

6 Times 551

Chapter 551 Alan And Susan Continued!

He gasped, sucking in a big breath. He couldn't believe how aroused the sight of that made him.

She grinned widely, because she knew her little wedding ring ploy not only made him gasp, it caused his boner to twitch so much that it bounced back and forth as if she'd flicked her fingers against it. She continued with her sultry purr as she resumed licking his balls, "Now I'm not saying my bed is totally off limits. After all, I suppose you could make me do just about anything you want. Almost. You ARE the man of the house, and that gives you certain rights, including rights to most of your mommy's body. But we should only 'cum' here on special occasions, if you know what I mean. Boundaries, you know."

Even as she said this, she had the sense that that particular boundary was crumbling, that they'd be spending a lot of time on and in her bed from now on. She had a sudden vision of Alan spending all night with her, fucking her repeatedly. But although that alarmed her, it also made her pussy throb. "To call you a replacement for him would be an insult to you! I wonder if I should break it to him that I've become addicted to the taste of my son's sperm..."

She kept licking his balls, but proceeded to make long licks around the lower half of his boner as well. To do that, she had to hold his cock to keep it from moving, and that immediately led to her resume jacking it off as well.

Somehow, despite all the shivers of pleasure running down his spine, he thought back to her comment: "I'm sucking your cock on the bed where your father and I conceived you." He decided he couldn't let it go after all, and asked, "Um, Mom, are you forgetting that I was adopted?"

"Yes, I am, deliberately. Don't question what your mommy says to you. And don't make her talk; just make her suck your sweet meat. That's what big-titted centerfold mommies are best at."

She smiled to herself contentedly, lifted her head and then dropped it again, engulfing all of his cockhead and part of his shaft in one fell swoop. After creating a tight seal for powerful suction, she happily resumed her bobbing. She thought, Oh dear. I'm incorrigible. I really shouldn't be doing this since he's dangerously close to cumming, but I can't help myself! I balme Brenda this time, with her hot stories. She wishes she could be where I am right now, with her cheeks sucked in and her tongue flitting all over his sweet spot. But she's not! This cock is all mine! It's a Tuesday, and I'm going to suck until my mouth falls off!

Whenever she had his boner in her mouth, she felt that she had entered some kind of special twilight zone, a perfect utopia with no trouble or distractions. All that mattered was servicing his penis, which gave her seemingly endless waves of joy and love, overwhelming her as she did that. Her entire focus became the sexual feelings in her mouth, her tingly boobs, and her even more tingly pussy.

He was panting and gasping desperately already. He hadn't been expecting her to suddenly go to town on his cock like that after such a short break.

In addition, everything was just too arousing. He looked down towards his crotch and saw her still on all fours, her ample chest now pressed down on his thighs with her ass high in the air. He wanted to grope her ass, but it was beyond his knees and just too far away, so instead he stroked the silky smooth skin of her back and caressed her long hair.

bender

She raised her body slightly above his, so she could roll her tongue in circles around the top of his bulbous cockhead. Her nipples were still touching the tops of his legs, but the rest of her boobs could now sway enticingly.

He knew he needed to tell her to give him another break or he'd be cumming in less than a minute. But he was so inspired seeing her on all fours and totally loving his cock that he suddenly felt inspired to say, "You know, Mom, I'm serious about what I said about your beauty." He gathered his breath, then continued, "Sometimes looking at you is so overwhelming that I think I'm gonna pass out. Really! I try not to think about you at all at school anymore, because I just can't pay attention to my classwork if I do."

She stopped what she was doing, then moved up his body, kissing him all the way. After she planted kisses on his neck and chin, she put her mouth right above his and then stopped. With her mouth an inch above his, she asked, "You're just saying that, aren't you? I know. I know you're a tit man, and you only love Mommy because of her big boobs."

He'd expected her to immediately resume going wild on his cock until he had no choice but to cum. But instead she pulled back and sat up. That disappointed him at first, but he didn't really mind because she put on a nice display for him, and her body felt great. Besides, he'd been about to ask her for a strategic break.

Sitting above him, she clutched at her boobs with her hands and squeezed them together, raising them proudly toward her face.

Susan

Alan was going to protest her comments, but he was left breathless by her beauty (as well as from her latest cocksucking effort).

She smiled and closed her eyes, allowing him all the time he wanted to luxuriate in the sight of her bare chest. Dear Lord, thank You for giving me this curvaceous body. It's a glorious gift, and one I squandered. But I'm making up for lost time. A body like this needs to be frequently viewed and used... by my son!

Alan was lucky, kind of. He'd just been about to beg her to give his penis a strategic break. His compliment had unexpectedly triggered the break he'd needed. The problem was, she was so breathtakingly beautiful that he wasn't getting any sexual respite. He reached tentatively forward with a hand, transfixed and awed.

She sensed his motion, so she opened her eyes and saw what he was doing. Then she grabbed his hand and pulled it firmly to her chest. Smiling approvingly, she grabbed his other one.

He felt strangely passive, but still let her rub his hands all over her ample tit-mountains.

His hands didn't stay inert for long. "No, Mom, that's not true," he finally managed to say, as his hands rubbed her tits together while her hands still rested on his. "Yes, your tits are fantastic, and I fantasize about them, like, every minute or two, even at school. I swear, my IQ must have gone down ten points in the last week alone, just from my brain thinking about your tits all the time. Probably another ten points from thinking about Aunt Suzy's, too. But there's so much more to you. Every inch of you is perfect, inside and out."

She giggled with pure happiness. "Ten points, eh? Is that all? I must be doing something wrong. Maybe I need to let you play with them more often." She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips, but only for a second before pulling back again.

She continued more excitedly, "Maybe I need to let you play with them whenever you want!" She leaned forward and kissed his lips again, a little longer this time.

Then she leaned back once more and said, more to herself than to him, "Maybe you need to suck them and milk them every single day. Yes. That's it! That's what you need to do."

She kissed him passionately on the lips, then gave him some tongue. Then, before he could react to that, she pulled away and scooted a couple of feet down his body. "That wasn't a real kiss just now," she giggled as she planted her face back in his crotch. "I'm only allowed to do that at our nightly tuck-and-suck."

She thought to herself, What's with me today? I just been feeling so playful and naughty, even before he came home. I just want to do everything with him, and now Suzanne says that I can! Well, almost everything. I'm going to make this a Tuesday neither of us will ever forget.

She spent the next minute just blowing air all over his boner. It was in a super sensitive state, so it felt like exquisite, and exquisitely pleasurable, torture.

Susan said in an authoritative tone, as she kept breathing on his most sensitive spots, "Now, Tiger, in all seriousness, you have to understand. Your mother has needs. And one very important one of those is that you need to love my tits a lot. They need to be groped and sucked and fucked every day. Seriously. They neeeeed it. They want your attention. Do you want to fuck your mommy's big tits for a good long while? Do you think you can handle that?"

He gulped. "Um, okay." A combination of sudden nervousness and surprise made his voice crack on the word "okay." It was the first time that had happened to him in weeks. Both of them laughed at this reminder of his youth.

He was half-convinced he would start cumming as soon as she resumed doing anything at all with his dick, but he was too horny to really care anymore.

Then she changed positions again and slid his pole in between her heavy melons. She pressed them in tightly and started to slide them up and down, one after the other.

He was clutching the sheets like his life depended on it, while squeezing his PC muscle with all his might. Okay. A titfuck. I can handle this. I really can. Ugh! Uh! Great, but... Ugh! At least it's not as insanely arousing as a full-on blowjob. Gotta... hold out!

He was getting very, very good at holding out. Such stamina was the main reason women were increasingly thinking of him as a natural stud, but ironically he had selfish reasons. As usual, his main motivation was that he just didn't want his great pleasure to end. He always felt a big letdown after cumming, particularly if that meant that the sex session was over.

She led the titfuck for the next few minutes, which was a good thing since he was incapable of doing more than breathing heavily and clutching the sheets as if his life depended on it.

But eventually, even the titfuck wasn't enough for her. She repositioned herself so she could keep the titfuck going, but also bring her mouth within range. She licked his piss hole and said, "Now look what you did. You got me so excited with your powerful cock and sweet compliments that I completely forgot about the most important thing, which is licking, stroking, squeezing, and sucking every last little spermie out of you! MMMM!" She craned her head down and managed to take most of his cockhead in her mouth.

But after just a few sucks on it, she pulled back and said, "Speaking about fantasizing every second of the day, that's all I ever think about anymore. You think your IQ is going down? The only thing on my mind anymore is this juicy, yummy, fat spermsicle!"

She wrapped her mouth around his throbbing pole and took it as deep as she could, given the titfuck positioning. Before long, it was more like a blowjob with her nipples sliding against his erection than a titfuck. Her hands did delightful things to his balls as his bulbous cockhead tickled the back of her throat.

Oh man! he thought. Too much! Too much! Have mercy, please! Too good! But somehow he stayed quiet and held on.

As she sucked, she made up a little song in her head:

I am Alan's whore

I'm going to suck him, more, more, more

I am Alan's slut

He's going to fuck me up the butt

I am Alan's wench

He'll cum on me until I'm drenched

I am Alan's toy

Sucking him's the greatest joy

I am Alan's mom

Suckin' with clothes off or on

I am Alan's cow

Gonna suck his prick like I don't know how

I am Alan's bitch

His cum is thick, the taste is rich

She started wordlessly humming her song out loud, because she knew doing that would cause vibrations against his shaft and sweet spot that would arouse him even more. She made up verse after verse, repeating previous verses until she came up with a new word to rhyme, and then the new verse would

get tacked on at the end. She also varied her humming technique, knowing that the constantly shifting variety of her vibrations would drive him wild.

Finally, she could tell from the intensity of his moaning that he was nearing his point of no return. She stopped making up rhymes and concentrated fully on pleasuring him. She moved a hand to the tight space between his ass and the bed.

He lifted up slightly, making her task easier.

Finding her target, she plunged her index finger deep into his anus. (She had just pre-wet it with her own juices.). When she found his prostate, she began to massage it.

That was too much for him to endure. He screamed as if his life was on the line. "MOM! GONNA CUM!"

He gripped the sheets tightly as her head bobbed even faster, relentlessly stimulating his sweet spot. When his cum erupted like a volcano going off, she increased her suction to get every last drop. She sucked and sucked for precious seconds until she could tell he had almost run dry. Then she pulled back and let his last ropes splatter across her face.

Somehow he stayed conscious throughout it all. At the end he opened his eyes just in time to see his cum flying in a long arc, starting at her chin, then crossing her wide-open mouth, until it finally splattered on her glasses over her left eye. It was just too arousing to bear, causing him to actually pass out just from the ecstasy of it all.

She sighed contentedly. YES! This is the life! Today's been so great. If I were to die right now, I'd die so very, very happy. Tiger loves me, Angel loves me, Suzanne loves me and Amy loves me too, and now I've got a face full of spermy goodness, I swallowed some of it, but there's even more on my tongue! Does it get any better than this? Someone tell me how! She giggled, totally giddy.

She looked closely at his resting body. Oh my! I think that actually made him pass out! Am I a good cocksucking mommy or what? Tit slave power! Woo-hoo! She pumped a fist in the air in triumph.

Minutes passed for Susan as she rested and waited for her son to wake. She expected that she might be overcome by the post-orgasmic blues, like those that Alan dreaded. In her case, that let-down usually

brought on great feelings of guilt. But for once she didn't feel that at all. Instead she went back to singing her new song, over and over, sometimes making up even more new lyrics.

She sat up and looked down at her son with eyes shining with love. She held the huge mouthful of his seed, letting the slick goo roll over and over her tongue. She rubbed her tits and pulled on her nipples, hoping she could make them swell even bigger for her son's benefit by the time he woke.

I could die right now, pretty much as happy as I've ever been. But I can't do that. Tiger needs me. Angel needs me. Tiger's balls keep producing more and more little spermies, and I'm always gonna need to be here to vacuum them out, from the tip of his fat cock down into my tummy! A tit slave's work is never done, and that's a true fact! It's my duty to love your cock with my mouth and tits every single day, usually many times a day. Son, how would you like your mom to be your real sex slave? Think you could handle that? Would you like me to call you "Master?" Would that get you hot? 'Cos it sure as hell gets ME hot! MMMM!

But she could only say those thoughts in her own mind. They were much too scandalous for her to consider saying out loud, even when she thought he was sleeping. Thinking of herself as a "tit slave" or "sex slave" was beyond the pale, except as an arousing passing fancy. Her slavish fantasies were pretty much the one secret she was still holding back from Suzanne these days.

She tweaked her erect nipples while savoring the sweet, tangy cream that was still delighting her taste-buds.

After about five minutes, Alan drifted back into consciousness, but he kept his eyes closed. He was in no hurry, so he just savored the lingering euphoria from his mother's best blowjob ever. And he didn't need to resort to his memories, since she was busy "cleaning" his penis and balls when he came to.

She could sense him stirring, so she eventually finished her "cleaning" and scooted up his body. Resting on top of him and pressing her big boobs against him, she tenderly stroked his short, unruly hair. She whispered to him so quietly that only he could hear, "Your Mommy loves you so much!"

He kept his eyes closed but felt the two huge tit-mountains pressed into his chest, and the leg that was wrapped around one of his own. He remembered where he was, and could barely handle how good it made him feel to be there. I'm in my parents' bed! Naked, with my naked mom. No, not naked; she's wearing high heels, incredibly enough! Isn't that a hoot?

I'm Mom's new lover. She's so fucking into me sexually that it's crazy! Awesome crazy. She's never going to fuck Ron again. I'll be plowing her pussy before long, I can just tell. Someday soon I'll be spending all my nights in this bed, at least when I'm not with Sis in HER bed! Heh! This is so awesome. This even makes the excellent fuck I had with Joy today pale in comparison.

He opened his eyes, reached out, and caressed his mother's shoulder, mostly because it was within easy reach. She cooed happily in response, then repositioned herself better to snuggle up to him. He said, "Mom, you sucked so powerfully there I think you actually bent light."

She giggled happily and responded, "Your mommy is your cum junkie. She's addicted to your sperm."

"You mean semen, don't you?"

"No, I mean 'sperm'. It sounds naughtier. Your mommy loves you so much that she wants to do very naughty things with you. Yes. Very, very naughty things."

Chapter 552 You Know That's Not Allowed.

That returned him to full awareness. He looked around the room as if for the first time and saw Katherine standing in the doorway. She was still dressed in her clothes from school, doing nothing more than staring at them both very intently. "Hi Sis," he said as calmly as he could.

Susan jerked her head up in surprise, briefly shocked and embarrassed. She'd been caressing her son's front lovingly, tracing the paths of his muscles along his stomach and upper chest, and she froze her hands for a moment. But seeing that it was only her daughter her fear quickly drained away. "Oh, it's you. How are you doing, Angel?"

Katherine laughed. "Pretty good, Mom. Glad to see you can still use your mouth for talking too."

Susan scooted down until her face was back in her son's crotch. Then she grabbed his penis and began rubbing it against her cheek dreamily. It was only semi-hard, if even that, but she didn't mind. She was flaunting her position with Alan in front of her daughter.

He gave his PC muscle a little squeeze, forcing a stream of pre-cum to ooze from his cockhead while Susan was rubbing it back and forth along her face.

She felt oddly proud that he would want to "mark" her in front of his sister. She used his hard cock as a paintbrush to smear the slick coating all over her lips, allowing the heavy aroma to carry her away. That's it! Let her know that I'm your big-titted mommy slut! Mark me with your sperm so everyone will know!

The only thing bringing her back to reality was that she was a bit miffed at Katherine's slight jibe about using her mouth for talking and not just sucking. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "Can't you see Mommy is very busy? This is a Tuesday!"

"I can see that," Katherine answered, giggling, apparently not showing any discomfort at Susan's possessiveness (although it was secretly bothering her). "I was just checking to see who was home. I thought you two would be in HIS room."

"We're doing just fine in here," Susan answered, licking his hardening penis from top to bottom. "Everything is as it should be. Tiger is the man of the house now. And Mommy's his obedient, big-titted cocksucker; isn't that right, Tiger? I'm licking his cock and balls clean after his powerful orgasm, just like a good cocksucker should." She knew she'd "cleaned" him already, but she didn't see why she couldn't clean him again, especially since he was growing erect.

As she licked, she went on in a voice as if talking to a baby. "Big bad tiger. Aren't you a scary, big tiger, Tiger? The scary wary mean old tiger wants to eat Mommy all up. Lick and eat me up, down to my pussy!"

Katherine raised a curious eyebrow at that, knowing Susan's usual boundaries.

