

6 Times 571

Chapter 571 Beau, You're The Bestest, Most Amazingest Boyfriend I Could Ever Want!

There was dead silence. It took some seconds for his words to sink in.

"WHAT?" all of the women suddenly said in near unison. Then all four women began talking to him at once and he couldn't understand any of it.

Everyone was shocked, but Amy seemed the most shocked of all. She squealed a high-pitched yell of pure joy.

Susan even stopped fondling her own breasts temporarily in surprise at all the noise.

Katherine frowned, feeling extremely upset and much more jealous than ever before.

"Wait, wait, wait. Just wait a minute, everybody," Alan said, taking advantage of the relative silence that followed Amy's squeal. He turned towards Amy. "I know we haven't discussed this, Amy, but would you want to be my official girlfriend, even as I continue to have sex with other women, including all the other women here in this room?"

"Why sure," said Amy, overcome with joy. "Anything you want, Beau!" She squealed in delight again, pumping her fist in the air. "YES! Woo-hoo!" Then she leaned up against him and said, "You know, you've been my beau all along. Haven't I been calling you Beau for years?"

Everyone's eyes rolled heavenward as they realized that her old nickname for him, which they'd just assumed was spelled 'Bo', derived from 'Bro', could also be spelled 'Beau', which was a given name found most often in the southeastern U.S. They all knew that the old term for boyfriend or male admirer, 'beau', was spelled exactly the same way.

Katherine began to really fume when she heard that, even though she assumed that it was just one of Amy's frequent spur-of-the-moment plays on words.

Alan really liked it. He embraced Amy tightly, very pleased at her response. He knew he was incredibly lucky that she was so easy-going about sharing.

Susan wanted to point out that Alan wasn't actually having sex with anyone in the room (so far as she knew, at least), but she didn't want to break the mood.

"We can try it out," Alan continued in a casual voice while possessively fondling Amy's bare butt, "but you'll have to remember that it would mean you're no more special to me than anyone else in this room. I love you a lot, and I'm not trying to be cruel, but I have to be brutally honest about how the situation is. Obviously, in some ways Sis and Mom are even more special to me than you are, and that includes sexually. Even though they're my relatives, they're also my fuck partners."

Susan again felt the need to correct his use of the phrase "fuck partners," but instead let him continue. For some reason the whole situation was arousing her greatly.

Katherine was going to start an angry outburst, but his last sentences had silenced her temporarily.

He went on, "And even your mom, while not my real family, has a longer and deeper tie to me than you do. Although I've known you forever, Aims, we had kind of drifted away from each other in recent years, until really recently. But your mom has always been my Aunt Suzy, ever since I can remember. Lately she and I have developed a sexual bond that I don't intend on ever breaking."

Amy nodded.

"So what this all means is that we would go on dates and do stuff together publicly, but in return, if your mom, my mom, or Sis want to do anything with me sexually like suck my dick or even get fucked, their wishes would oftentimes come first, over yours. It's a trade-off. You can do more in public, but they can do more in private."

He looked around and made eye contact with each woman in turn. "In reality, I feel like all of you are my favorite girlfriend. For instance, I'd love to have Sis as my girlfriend, but obviously that can't happen publicly. Amy is the only acceptable female for the public eye. If I was, say, fucking you, Amy, and my mom came up to me and wanted me to fuck her right then, I'd have to roll right off of you and pound her pussy into oblivion first. Then of course I'd come back and fuck you afterwards."

He said all this in a normal tone of voice, as if this was how boys often asked girls to be their girlfriends. All the while he continued to play with her bare ass cheeks like he owned them, and his big erection poked into her lower abdomen with only his shorts in the way.

Susan finally felt she couldn't stay quiet. "Alan! I'm your mother, not your fuck partner! Please stop talking about fucking me already! You know how I feel about servicing and even serving your cock, and how much I totally love it, but really fucking your mother is different. That's a mortal sin in the eyes of the Lord."

However, her shirt was still hanging uselessly up around her shoulders, and in her mind she was still singing "The Alan Song."

He just ignored her. She's deceiving herself again, but she'll understand in time. It's amazing how she denies her true feelings, even now. He brought one hand from Amy's ass to her chest and began fondling her there too. "What do you say, Aims?"

"I'll do anything you want, Beau. I'll gladly share you with anyone you want. I'm totally cool with that. Especially if it's these special people. These are my favorite people in the whole world. I love them, so I'd love to share you with them. Cool! I'm just so happy! First, I get to be one of your official helpers, and now this!" She bounced up and down excitedly.

He watched her boobs jiggle endlessly as she kept bouncing and bouncing and bouncing with happiness. He was soaring with joy too. Even though his heart was pounding wildly, he felt strangely calm and in control.

She leaned in and kissed him. All of his casual fondling in front of the others had gotten her hot and she was ready for a scorching kiss.

But he said, "Aims, let's not just kiss, but let me 'get your attention.'"

"Oh, right! M'kay! Sorry, Beau!" She unzipped and unbuttoned his shorts and took out his stiff prick, even though this wasn't part of her "attention" tradition, at least as practiced so far.

They kissed much more passionately and physically than the first time, which was already very intense. It was as if they merged at the mouth. Once again he let his hands roam all over her, while she tried her best to get him to shoot a load by pumping his boner with both hands. His shorts had fallen to the floor shortly after his fly was unzipped, but somehow Amy managed to get his T-shirt off in the middle of the kiss. That meant both of them were now completely nude.

Soon he switched to dry humping her, with his stiff hard-on thrusting between her thighs right along the outside of her pussy. He was all but fucking her standing up, even though they were standing in front of her mother and his mother and sister.

At one point she managed to jump up into his arms, so he wound up holding her off the ground by her ass while she ground her entire body into his.

Susan muttered quietly to Suzanne, "Look at how he's taking and taming your daughter right in front of us!" She couldn't hide the lust and excitement in her voice, but she was also concerned for her best friend, so she asked, "Are you okay with this?"

Suzanne stared at the two teens for a few moments before replying. "I'm torn, I must admit. I keep thinking of her as my little baby. But looking at that body, and the way they're fondling each other, it's clear she's very much a woman. I need to adjust."

Susan whispered back, "It gets me SO HOT to watch him tame another big-titted babe! It just feels so right to me. Amy belongs to him now, like we all do. You'll get used to it, don't worry."

Suzanne rolled her eyes at that. She certainly didn't feel that Alan had tamed her, and she had no interest in being tamed.

Katherine was still fuming at the idea of Amy being Alan's girlfriend. Watching the way the two of them were dry humping right in front of her steamed her even more. Yet it also aroused her greatly. She'd never realized a person could be both so turned on and so angry at the same time.

She at least felt somewhat mollified by the arrangement Alan had just explained, that the other three came first. If he hadn't qualified his statement with that, the whole house would have gone into an uproar, not just from Katherine, but from Susan and Suzanne too.

As it was, she managed to restrain herself to merely saying as snidely as she could, "You two, get a room."

Amy immediately responded, "M'kay!"

As usual, Amy had behaved so guilelessly that Alan found himself laughing. He had to put her back on the floor when his strength ran out after a while, but their "kiss" kept going.

He planned to talk to his sister about the girlfriend idea later in private, to calm her concerns some more. He'd thought this through already, and was confident how it would all play out. He would repeatedly soothe Katherine with the thought that he considered her more of his true girlfriend than Amy, which was true. He believed that Amy was pleasantly pliant and would agree to anything. He felt that he could even humiliate her in any way without her getting angry; he avoided doing so because he was a nice guy and he loved her.

He didn't know that Susan and Suzanne had already been discussing the idea of Amy as his girlfriend just that very morning, but had he known it, it wouldn't have surprised him too much, because the idea just made so much sense. He figured Katherine would come around soon enough. But that was later; at the moment he just wanted to enjoy Amy to the fullest.

To call what they were doing a kiss or even 'getting her attention' was an understatement. He began rhythmically sliding his boner through Amy's thighs, making it even more like they were really fucking than it had been before. The two of them went at it without much concern for time or their audience, doing whatever they liked.

He found Amy surprisingly active: she wasn't just the pliant, well-endowed, soft body he'd come to expect. Instead she groped at him with the same aggressiveness that her mother Suzanne usually showed.

She kept one hand grasping his erection, tightly squeezing and stroking it at all times, at least until he began dry fucking through her upper thighs. Then she used her thigh muscles to squeeze it in delightful ways as it slid between her thighs.

Her other hand ran through his hair, felt up his chest, explored the flexing biceps of his arms, and more. She even stuck her fingers into his mouth so he could suck on them.

She was more vocal than ever before. When she wasn't moaning or squealing, which was often, she said things like, "Oh yeah. Grab me there. That's good. Squeeze that boob! Tighter! Good! Yeah!"

Alan meanwhile spent a long time concentrating on his favorite part of her anatomy: her ass. He enjoyed the fact that it was so wide and big, yet so firm.

In the midst of all this "kissing," they did manage to actually kiss some too. He was a good number of inches taller and Amy wasn't wearing any shoes or heels, so she had to stand on her tiptoes or he had to bend down whenever their lips locked. Height difference was not a problem with any of the other Amazon-sized women in the house. In fact, Alan was often a bit shorter when the others wore their high heels. Amy was actually fairly tall for a girl her age, so she only seemed short compared to the other three women.

When their kiss (and thigh fucking) ended, Alan looked up and asked, "Is everyone else okay with that idea? The Amy girlfriend idea?"

The others had been watching intently. Susan was still fondling her own boobs. She was huffing and puffing like an old steam train, leaving her in no shape to object to anything. Insofar as any conscious thought crossed her sex-obsessed brain, it was pride that her son had added another gorgeous woman to his de-facto harem. She nodded her approval.

Suzanne was a bit shocked at seeing her daughter get so physical, but restrained herself from complaining. She realized that, abstractly, Amy and Alan together made sense; she'd even suggested it on her own. He does have to take someone his own age, for appearances with the outside world. I should welcome this, because it's much better than him doing the same with Angel, which would be a total social disaster and might even put us all in prison!

But will this derail my plans? Not if I'm smart. I need to turn this surprise around and use it to my advantage. I can use Amy to pull him away from the other Plummers a bit and more towards us Pestridges. My sweet Honey Pie will do anything I say. If I can embrace her sexual role, I may be able to get things done through her to keep the other two well fucked, sure, but not so either one is his number one sexual partner. That's gonna be MY position. I'll just have to embrace this. It sure isn't easy though.

Amy is still my darling little baby. But she's also a woman now. I have to face reality... Her mind kept racing round and round on such thoughts, which prevented her from getting aroused.

Katherine on the other hand wasn't thinking logically but was operating on a purely emotional level. She was practically ready to kill Alan out of jealousy, but she bottled it in until she could be alone with him. But unlike Suzanne she grew so aroused despite her unhappy thoughts that she almost couldn't control her desire to masturbate.

Thus, in the end, everyone nodded in response to Alan's question, including an enthusiastic nod from Amy. He found that cute. Katherine's nod was so brief it was almost indiscernible, but he optimistically took that as a 'yes'.

Somehow he'd managed to not cum yet, though it wasn't easy.

Amy didn't want to let go of his stiff boner or stop massaging it. She said, "Beau, I like to feel your thingy sliding all over my tummy. Can you put it back there?" She closed the distance between them again and rubbed her big boobs into his chest.

Unfortunately, Alan was too close to cumming to allow her to play with his erection at that moment. He finally had to pick up his shorts from the floor, put them back on, and stuff his erection back inside them in order to get her to stop. He purposely held off from cumming because he had special plans for that particular load and didn't know how much more stimulation he could take any time soon.

He looked around the room as he continued to hold and caress a naked Amy in his arms. He was fairly amazed to see the other females just sitting around patiently in various states of undress. Man! What a RUSH! I can't believe I'm getting away with all this, right in front of everybody. Our last "kiss" alone had taken at least five minutes, but no one's complained!

Susan especially seemed to have a "let the lovebirds enjoy their moment" attitude. Actually, it was more of a "let the lovebirds enjoy their moment while I enjoy fondling my own breasts" attitude.

Katherine's eyes shot daggers at him, but her hand was also frantically moving around underneath her shorts, since she'd finally given in to the urge to pleasure herself.

The fact was, all of them, even Suzanne, were too sexed up, too eager to please, and too spellbound with love and lust to object to his desires on this, even though he and they largely failed to fully realize it.

For instance, the main reason Katherine didn't have a public fit was because, through her anger, it occurred to her that a fuck toy doesn't make a public scene. So, perversely, not complaining and thus reveling in her subservient role actually aroused her powerfully.

After a long, silent pause, he said to his new girlfriend, "Okay, Amy, that's how it is."

She grabbed his hand, and they held hands tightly. "M'kay!" she repeated. "I'm psyched! Totally psyched! Super duper double wow-wonderifidousorifically fantastically psyched!"

He smiled at that; he loved the way she abused the English language. But he continued, "However, some bad news. Even though you're my girlfriend, I may not be able to be with you much for the next few days. There's the poker party tomorrow night, and then I go on my scouting trip this weekend. After that, I'll probably need a few days to catch up on homework, since I'm falling way behind. So the first time we can go on a date I guess is next weekend."

"M'kay! That's cool. I can't wait already!" she said joyfully. "Beau, you're the bestest, most amazingest boyfriend I could ever want! You've made me so very happy!"

She pulled away from him because she was so happy that she couldn't help but frolic. Thanks to all her cheerleading training, her frolicking was much like a cheerleading routine. The only difference was that she was now doing her routine moves in front of the people she cared about the most while utterly naked.

He watched her leg kicks with amusement. After she calmed down a minute or two later, he continued, "I hope I can make you happy. Very happy. Even though we may not go on an official date soon, we'll be doing lots of fun things before then. Like this. Come here."

She rushed to his side.

He put one of his hands back on her crotch and then stuffed three fingers right up her pussy. He wanted to see if he could go this far in front of everyone, but he needn't have worried, since the overall atmosphere was so sexual. He looked Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne in the eye, one by one. Even he felt surprised by how calm and confident he felt.

All three of them had various gripes about his action, but none of them said or did anything to stop him. In fact, they were all growing extremely aroused by the way he was so confidently and publicly fondling Amy. They could easily imagine that they would soon be getting a similar treatment from him in front of the whole group.bender

Katherine and Suzanne especially tried to keep poker faces, but their heaving chests gave their true feelings away. Susan meanwhile seemed lost in her self-fondling and her loud "mmmm"-ing and moaning.

Alan smiled a very happy smile. Yes. This is how it's going to be. I'm going to fuck them all, separately and together. Nothing will stop me now!

He'd never felt so elated in his life. A sense of power swept through him as he reveled in the knowledge that so many beautiful women were obedient to his sexual wishes.

Chapter 572 Kneel, Mom.

Alan continued to explain things to Amy as she stood naked next to him, slowly running her hands up and down his erection through his shorts. Everyone else sat around in what little clothes they happened to still have on, watching the new couple.

Although three of his fingers were pumping inside her pussy as he talked to her, he tried to act as if that was nothing unusual. "One other thing you should know, Aims, is that Tuesday is a special day for Mom and me. Generally speaking, she's the only one that pleasures me on Tuesdays."

"I knew that already, silly. Everybody here knows that, Beau."

"Oh. Since today is Tuesday, I think it would be good if she does that right now in front of everyone, so you can understand how things work and see if you're really okay with it, and if she's okay with it." He wanted to be more confident that Amy wouldn't suddenly get jealous and possessive, now that she was his official girlfriend. He felt it necessary to test her attitude right away. He also thought that it sounded like a damn fun and arousing thing to do. "Mom, can you do the honors?"

Susan nodded shyly and stood up. She'd made huge strides in what she was willing to do in front of the others, most of it just in the previous two days.

Alan took his erection out of his shorts once again, even though it had been covered for only a few minutes. His effort to protect it had been largely pointless anyway, as Amy had kept it constantly stimulated even when it was covered. He took his fingers out of Amy's pussy so he could give his full attention to enjoying whatever Susan might do to him next.

He turned to Susan and reached out, smearing Amy's juices all over his mother's buxom chest. He deliberately brushed over her erect nipples, causing them to twitch.

Susan didn't seem to mind at all; in fact she groaned her approval. She liked it when her son sexually tagged or marked her, since it reaffirmed her subservient status to him.

He said, "I've been holding back my cum just for you, Mom. All this talk and kissing has me plenty hard. I sure blew past my required six-times-a-day today! ... Oh, that reminds me. The numbering is something we should finally explain to Amy. She's gotten the gist, but we've never fully told her the reasons for the six-times-a-day treatment."

Susan was quickly becoming accustomed to getting sexual with Alan while Katherine was watching, and she was willing to do what she was told to do, but she nonetheless felt very nervous doing that in front of the other two women.

She tried to psych herself up. I have to do this. I have to show them all who is number one in Tiger's heart. And show them who's the best cocksucker! I have to remember his words: "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." I'm the boss in this house and his REAL girlfriend. Well, actually, he's probably the boss now, but still, I'm his mommy. Nobody can love him more than his mommy! It's only right if he makes me do this, because this is what I do now: I suck his cock and let him play with my body. I'm his busty sex toy. That's my rightful role in life. That's what good mommies do!bender

Her shirt still hung around her shoulders and her big melons wobbled freely. She arched her chest forward to emphasize and display her tits even better. She was still wearing a relatively long skirt, though as usual there was nothing underneath it except a dripping pussy.

