

## 6 Times 591

### Chapter 591 Would You Like To Spank Him?

Before Alan could get home to talk to Suzanne, it was time for his secret meeting with Glory during the school assembly. While his attitudes about sex were changing drastically, he'd never ditched class before and felt surprisingly guilty about skipping out on the assembly, even though he knew it was a complete waste of time.

He thought ruefully, Odd how I'm more bothered by that than the fact that I'm fucking my sister. Things are so skewed. They should just lock me up in a small cage and tour me around as a circus freak. "Come see the teenage incest monster!"

When he arrived in Glory's room, after using his hall pass, he looked at her happy smile and considered telling her about his problem with the cheerleaders. Look at Glory. She's so smart and wise. She's probably as smart as Aunt Suzy. The problem is, she's so moral. She still thinks I'm a normal guy. She probably figures, yes, he's playing around with Suzanne Pestrige and Kim Fields and a couple of other girls, but that's the extent of it.

If she only knew the depths of my depravity! It would blow her mind if I told her what I was doing to my sister and mother. Incest. I love the deed but I hate the word. I don't really connect the act and the word together; I don't really think of it like that. But she certainly would.

Even if I merely tell her what I did with the cheerleaders during lunch, her opinion of me is going to go completely to hell. I can't even hint about it, because once she's on the case she'd tease the rest out of me. And I DEFINITELY can't let her know anything about what I'm doing with Heather. Dang. I really could use her advice, too... Or someone's.

While Alan felt introspective and glum, Glory was in a completely different mood. There was a very devilish twinkle in her eye.

After they kissed briefly, she grinned broadly and said, "I have something special planned today, since we have this extra, extended opportunity. Lately we've mostly been playing out your fantasies, which is fine. It's been loads of fun. But today I want you to act out my fantasy. Are you okay with that?"

Alan thought about it. That's fair. Everyone's been serving me, pleasing me, following my whim. I need to be more giving and sensitive to other people's needs. This is a perfect first step to turning over a new leaf, getting more humble. "Sure, Glory. That sounds like a great idea. I'm happy to do whatever you want."

She gave him a surprisingly naughty smile. "I'm very glad to hear that. Are you absolutely sure? Anything?"

Alan thought, Uh-oh. She's going to make me do something really weird; I can tell. But he concluded that he owed her the opportunity. "Yes. Absolutely. Anything."

"Good. We're going to role-play again, but I can't say what, exactly. Just follow my orders. And keep in mind that, for the purposes of this drama, you've been a very bad student."

"Yes, ma'am."

Alan sat in his usual front-row seat and thought, You don't need to add the "for the purposes of this drama" part. I totally failed my second-period test today. I didn't even study because I was so spaced out that I didn't even catch it when the test was announced. Duh.

Glory pretended to lead the class as she always did while ignoring the fact that Alan was the only student there. She started to ask him questions that in fact were from her real history lesson earlier in the day.

But while Alan knew some of the answers, he pretended total cluelessness and deliberately got them all wrong. He could tell from her subtle signals that this was the "bad student" response she wanted, even as outwardly she grew more and more annoyed at him.

After a few minutes of rapid-fire questions, she said, "Young man... Alan Plummer, I'm talking to you! Are you even paying attention? Come up here this instant! I've had it up to here with your attitude."

He walked up to her while acting blissfully arrogant.

She said to the imaginary class, "Now I'm sure all of you have heard about the new law that the state legislature just passed, reinstating some traditional, though controversial, punishment methods. Since this young man here is acting so incorrigible, he's going to be the first to experience our new disciplinary techniques." She pulled a ruler out of her drawer and started to slap it into her free hand.

Alan thought, Oh God. Here it comes. A spanking. I should have known. She seemed to get off on that the first time she spanked me. In fact, that's the only time I've ever been spanked. I gotta admit it was pretty arousing, and after what I did earlier at lunch I actually feel it's deserved. I feel so shitty and guilty that I want to be punished. So go ahead and spank me, Glory. Give it all you've got.

But he just stood there stupidly, as that was the role he figured she wanted him to play.

"Young man," she barked, "I want you to drop your shorts right now and bend over my desk. That's right. You're going to get a spanking. One slap for every wrong answer you gave, just as the new law stipulates for particularly troublesome students."

He pretended to be both embarrassed and frightened. "But Ms. Rhymer! You can't expect me to stand here in my underwear in front of all my classmates! That's worse than any spanking you could give!"

"I don't expect you to stand in your underwear. I expect you to drop it all. Strip from the waist down. NOW!" She struck her desk hard with the ruler. The sharp sound reverberated around the room.

"But teacher! Then everyone will see my... my everything! I'll be the laughing stock of the school!"

She smiled wickedly. "Yes. That's right. But that's excellent motivation for all of you to study harder next time, isn't it? Who here wants to be in Alan's shoes next time?"

Alan was surprised at this side of her; a side he'd never seen before except the first time she'd spanked him.

She looked out over the "class" very convincingly, even though the room was empty.

Alan could easily imagine a classroom full of students absolutely frightened out of their gourds.

Then she hit the desk again with the ruler while shouting menacingly, "Now, drop 'em!"

Alan closed his eyes and imagined the class staring at him as he slowly pulled his shorts and under-shorts down. Even though he knew there was no one else in the room, he had started to get into the role-play, so with his eyes closed it all seemed real. He felt relieved that at least his back was turned, so "they" could only see his butt.

What happened next, though, was a surprise. He felt Glory's hands in his hair.

She said, "Don't be alarmed. I'm putting a blindfold on you, just as the new law requires."

Sure enough, she covered his eyes with a cloth that completely blocked out all light. He found himself getting a bit scared as he adjusted to the loss of sight. I thought Glory was very moral and straight-laced, but does she also have a hidden depraved side? Just what is she going to do to me?!

His fears doubled when she next tied his hands behind his back with a rope and again explained that it was part of the imaginary new law. Then she put a gag in his mouth and yet again invoked the law.

He realized, Rope. Gag. Blindfold. This is not some spur of the moment thing. She's been planning this for some time. This must be some long-held teacher fantasy. Just how far is this going to go?!

With his blindfold on and his hands securely tied, she grabbed him by the shoulder and turned him to face the imaginary class.

Alan reflexively tried to cover his crotch with his hands. His fear level shot up still further when he realized that he couldn't cover up to save his life. He felt his ears and cheeks burn with embarrassment as he imagined the class staring at his genitals and laughing.

Glory was thinking along similar lines. She said to her imaginary crowd, "What are you all laughing and pointing at? Haven't you ever seen one of these before?" She reached down and cupped his balls with one hand while holding his dick with the other. He'd been flaccid, but he shot to full hardness within seconds.

In her fantasy she said to the class, "I wouldn't be laughing if I were you, especially you guys. Looks to me like his package is nothing to laugh at. Look at that thing grow. If I were Alan here, I'd be proud instead of ashamed. I wonder how many of you boys out there have a penis this long and thick?"

She went on, "That's right. You're not laughing now. Too bad you can't see, Alan, because I think you're going to get a lot of offers for dates from the ladies in this class after today. Look at the way Jody is licking her lips. That's very unseemly, young lady. And Andrea, stop salivating at the sight of Alan's huge hard cock or I'll have to hide it from view. Let's focus here."

Alan felt pride at Glory's compliments and imagined the school buzzing with talk and rumor about just how big his package was. His nervousness came down a couple of notches. Then Glory started to masturbate him, causing his arousal to spike. He could feel the eyes of all his classmates on him, as if they were really there and staring in shock.