Susan turned back to her daughter. "Now if you could leave us in private. My son needs my hole... um, I mean, my whole attention," she said giggling, purposely making the mistake. She was surprised that she'd made that play on words.

"Okay," said Katherine. "But remember those boundaries you keep warning us about, Mom. When you said you want to do very naughty things, that sounds dangerously like you're going to violate your own rules. I think I'll check on you two periodically just to make sure you're both on the up and up."

"Why don't you do that, Angel. I assure you that my behavior will be perfectly exemplary." Susan giggled after saying that, looking at her daughter defiantly as she once again ran her tongue up and down her son's shaft. It was just about fully hard again, thanks to her constant licking.

"Exemplary cocksucking," Alan joked, and the two of them had a hearty laugh.

Katherine left, a little bit peeved that she couldn't join in on the fun. She was acutely aware of the fact that it was a Tuesday. She'd been mostly cut out by Heather from playing with Joy earlier in the day, so she was a bit testy and unsatisfied. Her mother's flaunting of Alan's dick in such an immature way steamed her even more, in more ways than one, although she'd been careful not to show it.

Alan was spent, however, and felt that he needed a nap before he could get it up again. He asked her, "Mom, I love what you're doing, but I could really use a rest for a little while first. Would it be okay just this once if I could stay where I am and sleep in your bed? I'm so tired."

She responded playfully, "Hmmm. So you want to sleep in the same bed as your naked mommy. What would Freud think about that? Hmmm... I don't think I can let you do that."

"Oh. Shoot." He was genuinely disappointed.

She kept on licking all over his cock and balls. "Wait. Let me explain why. Your fat cock is all hard and tasty. So I think it needs to get sucked and titfucked a whole lot more, don't you?"

"Yeah, Mom. But even though my dick is up, the rest of my body is shutting down. This is my regular nap time, and passing out for a few minutes after a massive climax only made me even sleepier. I can hardly lift my hand, I'm so dead."

She kept on licking. "Well, okay then. I'll let you sleep here since this is a Tuesday, if you let me lick your balls clean first."

He chuckled. "Didn't you do that already?"

"Yes, but they just don't seem clean enough to me yet."

He chuckled some more. "Sure."

She started lapping at his balls while continuing to hold his stiff erection. "Mmmm. Deal. But don't make it a habit. And will you have a big, hard Spermsicle for me to suck on when you wake?"

"You know it." He continued to snicker and chuckle, because the hand that was supposed to just be holding his shaft was already stroking it.

"Mmmm." She decided to nap naked next to him in her big bed, once she finished her cleaning.

He took her happy response as a sure signal that they would soon be sleeping together on a regular basis. He thought, That's a key step. If only we could fuck. Then I could regularly sleep with her and fuck her whenever I feel like it! Once that happens, she wouldn't be able to object to me fucking Sis too. I could fuck them together, all the time!

She really didn't want him to make sleeping with her a habit though, because she worried that real fucking would soon follow. She honestly feared for her Christian soul, and his, if she were to commit "real incest."

He was as exhausted as he'd just claimed. In fact, incredibly enough, he started to drift off to sleep even while Susan was still licking his balls. He thought, It's gonna be so good when I wake up. Mom is totally ready for more sexual games. Not only that, but I'm in my parents' bed. Wild. Mom is certainly feeling more uninhibited than I've ever seen her before, and she seems to actually believe all the sexy stuff she's saying. Just how far will I be able to go with her? Is she ready to fuck? If only we could... Dang!

Maybe I should just take things in hand and make her do it. I KNOW she'd love it, once she got over the shock. But she'd be crying, "No, no" at first, and I couldn't bear that... Do it, Alan! Get some balls. Just fuck her.

He was so tired that he fell asleep even though his mother was still licking his balls clean and slowly stroking his still rigid shaft. He dreamt of fucking her.

Once she realized he was sleeping, her enthusiasm waned and she quickly dropped off to sleep as well.

Alan woke up first. Taking advantage of the opportunity, he decided to pretend he was still asleep and roll into a more pleasing position. Susan had placed a light sheet over them both, but she was facing away from him. So he rolled over, draped his arm over her shoulder, and put his hand on her boobs.

He tried to play it cool and act as if his hand had just accidentally moved there as he slept. Before he'd gone to sleep, he knew that in the state she'd then been in it would have been fine. But now he wasn't sure if she'd consider that a boundary violation or not, since he figured she probably wouldn't be that aroused when she woke up.

With his hand on such a delightful orb of flesh, he couldn't restrain himself for long. Soon he was subtly squeezing and feeling the skin that lay against his hand.

That woke Susan up. However, since he had kept his eyes closed, pretending to sleep, he didn't realize that she was awake.

Susan

She opened one eye and saw what he was doing. She realized he was awake by the tone of his fingers as he moved his hand. She pretended to still be asleep, just as he was doing, and thought, Now that's more like it! This is the kind of Tiger I want to see more often - an aggressive, COCKY young son, taking sexual advantage of his innocent mommy while she sleeps, ravaging her big tits regardless of what she thinks about it. How delightfully naughty! I wonder what he'll do to me next? Whatever it is, I'll be helpless to resist!

He was wrong in guessing that she wouldn't be very aroused when she woke up!

She rolled over a bit to give him better access to her ass while still keeping her boobs in a very squeezable position.

Her movement frightened him at first, but after he'd waited another minute and concluded that she was still deep asleep, he figured that it was a golden opportunity to break her boundaries without any blame, since it would supposedly be happening while he was still asleep.

He waited another minute and then scooted his groin up to her butt. He carefully slid his stiff boner along her butt crack, wedging it in lengthwise. (He still had no real conception how much he might enjoy anal fucking, but this looked like it might be fun.) Had she faced the other way, he might have gone further and rubbed his hard-on across her pussy lips, but he figured this was the best he could do in their current circumstances. He knew how he sounded when he snored, thanks to a recording his sister had once had made to prove how loud he was, so he pretended to snore the whole time, just to be on the safe side.

Susan was getting so excited that she had a very hard time trying to keep her breathing even. She was very aware of the erection wedged in her butt, and thought, Darn it! I should have rolled the other way. Then he could have "accidentally" stuck something into my pussy! Oh, Tiger, fuck your sleeping mommy! That way I won't have to feel guilty about it, because I won't 'know' it's happening until after it's a done deal. I need to feel your potent sperm fill my pussy!

But, although she fantasized about this, it really was just a fantasy. There was a reason she'd turned the other way, and that was that she was still very protective of her pussy. Her concern about the sinfulness of real incest remained extremely strong. However, thinking about it did cause her to start rubbing her thighs together a little, in an involuntary effort to increase the tingling down below.

She turned her attention to the hand that he still had resting on her tit. His pinky rested against her nipple, where he was moving it ever so slightly backward and forward, slightly stimulating her. Oooh, she thought. He's so clever. I could almost believe he's still asleep, even as he does that. He's going to take advantage of his helpless big-titted mommy, and all I can do is lie here while he freely gropes me! I wish I could wake up every morning with my Tiger fondling me like this!

Why don't you? the proverbial devil on her shoulder asked.

The angel on the other shoulder had been conspicuously absent lately and had nothing to say.

Her personal devil continued, The only person stopping that from happening is you. This bed is made for two to share, and God knows your husband is never in it. I think you need to serve your son in it every night!

Not exactly an angel, but a slightly less naughty voice in her head answered, Yeah, that would be nice - in bed with Tiger! But if that happened, he would be fucking me before long.

Her naughty voice pressed, And the downside of that is...? Aren't you his sex toy now? "Sex toy" isn't just a fun and sexy term, you know. As a sex toy, you have important responsibilities and obligations, mainly about keeping his cock constantly well tended with a high degree of stimulation. Are you willing to pleasure him in every way, including fucking, like a good sex toy should, or are you going to let Angel or Suzanne win out as his favorite cum receptacle?

Her less naughty voice responded, I'm trying. I'm trying! But it takes time. I was raised to consider sex sacred, just between man and wife!

The more wanton voice said, Think about all those juicy loads you're going to miss out on. Think of all that yummy sperm that rightfully should be yours but will be going to someone else because you're not sleeping with him at night for fear of getting fucked. That's just wrong! Good big-titted mommies do whatever it takes to serve their son's cocks! Are you going to let him sleep alone each night? Will you let poor Tiger be lonely? So very lonely? You know it's just a matter of time before he fucks you, don't you?

I do, the less naughty voice replied.

So what are you waiting for?! Wouldn't you like to wake up every morning with the full feeling of his cock deep inside you, pounding, hammering, splitting your pussy in two?

The less naughty voice answered with sadness and frustration, You know I would! But I have issues to resolve. What if it's a terrible sin?

Fine! The more wanton voice huffed. But while you're sorting that out, at least be bolder. For instance, what about the alarm clock? You're his special alarm clock, are you not? It's your duty to wake him up every morning with a blowjob. Which means you should sleep naked in his bed, so you're always there and raring to go. Can't you just feel the hot cum splashing all over your face as your well deserved reward? And then a nice, solid fuck! Some people need a cup of coffee to get going in the morning. You need a good motherfucking!

The less naughty voice in her head replied, Don't go there with the fucking talk again. Please! Not now. Angel is checking on us today. Checking to make sure Mommy is being good and staying within her boundaries. I need time! I need to be responsible!

That silenced the more naughty voice, at least for the moment.

Susan now needed to keep up the pretense that both she and Alan had still been asleep. So to "wake him up" she actively reached up, took his hand that was already on her chest, and started rubbing it against her boobs. But now he tried to just leave it hanging there, as if it was the arm of a lifeless puppet - now that he knew she was awake he was trying to pretend that he was still asleep.

She considered giving him the "mommy alarm clock" treatment, but her devilish voice had scared her, leaving her concerned that she could get too aroused and go too far. Besides, she really liked the feeling of his hard cock where it was wedged between her ass cheeks. So instead she pulled his apparently limp arm to her face and began sucking on his fingers, to at least symbolically suck him back into consciousness.

"Wake up, Tiger," she said between sucks.

He pretended to wake. "Where am I?" he asked in fake confusion.

"You're in your mommy's bed. And Mommy's all naked and hot and wet! And you have your dick up against her butt. Bad boy! You know that's not allowed." She was chiding him, but neither of them made any move to remove his 'offending' member. It wasn't much of a scolding, considering the way her words positively dripped with desire. She tried to squeeze his erection with her ass muscles to further emphasize what was not allowed.

She continued to suck his fingers one at a time, which he found much more arousing than he would have imagined.

"Do you like that, waking up in your mommy's bed, doing nasty things to Mommy?" She ground her crotch into the top of his thigh, slowly sliding her hairy pussy along his leg. "Do you like filling her holes with such dirty, filthy, hard, spermy body parts?"

"You see what I mean about bending the rules?" an unrecognized voice said.

Katherine

Alan repositioned and saw that his sister was the one who had spoken.

Katherine was now sitting on a sofa near the bed, dressed only in a see-through nightie and looking stern.

But Alan could see through her act. Between Susan and Katherine looking and acting so sexily, he thought he would pass out again, this time from sheer mental delight.

Susan looked up and around with a start. She relaxed a bit when she saw it was only her daughter. She resumed flexing her ass cheeks around her son's cock. Then she said petulantly, "Angel, today is my special day with my special well-hung son. You know that. Can't we have some privacy?"

"Not if you're pushing your rules like that. Look where Alan Junior is right now, for instance, wedged way up your ass crack. Does it belong there? is that compatible with your boundaries?"

Susan had to suppress the urge to shout, "YES! I need my Tiger's cock deep in my ass!" Instead, she reluctantly pulled herself away from him and pouted, "Oh, poo! But Angel, try to understand. He's just so full of cum, and there's always more being made. I've got to squeeze all that juicy, tasty sperm out of him every way I can."bender

Katherine, seeing that Alan was watching her, removed her nightie. "Fine. Then suck him off again. You've been acting all weird today. There's even a weird, wild look in your eye. I think I'll have to referee from now on."

"Whatever you like," said Susan, moving her head back down to Alan's erection. "Just so long as you leave my Tiger all to me today."

As she said this, she rubbed her son's boner up and down her cheeks and then all over her face. She gave her daughter a look that said, "Don't you wish you had this in your hands?" She realized it wasn't a

very mature thing to do, but she was too horny and possessive to help herself. She liked to rub in the fact, visually and literally, that she had possession of Alan's stiff pole and Katherine didn't.

Susan really was in a strange mood. Not only was she being unusually selfish, but she was really letting go and discovering just how wild her wild side could be. It was thanks to Suzanne's "bend over but don't break" advice that she was pushing her own self-set limits so much.

Had she thought about it, the effect was not what Suzanne promised it would be. Susan found herself thinking about having vaginal sex with her son with more serious deliberation than ever before. She didn't realize it, but that had been Suzanne's unspoken intention all along.

Katherine watched everything attentively, silent but frowning.

After Susan had rubbed her son's stiff pole a bit longer, attempting to get a jealous reaction from her daughter, she sat up in bed and ran her hands over his body under the pretense of changing positions. She did that in a way to make sure Alan had a sexy show to watch. She even caressed herself from hips up to her shoulders and back, for no apparent reason, other than it would look good to him (and it felt good to her).

Susan

Once again she positioned her face over Alan's thickness, but feeling extra naughty, she reversed herself and straddled his body with hers instead of getting between his legs as she'd always done before. She bent down and began rubbing his erection with a free hand while using her other hand to help prop herself up. Her legs were on either side of his head, just above his shoulders. Her pussy hung a foot above his face and her hefty boobs hung down, touching his tummy, with her nipples lightly brushing against his skin.

Normally, Susan wouldn't previously have trusted either Alan or herself in this position, but she figured she'd be safe from getting fucked, since Katherine was present serving as their referee. Besides, she decided to keep the gloves off, thanks to Suzanne's recent advice. Maybe it's time Tiger learns how to lick my labia. He's gonna fill his face with Mommy's dripping hot cunt! Oh, I'm gonna love it! That's what I have - a cunt. Not a pussy, but a CUNT. Pussies are for pussies. She laughed inwardly at her little word play.

Then he's gonna fuck my tits! Yep, I have tits and a cunt, 'cos I'm a terribly naughty mommy. With Angel refereeing I don't have to worry that we'll go all the way. Besides, it's good if she sees just what's what. Bend me over, Tiger, but don't break me!

But she gave him contrary instructions to her thoughts. "You heard what your sister said, Tiger. Keep your hands still and make sure not to touch me in any way. Please don't disappoint me." She lowered her mouth and began licking his stiff erection once again.

Chapter 553 Tiger! Angel! Both Of You, Fuck Me In Every Hole!

Katherine was well prepared for such arousing sights - this time she'd brought a small bag of sexual accessories with her. She pulled her favorite dildo out of the bag and stuck it in her ready slit. It was Mr. Excitement - the big black one that Heather owned, but that had remained in her possession because Amy had taken it from their play in the school shower, and Heather hadn't had the nerve to ask Amy not to take it. Heather hadn't been asking for it back, and Katherine saw no reason to remind her of it.

The big dildo hung out of her hole a few inches, but she didn't care. She knew it would take something like a massive earthquake for Susan to tear her attention away from licking her son's boner and notice it, particularly since Susan almost always worked on Alan's cock with her eyes closed.

Katherine began pistoning the big dildo in and out as she watched.

Alan turned his head to the side and saw his sister pleasuring herself. But as delightful a sight as that was, his attention soon returned to his mother's pussy hanging right above his face. He inhaled the heady, nearly overpowering smell of her sex, watching rivulets of her cum drip down her thighs. Susan periodically shook all over, and Alan realized those were small orgasms. When she did this, some of her cum would shake off of her skin, and a few drops flew onto his face.

Her timing was perfect. The closer he came to orgasm, thanks to the excited workings of her lips and tongue on his shaft, the closer her pussy came to his mouth, and that in turn drove him ever closer to the edge. He stuck his tongue up into the air, managing to just reach a few stray wisps of her pussy hair.

Susan was deliberately and slowly lowering her privates onto his face, waiting with electric anticipation for the moment when she finally made contact with his expected tongue. Her legs slowly spread wider and wider, even as her mouth continually slurped on his hard erection.

She thought to herself, Should I really do this? Should I put my pussy, I mean my cunt, right in his face? Even with Angel here as an umpire? Maybe I should do this when she isn't around? ... No. It's important they both know just what a big son-slut their Mommy is. Maybe if I'm lucky they'll want to punish me. Hopefully, Tiger will even give me a spanking. Yes! He's going to spank his naughty mommy, HARD! Won't that be good? But not as good as getting his tongue up my cunt. Oh God, I can almost feel it! It's so close...

