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Chapter 561 Sucking Susan's Nipples..

Alan rested for a bit. Since he'd laid back on the bed, Susan crawled up on it too and laid between his legs with her face in his crotch. Then she got busy "cleaning" his penis and balls with her tongue.

He was getting used to this "cleaning" tradition of hers, so he didn't think much about it; instead he just closed his eyes and enjoyed her talented licking. This feels really good! It's almost as if each of her blowjobs is followed by a bonus blowjob, thanks to her follow-up cleaning efforts. It's crazy that I'm contemplating punishing Mom, after what she just did to me! Aunt Suzy has her extraordinarily long tongue and all kinds of talent and experience, and that's hard to beat. But when it comes to sheer cocksucking passion and dedication, Mom sets the gold standard!

When Susan finished her "cleaning" a few minutes later, he opened his eyes and took stock of his surroundings. He was surprised to discover that he was sweating like a pig. But still, sheer euphoria lifted him up and left him wanting more. His penis was done for a while, and his whole body felt like it had gone to Heaven and back, but he found he still had the energy to move his hands.

He thought, Bummer! I missed my big chance. I was definitely "insanely horny" before cumming, and Mom was too. That would have been the time to pull off and start a spanking instead. Now it's going to be a lot harder to get both of us in the mood. But still, I should try. Her talk is more submissive than ever before. She's definitely still in the right mindset, even if I'm not.

Her head was still in his crotch, so he reached out and stroked her hair. "Dang, you're so good to me, Mom. So amazingly good. Great, in fact. That was really incredibly great, wasn't it?"

"You said it, Son! You really showed me who's boss, didn't you? It was foolish of me to try and deny you my tits. You showed me; you just took control! I'm so sorry for forgetting my place. Please forgive me, won't you?" As if trying to make up for her misdeeds, she resumed licking his balls.

Her request for forgiveness struck him as so odd that at first he decided to ignore it. Then it occurred to him that it was an ideal opening and excuse to bring up the spanking idea. But he still felt reluctant about that, especially since he wasn't highly aroused. Instead, he asked, "Mom, why are you doing that? You just spent, like, five minutes cleaning me."

"I know, Son. It's not really about cleaning you; it's about showing my devotion to serving your cock. You make me so very happy, there's nothing I'd rather be doing. I love you so very much, and I love that I have this way of physically expressing that love every day."

He ran his hands through her hair. "I love you too. I can't believe how lucky I am to be here with you now."

She kept on licking for a few more moments, then added, "Speaking of loving things, I just love that you're taking charge and you've turned Suzanne, Amy, Angel, and me all into your exclusive, personal cocksuckers and all-around sex toys. Also, Brenda is coming along nicely, and you have your helpers at school." She looked up at him as she continued to lick, and her eyes twinkled with lust. "Do you have any idea how exciting all that is?!"

He laughed. "As a matter of fact, yeah I do!"

He closed his eyes and rested his hands on the pillow behind his head while luxuriating in the pleasure of her mellow tongue bath. Man! If she only knew that I've been having sexy fun with Glory, Heather, and Kim. That's a lot of helpers. I have no idea how the hell I lucked into this, but I'm going to take full advantage. And speaking of taking advantage, she couldn't be giving me a better opening to bring up the spanking, with her praise about how I'm taking charge. Aunt Suzy's right: I've gotta man up and just do it!

Eventually his energy revived, even though his penis didn't. So he sat up again and said to her, "Please sit up next to me."

She got out from between his legs and sat at his side.

He stayed in bed, but reached up and ran his hands up her sides, starting at her hips. He trailed his fingers along her fit tummy, circling her belly button a few times before continuing up to her jutting melons. Sheesh! What are the odds of winding up with a mom as hot as she is? Way less than one in a million, I'm sure!

She closed her eyes and shivered all over, repeatedly, when he brought his fingers across the sensitive undersides of her ample melons.

He was still reluctant to bring up the spanking idea, so he stalled for time. His gaze strayed to her feet, and he chuckled. "Mom, you're wearing high heels in bed. That's kind of silly."

She opened her eyes and grinned. "But it looks sexy, doesn't it?"

He nodded. He twisted her nipples a little, asking, "Mom, by the way, why did you call yourself a sex cow? That's a weird thing to say. It's not like you're fat at all. I hope that's not it. You're actually pretty dang muscular with all the daily workouts you and Aunt Suzy do, even though parts of both of you look soft as marshmallows from the outside."

She arched her back in enjoyment at what his hands were doing. "Oh really?" she asked gleefully. "Which parts in particular?" She thrust her chest forward even more, in case he wasn't getting her not-so-subtle hint.

"These parts, Mom." He cupped the undersides of her boobs and pushed them up. Then he sank his fingers deep into her tit-flesh.

That earned a great "MMMM!" of pleasure, as shivers ran up and down her spine. Then she said, "Son, I want you to touch them anytime you like! And if I say otherwise, don't listen!"

"Okay." He tentatively gave them an even harder squeeze, so much so that his fingers practically disappeared into her tit-pillows.

"Good! Like that, keep doing it like that! MMMM!" She pinned her arms behind her back, as if her hands were cuffed there. That thrust her big tits out towards him even more.

He was having great fun playing with her body, but he was still interested in an answer to his earlier question. He had to jog her memory. "So, what's this about the sex cow thing? Do you worry about being fat?"

"No. It's not that. It's just that I picture myself as a cow that really has to be milked. The cow's in pain from its dripping, milk-filled udders. I'm like that, and I need to be milked daily, but it's my pussy dripping cum instead of my udders dripping milk. And instead of getting milked, I'm the one who needs

to milk you. I just have to milk your cock and empty it of its creamy loads every day, or I simply don't know what."

She paused to think, and then continued, "Like something bad will happen. I hate to even think about it. Maybe you'll get the most horrible case of blue balls, because your cock and balls will swell practically to bursting with too much sperm. I can't stand to see my little Tiger suffer! I just have to suck and suck and suck your cock some more, until you squirt your spermy goodness all over my face or down my throat!"

"Oh." He thought about that while one of his hands lightly brushed up against the tiny, nearly invisible hairs on her stomach. Another hand caressed the underside of one of her tits some more. She panted and her chest throbbed and heaved, but that seemed to be how her chest was almost all the time lately - unclothed, panting, and heaving.

It still never failed to arouse him though. He wondered if he should let her know that blue balls really weren't all that bad, so she won't worry so much, but decided against it. He'd also assumed that she knew that when penises got hard they filled up with blood, not cum, but just in case she didn't he saw no need to correct that error either.

"You know," he said, as both hands played with her great orbs, "I would have never thought you could get so highly aroused, and love it so much. Never in a million years. When we used to go to movies as a family, you used to close your eyes at all the sex scenes and make Sis and me close ours. You used to change the TV channel if even a particularly racy beer commercial would come on. Now, Aunt Suzy I could figure - she's so naturally sultry that it seems criminal that she's only a housewife and not a famous porn star or something. She has a natural nympho vibe. Even her scratchy voice is just so... fuckable. But you're different. So innocent, and yet so sexy, too."

His dick rested against her thighs, so he began to work his hips to make it drag up and down her skin. It felt like a hot coal burning into her leg, just inches from her pussy. It had re-engorged only halfway, to only a half-hard state, but she loved it just the same.

She managed to answer between excited pants, "I know what you mean. I keep wondering if this is all just a wonderful dream, and will I wake up? But it's really true. Your mother is a sex cow. She'll die without a daily injection of your tasty cock cream. Your cow needs your fuck stick in her mouth so bad!"

"Mom, since you're so keen on being called a sex cow, maybe I'm the one that should be milking you. Why are your tits so big? Is it because they're sloshing around on the inside with milk? I think they are!

Maybe you are a milky sex cow! Maybe I should drain them of their milk with my lips every day." He concluded this by planting his mouth on one of her nipples and sucking vigorously.

This wasn't just something fun for him to do. He'd been thinking about how to get the spanking started. Even though he wasn't "insanely horny" at the moment, he wanted to be sure that at least she was. He'd noticed that her breasts were very sensitive, and her nipples were the most sensitive of all. She hadn't really let him suck her nipples much, but he figured that if he could, that would really get her going.

She squirmed beneath him. "No, Tiger! No! Don't say that. No!"

He immediately pulled away. There was nothing that hurt him more than hearing his mother cry "no." He was disappointed that his plan had been foiled.

But then she pushed his mouth back to her nipple. "That was one of those no's that mean 'yes, yes, yes!', you silly boy. I love it! Keep doing that!"

She felt for his penis, but it was still only half-hard at best. She kept holding it with one hand to help encourage it. She'd be ready to do more as soon as it revived.

He followed her command, and soon had her panting even more heavily. He listened intently to her words as he sucked on an erect nipple.

"I said 'no' because it's such a fantasy of mine, Son. It's too exciting for me. Don't feed my fantasy, well, not too much!" She laughed. "Maybe that's the real reason why I want to be called a sex cow, because I want you to suck my tits. I want to be milked every day, just like a cow!"

She opened her eyes and stared at him with complete seriousness. "I want to lactate for you, Tiger. Supposedly it can be induced with herbs and medicines. But that can't be; it's too impractical. You'd have to suck me dry every few hours, twenty-four hours a day. Forever. That's always been a fantasy of mine, to have my baby son sucking at my breast. And that's why I've been keeping my tits from your touch far too much until recently, because it arouses me so terribly much when you touch them."

She looked away shyly. "I have an awful secret. I probably shouldn't tell you this, but I just can't say 'no' to such a potent, cum-filled, virile young man. The fact is, whenever you play with my big tits, I just about lose all control. I almost love it more than cocksucking, even!"

He chuckled, because he knew just how much she had to love it if she said that. He pulled away from her nipple just long enough to say, "I kind of figured that out already. It's so obvious from the way you moan, amongst other things. I think 'M' is my favorite letter now, after hearing your 'mmmm' sounds so often."

As if proving his point, her "mmmm" moans were getting louder and louder the more he suckled at her teat.

She said huskily, "I just hope you don't take advantage of my weakness to do the one thing sons should never do to their mommies. I couldn't forgive you if you did that."

He stared up at her with a poker face, even though he knew she was expecting a response. He didn't want to make promises that he couldn't keep. He felt in his heart that he'd be fucking her soon. It was just a matter of her coming to terms with it first. The fact that he was busy sucking her nipple gave him an excuse not to talk.

Her passion made her continue, "But oh! The other stuff is so good! Do you have any idea how many times I've cum today? And not just today, but every day lately! I cum so often it must be completely off the charts." She ran a hand down to her pussy and lightly rubbed her wet slit. "My pussy positively hurts, but it hurts in a good way, like, like having a good tired after a long run."

She brought both her hand to her breasts and lightly caressed their undersides. "When you suck on my tits like that I'm so crazy with desire I can barely breathe! I hyperventilate! My nipples - on fire! Oh! God! No! So good! Yes!"

That confirmed what he'd gathered about why she was so reluctant to let him suck on her nipples. He was very glad that she was letting him do it now, because he really wanted her as aroused as she could be. He kept sucking, first at one nipple and then the other, and then back again to the first, repeating the process until she reached yet another powerful climax. She came entirely from the breast play.

She'd let go of his dick during the frenzy of her orgasm. But after it was over, her hand immediately fumbled around until she found it. She sighed contentedly when she felt that he'd finally fully engorged once again. bender

Despite being weary from her orgasm, she started rubbing his sweet spot with two fingers to make sure he stayed erect. But she still needed to rest and recover, so they continued to just lie there.

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He waited a couple of minutes, until he sensed she was feeling better. Then he said, "Mom, I have bad news. I'm kind of upset at you."

She frowned with dismay. "Why?! Don't I do all I can to help you out and keep you happy?!" She was still rubbing his sweet spot, but she brought her other hand over and cupped his balls to show what she meant.

"You do, you definitely do. You've been so great that I can't even put into words how much I love it, and how much I love you. Except for one thing. This rule of yours, where I'm not allowed to touch your tits. That changes every five minutes, it seems. It drives me crazy."

She let go of his erection, so she could place his hands back on her ample tits. She held his hands there and solemnly spoke. "Forget that rule! My nipples, my tits - they're yours. Yours to own. Don't even let me joke about denying them to you anymore, because it's not my place to deny them to you ever again! It'll mean that I'll be that much more perpetually horny and crazy for cock if you get me excited playing with my tits, but so be it. Please, you'll have to spank me if I ever push your hands away. Promise me you'll spank me good and then have your way with me - minus that one thing."

"I promise," he said as he chuckled some more. Man! She's making it so easy to bring up spanking! It's like she's practically begging me to do it. Aunt Suzy is right: it's something she needs from me, to confirm our new roles. I'm feeling a lot better about this.

She brought her hands back to his crotch and resumed fondling him, but with more vigor than before. "I'm sorry to deny you my pussy - I mean, my cunt - but take my offering of my tits instead. All I ask is that you go easy on me with sucking on my nipples, and try not to do that unless I'm ready for it. I truly

worry that I'll lose all control, and you'll end up fucking me. Besides, I can't take too many orgasms like the one you just gave me!"

He laughed. "Okay Mom. I'll only pinch them now and then." He pinched both of her nipples at once.

She cried, "No! Don't! Too sensitive!" But she thrust her chest closer to him in delight. For once, even Alan could realize that a 'no' was a 'yes.'

He was having a lot of fun with her, but he knew he couldn't get distracted now. So he forced himself to frown, and then say, "I'm glad you're changing that rule. But, that said, I think it's only right that I punish you now for blowing hot and cold on letting me play with your tits for so long. You say you're my 'big-titted sex toy mommy,' and yet you often wouldn't even let me touch your tits! Including when we came into this room earlier!"

She dropped her head submissively. "I'm sorry. You're so right!"

He forced himself to act offended some more. "Furthermore, you promised me a blowjob right after dinner, but then you got a call from your cousin and got cold feet. I thought you were proud to be one of my personal cocksuckers?"

"I am, Son! I am, so much! I've never been so happy. But you're right. I let you down, twice in one day. I think I need to be spanked. Hard!"

He nodded gravely. "I think that would be best." Man! So easy! I couldn't ask for a better set-up. "There's no time like the present. I want you to lay across my lap. Right now."

She looked at him with amazement. "What, now now?"

"Yes. Now. I'm waiting. Don't give me a reason to spank you even more."

Her head reeled and she truly felt dizzy as the implication of what was happening sank in. She sat up in bed, feeling fully energized and alarmed. She loved the idea of getting spanked by her handsome son, but she also had serious concerns about it. She blurted out, "But... I'm your mother! I know I just said I

deserve a spanking, but is it really right for a son to spank his own mother? What will happen to my authority over you?!"