She said to her imaginary audience as she stroked, "Now, don't get the wrong idea. I certainly don't want to be doing this, but it's what the new law requires. Some new thinking about associating pain and pleasure together for a more effective punishment. I don't understand it all, but this is what I'm supposed to do. ... Yes, Becky?"

Alan imagined his classmate Becky raising her hand and Glory calling on her. Becky was one of the most beautiful girls in the class, though she couldn't compare with a truly outstanding beauty such as Glory.

Glory continued, "What's that, Becky? You say that you'll volunteer to stroke it? Well, that's very thoughtful, but this is really my duty as teacher. Perhaps later, if my hands get tired. ... Yes, Andrea, I'll consider you too, though you'd have a better chance if you got more A's on your tests." She sighed as if annoyed at all the pestering girls.

"Now, let's see. Alan, I'm going to lead you over to this chair here. You're going to lay down on it, stomach down, ass high." So she helped Alan lay down.

He found he was stretched over two chairs. His butt made a 90-degree angle and his knees rested on the cold tile floor.

He heard the smack of the ruler against what he assumed to be her hand.

She started lecturing, "Now, I'm sorry, young man, but you have to realize that this is for your own good. I don't want to be doing this, but the new law is based on the latest research, and studies show-"

He didn't pay full attention; as she continued to talk his mind drifted. He thought, This is so strangely appropriate. I really deserve this. I've been a right bastard towards women lately and now a woman is giving me my comeuppance. Even though this is Glory's fantasy, maybe it will serve to correct my attitude. It would be more of a punishment though, if she wasn't fondling my dick so vigorously the whole time.

She continued to lecture (and fondle), but in mid-sentence, without any warning, Alan heard a whoosh through the air and then a loud smack on his upturned ass. He was somewhat surprised to realize just how hard she'd hit him with the ruler. Although they were pretending in this drama, this was no pretend spanking.

Glory brought the ruler down again and again. He truly was in pain, though the continued fondling of his full erection certainly compensated somewhat. He could hear her breathing quite heavily and imagined that she was getting aroused.

After the fifth swat he heard her say, "Now, class, unfortunately I'm not the one who made the new law. The law clearly states that after the fifth spanking the administrator of the punishment must take her dress off and fondle herself. I certainly don't want to expose myself to you all - this is really embarrassing - but I'm told I could be in serious trouble if I don't follow the regulations to the letter. ... That's right. Get your jollies out now looking at me, but it's really no big deal. You're going to be seeing me naked quite a lot now that this new punishment system is in place."

Alan didn't know he could get more aroused by a spanking, but the idea that she was naked and fondling herself took him to another level. When she brought down the ruler for the sixth and seventh times, he almost found himself ready to beg for more. Almost, but not really, because it did hurt intensely.

He recalled that the "new law" required one spanking for every question answered incorrectly and figured he'd gotten about ten questions wrong. So he figured his punishment would soon be over.

The situation was so strange that he thought he could handle anything she could dish out. But he could never have imagined what happened next. To his utter horror, he heard the sound of someone knocking on the door. It was a most insistent pounding.

Glory stepped out of her role and whispered into Alan's ear, "Oh shit! What the hell?! Don't worry, I'll take care of this. Sit tight. I don't have time to get you out of your get-up here. I've gotta put some clothes on. Just hang in there." She squeezed his dick the way lovers squeeze hands for assurance, and then let go of it.

Alan fidgeted nervously as he waited to hear who it was. Fuck. What if it's someone like the principal, or even some janitor? I'll be so royally fucked! Not only will Glory be fired, but it'll probably make the newspapers. I'll be the laughingstock of the whole school! The whole fucking town!

He heard the door open, which surprised the hell out of him. Did she open it just a crack? Otherwise, someone really is looking at my upturned butt!

Then he heard Glory say, "Yes? Can I help you?"

"Sorry to bother you, Ms. Rhymer, but I left my books in here. I was wondering if I could come in and pick them up?"

Alan tried to place the voice, but he couldn't. He guessed it was from a female student. That in and of itself was quite a relief.

Glory replied, "Oh, hi Michelle. I'm kind of involved in something right now and I'd rather you don't come in. You just tell me where you put them and I can get them for you. But in any case, shouldn't you be at the assembly?"

Michelle replied, "I should be, but I was so worried that someone would steal my books that I sneaked back here to get them. I have so many personal notes in there!"

"I understand. Just a second."

Alan heard a long pause and wondered what was happening. Then, to his surprise, he heard Glory say in a different tone of voice, "Just a minute. Michelle, I remember last month when you came to me and confessed that you had a deep crush on Alan Plummer and asked my advice. Isn't that right?"

"Oh, teach, why do you have to bring that up? That's so embarrassing."

"Did you ever ask him out?"

"Are you kidding? All the best-looking girls beat me to the punch. Everyone started asking him out once he began acting so confident and sexy, but he's turned them down left and right. I was too shy. Frankly, even though there are rumors of him, well, being with one or two of the cheerleaders, there are other rumors that he doesn't like girls at all."

Alan was shocked at that last comment, and very displeased. He also felt extremely helpless, realizing that if Glory opened the door wide, this girl would see him tied up, blindfolded, and with a red, exposed ass. He wasn't religious, but he fervently prayed she'd go away quickly.

Glory stated, "I can assure you he likes girls. Even though he turned those others down, you should still ask him out. You told me you had a thing for him even before his transformation from nerd to mystery man. You're one of the most beautiful girls in the whole school. I can't imagine any guy who wouldn't fall head over heels for you, if only for your buxom chest."

Alan frantically scanned his memories, trying to remember a buxom, beautiful Michelle. There were many Michelles in the school; in fact there were three in the class he had that was taught by Glory. But he knew it wasn't any of them, since he didn't recognize the voice. He ended up drawing a complete blank. Because he was a tit man he knew just about every buxom girl in the school by sight, but he realized he knew few names of any students in the other grades, even if they were pretty girls. It was a big high school.

"Oh, you're just saying that, Ms. Rhymer," he heard Michelle say. He could practically hear her blush.

"No, it's true. You know, I have to confess, Alan and I are very close. He confides in me. He told me that he quite fancies you."

"What?" Alan heard Michelle squeal happily. "Really? I don't believe it!"



Alan thought, Now I'm really puzzled. Certainly Glory knows that's not true. I don't know this Michelle from Eve, much less fancy her! Maybe she's just trying to boost this girl's ego? I hope she's still got the door opened only a crack!

Glory continued, "It's completely true. As a matter of fact, let me come completely clean. Michelle, since I've known you for years and you're one of my closest students, I have a confession to make. Alan and I are actually romantically involved."

Alan was so shocked that he felt like he was having a brain aneurysm. He wanted to scream, "NO! SHUT UP!" but he couldn't make a peep. Even if he hadn't been gagged, he wouldn't have made a sound for fear of being found out by Michelle.

Glory went on, "He's going to kill me for telling you that, but it seems like such a perfect opportunity that I just can't let it pass. You remember how you told me you have a thing for spanking people?"

"Ms. Rhymer! You're embarrassing me!"

"Sorry. It's just that it's all too perfect. You have a thing for Alan, and you have a thing for spanking, and he fancies you. That's why you have to promise to be calm with what I tell you next. ... Alan is in the room with me. In fact, I was spanking him right when you came in."

Alan heard another squeal. He truly thought he would faint, but he somehow managed not to. His heart pounded wildly as he feared what would happen next. He had a good idea of what was coming, which was almost scaring him shitless.