At least Susan could still think semi-coherent thoughts. Alan was so excited and overheated that his brain couldn't function even that well. He was running entirely on a primal sexual autopilot, completely incapable of considering whether what he was doing was wise or not. His eyes shut tightly as he struggled to survive the sheer anticipation of having his mother's pussy drop onto his face.

Susan lowered her body another inch or two.

Alan's tongue was still sticking up, and suddenly it reached his mother's pussy lips. This pushed him over the edge; he felt an ejaculation welling up within him. Pussy licking was still a relatively new experience for him. He still found it a bit gross, especially since Susan had a full bush. On the other hand, it was his mother's pussy and her bush, and that fact alone was extremely inspirational. But the real trigger was the pheromones from her vaginal lubricants; as with all straight males, the smell was intoxicating. The more aroused he got, the more feverishly he licked.

"Foul! Foul!" cried Katherine as she worked her dildo in and out of herself. "Mom, lift your butt up some more!"

But Susan's mouth was too occupied pleasuring her son's boner to talk. She could feel that it was on the verge of shooting hot cum, which she expected any second. She stopped merely licking and swallowed it deeper than she ever had before, trying to get it past her gag reflex. Unfortunately she couldn't quite do it. Still, she gulped and sucked, confident that her mouth would soon be flooded with her son's seed.

Katherine hopped up from where she sat, leaving the dildo still sticking out of her pussy. She waddled to the bed and tried to push her mother's butt up and away with both hands. "I said, get your butt up!"

But far from raising her butt, Susan instead ground it down onto Alan's face.

Alan could feel his mother's pussy shake and tremble; he knew she was peaking yet again.

As her pussy juice started to flow all over his face, he lost his last vestiges of control and began shooting cum forcefully into her eager mouth. His cum filled her waiting mouth while his tongue probed her gushing pussy lips.

Susan's whole body exploded in such a powerful orgasm that it was all she could do to stay conscious and keep tightly sucking on his erection. She was intent on capturing the last drop of his cum, even as it rocketed forcefully against the back of her throat.

For her, the importance of getting her son to fill her mouth with cum was more important than anything else. Focusing on that need is what kept her from passing out, but just barely. She felt her climax arrive with such force that her pussy juice simply poured from her hot hole, straight into Alan's mouth.

Taking more drastic measures, Katherine plunged two fingers into her mother's pussy right above Alan's tongue and then stuck a third into Susan's anus, grabbing her like a bowling ball.

bender

That was supposed to deter Susan, but instead she just cried out in delight.

As if removing a bowling ball from the ball return, Katherine just pulled her mother's ass up into the air. The rest of Susan's body had no choice but to follow, forcing the wildly panting mother up and away from her son's tongue.

"NooooOOooooo!" Susan cried, like a little child denied her favorite toy. She was particularly disturbed because the surprise movement had forced her mouth off her son's erection. That caused his semen to shoot directly at her face. She barely managed to close her eyes before more strands of his spend hit her there.

Since Katherine now had Susan's pussy free of Alan's tongue, she seemed content with that for the moment. Her other hand was busy fondling her mother's ass with gusto, but Susan seemed completely unaware of that.

Susan had something else co-opting all her attention: her son's dick. She dropped her mouth back on her son's stiff pole to capture his last few ropes of cum. The amount of cum in each rope was below his usual level, but still generous. She loved to feel his hot squirts hitting the back of her throat, and that's exactly what they did.

Katherine had been pistoning her fingers in and out of her mother's hot pussy and anus from the very first instant that those fingers entered her holes. She could hardly believe the unprecedented opportunity. Even though she'd kissed and groped her mother recently, this was a completely new level of physical intimacy.

She wasn't too worried that her mother would complain, or even notice, because she knew that when Susan was cocksucking she gave it all her attention. Katherine figured that if her mother did complain, she could use the excuse that she'd just been trying to separate the two of them. With that excuse ready if needed, she continued to saw and fondle away while Susan dealt with the last of Alan's load.

When Susan finally finished swallowing her son's load, she rested for a bit, then eventually raised herself so that she was firmly on her knees and elbows.

Of course, now that the blowjob was over, the way Katherine was "holding" her was much, much more obvious.

But Susan barely paid any attention to that, because her cocksucking hadn't quite ended, not the way she performed it. She was determined to thoroughly lick her son's penis and balls clean after each and every one of his orgasms. She went right to it, although most of her time was spent "cleaning" his balls. There was nothing to clean there and they both knew it, but she knew that he enjoyed that stimulation more than her licking his deflated penis.

Even so, Katherine still didn't remove her fingers from her mother's pussy or asshole. Keeping up the pretense of trying to move her, she complained as she probed more vigorously, "Mom! I said, get off him already! That's a clear boundary violation."

Susan, though, was too excited to think or respond. The pulsing fingers attacking both of her holes caused her to climax in yet another powerful orgasm. She was so overcome that she yelled, "Mmmff!" It came out muffled, because she had one of his balls in her mouth. She removed her mouth just long enough to shout more coherently, "Yesssss!"

Another gush of Susan's cum covered her daughter's pistoning fingers, providing more lubrication for Katherine to thrust in and out at an even faster pace.

Any pretense that Katherine was merely "lifting" her mother off Alan had passed about a minute or two earlier. But Susan didn't care, since being fingered in the anus and pussy at the same time felt too good, especially when her mouth was on her son's balls. It was as if Susan's body was completely abandoning itself to sex. Only a lingering hint of her strict upbringing held her back from screaming, "Tiger! Angel! Both of you, fuck me in every hole!" She felt that she was right on the verge of becoming an uncontrollable nymphomaniac, whose whole focus in life would be to serve as a sex toy for both of her children. She loved it.

Alan lay on the bed exhausted. His face was about six inches beneath his mother's pussy, which was still dripping on him, flooding his nostrils. His penis was now lifeless, but even so he was enjoying the front-row view of his sister's double finger-fucking of their mother. It seemed like it was raining pussy juice. Anyway, the way Susan was lapping at his balls felt pretty damn great.

Eventually, Susan's most shattering orgasm of the day (so far) finally came to an end. That left her too wiped out to keep licking, so she slumped down onto Alan, but off to one side so she wouldn't smother him.

Katherine's fingerfucking slowed down to a near stop. She couldn't quite get herself to take her fingers out of her mother's holes, because it seemed like a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. She hated for her fun to end.

Susan finally said, with more than a touch of sarcasm, "Thanks for the help, Angel. I think you can safely remove your fingers now."

"Are you sure?" Katherine asked, still wiggling her fingers. "Do you promise to behave?" She was playing for time while trying to establish a precedent on what she could do in the future. She rubbed her pinky along her mother's clit while trying to dig her fingers deeper into Susan's dripping hole.

Her mind screamed, I can't believe that I have my finger up my mother's pussy! I've been pumping her like there's no tomorrow and she doesn't care! And her ass! It's like I'm in control and she's the child. This is so awesome!

Susan's body involuntarily writhed with the new wiggling that was overwhelming both holes. "Yes. Mommy has been very naughty, but she promises to be good now. Please let me go."

"Okay, this time. But if you're bad again, I'll have to do it again."

"I promise I'll be good."

That aroused Katherine to no end. But she could think of no more excuse for delay, so she finally removed her fingers with a loud pop.

Her fingers were soaked. She sucked her mother's pussy juices from her fingers, in full view of Alan while Susan was lying face down on him, angled the other way. She really played up the licking for her brother as he panted and recovered, then gave him a saucy wink.

Finally Susan rolled all the way off Alan and looked around, causing Katherine to stop the finger-licking that was taunting her brother. The sexy mother ended up lying face up in the bed next to Alan, resting and thinking about what had happened.

Chapter 554 Katherine.

Katherine sat back down on the sofa. She commented, "You're acting really weird today, Mom. What would have happened to you two if I hadn't come in here? You were completely out of control. I shudder to think about it."

"I just shudder," Susan joked, making reference to her many loud, very visible, intense orgasms. "But Angel, thank you for your help. Having a referee isn't so bad, I guess."

"No problem." Katherine smirked, tickled pink that her mother considered what she had done as some kind of help, rather than a blatant, prolonged grope.

"Your presence allowed me to let go. I was too afraid to do it otherwise."

"I noticed."

Susan, however, wasn't completely unaware of how Katherine had been fondling her. She laughed and said, "But daughter, you know there are other ways to pick a person up. You don't have to pull Mommy away by lifting her like a bowling ball!"

They all laughed at that.

Susan had greatly enjoyed her daughter's touch. It was the first time she'd felt another woman's fingers inside her pussy, since Suzanne had only rubbed the outside of her pussy earlier that day, refraining from going inside. Deep down, Susan really wanted more penetration, but she couldn't consciously admit that yet. She'd had to ask Katherine to stop because otherwise she would have been forced to admit to herself that she was enjoying it too much, which meant that she was bisexual. After what she'd done with Suzanne earlier in the day, that was a place she didn't want her thoughts to go.

Susan also was pleased with the whole "referee" idea. She liked being free to let go, not having to control her own desires, instead relying on Katherine to intervene. She wished that could happen more often.

This is great. I can go right to the edge of fucking without having to worry about losing all control. I can't wait until Tiger fucks me up the butt! Angel would have to watch to make sure he doesn't slip it to me in the other hole. As long as she's watching, I should probably play with her clitoris just a little bit, you know, just to say thanks for keeping an eye out. Oops! I didn't say that. No clit play with another woman for you, Susan. Not legal. Boundaries. Lesbianism. Bad. Boy, when did I become such a naughty mommy?

Alan sat up on the bed and said, "By the way, Mom, I've hardly ever done that before. Put my mouth down there on a woman, I mean. It was all so sudden and overwhelming that I couldn't really figure out if I liked it. I don't think I've gotten the hang of it. Can we try that again sometime when we're both more aware of what we're doing?"

Susan was perturbed. "Tiger, don't ask me that. You've got me very confused. We'll talk about it later... Of course I enjoyed it, but your sister says we're not allowed to do that."

She looked across Alan to her daughter with a sour face, as if she thought her daughter was a jailer.

But Katherine rightly pointed out, "Mom, I'm just enforcing your rules. If you don't like them, why not change them?"

Katherine had flopped back on the sofa across from where Alan lay on the bed. The giant Mr. Excitement dildo was still sticking out of her cunt. She'd been too busy with Susan to get her own climax, but now she was making up for lost time. She slowly kneaded her breasts and occasionally played with her clit while using the dildo.

Susan was intensely curious about the big black object sticking out of her daughter's slit. She also didn't want to discuss her own hypocritical standards. So she asked, "What is that big black thing, Angel? That, that... Is that a dildo? a vibrator?"

"That's right, Mom; it's a vibrator, a pussy-pleaser. Don't you own one?"

"No. Don't you remember I'm the sexually conservative and frigid one in this house?"

All three of them had a hearty laugh at that.

As an aside, Susan noted, "Gosh, I don't know what's come over me. I think that's the fourth joke I've made today! I feel all loosey-goosy. It's great. I feel so ALIVE and unrestrained!"

"Why don't you ask Aunt Suzy for one?" suggested Katherine, still talking about dildos.

Susan asked, very interested, "I know Brenda's used one of those, but we've only talked about it over the phone. How does it feel? Is it as good as a real penis?"

"No, nothing feels as..." Katherine answered, then stopped herself. She was going to say, "Nothing feels as good as Alan's cock filling my pussy," but luckily she caught herself in time. She reminded herself again that in her mother's eyes she was still supposed to be a virgin.

Instead, she completed her thought by saying, "...good as a real penis. At least I don't think so. Not like I would know, firsthand, you know. But how could something plastic compare with real, pulsing flesh and blood? The big size is just for show. The length doesn't actually help, though the wideness feels nice." She began pumping the plastic penis in and out of herself again, as if to help demonstrate her meaning.

"Okay, Angel, I think we get the point," her mother said in an annoyed voice. But at the same time she unconsciously licked her lips with lusty desire to feel and taste her daughter's sopping wet pussy.

She shook her mind clear of those thoughts. Whoa! What's wrong with me today? Maybe I need to rethink this whole "Bend over but don't break" idea. I need SOME boundaries! Besides, the only thing I want in my pussy is my own son's cock!bender

Oh dear. Did I just say that? I didn't mean it! Did I?!

She looked over to the clock beside the bed. "Tiger, I take it you're down for a while. Why don't you two run along? It's still an hour and a half until dinner, so you both can get a lot of homework done. But, Son, if you get erect while you're working, you know whose mouth is always waiting for a cock stuffing."

Alan reluctantly sat up in bed, somewhat surprised it was all over. Katherine was surprised too. They'd both been hoping that they were at the beginning stages of a full-on family orgy. But Susan's fear of having lesbian urges gave her enough willpower to stop.

Susan grabbed her son's hand and held onto it. "Tiger, today I'm feeling a little ... I don't know what. Naughty, I suppose. But don't expect this kind of thing all the time, okay?"

He replied with genuine feeling, "Mom, I feel so good in your bed, I just want to stay here forever."

She put a second hand on his hand and caressed it. "I know, I know. Me too. And believe me, I plan to suck your cock in this bed so many times that it'll be your new home away from home." She knew she was contradicting what she'd told him earlier about using her bed, but she didn't care anymore. "And if you want to kiss my pussy a little bit here and there, like you just did, that's okay too."

He was floored by that. Mom never lets me so much as TOUCH her pussy, and now she's saying it's okay if I KISS it?! Whoa! Wow! My life just got a LOT more exciting!

Susan's attitude changed somewhat as she remembered her need for self-control. She started to realize just what she'd been saying. "As long as we don't get carried away, that is. And you need to ask my permission first."

She kept trying to backtrack as she continued to consider the implications. She had an image in her mind of her son deeply skewering her pussy with his cock after extensively licking it. "But we have to do responsible things too, like homework. And, uh... I mean, when I say kiss my pussy, I think touching it is a lot more reasonable, don't you? For special occasions only."

He slumped with disappointment. Damn! I knew that was too good to be true. Still, her pussy was totally off limits before and now it's not. That's pretty huge, now that I think about it. That's a foot in the door, so to speak. Big time! He sat up straight again, feeling much better all of a sudden.

Susan playfully slapped his arm. "So get going before you make me all lightheaded and juicy with another one of your sweet compliments. And you too, daughter. Next time, if I'm standing by the kitchen cabinets and you want to get some breakfast cereal, you don't have to fill up my cunt and ass with your fingers to get me to move, you know. There are other ways. That was so improper."

But all three of them were smiling, because she didn't really mean her weak admonishments very much, and it was clear that for once her "so improper" comment was a deliberate joke.

Katherine thought to herself, I am SOOO going to be fully fucking Mom really soon. Kim is going to die of jealousy! Family orgy right around the corner. Yee-hah!

A few sex-free hours followed. Alan and Katherine actually managed to do some homework, which was a good thing because both of them were so far behind in their classes.

Katherine also spent time writing in her diary about what had happened. At one point, she wrote:

Diary, I know Aunt Suzy has been hinting to me lately that mom could end up being receptive to some lesbian fun. But before today I wondered if that could really be true. Just thinking about the possibility

makes me too horny to think! I mean, we're talking about MOM here! That's just impossible. But I can't deny what happened today. First I got to kiss her - ON THE LIPS! - and play with her impossibly curvy body for-absofuckinlutely-ever. And then just now I got to stick my fingers in her pussy and up her butt and she's like 'That's okay!' What's with that?!?! It's like one of the Stepford Wives has replaced my mom.

Diary, talk to me here! Am I out of my friggin' mind?! I wish I could talk to Aunt Suzy about this. If it's true that Mom is becoming bisexual... Particularly if she'll also let Brother fuck her. I can't even put into words how great that would be! My life, our lives, everything, would be beyond incredible!

— — —

Alan had an upcoming test where he expected to do poorly. His problem was that, when it came to choosing between studying harder and playing more sexual games, he always ended up playing the sexual games. He consoled himself that at least he'd completed a bit of prep work for his test.

Dinner started relatively free of teasing. Katherine and Susan even wore fairly normal clothing, instead of their increasingly common sexy nighties. The reason for the tame mood was that Alan made clear that his penis had been overworked and still needed a rest - a point he emphasized by putting on long pants. The other two tried to match his mood, so they held off to let him get some space.

After the three of them had been eating for a while, Katherine said, "You know, Mom, since you were so naughty this afternoon, I think you should be punished. I think I should spank you, just like I was punished with a spanking by Aunt Suzy for breaking the rules."

"You're right, Angel."

Alan and Katherine were quite stunned to hear such a quick agreement.

Susan was all too willing to be spanked, not to mention poked, probed, kissed, fondled, and licked, as long as it was done by one of her loved ones. However, she added, "But let's wait until tomorrow. Maybe Suzanne can administer it, like she did to you, since she's so good at that kind of thing. Today is my special day with my special Tiger, so I don't want to do something with anyone else." She held his hand and looked into his eyes like the woman in love that she really was.