He said, "Normally, no, it isn't right. But our situation is far from normal. I'm eighteen, which makes me legally an adult. Our relationship is shifting. I'm still your son, but I'm also the 'man of the house,' as you keep telling me. I'll continue to defer to your motherly wisdom most of the time, but I'm the one in charge now, for most things. If you're serious about being my 'personal cocksucker' and my 'sex pet' and so on, then you need to walk the walk and not just talk the talk."

She gulped, and nodded. Her heart was racing from the thrill of him taking charge like this. The implications of what he was saying were almost too exciting for her to comprehend.

Feeling emboldened, he said, "As the man of the house, I have the right to spank you, or anyone else in the house, any time I feel like it. And that starts now, here, with you!" He pointed to his lap, indicating she should lie across it.

She looked to where he pointed, and saw his stiff erection poking up. She reached out and resumed stroking it. "Can I... can I just suck on it for a while? Your words... they made me... so hot! I'm hungry for cock! Your cock!" Her chest swelled with pride as she exclaimed, "My SON! The man of the house!"

But he said, "Not now. There will be plenty of time for that later. I want you to lay down on my lap, just like a naughty little girl." He realized he could be more comfortable if he scooted back so his back was against the headboard, so he did just that. Then he propped up some pillows behind him to get even more comfortable. "Okay. I'm ready."

Susan was in awe as she got into position. This is... the most exciting thing ever! I know he swatted my ass a few times yesterday, but that was just kind of playing around. This... this... it feels official! This isn't just a spanking; he's taking control! He's TAMING me! Even more than before! I'm falling further into submission to my own son, and nothing has ever felt so good!

Both of them were very aware of the symbolic importance of her position, lying naked across his lap. He reached out and brushed her long hair off her back as best he could, so he could run his hands up and down her fair skin. He proceeded to do just that. He loved caressing her smooth and shapely back, and he enjoyed her firm thighs as well, but it wasn't surprising that he focused most of his attention on her ass.

As he did that, she reached underneath her body with one hand and found his erection. Her hand was trembling with excitement as she resumed stroking him. Oh God! He's gonna spank me, for real! I wonder if it's going to hurt? Actually, of course it's going to hurt, but how much?! I'm so glad that I at least have the reassurance of holding and stroking his great big cock! It's only right that a well-hung son spans his big-titted mommy! Regularly!bender

Alan had to pause and rest for a minute, because things already were nearly too exciting for him. Okay. Time to take a big breath. He did so, and then did it again. That's better. Aaaaah. Jesus H. Christ! This is crazy! I really need to chill out before I even start and not let this go to my head. All this talk about me being "the man of the house," I need to remember that it's mostly just talk. It's true that I'm taking charge when it comes to sex, but otherwise, in reality Mom is still the one who runs the house. She's still the one who I look up to for advice and guidance. Well, Mom and Aunt Suzy almost equally, to be honest. But that's still true for both of them.

We're entering a time where we're going to pretend otherwise. Mom gets off in a big way on the idea that I'm completely in charge, and there's no harm in letting her feel that way. But the important thing is that I have to stay grounded and remember that isn't really true. Except for sexual stuff. And, admittedly, that's a pretty big exception! Phew! That's a damn exciting exception, too!

Susan still had a hand underneath her body that was stroking his hard-on. He had to clench his PC muscle some, but he decided he could handle that level of stimulation for now. Then, with his fingers exploring Susan's pristine ass crack, he recalled Suzanne's advice that he could use the spanking situation to wear down Susan's rule against him touching her pussy.

So he said, "Okay, Mom, before we get started on the spanking, I'm going to have to check you for wetness."

Susan was alarmed. "What do you mean?!" She figured he was referring to her pussy, and she unthinkingly clenched her legs together.

Looking at her thighs locked together, he said, "Yep, that's what I mean, your pussy. Remember, this is a punishment. So you're not supposed to get any enjoyment out of it." (Actually, he knew that was not true, and the whole point was to give her pleasure. But he understood that the pretense had to be maintained.) "As a result, I need to check that you're dry before we start, and that you stay dry until the end. Open your thighs."

She whimpered shyly, "But I'm not dry! Far from it! How can I be, with you being so manly, handsome, and sexy, and putting me in my proper place like this?! Just feeling my body across your lap is keeping me constantly gushing. Plus, I've got your hot, stiff cock in my hand, and you know how horny that makes me. And things are bound to get wetter still down there, because the spanking hasn't even started yet!"

He used both hands and pried her thighs apart. She didn't try to fight it. "Well then, maybe you should let go of my dick. You'll need to do that when I start the spanking anyway. Try to stay dry, and whatever you do, don't cum! If you do, I'm gonna have to give you a punishment that'll make this upcoming spanking seem like small potatoes!"

She bit her lip and grimaced. She was already close to cumming as it was, and thoughts of a more severe punishment only excited her more. But she was determined to try her best. She even let go of his cock, in the hope that would help keep her calm.

But then Alan reached between her legs and ran a finger through her swampy pussy.

She squealed in alarm and squeezed her ass cheeks and thighs tight, trapping his hand. "What was that?! You know you're not allowed to touch me there! That still stands! I'm sorry, but I MUST keep that rule! I know I just changed the other rule, but if I let you touch me there, there's no telling what'll happen! You could end up really fucking me! Heck, I could even end up begging you to do it!"

His head swooned as he imagined that happening. With such thoughts on his mind, and her body to fondle, he didn't need for her to be actively jacking him off to be extremely aroused, as he was right now. He forced himself to calm down some, and then said, "I know, Mom, I know. And I'm not asking you to change that rule. But we need a partial exception for spankings. I have to check you there and clean you off. We really need a dry pussy for this to work."

Of course that was bullshit, and she probably knew that on some level. But it was a fig-leaf excuse that allowed her to let him break that rule without her having to feel bad about being weak.

He made a show of looking around the room. (He was so horny that it didn't occur to him that she couldn't see his face while lying face down over his lap.) "It's a shame I don't have some tissues or a towel or something. I guess I'll have to use my hand."

She clenched her ass cheeks in alarm again. "Don't you still have something like that near your bed, to help you masturbate with?"

He grinned. "Sorry, Mom. Not anymore, since I have you, Amy, Sis, and Aunt Suzy. Plus, I'm not about to commit the 'sin of Onan.'" He had trouble saying that with a straight face, since he found the whole Onan story ridiculous, but luckily she still couldn't see his face anyway. "Anyway, I can just use my hand, like this." He started wiping her pussy clean with the tips of his fingers. "Remember, stay calm. Think of unarousing things. And whatever you do, don't cum! Then we can get started on the spanking."

Susan whimpered helplessly. That's easy for you to say! You're not the big-titted mommy about to get spanked for the first time by her huge-cocked son! I can't even handle the THOUGHT of getting spanked. It's too exciting! Once it starts, I'm gonna cum in the first minute, for sure, if I even last that long! And then I'll need to be punished for that, and that'll probably be something even MORE arousing, making me cum without permission even more, and on and on, in an endless cycle! I'll end up totally and utterly TAMED! And even that thought is too arousing for me to handle! UGH! Dear Lord, please! Help me!

That passing thought about the Lord helped her a great deal. She was a genuine religious believer, and prayer was a big part of her life. So she closed her eyes and recited some well-known prayers in her mind. That diverted much of her attention.

And she was very grateful for that, because in fact, Alan's attempt to "clean" her pussy was merely a pretense for him to play with it and all around it. He refrained from sticking any fingers directly in her slit, since that didn't fit with the cleaning notion. But he made up for that by repeatedly running his fingers over her wet lips and brushing past her clitoris. Sometimes, he would "accidentally" push a finger in her soaking gash a little bit, but not too far or for too long.

He wasn't doing much with his other hand, so he brought that around her front and under her huge boobs and began fondling them.

Susan's prayers were helping her calm down some, but that went right out the window once he started fondling her super-sensitive breasts. She squirmed with lust and worry. "Ti-Ti-Tiger! What do you think you're doing?!"

He said with a smirk, "I just need to hold you there to keep you in place. Kind of as a counterbalance."

She thought, He IS keeping me in my place, in more ways than one! So HOT! But it's too hot! I can't take it! She panted, "But then, why, why... why are you fondling my nipples so much?!"

He pretended to be clueless. "Oh, am I? Oops. I guess that's how it goes. Remember, you changed the rules. I can fondle your tits as much as I like, anytime I want."

Just hearing that practically made her want to swoon, or scream in erotic ecstasy. OH NO! He can! He can! That's so like him. I change the rules and immediately he takes full advantage! There's no stopping him! And now he really DOES own my tits! I was just saying that earlier as something to arouse us, but now it's TRUE! Oh God! Lord, please, give me strength to endure his sexy, groping hands! I don't know which is worse, the way he's rolling my nipples between his fingers or how he keeps sliding his thumb back and forth over my cunt!

So far, he had restrained himself from probing inside her pussy, aside from the occasional minor "accident." He didn't have a valid reason to do so, as that didn't fit with the "cleaning" theme, and he rightfully worried about pushing her too far too fast. But she was so hot to trot, squirming and heaving in his lap, that he figured he could get away with it. So, pretending more cluelessness, he said, "I don't understand. You keep getting wetter and wetter, no matter what I do. Where's it all coming from? Maybe I should go straight to the source and try to plug the leak there."

With that, he plunged two fingers deep into her hot hole.

She was so surprised and aroused by that move that her entire body actually rose up and fell back down on him. She would have cum for sure, but she struggled with all her might not to, due to his prohibition against it. "AAAAAIIIIIEEEE! NO! Tiger, no! Please, no! Too hot! So hot! Can't... can't take it! AAAAAH!"

He pumped his two fingers in and out several times, making her squirm and moan even more. Of course he wasn't actually trying to "plug a leak," but that provided another fig-leaf excuse.

She thought, And to think I didn't know which is worse! The cunt is way, way worse! This is why I don't let him touch me there! I'm gonna cum so, so, so HARD! And then... then... I'll probably beg to get fucked! I've never been so horny in my LIFE! He has total control and I'm helpless to stop him, because it feels so damn GOOD! I really AM just his big-titted plaything!

She clenched her teeth and shut her eyes tight. Her hips squirmed around as she struggled with all her might to delay her climax.

He realized how close she was, but he didn't want her to cum just yet. His plan was to keep her riding right at the brink of orgasm for as long as possible, in the same way she frequently did to him. So he pulled his fingers out of her and let her recover somewhat, until her frantic panting abated.

As he took a brief rest, he thought, This is awesome! I love how my "cleaning" just makes her wetter and wetter! I particularly love to see her this horny and happy. Man, life is good!

He'd mostly forgotten his qualms about spanking her; he was beginning to be anxious to get the spanking started. So he said, "Unfortunately, I'm not having much success here in getting you dry. I guess we'll have to leave your pussy like this, for now, and get the spanking started." He couldn't resist stroking his fingers back and forth over her sopping-wet pussy lips a few more times. "But, whatever you do, don't cum! Is that clear?"

"Yes, Son." Her pulse raced a bit faster and her body tingled all over as she sensed the spanking was about to begin. Too bad Brenda can't be here to see this! She seems to have a real special thing about getting spanked! At least I'll get to tell her about it later. She'll understand what a huge deal this is! It's mommy-taming in action!

Alan too, had to brace himself as he contemplated what was about to happen.

She broke the silence by asking, "How... how many times are you going to spank me?"

He thought, How many times should I spank her, I wonder? Twenty? Thirty? I'm so clueless. I have NO idea how much is too much! Maybe it's better not to announce a number first and just do as much as feels right. Yeah, that sounds good.

He said, "I have a number in mind, but I'm going to play it by ear. We'll see how well you do, and how much you can take. Remember that no matter what happens, I love you. It might hurt some; in fact I'm sure it will. But I'm not going to go too far. Most of all, remember that I'm doing this for your own good."

She replied meekly, "Yes, my love."

He thought, I can't believe I just got away with the "I'm doing this for your own good" line. How ironic. She used to tell me that all the time when I was a little kid. Man! The shoe is definitely on the other foot tonight! Wild!

Then it occurred to him they needed a kind of ritual. So he spoke off the top of his head as he continued to fondle her tits. "Okay, Mom. I'm going to swat your ass in a minute. When I'm done, I want you to say, 'Number one,' or whatever the number is. Then I want you to say... um..." He recalled from erotic stories that there was a tradition to maintain here, and it was good for her to repeat some kind of statement after each swat. But he was so very turned on that he couldn't come up with a good, appropriate statement right off the bat.

Luckily for him, Susan had been contemplating being spanked by her son a lot lately, especially in her daydreams. So she drew from previous fantasies when she suggested, "What if I say, 'Number one.' And then, 'Thank you, Son, for punishing your naughty mommy.'"

He grinned from ear to ear. "Very good! Let's do that. Okay, here we go. Brace yourself!"

Chapter 563 THANK YOU, LORD!

Susan closed her eyes, clenched her teeth, and clenched her ass cheeks.

Alan raised his hand up high and then brought it down onto her ass.

There was a loud "whap". But, in fact, he didn't really hit her that hard. He still had a hard time doing anything that seemed like hurting his mother, so he eased up at the last second, and without really intending to.

But Susan reacted just as if he'd swatted her as hard as he could. For her, the actual physical act was a smaller factor than the mental aspect. The fact that her son was giving her a real spanking was such a thrill that she was nearly delirious with lust. As soon as she felt the impact, she cried out, "Number one! Thank you, Son, for punishing your naughty mommy!"

She followed that with some husky, erotic moaning. Already, she was struggling hard not to cum. She knew exactly where her son's erection was, and that was too tempting to resist. She reached under her body, found his hot pole, and sighed blissfully as she resumed jacking him off.

Right as she did that, he went back to fingering on and around her pussy. He said, "Good job, Mom. But hang on a second. I've gotta check your pussy again before we continue."

That made her moan and "mmmm" even more. She reflexively clenched her ass cheeks again.

But he said, "Sorry, Mom. You can't clench like that. I can't check you properly if you do. In fact, no clenching at all during the spanking, and that's an order. If you do, I'm going to have to add more swats before I'm done."

She whimpered, "But I can't help myself! It's a natural reaction!"

"Well, try. Or we might not be done here for a very long time."

She tried hard, and mostly succeeded. But she felt the need to do something, and since she couldn't clench, she found herself squirming and writhing in place a great deal instead.

He didn't try to stop that since he didn't see any harm in it, and he found her movements very sexy.

She went back to praying in an attempt to distract herself from her son's pussy checking. But instead of standard, memorized prayers, she made up her own. Dear Lord, please, PLEASE! Please, help my pussy not gush so freely, so Tiger can finish his check fast! I feel like cumming so very much, and I can't cum at all! I must obey my studly boy. Please! Please! Help me not cum without permission! I don't want to be punished even more! It's unseemly! He's my son, but he's the man of the house now too, and he has total control over me! I'm just his big-titted mommy plaything, and I can't tell him no! Lord, please! Everything is so sexy! Too sexy! Too hot! Make it less hot, somehow! I'm begging you!