Glory said, "The reason I'm telling you this is because I'm thinking this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you. Would you like to spank him?"

"Alan? Me? Ohmigod! Ohmigod! It would be like a dream come true! He's so handsome. Oh, and his cute but manly face and perfect ass! I could just eat him all up! You can't be serious. This is all some kind of joke, isn't it?"

"Why do you think I've been keeping this door opened only a crack? I'm very serious. If you promise to stay calm and keep this a complete secret, I'm prepared to open the door and show you Alan. But you have to SWEAR never to tell a soul!"

Alan squirmed. He wanted to get up and somehow get Glory to shut up, or at least close the door. He wished he could cry out, "Traitor!" But he couldn't get up or even speak. He was trembling so badly that he couldn't have stood up even if he hadn't been tied up and blindfolded.

"I promise! Oh, I promise! I can't believe it! Ohmigod!"

"Keep it down. Now, get ready for a shock. The reason you haven't heard from Alan is because he has a gag in his mouth. He's also tied up and wearing a blindfold. He's not wearing any underwear, either. When I open this door, you're going to see his butt. Do you think you can handle that?"

"Oh yes! This is so exciting! I still can't believe it!"

"Believe it."bender

Alan heard the sound of the door opening. The creaking of the door was the most frightening thing he had ever heard in his life.

Chapter 592 You Don't Want Me To Spank You Now, Because I'm Not Going To Take It Easy.

"Oh. My. God." Michelle was obviously flabbergasted.

He heard the sound of the door closing. Then he heard Glory say, "Do you believe it now?"

"Ms. Rhymer! No way! Wait till I tell... Oh damn. I can't tell anyone. Shit!"

"Let's put it this way. If you tell anyone, you won't get a repeat performance. But if you're silent, who knows what might happen? Now let's go over to Alan and see how he's doing."

Glory walked over to Alan and removed his gag.

Alan was so stunned that he didn't know what to say, now that he could finally talk. After a long pause, he said, "Glory. What the HELL?!"

She giggled, then whispered in his ear, "I'm so sorry. I promise I'll make it up to you. But I felt like this was some kind of harmonic convergence. Her telling me she liked spanking - no one's ever told me that before. And you bent over like this. What are the odds? A million to one. It just had to be. Not only that, but she really has the hots for you and she's amazingly hot. Believe me, by the time this is over, you're going to be so glad I did this; you're going to be thanking me for a long time."

Alan whispered back, "But Glory, I just can't handle it. I know I'm only eighteen, but I swear to God I'm going to have a heart attack. If I don't, at the very least I'm going to have a nervous breakdown. I'm scared shitless!"

To his surprise, she put the gag back in his mouth. He suddenly wanted to demand that she untie him and take the blindfold off, but it was too late.

Then she apparently went back to Michelle. He heard her say out loud, "Michelle, he's very frightened. Understandably so. Let me take charge here. Don't do anything unless I tell you to. Don't say anything except for 'yes' when you're spoken to. You think you can handle that?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Just like that. Now we need to calm him down. Like I said, I'm romantically involved with him. What I'm going to do next may seem shocking, but I'm afraid it's the only way to calm him down. I'm going to fondle his penis for a bit. Can you handle that?"

"Yes."

"Good. You just sit there."

The next thing Alan knew, he felt Glory's hands on his boner. Soon she began giving him a most enthusiastic handjob.

Alan had experienced more handjobs and blowjobs in recent weeks than he could possibly count, but this one was possibly the most emotionally intense. He felt like his whole body was literally on fire, and it seemed like his cock was well and truly burning. Not being able to see heightened his other senses to a surprising degree.

Yet Glory was right. He did find himself calming down, thanks to the movements of her hands. He tried to ignore the humiliation and forget completely that Michelle was there. He focused all his thoughts on Glory and how good she was making him feel.

Then, without warning, her hands disappeared and he felt her tongue on his shaft. That was strange, because he was lying face down with his cock hanging straight down. He realized she had to be underneath him, lying on the floor or perhaps with her head on some kind of stool, in order to get her mouth around his hard-on.

It felt so amazingly good that he nearly forgot completely about Michelle. But every now and then he would realize with a start that he was being watched by a total stranger. Those realizations would hit him like a jolt, causing his whole body to tense up, which prevented him from relaxing completely and losing his fear.

Glory gently massaged his balls with one hand. When she felt his scrotum tighten, she vacated her position. He assumed that she wouldn't want him to shoot cum all over the floor, so he used his PC muscle control to hold off an orgasm.

She stood up and said, "I hope you didn't mind that, Michelle. It seems he's doing much better. Once Alan gets to know you better, I'm sure he'd like you to do that too. Would you like to suck him off?"

"Yes, please."

"I knew you would. Even better, would you like to spank him right now?"

"Yes, please."

"Excellent. The only thing I ask is that you get naked first. Believe you me, I'm certainly not into girls. It's just that's how we do things around here. I was naked when I was spanking him before you came in. Do you want to get naked?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'll do that too."

Alan waited a while and listened to the sound of women's clothes as they fell to the floor, piece by piece.

He thought, This is truly unreal. Glory's right. The odds of this happening are a million to one. Actually, now that I think about it, there have been so many things happening to me recently that have a million to one odds. Billions to one, maybe. No one has this kind of luck. It's simply not possible. There must be some kind of magic.

Oh my God! I just had a thought. What if someone around here has magical powers and is toying with me? It has to be something like that. Except that I don't believe in magic. There's no God, either. Maybe more realistically, what if Glory is the one who set this whole spanking thing up? What if she and Michelle arranged all of this in advance? It has to be!

But just as he reached this conclusion, his thoughts were interrupted by a loud, painful swat. He figured that Michelle must be spanking him now. She spanked just as hard or harder than Glory. His shame burned anew. He squeezed his eyes closed beneath the blindfold while wishing he could just crawl into a hole and die.

After Michelle's second spank, Glory said, "Michelle, it's a bit tough on Alan to be spanked like that. We try to sweeten the pot a bit by stroking his penis between the spankings. Usually the spanker does it. Normally I wouldn't be so bold as to ask you, but since you're already fondling yourself, just like I am, I figured you'd be game. I could do it, or you could do it. Do you want to do it?"

"Yes, please."

Alan felt hands on his cock again. They were colder this time, but they still felt fantastic. Michelle apparently just wanted to fondle him for a while. Then one hand disappeared and he felt another spank come crashing down.

He felt like his brain was going to explode. He was on the verge of ejaculating and his ass was on fire. He couldn't take it anymore. He had to know what was going on. He yelled into his gag. Although he couldn't say anything coherent, he hoped Glory would hear his cries and remove the gag.

Thankfully, she did just that.

As soon as he could, he ordered, "Take the blindfold off! NOW!"

She took that off too and came around in front of him.

He was nearly blinded by the light after having his eyes in pitch darkness for so long. He saw a vague shape he guessed to be Glory and then he had to close his eyes again.

He asked urgently, "What the hell is going on? Just what is happening? This is all a scam, isn't it? This is some kind of trick!"

Glory chuckled and then said, "Damn. You found me out, after all."

Alan was so surprised by that that he opened his eyes again and tried to look at her face. He looked down and saw that, indeed, she was completely naked, except for her black stockings. As his eyes focused he realized she was also very happy and laughing.

She appeared to be oblivious to how much he'd suffered, but she started to get some sense from the anger and anguish in his face. It was extremely rare for him to be truly angry.