Alan and Amy were standing next to each other while everyone else sat around on different sofas that faced the TV. He said, "Kneel, Mom."

Susan got off the sofa and fell to her knees before her son. Her entire body was trembling with humiliation and lust. "Kneel, Mom." My goodness! Hearing that sent such a shiver down my spine! It's like I really AM a sex pet!

Alan needed some moments to compose himself and calm himself, or he knew that he'd cum too soon. So he walked to the stereo to put on some music.

Before he could decide what to play, Amy spoke up. "Oooh! Oooh! Please, Beau! You know what I want!"

Alan said with amusement and chagrin, "Let me guess: the B-52's' 'Mesopotamia'."

He knew he'd guessed right by the way she squealed for joy and bounced around excitedly. He liked the B-52's a lot, but he almost regretted introducing Amy to them since she now played their songs so often. He put in the CD and started the song she wanted.

That only excited her even more. "Ooooh! My favoritest day ever, and now I get to hear the bestest, most number one-derfulest song too!"

Alan couldn't help but smile at Amy's enthusiasm. He walked between the sofas, towards the TV, and sat on the low coffee table where people often rested their feet while watching TV. From there, everyone could see him clearly.

He wagged a finger at Susan, indicating she had to come to him.

She was forced to crawl to him, and even though it was only a short distance. Having to do that doubled both her embarrassment and her lust.

Amy sat down. Then she and the others leaned forward in anticipation. The only obvious difference in their behavior was that Amy was bopping to the B-52's.

Susan didn't say a thing. She just leaned forward and began sucking on his thick erection. Doing such an act in front of just Suzanne, Katherine, or Amy alone would have been okay for her. But by doing it in front of all three, she felt like she was on stage in front of a crowd. Her whole body trembled with fear and excitement, yet she found the feeling strangely exhilarating.

She started licking her way around his bulbous cockhead, but after a few seconds that wasn't enough to satisfy her lusty need, so she engulfed his knob and began bobbing back and forth over his sweet spot. It wasn't the most original move, but she knew it was devastatingly effective.

After about a minute of enjoying her slurpy suction, he said, "Wait a minute, Mom. I think you're far too overdressed. Please get more comfortable."

Susan began pulling her shirt the rest of the way off her shoulders.

"Wait," he said again. "Stand up as you're taking everything off." It was true that he loved to see her naked, but he was also stalling for time, to give his boner a break.

So she put the shirt back in place, let go of his cock, and stood up. His command made her feel even more like a subservient object on display to an audience for his amusement, which drove her even more wild with lust. She stared at the ceiling, too embarrassed to make eye contact with anyone. She then started to take off both her shirt and dress at once. She was trying to get the humiliating experience over with as soon as possible, even though she was enjoying every second of it.

She took both items off in as seductive a manner as she could manage.

That still didn't satisfy him. "Wait," he said yet again, just after she was all done. "Start over. Can't you do it more sexily? Actually, I want you to put on a full-on strip show. Pretend you're the conservative Mom we all used to know. Go put on one of your old dress shirts and act like our old Mom even as you strip for us all."

Chapter 573 Dance Or Striptease?

Susan was wordless as she walked to the underwear cabinet by the front door to get an old blouse that covered her completely. The others could all still see and hear her from where they sat. She also put on a long skirt that she kept by the door to go outside the house. She even put a white ribbon in her hair, which had been her practice nearly every day before her recent sexual liberation.

"Tiger, you think I'll do anything you say, don't you?" she said to him in mock exasperated tones as she picked out clothes to wear.

"Let's see... Yes!" he replied with deft comic timing.

Everyone laughed, even Susan.

She sashayed back into the living room. Her high heels firmed up her legs and butt, which made her walking look that much sexier.

She quickly put on the blouse, saying to him, "How is it that, after being turned into this sex ... addict, this predator, who wants to fuck his whole family and the neighbor's family as well, and even wants to fuck his own mother for crying out loud, how is it that you're still so cute and lovable?"

"It's all due to excellent mothering," he replied, both joking and serious at the same time.

Susan, now back in the living room, took that as a cue to begin her striptease. Pretending that no one else was in the room, she said, "So, you think having your buxom mother strip like some sleazy lap dancer constitutes excellent mothering? I'm shocked! Shocked!" Even as she said this, she began to unbutton her blouse and wiggle her butt.

"The very idea of nakedness - I find it appalling," she added, now really getting into parodying her old self. Her voice changed, sounding more terse and uptight. "It's almost as bad as sex, and we all know how bad that is." She completed unbuttoning all of her shirt buttons. "It's so IMPROPER!"

"But even worse than that are these two big things," she said as she briefly flashed her hefty boobs and then closed her blouse. "God, how I hate them. Maybe I should have them reduced. What do you think, Tiger? Are they too big?" She opened her blouse all the way, as if to get his feedback on having breast reduction surgery.

"Oh wait!" she said in mock horror, as she continued to wiggle her butt more enthusiastically, "You're not supposed to see those. Quick, look away!" She acted as if rebuttoning her blouse was not an option. Instead of trying to hide her tits, she cupped them from below with her hands and raised them toward him, making them look even bigger than they already were.

"You're not looking away, Tiger! If you stare at these too long, it will make you go blind, and you'll go to Hell, too, but as a blind man. Wait, I have an idea. If I raise my skirt, that will distract you and take your attention."

She pulled her skirt up and exposed her bush. She put on a very innocent but shocked face. "Oh no! I'm not supposed to be showing you that either! Whatever will I do?"

She considered what to do next to make her actions sexier. She wanted to make him forget all about Amy for a while and show everyone that she loved him the best in every way. In the meantime her wiggling turned into more of a dance, bouncing in time to the B-52's.

Alan's dick was still a little too excited. But he also realized that this was too good to watch without being pleased at the same time.

So he snapped his fingers in Katherine's direction, beckoning her with his eyes.

She crawled over to him and started stroking his hard-on, even though her heart was still heavy over Alan choosing Amy to be his girlfriend. She tried to remind him of how much she loved him by pleasuring his cock as best she possibly could.

As he luxuriated in the sensations caused by his sister's fingers skillfully wandering up and down his hard-on, he thought, This evening is so perfect. Everything is going my way. And I'm learning that I can get any of these women to do anything I want, in front of anyone else. They don't want to fall behind in the competition. I'm in control now.

But just after he thought this, Katherine painfully pulled on and twisted his erection. He looked down and saw a partly angry yet partly apologetic expression on her face. He realized that was her way of saying, "You'd better believe we're going to talk about this Amy-as-girlfriend decision later." That point made, she continued stroking lovingly and sensually as she had been doing before.

Susan continued to sway as if dancing to a song only she could hear. She'd been stalling for time, trying to figure out where to take her striptease role-play when an idea popped into her head. She said out loud, "My unmentionables are totally exposed. Whatever will I do?! Oh, I know! I'll cup my hand over my most private part, so at least you won't be able to see all of that. I mean, really! Having my son look at me there, why the very thought is just so improper!" One hand continued to hold up the dress while the other cupped her bush.

As if realizing her hands were working at cross purposes, she went on, "But now he can see my tits and I don't have any hands free to cover them up! Oh excuse me, I mean my breasts. Tit: what a vulgar word! Yuck! I should wash my mouth out with soap just for saying such a foul thing. Oh wait, I just forgot I'm all out of soap. I guess I'll just have to put something else in my mouth that's long and hard and thick and slippery. I can't possibly think of what that could be, but later on I'll close my eyes, and Tiger, you can surprise me with something. You always know just the right thing to put in your mommy's mouth."

Susan stared hungrily at his crotch, watching her daughter's hand sliding up and down its slippery shaft, and she felt an uncontrollable need to crawl over to it and plunge it deep into her mouth. She didn't care about having to share it; in fact, in her current sexed-up mood she thought it would be all the better if she and Katherine could lick it, and each other, until they drowned in a delightful cum bath.

But she realized her blowjob fantasies were taking her out of the character she was supposed to be playing, so she resumed her striptease. She said, "But anyway, what to do about my, uh, breasts? I'd better take my skirt off all the way, so the hand that's holding that up can cover them instead."

She used both hands to pull her skirt all the way off, leaving her more naked than before. All that remained was her blouse, hanging wide open. One hand returned to cover her bush while the other cupped a tit from the underside, doing more to thrust it out than cover it up. "Ah, that's better," she said, as she continued to sway and gyrate to the music in her head. "Although one breast is still exposed, I suspect this is as good as I can do. Unfortunately, they're just too big to be covered up easily. Tiger, you're not looking at your mother's disturbingly erect nipples, are you? I don't know how that happened; it must be the cold air."

He just shook his head 'no'. He didn't want to interrupt her creative monologue. He couldn't help but chuckle at her "cold air" comment - the collective heat coming off everyone was bringing the room to a boil, and Susan especially was sweating profusely.

"No, you say," she said to him, ignoring his laughter. "And I guess it's true, but only because you're still looking between my legs. Why are you looking there? Is it because you think I'm masturbating myself?" She started vigorously frigging herself as she said that, while the hand on her tit moved to squeeze the nipple.

"Are you looking at my CUNT? Oops, I shouldn't say that naughty word. Your mommy has a pussy or a vagina, not a cunt. For instance, it's not proper to say, 'I want to stick my big cock in my mommy's hot cunt.' Instead, you need to say, 'I want to stick my huge, erect penis in my mother's heated, throbbing vagina.'"

She chuckled at that. "Besides, you wouldn't actually want to do that, would you? Why would you think such unseemly things of your mother? I barely even knew I had a vagina! Can women masturbate even? I didn't know that. Well, if you persist in staring there, I'd better do something else to hide myself. Let's see..."

He was on the brink of cumming, but luckily Katherine was so captivated watching Susan that her stroking had nearly ceased. However, just her occasional feathery brush-stroke near his cockhead kept him giddy with total arousal.

Susan said, "Maybe if I turn around then you won't be able to see all my naughty bits." She pivoted, now exposing her backside to Alan and the rest. Since she'd already lost her skirt, there was nothing to hide her fine, firm ass. As if there was any doubt of what a magnificent ass it was, she bent further over and proudly thrust it out toward the others.

She got more into the dance she was doing, swaying her hips from side to side. "Oh shit!" she finally said. "Pardon my vulgar language - Tiger, you'll just have to stuff my mouth even more with that lovely long soap bar of yours - but I just realized you can see my ass now! I mean, my rear end! Whatever will I do?"

She got even more into the dancing, so she stopped trying to carry on a dialogue. She still wore the open blouse, but as she danced she slowly pulled her arms free, sliding out of the blouse completely. Then she dramatically twirled the blouse around over her head a few times and let it fly across the room, just like a real stripper.

The CD Alan had put on had come to an end, but Susan just kept dancing, now completely nude. The utter silence from the lack of music was a bit disconcerting, but somehow it made her act all the more captivating.

Alan glanced at Amy to see if she was miffed at Susan for stealing the limelight. But Amy was smiling broadly, appearing as transfixed as everyone else.

Susan had started the striptease burning with embarrassment, but now that she was fully into it she didn't feel at all embarrassed. She was reveling in her sexuality and having the time of her life. She went from being ashamed of the crowd to almost wishing that there were even more people to see her wanton display (provided that they were all in-the-know women).

YES! This is how it should be! Look at Angel - it was bugging me that she was only stroking him, but she's finally started licking his sweet spot. Tiger is taming all four of us, and now we're learning to work as a team to serve his cock! The more I dance, the more his cock stays stiff and hot, and the more Angel can lick and stroke him! Heck, even Amy and Suzanne are getting in on things with the way they're looking so yummy playing with themselves! I love it!

She threw her arms up in the air and danced as she imagined an exotic belly dancer or gypsy would do, wiggling her stomach and repeatedly thrusting out her hips. Then, after a while, she began running her hands all over her ass and other parts of her body until finally she returned to openly masturbating herself. Soon her gyrations had less to do with the timing of the music in her head and more to do with the needs of her body.

She got so into it that she kicked her high heels off so she could dance freely, flinging them with high kicks just like a professional striptease artist might do.

But about a minute later, she suddenly came out of her masturbation stance and threw her arms into the air again, stretching her whole body as if in the grips of an ecstatic climax (which she was).

Alan had heard of people mentally taking a picture, but now he fully understood what that could mean: time seemed to freeze and the image of his mother's nude body stretching in complete rapture was etched into a memory he expected never to forget.

As he sat there, watching her exultation and hearing her scream of joy, it occurred to him, This is not just about me, or about sex. And this is way, way more than just about her striptease.

For Mom, this is about freedom. Liberation. She's throwing off the chains of convention and conformity that have kept her down her whole life. It's as if I can see the chains coming off at this very moment as the dancing frees her.

She's fully embracing her true self, and it turns out that deep down she's a very sexual person. To think that she might have gone through life without ever discovering this! Such a close call, and her opening up is all because of my weird medical condition. What a tragic waste life would have been without that, for all of us, but especially for her. Wow!

Even as he was having this intellectual epiphany, brought on by her dancing, his body was having a physical reaction to the same sexy sight. Somehow the notion that his mother was so wantonly letting go in the middle of the living room, the same room where they'd opened Christmas presents and watched Super Bowls every year, was more than he could take.

He was so insane with lust that his dick would have erupted even without Katherine licking him and jerking him off. Yet, luckily, at the same time, she could see that her mother's dance was coming to an end so she sped up her efforts to get him to cum. She could tell that it wouldn't be long now, so she sat back so she could aim his cum at her face and chest.

His erection started to explode with cum, with the first couple of ropes hitting her squarely in her cleavage. But then he simply said, "Aim for Mom!" bender

Katherine pointed his stiffness towards Susan as if pointing a gun. His next ropes flew a few feet forward, right onto his mother's lower legs.

Susan seemed lost in her own world, dancing away, but she wasn't so out of it to miss the feeling of warm cum splashing onto her skin. She was so delighted by this perfect cap to her dancing that her whole body began to buckle and shake. She fell to her knees, unable to stand.

She'd happened to fall forwards towards Alan and Katherine. That also allowed Katherine to aim Alan's still-spurting cock towards her chest.

Susan continued to writhe as she was overcome by one of the most intense orgasms of her life. Her son's cum seemed to be falling down on her like rain. She arched her back and thrust her chest out to catch all the flying cum on her skin.

Alan and Susan both groaned and moaned uncontrollably. The others were completely quiet, transfixed by the remarkable rain of cum.

Susan unexpectedly pierced the relative silence of the room with an incoherent, guttural cry that was probably one of the loudest noises she'd ever made. She collapsed on the floor, completely spent.

The group sat there in a stunned silence, broken only by Susan's heavy breathing.

Then Alan clapped and the rest joined in enthusiastically. "Wow, Mom! You were great!"

Susan seemed to "come to," feeling very self-conscious once again. She was blushing furiously, but was still relaxed enough to stand up and take a good-natured bow before her audience.

She was surprised to note that everyone else was now completely nude. It was as if her dance had been so hot that no one could stand to bear the burden of wearing any clothing at all.

Chapter 574 At Least I've Finally Got Something Up There.

Susan continued to stand in front of the others for a minute, reveling in the attention even as a part of her felt like fleeing from it, now that she'd had her hard-won climax.

Everyone complimented her performance.

Seeing the hungry looks in the other women's eyes, she wondered if the three of them were all keen on having sex with her. They were; that was obvious even to the relatively naïve Susan.

She thought, That would be wrong. So wrong. But I should do anything - ANYTHING - to help my Tiger. After all, he's forced me to kiss my own daughter just to help him get hard. Why should we stop there? Maybe he'll make me please them all, one after another.

Maybe he'll even fuck me right now in front of everybody, and then have me do all of them once he's through with me! Whenever I obey his commands I end up feeling so good. He's tamed me and controls me, so how can I deny him anything? My body is here just to serve him and his magnificent cock. I must obey his every wish, no matter what he tells me to do!

These thoughts made her tingle with electric excitement, even though some part of her knew that she was as high on sexual energy as if she were on a drug, and that, like a drug, when she "came down" later she'd regret fantasies such as this one.

She finally looked down and saw Alan's flaccid member dangling a few feet in front of her. That caused her to remember why she had been taking her clothes off in the first place. Her son's dick was still recovering from shooting off a couple of minutes earlier, so it was still very sensitive, but that didn't slow her down.

She crawled over to her usual spot between Alan's legs. Then she asked her daughter, "Aren't you going to clean him?"

"What?" Katherine was so carried away by all she'd seen that she wasn't thinking.

Sighing, Susan gently but firmly pushed Katherine away. She wanted her son's dick to fill her mouth until she gagged on the sheer fullness of the cock stuffing her throat, so it frustrated her to no end that it had deflated and was now flaccid. She contented herself with at least being able to lick his penis and balls clean, as usual.

After a minute or two of contented licking, she said, "Tiger, I think it's time you wash my mouth out with soap for using such filthy language. I'll close my eyes and open my mouth and you put whatever you want into it, because I've been such a bad girl."