Her prayers continued in that vein. In fact, they were less prayers and more just her erotic stream of consciousness thoughts, with the occasional appeal for God's help thrown in. They didn't help her calm down much, if at all.

Then Alan announced, "Okay, here comes swat number two!"

Susan clenched her ass cheeks unthinkingly. She still held his cock in her hand, but she stopped stroking it as her entire body braced for impact.

He waited. "Nope. What did I say about ass clenching?"

"UGH! I can't help it! I'm too horny!"

"Try."

She tried. She managed not to clench, but her ass was wiggling and writhing so much that it was a moving target.

Her fingers were sliding wildly all over his boner, obviously with very little conscious control on her part. It occurred to him that when he swatted her again, she was likely to squeeze his shaft painfully hard, just as she tended to clench up elsewhere. So he said, "Hang on. Mom, you gotta let go of my dick. I just remembered that part of the spanking tradition is that you need to pin your hands behind your back, just like they're handcuffed there."

"Oh." She was disappointed to let go of his erection, but the idea of having her hands behind her back like that was thrilling in its own way too. She loved feeling totally helpless and in his power. So she brought her hands behind her back as requested.

He announced, "Okay, get ready..."

A few seconds later, he raised his hand up high and swung it down. He slapped her other ass cheek this time.

Susan grunted. Then she cried out, "Number TWO! Thank you, Son, for punishing your naughty mommy!" bender

A strange voice said, "Brother, you call that a spank? Weak!"

It was only a strange voice for a few startling seconds, because both Alan and Susan quickly recognized the voice as Katherine's. Alan had the benefit of being able to easily look towards his door and see her standing there, smiling and waving at him. She was wearing a blouse that she'd just put on in her room, but she'd left it completely open in front, exposing most of her ample charms.

Susan couldn't see towards the door without twisting her body uncomfortably, but she considered that a small blessing, because she didn't want to look. She shut her eyes tight, and her cheeks turned red. "Angel?! What are you doing here?! Please! Don't look!" She let go of her son's erection and tried to cover her ass cheeks with both hands, as if that would help preserve her modesty at all.

Katherine said, "Mom, how could I NOT look? My room is right across the hall, you know. When I hear all kinds of spanking and shouting sounds, how can I not check to see what's happening?"

However, Katherine's statement was intentionally misleading. She'd actually been downstairs doing naughty things with Suzanne, which she didn't want to admit to her mother. At least it was true that she'd heard the sounds, since Susan's screams had carried that far.

Susan clenched her ass cheeks even more, as her entire body tensed up. "Okay, I can understand that. But now you know, so you can go. It's just a spanking, thank you very much!"

Katherine responded, "Just a spanking? I beg to differ! How often does one get to see a son spank his own mother?! Not very often, that's for sure. Although, I imagine that from now on we'll be seeing it a lot. Isn't that right, Bro?"

Alan certainly didn't mind the intrusion. He knew that Katherine's presence would humiliate Susan further, which in turn would arouse her even more. Besides, it was fun to talk to someone else, especially a gorgeous, naked sister. "Sure thing, Sis. From now on, any time Mom is bad, she's going to wind up with a cherry red ass and probably a mouth full of cum. Although, Sis, I should warn you that the same thing applies to you."

Susan nearly passed out because she found those words so arousing. She particularly loved the phrase that she was "going to wind up with a cherry-red ass and a mouth full of cum." (She immediately forgot

about the "probably.") Her ass humped up and down in a desperate effort to delay her impending orgasm.

Katherine replied, "I know, Bro, I know. And I certainly don't have a problem with it, because that's your right! We're your obedient fuck toys, after all. We're all about dropping to our knees to suck and serve, and if we fail to please, then we get spanked! Hard! Isn't that right, Mom?"

Susan merely grunted in the affirmative. "UNH!" She thought, Shut up, Angel! Please! If you say anything more, I'm going to cum! I'm so close! I'm dying! UGH! But I can't! I can't!

In fact, Katherine had been watching the spanking from the very beginning without being noticed. She'd even taken a few photographs, figuring it was a moment they would all want recorded for posterity. So she knew exactly what was going on. But she pretended to be clueless when she nodded at the way Alan was diddling with Susan's clit, so she asked, "Why are you touching Mom in her naughty spot like that? Isn't that forbidden?"

Susan gasped out, "It IS! Please, Angel! Get him to stop! I'm... I can't... Gonna cum!" After an initial coherent outburst, she was unable to express herself because she was that horny. She wanted to say that she needed Katherine to enforce the rules since she found herself helpless to do so. But instead she ended up moaning and "mmmm"-ing quite loudly.

Alan managed to continue to diddle with her clit, as well as her slit, despite her constant writhing and gyrating. He looked up at his sister and said serenely, "Normally, that WOULD be forbidden, but there's a special spanking exception. You see, I need to check to make sure she's not too wet. Obviously, she's supposed to be punished, not aroused."

Katherine smirked knowingly as she said, "Obviously." She understood full well that this was an erotic spanking, and the punishment was only a thin pretense.

He brought a hand back to her breasts, which he'd been neglecting for a while. "And sometimes I have to hold her here or she might slip off my lap."

Katherine had a hard time not laughing at that. "That seems reasonable."

He pretended to be upset. "The problem is, I must be doing something wrong, because she's getting wetter and wetter." He pulled his hand from her crotch and held it up. "Here. Come look. See how wet my fingers are?"

Katherine eagerly pounced on the invitation to come closer. She walked right up to the edge of the bed and glanced at his hand. "Hmmm. Indeed." She was tickled pink, and couldn't stop smiling.

Susan brought her legs together and tried to cover her pussy and ass crack with her hands as best she could. "Don't look! Please! Don't look!"

Needless to say, Katherine was looking. "Mom's been a bad mommy, hasn't she?"

"She has," Alan replied.

Susan wailed, "Oh, God! This is totally humiliating!"

She thought, This is like my every dream come true, but my nightmares are coming true too! Even though I'm losing their respect and authority, it's SO HOT! I'm so horny that I fear I'm going to literally lose my mind! Tiger is playing endlessly with my HOT CUNT! And Angel is standing right there watching!

Alan felt he had a good sense for just how much humiliation would make Susan hotter than an inferno, and how much was too much and would make her miserable. He sensed that Katherine's presence and comments was taking Susan to that tipping point. The spanking was mind-blowing enough to begin with, and he sensed his mother was extremely close to cumming, which she wouldn't want to do with her daughter there too.

So, knowing that Susan couldn't see his face, he nodded at Katherine and then nodded at the door. Mostly with his facial expressions, he was able to convey that he was worried about pushing Susan too hard.

Katherine was disappointed, but she got the message.

Once he saw that his sister understood, he spoke out loud, for Susan's sake. "Sis, sorry, but you should probably go. This is kind of a private thing between me and Mom, at least this time around."

Susan sighed heavily with relief. THANK YOU, LORD! Miracles can come true! Now, if I can just somehow not cum! Or at least hold out until Angel leaves the room! I'm not going to last much longer in any case!

Katherine nodded. Then, realizing Susan couldn't see that, she said, "Okay. No problem. But it's good that I saw this much, because, Mom, remember that I still owe you a spanking too, from what you did this afternoon. Remember? I'm definitely learning from what I see here. But we'll have to wait until tomorrow for that. Okay, see you guys later!" She walked to the door.

Susan's eyes had been shut tight, but they opened and bugged out wide when she heard Katherine say that she was going to get another spanking tomorrow. That was very nearly the last straw. OH NO! BOTH my children are going to spank me from now on?! Lord, have mercy! Pleeeeeasse!

Alan had been "checking" her pussy all the while, with a particular emphasis on checking her clitoris. She felt she was hanging onto the very edge of a cliff, like a character in a Bugs Bunny styled cartoon, and her last hand-hold was slowly and inexorably slipping away.

She waited a few desperate seconds until she heard Katherine close the door. Then she shouted out, "Son, please! Permission to cum!"

Alan realized that he'd badly misjudged her arousal level. His plan had been to keep her near the cusp of orgasm for the entire spanking, and then he'd give her permission to cum at the end. But he'd gotten too excited and "checked" her pussy far too much. After just two swats, she had clearly gone beyond the point of no return, so he had mercy and said as he gave her nipple a hard pinch, "Permission granted!"

Susan let out a long, incoherent wail as her resistance collapsed and she came hard. In fact, she screamed like a furious berserker Viking warrior, her orgasmic cries echoing through the entire house. Her ass bounced up and down off the bed, and her legs and arms thrashed around uncontrollably.

Alan had to withdraw his hands from her slit and her boobs, due to how she was moving so much. Since she was still improbably wearing her high heels, he had to be particularly careful about her flailing legs. He used his hands to try to keep her from falling off his lap.

But, after about a minute, her multiple orgasm started to peter out, and her wiggling and writhing subsided too. Unexpectedly, he plunged two fingers into her burning hot slit.

Her eyes opened and bugged out, exactly like before. Her jaw dropped in near comic fashion too, because that took her by complete surprise. Another epic orgasm hit her, like a punch to the gut. She screamed and screamed, and tears poured down her cheeks. They weren't tears of joy or sorrow, but instead were a sign of her total emotional and physical overload.

When her orgasm ended after another minute or so, he decided to have mercy on her and just let her be for a while. She didn't quite pass out, but she was so out of it that she was effectively a dead weight on him. It took a minute or two before he managed to extricate his legs from under her. He got off the bed, stood up, and looked back down at her resting form. I've never seen anything so beautiful. Mom is totally orgasmed out!

The spanking ended in a strange way for him. Not only did he not cum himself, he didn't even come close. In fact, his penis quickly went flaccid once he was off the bed. In fact, he hadn't felt much direct stimulation at all, at least by his recent standards. Susan did jack him off some of the time, but she was so distracted that it was a far cry from her usual talented motions. But he didn't mind. This spanking was for his mother. And even though there was precious little actual spanking in it, he knew it had served its symbolic purpose. Plus, it had left her about as sexually satiated as she could possibly be.

As he stared at her gorgeous nude body, he thought, Good! I'm glad I didn't cum, or even get close. It's about damn time for some payback. Mom helps me out so much, every single day. She deserves more huge orgasms like that. And what's nice is that I didn't have a problem spanking her. The truth is, I adore seeing her cum like that! God, it's a thing of beauty! I made her like that. ME! Phew!

He left the room and quietly closed the door behind him. He decided to take a shower to revitalize himself. Then he figured he'd stop by Katherine's room to chat with her, and maybe check to see if Suzanne was still downstairs after that. He wasn't looking for any sexual help. Although he hadn't climaxed himself, he did earlier thanks to Susan's prolonged blowjob, and he felt sexually satiated from the spanking too.

He turned the light out as he left his room. He figured that if Susan wasn't asleep already she would be soon, and she would want to nap for a little while.

Chapter 564 Brenda And Susan

But he was wrong about that. Susan's body was absolutely wiped out, but her mind was still racing with excitement from being truly spanked by her son for the first time. She did rest for about five minutes, but she was thinking intently all the while. Then she turned on the lamp next to Alan's bed, and picked up the phone extension on his bed stand.

She dialed Brenda's number. She couldn't wait to share what happened with her new good friend.
"Hello, Brenda? It's me, Susan!"

Brenda's pulse started to race. She'd learned over the last few days that virtually any phone call with Susan ended up making her extremely aroused. But she tried to keep her cool. "Oh, hi. What's up?"

"Guess what? You won't believe it! Tiger just SPANKED me! And I'm not talking about a little playful slapping of my ass cheek during a blowjob, like he did yesterday. I'm talking about an honest-to-God, official, naked mommy across the lap, proper spanking!"

Brenda's effort to keep cool was shattered. She practically fainted, because that was about the hottest thing she'd ever heard. She screamed incredulously, "NO!"

"Yes!"

"NO!"

Susan chuckled, because this was the kind of reaction she'd been hoping for. "I'm telling you, yes! I'm calling you while lying buck naked in my son's bed. He's gone, probably to play with his sister or auntie, while I'm lying here completely and utterly DESTROYED from some of the biggest orgasms humanly possible! He really put me in my place!"

Brenda's eyes bugged out wider and wider. She was rendered speechless, and her heart pounded so hard it was downright dangerous. Getting spanked was her great secret fetish, due to her peculiar history of getting spanked frequently by her mother as she was growing up. She'd already heard from Susan that Alan had spanked Katherine a couple of days ago. The fact that he spanked Susan meant that he'd surely spank all of his women. Brenda realized that meant that as long as she continued to grow closer to him, he'd be spanking her soon as well.

She shouted even more emphatically. "NOOOO!" She fell into the nearest chair, because her legs gave way under her. She was huffing and puffing like a freight train with uncontrollable arousal.

Susan chuckled some more. "Yes, I'm telling you. Yes! Let me tell you all about it!"

Brenda thought, Oh God, dear God, NO! Susan you can't do that, or you'll kill me from an overdose of pure lust! Holy shit! The implications of this are staggering! If I had ANY doubt I want to be one of Alan's personal cocksuckers - and I don't! - this puts that issue to rest, for good! Alan, you've won me!

She exhaled several times, trying just to breathe. "Okay, Susan. Tell me! Tell me everything!"

Susan bubbled with excitement as she began her story from the moment she'd entered her son's room. Her post-orgasmic exhaustion was fading fast as she delighted in sharing her experience with Brenda.

By the time Susan finished her account, both she and Brenda were secretly masturbating - although what they were doing was so obvious with their heavy breathing that it was more like an open secret that they simply failed to admit to each other.

Susan went through her story with unusual haste, because she was eager to hear Brenda talk. She loved the stories that she and Brenda had shared on the phone earlier in the day, and in particular the dream Brenda had told her of Alan "molesting" her on a Japanese train. She couldn't wait to hear the sequel dream story that Brenda had promised.

Thus, as soon as her story was done, Susan said, "Okay, fair's fair. I got you caught up on all of Tiger's latest sexy pillagings and plunderings. Now it's your turn. Tell me some sexy stories please! I especially loved that Japanese train adventure you described last time. Didn't you say there would be a sequel to that?"

Brenda smiled widely as she let her imagination run wild. "Sure, I can do that. But I warn you, I'm just going to dive deep into a pretty extreme story. After all, you want the sequel to the train story, and you remember how that one ended?"

"Of course! How could I forget?! Tiger had just finished totally taming and humiliating you right in a crowded train in Japan! He'd stripped you of all your clothes and cum on your face, leaving you 'wearing' nothing but his spermy seed and your high heels with all those people standing around you! If you ask me, that was seriously HOT!"