Even though she'd known him his entire life and had always loved him as a mother, she'd fallen head over heels in love with him as a woman with her man.

Chapter 555 Yes, It IS That Big. No, I'm Not Kidding.

While the other two went back to eating and pondering what had just been agreed to, Susan resumed humming the rhyme she'd made up earlier that afternoon, which she was now calling "The Alan Song." She liked to vary the rhythm, tempo, and words, which came out slightly different each time:

I am Alan's cow

Gonna suck his prick like I don't know how

Son makes mom go "moo"

Rewards her mouth with a load of goo

Mommy's chest's a hit

She can't wait until he fucks her tits

I am Alan's rack

He owns my chest and that's a fact

She was too shy to sing or say the words out loud. But she thought, Wouldn't it be great if he could read my mind and hear his song? Maybe he'd get so excited that he'd throw me on the table and do all kinds of nasty things to me right in front of everyone. He'd show them all just how much he desires me and needs my body to temporarily satisfy his never-ending lust. Hey! That's a good idea for a new lyric:

I am Alan's hole

On the table here he'll take control

Susan wasn't very good with quick sexual wordplay, but for some reason she was better with rhymes and could turn just about any thought into a new lyric for her song, given time. (The fact that she was more than a little loose about the meter of the song certainly helped in that regard.)

They were interrupted by a phone call a few minutes later, just as they were finishing dinner. Susan answered it, and soon she was happily chatting away.

Alan thought, The outside world. What a trippy thought. It's like a cold slap of reality to recall that there are other people out there who live normal, boring lives. Even we occasionally have to deal with boring, non-sexual...

His thoughts trailed off as he started paying attention to her words.

Susan was speaking into the phone gaily, "Yes, it IS that big. No, I'm not kidding. You've seen it yourself, so why do you always ask me to describe it? ... Yes, it's about that thick. I can just barely get my fingers around it! Although you do have smaller hands, so I don't know about you... Imagine trying to stuff a giant cucumber into your mouth. Can you feel how great it is to have your mouth filled with THAT MUCH hot cock? ... Yeah, it can be tough and tiring, but boy oh boy, when you get that payoff... Yes... Yes. Tasty. Delicious! ... Sooooo good! MMMM! I'm getting too cock-hungry, just talking about it. Imagine having such a hot, throbbing, thick monster filling your whole mouth. You suck and lick, and lick and suck, until you're sure you can't take anymore, and then it just erupts! All that spermy goodness hitting the back of your throat! Mmmm... Girl, I'll tell you, it's the best feeling in the whole wide world!"

Katherine and Alan looked at each other in total confusion. It was obvious who and what she was talking about, but the question they both had was: who she was speaking to? At first, it seemed possible that she was speaking to Suzanne, but she was mentioning things that Suzanne knew just as well as Susan herself did. Another possibility was Amy, but that didn't seem likely, especially since Amy was more likely to just walk next door rather than call on the phone.

The other woman talked for a minute or more before Susan continued, "Don't worry. You'll get your chance... No, I don't mind a little bit of sharing. My son is a special, cum-filled boy with very special

needs, and that includes having lots of sexy vixens constantly sucking and serving his cock. He deserves help from exactly the likes of you. Just thinking about him painting your cute face and huge tits with his milky sperm gets me so hot!"

Alan and Katherine looked at each other with "A-ha!" expressions. The mention of "cute face and huge tits" had clarified that Susan must be talking to Brenda.

Susan kept on talking. "Of course he likes you. Naturally he loves your big tits. I told you that yesterday AND the day before. Maybe he loves them a little too much, but I try not to get jealous... He's a tit man, that's for sure, and I'll bet he'd just love to give them a good fucking... Yes! You should have seen the way he fucked my tits a few hours ago. It was glorious! I bent down and sucked on the tip as best I could. Hey, can you do that too, or are your tits just too huge for you to reach? ... Really? ... Really? ... Oh, reeeeaally?! I'll bet he'd LOVE it if you do THAT!"

Alan's dick was not only erect again after listening to that much, it was like a springy steel bar.

Katherine was getting pretty horny too. She was disappointed that she was sitting across the table from him, but then she realized that offered its own opportunities. She started to play footsie with him under the table. Soon, she was caressing his bulge with her newly bare feet.

Susan kept on talking casually, almost like she had phone calls like that almost every day. (In fact, that was actually the case, thanks to the new phone call tradition that she and Brenda had established after their talk on Sunday night. This was actually their second phone call of the day.) "Yes. Maybe he'll do it to you tomorrow night... Of course you're Alan-worthy! How many times do I have to tell you that already? Where did your self-confidence go? ... Be patient. It's almost here. Just one more day..."

Alan was staggered at just how hot Brenda apparently was for him. The call made clear that Brenda would be participating in the next poker party. While that wasn't surprising of itself, he felt staggered as his mind filled with the possibilities. He imagined titfucking her as she lay on the dining room table, with the rest of the group sitting around watching.

Susan and Brenda started discussing various outfits they might wear to the event.

Katherine could see that the conversation was going to go on for quite a while longer. In her previous life Susan had cared about clothes about as much as she'd cared about her brand of toothpaste or

dental floss, but since her sexual awakening, once she got started talking about sexy outfits, it was hard to get her to stop. Playing footsie with Alan's cock through his pants just didn't cut it for Katherine, so she quickly switched seats to sit right next to Alan.

Susan sensed her movement and looked over at the table while continuing to gab on the phone.

Katherine smiled at her, acting as if she had changed seats to get a better view of Susan talking on the phone. But even as she smiled, she surreptitiously brought her nearer hand into Alan's lap and started unzipping his fly. Since today was a Tuesday and she'd already made one deal with her mother, she knew that this was her only chance to have any further fun with Alan's boner.

Alan was too aroused to offer any resistance. He was listening closely to the phone call, trying to comprehend the extent of Brenda's desire for him.

Katherine immediately began to jack him off. She thought, Technically, I'm breaking my agreement with Mom, but that's okay, because Mom can't help him out while she's so busy talking on the phone. Anyway, I'm just "warming him up" for her. I'm sure she'll want to take over once the call ends.

Susan immediately figured out what Katherine was doing from the movement of her upper arm. Even though this was a violation of Katherine's punishment, she decided that she approved. After all, she was happiest when her son was erect and buzzing with arousal, and she knew that she herself was largely responsible for that current arousal, due to deliberately talking to Brenda in his presence. She figured that sometimes other women had to take the lead with helping him, particularly when she was unable to do so herself.

Brenda didn't realize that Alan was in the room where Susan was talking, overhearing her end of the conversation, so Susan took full advantage of his presence to increase his pleasure over what Katherine was doing to him. Susan looked straight at Alan and posed for him as she described in great detail all the sexy clothes she might wear to their next poker party. Her hands ran all over her body as she described to Brenda the cut of the clothing and the way it draped on her body, and especially what she planned to expose to Alan and how she expected that would affect him once his penis was fully engorged.

It wasn't long before Susan took off her blouse to play with her boobs with her one free hand. She was still wearing pants and heels. The pants were a choice that she now regretted, because they were tough to remove with one hand and they were limiting her access to her pussy, as well as preventing her from showing off her legs.

As Katherine subtly rubbed Alan's sweet spot with two fingers, over and over, he heard Susan say in an increasingly breathless voice, "Brenda, what you need is an outfit that'll get Tiger so worked up he'll be totally unable to control himself. Suzanne and I have some special clothes we like to call one-inchers, because they'll make his already fully erect, stiff cock grow another inch! ... No, not literally, although maybe just a little. Anyway, then we have some even SEXIER outfits we call our two-inchers, 'cos they'll make his cock a full extra TWO inches longer! Can you imagine that? ... No, we haven't found any three-inchers yet, but wouldn't it be so hot if we did? My goodness!"

Katherine and Alan hadn't heard the "one-incher" and "two-incher" lingo before, so they both made a mental note of it.

Alan realized that he was being a bit selfish about taking pleasure but not returning it. So he reached over to Katherine, moved her clothes aside, and started fingering her pussy lips. He knew this was much riskier than what Katherine was doing to him. If Katherine were caught, Susan would be miffed at Katherine violating the promise they'd agreed to in the morning, but the fact that she was keeping Alan erect with a handjob was no big deal. In fact, it might even be appreciated.

However, just as Susan's pussy was supposed to be off limits for Alan (notwithstanding what had happened upstairs earlier), Katherine's pussy was supposed to be equally off limits to him, if not more so. If Susan was concerned about Alan fucking her, she was even more concerned about the possibility of him fucking her daughter, his sister. So he had to be extra careful. He figured the angles were such that Susan probably could figure out what Katherine was doing to him, but not what he was doing to Katherine. Besides, it helped a great deal that Susan tended to keep her eyes on him and his erection.

Susan continued on the phone, "What makes a two-incher? I'll tell you! You'd better buy TWO of that outfit, because he'll get so excited he'll end up ripping it right off your body, which'll probably tear it to shreds! Then he'll FORCE you to your KNEES! You'll know you're nothing more than another one of his big-titted sex toys when he unzips his shorts and shoves his THICK COCK right down your throat! ... Yes! ... No! You have NO choice in the matter! He'll hold your head in place with both hands and forcibly FUCK YOUR FACE! Mmmm! Your only choice is to suck, and suck, and suck some more! Your pleasure means nothing! His pleasure is all! Mmmm! MMMM! YES! So good! SO HOT!"

By this time, Susan had managed to undo her pants one-handed and slide them down to her knees. Since she was adhering to the house "no female underwear" rule, that left her free to play with her pussy and clit. She was doing just that so intently that she frequently almost dropped the receiver.

Alan and Katherine were both surprised by just how aggressively the fantasy Alan was behaving in the story that Susan was painting for Brenda. Everyone was getting more and more aroused.

Katherine had started jacking him off, uncertain whether Susan would notice or object. However, it was soon clear to the girl that her mother was aware she was giving Alan a handjob. The lack of any disapproving reaction meant that Susan tacitly approved. Katherine decided to take things a bit further, so she went from just rubbing Alan's sweet spot to sliding her hand up and down his slicked-up shaft, making sure to angle the action so Susan could see most of it.

Alan, by contrast, was still being careful in his response, mostly just playing with Katherine's clit to avoid big arm motions that might trigger Susan's jealousy.

Susan leaned further over the table to get a better look at Katherine's hand as it slid up and down Alan's boner. She repeatedly licked her lips as she stared with wanton desire.

Alan had never heard Susan talk so aggressively and passionately. Knowing that her children were listening, she was careful to speak to Brenda in a manner that made the gist of their conversation clear. "So you say you want to suck his cock. You've told me that a thousand times already. But just how badly do you really want it? ... Uh huh. That bad? Wow! ... But are you willing to strip off all your clothes, drop to your knees in front of him, and beg? For real? What if you were here right now, and Katherine was already busy giving him a handjob?"

She winked at her children after making that knowing comment.

Alan's mind was blown all over again. Man! Mom is naked and masturbating, and so fucking STACKED! I can't get enough of her bouncy boobs. And Sis is jacking me off in full view. Meanwhile, Mom is talking to Brenda, of all people. BRENDA! The woman Aunt Suzy promises is going to become my "sex pet," whatever the hell that means. I'm so friggin' HORNY! Ugh! Just another typical day in my new life!

After listening to what must have been a long answer from Brenda, Susan continued, "You would? Shamelessly, even, like a starving dog?! ... You WOULD?! My goodness! That's the spirit! What would you say, exactly?"

There was another prolonged pause, because Brenda had a lot to say. The gist of it was that she was willing to do anything and everything to be one of his official personal cocksuckers.

Susan continued, "Good! But don't forget, there's no love here. He's just using your mouth as a cum dump! You'd be nothing but one of his many, many, MANY personal cocksuckers!" Susan was getting carried away with her language, and both older women knew that, but they loved it just the same.

After another comment from Brenda, Susan asked, "What? You love it? You get off on having to share him? You even want to suck him off together with me? My goodness! You know that's a naughty, naughty idea. VERY forbidden! Unless... what do you suggest?" She stared at Katherine's fingers sliding up and down Alan's boner with pure lust in her eyes.

There was a long pause while Brenda explained how she'd share Alan's cock with Susan. She boldly claimed that a powerful cock's like Alan's should be denied nothing, and that it often might take at least two eager mouths to fully satisfy him. Then she described in very graphic detail how the two of them could team up, using both their mouths and all four hands, to give him the blowjob of a lifetime.

That left Susan so horny that she was nearly speechless. Her mouth was watering, and she was increasingly eager to get off the phone so she could get on her knees and inspect Alan's erection up close. "I see. Well... Alright then! ... And what would you do to tempt him into fucking your monstrously huge tits?"

Susan was breathing hard and writhing her mostly naked body in a sexual manner. But no matter how aroused she got, she still made sure to inspire her children with her language on the phone, even repeating some of the things that Brenda had said so they wouldn't miss the details.

For instance, after Brenda described a particular dress she might wear, Susan replied, "Are you sure the fabric is thick enough, or are your outrageously erect nipples going to poke right through it? And how will it look wet, when it's soaked through and through from your pussy juice and Alan's big cum loads? You'll look like you won a sticky wet-T-shirt contest by the end of tomorrow night, I guarantee you. Have you ever had your big chest entirely basted and bathed in hot, creamy sperm? You will soon!"

But while Brenda didn't know that Alan was in the room, Susan assumed from previous calls that Brenda had removed all her clothes while the call was going on. Susan's words were so hot that Brenda was very literally burning with lust, which led to her disrobing. Eventually she was buck naked, wildly friggng herself so much that she was no longer able to hold the phone. She put the receiver relatively near her ear so she could use both hands to play with herself.

By that point, neither she nor Susan were really talking. Instead, they just panted into the phone as they friggged themselves repeatedly to orgasm.

When Brenda heard Susan start to squeal with obvious orgasmic ecstasy, she had to end the call because she was too far gone to continue. She was so aroused that she was on the verge of hyperventilating. As soon as she put the phone down, she let out a piercing wail and let herself go, cumming in proverbial buckets.

Susan suddenly found herself with her pants around her knees, her fingers pressing her clit, holding a disconnected phone line. She looked over at Katherine and Alan and blushed. She knew she'd just cried out, but she'd kind of blanked out on what she'd said or how loud she'd been or how many times she'd climaxed.

Chapter 556 Alan's Exclusive Sex Pet?

Susan quickly pulled her pants back up, then moved to put the phone back where it belonged. Only then did she bend over and pick up her blouse.

She walked to the kitchen to finish dressing and compose herself. Her sexual hunger was sated, at least for the moment, by the big orgasm she'd just had. She asked in the most casual voice she could manage, "Tiger? Angel? How are you doing? Need anything from the kitchen?"

Katherine quipped, "We're doing okay, but not as great as you!"

Susan blushed a little more and turned her head away.

Alan stopped playing with his sister's pussy and clit because he expected that their mother would soon return to the table. He figured that now that Susan had her orgasm and appeared to calm down, she was liable to give him a lecture on their "improper" behavior.

Katherine, though, wasn't willing to stop stroking his shaft.

He gave her a look and even slapped her hand, but she just playfully stuck her tongue out at him and continued her stroking.

Alan didn't get a chance to discourage her any further, because at that point Susan came back into the room fully dressed. She sat back down at the dinner table, on the opposite side from Alan and Katherine. She could easily tell that Katherine was still jacking Alan off, but she didn't bring it up. Instead, she merely noted, "That was Brenda."

Her kids snickered and giggled. Alan said, "Yeah, we figured that out like fifteen minutes ago."

Susan grinned. "I know. I was trying to make a joke. Was that good or not?"

"Mom," Alan said, "that was very good. Great, actually. Keep it up. But what's up with that phone call? Obviously, that wasn't the first time you two have talked like that."

Susan said, "No. She's calling me all the time these days. It's like getting on the Jehovah's Witnesses' potential-converts list or something." She pretended to be annoyed, but in fact she'd come to love her daily phone calls with Brenda, which had become more frequent and much more explicitly erotic since their talk on Sunday night. She'd just cleaned her juices off her upper thighs while in the kitchen, or they would have been soaking wet. She would have loved to suck off her son yet again, but for once her jaw was too sore and tired to do it, and she was still recovering from her big orgasm.

Anyway, she knew full well that her daughter was already taking care of his boner. Katherine was making a renewed effort to at least be subtle about jacking him off under the table, but she wasn't doing a good job of it. Susan could see the telltale motion in the way that Katherine's upper arms went up and down repeatedly.