Alan thought there was simply no way for his dick to get hard again that evening. In fact, for the longest time it did not.

Many minutes passed while Susan kept his shrunken penis between her lips. The other women got up to stretch and get drinks and so forth.

Amy put on some more music. She picked the Talking Heads' album "Speaking in Tongues" partially because she loved that band's dance music, but mostly because it had a song entitled "Girlfriend Is Better." That was a private joke with Alan, since the song's title wasn't really obvious from listening to it. Only the two of them knew the band well enough to know all the real titles.

Susan was determined to get a load of cum from Alan, since she'd missed most of the last one. So she kept licking and teasing his privates, especially his balls, in hopes that if she kept at it he'd grow fully erect once again.

She thought, Look at me! Everybody else is going about their business, but I remain here kneeling and buck naked in this totally humiliating pose. But I can't move; it's like my tongue is glued to my son's cock, flaccid or not! I imagine this is how it's going to be from now on: I'm going to spend literally HOURS servicing my son while life goes on all around me. I'll be one of many competing for that honor. Is anything more hot and thrilling than that?! I think not! MMMM!

As a result of Susan's continued licking, Alan was trapped in his seat. He asked Amy as she was heading to the kitchen, "So, what did you think of all that?"

She stopped and looked his way. "Wow. It was way sexy! But it's gonna be hard to live up to that. I mean, Aunt Susan is all super centerfold-y. Her body is just so perfect and curvy."

Susan made some happy "Mmmm!" sounds in response to those compliments, even while she continued to hold her son's flaccid dick in her mouth, lightly suckling on it.

Alan said to Amy, "That's true. But you're 'all super centerfold-y' too, you know." He smiled, thinking about how only Amy could turn "centerfold" into a comparative adjective. "Every time I look at you, I get as aroused as I did watching Mom just now."

"You're just saying that! But I love it!" Grinning from ear to ear, Amy bent over and kissed him on the cheek, then skipped out of the room.

For a long time, Susan just kept on lapping at her son's penis and balls.

The others all drifted back into the room. Suzanne broke the silence by leading a spirited discussion with Amy about exactly what she thought being Alan's boyfriend would entail. Susan would have liked to join in, but she just kept on licking and licking and licking.

After at least five minutes, she could tell that her efforts were paying off when her son's penis began to revive. She wasn't too surprised; she figured the fact that she was sitting buck naked between her son's legs looking up into his eyes with longing was bound to affect him sooner or later.

Before long, she began to suck on his dick, and was rewarded as it gradually expanded inside her mouth. She'd initially had nearly his entire cock in her mouth, but she had to back off a bit as it grew longer because she hadn't yet learned to deep throat him.

The others noticed the progress she was making, and that caused the sexual energy in the room to rise.

Susan began play-acting a little bit once again. She opened her mouth around his cock with mock horror, pretending she was her old self and very puzzled by this large intrusion into the middle of her face. She continued to suck on it like it was sweet candy but somehow at the same time her overstuffed mouth managed to say, "Awwan, wha kinda thoap ith thith? Tho wery unpwooper!"

Alan could hardly believe his dick was fully hard again; he found that nearly as improbable as that he was also again completely aroused mentally. "Mom, don't worry about that. That's, uh, a new type of soap." He grabbed the back of her head and pretended to force her to continue sucking.

In reality she needed no encouragement at all. She attacked his erection with renewed vigor, using her favorite corkscrew-like moves. The sexual energy in the room continued to grow, thanks mainly to Susan's passion. However, none of the women were masturbating themselves, at least not yet.

Alan moved his hands to his mother's butt and kept them there. He reached down to her pussy and found that she was already dripping wet. He turned to Amy, who was sitting on a nearby sofa, and asked her, "Does this bother you, seeing us like this?"

Susan had eased up a bit on her oral assault, so at this point he didn't have to struggle just to speak.

Amy replied, "No. Well, actually it does make me jealous a little bit. You know; I'm wishing I wasn't just watching."

She understood that at the moment her place in Alan's heart was far below Susan's, though she was determined to change that in time. She knew there was nothing she could do about that immediately. She was also more than a little jealous about just how sexy and slutty Susan had acted. She knew that she couldn't put on a performance half that good, at least not yet, and suspected that, at this point, none of the others would permit her to do so even if she could.

"That's understandable," he said. "If it makes you feel better, you can masturbate yourself, or have Sis help you out."

"That's okay. Maybe next time. I want to concentrate on watching so I can learn to do better."

"Good," he said assuredly. "You'll have a lot of chances to watch and learn. As you know, around here, Mom pretty much calls the shots, particularly on Tuesdays. And lately, as I'm sure you've noticed, she's been in favor of giving me lots of blowjobs."

He started caressing his mother's tits, sometimes pulling her nipples with unusual aggression.

She feebly tried to swat his hands away, but that was only for show. The way Alan was aggressively taking charge and the whole Amy-as-girlfriend plan had left her simply too horny to resist. The way he was playing with her was leading to a kind of vicious circle where he was getting more aggressive and she was getting more aroused and willing.

He already needed another strategic break to delay his climax, so he pushed her mouth away and tried to devote all of his attention to pleasuring her for a change. "Here, Mom. Stand in front of me."

"Yes, Son!" She stood up quickly, but she was so insanely aroused that it looked like she was having a hard time just standing up straight.

When he saw that, he patted the sofa cushion next to him, indicating that she should sit there.

Then he began casually fingering her pussy, even though that was a violation of the 'boundaries'. That had been one rule that she'd been fairly consistent in actually keeping, because she saw that as a gateway to getting fucked. But he gambled that she was too aroused at the moment to complain or swat him away.

She thought, Good GOD! He's not supposed to do that! It's so WRONG! A sin! But he doesn't care; he just takes what he wants! In the exact same way that he just tamed Amy in front of all of us, taking her for his official girlfriend, he's showing everyone how much he's tamed his big-titted mommy too!

Even though I'm consumed with lust at the moment, I HAVE to say something! If I allow this, he's gonna start playing with my pussy all the time, like it's his God-given right! And then it's just a matter of days before he's not only playing with it, he's FUCKING it! It'll become his right to fuck me whenever he feels like it! Then I'll be a total incestuous mommy-slut! No, a mommy-SLAVE! With his cock forever in my mouth, my cleavage, or my PUSSY! My burning hot, throbbing, needy pussy!

These thoughts aroused her so much that she lost the willpower to object, as he had hoped. She began writhing in her seat almost uncontrollably. But then she looked over at Suzanne and noticed a pleased look on her face. Remembering that she was being watched, she forced herself to calm down and stay at least relatively still. She closed her eyes and slowly counted to ten, and that helped.

While pulling on Susan's clit as if it was something that he did all the time, Alan explained to Amy, "Remember, Mom is the de-facto head of this house. So if she orders any of us to do something, we all have to oblige. If she ordered me to fuck her pussy until she couldn't walk, I'd have no choice but to do it."

Susan answered between heavy breaths, "Don't worry, everybody; I'd never ask him to do that. He's a good boy. He stays away from my, uh, pussy." She sincerely believed it herself, generally speaking, but she would have been a lot more convincing to everyone else if he hadn't been busy petting her furry bush and fiddling with her clit at the very moment that she'd said that.

As soon as those words were out of her mouth, Alan seemed to deliberately mock her statement even more by pushing two fingers deep into her pussy. He appeared relatively calm, but his heart was pounding wildly as another one of Susan's boundaries was transgressed.

Her only response was a loud moan and more breathless heaving of her lungs. "Besides, I'm the, uh, female, oooh! ... The FEMALE head of this house. Uh! ... But Tiger... Tiger... Mmmm! As a boy, a man... He's the main head... Head of the... MMMM! We must... we must OBEY! UGH! God, it's so good!"

bender

Both he and his mother acted as if his fingers weren't where they were, and neither of them said a word about it. Luckily, the Talking Heads album was still playing in the background, so the silence of the others wasn't quite so awkward.

Susan hoped against hope that the others wouldn't notice what he was doing, even as everyone closely watched. She decided to just not think about it, so she bent down over his lap and went back to cocksucking. Since she was sitting next to him, she could suck him off even as he kept fingerbanging her.

Alan thought to himself, I actually have my fingers in my mother's cunt! Yes! At least I've finally got something up there. Yeah! What a day of firsts. This feels so damn good. But what'll feel even better is when I replace it with something longer and thicker. I just KNOW I'm going to fuck her, and soon! She's so horny all the time now that one of these days she gonna break down completely and say the magic words. She's gonna get on her knees and beg me to fuck her. And I will!

Actually, I'm fucking her right now! My fingers are a stand-in for my dick and I'm fucking my mother! I'm a motherfucker! He liked this idea so much that he really let her have it, forcefully digging deeper and deeper into her pussy with each thrust.

She responded in kind by sucking and licking his erection with even more than her usual great enthusiasm. It was as if she was lost in an erotic frenzy.

Perhaps surprisingly, the other three behaved themselves. None of them had even masturbated since they took the break to get drinks and such. That was mostly because Suzanne didn't want things to get even more sexual with Amy there, and Katherine and Amy had followed her lead. But all three were on the edge of their seats, constantly fidgeting with barely suppressed lust.

The more excited Alan got from the way his mother was sucking his cock, the more passionately he fingered her pussy. This in turn excited her even more, which was channeled into even more passionate cocksucking. This resulting positive feedback loop raised the heat of the entire room. With both mother and son going at each other like jackhammers ripping through concrete, Alan knew he couldn't last long.

He figured his best bet was to make her cum before he did. He hoped she'd be so out of it that she'd have to give up on him for a while, allowing him to recover.

Luckily, Susan was so very aroused that she started cumming shortly after he had those thoughts. He didn't actually have to do much except keep on fingering her and clenching his own PC muscle.

Her climax was no ordinary one, in part due to Alan's fingers probing her pussy so intensely. But it was also due to her realization that he shouldn't be touching her there at all, and the realization that so many eyes were watching her shamelessly bobbing on her son's shaft while he was "violating" her in that manner.

She came hard, loud, and repeatedly. She actually screamed at the top of her lungs, finally forcing her to pull off, releasing her tight lip-seal around his shaft.

As her climax finally fizzled out, Amy nudged her own mother and said, "Wow! Mom, Aunt Susan really loves sucking Alan's cock, doesn't she?"

Suzanne replied, "She does."

"And she's really good at it, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is."

Amy raised a fist dramatically. "I'm gonna be that good! Now that I'm his official girlfriend, I've gotta be the best!"

Katherine blanched when she heard Amy repeating the words "official girlfriend." That really rankled her; she didn't like the added competition. But it was Amy, her best friend, so she couldn't get that upset.

When Susan was done, she lay down on the floor between one of the sofas and the table. She was a sweaty, dripping heap of naked, exhausted ecstasy. Just as Alan had hoped, she was too wiped out to

continue the blowjob. He was glad for that, because he didn't want to be displaying a limp member in the middle of all this excitement. Even so, his erection did wane for a while as he rested.

Susan thought, once she was once again capable of coherent thinking, There's only one thing I know, and that's that I have to feel like that again, and soon! Mommy got a nice reward for all her hard licking and sucking. Not to mention her striptease. I didn't even get him to cum though. His cock is just too powerful! He defeated me, and it feels so fine. Mmmm! But that's okay. I'll be up to another pass shortly. Once he's had a brief break I'll be able to suck on him that much longer!

She looked up at him and said, "Thank you for teaching my mouth a lesson in using naughty words like 'tit.' Oh shit! I said 'tit' again! Oh shit! I said 'shit' too, and 'tit' even more! And again! Oh well. Looks like you're going to have to wash my mouth out with your cock, let's see, one, two, three, four, five, six more times tonight. Oh no, seven, because 'cock' is a dirty word too. Oops! I said it again! Make that eight!"

Everyone had a hearty laugh.

She went on, "You're going to have to fuck my mouth eight times. Oh wait. 'Fuck' is a dirty word too. Make it nine. Oh wait..." She finally stopped when her voice was drowned out by laughter.

She joined in the laughing and they all laughed until it hurt. Then they just sat around and smiled at each other. It might have seemed strange to an outsider, but there was a strong feeling of love in the air, as well as of lust. Events like this just seemed to tie everyone together even closer than before.

Alan eventually broke the silence by saying to Amy, with great understatement, "So anyway, that's how it works around here."

Chapter 575 Obey Your Master, You Sister Slut Slave!

Alan would have liked to stay in the living room and play with all the naked women sitting around him. It seemed like a real breakthrough evening and he wanted to take advantage of the increasingly permissive attitude to shred more of Susan's boundaries. He especially wanted to get her more used to committing sexual acts in front of the others, and to having two women service him at once. But he realized that he had to take care of Katherine's feelings first.

He took his sister to her room so they could privately discuss Amy's new official girlfriend status. He put on his T-shirt and shorts, thinking that would help create the right mood for a serious discussion.

However, she didn't bother dressing. She collapsed onto her bed naked, in a very sour and frustrated mood.

She started crying even before he could talk. She complained through her tears, "I thought I was number one in your heart! I want to be your number one fuck toy! Why won't you let me? Am I not sexy enough? Are my tits not big enough? Even though my tits aren't the biggest, I'm still your sister and your fuck toy, and you should love me! Including carnally!"

"I do love you! It's not that! It's just that I'm spread thin between all the beautiful and eager-"

She didn't give him a chance to finish. They sat side by side on her bed, but she impulsively got up and literally pinned him to the bed, shoving her pussy into his face in a frustrated attempt to get him to forget Amy.

"I'm a great fuck! Aren't I? Don't you like to slide your big baby-maker into my hot hole? Don't you want to fuck me?" She cried even more intently while trying to sexily smother him with her pussy.

He was forced to push her off, frustrating her even more. He didn't want to do anything sexual with her when she was crying and angry like this. He held her for a while and caressed her until her tears came to an end.

Then he tried to talk to her calmly. He told her as he wiped away her tears, "You know I love you more than Amy, don't you? I hate to say that kind of stuff 'cos it always hurts someone's feelings to compare people like that, but you're my sister and, as great as she is, she's not. I love YOU about as much as it's possible to love someone. It's like you're a part of me!"

Katherine nodded weakly, her eyes still red. Her tears were still rolling down her cheeks, falling into her lap.

She said, "I know. I feel that way too. That's why I love being your fuck toy. But still, I have a hard time believing everything you're saying, especially the part that you love me more than Amy. She may not be your real sister, but she's close enough!"

"That's true. And I feel weird even trying to make comparisons like that, because it's not fair. But you have a very special place in my heart! Very, very special!"

She wailed, "Then make me your official girlfriend!"

Alan's heart nearly broke at the sight of her crying. Her wide, innocent eyes could look as sad as a forlorn puppy dog. He felt swayed by her heartfelt emotion but knew he couldn't have her as his official girlfriend, so he kept his resolve.

"We can do anything we want in private, but in private only. There are just certain things society won't let us do. You know that."

"I know. But fuck what other people think! True love conquers all. Fuck society!" She sniffed as a few new tears rolled down her face.

He shook his head no. "I wish! But you know we can't do that. For one thing, you have to realize that it's completely impossible for a brother and sister to be public about going out together romantically, even if we ARE both adopted from different families. I need a public girlfriend. My friends have been increasingly teasing me about not having one. It's more than just a little bit ironic that they still think I'm a virgin, but they do. Having Amy as a girlfriend will also protect her from the constant stream of boys who are only interested in getting a fuck from one of the school's most desirable girls. She's so clueless that she needs a lot of protection."

He continued, "And lately, more and more girls have been trying to go out with me. Honestly, some of the most beautiful girls in school have asked me out just in the last week. Of course I turned them down. But what if something strikes a perfect chord and I'm asked out by a girl who sweeps me away and makes me feel like I used to feel with Christine? Do you want me to be available like that, where anything can happen?"

She ground her teeth, fiercely possessive. "No! Of course not."

His line of reasoning was working. She was far more worried about someone else like Christine than she was about Amy. In particular, she was still very worried that Christine might change her mind about Alan and pursue him seriously. His "non-romantic" dates with Christine made her more jealous than all the sex he'd had with all his other women combined.

Alan saw her jealous reaction and tried to work with that to help convince her that Amy's new status was for the best for everyone. "Well then, look. I love Aims in a protective way like I'd feel towards a younger sister, and I love her in a physical way too. I like spending time with her, but I don't feel a deep, soul-to-soul connection the same way I do with you. I'm looking for a strong, independent woman who's smart and challenges me with strong, intelligent opinions. Amy's too passive and accepting to be like that. Christine is like what I want, but she lost her chance. I'm soooo over her."

"Are you really over her?" she asked while sniffing.

"Of course," Alan said, though he wasn't too sure about it himself. "You're like her in a lot of ways, you know, especially if you'd pay more attention to doing well in school. You're so smart, but you don't really apply yourself. The point is, I love talking to you and being with you, in addition to having sex with you. You're much more than just a sister. You're the one that I want, forever."

Her heart soared upon hearing that, and her face even burst into a smile.