Brenda practically glowed with delight, both from recalling the fantasy and getting to share it with her new friend. "Exactly. Now, close your eyes and imagine that you're back there on the train. Even though I'll be talking about me, we both know you'll be dreaming about it happening to you."

Susan grunted approvingly and closed her eyes. She sat back and began masturbating. She was still hot and bothered from before and she knew the story would soon have her feeling much hotter.

Brenda continued, "So there I was, standing next to a fully dressed Alan while I had to wipe my eyes just so I could see through his cum. I felt so naked! So ashamed! Now that he'd zipped up and tucked his penis away, and I was starting to come down from my own orgasms, I became much more aware of where I was. And who I was: clearly, I'd become his personal sex pet, and we both knew it! Heck, everyone in the whole train car knew it!"

Susan proudly spoke up. "Correction. ONE OF his personal sex pets. Because we both know he has many!"

Brenda said, "I happily stand corrected. I know that should make me jealous, and it often does, but isn't it totally hot just knowing that he's tamed so many women? And such busty and beautiful women! Like you!"

Susan was beaming with delight. She modestly protested, "Oh, I don't know about that. But I get what you mean. Please continue!"

"Right. As I think I told you last time, I looked around for my clothes, but I couldn't find ANY of them! Not even my jacket! Just then, I could feel the train coming to a stop, and I somehow knew that this was our destination. So I gathered my courage to look Alan in the face, and said, 'Uh-oh! What am I going to do?! We have to get off the train now, and I have no clothes!' But he didn't look bothered in the slightest. Calm and cool, he just asked, 'Do you remember what I just told you? Repeat the words for me.' So I slumped in place, lowered my head, and shamefully recited, 'You don't need clothes. Not anymore. You belong to me now. I'm your lord and master and you're my slut, my big-titted slut!'"

Susan groaned lustily. "Gaawwwd! That's just as hot as when you said it last time! Except you've got a serious problem. It's not just a matter between you and him. What about all the other people?! What about the police?! You're in a foreign country. You could get in serious trouble."

"I know! But the way he stared at me brooked no dissent. Clearly, he'd made up his mind and I had to obey! So that's exactly what happened. When everyone started to get off the train, we did too. My one saving grace was that the others were all so freaked out about my nudity and cummy face that they steered clear of me. Wherever we went, it was like there was a little bubble of protection for a couple of feet in every direction. Crowds would part and people would gawk and stare."

"Wow! Amazing!" Already, Susan was swept up in the story, just as if it was happening to her. "What did they say?!"

"Not much. Some different things were muttered and even shouted, but mostly it was in Japanese so I didn't know what it meant. I guess most people were too stunned to say much. The busy train station was dead silent at times! I did hear a few cries of 'Whore' or 'Slut,' and of course that only made my red face even redder. There was a lot of pointing and muttering about the size of my breasts in particular."

"I'll bet!" Susan said. "You're ridiculously endowed in America, but in Japan your curves would be even more extreme."

"Definitely. I felt like a circus freak! Thankfully, Alan held my hand tightly, and I drew strength from him. And when he sensed I was about to have a total freak out, he whispered in my ear, 'Don't worry, I own you now. You're my sex pet. If there's a problem, they blame the owner, not the pet. So relax, you're in good hands. My hands. Trust me, I'll be a responsible owner.'"

Susan sighed contentedly. "Aaaah. That's just like him. Sure, he takes full control and leaves us totally humiliated for his sexual pleasure, but somehow he never stops being loving and considerate at the same time. It really makes all the difference."

Brenda went on, "Yeah, well, it helped me some, but only some. At one point, we passed a shiny metal sign, and I was able to look at my face in the reflection. Between my fire engine red blush and the streaks of cum everywhere, I just about passed out!"

"I'll bet!" Susan said emotively. "Phew! I can't even imagine how scary that was for you! But what about the guards?! If you're moving through a train station, there has to be security of some kind, right?"

Brenda shrugged, then realized Susan couldn't see that through the phone line. "I don't know. Remember, this was a dream, so reality didn't have to be that real. I suppose we did pass some, but they just didn't care. Everyone was too stunned to do anything except get out of the way. Imagine if we were green space aliens strolling through the train station. Do you think any security guard would have had the gumption to do something to us? No! It was pretty much just like that."

Susan was bummed by the reminder that this was just a dream, but didn't mention it. "So... what happened next?!"

Brenda proceeded to detail much more of her dream. In short, after Alan walked her through the crowded train station, he simply unzipped his fly and had her hold and stroke his erection as they walked along. Whenever they came to a stop, such as a street corner, she got down on all fours and licked or even sucked his cock for a little while. Sometimes, he'd wait through several changes of traffic before telling her to stop and moving on. He didn't stay in any one spot for more than a few minutes though, because crowds would start to form.

Eventually, a Japanese police officer came along and confronted them. But instead of arresting them, he simply chided Alan for "walking a sex pet without a leash." So Alan walked her to a pet store and bought her a leash and collar.

Susan absolutely adored every detail. She appreciated Brenda's vivid imagination, which went places she still hadn't dared to go. She was flying high jilling herself when she asked, "So, after that, you just walked down the street beside him, attached to his leash?! Just like that?!"

Brenda already had a hard time talking due to her masturbatory fervor. But she managed to reply, "Of course not! Not JUST like that. For one thing, I wasn't walking down the street like we were out for a stroll together. No, HE was walking ME, his sex pet, much as if he'd been walking a dog. Which means I was on all fours!"

"NO!"

"Yes!"

"NO!"

"I tell you, YES! I was crawling on my hands and knees the whole time! He'd thoughtfully bought black latex gloves for me that went up past my elbows, and also thigh-high high-heel boots. That way I didn't get scuffed up crawling down the rough sidewalk. He does the same for all of his busty sex pets."

Susan exclaimed, "NO! It can't be! That's SO HOT! Too hot!"

Brenda giggled with glee. "Yes, it can be! It's my fantasy, remember? It can be anything I want it to be!"

"I know, but that's so... so... out there! So very naughty! Oh my goodness! 'Busty sex pets!' Brenda! UNGH! HNNRG! How... how did you feel?!"

"You mean having to walk on all fours all the time?"

"Yes!"

"Well, it had its pluses and minuses. I couldn't really stroke his cock as we walked. But whenever we stopped - and we did more stopping than walking - it was very easy for me to get into position and suck."

"OH MY! How humiliating!"

"Of course! My shame was never ending! He'd totally defeated me, totally tamed me! But that turned out to be a good thing. After a while, I completely gave up any resistance and totally devoted myself to serving him. I sort of went into a special zone where pleasuring and serving my master was my entire world. And let me tell you, it was BLISS! Pure bliss!"

"OH! OH!" Susan panted. That was one of her biggest real life desires, to get into that special zone while sucking his cock. It had happened a few times to her already, and it was pure bliss, just as Brenda said.

"What?"

Susan had another thrilling thought. "If he treats YOU like that, what's to stop him from treating ME like that?!"

Brenda gleefully responded, "Nothing! Absolutely nothing!"

Susan shrieked. She could vividly imagine herself sucking her son's cock while naked and on all fours on some random Japanese street corner, while many strangers stood and stared. She was getting carried away by her lusty desires, as well as her frantic fingering. "I think... I think... I'm... I'm going to cum again!"

Brenda screamed, "Me too! Let's cum together!"

And so it went.

Eventually, Alan led Brenda back to his Japanese apartment so he could fuck her in the ass. Brenda explained that while it obviously would have been more thrilling to get fucked in public, when it comes to anal sex there are important sanitation and safety considerations that need to be taken into account. It would be reckless to do it without the proper preparation.

Brenda kept the description of that very short, due to her previous anal sex discussions with Susan in which Susan found it highly disgusting. Instead, she skipped over the sex act almost entirely and focused on describing her orgasm at its conclusion instead.

As their phone call seemed to be winding down, with both of them feeling sexually satiated and satisfied, Susan shyly said, "Before we go, I've got a question for you."

"Go ahead."

She panted loudly on the line before asking tentatively, "You were talking about him taking you back to his home to... to..."

"Yes?"

Susan screwed up her courage and blurted out suddenly, "To fuck you in your ass!"

Brenda just smiled, hearing the difficulty Susan was having saying what she was obviously dying to know more about. "That's true. What about it?"

There was a long pause as Susan gathered her resolve to bring up an embarrassing issue. "I don't know how to say this, so I'm just going to up and say it: in recent days... I don't know why... maybe it's because of talks I've had with you, or with Suzanne... but, well... my thoughts are turning more and more to anal sex. There, I said it! I know that it's so very wrong and depraved, even... but how can I be a good big-titted mommy for my son and not give him my ass? I'm feeling all conflicted about it."

Brenda said confidently, "The truth is, you can't. You're one of his official personal cocksuckers. As we've discussed before, that not JUST about blowjobs. You have to be great at titfucks too, and generally let him play with your voluptuous body whenever he wants to. Yes?"

"Yes!"

"So why should that exclude your ass? Not just fondling and some anal fingering, but the whole thing! I'm talking about deep penetration!"

"My Lord! Brenda, what's that feel like?! I know you don't totally know yourself, but you have experienced anal dildos, and you have a great imagination. I noticed you skipped over the description of Alan fucking your ass when you two got back to the apartment, no doubt out of consideration for my feelings on the subject. But I'm asking you to give it to me straight! The whole story. I can handle it!"

Brenda replied, "Okaaaay... You asked for it. If you ever want me to stop, just say so and I'll stop."

"Thanks, but I'm a big girl. Hit me with it!"

Brenda then led Susan through a prolonged description of an anal sex session, with the Japanese apartment as the setting. She could easily draw upon her extensive years of watching pornography to

provide Susan with a very vivid and inspiring telling. Plus, she had experimented enough with anal dildos to give an honest account of how she remembered anal penetration felt.

Susan would have asked a lot of questions, but she was usually either cumming or on the verge of cumming. She was having a grand time imagining that she was the one getting fucked in the ass, especially after she'd gotten as hot and bothered as humanly possible from being walked through strange Japanese streets as an actual human sex pet.

At first, Susan had a hard time imagining what it would feel like to have her ass fucked. But she had been fucked vaginally by Ron from time to time. She thought, I'll just recall what that was like, and multiply it by a hundred. No, by a thousand! Of course, that wasn't really the same as anal sex, but it was enough for her to have a couple more big climaxes during the account.

As the two of them started to come down from their erotic highs, Susan was in a more thoughtful mood. "Thanks, Brenda. You really do have a special talent for stories like that. But... is it really okay to let ourselves go like this?"

"What do you mean?" Brenda asked.

"Oh, you know, going so wild. I mean... crawling naked on all fours down some street in Japan! On a LEASH! It just seems... improper."bender

Brenda knew what Susan meant, and deep down she had similar concerns. But she just chuckled, pretending not to know. "Whatever do you mean? Wasn't that fun? It's just a dream."

"I know. But it IS demeaning. And if we dream about this sort of thing, isn't that kind of a sign that it's what we really want, at least on some level? And if that's true, isn't that disturbing? I mean, we could end up taking this whole submissive lifestyle too far!"

Brenda sighed heavily, deciding she couldn't simply pretend that wasn't an issue any longer. "I suppose you have a point. But it's just that it's SO MUCH FUN! Isn't it?"

"It is. But I worry. The problem is, things have been getting so wild around here that I worry things could actually turn out like that, but for real! Maybe not in every detail; we're not in Japan, after all. But I think

of myself as his 'sex pet' and his 'sex toy' the like sometimes. Heck, a lot of the time. And I like it! So just how far can things go?!"

Brenda wasn't certain. She was just starting to get to know Alan and the others, after all. But she sensed that Susan wanted reassurance, so she said, "Don't worry. You're in a very lucky situation. Alan has a good head on his shoulders. He's not going to get carried away on a power trip, I can tell. And if he ever does start to head in that direction a little bit, Suzanne and others will help set him straight. Don't you trust Suzanne to take care of this, to make sure you don't get too submissive?"

Susan replied, "I suppose so. Wait, what am I saying? Of course I trust her! Suzanne is solid as a rock. She's never let me down about anything. You're right, I'm surrounded by love and care. So I shouldn't worry. But sometimes I still do."

"Well, that's only natural. But that's no reason not to share more fun stories and fantasies like this, right?"

"Right. Phew. Thanks. I feel a lot better!"

After the phone call ended, Brenda told herself, Susan had a valid point. We do get carried away sometimes. I do, especially. I had dreams just like that one for years now. But they used to be harmless because they were so wildly unrealistic. But now that my dream master has the face of someone I actually know, things ARE getting kind of... worrisome.

Look. Alan's a nice guy. A great guy even, probably. But he's JUST A GUY! A kid! In fact, he's not much older than Aidy. Of course, he is the most sexually impressive guy I've ever come across in my life, and he's practically turned his immediate family AND the Pestrige women into his personal harem already. Gaawwwd, the things Susan just told me are about the most arousing stories I've ever heard! And unlike my Japan dream, that actually happened!

But he is NOT my master, nor will he ever be. Obviously he loves having sex with lots of gorgeous, big-breasted women, but he's just not into all this domination and submission stuff. Not like I am, at any rate. He's a tad too nice. I'm sure I can have fun with him, and even have sex with him if I want, but within reason. I'm going to turn all these disturbing fantasy thoughts OFF, right now!

There. I feel better already. What I need to be is like Susan. She's submissive like me, but she doesn't let it get too far. She knows when to worry. She's living a dream every day, a wonderful sexually submissive dream, and yet she has good friends like Suzanne to keep things in balance. She knows when to step back and seek help, so she doesn't lose herself along the way. I can do that too: I can have lots of fun with Alan. I just need to keep my weirder fantasies to myself!

Susan also had some second thoughts after the phone call ended. Most any time I talk to Brenda at length, I get caught up in a sort of submissive euphoria in which being a sex pet or even a sex slave sounds unbelievably great. And it just happened again, big time! I need to remind myself that we're only talking about fantasies. End of story!

That said... a growing part of me wants to live that way for real. I can't deny my feelings! I want to be the perfect naked big-titted mommy slut for my son! I want that so much! Even if it includes vaginal sex, anal sex, spanking, and who knows what else! Anything else he wants! No limits! Total submission!

But I can't think that way. There always has to be limits, of course. That's reality. Maybe I should have fewer of these phone calls with Brenda, until my feelings settle down.

She searched her heart and realized, Okay, that's not going to happen. But I'll just have to tell her to tone it down some. This Japanese fantasy was great, but it went too far. It's putting all sorts of naughty thoughts in my head.

Chapter 565 Kath And Suzanne 69

While Alan and Susan were having fun in Alan's room, Suzanne and Katherine were busy "greeting" each other some more downstairs in the living room. They knew that Alan and Susan would be gone for a good while. They focused on each other's pussies and clits.