She said, "That was the most fun I ever had. I'm really sorry I tricked you. I promise I'll make it up to you, and I'm not lying about that. I'll do anything. I just hope you'll forgive me."

"Please untie my hands," he requested.

She quickly did so.

He was finally able to get up. As he stood and stretched his legs, he asked, "Where's Michelle? Michelle, I'm really sorry that-"

He looked around the room and did a double-take. Then a triple take. There was no one else in the room but him and Glory. He asked, dumbly, "Glory, where did Michelle go? Is she hiding somewhere? In the closet?"

He started to walk towards the closet.

But Glory stopped him. "Wait."

He froze.

She continued, with puzzlement in her voice, "I thought you knew. There is no Michelle. It was just me the whole time."

Alan again felt like his head would simply explode. He nearly fainted from sheer amazement. He had to sit down. He was still frantically scanning the room because he didn't know what to believe anymore. His eyes finally saw a small tape recorder on Glory's desk, with a notepad next to it.

Glory noticed where he was staring. She walked over to the tape recorder and hit play.

He heard Michelle's voice say "Yes, please."

She hit the stop button. Then she hit the play button and played Michelle saying "Yes, please" again. Then again. And again. Glory stopped the tape recorder and put it back on the desk. She looked mirthful, but also serious. She was worried that she'd gone too far with her practical joke.

Alan was slow on the uptake. "You mean, there's no Michelle? But the hands on my dick! The dialogue earlier! Who was that?"

"The hands? Those were my hands, but I put some cold cream on them first to give them a different feel and make you think otherwise. And the dialogue? I wrote that out earlier and read my lines from the notepad. The tape recorder played Michelle's voice up to the point where I allowed you to talk. Beyond that I didn't know for sure what would happen, so I arranged it that Michelle would only have to say 'Yes, please' after that."

"But, but, but it was so real! The creaking of the door! That scared the shit out of me!"

"I recorded that, too. Last night. I've been planning this awhile. I stood by the door at that point so it would sound just right."

"Holy fuck. No way." He sat, stunned.

Now Glory was confused. "But you said you realized it was a scam. What did you mean?"

"I meant that you must have planned this in advance with this Michelle. No way could it have all happened spontaneously."

"Hmmm. Good guess. But not right. Too bad, though. I was going to have Michelle come back for repeat visits, but now you'd see right through that."

Alan sighed with relief, his heart still pounding. "Crap. Thank God I figured it out, because you just took five years off my life. I wouldn't have survived repeat visits; I wouldn't even have lived long enough to graduate." He still just sat and pondered as his breath calmed down.

After a bit, Glory said, "Now comes the part where you kill me." She was very apprehensive about what he'd think of her at that point.

Alan thought things through, then said, "No, I'm not going to kill you. Yes, I am upset. Very upset. Please don't ever do that again! I mean, I know you were just trying to have fun and take our role-playing to



another level, but do you have any idea how frightening that was? I was literally scared shitless. It's a good thing I didn't have anything in my bladder or I certainly would have peed my pants. Although I'm not actually wearing any pants, but whatever. Being in the dark and tied up was so fucking scary! I don't EVER want to feel that totally helpless again. There were parts of our role-play that were so intensely arousing, but there also were parts that were just outright scary."

"I'm sorry," Glory said, apologizing sincerely, "but the blindfold and the rest was the only way I could figure out how to do it without you seeing that Michelle wasn't there. Are you mad at me? I promise I'll do anything to make it up to you. Anything. Just don't leave angry!"

He sat and stared at her. She was still completely naked, while he still wore a T-shirt and nothing else. She looked very sad and regretful.

He thought, How can I stay mad at someone so beautiful and loving? She just thought it would be good fun. She didn't realize the sheer terror I went through. You can't imagine what it's like unless you've gone through it. I love these role-plays, but we have to have limits and that one went too far.

But I did kind of deserve it, especially after all the cruel things I called Heather earlier today. Now I can see how the other half lives. Talk about subservience; that is true subservience. Wow! Unreal.

He stood up and put his clothes on. Finally he said, "I'm not mad at you. Actually, I am, a bit, but I'll get over it soon enough. Don't worry. And believe me, when you say you'll do anything to make it up, you will. I don't know what I'm going to do to you, but it'll be something to remember!"

"That's the spirit!" Glory said joyfully. She knew that he still wanted to see her, but she was nonetheless relieved to hear him say it.

He got ready to walk out of the room, but Glory stood up and grabbed him by the arm. "Don't go. For one thing, you never did get off. I can give you an extra special deep-throating."

"Thanks, but I'm not in the mood. I'm in a really freaked-out mode."

"Oh... But wait. I'll bet you're thinking that she can't possibly know what that was like."

"Damn straight!"

"And you'd be right. That's why you need to show me. You've only spanked me once, but now I've spanked you twice. And Michelle's done it once." She couldn't help adding that, and laughed.

Alan laughed too, though not as happily.

She continued, "We still have the blindfold, gag, and rope here. A spanking setup all ready to go. I think you need to give me at least a taste of what you went through, so I can try to understand."

"I'm in a bad mood," he growled. "You don't want me to spank you now, because I'm not going to take it easy."bender

She bent over a student's desk and presented her ass to him. "I'm a teacher, and I can tell you that the best way to really find something out is by doing it. Will her star pupil spank her too hard? Or be timid and not spank hard enough? Inquiring minds want to know." She giggled and winked.

"Glory, you're a lot weirder than I thought. I thought you were totally straight-laced." He picked up the ruler. "Now get ready for the spanking of your life."

Glory smiled very happily. "Young man, if you keep this up, I think you just might pass my class with flying colors."

He let his hand clutching the ruler fly down. He felt greatly relieved as the tension flowed out of him. Now that he could think a bit more clearly, he recalled her promise to do anything. With the ruler raised to deliver another spanking, he said, "Anything? Glory do you really mean anything? Even... You know?"

"Yes. Especially... you know. But not today. I want the mood to be special. Let's not talk about it today. Just think about it and we'll make our plans. Oh, and by the way, don't get the wrong idea. I don't want to do it because I feel like I owe you for this; I want to do it because my feelings for you are so strong. But maybe today is a sign that we should do it sooner rather than later. And put the blindfold on me, so I can really understand what you felt."

Alan smiled. Maybe that was worth it, after all. If there isn't a God, then who is smiling down on me?

Alan was utterly exhausted, mentally and physically. He wasn't the kind of person to really hurt someone, but he was so worked up from what Glory had done to him that he gave her a thorough spanking, slapping her ass as hard as he could bear to do.

She clearly loved it, cumming more times than he could count. It appeared to become one continuous orgasm for her. He frigged her during the spanking, but surprisingly, he didn't get aroused himself. He was still too shocked from the whole "Michelle" experience. Even though she again offered every sexual act she could think up to please him, short of outright fucking, he turned them all down.

He walked home in a complete daze. He still didn't know what to think about what had just happened. Was it fiendishly brilliant fun? Or intolerably mean and cruel? Perhaps both? And what did it say about her personality? He wanted to sleep on it.

Halfway home, the thought struck him that "Michelle's" voice sounded too different to have been spoken by Glory. That greatly puzzled him the rest of the way home. He resolved to ask Glory about it the first chance he got. Further on, it occurred to him that he'd never checked the closet to see if someone really was there. That got him so curious that he wanted to call Glory right away, but he realized that despite all they'd been through he didn't even know her telephone number.

He staggered onwards to his home, almost fearing the possibility of more sexual action.