He let that sink in, then continued, "Aims would make a good ... mistress. Maybe when we're done with high school, the three of us can go to college in the same town. We could change our last names, and you and I could be boyfriend and girlfriend, openly. Amy could be my mistress. OUR mistress. I think she'd accept that, and maybe even welcome it. I'll make sure to steer her in that direction. In fact, I won't even have to try. She'll love it."

"That sounds really good." Katherine momentarily daydreamed of being her brother's wife, with Amy as their mutual mistress. She imagined herself with a big pregnant belly and lots of little children running around. Most of them were birthed by her, but a few were birthed by Amy. She smiled wistfully as she unconsciously rubbed her stomach.

But then she returned to the current situation. "I'm still upset, but I guess I can live with it. I was so afraid you'd forget all about me when you said you'd go out with her." She felt her panic flooding back. "For one thing, you and Amy are one grade ahead of me. You'll be in another town for a whole year without me!"

"Don't worry; we'll work something out. Sis, we're rich enough. We can do whatever we want." He kissed her lightly on the cheek.

She forced another smile, but was still pensive.

He added, "I'll tell you what. I'll make you a deal. For every time I fuck Amy, I'll fuck you at least twice. How does that sound?"

"Now you're talking!" She threw her arms around him and they kissed some more.

After several more minutes of making out, they took a break to catch their breath.

Katherine took the chance to say, "You know, speaking of being a mistress, I've taken to referring to you as 'master' when I'm with Aunt Suzy. It turns me on so much to imagine that I'm literally your slave, your sex slave, forced to obey your every whim. I know how much it turns you on too. I suspect the idea of being your sex slave even turns Aunt Suzy on, but she's won't admit it to herself and doesn't use that word. Yet! She's too proud. And of course Mom is a total goner, completely enthralled by your cock. She worships it and lives to serve you, just like I do. Anyway, the point is, I think Amy will love being your mistress. I know she will. It fits her personality so well. Since you've discovered your sexual side, women just can't say no to you. And you're such a good master. So kind and fair."

Alan was blown away by that, and more than a little aroused too. "Come on. I'm not your master; I'm your brother!"

"I know! Isn't it great? You're my brother AND my master! Two great tastes that go great together! Though funnily enough, both taste like cum." She giggled with pure delight while licking her lips.

He loved what she was saying, but he was also in denial about it. It was fun as a fantasy, though quite daunting in reality. "Sis, let's talk about this later, okay? I've had enough emotional upheavals for one evening. I'm happy with you just as my sister."

"Okay, Master. Whatever you say. Your sister-slave happily obeys her well-hung fuck-monster brother. I'm going to make you forget all about Amy by being the best, tightest, most talented and obedient fuck

toy you've ever had. Let your fuck toy make you feel good! She wants you to fuck her right now!" She threw herself at him and held him again in a tight embrace.

"'Fuck toy'? 'Sister-slave'? Come on! I thought that was just sexy talk." He was disturbed, but also terribly aroused. He tried to hide his arousal by discretely shifting his erection, but the way her naked body writhed against his own made that very difficult.

She looked at him intently. "No. How many times do I have to tell you? Your fuck toy takes her responsibilities very seriously. And she needs to make you feel so good that you pass out with joy. Every day!"

"But what about my desire for a strong, independent, intelligent woman?"

"No prob, Big Brother. I'll be your strong, independent, intelligent fuck toy! Okay, scratch the independent part. That's good for other parts of my life, but when it comes to you, I'm an obedient cum slave with no free will except for an 'uppity' desire to be fucked! But two out of three ain't bad, right?" She giggled.

He just stared at her like she'd grown an extra head.

She continued more intently, "I know you as well as anyone, and I know what you like. Strong and intelligent is good, and I can do that too, but deep down you want a SLAVE. Don't you? Who doesn't? What kind of teenage boy doesn't secretly want to turn their sexy sister into a sex slave, but you get to actually do it! And the beautiful thing is, I WANT to be your slave. Isn't it wonderful how it works out?"

Alan was very surprised at all this, and he wanted time to discuss it further. She was right; the idea was a big turn-on for him and he couldn't deny that. But the responsible part of him was also concerned. However, he had no chance to speak.

She was already holding him in an embrace, but then she pushed him back down onto the bed and started to ravish him.

As she nearly tore off his shirt, she said, "If you're going to fuck me twice for every time you fuck Amy, you'd better get a head start right now! I think the way you were fingering her a few minutes ago counts

as a fuck." With a quick tug, she brought his shorts down past his feet and then threw them across the room. Then she lay on top of him, grabbed his erect penis, and tried to put it in her pussy.

"Does not!" he happily protested as he tried to fight her off.

"Does too!"

"Does not!"

"Does too!" She was beginning to gain the upper hand in their struggle. Since the consequences of his losing were hardly a bad thing, he wasn't trying very hard to win.

Alan still wanted to keep his vow to not fuck at home, and he was still worried about getting caught. He'd already forgotten that vow once, the morning before, and it would be all too easy to slip up again. His mother was sliding further into a sexual fog with every passing day, but he knew that she still thought that vaginal sex with her son was incest and a terrible sin. Having her see her children fuck each other would also freak her out in a big way, especially since both of them were already grounded for violating her rules. So he still struggled with his sister and fought to keep his dick out of her slit.

Finally, he yelled "Does not!" once more and grabbed her roughly by the hair to guide her head down over his erection.

Realizing what he wanted, she stopped struggling. She fell to her knees at the foot of the bed and assumed a cocksucking stance with her head bowed low. She thought that would help show how serious she was about her fuck-toy subservience, plus it just plain turned her on to be an obedient, incestuous cocksucker. "Is that all you want? Very well. I'm here to serve." She saluted him and said, "Number One Fuck Toy reporting for cocksucking duty, sir."

"Cut that out. You're too damn arousing!" He worried about cumming before she even got started, just from her arousing words.

"Master, forgive me for my enthusiasm. Your sex slave sister loves you. She loves you the most. Amy barely knows you, not like how I know you. I'll show HER! ... Now your fuck toy is going to prove her love

and suck you off better than Amy could ever even imagine!" Then, with a parting shot in the silly verbal battle with her brother, she yelled "Does too!" and began sucking contentedly on his fat erection.

It's just like giving a pacifier to a baby, he thought as he listened to her happy slurps. But it's a hell of a lot more fun! Obey your master, you sister slut slave! You cum-slut fuck toy!

He was too shy to say that out loud, however, and immediately felt bad for calling his sister a "cum-slut" even in his own thoughts. What the hell am I thinking? That's wrong. I'll have to talk to her about this later. It's not healthy for our long-term relationship for her to act like this. I mean, I can still remember how I taught her to ride a bike, almost like it was yesterday. This is all very disturbing. The way I just snapped my fingers earlier and she came crawling to my dick like an eager... well, like a sex slave! It's wrong! I'm being corrupted by power. We really need to talk ... and discuss how we-

Suddenly he felt his climax coming on. But oh! Oh my God! So good! Too arousing! How can I fight it? Just like that, Sis! ... Right on! Yeah! He had to struggle and fight with his PC muscle so much that he lost his train of thought. Somehow he managed to hold off the orgasmic urge for a while.

They cuddled, kissed, and told each other loving sweet nothings during his strategic break. Then they repeated what was by now their standard procedure: she sucked him off until he was on the verge of cumming, and then they rested, giving his boner a "second wind."

The two of them had much to discuss, so they talked some more during these breaks. Admittedly, she had her fingers or even her mouth wrapped around his erection through much of the discussion. But she kept the stimulation to a minimum during his breaks. Sometimes she just liked to rest his hard-on inside her mouth so she could feel its presence there. At other times, she switched to a titfuck position and did all the work of sliding her breasts up and down on either side of his stiffness.

But while he was unwilling to actually fuck her in the house, he was very willing to play with her pussy. He toyed with her pussy lips and clit as much as she toyed with his dick and balls.

Alan didn't criticize her 'fuck toy sex slave' ideas, as he thought that might ruin her cocksucking mood and get her thinking about the Amy situation again. He figured THAT discussion could wait until sometime when he wasn't feeling so aroused. In reality, his heart just wasn't in it when it came to discouraging her submissive ways.

Instead, he soothed her emotions about Amy as best he could. He repeatedly complimented her and professed his love. But that only made her want to suck him off even more enthusiastically.

His orgasmic need had been slowly building with each close call, and eventually he realized that he'd reached the point where just about any further stimulation was going to send him over the edge. He really didn't want to cum, because he knew it had happened a remarkable number of times already since he'd woken that day. But he also didn't want to end their sexual fun, so he decided his best defense was a good offense.

His boner was trapped in Katherine's cleavage. She was slipping and sliding her big tits all over it while nibbling and licking at its tip. But then he suddenly pulled away.

She reached out for his hot pole. "Hey! Bring that thing back here!"

He replied, "Nope! Now, before you get upset, here's the deal. I'm right on the verge, and I don't want to cum. I've cum, like, seven or eight times already today. It's totally nuts! If I cum again, I think my dick is gonna cry for mercy. Just repeatedly getting right up to the edge is really awesome for me now. Besides, I want to return the favor. Let me go down on you."

Katherine complained, "What? No. That's all backwards. I'm your personal... excuse me, one of your personal cocksuckers. AND your Number One Fuck Toy, of course! I'm all about serving you!"

"I know, I know," he nodded. "But going down on you right now is what would make me really happy." Seeing that she was still reluctant, he added, "That's an order."

She smiled widely and spread her legs. "Well, if it's an order, I guess I can't say 'No.'"

He crawled up on her legs, reaching up to tickle her sides along the way. "Come on. You know you love it."

She grinned impishly. "Well, maybe a little bit."

They both chuckled at that.

Alan spent the next few minutes trying to bring Katherine to a big orgasm through his oral work. He still wasn't very good at it. His skills were pitiful in comparison to how her oral skill with him had advanced in recent weeks, but she had the advantage of much practice, as well as receiving tips from the other women in the house. Still, he had one very useful trick up his sleeve: orgasm denial. He told her that she was not allowed to cum until he gave her permission. Just the thought of him controlling her in that way got her boiling hot before he even started.

Then he got busy. Since she claimed to be so obedient to him, he also ordered her to tell him exactly what he was doing wrong, what she liked most, and to make suggestions on how he could improve his technique. Thanks to the resulting uncensored feedback, his licking skills improved by the minute. She was already extremely hot to trot, from her earlier activities, so he didn't need any extra generalized foreplay or teasing to work her up. He was able to focus instead on her slit and clit. Due to all his practice in "checking for bumps" with her and Amy, he was able to find her G-spot with ease, and any contact there really set her off.

It wasn't long before she was clenching her teeth and buttocks, struggling with all her might to obey his order and not cum. She waited and waited, but still, he didn't give permission. Eventually she begged and pleaded, but even so he still wouldn't relent.

He finally sensed that she was maximally aroused, about as much as she could get, so he yelled, "CUM! Cum, cum, cum for me!"

She most certainly did! Her screams echoed through the house. He kept at it until she was totally worn out.bender

Alan was tired too. He lay next to her with his penis in a flaccid state.

Thanks entirely to his self-control, the two of them had successfully refrained from fucking, even though they both very much wanted to do so as another way to reaffirm their mutual affection. She'd earlier given him the best and most prolonged combined blowjob and titfuck of their relationship, and now he'd returned the favor.

When she'd recovered enough to open her eyes, she looked at him and said, "Wow, Bro! That was amaaaaazing! You continue to impress. Remember my old diary entries, about how I fantasized about wanting to be your fuck toy?"

He wearily grunted, "Un-huh?"

"Well, the reality blows my best fantasies away! I have to admit that I enjoy when you go down on me, especially when it's an orgasm like the one you just gave me. But I love servicing your cock even more."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. It's a submissive fuck-toy thing. I don't think you'd understand. For instance, I totally got off on that titfuck. A good ol' titfuck just seems like such a submissive thing to do, don't you think?"

Alan was wiped out, so he merely grunted an affirmative.

She cuddled up to him. "I love you, Brother. I really do. Please don't forget that, or even forget me altogether now that you have Amy."

"Are you kidding? I could never forget you. You're in my thoughts all the time. I love you too. So much!"

She threw her leg over his and seemingly tried to hug him to death. "Gaawwwd, why do you have to say things like that and then leave my pussy so horribly unfucked?!"

Despite the fact that he hadn't climaxed himself, Alan was left very sexually satisfied, in fact almost painfully so. He felt like his body had been squeezed through a wringer, thanks to the cumulative effect of so much sex in one day.

But he was also very aware that it was a Tuesday, and he realized that he likely hadn't seen or felt the last of his mother. He rested some more in his sister's room, cuddling with her, until he was ready to face more action in his own room from his double-decker mother.

Chapter 576 Please! Need A Break! Total... No Touching! - Alan

While Katherine and Alan were spending time together upstairs, Suzanne and Susan were conferring with Amy in the living room.

Suzanne insisted that the three of them put their clothes back on, as she didn't want to further Amy's fondness for constant nudity. The two mothers explained the entire story of Alan's six-times-a-day medical treatment, now that Alan had indicated that Amy needed to be in the know. In actual fact, the lies Alan had told Amy, such as how his penis was "sad" and by making it "happy" he'd get more energy, were fairly compatible with his medical treatment requirements.

In any case, Amy took it all in stride, as she usually did most things. But the story took a long time to tell, especially since Susan kept getting sidetracked, usually to tell sizzling hot stories about the things her son did to her as part of his "treatment."

It was well over an hour later when Alan and Katherine returned to the living room. It was nearly eleven o'clock and everyone was getting tired. Alan walked back into the room wearing his T-shirt and shorts, though he figured his shorts wouldn't stay on, or at least zipped up, for long.

He went over to where Amy was sitting, sat down next to her and began to hug and French kiss her. But knowing that his mother would not be long denied, particularly on a Tuesday, and feeling that his penis had recovered enough since his most recent climax, he announced, "I'm horny again, believe it or not. I was thinking that Mom could help me out, since it's still her special day."

Susan's eyes lit up. She stood up immediately, ready for action. As she pulled her shirt off over her head, she proclaimed proudly, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a winner!"

Alan smiled. He was once again struck by just how young she looked. But then he added, "However, Mom, today is a special day for me and Amy too. I know you and I haven't really had much time alone today, but how about we go back to your double bed with Amy? While you suck my cock, this time you can explain to her what you're doing and have her practice on the spot. She's really only sucked me off once, yesterday evening; other than that she's completely inexperienced."

Susan grudgingly agreed, "Well, all right. It is her special day too, it seems. But next Tuesday you're all mine. Okay?"

He nodded, and then the three of them headed upstairs. Alan and Amy held hands as they walked, which delighted Amy to no end.

That left just Katherine and Suzanne alone in the room.

Even though the evening's events were helping to progress Suzanne's overall scheme, the busty redhead felt a bit sad and marginalized. "Did you notice?" Suzanne said to Katherine ruefully, "We're left out once again. You'd think that any horny young man would want to fuck a body like mine, but I guess I can't compete with the taboo of motherfucking, and I'm too old to be his girlfriend."

"Oh, don't worry so much," Katherine sympathized. She was feeling a lot better and more optimistic after Alan's explanations, having just spent time with him. "The whole situation just ebbs and flows. Tonight Susan and Amy are getting all the attention, but tomorrow may be more your day. I know I've had my days. Our master does his best to make everyone happy. We just have to wait our turn, and then give him our best."

Suzanne wanted to say, But I'm the one who started this whole thing! I should be the one getting the most rewards! Jesus! A couple of weeks ago I had him running behind me like Pavlov's dog. But the whole thing has slipped away from me somehow. I think my pussy is betraying me again. I get too weak, just too damn needy for sex.

However, she knew she couldn't tell that to Katherine or anyone else, so she kept her mouth shut. And what's with this whole subservience craziness that seems to be infecting everyone to one degree or another? "Master?" Give me a break! He's just a kid. True, he's a lovable kid with incredible stamina, a great cock, and tasty cum, but he's just a kid all the same. He doesn't deserve to be called "Master" by anybody.

Maybe that's why I'm losing my touch. I don't understand the psychology of what's happening to the others. Or even what's happening to me, to be honest. We're in uncharted waters here. There's something about this competition for his time and attention that's bringing out strangely subservient feelings in everyone.

She thought for a few seconds and concluded, God, I want to him to fuck me so bad. Yes, if saying "Master" would get him to fuck me, then I'd do it. But not with any enthusiasm. Hell, I'd probably rob a bank to get fucked daily by that loving, lovely stud. I had no idea when this all started that he'd turn into a living sex machine. I have to admit that seeing what he did to my Honey Pie tonight has only increased my desire for him. I've got it so bad, and it gets worse every day!

But she didn't want to discuss those things with Katherine either. She didn't like to admit her weaknesses to anyone, and especially not any sexual weaknesses. Instead, the two of them just spent their time commiserating in general terms about Amy and Alan.

Back in Susan's master bedroom, Susan, Alan, and Amy got completely naked. Alan sat in the middle of the bed with one woman on each side.

Before they started, Susan said, "One thing I want to make absolutely clear, Amy, is that we can only take turns with his cock. We can't touch it at the same time!"

"Why not?" Amy asked. "Boy! Both of us licking his thingy all over? That sounds like super fun!"