Lately, it wasn't unusual to take a half an hour or more of extremely vigorous and talented sucking and licking before Alan would finally give up a load (given that there'd be lots of kissing and groping and resting going on as well), so the two of them figured that they had at least that much time. They all knew about his PC muscle control now, and they both blessed it and cursed it. They truly enjoyed cocksucking for long periods of time, but it was downright exhausting on the jaw muscles sometimes.

Just seconds after Alan and Susan had gone upstairs, Katherine went upstairs herself to change her outfit. She returned quickly, naked but carrying a white shirt and a pair of green shorts that she had customized. Katherine explained that her new outfit was for "visual stimulation," showing off her shorts before throwing them and the shirt on a nearby chair, eliciting a thumbs-up sign of approval from Suzanne.

They sat on the sofa next to each other. Suzanne kept her dress bunched around her waist. It didn't block any vital access, but it allowed her to quickly cover up, just in case. She'd retrieved a sheet from the laundry and thrown it over the sofa while Katherine was changing, to catch most of their cum and sweat.

They figured that when Susan came back they'd have a few moments to hear Alan's door open and get decent, including hiding the sheet, before she could walk down the stairs to where she could see them. If they did get caught, they knew it wouldn't be the end of the world, but it still wasn't a good idea for Susan to see them making out naked just yet. That definitely would trigger a big setback in Susan's sexual progress.

Before long, they got into a sixty-nine and really went after each other. They munched each other to orgasm seemingly without ever tiring.

For nearly an hour, they hardly moved from their sixty-nine, because both of them had penis-starved pussies that needed pleasing, and satisfying any other sexual need was far down the list. Dildos or strap-ons would have been perfect to give both of them that "fucked by Alan" feeling they craved more than anything, but for once neither of them had any toys handy.

In the middle of their mutual licking, an important thought came to Katherine. "Oh! Aunt Suzy, I've been meaning to ask you. What's up with Mom?"

"What do you mean?" Suzanne asked.

"I mean, is she turning bisexual or something? You know that this morning she and I kissed, on the lips, and not just for a few seconds! It was TOTALLY HOT! And Gaawwwd, I was able to feel her up all over! And then, this afternoon, I was able to put my fingers in her pussy and her asshole, and she didn't complain!"

"Oh, really? Tell me more!"

"Later. Right now, I'd rather lick than talk. But I just want to know what the deal is!"

Suzanne sighed with frustration, because she knew she'd have to stop enjoying the taste of Katherine's pussy for a minute or two in order to give that a proper answer. She sat up, forcing Katherine to sit up too. "It's complicated. You really want me to explain?"

"YES! This is soooo key! I was actually gonna call or visit you earlier to find out, 'cos I'm so dying to know. But then I remembered how you don't like anything sexual going on at your house. And then, well, we got kinda distracted." She giggled, looking down at their bodies which smelled of sex. "But if she IS bisexual, do you realize how MASSIVE that is?!"

Suzanne chuckled. "As a matter of fact, I do! And I'm just like you: I think it's just about the best news ever, especially since it IS true, and she IS becoming bisexual!"

"NO WAY! REALLY?!"

As soon as Suzanne nodded gleefully at that, Katherine attacked her with a searing kiss with such intensity that she pushed her back down. Then she pretty much went wild over her for the next few minutes, until her energy started to flag.

Once Suzanne was able to speak again, she said with amusement, "I take it you like that idea. It made you sprout at least eight extra arms, because your hands were all over me!"

Katherine giggled at that, and fondly caressed Suzanne's ample globes with both hands. "Hell, yeah! Aunt Suzy, I love you a whole hell of a lot. I'm unbelievably psyched that we can do what we're doing right now! But to be able to do that with MOM, well, it's even MORE exciting!" She frowned with worry. "I hope you don't take offense."

Suzanne quickly put her worries to rest. "Relax, I know exactly how you feel. There's something about her being so prudish and innocent that makes her new sexual awakening that much more exciting. But, to finally answer your question fully, your mom Susan is primarily all about Alan. That's become... well, I don't think it would be an exaggeration to say that having sexual fun with him has become the most

important thing in her life. But she also loves me and you about as much as one person can love another, and she's starting to realize that she can express that love physically. So, yeah, she's becoming bisexual. I'll bet that, before long, we'll see her getting intimate with other women she doesn't even know that well, like Brenda, as long as it can somehow be linked to sexually serving her son."

"Cool! Oh, Aunt Suzy, you have no idea how happy that makes me feel. On top of that, I'm here in your arms. Everything is so damn GREAT!"

Suzanne ran her hands down Katherine's back as she replied, "Tell me about it! I've been lusting after your mom since you were in diapers. But take it slow with her, okay? Give her time to get used to these big changes in her life."bender

"Okay. Drat. To quote the most squeezably lovable mom on Earth, 'Oh, poo!'"

Suzanne drew in close for another kiss. "Yeah, well, if it's any consolation, you can burn off some of your lusty energy on me."

Katherine replied with more passionate kissing. Before long, they were again in a sixty-nine position.

Eventually, they heard some loud female screams upstairs. Then they heard some more, and still more.

Katherine was dying of curiosity. She knew Alan had to be doing something to Susan that was making her cry out in ecstasy, but she wanted to know the exact cause. So she politely pulled away from Suzanne, explaining that she just had to peek in upstairs to see what was happening upstairs. That's why Katherine first listened at the door and then actually walked in on Alan spanking Susan.

Because Alan had shooed her away relatively quickly, Katherine came back downstairs, still naked, and resumed having sexy fun with Suzanne. But the mood had been broken by Katherine's departure, so they simply sat and French kissed for a while. Between kisses, Katherine told Suzanne about the spanking she'd witnessed.

Eventually, they heard a door upstairs open and shut. This alerted them to make themselves presentable. Luckily, they still had their clothes handy and had been acutely listening for any sound, since Alan and Susan had been gone longer than expected. Not having to wear bras or panties allowed

them to get dressed in a hurry. They hid the remaining evidence by stuffing the wet sheet underneath the sofa.

As it turned out, Suzanne and Katherine had plenty of time to dress and make themselves presentable before anyone came down the stairs, because in fact neither Alan nor Susan came downstairs for a while.

Chapter 566 It's Going To Be Like This For YEARS To Come!

Alan wound up taking an extra long shower. He didn't need it to get clean, but he enjoyed simply turning on his mind and escaping the world for a while. He certainly didn't have any complaints about his newly supercharged sex life, but so much emotionally intense activity wore him down. It was good for him to be alone for a while and think about nothing at all.

Susan's call to Brenda wasn't a short one, and she went to her bedroom to freshen up and change into new clothes afterwards. But still, due to Alan's long shower, she came downstairs before he did.

Katherine and Suzanne were focused at first on appearing normal so Susan wouldn't suspect anything. They wore semi-bored expressions in an attempt to look like they'd been watching TV the whole time, even though they couldn't completely hide their glee.

But then, once Susan walked to a nearby sofa and sat down on it, they noticed something odd about her. Katherine exclaimed, "Mom, what's with you? You looked like you've just been run over by a truck!"

"I do?" Outwardly, Susan seemed fresh as a daisy, with her hair combed, her face washed, new dabs of perfume subtly applied, and so on. She was surprised they'd caught on.

Suzanne nodded. "You do. Oh, wait! I know what it is: the spanking!"

Katherine slapped her forehead. "Oh yeah. Duh!"

Susan clutched at her chest, and asked with surprise, "You know about that already?! Both of you?!"

Katherine smiled and explained, "Remember how I peeked in? When I came back downstairs, I told Aunt Suzy what I saw. You don't mind, do you? I figure you're going to tell her all about it in far greater detail anyway."

Susan recovered from her initial shock. "That's true. And I don't mind the part about you telling her. But I do mind you just waltzing in without even knocking when Tiger and I were having a very private moment!"

Katherine replied, "Sorry. But come on. If he'd been spanking me, and you overheard it, wouldn't your curiosity have gotten to you?"

bender

Susan admitted, "I suppose so."

Suzanne chuckled. "You know so. But never mind about that. Let's hear about the spanking!"

Susan smiled widely as she reveled in what had happened upstairs. But she asked, "Wait. What's this about me looking like I've been run over by a truck?"

Suzanne said, "Maybe that wasn't the best way to put it. Let's say instead that you look well fucked. If I didn't know better, thanks to Angel's peeking, I'd say you have that freshly fucked look. And not just any fuck either. You look like you've been royally fucked right out of your gourd!"

Susan replied, "Language please. If we're not trying to arouse my son, there's no need for vulgar words." But she was beaming. "That said, you're right! Tiger really put me in my place! I've never felt so owned and used! He proved to me over and over with his manly strength that he's the man of the house and I'm one of his busty sex pets. It was absolutely glorious!"

Suzanne was extremely pleased. Excellent! Sweetie meets and even exceeds my expectations yet again. I knew he had it in him! She asked, "That sounds great. Just how many times did he spank you?"

Susan looked away in embarrassment. "Um... Just two."

Katherine was so astounded by that, she stood up. "Just two?! TWO?! Mom, did you say 'two?!'"

Susan still couldn't make eye contact as her cheeks turned red. "I did, but you have to understand. It wasn't the number of whacks that mattered, it was the whole experience. By the mere fact that he spanked me at all, he proved that he's in total control, and my role is to serve and obey, and to suck and stroke. Gaawwwd! It was SO HOT! You wouldn't believe it! He had me hot as an oven even before we started, and then he just... fondled me all over! It would have gone on a lot longer, but I started cumming and then I couldn't stop! I came and came and came until I practically passed out!"

Suzanne glanced to the stairs and saw Alan walking into view, wearing his typical T-shirt and shorts combo. "Hey! Speak of the devil, look who's here. It's our spanking hero. Sweetie, I think you need to give each of us a great big kiss!"

He smiled as he reached the bottom of the stairs. "I can do that." Katherine came to him first, so he gave her a nice French kiss. Then it was Suzanne's turn. Finally, it was Susan's turn. Since he'd overheard them talking about the spanking as he came down the stairs, he gave the side of her ass a playful swat as they necked. That sent her into overdrive, and really wowed him with her passion.

But his penis had gone flaccid, and he was keen to hear what they'd been saying about the spanking, so he kept all the kisses relatively short. He found a spot on one of the sofas and sat down. "So... what's up?"

Katherine grinned impishly. "Well, Mr. Two Smacks, Mom was just telling us how you whacked her ass a grand total of TWO times! You really went all out, didn't you?" She giggled.

Even Suzanne got in on the teasing. "Susan, you must have done something truly awful to deserve that much punishment all at once!"

After the laughter died down, Susan said defensively, "Joke all you want. But like I was just saying a minute ago, the number doesn't matter. The point is, he got the job done. I'm going to have to redouble my efforts to please him with my mouth and in fact my entire body, after that!"

Katherine eagerly asked, "How does your ass feel? Is it glowing a nice red?"

"Unfortunately, no. I just checked in the mirror before I came downstairs, and you can't really see or feel anything at all. But that's okay; it'll give me something extra special to look forward to next time." She turned to her son and gave him a sultry look.

He thought, Whoa! Mom actually wants a red ass after a spanking?! That's pretty wild. But hey, if that's what she wants, that's what she's gonna get!

He felt overwhelmed by the entire spanking experience. He didn't want to discuss it anymore, because his mind was already blown, several times over, and he couldn't handle any more sexy surprises. So he changed the subject by asking Suzanne and Katherine about what they'd been watching.

The two of them were relieved that he didn't pursue the matter, and especially that they didn't have to fill the other two in on any TV plots, because although the television had been on, the volume had been completely muted and they hadn't paid any attention to the screen. The smell of sex filled the room, but that too wasn't very unusual anymore, so it didn't arouse any suspicion.

The four of them simply talked about non-sexual things for a while. Each of them had had their own intense sexual experience, so they all were glad to take a break.

After about ten minutes, Alan went to the stereo and put on Queen's greatest hits. He figured they'd be hanging out and talking for a while, and he simply liked the songs.

Suzanne had had so much time to dress that she'd put back on all of the fancy clothes she'd arrived in, including her jacket. But eventually she decided that she'd overdone it in her zeal to hide what she and Katherine had been doing. While the others were still making small talk, and without saying a word, she pulled her dress up past her hips and then opened up her top so her big globes came falling out.

Susan was perturbed, because Suzanne was pushing into new territory with this move. Everyone knew that there would be teasing and flashing of skin once Alan had some time to recover, but it was obvious from his attitude and the way he was sitting fully clothed that his penis wasn't hard and wasn't likely to get that way anytime soon. In turn, that implied that Suzanne was just getting naked because she wanted to.

Susan protested, "Suzanne, I love you dearly, but what on God's green Earth do you think you're doing? If you're trying to help with some visual stimulation, I appreciate that, but, well, I gave him a nice blowjob upstairs for a good half an hour, as a prelude to the spanking. We need to take our cues from him. We don't want to push him too hard. Tiger, correct me if I'm wrong, but there's no point in getting like that right now."

He just shrugged. He wanted to see how this would play out between the two MILFs and what their expectations would be.

Suzanne blithely replied, "I know. Not everything has to be about getting Sweetie hard, you know. I'm just getting more comfortable. Between the three of us women, we're naked more often than not in this house. Don't you agree? And it feels good, doesn't it? So why pretend? Why can't we just get as naked as we want to, wherever we want to?"

Suzanne deliberately kept her dress over her stomach to highlight the shocking white skin of her twin tit wonders. The dress also pushed her tits up, making them look even larger than usual.

"But it's... well, kind of embarrassing." Susan complained. "Especially with Tiger here!"

Suzanne responded, "So? All's the better, even if you did just suck him dry. We need to be more proactive so he can get hard and stay hard more often. Even when he's completely flaccid, we can still set a sexy atmosphere. That means we have to expose ourselves to him nearly constantly, and more when he's not around to stay in practice."

Susan was going to protest some more, but Alan spoke up first. "Mom, what's the problem? Aunt Suzy's right. She's just helping me out with visual stimulation. But even if she wasn't, then so what? Why should we have any rules about clothing at all?"

Katherine added, "And Mom, if exposing yourself like this in front of Alan makes you embarrassed, isn't that a good thing? After all, doesn't that remind you, and the rest of us, just who you belong to? Your body belongs to him all the time, not just whenever he might be close to getting erect."

Susan protested to the whole group, "I know, but if we listen to Suzanne, that means it would never stop. The three of us would spend nearly every waking moment trying to arouse Tiger here, then stroking and sucking him, and then draining him of his precious seed. Then it would start all over again

in a never-ending vicious circle. There would be no down time whatsoever! Why, there'd be nothing but cocksucking, handjobs, and titfucks all day long!"

Suzanne smiled. "That's right. And you see this as some kind of problem?" She glanced at Alan and winked.