Chapter 593 You're Telling Me Alan Has So Much Sex That It Takes A Whole Team Of Girls To Take Care Of Him?

Alan's school day was over, but Amy's was not. As she was walking to the bike racks to go home, Christine came running after her, shouting, "Amy! Amy!"

Amy looked at Christine with apparent fear because Christine had an intensity that could easily be mistaken for anger. So she was on the defensive when Christine caught up with her and asked in an urgent voice, "Is it true?"

If looks could kill, Amy might have dropped dead right then from the intense stare that Christine was giving her.

Bewildered and worried, Amy replied defensively, "Is what true?"

Christine looked around. There were a few other people wandering down the same pathway, also heading to the bike racks, so Christine guided her onto a lawn away from everyone else. Then seeing the coast was clear, she asked in a still-breathless voice, "Is it true that you're going out with Alan now? I just heard that's what you were telling people at lunch."

Amy's face broke into a big smile. "It's true! I'm his official girlfriend!"

Christine was crushed, but she tried not to let it show. However, she couldn't help but frown and scowl in frustration. "Is that so. How did it happen?"

Amy knew that Alan had asked Christine out and she was uncertain what Christine's attitude might be, especially given her dour expression. So she answered vaguely, "Alan and I worked it out last night." Then she probed, "Are you okay with that? You're not mad at us, are you?"

Christine lied, "No, not at all. In fact, I'm glad. He's a great guy and you're a great girl, so I'm sure you'll make a great pair."

"M'kay. Cool. Thanks. But if you're all cool with it, then why are you all frowny?"

Christine realized that she wasn't hiding her strong emotions that well, so she struggled to come up with a plausible explanation. There was a pause before she lied, "Um, well, I'm not mad at you. It's just that I also heard that he's with someone else. So someone was lying to me."

It was a lame explanation, but Amy appeared to buy it. Her body language eased as she said, "Oh, well, that's probably true, depending on who you mean by that."

Christine was taken aback. "What do you mean? Alan really does have multiple girlfriends? Who are they: you, and Kim, and maybe someone else? There've been a lot of rumors about him lately, and some

about you, and I saw the way that Kim talked to him, but that just goes too far! Who does he think he is?"

Amy looked around to see if the coast was clear. It was, so she whispered, "Christine, can you keep a secret?"

This was unexpected. "Yeah?"

"Well, I'm not sure if I'm supposed to tell people this, but since you're Alan's friend and all, I'm sure you'll hear about it soon enough. You see, Alan and I have kind of an arrangement. I'm his girlfriend now, and it's all official and everything, but he's still free to play around with other women. And he does. Boy, he sure does!" She giggled a little, but it was a nervous giggle because she wasn't sure of Christine's reaction. The two girls didn't know each other that well.

Christine was floored. "Wait a minute. He can play around, but what about you?"

Amy looked a bit abashed. "Um, well, if I wanted to be with another woman that would be okay..." She appeared embarrassed to say that, but then continued more forcefully, "But it's totally cool, 'cos I don't want to be with another guy anyway. I'm, like, totally super-duper happy with Alan. Really!"

Christine was now both floored and mortified. "Amy, my God! I'm so pissed at him. I'm gonna give him a piece of my mind! Do you realize he's taking advantage of you? You're so innocent and naïve, he thinks he can walk all over you. The outrage! What a jerk!"

Amy waved her hands frantically in the air. "No, no! It's not like that! Can you give me a chance to explain?"

Christine was working herself into an angry lather, but she held back from exploding, at least for the moment. She said testily, "Fine. But there's no excuse."

Amy said, "Yes, there is. See, first off, the truth is, I kind of tricked Alan into being my boyfriend." She paused, then asked with apparent concern, "You promise to keep all of this super secret?"

"Yes." Christine was bursting with impatience. She was practically ready to clobber Alan the next time she saw him.

"It's true. I kind of led him along about some stuff. It's a long story, but the point is: I knew exactly what I was getting into all along. If anything, you should be mad at me for taking advantage of him to grab the 'Official Girlfriend' prize." She cowered visibly while awaiting Christine's reaction.

Christine didn't completely explode as Amy had anticipated she might. But she did exclaim hotly, "What?! That doesn't make any sense. He gets to play with anyone he wants and you don't, and he's the one who's been tricked? Amy, dear, I need to straighten some things out for you."

"Christine, please don't treat me like a kid." Amy looked around again as she considered what to say. She struggled with what to say. Making her decision, she continued, "I'm gonna be totally honest with you because I know how Alan feels about you. I hope he doesn't get mad at me, but that's better than you charging at him all angry, like a, well, like a meanie crazy girl. The thing is, lately, he's sort of become a super stud kind of guy. He has sex a LOT these days."

Christine, still pissed, said, "Yes, I've heard some of the rumors. And frankly, the details of his sex life or your sex life are probably none of my business. I don't care if he has sex five times a day; that's no excuse for the gross inequality-"

Amy cut her off. "Six, actually."

"What?"

"Six times a day. At least. That's how often he, you know, shoots his stuff. Every single day. It's a lot! He's some kind of non-stop sex guy. There's just no way I could handle taking care of his needs that much. Why, even before I became his official girlfriend, I was helping out, helping him shoot his stuff, you know, stroking it and sucking on his thingy-"

Christine interrupted, "You don't need to be so graphic. Let's call it climaxing."

"M'kay. So he climaxes a lot. He's got some girls to help here at school and others like me come over to help him at home. It's nice for me 'cos I live right next door. So I already know how it is and it's a bigger

job than I can handle alone. And speaking of big, you should see his thingy!" She giggled. "There's no way I could manage to swallow so many gallons of all that tasty cum, all by myself. I mean, my jaw gets downright tired, and my hands do too! True, I don't have as much practice doing it with him as some of the others, but still..."

Christine's head was reeling. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. She'd heard some rumors about Alan's new sexual prowess, but this far exceeded anything she'd ever imagined. "Wait a minute. Hold on here. What are you saying? Does he have some kind of abnormality or something?"

Amy considered hinting at Alan's medical diagnosis and prescribed treatment, but knew that she'd been sworn to complete secrecy on that. So instead she said, "I don't know. Do you consider a giant, fat, constantly-hard thingy an abnormality? Personally, I think it's pretty great!"

Christine's anger was giving way to complete confusion. "Hold on, hold on. Wait. You're telling me Alan has so much sex that it takes a whole team of girls to take care of him?!"

"Yep!" Amy giggled. "Pretty much. And we all practically have a big ol' cat-fight to see who gets to be the next one to take care of him, you know, to be the one to swallow his next big load. Gosh, his cum is so sweet and he just cums SOOO much! And his cock- Oops! I mean his thingy, it's just so big and smooth and throbby. It's like you just totally want to hold it and stroke it all the time. At least I do. I don't know if it's nine inches or ten inches or what - I should ask - but it's totally PUUUURRfect! If it was any bigger it would be too much and I wouldn't be able to put it in my mouth."

Christine was still reeling and slow on the uptake. "You, you... put it in your mouth?!"

Amy smiled proudly. "Only all the time! But also, not nearly as much as I want. If you only knew how good it feels, you'd be lining up to do it too. Gosh, when he slides his big fat thingy between my lips I get so hot that I get all juicy down below, if you know what I mean. It's soooo big that it just barely fits in my straining mouth and it really can tire my jaws out. But running my tongue up and down and all around and around and around it is a real kick! It just makes me wetter and wetter. And then the big payoff, and I do mean big, that's when he shoots all his sweet stuff down my throat. That the best! It's the bestest thing ever, just about! And somehow, I think blowjobs are even more fun when you share them. Two tongues are better than one! Don't you think?"