Susan's heart raced as she imagined doing just that. Still, she said, "Well, actually, it probably would be, but that would also be terribly improper. Once we start down that road, who knows where it will end? Why, the four women in this house might all wind up in the middle of an Alan-centric orgy! We can't have that, okay?"

"M'kay," Amy said, although she didn't sound convinced at all. "Wouldn't an Alan-centric orgy be even MORE fun though?"

Susan gave her a withering look, putting an end to that topic, at least for the moment. Then she started explaining the finer points on jacking off and sucking a penis, and on pleasing a man generally (at least so far as she knew that subject).

The lessons quickly became "hands on." To Alan's great delight, Susan was a big believer in "teaching through experience," at least when it came to cocksucking. For a while the two beauties merely took turns lightly fondling his erection, as Susan pointed out and discussed all the different parts of his anatomy. In recent days, she'd read about and learned the medical names of every part of a penis, almost as well as most urologists.

She'd also developed names for some of her favorite cocksucking techniques - the Candy Cane Stripes, the Lollipop, the Ice Cream Cone, the Second Cunt, and so on.

She unselfishly taught most of them to Amy, though she kept a couple of her most effective ones to herself. First she'd show Amy the technique by practicing it on Alan. Then Amy would practice it a few times. They talked all the while, and everyone learned new things about the ins and outs of penis stimulation and what each of them liked best.

With each new lesson, there was less talking and more licking and sucking. Susan had been maintaining a firm boundary about not sharing her son's dick with another woman at the same time. But sheer lusty desire was winning out, so as the training went on Susan and Amy increasingly found that both of their tongues were on Alan's erection at the same time.

At one point, Susan complained as she licked her way up and down one side of his throbbing pole while Amy did the same on the other side, "I didn't want to do this. We really should stop. Sharing the same cock just seems so wanton and naughty. But it looks like Tiger's outsmarted me yet again - his cock is too thick and delicious! There's really no stopping him from taking any of his busty babes any way he wants!"bender

There was a not-so-subtle hint there for him to be aggressive about pushing through more boundaries, but it went over his head, as so many of her others had.

Amy replied while licking the other side, "Well, I like it! I love it, actually! Sharing is totally fun! Aunt Susan, I know this sounds funny, but it makes me feel closer to you."

Susan sighed, because she felt the same way, and she could feel her resolve to enforce her 'no sharing' rule slipping away. As she lapped on her side of Alan's sweet spot, with Amy's tongue less than an inch away, she thought, Tiger wins again! How can I resist this?! It's like a cocksucker's dream come true! I don't have two tongues, obviously, but if Amy and I work on him together, it's kind of like I do. Tiger is getting twice as much pleasure!

As Susan was thinking this, the tip of her tongue touched the tip of Amy's, right over the center of Alan's sweet spot. That gave her goose bumps and tingles all over. Oh my goodness! What was that?! I thought cocksucking couldn't be any more fun to do, but apparently I was wrong!

Susan and Amy licked his sweet spot together for about a minute, with their tongues frequently brushing against each other, before Susan finally replied to Amy's comment. "I know what you mean. I might as well get used to it, since I'm sure I'll be doing a lot more of it from now on. Oh, I just remembered something. Be a dear, Amy, and play with his balls the way I showed you. A good cocksucker never forgets the balls."

"M'kay!"

Alan thought, Sweetness! It's finally happening! This is major! This is HUGE! And it feels so damn good! Sure, I've enjoyed double blowjobs with the school crowd, but to be able to do it at HOME! WOW! Between Mom, Sis, Aunt Suzy, and Aims, the possible combos blow my mind! And they blow my cock! He chuckled silently.

But seriously, this IS huge! Not only the awesome joy of double blowjobs, but that's just the foot in the door for even MORE! In a way, Mom was right to try to put her foot down on this, because it IS the slippery slope. But we've totally slid down that slope now, just like their tongues are slipping and sliding all over my shaft!

DAMN, this feels GREAT!

Before long, all notions of training were forgotten. Even further attempts at conversation eventually came to an end, as words merely got in the way of the two busty women's total devotion to pleasuring his thick pole.

Susan generally licked one side and Amy the other, but periodically they would bump their heads together or their tongues would find each other. Meanwhile their hands stayed quite active on his shaft and balls.

They would also French kiss each other from time to time. However, their kisses didn't go on too long because that would have left Alan momentarily neglected, and nothing was more important to either of them at the moment than pleasuring Alan and keeping waves of joy flowing through his body. Periodically they switched to taking turns sucking him in all the way, using long bobbing lunges as far down his shaft as they could go.

Alan's whole body was humming with arousal and excitement. Fuuuuuck, man! I can't believe this! This is the BOMB! Mom has always been adamantly against sharing, and now she's licking with Amy just as happy as you please. This is huge! I can easily see a day where this will happen all the time. And it feels so fucking GREAT! What could possibly feel better than one of Mom's blowjobs, but this literally feels more than twice as good!

Both Amy and Susan were very vocal.

As usual, Susan liked to say "mmmm," varying in intensity from one moment to another. But she was having a great time, so there were a lot of emphatic "MMMM!" sounds coming from her.

Amy also hummed and "mmmm"-ed, but she liked to let out little squeals and shrieks when something particularly delighted her (which was often).

Amy repeatedly tried out all the things she'd learned. At one point, she exclaimed, "Cocksucking is fun! This is super neato!" Though she didn't put it into words, she was feeling as much arousal as Alan and Susan were, which was quite a lot indeed.

Susan briefly paused in her licking to warn, like some kind of sexual training guru, "You like it now. Sure, it's a fun novelty. But do you think you can handle doing it every day, day after day? Even several times a day? Do you have what it takes - the tongue, the jaws, the lips - to be his official girlfriend?" She took her cocksucking extremely seriously.

Amy replied, "Sure. At least, I think so. For one thing, it's so yummy! Even this pre-cum stuff. And licking makes me all tingly down below. But if I get tired sometimes, that's just more cock for you, right?"

"Hmmm. Good point." Susan smiled mischievously. "Don't knock yourself out too much, then," she half-joked, before resuming her happy slurping.

Susan made sure that Alan's balls were being fondled by at least one of them at all times. She'd explained to Amy that a cocksucker always keeps her hands busy, if not on Alan, then on her own body.

Amy seemed to have a special knack for stimulating his anus. (Her near daily practice on Katherine's ass certainly hadn't hurt.) It seemed like his prostate got massaged quite a lot. That pretty much doubled his arousal, even though that was already off the charts.

Their joint attack was all so pleasurable that it nearly drove him insensible. He hoped and prayed this would just be the first of many such dual blowjobs at the Plummer home. Thinking about the future possibilities and combinations nearly made him cum from that alone.

Before too long, he was forced to cry out, "Mercy! Have mercy! Please! Need a break! Total... no touching! Uh! None!"

Chapter 577 What Happened Today - Was That Good Or Bad? - Suzanne

Susan and Amy let go of his shaft at the same time, and sat back. They giggled at how insanely aroused they'd made him. They high-fived, then shared another French kiss. While their kiss went on for a good minute or more, they eagerly rubbed their big racks together.

Unfortunately, Alan didn't get to enjoy that arousing sight, because he had his eyes tightly shut. He was trying to block out any sensory stimulation until he could get his ragged breathing under control.

But he could tell what they were doing, because after the kiss, Susan said, "Amy, I must confess, I really love that."

"The kissing? Me too! It's like double super-duper kissarific!"

Susan grinned. "It is, but I was actually referring to our tit rubbing. Your mom set me straight on a lot of things today, like kissing between women, and tit rubbing. We practiced both of those things a lot."

"Cool beans!"

"Yes, and we could do it a lot more right now, if Tiger would only open his eyes. Hint, hint." Susan bent over and made one long lick from the base of Alan's boner to its very tip. She dragged her nipples against his thighs while doing that.

He just moaned his disapproval. "Mom, please! No! I'm so close! If you so much as breathe on it, I'm gonna explode! That's why I can't open my eyes either."

In fact, Susan had just been inhaling a deep breath to blow right across his sweet spot, but she exhaled a safe distance from his crotch instead. "Oh, poo! You're no fun."

While still trying to maintain his sensory deprivation, he asked, "Do you have ANY IDEA just how incredibly arousing what you're doing to me is?! Nothing compares! Especially with that prostate massage stuff. Jesus H. Christ! I know this sounds weird, but it feels as good as if I have TWO dicks that are totally maxing out on pleasure at the same time!"

Susan and Amy high-fived each other once again.

But Susan chided him, "Son, don't take the Lord's name in vain. That's still a sin, even if you have ten tongues slathering their way all over your magnificent cock-meat."

"Sorry, Mom." He thought her complaint was beyond weird, but he wisely didn't complain about it.

Amy said to Susan excitedly, "Hey, Aunt Susan. Come on, be honest. You have to admit that a double cocksuck is totally awesome! Right? I mean, what's not to love about it?"

Susan replied with obvious lusty enthusiasm, "Well, to be honest, it is pretty great!" She was having a hard time remembering why she'd ever been opposed to the idea.

"Woo-hoo!" Amy high-fived her again. Then they shared another open-mouthed kiss.

Alan finally opened his eyes, wanting to enjoy their enthusiasm.

Susan was trying to keep a deadpan expression, but she couldn't help but break into a wide smile. "It's like watching your friend eat your favorite food for the first time, and seeing them enjoy it so much. Plus, I have to admit that we suck him off much better working as a pair, and that's the main point."

"Totally!" Amy agreed.

Susan's voice grew more emotional and husky. "Our goal is to serve and drain him of all that nasty sperm build up. Always! Nothing's more important than keeping his cock thoroughly and constantly stimulated, and a happy cock is a well-drained cock! It's such fun to see him moan in ecstasy like this. I feel so much pleasure and pride seeing my son have a great orgasm that I just don't know what! Oooh, it's so good!"bender

Amy raised her hand to high-five Susan again, but then she noticed that Alan's eyes were open. She said, "Look! He's watching us. Let's wow him with another kiss and tit rub!"

Susan giggled with pure glee as she repositioned herself to do just that.

Alan was tempted to close his eyes again, but he couldn't resist watching the sexy sight. As they pressed their bodies and lips together, he groaned. "Oh man! You two are gonna be the death of me! If you think my dick is ever gonna calm down enough for this break to end, think again."

Even so, a couple of minutes later he let them again attack his crotch.

Before they got started, Amy asked Susan, "What about titfucking? I've done that to him a couple of times recently."

"Oh really?" Susan responded with approval. "Good for you!" She leaned in and licked her son's cock from base to tip and back again, as kind of a way to refamiliarize herself with it.

"Yeah, well, but still, I'm pretty darn new to it. Maybe you could show me some tips about that too?"

Susan held Alan's cock towards Amy, inviting her to do the same.

Amy licked it from base to tip and back again, similar to what Susan had just done. When she finished, she exclaimed, "Cool beans!" Then she started licking freestyle on and around his sweet spot. That preoccupation distracted her as she asked, "So what do you, uh... think of, um, my titfucking idea?"

Susan was already busy licking too. "Good. Very good." Another slurpy minute passed before she added while she licked, "But, uh, right now I'm really enjoying this sharing, and once I get started, it's hard to stop. Titfucking... harder to share. Maybe later..."

They took turns bobbing for a while. Amy would hold and stroke Alan's dick while Susan bobbed on it a few times, then Susan would hold and stroke it while Amy bobbed on it a roughly equal number of times.

Amy was her usual enthusiastic self. She seemed completely unfazed about sharing Alan's cock with his mother, and was particularly generous about sharing access to the best parts. In fact, she often ended up sucking on his balls while letting Susan bob on his cockhead; she was grateful for Susan's sharing him on a Tuesday.

Alan was ecstatic about absolutely everything they did to him, and the longer they continued the better it got. Now that another of Mom's barriers is broken, I wanna have more of this tag-teaming all the time! This is so cool! And with this I can please two women at once, instead of having to choose to be with one or the other. It's getting hard to keep everyone satisfied. This dual blowjob setup is so good it's almost criminal! It's almost TOO good. I could seriously lose my mind if I get pleased like this every day. I really mean it!

He marveled at the length of time his dick had been tongued that day, and the number of different tongues that had done that. Cumming so much in recent hours had given him great endurance by this time. But he was also weary, so his penis was increasingly ready to fade.

Between four busy hands, two tongues and two sets of lips, his self-restraint could only last so long. The urge to cum welled up within him, and he decided not to fight it by requesting another strategic break.

He decided to shoot into his mother's mouth, to further make clear Amy's position in things. He called out, "I'm ready to shoot off another cum load. Mom, suck my dick while my official girlfriend sucks my balls!"

That's exactly what happened when he started to shoot his cum. Amy was delighted to be called his "official girlfriend"; if anything, she seemed even more ecstatic than Susan. She teased, sucked, and pulled on his balls as if her life depended on making her boyfriend feel great.

But while Alan's climax felt amazing, very little cum emerged when he started to shoot.

Ironically, Susan actually felt happy about that. She remembered her new motto: "A happy cock is a well-drained cock." To her, Alan could do no wrong. If he shot a big load, then she luxuriated in tasting and swallowing all his yummy cum. If he shot a small load, then that was proof that she was keeping his balls well-drained, leaving her filled with pride and satisfaction at a job well done.

Even though every last drop ended up in Susan's mouth, making it impossible for Amy to see how big the load was, Alan knew, and he felt bad about it. He took a minute to explain his small load to Amy. "I only shot a few ropes there. That isn't very common, but after a busy day with lots of action like today, sometimes my dick just runs out of cum. That's a sign that it's time to stop."

She replied, partly confused, "M'kay. So we suck you off all day until you run out of cum. Then we stop. Right?"

"Not exactly. I'll explain it better later." He noticed out of the corner of his eye that Susan was nodding her head, eagerly agreeing with Amy's suggestion. Meanwhile Susan was busy "cleaning" his penis and balls, a duty that had become an integral part of her cocksucking experience.

Then Alan told Amy, "Thanks so much for making me feel so good. You were great! Did you like sharing my dick with my mom? I hope you did 'cos you're going to be doing a lot more of that soon." That was an unusually aggressive comment, but he was a little full of himself after such an incredible experience.

Amy merely replied, "'M'kay! That was fun! I really do like sharing!" Turning happily to Susan, she added, "We make a pretty good team, Aunt Susan!"

The limber girl hopped over Alan's legs and tackled his mother. She started kissing her again.

Susan relaxed and returned Amy's affectionate kisses. They shared what was left of Alan's cum through a French kiss. Amy always seemed as guileless and friendly as an eager puppy dog, so Susan responded very positively to her happy innocence.

As their kiss went on, Susan thought, I'm so bad. So shameless! But the truth is, we DO make a good team! I can't get over what a thrill it is to share Tiger's cock with one of his other lovers. Amy is so giving that it's just natural to share with her.

When the two beauties reached a pause, Alan asked his mother, "How about you, Mom? How did you like that sharing? I hope you did, because I expect you to do much more of that from now on. Don't be changing this boundary rule again, okay? I want to see you sharing my cock with Sis, and with Aunt Suzy too." Again he was unusually aggressive in giving her orders, but he really wanted to make sure she wouldn't backslide on this one.

Susan's pussy tingled at Alan's command and at the way he'd assumed she would obey. She loved it when he acted in such a dominant and controlling manner. "Of course, Son. Sign me up for any cocksucking duty. I'm helpless to resist how you use my body and my mouth as long as it isn't... you know. Though your mommy isn't ever allowed to get fucked by you, she's going to more than make up for it in the cocksucking department, even if that means sharing your big fat boner a lot. I'm sure a real man like you needs more than one tongue sometimes. It's only right."

Susan's pussy responded to the idea of being "forced" to share. It tingled even more at Amy's easy acceptance of those ideas and at Amy's general malleability. I know it's kind of a naughty thought, but I could really enjoy playing with Amy's body some more. No wonder Tiger wants her as his girlfriend. She's got very Alan-worthy tits, and has such a lovely bubble butt. I wouldn't even mind licking down there, between her legs. I'd like to get to know that butt a little better. Her cunt has a nice aroma too...

Oh dear! I really am becoming bisexual, aren't I? I'll have to talk this over with Suzanne. She'll set me straight. She always knows just how to handle things. Maybe if I fondle Suzanne's body a lot, then I won't desire Amy's... No, that's no better! These are just the kind of thoughts I have when my mind is all fogged up with sex, like it is now. Tomorrow I'll come to my senses. I've been in some kind of sexual wonderland just about the entire day long! It must be because it's Tuesday. Tomorrow we'll all have to do better and be more responsible.

Even though Susan had had a sexually exhausting day, she knew she'd still end up masturbating repeatedly throughout the night, reliving the day's experiences and dreaming of new ones. Then tomorrow she'd talk to Suzanne about everything once the kids had gone to school, when she'd relive all of it all over again.

Alan kissed Amy and Susan goodnight and went to bed, without even bothering to do such routine things as brushing his teeth. He was that wiped out.

Susan kissed him goodnight and tucked him in, but in a completely non-sexual, normal way. She felt that his nightly "tuck and kiss" had become one of her most important motherly duties, whether performed sexually or not.