Susan gasped. The enormity of Suzanne's vision hit her and she found herself pleased beyond words. OH. MY. GOD! That's how it's going to be, isn't it?! I belong to my son now! I knew that already, and he just proved it all over again with the spanking he gave me upstairs. But that's not all! We're far beyond just helping him with his medical problem. Serving his cock, that's what I do! I'm no longer a homemaker; I'm a full time sex pet! And not just for a week or a month or even a year... It's going to be like this for YEARS to come!

Good Lord! Her pulse raced and her pussy got wet in a flash.

She momentarily envisioned other women busy at the office chained to their nine-to-five grind while she stayed at home getting her chest and face bathed by load after load of her son's sweet cum. She felt giddy and weak in the knees. Wow! I feel so sorry for all those women. The Lord has truly blessed me. I'm financially secure, so I don't need to sweat and slave like most people do. Instead of being enslaved by the rat race, I'm basically enslaved by my son's big, fat, thick, and continually stiff and throbbing COCK! Like I said, I'm blessed!

She found the idea of basically being enslaved to her son's desires to be particularly appealing. She knew that she was supposed to think of the word "enslaved" as a negative, but in this context it was nothing but thrilling and arousing.

After thinking all that, she finally managed to mutter, "Uh, no problem." Her eyes were still opened very wide as she continued to ponder that epiphany.

Chapter 567 Please? Pick Me!

Suzanne sensed that Susan had just had a major sexual realization, so she pressed her advantage. "So, you see, more nudity is a good thing." Her legs had been pressed together, but she opened them wide so everyone could see the entirety of her pussy and her dark reddish-brown bush.

Susan's mouth opened wider but no words came out.

"This is sweet," Katherine said as she took off all her clothes. She was quick to establish and revel in her newfound freedom before her mother had a chance to change her mind. "No more of this 'Keep your clothes on, Angel,' and 'Angel, looks like your blouse has fallen open' stuff that I hear all the time. Yes!" She punched a fist into the air triumphantly.

However, Suzanne said to Katherine, "That may be true, but you have to think strategically. Sure, it's fun to undress and loosen up in front of him, but you'll still want to keep most of your clothes on most of the time to best tempt that big boy there." She accompanied that by a pointed glance at Alan's crotch. "Look at me and then look at you. You're already out of clothes. You've got nowhere to go from here. But I still have all kinds of possibilities, all kinds of ways to recapture his eye if it wanders. You should work your way to total nakedness slowly."

Suzanne continued, "Check out Sweetie's face and how he stares at my pussy. See how I have my legs open, but just a little bit. Watch how his attention keeps coming back to me as I move around, sometimes exposing my pussy and sometimes closing my legs again. It's the same with the way I keep things interesting with my breasts: covering, then stretching, then leaning forward, and so on. There's an art to teasing, and you need to learn it."

Katherine saw the logic in that, as did Susan. They both nodded, as if they were students taking stripping lessons from the experienced Suzanne.

Suzanne then said to Katherine, "Now, put your postage-stamp shorts back on, then that flimsy shirt that you've cleverly kept unbuttoned."

Katherine complied quickly. She noticed that both Alan and Susan were watching her closely to see what would happen.

While Katherine was buttoning her shirt, Alan shifted his attention to the peculiar green shorts that she was wearing. They were short enough to be an obscenity-law violation in some jurisdictions, but Katherine had modified them further by cutting inch-wide strips halfway up the legs. The result gave the initial impression of being a very short cheerleader skirt, but with half of the pleats missing. In fact, since they were actually shorts, she could claim modesty while showing off almost everything.

Susan's mouth remained open, but she was still at a loss for words. My God! I really am a sex toy for my son. We all are! This is what we do. I need to pay close attention. I'm going to be dressing sexily and tempting and teasing practically all the time from now on. All for my virile son! God, how I love it!

Then Suzanne continued, "Stand up and take your shirt off again, but do it slowly this time. And put some oomph into it. Remember, the whole point is 'visual stimulation.'"

As Katherine stood up, she realized that "Another One Bites the Dust" by Queen was just starting on the CD player. Some oomph, huh, she thought. I can manage that.

She reached up and unbuttoned the topmost button of her shirt, revealing her cleavage. Then staring directly and lustily into Alan's eyes, she began to dance in place.

"Are you ready, Are you ready for this

Are you hanging on the edge of your seat

..."

Her eyes never lost their lock on Alan's, even as her hips swayed while doing a bump and grind. Her hands glided across her shirt, caressing her breasts through the fabric before going in sequence to the bottom four buttons that were holding the shirt closed. As the song segued to the first chorus, she unbuttoned those four buttons one at a time in synch with the refrain:

"Another one bites the dust

Another one bites the dust

And another one gone, and another one gone

Another one bites the dust"

Once her blouse was completely unbuttoned, her hands reached up and slowly pulled it open in time to the last two lines of the refrain, so that it ended up hanging uselessly by her sides:

"Hey, I'm gonna get you too

Another one bites the dust"

By that point Katherine had bared her entire front. As she was about to remove the now-useless shirt, Suzanne said, "Freeze! Hold that position. Good. Now wait. Pull your shorts down further to where the top of your bush would be showing if you still had one. Good. Now go back to holding your shirt wide open."

With Katherine frozen in place like that, Suzanne turned to Alan and said, "Now, Sweetie, tell us. Which is more attractive: Katherine like this, or her totally naked?"

Alan pondered the delightful question.

While he was thinking, Katherine said, vamping it up, "Boy, it sure is hot in here. If you'll excuse me, I'll just have to take this off all the way!"

They all laughed.

Alan said, "If you put it that way, I like this better."

But Katherine made a nod towards Alan's short shorts and the lack of any visible bulge there. She asked Suzanne, "Look. If this teasing is so good then why is he still soft?"

Suzanne pointed out, "Your mom just spent nearly an hour draining our poor Sweetie here to within an inch of his life. If he could get erect yet again at this point it would be a miracle. But he's aroused up top, in his mind, and he'd be ready to go down below if possible. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. Isn't that right, Sweetie?"

Alan nodded emphatically. Actually, his dick had gotten hard over the past few minutes, but he was hiding it by the way that he sat. He simply wanted to watch for a while.

The lesson learned, Katherine sat back down with her shirt still on, but wide open in the front. She kept her shorts slung low, dropping them even further until they just cover her slit. She imitated the way Suzanne sat topless on the sofa (as best she could) while trying to mimic Suzanne's always sexy gestures and movements.

Susan was nervous doing so in front of the others, but her competitive nature wouldn't allow her to stay dressed while the others slowly lost their clothes. Besides, she had a renewed resolve to be sexually tempting for her son. She asked shyly, "What can I do to grab his attention and hold it?"

Suzanne gently teased her, "I thought you said what we were doing isn't proper? Don't we all need some down time?"

Susan blushed and bowed her head. "I was wrong, okay?"

Suzanne teased her, "And with today being a Tuesday, no less! For SHAME!"

Susan dropped her head further.

Suzanne took pity on her. "Don't worry; I'm just having fun with you. Actually, you're right: everyone needs some down time. But let Sweetie be the judge of that. After all, isn't he the 'man of the house' now, as you like to say?"

Susan nodded in understanding. "Definitely! He certainly is that!" She stared into his eyes with a look of pure desire.

Satisfied, Suzanne walked her through a sexy style of taking her clothes off.

The Queen song playing was "You're My Best Friend," but since that wasn't highly danceable, she just grooved and gyrated her hips a little.

Soon Alan was staring at six bare tits at once. Being a tit man, he'd never seen a lovelier sight.

But that was just the beginning for him. The three women seemed to be competing to see who could arouse him the most. They once again followed his mood. Since they were under the impression that his penis still needed time to recover, they put their clothes back on and started their competition slowly.

Alan ended that process, at least for a time, by turning off the music and going back to watching TV. He tried to watch the same Chargers game that he'd started earlier. For a while, everyone just watched along with him.

But that was just a pretense. Nobody was really paying any attention to the game, not even Alan. Within a matter of minutes, skirts were again raised. Phallic objects were held, stroked, and licked. Tops came completely off.

Mostly though, the teasing was verbal. For instance, the women joked a lot about fruits. Alan was asked if he wanted just about every large, round fruit imaginable. But this was generally Katherine and Suzanne's game, since Susan wasn't adept at innuendo. However, she paid close attention and started to learn the lingo. Every now and then, Suzanne offered suggestions on what to do or say in what was a continuing lesson in seduction for mother and daughter.

Insofar as any of the women were paying attention to the football game, it was as an excuse to make comments by playing off double meanings, like "tight ends," "scoring," and "making passes."

The unspoken question hanging over all their activity was: who would get to take care of Alan's next erection? (He was still successfully hiding the fact that he was already erect.) There was the sense that whoever aroused him the best this time would get the privilege, but there was no telling, because it was ultimately up to his whim.

Normally Susan would have been out of the running, as she'd just had that honor, but since it was a Tuesday that was far from certain. In fact, the surprising thing was that she was magnanimous enough to allow the other two women to remain in the house and compete in this game at all. That happened because she was determined to work on being less possessive.

But at the same time, while she wasn't normally the competitive type, she was very competitive when it came to getting access to Alan's penis. It was clear from her mood and actions that she was determined to show the other two that Alan loved her blowjobs and tiffucks the best and therefore would pick her.

Suzanne felt the same way. She expected her sexual talents to put her ahead of Susan.

Katherine also thought that she alone deserved to be picked. She hoped her status as his most willing and eager fuck toy would cause him to pick her. She also felt that she hadn't been getting her fair share of his cock of late.

Alan realized that, while the situation seemed wonderful on the surface, in reality he was in a serious pickle. No matter whom he picked, the other two would be offended. The situation was rapidly spinning out of control.

Before long, all three women had discarded the last of their clothes. Suzanne said, "So, big stud, you've got three big-titted Amazons naked and begging to suck your cock. I'll bet you're feeling pretty good about that."

"I am."

Suzanne joked, "But the big question is, how are you going to let the other two down when you pick me?" It was a joke and yet it wasn't.

The other two protested vocally and started listing the reasons why they should be chosen.

Because he was unwilling to choose, the situation soon descended to a new low. They all started reaching out to him, essentially begging.

Suzanne, looking uncharacteristically desperate, practically begged, "Sweetie, can I have the next turn? Please? Pick me!"

bender

The other two made equally urgent pleas. The situation would have almost been comical, except that he was still stuck with a serious problem over choosing just one of them, since by making one very happy he would make the other two very disappointed.

Alan was highly aroused by their eagerness. Thanks to all their pleas of "Pick Me!", he finally shifted positions, which let the others see that his erection was at full strength. He knew that there was no way he could safely pick one because it would hurt the other two. He wanted to pick and please them all, but figured that his mother wouldn't take part in multi-person sex if he proposed it. That and pussy contact were the two boundaries she was actually remaining fairly firm about.

He was about to announce that he wouldn't take any help at all, when an idea came to him. I know! I'll let chance decide. Then no one can blame me for choosing.

He finally turned off the football game replay. Then he stood up dramatically, to better show off the bulge in his shorts. "Okay, it's true. You've all got me ready to be drained yet again. What a day! I want all three of you equally. You're all so great and sexy; there's no way I can pick just one. I'd like to pick all three of you at once, but Mom wouldn't agree to that. That's why you'll have to play 'rock, paper, scissors.'"

The three women grumbled but realized his quandary, so they went along with the idea. Katherine and Susan picked rock but Suzanne picked paper.

Realizing she'd won, Suzanne acted very cool and collected, as if she'd known all along that she was going to win. But, internally, she was surprised at just how happy her victory made her feel.

Alan was diplomatic. He shrugged his shoulders and said to the other two, "I'm really sorry. I'll make sure it evens out later. I'm especially sorry, Mom, that this happened on a Tuesday. I'll be yours for the rest of the evening, after Aunt Suzy and I are done. Okay?"

Susan was so upset that she didn't say anything at first, but she finally managed to nod her agreement, if only a tiny bit. She was doubtful that he'd be able to get it up again after Suzanne was through with him.

To be honest, Alan had doubts about that too.

He said to Katherine, "And remember the deal you made with Mom this morning? No fun today, but double the fun for the next three days. So nothing's changed there."

"Yeah. True," she admitted.

Suzanne stood up next to Alan and took his hand. She wagged her finger at the others like a lecturing mother and said, "We might be out late, you two, so don't wait up." She realized it was immature of her to rub in her victory, especially since it was due to pure chance, but she found she couldn't help herself. She sashayed her naked ass in a greatly exaggerated fashion as she walked upstairs with his hand in hers.

She thought as they silently made their way to his room, That was too close! It's time I establish myself more clearly as Sweetie's main lover. Otherwise we're going to have a lot more awkward, ugly scenes like that one.

The other two just have to accept that I'm in charge here. I'm madly in love with him and I NEED him close to me, every day. I've never felt such need, not even from my husband way back when we were in love. Somehow, all the competition makes me want him ten times more than before. Yes, we're all going to fuck in one big orgy, but he needs to think of me as his primary partner, almost as if I was his wife. That's right. It should be just like I was his wife. Me! Mrs. Alan Plummer! Hee-hee!

Okay, calm down. You're acting immature. Irrational even. You're supposed to be the cool, calm, collected femme fatale. Get your act together, girl!

Chapter 568 Frustrated Suzanne

Although Suzanne and Alan had reached the door to his room, she said, "Just a sec, Sweetie. Let me freshen up." As he went ahead into his room, she paused outside his door and continued pondering her situation. She realized that lately she'd been a bit like Susan, in that she'd been so busy just doing that she hadn't been thinking things through properly. She wanted to change that.

Pacing naked up and down the hallway in nothing but her high heels while holding her large breasts from bouncing too much, she thought, Okay, the problem here is how to counter the incest factor. I'm his "Aunt Suzy," but I'm not his real aunt, and in any case 'aunt' status wouldn't come close to competing with the mother and daughter status in terms of desire for forbidden fruit.

In his eyes the three of us women are all about equally attractive and personable, but I have two things that puts me ahead of the others: my scheming wiles, and my greater sexual skill and experience. Okay, and maybe my long tongue, but that's not as big a factor, really. In the short term, I have to wow and overwhelm him with my sexual prowess so in the long term I can reshape our relationship at a fundamental level to something more official and substantial. If he treats me as his wife then I'll have as close a relationship as a sister or his mother. At least from there I should be able to use my wits to stay one step ahead of them, though it won't be easy. Angel in particular is a quick learner.

The problem is, Susan is so into blowjobs that she's overcoming her lack of experience through sheer enthusiasm. I can't get a clear edge there. Ditto with Angel and all her "fuck toy" talk. But when it comes to fucking, I can gain ground while Susan continues to muck around with her indecision and moral qualms. Sweetie needs to fuck me, NOW! It's way overdue.