Christine stammered, "Share?!" She was so overwhelmed that she felt dizzy. She looked around and found that they were still alone. "I have to sit down." She wandered over to a nearby bench in a complete daze. She was no longer looking at Amy; she was staring off into space.

Amy followed her, looking at her with concern, apparently wondering whether too much had been said too soon. Everyone knew that Amy liked to practice total honesty and to share things unless she was specifically told not to. It was a habit that had gotten her in trouble before; perhaps it had caused problems this time as well.

"Please don't talk about his 'thingy' so much, okay?"

"M'kay. Sorry."

Christine recovered enough to look at Amy and say, "That can't be. I KNOW Alan. He's a nice guy. He's a smart guy, a kind guy, but no sex machine. I mean, I've been around him for a couple of years now; I think I would have noticed something."

Amy explained, "Oh, that's a simple mistake. You see, he only started getting like this recently. In fact, it started a few days after he asked you out, now that I think about it. Maybe that had something to do with it. Like, he was waiting for you for a long time and when that didn't work out he went whole hog with everyone else. That could be part of it."

Christine really hated to hear that.

Amy went on, "In any case, he doesn't like to boast. You know how modest he is. But believe me, he's great in bed. Every girl he plays with, they always have lots and lots of climaxes. So maybe now you can see why so many want to be his official girlfriend and why I kind of had to trick him to win out. Any girl he picked, and he has lots to choose from, they'd all agree to the same conditions in a heartbeat."

Christine stared blankly into the distance. "That's wrong. It's so wrong, so unfair!" On one level she was speaking about Alan's greater freedom in the relationship, but on a different level she was lamenting her decision to turn him down.

She thought, When he asked me out, how was I to know he was some kind of latent sex machine, just waiting for the chance to come out? In fact, he sounds so virile that it's almost scary. Maybe I was lucky to turn him down, because I don't think I could handle all that sexual energy. My goodness!



Amy watched Christine for a while. Finally, she asked, "So you're not still mad at him? I don't want you to be mad at him or at me."

Christine snapped back to reality. "Mad? Well... I don't know. Mad may not be the right word. I still think he's taking advantage of you in a very unfair, inequitable way. What kind of romance can last when there's so many... helpers? I just can't... I just can't understand. This is too strange. I'm gonna need some time to think about it."

Amy was a bit relieved to hear that, but said, "I took kind of a big risk telling you all that. I thought it would be important for you to understand how much things have changed since he asked you out and you turned him down. He's my Official Boyfriend now and I plan to keep him." Amy was easygoing, but not a complete pushover; she was telling Christine all this in part to mark her territory.

Christine, still shell-shocked, looked up at Amy. "Keep him? But what about all those helpers? How can you keep him when you don't even have him now?"

Amy just shook her head. "You don't understand. Alan loves me completely. The fact that he loves some other girls doesn't lessen his love for me one bit. It's like a parent loving their kids - if they have a second child that doesn't mean the first one is less loved all of a sudden, right?"

She added confidentially, "Just between you and me, I think Alan could be my 'Mr. Right.' I'm gonna stick with him as long as I can. Forever, hopefully, if everything works out like it should. Maybe you don't understand all that's happening, but don't try to undermine our relationship, m'kay? Please don't go to him and protest how unfair it all is and make him mad. It works for him AND it works for me, so if you can't understand that or don't like it, then sorry but tough tooties."

Christine looked at Amy with new-found surprise and respect. She'd never known Amy to take a defiant stand like that before. She said, "Okay, I promise not to undermine you. I do like you, Amy, and I wish you the best with him. On the other hand, I can't keep quiet about such an injustice. But I promise not to complain to anyone else about it and tone down what I do say to him. For instance, I won't rip his arms off the next time I see him."

"Thanks." Amy smiled. But then she frowned and asked, "Oh, and you're not going to tell anyone about this stuff I just told you, are you?"

"No. Definitely not, since you told me in confidence."

"Good. I mean, it's not really a big secret what a great lover he is or about how much help he gets, but I kinda wanna make sure people won't freak out before I go telling just anybody."

"Well, thanks for telling me about it now... Oh, and congratulations."

"Thanks!"

After some more small talk, Amy skipped off happily.

Christine remained brooding on the bench. She thought, That was just about the most painful and downright strange conversation I think I've ever had. I feel like such a heel. I thought he was mine! When I turned him down, I assumed that I could change my mind at any time and he'd be there, waiting for me.

Boy, I sure was wrong about THAT! It wasn't that I didn't want to go out with him ever; it's just that the time wasn't right and I wasn't ready. Now it sounds like I'd have to fight through a whole bevy of girls to get to him. He must really be something special to have so many after him like that.

She sighed deeply.

It's true that we still have our next non-romantic date coming up next week, but what good is that now? I was thinking I could use those to somehow ease into a romantic relationship with him, but now it seems like the non-romantic date will really have to be non-romantic after all.

She sighed again.

Maybe it's for the best. If Alan is anything like Amy and the rumors say he is, I don't think I could handle that. He sounds so sexually overwhelming that it frightens me a little. It's almost like Amy is trying to scare me away from him by giving me so much explicit detail, trying to break my hopes of romance. Could she be that clever? Nah, not little Amy...

I just wanted a normal boyfriend to do normal things together, not some guy who's climaxing every fifteen minutes or whatever it is. And I CERTAINLY couldn't handle his having a bunch of "helpers." That IS an outrage, no matter what Amy says.

Damn.

Christine stood up and wandered home in a very depressed mood.

Chapter 594 Susan In Cheongsam.!

When Alan arrived home he wanted to do only one thing, and that was to take a huge nap as soon as possible. For once, he was actually concerned instead of hopeful that his mother, Susan, would waylay him and demand to suck him off.

But to his surprise, she greeted him dressed conservatively, relatively speaking. She wore a green terry-cloth bathrobe. Lately, when he'd seen her in a robe, that had usually been a very promising sign. For one thing, simply knowing that she was naked underneath was extremely arousing. But this time seemed different. For instance, she actually had the robe so tightly wrapped around her that he couldn't even see any cleavage.

That disturbed him. He knew how much she'd come to love the "bounty of her chest." Furthermore, she rarely missed a chance to help him with "visual stimulation." He figured that if she deliberately wasn't sharing any glimpses of her cleavage with him, something had to be very amiss. Even more disturbing was her rather bland, almost dour, expression, instead of the joyful, loving attitude she usually had upon seeing him return home.

He thought, Oh no. Here we go again. What now? Just when I think things can't possibly get any stranger, they go and get stranger yet again. What's going to happen? Did someone get busted breaking the rules again? Is she having second thoughts about the double blowjob this morning? Or did Ron call and make her nervous or something?

"Hi Tiger," she said, happily enough despite the lack of a smile. "Don't worry; you're not in trouble or anything. You probably noticed the way I'm covered up. I'm sorry, but I just want to cool things off for a little bit, okay? I think we all need to cool things down after what happened this morning. Not to mention last night."

"Um, okay." In truth, Alan was so worn out from so much sexual stimulation in the previous twenty-four hours that he actually welcomed the respite. Anyway, Glory's strange spanking prank had driven him to new heights of pleasure, but somehow it had also turned him off to sex, at least for the moment. He was still too freaked out to want to be aroused.