Surprisingly, Susan still didn't feel bothered about it, even though it was technically in violation of Katherine's punishment. It's a shame that Angel is violating my direct order, but I can't exactly blame her. Would I be able to keep my hands in my lap if Tiger had his raging erection right next to me, and while listening to a phone call like that? No way! Keeping his cock stiff and happy takes priority, after all. She is one of his personal cocksuckers, and that's what we do. Since I'm too wiped out do it at the moment, I'll just pretend not to notice. Besides, she knew she was being more than a bit greedy with the tradition that Tuesday was 'her day' and she felt somewhat guilty about it.

Alan asked his mother, "So you and Brenda have been having a lot of calls like that? I'm amazed!" His head was spinning from the sheer pleasure of Katherine's handjob, but he tried not to let on.

Susan admitted, "To be honest, yeah, kinda. It's been going on for a few days now. I actually hope we'll keep doing it a lot. It's fun talking to her, usually about you and all the various ways you end up dominating me with your wonderfully super-strength penis. But that call, well, things got... a little bit out of hand, with you two right there. I even kind of surprised myself at some of the things I said." She lowered her head and blushed in a very cute manner.

Katherine said, "Well, yeah! That was seriously out of hand!" But she added in a less critical tone, "What have your other calls with her been like?"

Susan said, "Well, we started talking on the phone some prior to the last poker night. Back then, Brenda was trying to be nice to me, but I must admit I wasn't too friendly in return."

Katherine went back to just subtly rubbing Alan's sweet spot as it slowly dawned on her how physically close Susan was sitting and how easy it would be for her to see what Katherine was doing, for instance if she suddenly stood up. "Why not?" she asked. "You're, like, the nicest person I know. You're nice to everybody."

Susan looked guilty and upset at that. "I know! I feel terrible." She looked away as she confessed, "It's just that, well... Tiger is a tit man, and Brenda's tits are soooo darn big! Way bigger than mine. And not only that, but they're perfect! I mean, how can they be that big and sag so little and still be all natural? And her nipples. I would KILL for nipples that long and that sensitive!"

Alan was in a bit of a fix. He knew Katherine was very conscious of her breast size, thinking that hers were too small, even though she had one of the biggest and nicest pairs of boobs in their school. But her main points of comparison were Susan and Suzanne. So if he praised his mother's boobs, he could offend his sister. But if he didn't, his mother might be sad and insecure.

Luckily for him, Susan continued to talk without pause. "But then that poker night happened last Wednesday, and you both know what happened. Things kind of got out of hand with that too, what with the way you measured Brenda's boobs and all, Son." bender

Katherine snickered. "He did a lot more than measure them, as I recall. In fact, he pretty much 'measured' every last inch of her naked body!" She giggled.

Susan smiled. "I know. It was so hot! But the main thing is, since I slipped up and talked about all the incestuous cocky fun we're having around here, we really have no choice but to bring her into Alan's harem."

Alan started to complain, "Mom, you know that-"

"Right. Sorry, you don't like that word. If I call it your 'stable of many beautiful, busty sluts,' is that better?"

"Um..." He was too aroused to think that through.

Susan just grinned slyly and continued, "Now, mind you, I certainly don't consider what we're doing REAL incest; it's not the truly sinful kind. But the outside world wouldn't understand that distinction. Anyway, both of you know most of what's happened with Brenda since. But what you may not know is that Suzanne recently put me in charge of bringing her in."

Alan asked, "'Bringing her in?' What does that mean?"

Susan explained in a matter-of-fact manner, "Well, obviously, you've got to fully tame her with your big cock."

If he'd been drinking something, it would have shot out of his nose at that moment. He lurched forward as his boner spasmed and twitched in Katherine's hand. "What did you say?!"

Susan smiled smugly at him. "You heard me. You need to turn her into another one of your personal sex pets, completely dedicated to serving your cock."

Katherine was aroused and inspired by that, despite her jealousy issues. In fact, her jealousy just inflamed her lust. She started stroking his throbbing erection faster, nearly heedless about being noticed.

He was still incredulous. "Mom, you sound just like Aunt Suzy. She keeps suggesting Brenda should be my 'sex pet' too. Why does everyone keep saying that about her?!"

Susan replied as if she was impatient with him being slow on the uptake. "Because it's perfectly fitting, that's why. The important thing is that SHE likes it. She's as submissive as I am, and maybe more so. She'd love nothing more than to help you with your special problem!"

He looked pointedly at Katherine's fingers playing over his sweet spot. "Why is everyone so keen on helping me?! I mean, I don't mean to complain, but..." He felt like he was a surfer riding an endless wave of pleasure. It was getting hard to continue talking.

Susan continued calmly, "Surely you can see there's no other way. Suzanne wanted you to have a pleasant surprise at tomorrow's poker party, and maybe present her to you wearing nothing but a bow wrapped around her waist or something like that. I should have taken that call in the other room, but I'm so proud of you that I wanted you to hear how much she craves serving your cock already. Whenever she talks to me, I can't get her to stop going on about how much she wants to be exclusively one of your sex pets and personal cocksuckers!"

Alan was stunned speechless. Brenda? Brenda?! Of course I've been looking forward to having some more sexy fun with her, like what happened with her and Aunt Suzy on Sunday. But... a "sex pet?!" I know that's been Aunt Suzy's plan all along, but I can't get over that it's actually happening! She's like... unreal! She's got the body and face of a movie star, plus tits the size of small cars! I mean, that's like talking about someone like Jayne Mansfield serving my cock. I'm sorry. No way! It can't be!

But Mom wasn't faking that call... She couldn't possibly be that tricky. And Brenda sounds ridiculously eager. That means that soon I'll be fucking those incredible tits of hers! Not to mention fucking her mouth! Hell, why not both at once?! Or, Jesus, why not think big? Mom's "no fucking" rule can't slow me down with Brenda. I could fuck her cunt to my heart's content too!

He was hit with a vision of a naked Brenda sitting on top of him, holding his erection and slowly skewering herself down on it. They were in an unfamiliar, fancy bedroom, which no doubt was meant to be Brenda's. As she settled down on him, she stared right at him and proclaimed, "This makes it official! I'm one of your fuck toys! I get to be another one of your sex pets! Fuck me! Fuck me HARD! Fuck me DEEP!"

Needless to say, this aroused him greatly, and for a few long moments, he teetered on the edge of orgasm. Fuck yeah! That's totally gonna happen! Why won't it? This is my life now! I don't know about terms like "fuck toy" and "sex pet," but if she wants me to fuck her, then, by God, I'm gonna fuck her! Yessss!

Meanwhile, Katherine kept right on stimulating his sweet spot. She was forced to take little pauses here and there, because she could sense he was getting dangerously close to cumming. But she giggled and snickered, "What's wrong, Bro? Cat got your tongue?" Then she stopped with the pauses and increased the speed and pressure as she felt him surging again, due to his thoughts of Brenda.

He leaned forward into the table, suddenly clenching his PC muscle as another great surge of pleasure rolled through him. Fuck, man! Brenda! He muttered, "No, I'm just, uh, thinking."

Susan grinned slyly, guessing well what he was reacting to. That's so fun, seeing him almost cum like that! Of course he's thinking about Brenda and all the things he's going to do to her luscious body. As he should! I still don't want her coming around here all the time, but if she wants to dedicate herself to serving his cock as one of his personal cocksuckers, who am I to say no? It's not my place anyway, since he's the man of the house and I'm just his big-titted mommy slut! It just goes to show what a total stud he is! My boy! Her heart soared with pride and joy.

Chapter 557 How Was I Ever So... Sexless Before?

Another minute passed while he still slowly came down from his close call. Katherine was taking it easy on his hard-on for the time being.

Finally, he asked, "What the heck is a 'sex pet' supposed to be, anyway? Could somebody actually define that for me?"bender

Knowing that he was sensitive about that sort of language, Susan tried to downplay it. "That's just one term we use. 'Sex pet,' 'fuck toy,' 'sex toy,' 'personal cocksucker...' they're all just colorful ways to express how much we love playing with you, and keeping your fat cock continually throbbing with pleasure. Don't read too much into it."

Katherine wasn't on board about downplaying that language. "'Don't read too much into it?!' Mom, don't you know that 'fuck toy' means everything to me?!" She looked into Alan's eyes as her fingers kept on sliding over his sweet spot. "For one thing, Brother, it means I'm EXCLUSIVELY yours!" She brought a second hand over to his crotch and started pumping up and down with both hands to show how strongly she felt, even though there was no way Susan could miss what she was doing.

Sensing that Katherine was going to launch into a prolonged and arousing declaration, not to mention a passionate two-handed cock pumping, Susan deliberately interrupted her. "He knows that already. Let's not beat a dead horse." When Katherine quickly turned her head before Alan did, Susan gave her a look indicating she needed to tone things down, and in more ways than one.

Katherine got the message. "Right. You know how I feel about you." She removed her second hand, then leaned forward and briefly kissed him. But it was more of a teasing kiss, with their tongues briefly playing with each other outside of their mouths.

Susan was relieved that she'd avoided a conflict over terms like "sex pet." Her attitude was that the practical reality was much more important than what it was called. She wasn't even consistent in what she called herself, since she loved a variety of sexual terms. But the important thing for her was that she'd end up as one of his favorites in his harem, even if it took him a while before he accepted terms like "harem."

She continued to explain, "Anyway, Suzanne convinced me to put aside my envy about Brenda's overly-large breasts and try to befriend her. So that's what I've done, ever since that day. Now it's an easy, fun task. All I really need to do is keep encouraging her and telling her sexy stories about you, since her interest in you has skyrocketed. Especially after what you did to her last Sunday morning while I was in church, she's so hot for you these days that it's not even funny! I'm not sure what you did exactly, except that Suzanne helped, but keep doing it to her!"

He thought back to when he'd fondled Brenda's huge tits while Suzanne sucked his cock. Then he looked down again at his sister, who was still giving him a furtive handjob. He had to laugh out loud at his absurdly lucky life. Trying to keep the conversation going, he asked, "So how often do you two talk?"

"Last week, she started calling me every day, sometimes more than once a day. At first she played it cool and we talked about all kinds of things. You'd be surprised how smart and well read she is. But with each call it seemed we talked a little more about you and about sex with you. That call you heard, compared to the previous ones, it was..." She struggled to find the right word.

"The climax," Katherine suggested, giggling.

Susan laughed, understanding the double meaning. "Yes, you could say that! However, the word I was looking for was 'typical.' I suppose you could say that, these days, each phone call I have with her always reaches a climax. In fact, several." She thought, I love my new life. Thinking and talking about sex, and even joking about it. How was I ever so... sexless before? I'm amazed I didn't die of boredom.

She continued, "Anyway, I'm warming up to her. A lot. As you can probably guess from hearing the call, she's got a good attitude. Son, she knows the proper role for a big-titted beauty when faced with a naturally superior male like you."

Susan had recovered from her orgasm by now, and between the Brenda talk and knowing what Katherine was doing with her hand, she was getting aroused all over again. So she paused in her comments and made a big production out of slowly unbuttoning the buttons running down the front of her blouse. As she did that, she purred huskily, "Don't forget that some people say your mommy is a big-titted beauty. So think about what MY proper role around here should be." She raised an eyebrow and flashed him a knowing smile.

Alan licked his lips and held his breath while he watched Susan unbutton more buttons. His enjoyment continued to be heightened by Katherine's talented fingers.

Susan didn't stop until she'd opened her blouse all the way. But, being a playful tease, she just held her blouse on both sides as if she was about to open it up wide, without actually doing so. "Aaaah. That's better. I'm not gonna say anything more about Brenda though, so you'll still have some fun surprises tomorrow night. Let's just say I'm confident you'll soon prove to her that her most cherished fantasies CAN come true, and her proper place is on her knees, wearing just her high heels and slurping on your fat cock!" She said this beaming with pride, as if describing her son's winning science fair project.

He was very turned on and interested by what she had to say about Brenda. But his immediate interest was seeing her open the front of her blouse all the way. Come on, Mom! Do it! Man, I just want to bury my face in those boobs and motorboat all around! Fuuuuuck! And Sis is jacking me off so great!

Katherine complained, "Hey, it's tough enough for me to get my fair share. You, me, Aunt Suzy, and Amy, we're the ones who belong on our knees, taking our turns slurping and sucking. There's no room for one more!" She would have crossed her arms under her ample rack except that she was steadily rubbing Alan's sweet spot and didn't want to stop.

Alan was blown away that his mother and sister were having this conversation, and not even seeing anything remarkable or unusual about it. He was completely speechless.

Susan didn't want to openly refer to the discussion that she, Brenda, and Katherine had had on Sunday night, since Alan didn't know about it and she didn't want to explain it all to him at that moment. "Angel, we've been over this. Suzanne's assured me that Brenda will only be coming here once a week for our Wednesday night poker games, plus occasional other visits. Surely you don't mind Tiger enjoying a special guest two or three times a week, do you?"

"No, that sounds okay," Katherine agreed. "We all had lots of fun with her last time. Besides, she seems to be a nice person, and we do have the whole issue of our secret incest. We all know that Brother is going to tame her, and I'm okay with that. I'm just concerned that a couple of times a week will turn into a few, and so on, until she's here almost all the time."

"I'm with you there," Susan agreed. She still had her hands on the front of her blouse. She'd widened the gap some more, just enough to show hints of her areolae. "After all, there is only so much yummy cock to go around, and I'm still not pleased about the size of her natural endowments. The key, Son, is that you have to 'get on top' of her, so to speak, and stay there. We can't let on that she's in a position of power due to what she knows about us. You need to dominate and control her so thoroughly that she'll obey you completely and protect our secrets, rather than saying something to someone that could harm our family."

Alan's mind boggled at that. So the pressure's on me. If I don't seduce her totally, all the sexy fun we've been having could be in danger? Oh great. As if a woman looking like Brenda isn't daunting enough. Thank God I heard this phone call though. That'll give me confidence that she's really hot to trot for me, to say the least! How can I go wrong, when she's got such a great submissive attitude!

Actually Susan didn't really believe that Brenda was still a threat - she was just too hooked. But Susan knew that Alan might be reluctant to act aggressively. She hoped that if he did "dominate and control [Brenda] thoroughly," he would enjoy it greatly and feel emboldened to treat his own mother the same way.

Susan looked at the dining table, and in particular the three plates of cold spring-vegetable fettuccine that still stood upon it. She continued to tease Alan with the sight of her exposed big breasts, while restraining herself from opening her blouse all the way. "My goodness. Whatever happened to eating dinner? That call was distracting, to say the least. Would you two like me to reheat your dinners?"

They both shook their heads 'No'. Cooled-off pasta was fine with them sometimes.

"Good. I must admit, that call really worked me up. I'm still all tingly. And Son, I know talk of Brenda arouses you, because she's a hottie, especially in the, uh, chesty region. But never forget that your mommy has a pretty nice pair of her own, okay?" With that, Susan finally and dramatically opened her blouse so her great globes were entirely exposed.

Alan was so thrilled that he forgot to breathe. He finally let out a gasp. He eagerly bobbed his head in approval and agreement. Man, ain't that the truth! Mom's so stacked that it's crazy! I swear, I'll never, ever get over it. If Sis wasn't here rubbing my cock so well, I'd praise those twin peaks to the high heavens!

Susan smirked at the lusty look on her son's face. She was secretly pleased that her teasing had worked so well. She picked up a fork and resumed eating. "Let's finish eating first, and then we can get down to some serious spermy fun." She ostentatiously licked her lips, then craned her mouth as wide open as she could get. "Okay?"

Katherine gave Alan's erection a final friendly squeeze. Then she brought her napkin into her lap to wipe her hand clean of all his pre-cum. She picked up her silverware with both hands and resumed eating.

Alan's penis immediately started to go flaccid. He stuffed it back into his pants, quietly zipped up, and resumed eating too.

Susan was surprised to discover she was quite disappointed when she saw her kid's hands all return to the table. Awww, the fun is over. I love it so much when his cock is hard and throbbing, even if I'm not the one who made it that way. But I'll get it back up to its happy state just as soon as dinner is over. Mmmm! More cocksucking fun. Or maybe I'll use my tits, to give my jaw a bit of a rest. Maybe it's time for a titfuck. Yes! A titfuck sounds like a great idea! With all this Brenda talk, it's good to remind him that Mommy has some huge knockers of her own!

A few minutes later, the phone rang again. As Susan went to answer it, she grumbled, "What does Brenda want now? Do I have to walk her through ANOTHER fantasy blowjob? Good grief!"

But it turned out to be one of Susan's cousins, living in Chicago. That was a real cold slap of reality for her. That cousin, like almost everyone else in Susan's extended family, was very religious and uptight. Susan was grateful that for once she was actually fully dressed, more or less - she quickly buttoned up her blouse. She started blushing furiously, imagining what her cousin would think about her last call with Brenda.