It's risky with the two of them waiting downstairs, but I have to solidify my position with him TODAY, not tomorrow. Things are too unsettled. There's no telling what one or both of those two might do at any moment. For all I know, he could announce tomorrow that he and Angel are secretly going to go steady. He might even start fucking her at home at any time, if he hasn't done so already.

I've got to fuck him tonight. Now is the time! I'm so very ready. To be honest, I don't know if this makes the most strategic sense or if it's just my pussy doing the thinking, picking the option that gets me fucked the soonest, but frankly I don't care. I need it! I need HIM in me right now!

She pushed open the door and saw the sight she'd hoped for: a ready Alan lying naked on his bed. Locking the door behind her, she practically dove at him, covering him completely with her nude body.

After they'd French kissed for a minute or so, they paused to both sit up. She asked, more as a statement than a question, "We're not just going to be giving you a blowjob today, are we?"

"Uh, no," he replied hesitantly, hoping his newfound "go with the flow" and "the less talking the safer you are" tactics would pay off once again.

"Do you remember what I promised you the last time we were together alone, on Sunday night?"

"How could I forget? You promised that I could get to know your pussy a little bit. Finally!"

She chuckled with pure glee. "A little bit? I want you to get VERY well acquainted with it. Tonight."

She lay back on the bed right below where he was sitting up. She spread her legs very wide, giving him a great view of her pussy.

His dick was already hard, mere inches away from that tempting target.

She pulled her pussy lips open.

He noticed just how thick and symmetrical those lips were. She had a luxuriantly thick dark brown bush. It seemed to him that when it came to Suzanne and sex, she always had more assets than most women. He even commented, "You know, your body is built for sex. And I really do mean that."

"Why thank you... I guess."

He bent forward to closely examine her nether lips and the gap that she was exposing between them.bender

She said, "Suzanne's pussy, meet Alan Plummer. Alan, say hello to Suzanne's pussy, your new best friend and, I hope, your home away from home!"

He bent closer, marveling at the delicate light pink of her pussy lips and inner membranes that he could see now that she was wide open. He figured her light color down there went with her ivory white skin.

Giggling gaily like Katherine often did, she asked, "Sweetie, don't be rude. If you meet someone new, don't you give them a handshake?"

He got the idea, so put three fingers into her slit. He was tempted to put in four to make it more like a hand reaching for a handshake, but that seemed like just too many fingers. He spoke into her crotch, "How do you do, Aunt Suzy's pussy? Do you come here often? What's your sign?"

Both of them laughed. Then she responded, "I do cum here often. I love this room - the cum room. I just love walking in here and filling my nostrils with the smell of your sweet cum. Mmmm. Good memories, and great expectations."

She was eager to fuck, but since his fingers were already there she wanted him to get her off manually first. So, suddenly all action, she said, "Sweetie, I know you know all about the G-spot. Katherine is a bit secretive about what you do and who you do, but she told me that much at least. Can you find mine?"

He had no trouble finding Suzanne's G-spot. Like everything else she had, including her clit, it was bigger and somehow more exceptional than others' he'd experienced. And unlike when he tried to figure out the mysteries of the G-spot with Katherine, Suzanne knew exactly what she wanted. She wasted no time in teaching him how she wanted him to stimulate it, after which he went to town doing exactly what she wanted.

But just as she was about to cum, she had him stop completely, which surprised him.

She pointed out, "Sweetie, I'm just doing the little trick that you're becoming so famous for. Go right up to the edge, then stop and get a second wind, like you always do with your strategic pauses. You should learn that's good for a woman too. It's not just how many times a woman cums, but the intensity of the cumming. After a few of these pauses I'll have the mother of all orgasms; just you wait and see."

So he worked on her G-spot some more, even as he fiddled with her clit and she jacked him off. She urged him to go faster and faster, which he did.

She was concerned that they wouldn't have much time, since Katherine and Susan were waiting downstairs, undoubtedly fidgeting more and more, and she desperately wanted to get to the fucking. She was especially concerned about Susan, knowing that this interlude was imposing on her best friend's Tuesday "tradition."

She built up toward that big climax, but before she got there she had him pause again and remove his hand completely. She decided to hold off, so that she would have her massive orgasm when they fucked.

She thought, I've got to build this up, just like Sweetie always does, so this will be the greatest fuck of my life. No ordinary "bam bam, thank you ma'am" fuck; with my Sweetie I've got to make it the most pleasurable fuck ever. I have to keep building and building with more foreplay.

But no sooner did she think this than she ruined her own plan. Her pussy was simply too needy. She sat on her heels on his bed and said, "In a better world I'd tease this out and make a big production of it, but I can't stand it another second. It's time for you to fuck me NOW! Hard! Give it all you've got. Do you have any problem with that?"

Alan's cock was visibly twitching, ready to go, so Suzanne was surprised that his face showed more concern than excitement. She was even more surprised when he said, rather loudly, "That's a good one. Funny joke. What should we really do?"

She was beside herself with disbelief.

But before she could demand an explanation, he leaned forward and whispered in her ear, "Just a second. I'd LOVE to do that! I can't even begin to tell you just how much I've dreamed about it. But we can't in this house. No way, no how. What do you think the odds are that my mom is pressing her ear to the door at this very moment? I'd say very high. Almost certain, in fact."

Suzanne frowned, suddenly feeling very worried about what she'd already said.

He continued quietly, "Come on, Aunt Suzy! We have to be careful. Strategic. Or she'll blow her lid. Especially after catching Sis on Saturday. Who knows what she'd do? We could lose all kinds of progress with her, and she'd probably slap a big punishment on you."

Suzanne was so raring to fuck that she'd forgotten all about the possibility of people listening through the door, even though she'd done it herself on several recent occasions. She'd thought that locking the door was good enough, but she recalled that holding an ear directly to the door was pretty effective, especially if one used a glass to improve sound conduction.

She still couldn't believe that they couldn't fuck right then. Hoping that she could prove that they were alone and then get on with their fucking, she said, loudly, "Let me think about that. All the delightful possibilities." Then she crept across the room to the door.

Suzanne put her ear on the door. Even though the room was fairly soundproof, an ear on the door did wonders from this side too, and as she listened carefully she was just able to make out the sound of heavy panting on the other side. She also saw that there was no light coming through the keyhole, implying that something like Susan's body was blocking it.

She stepped back and curled her hands into fists. She was so angry that she wanted to punch someone or something. She yelled, in her own mind, God fucking damn you, Susan! Fucking getting off listening to us in here! You had a full hour alone with him in this room just a short while ago. Give me some fucking privacy and some fucking time so I can finally fuck this wonderful boy in peace, the way he needs to be fucked! Not to mention MY need! I'm dying, waiting to do it! So is he! Go the hell away and let us do it already!

She paced back and forth, for once heedless of just how sexy her naked body looked while she was doing that. She was having a hard time not thinking very unkind and hurtful things about her best friend.

Alan had been hopeful that in fact they were alone and that his precautions were unnecessary, but by looking at Suzanne fuming he knew that she'd detected someone on the other side of the door. He thought, Look how pissed off she is! That means she's really serious about wanting to fuck, right now! Oh, man! This is killing me!

Suzanne momentarily considered just jumping on Alan and having her way with him, but she realized that would be damaging to her long term plans. Besides, there was no way to have a great first fuck in silence, with a rapt listener at the door and worrying what the fallout would be.

She shook her fist at the door. FUCK! That's it. The first chance I have with my Sweetie, he and I are going to rent a hotel room and fuck like insane bunnies on speed! Put that in the bank! I'm going to craft a cover story that'll give us hours and hours of prime fucking. The cover isn't so much the problem as the time. Between his school, his afternoon naps, breakfast and dinner, his tennis tournament, the S-Club, and God knows what else... Oh, there's a stupid fucking card game with Brenda tomorrow night too, so tomorrow is out. Damn! ... Oh no! God no! Even worse! He's got that fucking Boy Scout hiking trip this weekend too. FUUUUCCCKK!

She shook her fist again, then thought, Compose yourself, Suzanne. You're losing it. Losing your edge. Don't lose your reason and your ability to scheme. It's the only thing that keeps you ahead of this pack. Relax. Breathe. Think. Just take a deep breath and think.

She breathed slowly several times, then thought, I'm in a quandary. My time with Sweetie right now is very limited. I'm going to enjoy this time with him, and then figure out when we can fuck later. Thursday, maybe. Gotta do it by Friday, before he leaves that evening for his scouting trip. Definitely before then. Damn.

Making sure to walk back to his bed before talking, she said, "Jacking you off is so much fun, but my hands are getting tired. Let's try something else." She said that to cover for the time she'd spent across the room, knowing now that Susan was probably able to hear everything that was said louder than a whisper.

Chapter 569 Yep! That Was One Loooooud Scream.

Suzanne kicked off her heels and hopped back on the bed. In fact she did go back to jacking him off, but her face still wore a heavy frown.

Alan was much more composed. He was actually amused at the extent of her frustration, and so wore a stupid smile. It was amusing for him because, for once, the tables were turned and she felt intensely frustrated, the way he'd grown used to feeling nearly every day. Weeks of such constant frustration had given him some immunity to situations like this. Experiencing the excruciatingly frustrating inability to fuck the women he loved most, except for his occasional opportunities with Katherine, was now such a commonplace thing for him that, once the initial anger at being stymied once again wore off, he could deal with it.

He knew that Susan had looked far too antsy when they'd left her, so he'd assumed that she would snoop on them. He was surprised that Suzanne, who was normally extremely astute and observant, hadn't picked up on that as well.

He didn't realize that, in this case, Suzanne's senses and skills were dulled by her overwhelming need to fuck, which was getting more urgent every day. First there had been her "Elle" experience, and then her few precious seconds of fucking in the ocean on Sunday. Together they had brought her so close that she could taste it. Alan at least had other women to fuck, including his fantastic sister, which made the constant torment of being unable to fuck Suzanne and his mother and his teacher Glory somewhat bearable. But Suzanne had no other male sex partners but Alan. (She didn't even consider having sex with her husband, as they hadn't even shared a romantic kiss in years.) So, as her desire kept increasing, her actions were also becoming increasingly rash.

Back on the bed, with Alan's thick, wet erection sliding through her hands and giving her some consolation, she pondered what they could do to take the edge off her raging need. She went over the possibilities. Let's see. More blowjobs? Nah. Titfuck? Nah. Anal sex? ... Ah, that's a good one. But he's so resistant to that. Now's not the time to talk him into it, with Susan listening in and time running out. Besides, if I had time to get him into that hole, I'd have time to get him into the other one.

Cunnilingus? YES! That's what will do the trick. I've got this massive orgasm still welling up in me despite Susan's rude interruption, and he can release it with his tongue. Yes! Maybe that'll allow me to endure another day.

Alan leaned forward and whispered, "I'm really sorry, Aunt Suzy, I want to fuck you so terribly badly, but when it comes to doing stuff in the house, I have-

She cut him off, whispering back, "Never mind. Let's talk about it later. Just shut up and lick me. Go down on me. Please! I beg you! I need release so bad. Right now!"

Sitting on her heels, she arched backwards until her head hit the bed. She was presenting her pussy to him as if on a platter. She joked, "Remember what I said about the cookies?"

He replied, "'Hot and fresh and served on a platter.' Just the way I like to see them."

He licked his lips and eagerly moved into position to accept her offering. He'd done this a couple of times and was getting to like it a little more each time.

He thought, I'm going to fuck Aunt Suzy soon. If she wants it, she makes it happen. But in the meantime, I've got to make do. I think going down is going to be a lot of fun, if I'm doing it with her. Knowing her, she's got some secret sex tricks that'll make it twice as orgasmic for both of us as doing it with anyone else.

As he moved his head between her legs, she spoke from her bent-back position in a voice low enough that she hoped Susan couldn't overhear. "Let's be really quiet so your mom doesn't know what we're doing. That'll drive her crazy."

He nodded, then placed his head right above her pussy. "Aunt Suzy, you're so very, very wet. I don't think I've ever seen you quite so wet, and that's saying something."

"Who always makes me that way? My cute, lovable Sweetie! For the love of God, please stop talking and do me already!"

He dove in with his tongue. She was radiating such an aching need that he felt he had to do his very best to give her the satisfaction she craved and deserved.

In fact his task was easy, because she was so worked up already. After only a minute or two after his tongue found its way into her inner lips and his fingers found her clit, she threw her upper body forward and, while still sitting on her heels, grabbed any parts of him she could reach and held on as if her life depended on it. Then she let out a piercing scream as the climax that had been building for the past half hour finally found its desperate release.

Her fingernails tore into his back as she continued to scream and cum.

He found his face drenched with her juices. Her fluids came out with such force that he wondered if she would have squirted them out like a man, if his tongue and face hadn't been in the way.

She collapsed as if dead, lying sprawled out on his bed.

He was in better shape though, and in fact he hadn't yet come close to cumming.

Curiosity got the best of him, so he hopped up and went to his door to see if he could hear the sounds of his mother panting. To his surprise, just as he put his ear to the door, he heard her talking. Her voice grew louder and he realized she was walking down the hallway towards his door.

He couldn't clearly hear her question, but he heard Katherine answer. "I don't know what happened. It sounds like Aunt Suzy just had a major, royal, first-rate climax. She's probably gonna come out of there looking like she was fucked by an elephant. I sure as hell wish that was me in there. She's so lucky!"

It occurred to him, Aunt Suzy screamed so loud that Mom must have heard it from downstairs and come to investigate. So it wasn't Mom listening, but Sis? Fuck. Too bad we didn't know, but the effect is still the same: no fucking tonight. Besides, there probably wasn't time anyway since Mom came upstairs so quickly.

He heard Susan say, "Fucked, eh? We'll see about that." Then he heard a colossally loud sound right by his head and realized that his mother was starting to pound on the door. He quickly pulled his ear away and backed off towards the bed.

Susan said through the door, "Suzanne? Are you okay in there? I just heard a scream. What's going on?" She pounded on the door some more.

Suzanne roused herself on the bed, answering loudly, "I'm fine. Never been better! Sweetie's taking great care of me."

Susan kept pounding on the door and repeatedly trying to turn the doorknob, even though it was locked. "Can you open the door? I want to make sure everything is okay. Please open the door."

By this time Alan was back near Suzanne's side, so she pulled him close and whispered the obvious. "She thinks we might be fucking and is trying to break it up. If only she were right. God DAMN."

Susan continued to knock. "Tiger? Can you open up? Please? Tiger?"

Alan went and opened the door. Susan and Katherine stood there, both dressed for once, both looking very concerned. As their gazes settled on his face, their eyes went wide, and he wondered if he'd done something wrong.

Susan pointed at his face and asked in wonder, "Is that cum? Suzanne's cum?"