Just before dozing off, it occurred to Alan, I've cum... a lot! Let's see... He quickly mentally reviewed the day. It started in the morning with Mom and Sis. I came into Mom's mouth, and then I did it again after she shared that super-sexy kiss with Sis. Sweet! Then I came twice at school, once with Heather and once with Joy. Then twice in the afternoon, again with Mom and Sis. Then, in the evening, it was once with Mom, once with Sis - and cumming onto Mom! - and finally once with Mom AND Amy. Double-blowjob! Sweet!

Let's see... That's nine orgasms in one day. Nine! That's unbelievably many. Yet, amazingly, it feels like even more. Maybe double that, at least. There was so much stimulation and so many close calls, but I was pretty careful in limiting my actual number of orgasms. Yet, even so... NINE!

I'm gonna have to do more of that to have any chance of surviving the repeated attacks of this naked Amazon army. It was only this morning when Mom was reluctant about kissing Sis, and now she's kissing and sucking everything that moves! I can't wait until tomorrow, especially tomorrow evening's card game with Brenda.

Today seems like an important turning point. By making Aims my official girlfriend, I seem to have seized the upper hand somehow. Suddenly ALL FOUR of these women are much more deferential. I'm not just reacting; I'm taking charge about things for once. For some strange reason that seems to turn them all on, making them even more eager to please me.

I just hope Mom doesn't go all moral again tomorrow. After a day like today she's bound to have at least some qualms, like a drunk waking up with a painful hangover after an all-out binge. By all rights, I should take a week off to recover from a day like today, especially with it coming on the heels of everything that happened yesterday. But I'm going to have to get Mom sucking cock first thing tomorrow morning and keep her that way, or otherwise she'll probably go seriously prudish on me.

He fell into a deep sleep right away without taking time to think any further about his incredible luck at having such a willing and sharing "girlfriend." He was treating his incredible, continuing good fortune as his natural right, so it was all too easy to take Amy for granted, particularly since she was so continually happy and easy going.

Mere weeks ago he'd never even kissed a girl, but that world was almost inconceivable to him now. He also didn't take time to ponder his growing concerns, such as his sister's sex-slave fetish or his feeling that all these activities were distorting and corrupting his personality.

Neither Susan nor Alan realized, then or later, that she had failed to "check his penis for abnormalities" even once that day, which was the supposed whole point of her need to give him "special attention" on Tuesdays.

However, it hardly mattered, since excuses like abnormality checks were no longer necessary. Susan knew every inch of Alan's penis so very intimately by this point that there was no need to make a special

check, even if it had really served a valid purpose. She was content in her role as her son's cocksucker, even if she was just one of many.

But deep down she wanted to do more with him. That night she had another dream where Alan fucked her silly. It seemed incredibly real, but when she woke she was crushed to discover that her pussy was still achingly empty of his hot, throbbing boner.

Katherine eventually went to bed, leaving Suzanne all alone downstairs.

Suzanne was dressed in a robe, because she planned to take a shower to get rid of all the sex smells before returning home. (She'd been forced to do that a lot lately.) But first she just sat on the sofa and ruminated about the latest developments. She was very uncertain.

I just don't understand. What happened today - was that good or bad? Technically it's good: the complete free-for-all Plummer family orgy I've been dreaming about is almost here. Things become looser and more sexual here daily. Certainly this was a big, big day for Susan's progress, and that's been the main road block to total sexual freedom for us all.

She let out a heavy sigh.

But what am I going to do about Amy? She's my Achilles heel. I don't know what to do with her. I can't tell her to stop, but I don't want her to go any further. There has to be a way to turn this to my advantage, but I can't see it yet. And I couldn't oppose the idea of her being his girlfriend because it just makes too much sense, for him AND for her.

The problem is, I'm not in complete control here. Sweetie really took charge today with this Amy idea. That surprised me. I always forget to factor her into my sexual plans, and that's my main failing. I should have seen this coming! I have to get back on track and regain control of the speed and direction that things are going. I can't let my overwhelming urge to fuck my lover boy fog my brain so much. Starting tomorrow, I'll have to develop some new schemes, especially to solve this whole Amy problem.

And what am I going to do about Angel and Susan? They're so enthusiastic that they're starting to make me seem like the prudish one! Susan especially. She's become the cocksucking queen. Even though my technique is still better, no one can beat her enthusiasm. She's channeling all her repressed desires to

get fucked into becoming a superhuman non-stop cocksucking machine! And both of them have the forbidden fruit of taboo relationships going for them. I can't compete with that.

I've gotta figure out how to jump ahead of them somehow, so I can be my Sweetie's favorite and the number one woman in what's becoming a new family of sorts. This is going to be tough!

Chapter 578 Mom's Erotic Apron

The next morning, Alan woke up somewhat refreshed but still weary to his bones. Man! I was up too late getting my dick sucked by both Mom and Aims. I generally had too much sexual fun all day yesterday.

Geez, I can't believe I just said that in my mind, like that's a normal thing. "Oh no! I got my cock sucked far too much. Woe is me!" Ha! What an AWESOME life!

Still, it can't be denied that all that intense sexual fun is taxing. My goal today should be just to make it through school so that I can take a long nap in the afternoon.

He shook his head in wonder at just how amazing the previous days had been. I would say last night was especially great, but then I'd have to say that pretty much every morning. It just keeps getting better and better. So many adventures! A week ago feels more like a year ago.

He quickly hurried downstairs to see what new delights might be awaiting him. Double blowjobs! Woo-hoo! I'm almost getting a hard-on just from remembering that I got a double blowjob with MOM and Aims! Is it too much to hope that Mom will want to share with Sis this morning? Please, please, please tell me she won't be all regretful and prudish!

In the kitchen, things were like they had been for the past two days, only slightly toned down in response to his more subdued mood. His mother and sister were standing next to each other, obviously anxiously awaiting his arrival. The fact that Susan was wearing an "erotic apron" that made no effort to cover her big globes, plus sexy high heels, told him that he was going to have a very good morning indeed.

Katherine was wearing even less. She wore an outfit that was little more than straps barely covering her pussy and nipples. He was psyched that his mother seemed to be okay with such an "outfit" for her daughter.

He walked into the kitchen without saying a word. Standing strategically between the two curvy, nearly naked foxes, he "got their attention" by rubbing his hands all over his mother's ass and his sister's pussy at the same time. All he said as he did that was, "Morning, Mom. Morning, Sis."

Susan let out a very satisfied erotic "Mmmm!" Soooo good! I love how he didn't ask permission or even say a single word. He treats us like his personal playthings! God help me, but I've got a feeling that I'm going to be on my knees with a certain oh-so-delicious cock crammed down my throat before too long!

Katherine teased jokingly, "What can that be? Mom, I'm getting the vague sense that someone is wanting my attention, but I can't be sure."

Susan got into the spirit of that, saying, "You're right! I think. I can't be sure either. Maybe he needs to get my attention a little... harder. And deeper!" She spread her legs wider.

Katherine giggled, also spreading her legs wider. "Definitely deeper over here, Big Brother!"

He slid his fingers into Susan's ass crack and Katherine's slit. But he was so exhausted from the night before that not even doing that and the sight of their amazing bodies was enough to get his dick fully hard. Frustrated, he let go of them and went to the refrigerator to get some fruit juice. Then he sat down on a stool at the kitchen counter.

Seeing that Alan's penis wasn't erect yet, Susan took it upon herself to fix that problem. She struck a sexy pose with her big, bare tits thrusting forward, framed by her erotic apron. She faked a pained expression and said in an even more pained voice, "Tiger! Something TERRIBLE has just happened!"

He took the bait, asking in alarm, "What? What is it?"

She replied with dramatic distress, "I woke up this morning at 6 a.m., drooling already at the thought of sucking my son's deliciously thick cock! But then, after an hour of waiting, he finally woke up and came

downstairs... flaccid! What a tragedy!" She brought the back of her hand to her forehead, like a damsel in distress.

Alan and Katherine had a good laugh at her antics.

The three of them continued to joke and play around, but Alan's penis still remained frustratingly flaccid while he and Katherine ate their bowls of pan-seared oatmeal covered with berries.

Susan continued to put herself on display for Alan, using all the skills of a practiced stripper who had been told to work in a kitchen rather than on a stage. She contorted her body so much in attempts to please her son that at times it almost seemed like she was playing a game of Twister with herself. Her high heels definitely showed off her ass and legs to great effect.

Even though she didn't have the gift for saying flirty, sexy things like Suzanne had, her words were extremely arousing for Alan because they reflected her sincere lust. For instance, when Katherine said, "Hey Mom, you're always feeding us. But don't you want something to eat or drink?" Susan had replied (while staring intently at Alan), "I'm good, at least for now. I expect to be guzzling down something sweet and creamy before too long." As if that wasn't obvious enough, she'd then licked her lips hungrily.

Katherine again sat on the stool next to her brother, so he could secretly finger her pussy while they enjoyed their mother's show. This was technically against Susan's rules, since it went beyond Alan's "getting attention" rituals, but Susan didn't notice.

Katherine started fondling his flaccid penis; before long it wasn't flaccid anymore. Far from hiding her activity, as she had been doing, she announced, "Hey, Mom! We have lift-off! It's growing in my hands. Fast!"

Susan smiled while simultaneously giving her son an intense "come hither and get your cock sucked" stare. "Well, thank goodness for that!"

He celebrated his erection by singing, parodying the lyrics to the Beatles' song "I am the Walrus:" "I've got the dick, man; they've got the tits, man; I've got a boner! Boob, boob, ba-boob!"

Susan laughed along with Katherine, even though she had no clue about the source or words of the original song.

He had a great time eating his oatmeal with one hand while fingering Katherine with the other. As he was doing that, his sister was jacking him off and his mother was tempting him from across the counter with her fabulous body. As a result, he was in no rush to change the situation. The two kids had intentionally used the counter to conceal what they were doing below Susan's line of sight, so she had no cause to get jealous.

Meanwhile, Susan kept saying and doing arousing things. "Tiger, did you have a nice night last night?"

"I sure did."

"I hope you're not going to forget your sister and me, now that you have an official girlfriend, are you?" As she said this, she spread her feet wider apart and bent so far down that she could reach the toes of her high-heeled shoes. Her ostensible purpose was to get a bottle of maple syrup from a lower shelf - everything in the kitchen seemed to be on the highest and lowest shelves lately - but her real purpose was to help ensure a suitably good answer to her question.

He thought, Fuck, man! Look at that hot cunt, nestled next to that gorgeous bubble butt! I wanna fuck her so bad! He responded, "Are you joking? You must be. As if I could ever stop loving you and Sis!"

Katherine gave his dick a very pleasurable extra-tight squeeze while whispering in his ear, "Good answer!"

Susan smiled while staying in her absurdly lewd bent-over position. "I, for one, am glad about what happened last night. With you and Amy, I mean. I'll admit that I'm having some trouble with it, because there's a part of me that wants to make love to your cock with my mouth and hands all night and all day." She started wiggling her ass back and forth. "But your needs are so great that sharing is the only option, and having a hot girlfriend like her is only right and proper for such a studly, virile, cum-filled boy as you. If only you didn't have to keep your incestuous relations with us a secret from the public..."

She had her dreams of being his girlfriend in public, maybe even his wife, but she was too embarrassed to tell anyone about them. She sighed and paused, then continued, "Besides, things like that striptease and shared blowjob are so much fun."

Both Alan and Katherine were startled to hear that comment about shared blowjobs. Katherine asked her, "What did you say?!"

Susan stood back up and turned around. "Angel, after everything that happened last night, I suppose it's inevitable that Tiger's gonna make us suck his cock together, so we might as well give in and concede defeat to his powerful member. As usual." She seemed far more excited than sad about her "defeat."

Katherine hurriedly followed up on that: "Whoa! Mom! You mean you'd be up for a double blowjob this morning? Really?!"

Alan complained to his sister, "Hey! Don't give her a chance to change her mind!"

Susan smiled at that. "Angel, I know when I'm beaten. Tiger not only somehow tricked me into sharing his cock with Amy last night, he lasted so long that I couldn't help but begin to really like it after a while. Besides, if I try to fight it, he's just gonna trick me again, until I'm taking turns bobbing on his great big pole with any other busty beauty he wants!"

She was trying to act at least somewhat reluctant about dual blowjobs, but that was just a pose. In truth, she'd been thinking about it ever since she'd woken up, and she could hardly wait to get started. She'd even had dreams last night where she shared Alan's cock with a variety of his other lovers, both real and imagined.

The enthusiasm in her voice was obvious when she said to her daughter, "Let's face facts: big-titted women like you and me are always outsmarted by clever hunks like him. So I suppose I have no choice but to accept the fact that we're going to be slurping and choking and gagging on his great thickness together a lot from now on." She smiled at him adoringly.

Katherine was psyched. "All right! I say let's get started right now!" However, she added uncertainly, "But would that count as the one blowjob I'm allowed today?"

Susan replied with a sly grin, "Well, we'll call it half of one, since you'll only be pleasuring your half of his shaft. What do you think, Son? Would you like that?"

He was extremely excited by that prospect, but he just mumbled "Mmmm-hmmm" and continued eating. Given all the hanky-panky going on under the counter edge, he wasn't in a very talkative mood. Katherine was rubbing his sweet spot in a way that drove him wild, but he was trying hard not to show how much it was affecting him.

Susan went on, "But on the other hand, Son, all this cocksucking is well and good, but I'll bet you're dying to finally fuck a woman properly, aren't you? I can only imagine how much you long to really stick that big boner in a warm, throbbing cunt."

As she said this, she leaned against the counter and spread her legs even wider than before. She rubbed her hands all over her groin area, which caused her apron to ride up and her pussy to become more exposed than it already had been.

Alan was very surprised, because any mention of fucking, even in teasing or joking, usually got a "so improper" from her. He happily rolled with that question.

He recalled that he'd told her that he'd fucked "Elle" at the party, so he said, "Well Mom, I have gotten lucky a few times already. Remember that mysterious woman, Elle, at the Halloween party? I've also fucked a couple of girls from school." He thought, Needless to say, I'm not gonna mention to Mom that one of them is Sis!

Susan was already hotter than the stove she was standing next to ever got. She panted while fingering her pussy, imagining her son fucking her. "Oh. That's right. I'd forgotten about Elle. Good! I think it's only right that you get to fuck lots of women. I'm glad to see that you're starting to spread your seed all over town. That's as it should be! It should be the duty, no, the HONOR, of all the best girls in your school to spread their legs for you so you can fill their wombs with your deliciously tasty, potent, fertile sperm!"

He thought, WOW! Mom is REALLY hot and horny today! But modest kid that he was, he complained, "Mom, that's a bit over the top."

Susan ignored him and continued, "Nonsense! When I think about you fucking all those hot, busty girls at school, I get SO HOT that I can hardly stand it!"

Alan looked down at his sister's hand sliding up and down his erection, and then over to her sizable breasts. Then he looked at his mother's even bigger ones, bouncing free while being framed wonderfully by the erotic apron. Amused, he asked, "What makes you think they'd be busty?"

Susan stopped rubbing her clit long enough to shoot him an impatient look. "Alan 'Tit Man' Plummer, I'm not going to dignify that with an answer. But I'm talking about something else. I'm talking about fucking your loved ones. Amy is practically family, but technically she's not, so it's okay if you are her first. Won't that be great, fucking someone who's almost your sister? I mean really truly sliding your big dick into her wet, tight slit! Does it make you feel naughty? Would that satisfy all your 'fucking at home' needs? Or is there someone else even closer to home you'd like to fuck instead?"

As she said this last sentence she put a high-heeled foot up on a chair, let her apron fall to the side, and exposed her pussy even more clearly, in case Alan had any doubt who she was talking about. He could actually look into her open pussy lips as she rubbed her nub.bender

Alan's mind was spinning, God, Mom isn't just horny; she's totally out of control! I need to take advantage of this somehow. Should I tell her I want to fuck her and Sis so bad I can barely stand it, not to mention nailing Aunt Suzy? But he thought better of it and remained silent. Despite his growing confidence with other women, he was afraid of trespassing on his mother's oft-stated belief that vaginal intercourse was "true" incest, as well as a grave sin.

Susan ran her hands down her belly and stopped at her furry mound. The straps to her apron had slid down her shoulders, which struck Alan as extra sexy. She held her pussy lips open with her left hand and started to dig into her hot hole with the other. When she got her fingers all covered with a slick sheen, she proceeded to flick and rub her clit. She held back the hood of her clit and pulled and twisted the fleshy nub.

She thought, Uh-oh! I really shouldn't be talking about this kind of thing, but it's like my body is on FIRE! I can't help myself! All these thoughts about sharing his cock with Suzanne, Angel, Amy... and more! So many more! It just makes me wanna get... HNNNG! ... UNGH! ... FUCKED! That's what I said: fucked! Seriously, deeply, royally! Plow me, Son! Take me in every possible way! I am one of your fuck toys, which means I need to get fucked!

Her excitement was starting to boil. Her pussy was so wide open that the pink folds inside could be seen glistening like morning dew.