After dinner, Susan was still so obviously spooked from her cousin's call that there was no further teasing or talk of penis stimulation. She needed to apologize to Alan for needing some time alone, since she'd all but promised more sexual fun after dinner, but in her new mood she was too embarrassed to keep her promise, or even to apologize. She did give him a very apologetic look as she left the room.

Alan had cooled down a bit himself after he saw her get upset. He figured a break wasn't so bad, especially since he'd lost his erection anyway.

Katherine and Alan went to their respective rooms and studied some more, finally finishing their homework. Then Alan went downstairs to watch TV. He'd recorded Sunday's San Diego Chargers football game. Even though he'd seen the highlights and knew the final score, he wanted to watch the whole game.

Katherine had developed a love of football from being with her brother when he was watching the Chargers games, which he had done every season, even when the team had been bad. So she joined him and watched too.

Susan had never learned the rules of football, so she had little interest in watching the game herself. She chose instead to be in the kitchen and make cookies for her kids. She would have made a snack anyway, because she loved being a caring mother, but she was especially keen to make some yummy snacks for Alan as an unspoken apology for not being in the mood to play around some more. She knew he really loved cookies, especially oatmeal raisin and chocolate chip ones.

Suzanne walked in the front door just a few minutes after Alan had started to watch the game. She'd just come from dinner at a fancy restaurant with her husband and a couple of his business associates, so she was still wearing a formal business suit.

Suzanne didn't have any love of football. She made a sour face when she peeked into the living room from the front foyer and saw what the kids were watching.

She was very anxious to finally fuck Alan, and knew that he felt the same. She had no understanding of the subdued, non-sexual mood that had settled over the house. Even though she knew this wasn't the moment for fucking, she thought she'd have some fun playing with his head to encourage the idea.

"How's your day going, Angel?" she asked Katherine from one room away, as she removed her panties from under her heavy clothes and deposited them in the underwear cabinet before walking further into the house.

"Good, I guess. For a Tuesday, if you know what I mean." Katherine rolled her eyes in frustration.

"I do." Suzanne could definitely relate to the lack of access to Alan's penis the last couple of Tuesdays.

Alan was sitting on the floor. He'd waved at Suzanne when she'd first come in, but then returned his attention to the game.

Suzanne moved between him and the television, standing so she towered over him. She smiled as she looked down at him. "And how has your day been, Sweetie?"

"Amazing and surreal, as usual," he answered honestly, while still trying to stare around her at the TV.

"But you look tired," she said consolingly in her slightly scratchy voice. "I'll bet you had a hairy day." She lifted up her dress as she said this, so her pussy was in plain sight right over his face. With a happy snicker, she added, "You look really bushed."

He finally looked up at her and nearly drooled at the sight of the pink pussy staring him in the face. He was genuinely surprised though at just how wet she was. Rivulets of her juices were flowing down her thighs.

Katherine could tell what kind of show Alan was getting. She quipped, "He's weary from the daily grind."

Suzanne giggled along with Katherine. "Exactly. He's knackered."

"Knickered," Katherine giggled some more. "Maybe that's because he's being knocked so often these days."

"I think he should relax and take a load off, don't you?"

"Definitely! Take a BIG load off! And I know just where he should put it!"

But while Katherine was all giggles, Alan asked seriously as he gazed up into Suzanne's dripping pussy lips, "Aunt Suzy, how did that happen? I mean your wetness. You're dripping, but you just walked into the house. You haven't even done anything yet."

Instead of answering, she looked around and asked, "Where's Susan?"

"In the kitchen," Katherine noted.

"Good." Suzanne looked down at Alan. "You still don't get it, do you? I'm so hot for you that just the idea of walking into this house gets me wet. Just the mention of your name gets me flowing like the Amazon. Do you know what you and I are going to do really soon? We're gonna..." - her voice dropped down to a barely audible but still hoarse and sexy whisper - "fuck."

Alan cleared his throat nervously. His dick was engorging rapidly, and his heart was starting to pound. He looked over to his sister sitting on the sofa and noticed that she'd heard Suzanne's whisper.

Katherine's only visible reaction was to giggle a bit at his obvious awkwardness. Inside, though, she was worried. If Brother could fuck her, why would he still want to fuck me? She's so gorgeous and talented and sex-mad that they'll never be able to pry those two apart. Damn! Between her and Mom, I never get a fair chance. But I love him so much! And her too.

Suzanne lazily rubbed her pussy lips through her dress. Knowing that Katherine had heard her whisper, she made no further attempt to keep her voice down. "That's right, stud. You're gonna get to know this part of me really well. Imagine lying on top of me right now, bouncing up and down like a pogo stick. My

pussy can almost feel your fullness. God DAMN! When I think about you sitting on me, plowing me... Whoa! Your penis is gonna live in this hole most of the time if I have my way, which, to be brutally honest, I usually do. What do you think of that? Are you ready to fuck your Aunt Suzy?" She had lowered her voice to say the word "fuck," but this time she spat it out as sexily and naughtily as she could manage.

These words only confirmed Katherine's fears, especially the comment, "Your penis is gonna live in this hole most of the time if I have my way." But she knew there was no way to go directly against Suzanne and win.

Alan had almost missed her question, not because of the football game, which was totally forgotten, but because he was floored by everything else she'd said. His eyes were eagerly checking out her sleek long legs, all the way up to her still-visible pussy. He finally managed to stammered, "Y-y-yes." Somehow, he felt unusually nervous when faced so directly with Suzanne's overpowering sexual magnetism.

Suzanne smiled at the return of his bashfulness. "Good answer. That's right. You're going to fuck your Aunt Suzy silly, every day. She's going to show you what fucking is really all about. But in the meanwhile, you've gone and made her very, very wet. Maybe you could lick her boo-boo with your tongue, and make it all better?"

"I don't know," he answered as he looked all around. He knew that Katherine wouldn't say or do anything to interfere with what Suzanne wanted, but he worried about his mother and her current mood.

Suzanne decided she was pushing him too hard, and sat down on the sofa next to him.

Katherine, sitting on the adjacent sofa, spoke quietly but excitedly at Suzanne. "Aunt Suzy, guess what? All kinds of fun things happened today!" She proceeded to tell Suzanne a brief description of what Alan, Susan, and her had done in the afternoon. She included the part where she'd gotten Susan to agree to be spanked by either herself or Suzanne tomorrow. She concluded, "So, what do you think? Do you want to do the honors, or should I?"

Suzanne looked to Alan, who was listening carefully. She also spoke quietly, to be absolutely sure Susan couldn't hear from the kitchen. "Actually, I think Sweetie here should do it. And tonight is better than tomorrow."

Alan protested, "Whaaaat?! I can't do that. For one thing, she hasn't done anything wrong. She's been a living dream. And besides, she's my mom. I love her with all my heart. I could never hurt her."

Suzanne said, "That's not what I heard. You know that Susan and I share absolutely everything. She told me that you swatted her ass a few times yesterday, when you were having fun with her after coming home from your beach outing with Christine."

He blushed slightly as he remembered that. "Okay, that's true. But I was soooo horny at the time that I wasn't in my right mind. I was absolutely insanely horny! Being with Christine gave me the worst case of blue balls ever, and then Mom was so irresistible, and she basically begged me to spank her..."

Katherine added to Suzanne, "Besides, he doesn't want to do it, and I do. I think it would be a kick! I understand first hand from when Brother spanked me that it's not hurting her at all. In fact, she'll totally love it. So why don't I do it? Or you?"

Suzanne responded, "Don't worry, you'll get your turn soon enough. So will I. Susan is a very submissive type, and it will do her good to get frequently spanked. I'm sure you'll get your chance in the next day or two. You can even use the same excuse."

Seeing that satisfied Katherine, she turned back to Alan. "That said, Sweetie, it's important that you lead the way here." She lowered her voice some more to be extra careful. "You're the one man in our group. Susan wants to sexually submit to you, first and foremost. She likes to talk about how you're 'putting her in her place.' Well, you need to do just that. It's time to step up and get more aggressive. If you don't think you can do it unless you're 'absolutely insanely horny,' then get absolutely insanely horny first. That's not too hard to do around here, is it?" She looked to Katherine and smirked.

Katherine gave her brother a smoldering look. "Definitely not!"

He said, "I know it sounds good, but I don't think I can do it. I could spank anyone else but her. Even you two. But... she's... well, my mom!"

Suzanne quietly told him, "Listen. Your mother is at a very critical stage right now. Her attitude is shifting and her rules and boundaries are crumbling down. Her old belief system is falling apart and she needs a new one to grab hold of. I don't think you realize that she's ALWAYS been very submissive, and not just sexually. Before, she obeyed her parents, her husband, her church, and other authority figures.

Including me, I must admit. That didn't make her very happy overall, since I was probably the only authority figure actually looking out for her best interests, but that's how she is."

She gesticulated to show how strongly she felt about this. "Sweetie, if we want to live in a free-wheeling sexual utopia, we need to redirect her submissiveness mainly to you. You need to step it up and be more domineering with her in general. But a spanking in particular is key to ensure that she sees you in a new way. There's a lot of talk about you becoming 'the man of the house.' Make it happen! Step up and be a man!"

That gave him a lot to think about. He was still uncertain. He asked, "Are you sure that's the right thing to do? It feels like we're taking advantage of her. Are we letting lust rule our thinking, or is that really what's best for her?"

Suzanne sighed impatiently. "I appreciate your concern for her, but that's a silly question and you know it. Do you really want to see her go back to how she used to be? Is she or is she not happier than she's ever been? Yes, you're enjoying more sexual pleasure than you ever thought possible, and frankly, more than you deserve. But so is she. She's flying over the moon every single day! A submissive needs a dominant, and vice versa. You both benefit, big time!"

Katherine added, "It's true, Bro. Mom needs a firm hand. And I can confidently say that, because it takes one to know one. I totally love that you gave me a hard spanking the other day, and I hope and expect you'll give me a lot more! Don't think of it as inflicting pain! It's just a different way of making someone feel good. When your sister cums at the end of the spanking you gave her, what does that mean? Did she love it or hate it? Duh!" She giggled.

Suzanne chimed in, "It's true. Even I've enjoyed getting spanked from time to time." She asked him, "Remember when I used an ice cube on your cock a few days ago?"

"Yeah?" He actually felt a shiver of pleasure as he recalled that very arousing experience.

"Well, I'm not expert on the science of how this works. But I think it's safe to say that all your nerves are connected together. When one type of nerve ending gets stimulated, that heightens the response in the others. Or maybe it's the contrast. But, either way, or both, extreme cold made your arousal than much more intense, didn't it?"

He nodded.

She went on, "And the same thing happened when I used breath mints on you. Lots of things can do it. It just so happens that spanking works really well. Plus, there's the whole mental aspect of it. Susan will lose her god-damned mind just from knowing that you're spanking her and really taking charge, like you should! You can't go wrong. She'll cum and cum, and cum some more! Plus, I know her rule against you touching her pussy must be driving you mad. If you've got her across your lap with your hand on her butt, think of the opportunity that gives you to bend that rule!"

Katherine started to say, "Speaking of which, Aunt Suzy, remember what I was saying about what the three of us got up to this afternoon? That particular rule was bent waaaay out of shape!"

Suzanne nodded. "Good, good. I forgot about that, but you're right. The time is ripe. Sweetie, that's even more reason for you to..." Her voice trailed off, because she'd been listening carefully for any sounds coming from Susan, and the sound of Susan walking towards the living room.

Sure enough, just as Susan left the kitchen, she shouted, "Cookies are ready! Here they come!" She walked in carrying a tray of hot, freshly baked chocolate chip cookies.

Suzanne stood back up. Her goal was to get both Susan and Alan extremely aroused, so this new spanking plan could come to fruition, and she figured she might as well start right away. So she flaunted her pussy exposure above Alan for Susan to clearly see.

She briefly acknowledged Susan's presence with a "Hi, Susan." Then she spoke to Alan about the cookies with obviously intended innuendo as he stared at her lewd pose, "Hmmm. Hot and fresh, delivered to you on a platter. You're a lucky guy, Sweetie. How can you turn down an offer like that?"

Susan's face wrinkled with concern as she saw Suzanne standing above Alan so that he had a clear view of her pussy and bush. She mumbled, "Oh dear."

Suzanne ignored her reaction. Instead she commented to no one in particular, "Can you believe I'm still wearing all these clothes? We had a fancy dinner with some of my husband's business friends. What a bore. I'm actually still wearing a bra! Can you imagine that? I'd better fix it right away."

She began to remove her clothes in a slow striptease.

Alan turned off the recorder and TV with the remote, since by this time the game was only an annoying distraction. He lay back on a nearby sofa while Katherine and Susan took positions on each side of him. The three of them watched Suzanne while she swayed sexily to the music in her head.

Susan was torn. She was still feeling reluctant to do much after the excesses of her phone call, and she also was afraid of her increasingly lusty feelings for her best friend. On the other hand, the effect of the call had already mostly worn off, and she was easily aroused. She tried to maintain a veneer of normality, as if pretending there wasn't a centerfold-perfect woman slowly getting buck naked in the middle of her living room.

She told herself that she was just being a good hostess, so she got up and served the others drinks right in the middle of Suzanne's act. She didn't realize that in part her behavior was an attempt to take the attention away from Suzanne, but the rest of them realized what she was doing.

Suzanne understood Susan's psychological issues (even though she remained unaware of the phone call) and kept up a patter of talk to keep the mood light. As she stripped down to just her garter belt and stockings, she casually quizzed Susan about how Alan's penis had been earlier in the day.

That topic now qualified as a perfectly normal and proper one for Susan, so she had no problem discussing her son's throbbing erections in great detail and bemoaning to everyone in the room just how "terribly backed up with sperm" her son's penis and balls were.

Katherine could sense her mother's conflicted mood, so she stayed quiet for the most part, attempting to play it cool. She didn't even let her brother's increasingly-firm erection out of its confinement, figuring that her mother would do that when she was ready. However, since Katherine was wearing an extremely short skirt, she was able to have some fun flashing her pussy at Suzanne. She figured that her mother's attempts at normalcy would disappear soon enough, to be replaced by intense horniness, if she kept talking about Alan's dick while watching Suzanne's striptease.

Suzanne generally kept her eyes locked right on Alan's crotch. Her body moved so sensually and she talked so blatantly about the need to prevent his "sperm buildup" that she was sure Susan's composure would break at any moment, after which Susan would undoubtedly begin rubbing the big bulge that was visibly along her son's thigh.

However, Susan didn't become as immediately and totally horny as Suzanne and the others had hoped she would, because her recent phone call with her cousin Edith was still affecting her. The ostensible reason for Suzanne's stripping was so she could take off her bra, but she could only draw that process out so long. Eventually, with that Herculean task accomplished, she began putting some of her outfit back on. However, there wasn't much difference; she somehow made putting clothes back on nearly as arousing as taking them off.

Her dress was a very low-cut one that exposed just about everything, since she'd left her blouse off when she removed her bra. With her little show over, she arranged the dress so that the slightest tug would expose her nipples.

Chapter 559 Susan And Suzanne Continued!

Once the striptease was over, Susan tried to take control in a non-sexual way by hyping her cookies and encouraging everyone to eat some more of them. She was frowning about Suzanne's impropriety, but she decided that she should wait until she and Suzanne were alone, rather than criticizing her before the kids.

Trying to help clue Suzanne in, Alan explained, "Mom got a call from her cousin Edith in Chicago a little while ago."

Susan expounded on that. "Yes. And that helped me put things in perspective. I mean, just what do I think I'm doing? Sure, I have to help Tiger reach his six-times-a-day goal; that's a medical necessity. But do I have to be so, well, obsessed about it? I mean, what would happen if Edith came by for a visit? Or, God forbid, my parents! I think things have gotten a bit out of control around here, and we all need to take a step back!" She defiantly folded her arms under her huge melons, pushing them up and out.

Suzanne, though, had other ideas. She knew that Susan's resistance needed to be further broken if any of them were going to have more sexual fun that evening. So after Susan passed the plate of cookies once again, the red-haired beauty sidled up to the teenagers and whispered to them, "Sweetie, Angel, don't miss this."

She took the cookie tray from Susan and put it down on a coffee table. Then she said, "Susan, we can talk about that later. I'm a bit insulted. Where's my friendly greeting? What was all that practicing for if you don't put it to use? Don't we want to show Sweetie what we learned earlier today?"

Now it was Susan's turn to get a bit nervous. She stammered, "But my cousin Edith in Chicago... And the kids... Not in front of them..." She looked over at Alan and Katherine anxiously.