Susan, totally unaware of his overwhelming experiences at school that day, explained, "It's just that I'm wondering where all of this is going. I'm wondering what the long-term effects of all this sexual activity will be on each of us. So we're all going to see a psychologist about it. Don't worry; she's an old friend of Suzanne's. I've been assured that she's very understanding and professional. Her name is Xania - spelled with an 'X' but pronounced like 'Z', with a long 'aaah' sound. So, phonetically, it's like 'Zaaah-ni-a.'"

The two sat at the dining room table while Susan told Alan everything else that she knew about Xania.

He had no idea what to make of it, but his brain reeled at the idea of seeing a psychologist. He had to cradle his head in his hands because he thought he just couldn't take any more new developments. He had a very, very bad gut feeling about it. All the sexual activity in the Plummer house had taken place in a complete cocoon, isolated from the outside world, so to let an outsider in on anything could lead to a complete disaster.

"...So until the psychologist sees us, I think we need to keep things cool a bit," Susan said as she finished her explanation.

Alan was particularly upset when she told him that the appointment would be during school hours on Friday, because he had some big tests at school that day, as well as an appointment with Akami that afternoon after school. But Susan explained that they planned for him to take their second car to the appointment immediately after his last test, which was Glory's class, and that he could reschedule his appointment with Akami to the following Monday. Doing all this on Friday would end up cutting it close for his trip with the Boy Scouts that evening, so he'd need to have everything ready before he left for school that morning. In the end the two mothers had concluded that his scheduling would be tight but doable.

Alan grumbled and tried to raise some objections, but in the end he didn't find any way out. He could have discussed it more, but he didn't want to think; he just wanted to sleep. He'd have to process it all later.

At one point, his mother told him, "Don't worry. I know what you're thinking - that maybe everything will change. But Suzanne has already talked to this Xania person. She understands your medical need for stimulation, and that you need to get a lot of your help from us. I'm not going to stop helping you that way, no matter what she says. But I'm just afraid of things here at home going too far. I mean, I get urges that I think would shock you. That has to change."

The mention of those urges caused them to start resurfacing again. It wasn't anything that she'd said or done; it was the mere fact that she was in such close proximity to her son. Also, she was naked under her robe, and the feeling of the terry cloth rubbing against her nipples reminded her of him pulling on her boobs. It was all she could do to remain calm and keep the robe closed until their discussion was over. She reminded herself that it was this very type of urge that necessitated seeing the psychologist. At the very least, she had to be able to deal with him in non-sexual contexts at least part of the time.

After some more chitchat, Alan was happy to retire to his room. Despite his mother's assurances, he was afraid everything would change because of this appointment. At the very least, he figured that his mother talking to a psychologist would dash his hopes of sleeping with her. He was extremely upset about that, but couldn't figure out what he could do to stop it.

Alan slept a long time. After his nap, he went looking for Suzanne. He had all kinds of things he wanted to discuss with her.

First on the list was his worry that he was slowly turning into an arrogant asshole, some kind of cruel "master."

Second, he wanted to discuss his concern that he was losing touch with the mundane, nonsexual world. He felt that would soon cause him to drop out of school, drop out of his social life, and basically drop out of everything that didn't involve sex.

Third, he wanted to discuss his spanking experience with Glory and figure out what that meant (although he had to figure out how to do it without revealing her identity).

Fourth, he wanted to talk to her about what was happening with Heather. Things with her were not going as planned.

Finally, and with the timeliest urgency, he wanted to discuss this appointment with the psychologist and what that could mean for their special family situation.

But he was unable to discuss any of it, because Suzanne wasn't there; she was still in L.A., making arrangements to pull off the psychologist charade.

He considered talking about some of this with his mother. Normally he might have done so, but these weren't normal times. He figured she was so heavily into her own weird mental trip, with all her own sexual concerns that had triggered this visit with a psychologist, that he didn't want to burden her with his other problems.

So instead he sought out his sister. The two of them commiserated in his room for a long time, mostly about Susan's decision to see the psychologist. Naturally, Katherine was as unhappy with the appointment idea as he was. She was very happy to have sex with her brother, and had no desire for someone to psychoanalyze her about the evils of incest. Just like him, she realized they had an unusually good thing going, and the odds were high that the visit to the psychologist would screw that up.

She pointed out to Alan, "Hey, life goes on. For instance, no matter what happens at home, at school you still have the cheerleaders, and they're bound to just get wilder and wilder. I mean, I heard what a big success you were today with Joy, Janice, and Heather. They're all raving about you."

She added, "At cheerleader practice, Heather was like a zombie. I figure it's 'cos you fucked her good. Am I right? I am right; I just know it! You're nearly guaranteed at least one good cheerleader fuck tomorrow. You can take your pick. And no one can prohibit you from being with Aunt Suzy. And then you have me, your own Number One Fuck Toy. We may just have to keep sneaking around, but so what? We've been doing okay with that. So this doesn't mean the end of the world for you. You know how many guys would kill to be in your shoes? They should make a porno movie of your life! They could call it 'Six Times a Day'." She giggled.

"Thanks, Little Sis. You know how to cheer me up. You're right that I have an incredible sex life and I should count my blessings. But I'm concerned about Mom. I don't want her to do something she doesn't want to do, but she's seemed so changed, so okay with everything lately. I'm puzzled."

"It's all going to work out, Brother. And here - I know another way to cheer you up." She unzipped his shorts. Afraid that Susan might hear, she whispered as she bent down and put her face in his crotch, "It's the duty of your fuck toy to keep your dick happy."

Alan was in no mood for teasing, or for physically intense sex, but he figured that kicking back and enjoying a nice blowjob would help reduce his stress.

Katherine worked hard to give him a loving blowjob. As it was a spur-of-the-moment thing, she didn't ask permission from Susan, but she also didn't ask for fear that Susan would say no, given her mother's newly cautious mood.

Alan had meant to talk to Katherine about her recent submissive comments, which he found disturbing. For instance, he wanted to know what was really going on in her head when she repeatedly called herself his "fuck toy." Was that just a game, or did she really mean it? But the blowjob felt too good to interrupt.

He looked forward to a talk with Suzanne and a chance to settle some issues. He figured that if she'd set up the appointment with this Xania, she probably knew things about it that he didn't, and he wanted to be reassured.

But before he could reach his climax, he heard the clicking of high heels on the floor outside his door. Then he heard his mother knock on the door and say, "Tiger, telephone for you."

He was surprised. He didn't have that many friends, and he'd been ignoring the few he had for the last couple of weeks, so he didn't get a lot of calls at home anymore.

"It's your friend Sean," she explained.

Alan considered what to do: ignore the phone, answer the phone, or answer the phone while his sister continued to suck him off.

He decided that he needed to make some sort of effort at a social life. He knew that he couldn't concentrate or speak without breathing heavily if Katherine was slurping on his erection, so he reluctantly pushed her head away, which ended the blowjob.

He talked to Sean for such a long time that Katherine gave up and left the room before he was finally done.

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For dinner, Susan trod a thin line between extremes by wearing something that was both sexy and conservative. Aware of Alan's love for costumes, she dressed up in a silky Chinese mandarin dress, known as a cheongsam, that was slit way up the sides. It thoroughly covered most of her skin even as it ably displayed her big tits and gave glimpses of her long legs.

But as much as she tried to take a "cool it down" approach, her emotions weren't ready to always obey her intellect. Not only was she addicted to Alan's cum, she was also now addicted to being naked or loosely dressed so that she could flaunt her body to her son at nearly every opportunity. She wore a worried expression, uncertain if she was doing the right thing, but her incestuous lust still drove her into wearing something sexy.