He put a hand to his face, rather sheepishly realizing that it was dripping with Suzanne's juices. For once the shoe was on the other foot; he was on the receiving end of a facial, a very wet facial. "Uh, yeah. Sorry. Aunt Suzy was just teaching me how to better go down on a woman."

Susan said in shock, as well as relief, "So you didn't... That means you and she didn't..."

"No, of course we didn't, Mom," he replied, as if the very idea was silly. He protested a bit disingenuously, "Don't you know that I always obey your rules, your boundaries? Whatever gave you that idea that we would do something like that?"

Susan glared briefly at Katherine, who by that time was looking very sheepish. But the lusty mother was much more relieved than upset about being wrong. "Sorry. It's just that her scream was so loud. I trust you..." Yet it was obvious to everyone that she didn't trust him enough to not check.

Katherine said happily, "Yep! That was one looooooud scream. Bro, I'll bet you're just as good at cunnilingus as you are at everything else." She nudged Susan's shoulder. "Imagine that, Mom. Can you imagine your son feasting between your thighs, lapping his talented tongue up and down your very most naughty parts?"

Susan blushed and turned away. "Angel, please don't talk like that. That's terribly improper. Those ARE very naughty parts, and with good reason! If Tiger did that to me, how would that help him reach his daily target? Answer me that!"

Katherine appeared to think for a moment before replying, "Okay, true. But what if you two were to get in a sixty-nine? You know, where your mouth gets to make love to his cock while his tongue gets to make love to your 'naughty place.' I mean this incredible, powerful cock!" She reached down and briefly held his flaccid penis to tempt Susan, even though it wasn't looking very "powerful" at that moment. "Can you just imagine what kind of insanely pleasurable joy that would be?!"

Suzanne spoke up, while stretching out in a sexy manner with a completely satisfied and satiated look on her face. "Susan, you don't have to imagine. Did you hear me screaming? That was the scream of a-"

Susan interrupted. "Okay, I get the point. Enough about that!" She looked back and forth between Suzanne and Alan. "Can't anyone put some clothes on, for once? Since you two look done, why don't you come downstairs and we can all do something non-sexual for a change? Amy just arrived."

Suzanne sat up in bed with a start. "Amy?" Her voice was so filled with amazement at the name that it was as if she had only just realized that she had a daughter. In fact, she had been rather out of it after her big climax, so that was almost how she felt.

It occurred to her that when she'd set new nakedness rules earlier in the evening, she'd completely failed to consider Amy. She ruefully realized that Amy was unlikely to wear anything at the Plummer house anymore, given the way she loved nakedness anyway. Thinking about her daughter made her remember that she herself was a married woman with children, at which point the "real world" came flooding back.

Suzanne had hoped to get much more of Alan's tongue on her hot box as soon as she'd recovered, but when she surveyed the scene she realized that wasn't going to happen, at least not that night. Alan's penis had gone flaccid again, probably from all the screaming and commotion, and the other two were looking at her expectantly and impatiently.

Suzanne had come into the room buck naked so she walked out of it the same way. As she passed Alan, who was standing near the other two by the door, she carefully grabbed him by his balls and whispered, "I'm sorry to leave you hanging like this. You're right. No privacy in this house, and too many interruptions. But I'm sure your mother will take care of this problem soon enough" - she squeezed his balls a bit tighter - "if she doesn't give me another chance first."

She walked off to the bathroom so she could slip into a bathrobe before greeting her daughter downstairs.

She thought, I just realized something that should have dawned on me before. My Sweetie has developed a nearly inhuman ability to delay gratification. That's the key to understanding everything: his respectfulness and that he just doesn't up and rape us all. He knows that he can just out-wait everyone.

I figured I could train him to be a better lover, but he's really surpassed all expectations with his little strategic pauses that allow him to barely fend off orgasm. By delaying so well, and so long, he ends up getting and giving far greater pleasure in the end. Things around here would be quite different if he gave into his urges with less delay. Everything has been so intense that he's slowly turning us all into his nymphomaniac servants, keeping us all on edge as our anticipation and desire just grows and grows. He probably doesn't even realize what he's doing or how rare that sexual skill is.

Look at me. Even I feel somewhat affected. Truth be told, I'm a complete wreck from the anticipation, but somehow he deals with it okay. He just keeps going and going like some kind of sex-mad Energizer bunny. If I don't watch out, he's going to end up in charge of everything and everyone! But I won't let that happen. My plan to be the queen bee of this bunch is still on track; I just need to make some adjustments.

Alan went back into his room to put on some clothes. He just shook his head in wonder at all the strange things that were happening to him on an almost hourly basis.

Chapter 570 Amy To The Mix

Alan walked down the stairs a few minutes later. Despite not having had a climax with Suzanne, he'd nonetheless shared a very emotionally exhausting experience, so he was looking forward to doing something mellow like watching TV. It seemed his plans to watch the rest of the Chargers game were doomed for the night. He'd been taping some episodes of the British sci-fi comedy 'Red Dwarf', and everyone had gotten into the show's wacky humor. He anticipated sitting down to watch a couple of episodes of that, expecting to be joined by the others. As it was already about 9:30 p.m., he figured when they were done with that the others would leave and his mother would give him a very intense "goodnight kiss" and blowjob.

But he was mistaken. Suzanne might have been deeply satisfied after her "mother of all climaxes," but Katherine and Susan were still sexually all worked up and raring to go.

As Susan had noted, Amy was there too. She gave Alan an endearingly cute little wave hello, which he returned with a smile. She wasn't particularly chomping at the bit at that moment, but she always seemed up for whatever the others wanted to do.

They all moved into the living room where Alan attempted to explain his "Red Dwarf" viewing plan.

Katherine spoke up. "That sounds fine, but before we watch that, now that you're here, I think it's time for us to welcome Amy into our home, since we haven't done that yet, what with the racket you were making upstairs and all."

Alan was confused about what this welcoming might entail, since Amy was like family already, but Katherine stood up and demonstrated her meaning. To everyone's surprise, including Amy's, she embraced Amy and then gave her a long, passionate kiss on the lips.

The kiss went on and on, with lots of tongue. When it was over, Katherine explained to Amy, "We have a new greeting custom around here. My mom has finally caught on to the California custom of women kissing each other on the lips. So now we're all doing it. Do you want to join us?"

"M'kay! Sounds super!" Katherine had presumed Amy's agreement, which is why Amy wasn't asked until after the kiss was over.

Then Katherine said to her mother, "Since I've greeted Amy, now it's your turn."

Susan sat silently. She was tense from a couple of hours of not being able to jack off or suck off her son. In fact, she'd been spacing out while imagining what it would be like to take part in a sixty-nine with Alan, thanks to Katherine's description of the act upstairs. She'd been so deep into that fantasy that she'd almost overlooked the kiss between Katherine and Amy.

But even as she fantasized about more cocksucking, kissing Amy was an entirely different matter. She told herself, I have to keep my eyes on the prize. Today is Tuesday, and all I want is to get back to my favorite position, with my head bobbing between my son's thighs. Anything else is an unnecessary distraction, and unseemly. So she said in a distracted voice, "No thanks. You go ahead."

Her daughter goaded her, "Come on, Mom; aren't you going to greet Amy already?"

Susan obviously had no plans to move from her seat. "Really, I shouldn't. She's just a young girl. She's so innocent. It's terribly improper!" She truly thought that kissing Amy would be going too far, though she didn't have as strong an objection to doing such things with Amy as Amy's mother Suzanne had.

"Awww, come on," prodded Katherine. "Chiiiiickeen! Bauwk, bauwk, bauwk! Chicken!" She clucked and flapped her arms like a chicken.

Suzanne was noticeably silent, resigning herself to the situation. She was only paying half attention, because she was still focused on her failure to get fucked, and her greater failure to control her desires in general. Her top priority at that moment was figuring out a time when she could be alone with Alan without being disturbed, but she doubted that could happen any time that night, since it was a Tuesday and Katherine, Susan, and now Amy were all around.

Alan smiled at his sister's "chicken" antics, but thought it would be diplomatic to stay clear of participating in the clucking. He did add though, "Come on, Mom. If you don't, you'll hurt Amy's feelings. She's always feeling left out. She's growing up now and should be treated like the rest of us, like an adult and not a baby. It's okay."

That persuaded Susan to go ahead with the kiss, though she remained very reluctant. She stood and said, "Very well."

The others, even Suzanne, watched closely as Amy and Susan drew their bodies into each other. Susan didn't want to get too erotic, but her tongue seemingly had a mind of its own as it played with Amy's tongue deep inside her mouth.

Susan disengaged after only half a minute, even though it was obvious that Amy wanted the kiss to go on for much longer.

Amy managed to keep licking and making small kisses all over Susan's face for another minute or so before Susan pulled away completely.

Susan didn't exactly mind the extra attention, and she even found herself moaning in delight. She thought, I really need to get a hold of myself. I get so hot thinking about my tasty, spermy son that I'm doing all these crazy things with other women! People who didn't know any better might look in and think I'm some kind of lesbian, when nothing could be further from the truth! I need to be on my knees, serving my son's wonderful cock!

Susan found it hard to think as Amy kept on kissing and licking her. Mmmm... But I do have to admit Amy tastes pretty good... Uh, what I mean to say... I don't exactly mind the... uh... The way that she's uh...

Suzanne was conflicted as she watched the kiss. I guess it's good and natural that they kiss. After all, I want an open-ended orgy in this house, and I don't have a problem, in theory, with Amy being with anyone else here, except me of course. I keep saying I need to be a cool mom when it comes to my Honey Pie and her blossoming sexuality.

But to see this in reality... She's my little baby! My sweet Honey Pie! ... I have to accept that she's become a woman, and has womanly needs. Given that she has my genes, she probably has really great sexual needs. I suppose if I had to choose I couldn't think of a better guy for her than Sweetie, but he's supposed to be mainly MY guy now. I can't out-and-out say that though, since he doesn't know yet that I'm going to be his top woman.

Susan said to everyone as she flopped back on the sofa, "There! You happy? Now we can watch some TV."

"I am," said Katherine.

"Me too!" said a very bubbly Amy.

"But there's one thing we're still missing," Katherine added.

"What's that?" asked Suzanne curiously, even though she suspected a trap. Usually she thought of every angle but she knew this wasn't her best day for thinking. Is she going to ask Alan and Amy to kiss? ... Oh no. Is she going to ask ME to kiss my own daughter? No way. Ain't gonna happen. Even in an orgy tangle of bodies I'm not gonna so much as touch her. She's my real flesh and blood!

But Katherine had anticipated Suzanne's reluctance to kiss Amy and was thinking of something else. "Alan has an attention-getting sign for each of us now, except for Amy."

Amy looked clueless. "A sign?"

Katherine explained, "Yes. You see, we kind of have a new tradition around here. Since Alan is the man of the house now, we all have special ways for him to get our attention. That's very important for him, that he can get our attention when he needs it." She quickly detailed what everyone's signals were.

Amy clapped her hands in glee. "Oooh! Oooh! I definitely want my own signal too!"

"What'll it be, Big Brother?" asked Katherine. "You've already picked some good spots. But you don't want to repeat yourself." She pulled up her shorts, spread her legs and rubbed her bald pussy, to remind him of his signal with her. It was the first "indecent" exposure since Amy had arrived, but Amy didn't even blink an eye.

"Hmmm. That's true," he realized. "What if I kiss Amy on the lips, since everyone else here has? But since that's a bit tame compared with the other greetings, at the same time I can run my hands all over her body while the kiss lasts."

Suzanne in particular wasn't too happy about that, even though his idea was rather tame in comparison to other possibilities, but before she or anyone else could voice a dissent, Alan leaned in and physically demonstrated his idea.

He and Amy locked their lips and kissed intently and ravenously.

Amy was beside herself with joy at getting unexpectedly kissed by three of her favorite people, one after another.

As the necking went on, Alan stuck one hand under the band of Amy's shorts so he could rub her butt, while his other hand reached inside her shirt and groped at her boobs. Naturally, there was no underwear in the way for him to get past. As he cupped her heavy globes from below, he thought, I love how these are nice and big. Soft and squeezey! Very nice. I think she's a keeper!

Relying on Amy to keep himself from falling, he even shoved his knee between her legs and repeatedly pushed and ground one of his thighs up into her crotch.

As their kiss went on, he pulled her shorts down to her thighs, completely exposing her ass. The hand on her butt soon migrated around to her shaved pussy. He was aggressively fingering it by the time they ran out of breath, forcing their kiss to come to an end.

Alan looked around. He wondered if he'd gone too far. Amy had been standing there fully clothed one minute, and by the end of the kiss she was virtually naked and all but being fucked standing up. Her top was wide open and her shorts had slid down to her feet.

Katherine looked jealous while Suzanne was in denial.

"I don't know..." said Susan doubtfully. "That's like you're getting a three-in-one deal, or maybe even four-in-one, because of the kiss." She tried to be a responsible parent and put some brakes on his behavior, but she was all hot and wet from watching such a passionate kiss and grope.

Upset that she was wearing fairly unrevealing clothes, Susan pulled her shirt up to her shoulders to fully expose her huge rack. Then she leaned forward and thrust her tits out, letting them sway forward

enticingly. She thought to herself, Tiger, look over here. Not at Amy. Look at Mommy's tits. Don't you love them? Mommy's tits are bigger. They belong to you now!

She started pinching her sensitive nipples, not caring who else might look at her. She lost focus on the situation at hand as her mind drifted back to when he had earlier been sucking on her nipples. This is how my tits should always be: buck naked with my nipples erect and ready for fondling. By my son. Only by my son. Titfuck them, Tiger! Then suck all the milk gushing out of my nipples. Oh yes! Do it to me, my sweet baby! Milk Mommy's tits. They're so bursting with milk that they hurt.

She started singing "The Alan Song" in her head. ("I am Alan's whore / I'm going to suck him, more, more, more...")

A slightly more level-headed Suzanne said, "I agree with Susan. That goes too far." Suzanne still felt very protective when it came to Amy and sex.

She looked over at Susan and rolled her eyes, because Susan appeared to be zoned out, staring off into space. It looks like I won't be getting any more support from that direction. Sheesh. She's really crossed some kind of mental line today. I can't wait to find out what happened earlier in the afternoon and evening that made her like this.

Alan spoke up. "Well, I have an idea. But first, Amy, I have something important to ask you, so could you take the rest of your clothes off?"

"M'kay!" she said enthusiastically. She still had her shorts hanging around her feet and a loose shirt open down the front, but she took care of that in seconds. She didn't question the logic of why she had to be naked to hear and respond to something important.

Suzanne started to say, "Hey, wait a minute. What does that have to do-"

But Alan interrupted. "As I was going to say, would such a kiss be going too far if Amy was my official girlfriend?"