Chapter 579 Katherine To The Mix

All this took place in complete silence, except for Susan's heavy breathing. But the horny mother finally asked, "Well? Any ideas?"

Katherine was increasingly excited by her mother's display and talk as well. She was even more delighted that Alan was playing with her pussy in imitation of what he was seeing their mother doing to herself. She frantically pumped on his dick.

The only problem was that Alan and Katherine had never finished their breakfast, so their oatmeal was getting cold and soggy.

Alan was so aroused yet frustrated by Susan's comments that he said, "Mom, you can't talk like that! Are you trying to get me to fuck you? Because if you are, you're doing a pretty good job. I could almost pound a nail into concrete with my dick, it's so hard! But you're really just teasing me, aren't you? Tormenting me!"

"Sorry, Tiger; sometimes I get a little carried away," Susan said, genuinely apologetic. She straightened up and forced herself to look him in the eye. "Of course we can't really fuck, so I'll tone it down. Teasing is just so much fun for me now that I've discovered how to really do it. Sometimes I forget how frustrated it can make you. Let's not tease or talk about THAT subject; we'll just stick to blowjobs and titfucks and the like." She looked at Katherine's arm jerking up and down, remembering what her daughter was doing. "And handjobs," she added pointedly.

"Yeah, thanks," he said in an exasperated tone. "But you don't have to go so far in getting me aroused. Just knowing you're near usually does it to me. Thank God I'm not a virgin anymore or you would have torn my heart with your teasing. It's pounding now anyways, thanks to your little pussy show. Damn!"

Susan said apologetically, "Oh dear. I don't know what's with me today. How 'bout if I turn around and stop, um... touching myself?" She turned her back to her kids.

Katherine felt irked, especially that Alan had chosen Amy to be his girlfriend rather than her. Even though she loved Amy like a sister and wanted the best for her, and even though she understood the practical reasons for his decision, she'd still had trouble sleeping last night because she was so upset at not being chosen.

She couldn't help also getting greatly aroused at her mother's display, even though she knew that the show wasn't meant for her. The fact that Susan had turned around didn't help much, since she was pretty much just as drop-dead gorgeous from that angle as from any other.

Alan could sense his sister's growing arousal, so he really went to town on her pussy lips and clit. He furtively pumped two fingers deeply in her slit, even working her G-spot.

Katherine bit down on her lip to keep silent as she started to cum right there on her stool. She worried that if she screamed out in ecstasy, Susan would come over and interrupt them in disapproval. After all, they were supposed to be helping Alan, not getting their own jollies.

Despite Susan not being able to see directly what was happening, she could sense Katherine's cumming, since the strangled attempt not to climax loudly was something she'd personally recently experienced quite often. She pretended not to notice. She could have made a big deal out of all the rules violations going on a few feet away from her, but she felt that Katherine deserved some slack since her daughter had good reason to feel that she hadn't been getting enough attention lately, especially after what had happened the night before with Amy.

"Well, let's talk about something else then," Susan said, still panting, still openly playing with herself. "Who are these other girls at school anyway?"

Alan didn't want to say; he prided himself on not kissing and telling. Besides, he was concerned that she might keep prying and eventually figure out that his sister was one of them. So instead he changed the subject. "Hey, Mom. You're driving me crazy. I mean, not only does your ass look friggin' fantastic, but the fact that you're totally playing with yourself, it's just... Jesus! Oh God! The way your bare ass is gyrating around... your long, sleek legs..."

His voice was ragged and his heart was pumping hard because Katherine had only paused for a few moments to recover from her own climax before her hand was back, sliding up and down his boner. He felt like his orgasm was imminent.

Susan chided him, "Son! What have I told you about taking the Lord's name in vain?" But that was just an excuse not to address his point that she was still fingering her pussy. She was so extremely horny that she felt like she couldn't stop, even after it was pointed out explicitly. However, gathering her willpower,

she finally managed to stop and turn around. She hoped that the fact she was facing them would force her to keep her hands otherwise occupied.

Katherine responded by quickly taking her own hand off Alan's erection. In the heat of the moment, she couldn't remember what their mother was permitting that day, so she decided to play it safe. However, she soon realized that her mother was too horny to care.

Unfortunately for Katherine, Alan desperately needed a break. So when she brought her hand back to his crotch, he politely yet firmly fended her off.

Hoping to redirect the conversation before her own blatant masturbation again became the subject of discussion, Susan asked her son, "What was that you were saying about the other girls at school?"

He just responded vaguely, "I can't share any names - a gentleman doesn't kiss and tell. But I can say that it's mostly been a couple of the cheerleaders at school." Technically that's correct, he thought. He hoped Susan wouldn't recall at that moment that Katherine was one of just five varsity cheerleaders other than Amy, since he'd made clear the other night that he hadn't fucked Amy yet.

Susan was filled with pride. Oh God! Too hot! I knew it! I just knew it! Cheerleaders! They're the sexiest, most desirable girls in the school! But of course. Tiger will settle for nothing less than the very BEST!

This news was simply too arousing; her resolve not to masturbate in front of her children vanished in that instant. She wantonly ran both hands all over her bare breasts before sending one hand back to fingering her pussy. "That's my son! Nothing but the best and hottest cunts in the school for you. Of COURSE you should fuck the cheerleaders! Big-titted cheerleaders, I hope?"

"Well, of course." That wasn't true, since Kim wasn't very well endowed, at least compared to Susan, but he knew what would make his mother most happy and horny.

"GOOD! As it should be. So hot! I hope you give that bitch Heather a good hard pounding to melt her brains and show her that she belongs beneath you, impaled on your sperm-filled manhood!"

Alan was amused at her enthusiasm, although he tried to act nonchalant. "Actually, I already have." He was only human, and his pride was surging so much that he couldn't help but reveal that tidbit. Besides, he knew Katherine was aware of that already.

Susan was so excited to hear that that she reached across the counter and gave him a big hug. "Oh, Son! That makes me so happy to hear! I have to say I'm impressed. She's definitely Alan-worthy. Spear that blonde bombshell's cunt real good for me, won't you?"

Alan just nodded in reply. He didn't know which was more surprising: his mother's newly dirty mouth, or her genuine pride and enthusiasm in hearing that he had fucked some of the cheerleaders. Like almost everything else, it was all too mind-blowing for him to contemplate in detail, so he just accepted it as part of his new bizarro world.

What he didn't know was that everyone else, even his mother, was having a lot of jealousy issues over the fact that he'd made Amy his official girlfriend. It was one thing to hear about his new conquests; that always excited her because it reaffirmed his studliness in her eyes. But she was particularly worried that he'd spend so much time with Amy that he'd have less time to spend with her. She realized that was selfish, so she consciously tried not to think about Amy, instead just focusing on the image of a naked Heather screaming bloody murder as Alan's thick erection drove deeper and deeper into her (presumably) tight, tiny slit.

Katherine, meanwhile, was still refraining from jacking off Alan, since he had indicated that he still needed his break. Instead she went to the kitchen to get something more to eat. After all, she and Alan were supposed to be eating breakfast.

Susan was disappointed to realize that Alan's dick was no longer being tended to, but she could hardly order her daughter to resume her stroking when their need to eat breakfast took precedence. She walked around the counter to take care of it herself.

But before she could get there, Alan saw her intention and said, "Hey, Mom, thanks, but I'm taking a strategic break right about now, which is why Sis stopped."

"Oh, poo! Those darn strategic breaks. I love 'em and hate 'em at the same time." She walked back to the kitchen. Unintentionally, she let out her frustration by criticizing her daughter's clothes.

She complained as she leaned against the counter right across from where Alan sat. "Angel, I hope you're not planning on wearing that around the house all day."

Katherine was wearing another item that she and Suzanne had bought at the sex store a few days earlier. It was hard to call it a 'dress'; it was really just a few thin straps of cloth. There was one strap around her waist, two shoulder straps about an inch wide that barely covered her nipples, and one in her ass crack that also barely covered her vulva.

Katherine stopped and stared at her mother. "Why not? It's no more revealing than what you've got on, if you think about it. I mean, you couldn't even cover your boobs if you wanted to. There's just no fabric there."

"Yes, Angel, but this is an apron. I have to wear it for cooking," Susan said, having conveniently forgotten that she owned other less blatantly erotic aprons, or that she could wear clothes underneath the apron. She also conveniently ignored the fact that the straps of her apron had slid down to her elbows, causing the rest to slide so far down that it was barely on her at all. She pulled the apron back into place and then complained, "But your outfit - it just seems so absurd."

"But Mom, last night you said we could wear just as much or as little as we wanted, any time we wanted."

Susan sighed. "Sometimes I say things in the heat of the moment that I may not agree with later. Today is different. Besides, I don't really have any say in the matter. If I don't wear something super sexy, Tiger will just force me to change my clothes, or wear no clothes at all! It's so unfair!" But the mere thought of being "forced" to do naughty things by her son got her motor running again, causing her to visibly squirm about even while standing.

Katherine pointed out, "Well, why is it that Alan has the right to tell you what to wear, but not me? Aren't I just as much a member of the family?"

"Of course you are, my sweet Angel," Susan replied.

"And he is the new man of the house, right?"

"Certainly." Susan loved this kind of talk.

"And you and I, we're his personal cocksuckers, fully dedicated to keeping his cock stiff and throbbing with pleasure as much as possible, aren't we?"

"Of course!"

"Well then, what he says goes, and our duty is to obey. And serve! Right, Mom?"

Susan's chest was heaving, she was suddenly so excited by those words. "Right!"

Katherine turned to her brother. "So, Bro, that means you now have total control over my wardrobe. Tooooootal controool..." She said those two words extra slowly, loving the sound of them.

Susan gazed off in the distance, silently mouthing those same two words as her lust increased. "Total control." His control over us is total! It's absolute! What's happening this morning is how it's going to be around here from now on. It's less about eating and getting ready for school and more about lovingly serving his dominating cock! Together!

But her train of thought was interrupted when she heard her daughter ask, "BIG Brother, what do you want me to wear today?"

"What you've got on," he replied.

Katherine smirked and giggled.

Somehow, that just turned Susan on even more. She loved to be sexually "outsmarted" these days. "Darn it! You've got me there, both of you. It just goes to show - yet again! - that there's no resisting Tiger or his fat cock. But Angel, since I can't get you to change, I'm curious. Doesn't that tiny strap of fabric ride up into your pussy and ass?"

Katherine's mood improved when she stood up and showed off her outfit. "It sure does! Just about any move I make causes it to go up there. I can practically get myself off just by shrugging my shoulders repeatedly. And it's so tight that if I sit down it nearly cuts me in two." She shuddered momentarily as she drew a deep breath. "It's great!"

Her pussy was overly sensitive at the moment, but she helpfully demonstrated what she meant anyway. She used a hand to lift a shoulder strap up and down, causing her to moan in delight as the fabric pressed and moved against her pussy lips and clit.

Susan complained, "Really, Angel, that's too much. It's so improper. Whatever will I do with you and your crazy outfit? And in front of your own brother!"

Susan realized as she said this that in fact she was really trying to stimulate Alan with the things she was saying, rather than actually discouraging Katherine from wearing such an outfit.

By this point, everyone recognized her charade in saying things like "And in front of your own brother!" But it was still fun for everyone, helping to make their actions seem naughtier and more arousing.

"Mom, you really should try it. The fabric would be even more deliciously tight all over if it crossed over your even bigger hooters."

"I don't know. Maybe I'll try it just once or twice. Just to see what kind of mischief you've been getting into, mind you. And by the way, let's not use vulgar language like 'hooters' - the proper term is 'jugs.'"

Everyone laughed at that. Susan had always been up tight on sexual topics, but her recent practice of letting loose sexually had changed her demeanor. Now she was making jokes about sex and sexuality for practically the first time in her life.

Katherine happily agreed. "Try it anytime, Mom. Or, even better, should I ask Aunt Suzy to pick one up for you next time she's at the store?"

"I can ask her myself, thank you very much," Susan said in an authoritative tone, indicating that her somewhat hypocritical chastisement of Katherine's outfit just a minute or two before had already been

forgotten. Susan definitely wanted one of those bathing suits - she allowed her pussy to do her thinking about it, and her pussy very much liked the idea of having the strap ride up and rub around all day.

"The only problem with them is that the straps are so hard to keep in place," Katherine added with mock dismay. She then ostentatiously slipped one strap off a nipple, then slipped the other strap off her breast altogether.

Alan's penis had started becoming flaccid after Katherine stopped stroking it, to give him a strategic break, but it surged back to full size when he saw that.

With Alan and Susan raptly attentive, Katherine moved the strap that vainly attempted to cover her pussy to the side. Still on her feet, she moved back from the counter as she did this so that Susan could better see what she was doing. She knew that she was making her mother horny, even if Susan wouldn't admit her lesbian desires to herself.

Katherine thought to herself, Aunt Suzy was so right last night when she said it's more arousing to be partially dressed. Look at me; I'm the center of attention because of this bathing suit!

"Look, Big Boner Brother!" she said with even more anguish in her voice. "All my straps are coming undone! Woe is me!"

Alan joked, "You know, you really should cover your tits and your pussy with your hands, before you catch a cold from the draft." His erection was poking straight up in his lap, but he wasn't asking for help with it just yet since he sensed he still needed his strategic break.

Katherine smiled. "Good idea." She stuck a finger into her pussy while using her other hand to fondle a tit.

Susan said to her, "Katherine, I think Tiger sees your vulgar display well enough. Please take your hand out of your private place and try to control yourself for at least a few minutes."

However, this was said without much conviction, as she was growing more aroused with each passing moment. She was also being extremely hypocritical, since she'd been masturbating herself in open view

mere minutes before. But she wasn't thinking clearly; instead she was reacting without real thought to how hot and bothered Katherine was making her.

She pretended not to see the fluids dripping from her daughter's pussy and running down her leg. (If she had, she would have felt obliged to ask Katherine to clean up.)

"I'm just trying to put the straps back into place," Katherine falsely claimed.

"Sure you are," her mother replied in a tsk-tsk voice. "The way you're acting, you might as well not bother with clothes at all. Then you could just keep your finger permanently in your pussy."

"Oh goody! Is that a request or just a suggestion?" Katherine joked.

"Neither."

Everyone laughed at that exchange, even Susan. Then she went on more seriously, "As fun as it all is, Angel, we can't just sit around and masturbate for each other all day, or we'll never get you two to school. Don't you think you should go sit back down and tend, er, I mean, keep your brother company?"

Susan's problem was that she was bothered greatly because her son's erection wasn't being attended. In her book that was now the most important duty of whatever women happened to be present. In addition, she was eager to share licking his cock with her daughter for the very first time.

Katherine sat back down and immediately took Alan's dick in hand. "Mom, I think you did mean 'tend.' And look: he's still erect!"

Susan came around the counter to take a look. She smiled approvingly when she saw Katherine resume jacking him off. She muttered quietly to herself, "That's better. That darn strategic break was really bugging me." Then she said out loud, "Very good, Angel. Remember what Nurse Akami said."

Before she could continue, Katherine said, "I know: it's not just quantity of his orgasms; it's the quality. He needs prolonged, highly satisfying stimulation for each and every one of his six daily cums."

"Well put," Susan said. "Let me finish up here in the kitchen and then I'll be able to help. Tiger, what do you think about having two mouths on your cock? Would you call that 'prolonged, highly satisfying stimulation?'"

"You know it, Mom! I can't wait!"

Susan obviously had no problem with Katherine fondling Alan, but the same couldn't be said about Alan fondling Katherine. So he waited until Susan was back in the kitchen and busy working there before he resumed fingering his sister's slit.

Between jacking off her brother and getting secretly fingered, Katherine couldn't have been happier. Watching Susan puttering around in the kitchen in her useless erotic 'apron' was the icing on the cake. After a while, she quietly moaned to Alan, teasing him, "Mmmm, I know something I'd rather have in my pussy than your finger." While Alan continued to frig her, she snickered and added, "Not that there's a finger in there now."

"What's that, dear?" Susan asked from the kitchen. She was only able to hear them muttering.

Katherine now teased her mother. "Hmmm. I'm talking about something near and dear to me. I'll give you a clue. It's long and hard and throbbing. My hand is slowly pumping up and down it, and I totally love it! Right now it looks like it's aching to fill a hole."

"Oh, does it?" Susan replied happily, glad to get confirmation that Alan's cock was being well tended. She picked up a bottle of maple syrup with a narrow neck and began unconsciously stroking the neck like she was jacking it off.

Then she remembered that they weren't supposed to tease each other about fucking. "I meant, uh, Angel, it's not right to think of such things. Besides, I'm sure Tiger wouldn't want to stick his red hot poker in his sister's or his mother's hungry hole, so you must be speaking of something else."

Susan bent over forward as she said this, spreading her legs widely so Alan could see clearly the hole that she was referring to.

Katherine moaned, "Mmmm. 'Red hot poker'. I like that. What do you think of that, Big Red Hot Poker Brother?"

Most other guys would have lost it, jumping up and fucking someone by this point, but Alan had grown used to this level of teasing so he just enjoyed the scene. However, he did complain, "Mom, you said no teasing about my fucking you."