But Suzanne ignored that, putting her hands on her friend's shoulders to direct Susan's attention back her way. She acted quickly before Susan could complain about privacy or raise any of her other prudish concerns. She simply took Susan in her arms and started to French kiss her.

Susan was very hesitant at first, particularly since she wasn't in a fully aroused mood.

That didn't stop Suzanne; she kept working with her magically talented and exceptionally long tongue. Soon the two Amazon mothers were going at it as if they'd been kissing in front of their kids for years. Suzanne's hands roamed freely over Susan's butt, eventually stopping to grasp her fleshy butt cheeks through her pants.

They broke off the kiss after a minute or two. Susan had intended to end things there, but Suzanne's beauty struck her so forcefully that she just couldn't help herself. Instead she found herself licking all over Suzanne's neck and ears. That resulting movement and squirming pulled Suzanne's low-cut dress off her tits, just as Suzanne had planned a few minutes earlier.

When she got behind Suzanne, Susan reached around and greedily grasped Suzanne's tits while nibbling and licking at her neck like a hungry vampire.

Suzanne moaned with pleasure, delighted at Susan's newfound aggressiveness. She hoist her breasts and pushed them forward to further arouse her eagerly watching audience.

Susan eventually realized that she was just supposed to be giving Suzanne a "greeting" kiss, and pulled away. But by now her earlier prudish mood was ancient history, though she did fret some over what a spectacle she'd shown. She'd never forgotten that she was being watched by her children, but somehow that hadn't slowed her, which both disturbed her and made her hotter.

Suzanne could see that Susan was on the verge of becoming upset about how the kiss had progressed, so instead she kept her on the defensive by whispering in her ear, "That was very good, Susan. Remember, we're here to help inspire your sexy son. Remember his visual stimulation. It's a never-ending duty! His balls are practically bursting with all that nasty sperm. Gallons and gallons of nasty

sperm! We've got to draw it out and swallow it, continually. Six times a day, at least! Don't forget all the inspiration he needs for his six-times-a-day duties. He needs to see his hot centerfold mothers kiss and rub their exposed sexy bosoms all over each other, like we just did. That's just what we have to do these days to help him out."

Susan immediately went from feeling slightly miffed and tricked to being proud of her efforts. Just as Suzanne knew she would, Susan was practically salivating at the mention of having to swallow the impossibly voluminous "gallons and gallons of nasty sperm", that not even a herd of bulls could produce. She felt bad that she was still wearing her blouse. She thought, Big-titted mommies drain their son's balls dry! That's what I do. What was I thinking before?! Who cares about some stupid phone call?

Alan, though, couldn't hear what the two voluptuous mothers were whispering to each other, so he asked, "What was that all about, Mom?"

He'd been surprised at the kiss, though not really that surprised, given the intense kissing between Susan and Katherine that he'd witnessed earlier that day. He had a raging erection from watching it, plus everything else that had been happening since Suzanne arrived, but he kept it concealed in his pants for the moment. He was waiting for a sign from Suzanne on how to proceed, since she could read Susan's moods better than anyone else.

While he waited for his mother to answer his question, he thought, Aunt Suzy must have learned about the kissing between Mom and Sis this morning and decided to run with it. She rocks! That was a 'curl your toes, tongue duel' kind of kiss too. Mom's just so fucking sexy! It looks like she's in a good mood again, thanks to that kiss. Her boundaries are just falling away further by the hour!

Susan was leaning into Suzanne and cuddling up against her most contentedly, but she finally answered, "Like I think I told you earlier, Suzanne told me I needed to be warmer with my greetings and goodbyes. I'm just trying to improve on that. She told me that this kind of kiss is perfectly common in certain, hip social circles here in Orange County. So I'm trying to be hip. I figure it's all part of helping you with visual stimulation."

She looked down at her blouse and started unbuttoning it, just like she had at the dining table. "And Tiger, there's no reason you and I can't be friendlier in our greetings too. The ass is good, but don't limit yourself to just that, and with just a little bit of groping." She was trying to talk in a matter-of-fact tone, but her breath was far too ragged and her face too flushed for her to pull it off successfully.

Susan smiled, thinking nasty thoughts about the many ways she could be "properly greeted" by Alan. Ever since her morning talk with Suzanne she'd been thinking more about titfucks and assfucks, so now in her reverie she imagined her son casually greeting her with either, or preferably both, of those methods.

"Cool!" said Katherine. "Does that mean I can kiss you like that too?"

Susan found herself daydreaming so intently that she didn't even hear the question. She imagined Alan coming home from school. In the dream she was already naked and working in the kitchen. She was bent over the kitchen counter as Alan walked up to her, with her ass sticking out at a ninety degree angle. He just came in the room, dropped his shorts, and slid his dick into her asshole without comment. In the dream it was something he did to her many times a day, so there was no need for words or other preparation. "How was your day, dear?" she asked as he started pistoning into her rear, pounding harder and harder into her rear, showing no mercy at all.

Oh my! It occurred to her conscious mind as she observed the fantasy unfold, I'd better start lubing my ass just in case he gets in a buttfucking mood. There's no telling when I might get lucky. Bend over but don't break, right Suzanne? Hee-hee! Mommy has to bend over, a LOT! Tee-hee-hee! That's what good mommies do.

Katherine repeated, "Mom? Can I kiss you like that too?"bender

Susan broke free of her fantasy and also from Suzanne's luscious body to better focus on her daughter's question. She looked down and realized she'd completely unbuttoned her blouse without even consciously thinking about it. She frowned and managed to answer in a stern voice, "No. You're my daughter, so that would be inappropriate."

However, her tough motherly act wasn't fooling anyone. She was far too visibly aroused to play the part, especially given the way her bountiful chest was heaving. Her nipples were frequently peeking through the wide gap in her blouse. She ran her hands over her ass, occasionally pulling her ass cheeks apart when not fondling them through her clothes. She was still mostly lost in the thought of getting her son's pipe laid up her ass. She clenched and unclenched her ass cheeks, trying to imagine what a buttfuck would feel like.

"Awww, shucks," Katherine moped, thinking of the unpredictable and malleable 'standards' to which she was being subjected. Her mother's reluctance irked her, given that she'd just fingered her mother to orgasm a few hours earlier (even though, admittedly, that had been without Susan's prior approval).

But then a new thought struck her, and she asked, "But that means I can kiss Suzanne hello like that, can't I? I mean, if that's how women kiss in this area." She'd cleverly said "Suzanne" instead of "Aunt Suzy" to help avoid Susan's familial concerns.

Susan hadn't really considered that. She couldn't find any believable reason to object, so she reluctantly said, "I suppose..." She was still so intent on flexing her own ass cheeks that she'd been only paying partial attention to Katherine's questions. "Though really, it is a bit improper..."

Katherine bounded up to Suzanne, at which point the sexy neighbor instantly took her in her arms. They wanted to make kissing each other on the lips a done deal before Susan could think up more reasons to object. They kissed even longer than the two mothers had just done, acting as if it was a completely natural thing to do.

Susan watched with a mixture of alarm and desire. She didn't realize that their kiss was so passionate and natural because the two had already been getting a lot of kissing practice.

When Suzanne opened her arms wide to embrace Katherine, she deliberately let her dress fall further, leaving her completely bare-chested.

Katherine took full advantage of that, even more than Susan had with the previous kiss. She subtly pushed Suzanne's dress down even further until the only thing still holding it up was Suzanne's wide hips, and then only just barely.

Katherine was wearing a dress held up by thin straps, but Suzanne made sure to push the straps over her shoulders, making Katherine's dress also fall to her hips. That let the two of them mash their exposed tits against each other. They went at it as if they were struggling for sheer survival, grinding and mashing their flesh together from head to toe.

Susan found herself fully approving of their tit rubbing. In fact, she bit her lip, feeling frustrated that she hadn't done that with Suzanne just a few minutes earlier. After all, she and Suzanne had extensively practiced their tit rubbing just that morning.

Eventually, Suzanne and Katherine broke apart, only to stand next to each other, smiling like naughty school children.

Alan marveled at their casual nakedness and the fact that his mother hardly seemed to mind any of what had just occurred, even though she herself was still mostly dressed, except for the way her blouse was unbuttoned. He guessed correctly that she was highly aroused again.

Clearly the kiss had been way more than just a "hip" greeting, but for once there were no cries of "So improper!" from Susan. Instead she seemed a bit preoccupied. She still stood with her hands on her own ass, still feeling herself flexing her ass cheeks open and closed, using her butt muscles to help. She was fantasizing that Alan had been so turned on by the kissing that he was standing behind her, ready to slip his hardness up her back door at any moment.

All this time, Alan remained sitting alone on the sofa. He looked down at his groin and said to the group, "You know, between those two kisses I think it's finally stirring." That was an understatement. His dick had been erect since Suzanne stood over him and showed him her pussy, and it had grown to complete inflexibility once Suzanne did her striptease. The prospect of spanking Susan later was inspiring him even more. The fact was, he simply couldn't contain his boner in his pants anymore. He pulled it out with the hopes that some woman would soon "take care" of it.

"All right!" said Susan enthusiastically, as she watched him unzip his fly and his boner bounce free. "That's what I was waiting for. That's what I like to see! If you two gals don't mind, since it's a Tuesday, Tiger, let's go to your room! Mommy has to help you unload some of that nasty sperm, right into her mouth, before you get a case of blue balls.!"

Suzanne picked up a cookie from the tray on the coffee table, just to be polite, and nibbled at it while she watched Susan with veiled amusement. She's so totally predictable and so easily aroused. I think she might even be as highly sexual as I am, amazingly enough. I love turning her on and turning her around, and making her happy like she is now. This is too much fun!

Alan felt extremely relaxed and on top of the situation now that his mother's excitement had increased. He nodded acceptance of her invitation, then casually waved a hand toward Katherine and Suzanne before pointing it at Susan's chest. He wanted her to be topless just like them, plus he was mindful of Suzanne's advice to be more aggressive with his mother. So he said matter-of-factly, "Mom. Your top."

She looked over at the other two, figured out what he meant, and then replied, "Oh. Right." She pulled her blouse all the way off without any complaint. She seemed abashed yet obedient about baring herself, which inadvertently made it that much more arousing for all to watch.

Alan decided to push his luck. He looked down at the rest of his mother's clothes and frowned, saying "Aaaaand?" with clear annoyance in his voice.

"Oops! Sorry." Susan immediately shucked the rest of her clothes, letting them drop to the floor. That left her completely naked. That wouldn't have been a big deal, since she'd come to love getting naked for him. But the fact that Suzanne and Katherine were there and watching as well made her so embarrassed that she immediately covered her bush with both hands.

Alan really liked that. He especially liked the fact that she actually apologized for not already being nude when he wanted her that way.

Suzanne and Katherine seemed impressed too, both at seeing Susan's statuesque body yet again and at Alan's casual control over her. They stared blatantly at her flawless nudity, causing her to blush.

She started to feel increasingly self-conscious, because she was the only one in the room who was buck naked. She found it strangely humiliating and arousing that, in contrast, Alan was the only one fully dressed, even though his erection was protruding through the fly of his pants.

Suzanne didn't want to ruin Susan's sexy mood, so she said, "Susan, I'm so proud of you. Look how far you went to help Sweetie in his time of need. You're such a wonderful mother."

Susan felt a bit mollified, which caused her to stand up straighter, even though she was still covering her pussy. "Well, I'm just doing what I can," she replied modestly.

Turning to Katherine, she added, "Sometimes a referee is good, but other times I need privacy. Understand? I'll behave myself. Cross my heart and hope to die. I was in a strange mood earlier, but I'm better now."

"Okay," said Katherine grudgingly, "but leave the door unlocked just in case. We just may have to come in and check on you."

Mother and son got up to go. Susan was incredibly turned on that her daughter was acting like her mother, though she couldn't quite figure out why that rang her chimes.

Alan stuffed another cookie in his mouth as he got up to leave with her. He was getting revved up too and needed action.

Chapter 560 Alan And Susan!

Suzanne was a bit puzzled by the turn in the conversation about refereeing, since Katherine hadn't explained that detail earlier when describing what happened in the afternoon. She figured that she would ask Katherine about it as soon as they were alone.

But before the others could leave the room, the red-headed vixen said to Alan, "Wait a second, Sweetie. Your sister and your mom just greeted me, but where's my greeting from you? Susan was telling me that you now have special signals for each of them to get their attention. That you grab Susan's butt and rub Katherine's bare pussy. But what's my special signal?" She walked towards him with her dress still barely clinging to her hips, and no clothing anywhere above that.

Alan closed the distance to her. His decision about what the "special signal" should be wasn't hard to make. He fondled her boobs and pinched her seemingly always-hard nipples. "How's this for a signal?" he said.

"Excellent!" she cried, writhing in ecstasy as his fingers on her nipples sent bolts of pleasure straight to her pussy and her brain. "Just what I thought you'd pick." She would have preferred to have had a signal that involved her pussy, but that body area had already been "taken" by Katherine's choice of signal. Although Suzanne's breasts weren't as sensitive as Susan's - few women's breasts were - it still felt really good to her when Alan played with them. He'd been learning his way around breasts in general, discovering with each of his lovers the type of fondling they liked the most. In the process he'd learned that Suzanne had sensitive nipples and how she liked them treated.

Alan mauled her so enthusiastically that she fell backwards and slid all the way to the floor. She was momentarily taken aback, but she wasn't hurt. One he saw she was okay, he kept kneading her boobs with his hands. His pants were still unzipped, so his turgid dick now dangled between her legs.

"Hey, you crazy lug, trying to get me killed?" she said playfully. "Lying on top of me like that, it's like you're planning on fucking me or something. Especially since your dick is hanging in the right area, rubbing against my thigh."

"That's not a bad idea..." he winked. "Thigh" was inaccurate - it was actually now resting right on top of her dark brown bush. His hips seemed to act of their own volition, thrusting with an up-and-down in-and-out fucking motion, though the only result was that his firm erection brushed back and forth over her clit in a most delightful manner.

"Alan!" Susan said in a menacing tone from across the room. "I think there's some improper contact going on underneath you. Remember the boundaries! And don't get too excited. I have dibs on that load that's building in your balls. Remember, this is a Tuesday."

But even after hearing that, he just kept sliding his dick right over Suzanne's pussy lips. Both of them were too aroused to stop, and in fact Suzanne started humping up at him in a way that looked almost exactly like fucking.

Susan added in a more pleading voice, "Son, please! Don't you want to fuck mommy's face or her big tits? Mommy's titties are waiting for you." She was frustrated because Suzanne's tits were just as big and Alan already held them in both hands. She stood closer, cupped her tits from below, and thrust her chest out, all but offering her rack on a platter. But Alan didn't even look her way.

She wondered, What can I offer him that that stupid Suzanne isn't already giving him? Grrr! Calling Suzanne "stupid" was as close as she came to cursing. Belatedly realizing that she was in the buff, she began bouncing about as if in great anticipation. She knew her son would have a hard time tearing his eyes away from all her jiggling, if only he would first look her way.

All her movement finally caught his eye. He was beside himself with pure joy. Just look at Mom - it's like she's playing jump rope, but there's no rope! Mom and Aunt Suzy are battling it out for my attention while poor Sis has to just sit by, waiting for her turn. All three are topless and panting, and totally gorgeous, longing to have fun with my dick. Does it get any better than this?!

bender

Suzanne knew that, strategically, it was important for her to concede to Susan and let Alan go. If she didn't, Susan's jealousy would become immense, especially since it was a Tuesday. Unfortunately, with Alan's shaft continuing to slide all over her clit, she found it very difficult to stop what she was doing.

In fact, her body was completely helpless to resist anything he might do to her at that point, but she still had some conscious control over her mouth. That led her to say with a sigh, "Go to your mother, Sweetie. You'll just have to find where on me to put that thing some other time."

Luckily for the group dynamic, Alan wasn't well versed in reading a woman's non-verbal cues. Though Suzanne's body was all but screaming "Fuck me now!" he heeded her words and somehow pulled himself away.

He stood, stepping out of his pants in the process and leaving them behind. He felt a bit dazed so tried to recover his equilibrium. The smell of aroused pussy was so thick in the air that he found it hard to breathe.

Suzanne's body, though, did not accept losing to Susan that easily. She realized that she still hadn't been kissed by him, so she used that as an excuse to keep after him. She slowly got up off the sofa, leaving her clothes behind except for her high heels. "That was some signal you picked there, cutie. I love it!"

She turned to Susan, who was standing with her arms crossed under her exposed rack, in somewhat of a huff. "What about my kiss, Susan? Doesn't my Sweetie still get to kiss me because I entered the room?"

