"

Katherine remained close, making sure he kept his hand on her bare ass.

Susan's bobbing felt so good that he never wanted the ecstasy to end, but he knew he'd be cumming in less than a minute, the way things were going. He tried frantically to think of some way to distract her so he could get a second wind, but his brain was too frazzled from the extreme pleasure to come up with anything.

In desperation, he tried being totally honest. "Mom! Hold on! Please! Stop!"

Thinking there was some kind of emergency, she pulled her lips off his shaft, opened her eyes and looked up.

He had to wait some moments until he could talk a little better. "Uh, Mom, don't worry. I'm not... I'm not in pain or anything, but..."

"But what?" she asked anxiously, still holding onto his cock and even squeezing it a little.



He looked around the room, looking for a clock, but there was none in view. He didn't have any idea what time it was, but he said, "We still have lots of time. ... Can you... let me get a second wind?"

Her face lit up. "Sure thing, Tiger. Whatever you like." She bent forward, closed her eyes, and resumed licking his cockhead.

Katherine was still standing there, watching closely with a hand on his back. She giggled. "Um, Mom, I think that doesn't count as stopping."

Susan looked around, startled. "Oh, right. I'd better get away from this tempting thing then." She gave his shaft a friendly squeeze, but within seconds that turned into a steady stroking.

Katherine coughed loudly.

Sighing, Susan let go and stood up. "I think I'd better get away for a, uh, a minute." She practically staggered away, she was so overwhelmed with lust. She looked around. "What time is it? We can't forget school."

Katherine had just walked close enough to the kitchen to look at the clock there, and she knew that time wasn't on their side. But she didn't want Susan to know just how little time they had left. So she intercepted her before she could get to the kitchen, giving her another tight hug.

"Don't worry, Mom," she said. "It's under control." She kissed her mother on the lips again.

Susan immediately forgot about everything except making out with her daughter. They resumed their tit rubbing, ass fondling, and all the rest, as if their earlier kissing had never been interrupted.

The only difference was that Alan was standing a ways away. He went to the love-seat in the dining room that faced the counter and the large table and sat down. Fuck! Look at them kiss! This is friggin' unreal. Of course Sis is totally into it, but MOM is totally into it too! That's huge. I'd never imagined there was a bisexual bone in her body, but I'm happy to be wrong on that. Wow!

He closed his eyes. Man, I can't watch that or I'll never get my second wind. As it is, my dick would shoot off like a fire hose if I were even to touch it at all. Damn! Not good.

He sighed heavily and counted to ten. That didn't help much though, especially since he could still hear the sound of kissing, not to mention his mother's constant "mmmm"-ing. That sound had come to be a trigger to his arousal in and of itself.

He decided to focus on football. He hadn't seen his home team, the San Diego Chargers, play the previous Sunday, and in fact he'd missed a lot of their games the last few weeks due to all his sexual fun. Even so, he still followed them closely and often watched game highlights on the Internet. The Chargers had lost to the St. Louis Rams 28-24 that previous Sunday, and he mentally reviewed what he knew of the game and the season.

That helped him clear his head of all the other things that were going on in the room. He had an ability to totally focus on one thing if he really put his mind to it.