"Oh, sorry baby. I was actually trying to discourage Angel from that kind of talk, but it came out the wrong way. I don't know what's gotten into me today. I must still be excited from last night. I get so hot when I think about how you tamed Amy and added her to your stable of big-titted hotties."

She reluctantly went back to working in the kitchen. She was mostly marking time until breakfast was over, so they could start the dual blowjob. Even so, she was more intent on flashing her bare breasts and ass than getting anything done, so once again her apron ended up hanging in a very precarious position because the straps had slid down her arms.

Katherine giggled as she stroked, "I know what I'd LIKE to get into me today, Mom. Do you know what I mean when I say INTO me?"

Susan spun around, trying to be more take-charge. "Katherine Plummer! You stop that kind of talk this instant!"

Katherine pretended innocence. "What? I was talking about sucking his cock, not fucking."

"Oh. I suppose that's okay." Susan went back to the sink even though she suspected (correctly) that Katherine had really meant another hole.

Katherine decided to run with her new meaning. "Yes, it's true that I have a big, fat brother-cock in my hand right now, but what it really needs is a warm, wet mouth. A sexy sister's sweet sliding lips! Her needy tongue flitting around someone's super-sensitive sweet spot while her lips relentlessly slide up and down, up and down, up and down! Kind of like how my hand is pumping up and down, up and down, up and down right now!"

Susan had started washing the dishes, but upon hearing Katherine talk like that, she fell into a kind of fugue. Staring blankly into space, she began stroking the long cleaning brush she was holding.

Emboldened by what she saw her mother doing to the brush, Katherine went on, "But I'm being too selfish, aren't I? I'm my brother's fuck toy, and fuck toys share. Mom, I think he needs your warm, wet mouth too! But do you think just one mouth is enough? I think not! I can't wait until we're both slurping and sucking and loving and licking it at the same time!"

Susan was slowly bringing the cleaning brush up to her mouth, but at the last second she realized what she actually held in her hand. Even that didn't totally deter her as she moaned erotically, "Oh! YES!"

Katherine's words were having an effect on herself as well. One hand pumped faster and faster over the top half of her brother's boner, while she reached between his legs with the other, moving towards his anus. She didn't insert a finger into it, but instead just caressed his perineum, the area between his anus and his balls, which was highly stimulating.

Alan complained, "Mom, make her stop. I have to eat some food every now and then or I'll die of starvation, but I can't do anything but clench my PC muscle while she's doing that. Death by sexy teasing!"

Chapter 580 Porn Mom?

Susan snapped out of her sexual fugue. She turned to her children. "Angel, please, control yourself. I can see by the way that your arm is moving that you're going too fast. Remember, our goal is PROLONGED stimulation. Do you want him to cum before we can even suck him off together?"

That last question in particular struck home, because Katherine was very eager to set that precedent with her mother. So she reduced her stimulation, allowing Alan to relax while still enjoying the steady buzz of the continued handjob. Once he wasn't frantically fighting the urge to climax, he was able to occasionally play with his sister's pussy, rewarding her for the reduced level of stimulation.

Alan and Katherine ate breakfast while sitting at the counter. This was unusual, but they both wanted to continue to enjoy a close-up view of their bare-breasted mother walking around in high heels.

Susan made a show of finally putting the pancakes on plates and passing them around the table, along with sliced banana and starfruit. All the while she surreptitiously peeked over the counter to gauge the state of Alan's erection. She smiled when she saw that Katherine was fondling his cock with a slow, steady rhythm.

Unfortunately, somewhere between eating breakfast and getting stroked, Alan forgot that he wasn't supposed to be fingerbanging his sister.

Susan couldn't help but notice that this time, as she leaned even farther over the counter to get a better look. With her huge orbs practically pressed to the countertop, she reproachfully chided her son, "Don't think I don't know what you're doing to your sister, buster. Besides, I've been suspecting that the whole time."

"You have?!" Alan asked with genuine surprise while quickly removing his fingers from his sister's hot snatch. "How?!" He thought he'd been very careful and clever.

Susan smirked and mimicked the subtle rhythmic arm motions that Alan had been making.

Suddenly a thought occurred to Katherine, who stopped her handjob. "Oh, shoot! Mom, I love that you're cool with what I'm doing to Brother, but is this going to count as one of the times I'm allowed today?"

Susan replied, "Well, that depends. I suppose not, since you're being a good fuck-toy sister and doing it for him. I think if it's just some stealth stroking to keep him happy while he's eating, reading a book, watching TV, or something like that, it shouldn't count. After all, I want to encourage that kind of sisterly attention as much as possible. After all, the battle to fight his dreadful sperm buildup never ends. But if you stroke him until you get a big spermy reward, that's gonna count as one of your allowed times. Is that clear?"

Katherine giggled with glee, because that was such a lenient easing of Susan's rules. "Yes, Mom." She brought her hand back and resumed sliding her fingers up and down his cum-soaked shaft.

Susan turned to her son while still leaning over the counter in a very enticing way. "Tiger, I'm much more upset by what you've been doing. It's a serious violation of the rules to fingerfuck your sister, you know."

"Sorry, Mom," he said abashedly. He had no idea what 'the rules' were anymore. They seemed to be more or less whatever their mother felt like at the moment, mostly depending on how aroused she was. He couldn't tell if she was serious or not, after her false chiding of Katherine's behavior. Besides, he remembered that he'd fingered Susan's own pussy the night before without her complaining about it, then or afterwards. But he didn't ask for any clarification, since it was to his advantage to use the times when she was so aroused to have her ease the vague rules that she had set.

She said to him, "We may tease you a little bit here and there about our pussies, but we really shouldn't. Please remind us to behave when either of us get carried away. And let's just forget all about certain incidents yesterday." She looked away in embarrassment as she thought about how Alan had both fingered and licked her pussy at various times the day before.

She stood back up straight but stayed close to the counter edge so she could furtively touch her clit. The apron was easily pushed aside, while thoughts of Alan licking and fingering her aroused her even more than they shamed her. She added, "My point is, Angel and I are your family, so our pussies have to remain totally off limits. Enjoy the rest of our buxom bodies, but don't get too close to the REAL incest danger zone!"

"Sorry," he said glumly, despite the fact that Katherine was still steadily jacking him off. "I'll try to do better."

Susan replied in a happier tone, "That's okay. I'll forgive it since you obviously need a lot of help getting and staying hard this morning. You can make it up to me by shooting a big load in my mouth before you go to school." Then she smiled widely and licked her lips. "You think you're ready for that now, or do you want more time to eat first?"

"I think I'll go with 'Death by Cocksucking'."

"Good choice." Susan's smile got even wider.

He got off his stool and moved to the love seat in the dining room, because he knew the counter stool placed his crotch too high for her to suck him in comfort.

Susan watched him reposition, then turned to Katherine. "And as for you, young lady, no sneaking around my back to help him, is that clear? I'm still your mother, and you have to take my punishments seriously!"

"Yes, Mom." She had her head bowed. "So can we practice our first double blowjob, like you promised earlier?"

Susan grumbled as she continued to covertly play with herself under the counter edge. "I guess I did kind of strongly imply that. But I'm still going to assert mother's privileges right now. Give me a couple of minutes making love to my son's cock with my tongue and lips first. I really, really need it! After all, you've been stroking and stroking and stroking his big fat sperm gun all morning, and all I could do was watch. It was torture! So do you mind?"

Katherine reluctantly nodded her agreement, then moved to the love seat too, to sit alongside him and watch their mother in action.

Susan undid her apron and tossed it aside, because she preferred cocksucking completely naked whenever possible (not counting her high heels and glasses, of course). Then she crossed the room and got on her knees by her son's legs.

Susan knelt on the floor between Alan's legs as he sat on the love seat. She "mmmm"-ed loudly as she felt his thickness slide into her gaping mouth. As always, she loved how it was so fat and thick that she had to strain to get her lips around it.

She loved being naked on her knees in front of her son, but to have her daughter sitting above her, looking down at her, watching, was an added humiliating thrill. She felt delightfully sinful, especially given the way she was making lewd slurpy noises as her son's big dick slid back and forth between her lips. The fact that she was wearing high heels made it all that much better; she felt more like a porn star and less like a typical suburban soccer mom.

As she thought about this, she was hit with an epiphany. She briefly took his cock out of her mouth to exclaim, "I'm a porn mom!"

Alan and Katherine had a good laugh over that as Susan resumed sucking. They found it particularly amusing that she offered no further explanation.

Katherine said, "'Porn mom.' I like the sound of that. What do you think, Big Fence-post Brother?"

Alan was still laughing. "'Porn mom' sounds great to me. It's perfect, 'cos Mom is such a mom, you know? Yet she's got a body and libido that a porn star would kill for." He patted Susan on the top of her head. "You're my porn-star mommy."

Susan absolutely loved being patted like a pet while in such a subservient position, but she was even more thrilled by his rare use of the affectionate term "mommy." She redoubled her cocksucking efforts, adding the corkscrew twist that she knew he particularly liked, as a way to indicate that he should call her that more often.

Her erotic "mmmm" sounds grew louder as Alan reached down to play with her very sensitive nipples. She moaned through a stuffed mouth as she idly wondered if he was right, and also whether one might die of sheer pleasure.

Katherine pleased herself to orgasm yet again as she watched her mother suck. Now that everything seemed to be out in the open, she didn't try to disguise her own loud moaning as a nice climax wracked her body.

Time passed. After Katherine's orgasm, the only sounds heard were Susan's slurping and "mmmm"-ing, plus Alan's occasional panting and moaning.

Katherine got off the love seat and moved behind Susan, ready to help with the promised double blowjob. They were both jammed in tightly between Alan's legs, with Katherine mostly behind Susan. As a result, their naked bodies were touching all over. Katherine had her leg pressing against Susan's backside, and that pose happened to put her knee against Susan's ass. Eventually, she couldn't help herself but to rub her knee up against her mother's naked butt. Susan's mouth was too full of cock to say anything in protest.

Katherine was getting a kick out of doing this, but she quickly decided that a knee was far too blunt an instrument. So she reached back and brazenly started to explore her mother's ass crack with her fingers.

Susan could have ignored the knee contact, presuming it was accidental, but there was no doubt that the fingering had been deliberate. She tried to reach around and slap Katherine's hand away, but she couldn't reach it. Of course she could have done so easily if she had simply pulled her mouth away from Alan's hard-on, but she couldn't muster the willpower to do that for even a few seconds, she was so intent on sucking his thick erection.

Eventually, Katherine placed her index finger right at the entrance to Susan's anus and pressed against it, but after playing around a bit, Katherine chickened out. She figured that if she were to make penetration, Susan would be forced to respond, and that would put an end to her 'stretching the boundaries'. So she just kept on exploring around that area, mostly running her fingers up and down Susan's ass crack.

Katherine finally grew tired of waiting for the sharing to start. She brought her hands to her hips and said indignantly, "Okay, Mom, that's been more than enough time. Mother's privilege? What the heck is that? I'm going to assert sister's privilege!" She tried to move in closer, but Susan wasn't giving her room.

Katherine complained, "MooooOOOOooooom! Come on! You promised we could share!"

Susan was so focused on her cocksucking that she paid almost no attention to Katherine's complaint. She was working on a tricky combined technique that involved "humming" while pulsing her lips to one rhythm and flitting her tongue over his sweet spot with a different rhythm. It took all her concentration to get it right.

However, Katherine was nothing if not persistent. "Mom, you think you're the only one who loves doing that? Do you know what kind of torture it is for me to sit here this close and watch all those thick inches of brother-cock sliding past your lips? Imagine if our positions were reversed!"

Susan muttered something that sounded a bit like "Sorry," but her mouth was so stuffed full that it was hard to make any sense of her mumble.

Increasingly annoyed, Katherine started to yank on and twist Susan's nearest nipple. "Mom! Come ON! What does it take to get your attention?! Do I need to finger your pussy too?"

That finally worked. Susan pulled off and gasped, "Not that!"

Alan quickly covered his erection and balls with both hands. "Hold on, you two!" After some heavy breathing he recovered enough to continue. "Share, you two! Be nice!"

Susan shifted positions, finally making room for her buxom daughter to scoot in up close, next to her. She smiled apologetically. "Sorry, Angel. Once I have Tiger's cock in my mouth, I lose all sense of everything else. I just can't stop for anything. I'm really, really sorry for being such a cock hog. The Bible tells us, 'Do not forget to do good and to share with others, for with such sacrifices God is pleased.' It may seem sacrilegious, but I think that applies in this situation, don't you?"

Katherine empathically stated, "Definitely!"

Then Susan added brightly, "Let's share! It's high time, don't you think? It'll be fun!"

Katherine's face brightened. That was a big moment for her, since she anticipated that this would become a daily activity from that point on. Her heart was thumping with anticipation.

Both mother and daughter bent forward and eagerly stuck out their tongues. However, Alan still had his privates covered. "Whoa! Hold on! Are you nuts?! I'm so close to cumming that just a feather touch will push me over."

Katherine joked, "Good idea! Mom, where did you put those feathers?" She giggled.

He groaned needfully. "Can you just... let me take a strategic break for a few minutes?"

"Oh, POO!" Susan huffed. "I HATE those strategic breaks!" bender

Katherine also let out a heavy sigh. "Grrr! So close, yet so far!"

Alan waved his hand through the air, indicating he was trying to speak. Finally, he was able to say, "Please! I'm sorry, but... too arousing! Also, I need to... to brace myself for your double tongue onslaught." He was still having a hard time just breathing.

Susan's eyes lit up. Her face was practically in Alan's crotch, but she managed to turn her head to Katherine's equally close face. "Oh yes, the double blowjob! Angel, it's probably good that we have a bit of a break now, because we should talk about that. I suppose there's no denying that now that Tiger has turned both of us into his sexual playthings, he's going to force us to suck him off together quite a lot. I've been trying to deny or delay the inevitable when it comes to sharing, but who was I trying to kid?"

Katherine cut in, "Mom, you make it sound like he's being selfish in forcing us. We can't forget that he has needs. Big needs! Do you think he can cum six times a day, for years to come, with just one tongue at a time? I don't think so! I'm not just saying that to arouse us all; I really mean it."

Susan replied eagerly, "Angel, you are SO right! I keep thinking from my own selfish point of view, trying to balance my shame and guilt with my overwhelming desire to feel my son's big, thick cock sliding more often between my hungry lips. My feelings don't matter. Heck, even my needs don't matter. It's all about TIGER's needs! And his dire medical condition. Angel, it's our responsibility... No, it's our DUTY! That's it: it's our duty to suck him off together whenever necessary, as a last resort."

Katherine spoke with her lips still just inches from Alan's erection. She would have started licking it already except for the fact that his covering hands were still preventing their access. "Mom, you're making me seriously hot! But what do you mean by 'last resort?' I don't like the sound of that."

Susan's lips were even closer; she was practically licking his hand. "It's simple. We need some kind of ace in the hole for when he has great difficulty reaching his daily target. If we blow him together all the time, or you and Amy do, or Suzanne and I do, and so on, that'll get to become his new normal and we'll have nowhere to go from there. So we need to save it only for major emergencies when nothing else works, like this one."

Katherine had been totally unaware that they were in the middle of any kind of emergency. She considered this to be just typical fun-in-the-Plummer-house-before-school behavior, at least now that things had changed so much. She strongly suspected that the only "emergency" was Susan's impatience to get her tongue and lips back on her son's turgid erection, but she wisely did not voice that suspicion.

Both siblings were quite disappointed to hear Susan's argument that a dual blowjob should be saved only for use when all else failed, but they both stayed mum on that as well. They each had similar

reasoning: let their mother get used to doing it and her boundaries would shift once again. Besides, Alan realized, he could probably manufacture some "urgent emergency" almost every day if that was what it took.

Susan was raring to go, clutching her huge, heaving boobs as she panted heavily.

But seeing that he still needed time to recover, Katherine said, "Mom, let's do it! But we can't go at this all willy-nilly. A good double blowjob requires planning!"

"It does?" Susan turned slightly towards her daughter's face, only inches from her own.

"It does. I mean, it's not like I'm some expert, but think about it. We can't have our heads bouncing together as we both fight over the right to pleasure his sweet spot."

Susan pointed out, "Amy and I licked that spot together quite a lot last night, and we didn't have much trouble."

Katherine replied, "I'm not surprised, but I'll bet that's because Amy is so nice that she usually cedes the prime real estate to you. However, I'm more aggressive. We need to work as a team!"

Susan frowned at that, but decided, "You're right. What if we take turns? I'll bob on it for a minute, and then you, and then me, and so on."

Katherine shook her head no. "Sorry. That's not going to work. I know you and your love of his cock. Once you start bobbing, not even a herd of wild animals could get you to stop."

"Hmmm. True. I could try to be better though. I mean, it's different if I know I'll be bobbing on it again in another minute."

"Maybe, but I still don't trust you on that. Let's try a different approach first."

To Alan's great relief, the two women turned to face each other and spent the next few minutes discussing sharing strategies and techniques. He forced himself to tune out, because just hearing them go on revealed so much passion for the act that their discussion kept his dick on edge. Only by closing his eyes and tuning them out did he manage to get any sort of a break at all.