Susan had stopped jumping and was trying to regain some of her lost dignity. "Oh, all right. But please make it quick. My mouth is watering for some tasty cock." She attempted to look stern and motherly, but her words, plus the fact that she was naked with a blatantly dripping pussy, didn't exactly help strengthen that impression.

Alan made out with Suzanne for several more minutes while Susan and Katherine stood and watched, impatient and incredibly aroused. Since he and Suzanne were standing, they didn't go as far into almost fucking as when they'd been on the sofa. He continued his vigorous exploration of her big tits the whole time.

Suzanne was careful not to jack him off, for fear that Susan would complain and thus bring the kissing to an early end. While she managed to resist that temptation, her hands had a lot of fun exploring the rest of his body.

Both of the watching women found themselves playing with their bare breasts, unconsciously mimicking the way Alan was kneading Suzanne's heavy pale orbs.

Alan's hands eventually found their way to Suzanne's bubble butt and even some distance down her thighs. His hot cock was already burning into her skin as they continued to kiss and grope each other, but he pulled their bodies even closer together. Because she was wearing four-inch high heels, her hips were a few inches above his, so his boner pressed against her thigh instead of on top of her pussy.

She fantasized that it actually burned and left a brand right on her upper thigh. She found it strangely arousing to imagine having a brand with the outline of Alan's dick on her white skin right next to her pussy. But then she snapped out of it. What the hell was that thought all about? I'm beginning to sound like Angel with her "master" fixation. No thanks!

Then she began to think, His cock is at just the right height. Just a little bit of adjustment and it'll be sliding up my burning slit. And right in front of the others. Who cares? Let 'em all know! It's time for Sweetie to fuck me! It's time for Susan to see what she's missing!

Suzanne was so far gone with lust that she was ready to do it, letting the chips fall where they might. But just as she reached down to fit Alan's hardness into her slot, Susan walked up, bent over, and pointedly tapped her on the shoulder.

"Suzanne! You said I could play with him for a while. Can't I? Are you gonna keep him all evening? I let you kiss him and everything. If I can't suck him dry of all his seed, then, then... Well, I don't know what!"

Suzanne thought, Drat! Foiled again! She could see that Susan was so desperate for her cum fix that she had no choice but to let Alan go. She quickly backed off and waved him away because she knew she couldn't resist any further if he touched her again. "Go on, kid, run along to the twin milky towers over there before she gets mad at me."

Suzanne sighed as she felt his pulsing boner withdraw from her sweaty skin. She pondered her own strange thoughts about wanting to be branded. Damn. He's really getting under my skin. When am I ever going to get plowed by that magnificent piece of meat? I don't think I've ever been in lust so badly before. Maybe it's because I'm so deeply in love with him at the same time. How I can love someone only half my age like this is beyond me, but that's how it is. She sighed again.

She consoled herself that at least she'd have Katherine to play with once Susan was out of sight.

Alan was reluctant to withdraw his hands from Suzanne's bouncy melons, but he knew that his mother's jugs were just as perfectly formed and huge, yet even more sensitive. He loved to hear his mother's loud moans, which he could trigger at any time just by touching her nipples.

So he disengaged from Suzanne. He thought, Fuck! This is so fucking excellent! From Aunt Suzy to Mom! Life doesn't get any better than this. What if they had a cat fight over who could suck me off? Now, THAT would be cool! But then sanity hit when he realized that such an event could cause his whole fortunate situation to collapse.

Susan was so eager that she sprinted up the stairs ahead of him. She clutched her arms to keep her bouncing boobs under some semblance of control while running as best she could on her high heels.

But before he could walk away, Suzanne grabbed his shoulders and whispered in his ear. "Sweetie, remember what Angel and I were saying about spanking her? Have you made your mind up about that? Now is a good time!"

He considered that, and replied, "I'll try. I don't know if I can do it. I'll see if things get 'insanely horny' first." He pulled away, eager to rush upstairs.

But Suzanne whispered to him as he moved away, "Don't just try! Do it! She needs this for her psychological well-being! She's a very submissive woman!"

He nodded as he hurried to the stairs.

By the time he climbed the stairs and entered his room, he found his mother waiting impatiently on his bed. Since she'd already been without clothes, she had no trouble striking a sexy pose in time for his arrival, stretching out with her hands behind her head.

He saw a wet towel next to her and realized that she'd just wiped her pussy dry. But he knew it wouldn't stay that way for long.

Alan silently gasped at the overwhelmingly erotic beauty of his mother's body. But he quickly recovered and tried to strike a light, joking mood. "I was just feeling up Aunt Suzy's boobs," he said as he walked to her with arms outstretched, like Frankenstein. "Can I feel yours, to see if I can tell the difference?"

"Nice try, but you know that's not allowed," she said as she got off his bed and knelt next to it. "We have to stop all these rule violations and act like a normal family. Now come over here and let me suck your cock already."

That answer surprised him greatly. The way she'd been carrying on downstairs, he figured he could play with her body almost any way he pleased. He asked, "Well, can I fuck your tits any time I like? You said I could."

"That's different. Because I'm here to help you cum. We've been over this before."

He rolled his eyes at her strange, ever-changing boundaries. What he still didn't fully understand was that she was worried because she got too aroused too easily when he played with her breasts. She feared that she'd lose control completely and wake up in the morning with a well-fucked, cum-filled pussy.

He asked, "What if playing with them helps me cum? Like if I'm holding them to make a tight titfucking tunnel? A sort of tight-fucking tunnel, if you will."

She smiled at his lame humor. "Well, I suppose that's okay, but not right now please. My lips really need to slide up and down your sweet spot, and I've got all kinds of things I want to do with my tongue."

He pulled his T-shirt off and threw it aside. Then he walked steadily forward. She'd been expecting for him to sit on the edge of his bed, so she'd positioned herself that way, but he wanted to get blown standing up. He was reluctant to admit it to himself, but he got off on the symbolic power of standing while she was kneeling.

In truth, she got off on the very same thing even more than he did, so she happily repositioned where she knelt.

He simply stepped forward until his boner found itself in her mouth. The sight of her red lips eagerly awaiting his shaft was so sexy that he found himself squeezing his PC muscle to stop from cumming even before her lips made contact.

Susan closed her eyes and tightened her lip-lock around his shaft. She quickly got down to what had become her favorite task in the whole world, using her hands, lips, and tongue on him all at once. Aaaaah! Now, THIS is what I've been waiting for all evening! Things were strange downstairs, having to strip naked in front of my own daughter and best friend. My heart is still thumping from the embarrassment, but now I can relax and let go! Mmmm! Just feeling my mouth craned wide open like this, with my lips sliding and my tongue lapping on his sweet spot, my fingers slipping and sliding up and down his long pole, and my bare breasts swaying freely, it feels like... home. Family. Love!

As she sucked and licked, she alternated between making little "hmmm" and "mmm" noises of contentedness and louder grunts of intense arousal. One part of her decision to let herself go was that she was much less restrained about making such noises.

Lately, and with increasing frequency, once she got extremely aroused, her rules about not playing with her breasts flew out the window. That was the case again this time. After just a few minutes of contented cocksucking, she felt so good that her breasts took over from her brain. She momentarily stopped her rhythmic bobbing to say, "If you're a good, cum-filled boy and fill your mommy's mouth with a big load, then maybe, just maybe, she'll let you play with her Marilyn Monroe-sized globes. But only afterwards."

She giggled again with glee in recalling his earlier Marilyn Monroe comment. "Do you promise to fill my mouth all the way to the brim with your thick sperm?"

"Of course, Mom. Don't I always?"

She chuckled. "That you do." They both knew that he didn't literally fill her mouth that full, but it sure seemed like it to Susan when she was trying to swallow it all.

She bobbed on him for another couple of blissful minutes.

Alan was thinking about his "duty" to give his mother a spanking. He wasn't sure how to bring it up, or even what excuse he'd use. And with the way she was sucking him, he wasn't able to think much at all.

Then she changed her permissions once again, because she needed his hands on her nipples immediately. She pulled her lips off his boner to say, "Now, since you're such a good, praise-worthy, and

cum-filled son, I suppose you can play with my tits while I suck you. But only if you say you like my tits better than hers."

He bent over and held onto her tits from above, but he quickly realized that was not an ideal position. He sat down on the edge of the bed after all. Once she repositioned too, his hands flew to her chest and pushed her heavy globes around in circles. "Who? Marilyn Monroe's? I think yours are much bigger and better."

She punched him playfully. "You know who I mean. I mean Jessica Rabbit. Suzanne." She licked his sweet spot while she waited to make sure he was fully settled in his new sitting position. Then, as an afterthought, she added, "Oh, and Brenda too."

Alan recoiled in dismay, even as he pulled on his mother's nipples. He thought, If there's one thing that could fuck my amazing world up completely, it's rampant jealousy. No way can I answer that question, period!

"Mom, you know I don't like making comparisons like that. That's why I'm going to tell you to stop making so many conditions. You're going to do what I say and suck me off already."

He chuckled, because she engulfed his cockhead even as he said that. Then he had to take an extended pause from speaking, as he felt a surge of pleasure from her hot mouth that actually made his toes curl. He finally resumed, "Not only that, but no more of these stupid restrictions on when I can play with your tits. I'll play with them when I want!"

She didn't reply at first, since she was busy bobbing on him. She trapped his cockhead between her teeth and inner cheek. She had some special moves to use on him like that, plus she loved creating a lewd bulge in her cheek. He's right. Who am I to place limitations on such a virile, cum-filled boy? He needs a lot of hot, stacked babes to help him with his condition. Mmmm!

After another minute or two, she switched back to regular bobbing, but with extra tight suction, and used her favorite corkscrew move on him. She was still thinking about what he'd said. He's so right, as usual. I need to see things from his point of view. Maintaining order over a bunch of tamed busty babes can't be easy. He can't have any of us arguing with each other or telling him what he can or can't do, or there will never be any peace. He has to be firm in ruling and controlling us all!

Oh God! So hot! MMMM! She briefly peeked up at him out of one eye. Look at him there up above me, so tall and strong! Gaaawwwd, it just makes me want to suck and lick and stroke! Which I happen to be doing already! She giggled to herself.

My role is to just lie back or drop to my knees and let him have his way with my curvy body, minus that one thing that God says mommies and sons should never do. Mmmm! And the fact is, I absolutely love it when he takes charge like that! My son is such a strong and POWERFUL young man!

He'd long given up on getting a verbal reply, since she looked totally blissed out with her eyes closed, and her lips locked around his thick shaft. She just kept "mmm"-ing louder and louder while he tugged lightly on her nipples.

But then she opened her eyes and saluted him deferentially while giggling. "Yes, sir! Right away, sir! Sex Cow Mommy reporting for duty!" Her face dove back into his crotch and she gobbled on his dick with renewed vigor. Meanwhile she put her hands on his hands, making sure that he didn't move them away from her breasts as he pulled on her nipples like teats on a cow.

But that wasn't enough for Alan. He was upset at her attempt to get him to rank her above Suzanne, but he also was surging with a sense of power from her quickly caving to his demands. He could feel his "Bad Alan" side taking charge. He said, "Not good enough. Mom, give me your tits. All of them. Right now!"

Susan pondered how she could "give" him "all of her tits." She didn't know what that meant exactly, especially since he was already playing with her tits to his heart's content, but she definitely loved the general attitude behind it. She decided she needed to reward him for being so bold, but that was hard to do since she was in the middle of sucking him off already.

But then she came up with an idea that she hoped would satisfy him even more. She sat up straighter and spit into her cleavage. She had him sit down on the edge of the bed. Then she positioned his dick between her massive mammaries and began a spirited titfuck.

As she lifted her tits up and down on either side of his shaft, she looked up into his eyes and said, "I'm sorry, Son! You're right. It was wrong of me to deny you my tits. So wrong! Forgive me, please?"

He was already fighting the urge to cum, so all he could say in response was "Ungh!" But he thought, Mom's sexual passion is amaaaazing! Who would have believed that a prudish Bible thumper had a cock-loving slut inside her, waiting to come out? Man!

The titfuck was only the first part of her plan to outdo even her usual blowjob style. Her jaw was still tired from so much cocksucking earlier that afternoon, plus the many non-stop minutes of sucking since entering his room, but she didn't want to use the titfuck as an excuse for resting her jaw. Instead, she tilted her head downward and managed to suck on much of his cockhead even as she slid his prick through her wonderfully slippery cleavage. She figured a great combined titfuck and cocksucking beat just an "ordinary" cocksucking.

She thought, He's right. How dare I deny him anything?! My tits are here to SERVE him! To serve my incredible son! How DARE I put myself above Suzanne, or ask him to compare us?! Whichever big-titted cocksucker he asks for at any time, that's the one he should get! YES! That is soooo right! She was so overjoyed by this epiphany that she wanted to scream out loud.

However, her mouth was still sucking on his thick, throbbing cock. It wasn't at all easy to suck and titfuck him at the same time. In fact, it was a pain in the neck in a very literal sense. But she was determined, so she would slide her lips over as much of his cockhead as she could manage, and then lick all she could reach with her tongue while her lips sucked tightly and her tits moved around his trapped shaft. Then, after a minute or so, she would have to pull off to recover, during which she would "merely" titfuck him for another minute until she was ready to begin again, after which the process would repeat.

She loved the challenge of it. Her supreme challenge was to engulf all of his cockhead and then some, so she could work her lip-and-tongue magic on his sweet spot. But that was tough for any woman to do, and her immense breasts only added to the difficulty. Still, she wanted it so badly that from time to time she would succeed.

Time passed. Eventually he decided to make himself more comfortable. He reached for some pillows on the bed and placed them behind him. Then he changed position so that his head rested on the pillows, lying almost supine. He spread his legs as wide as he could. He figured, correctly, that the additional room would help her lips reach that much further down his shaft.

In recent weeks, Susan had truly become expert at pleasuring him. She'd learned the "moods" of his penis even better than he had. She could sense when he was getting dangerously close to cumming, and she knew just how much to ease off for a while, effectively giving him a mini-break while continuing to arouse him non-stop. When she got in a groove like that, she could keep him in a rapturous state near the edge almost indefinitely.

However, there were limits to what she could do. Eventually she thought, I love Tiger's stamina so very much, but at times like this I kind of hate it too. What do I have to do to get him to cum?! It's impossible!

She loved hyping him up to herself so much that she had conveniently forgotten that she could make him climax any time she wanted, and it was just her careful effort to avoid that outcome that had kept him going so long. Still, I can't hold out much longer. We've been at it for half an hour, at least! Wow, that's pretty amazing. That makes me feel good! I wish I could just keep going and going, but this blowjob-titfuck combo is extremely taxing. I think it's time I get him off now, quickly, before I'm forced to stop from sheer exhaustion or cramped jaw muscles.

Son, are you ready to squirt your spermy love all over your mommy's face? Mmmm! I can almost taste the sweet cum bath already!

She rarely looked him in the eye because she was usually focusing all of her attention on his erection. However, the next time she went back to "merely" titfucking him, she looked up at him with a combination of wanton lust and motherly love.

She craned her head back down, but that time only to lick him. As her tongue worked around and around his sweet spot, she moaned between her licking and heavy breathing, "My son... My love... My man... MMMM! ... My body belongs to you, Son... Mmmm... No man, no man can... can touch it... Only you... Touch my tits, any time... Mmmm, yes! ... All of me... Anywhere... Belongs to you... To serve you... Slave for you... MMMM! Forever!"

That pushed him over the edge. He suddenly remembered the earlier phone call between Susan and Brenda, and especially the way Susan had talked in such loving and passionate terms about how her son would "forcibly fuck my face." He suddenly sat up on the bed and scooted forward. As he felt his balls tighten, he grabbed her head with both hands and shoved his dick deep into her mouth. He kept hold of her like that, with her barely able to breathe, as he unloaded his balls directly against her tonsils.

Susan had trouble with her gag reflex. She knew she hadn't yet figured out how to deep throat him, but she tried to make up for that with everything else she could do. She loved that she had him so deep in her mouth that she was making lewd choking and gagging noises, and hearing herself inspired her even more. She sucked him so hard that he felt less like he was shooting into her mouth than that there was a high-powered vacuum cleaner pulling every last bit of sperm from his balls. Even as that was happening, she continued to slide her soft globes all over the lower part of his shaft.

It seemed that every square inch of his erection was receiving as much loving attention and stimulation as was humanly possible. He felt so good that the room started to spin and he had to fight not to faint away. He was forced to lie back on the bed.

Susan was on the brink of climax herself. She merely touched her clit and then she was cumming along with him. In fact, she continued to cum in a long, wonderful multiple orgasm, that kept going long after he had shot his load. By the time she was done, her inner thighs were soaked.