She didn't wear any underwear. The idea of going back to wearing bras and panties all day long was now completely absurd. She even disliked leaving the house because it meant that she had to dress up and put on at least a bra. She rarely wore panties outside the house anymore, as long as she was wearing other clothes that let her hide that fact.

Amy joined them for dinner. Now that she was Alan's official girlfriend, she hoped to spend even more time at the Plummer house than before.

She kissed Alan for many long minutes after she walked in the door - long enough for their kiss to turn into an all-over body grope.

Susan had to put a stop to it when Amy started to undo Alan's shorts. The conflicted mother pointed out that a blowjob or handjob wasn't part of Alan's official "getting of attention" method for Amy.

But Amy was in one of her infectious, bubbly moods, so that temporary obstruction hardly fazed her. It appeared that she still couldn't get over the fact that she was now Alan's official girlfriend.

Susan tried to impress Amy and the others with the seriousness of her concerns, telling of her new-found desire to see a psychologist. She found that difficult, because it was hard to be severe and serious in the face of Amy's infectious enthusiasm.



For instance, when Susan said to her, "Now, Amy, we have to sort of take a pause with Alan," Amy replied by asking, "Do you mean we should pause for air when sucking his thingy, or pause for air during a big French kiss smooch?" Then she broke into laughter.

Susan laughed along with the others, though in her current mood she didn't find it all that funny.

Amy steamrolled over Susan's worries. Changing the topic completely, she said, "Aunt Susan, I'm so psyched to be a full member of the cocksucker club. Finally! But I have so much to learn from you guys. You were super awesome showing me how to lick his thingy last night, but how do you get him in the mood in the first place? I'm not good at all with that flirting stuff. Can you teach me? Please? Super double duper please-y, please-y, please?"

#### Chapter 595 Teasing Lessons..!!

Susan was proud of her ability to get Alan's penis erect just about any time or place she wanted. That pride compelled her to answer Amy, and soon she was explaining in great detail the techniques that she used.

Katherine joined in with her own advice as well.

It was interesting information for Alan to overhear. He hadn't realized all the thought and strategizing that went into their flirtatious actions until he heard them described so clearly.

The women talked a lot about clothing. Susan said, "Amy, the key is what you wear, or, more importantly, what you don't wear. Now that you're one of Tiger's elite cocksuckers, and his official girlfriend to boot, no doubt you're going to find yourself naked and on your knees quite frequently."

"Rad! I love being naked!" Amy bent forward and listened more intently to discussions of one of her favorite subjects: nudity.

"We've all noticed that," Susan said with a smile, but some chagrin as well. "However, sometimes it's sexier not to be completely naked. Your mother was just talking to us about this yesterday, and I think she was spot on. You know the saying 'It's not the having; it's the getting'? Well, it's kind of like that. It's sexy to reveal yourself bit by bit. That's why stripteases are so popular. So you don't have to always throw all your clothes off right away, even though we all know how much you love to do that."

Susan continued in a motherly manner, "Remember that our goal, and now it's your goal too, is to keep Tiger's penis hard all day long, so he can achieve his six-times-a-day target of prolonged stimulations, getting his penis pleased for hours on end. Preventing that dangerous sperm buildup through hours of sucking and stroking; there's nothing more important than that."

Amy nodded but asked, "Why is his cum so dangerous? I don't get it."

Susan lectured earnestly, "Amy, perhaps 'dangerous' is overstating it a bit, but for a superior male like Alan, blue balls are a painful, dreadful thing. We've got to get that cum out of his balls and into our mouths, or on our asses, chests, and faces, or he'll suffer something awful. If this psychologist understands anything at all about superior men, and your mom assures me she does, she'll see why all of us have to help with this never-ending task."

"I really don't see what the big deal is with blue balls. It's not that..."

Amy's voice trailed off, because Katherine was furtively waving at her frantically from across the table. Katherine certainly didn't want anyone to correct Susan's notion about the dangers of blue balls, and neither did Alan.

Before Susan could go off on a big lecture, Amy quickly corrected herself. "Well, actually, now that I think about it, that does sound pretty bad! Gosh, all that cum trying to get out of his swollen balls - that's scary! It's a good thing we're all working so hard to keep his thingy well drained." She spoke very convincingly, with wide, frightened eyes, as if she were talking about a dreaded disease like the Ebola virus.

Then she quickly changed the topic, hoping to stop Susan from continuing her blue balls rant. "But Aunt Susan, what do you mean about not going naked? Should I just walk around in only my miniskirt? Is that what you mean? That would be a total bummer!"

Susan answered, "No, no, no. Not like that. The keys are flaunting your assets and having variety. For instance, look at this dress I'm wearing. This is a bit of a tough one, because look how caged my tits are."

Susan grabbed her tits through the dress, lifting them up and to the side several times. "You see? There's no way for them to escape - unfortunately. But there's more potential down below."

She traced her hands along a high cut in the cloth that went up her side past her hip. "You see this here? I can use this to my advantage. Look what happens when I bend over."

The voluptuous mother got out of her chair and bent down until her face nearly reached the seat of her chair. Her ass hung high up above the rest of her body.

"My ass is still thoroughly covered. But if I sway a little bit..." - she did so - "the cloth falls to the side and half my ass is exposed. And from where Tiger is sitting, he can not only see one completely naked ass cheek, but he can see my shy kitty peeking out too. Can't you, Son?"

Alan spoke up from across the room. "As a matter of fact, I can. Not that I would be looking, because that would be impolite."

They all laughed.

Her pose was making Susan so wonderfully horny that she stayed bent over. She could feel pleasant tingles all throughout her body, but especially in her nipples and pussy.

Katherine added more advice. "So you see, Amy, how wearing some clothes can be sexier than just total nudity?"

Amy nodded, seemingly paying very close attention to every word.

Katherine explained further to Amy, "Not only that, but there's something that isn't Mom's forte, at least not yet, and that's verbal innuendo. For instance, since Mom serves us dinner, it would be nice if, while she's bent over like that, she asks him, 'Tiger, would you like something to eat? Some of your mother's pie for dessert, perhaps?'"

Amy appeared confused by that, so Alan pointed out, "Some of these things are clichés. A 'pie' or 'hair pie' is another name for a hairy pussy. But hey, the funny thing is, clichés work every time. At least they do for me. Just like I could never get tired of the view that Mom is still giving me."

Susan wiggled her naked ass in Alan's direction, but then stood up. "Now Amy, Tiger may say that he'd want to stare at my ass forever, but variety is the spice of life. You have to keep doing new things. Don't stay in one position too long, if you want his cock constantly hard and yummy - er, I mean - well, you know what I mean."

She added as she spread her legs, "Remember that you always have lots of tough competition for his visual attention, from Angel, your mom, me, or whoever else is around. Since Tiger is such a well-hung yet kind and loving stud, there will always be plenty of sexpots eager to guzzle down his seed. At home we're all friends, so that's not a problem. But at school you've got to stay one step ahead of all the big-titted babes to keep your official-girlfriend position."

Amy frowned with apparent worry.

Susan straightened up as she went on with growing enthusiasm and arousal, "Keep an eye on his package. His dong. His willie. I'm learning lots of new names for it lately, and I love 'em all! See how hard it is. Half the time it's out of his shorts anyway, and then you can really keep an eye, or even better, a hand, on it while you flaunt your body." Her excitement and arousal were growing by the second.

She said saucily, "And another thing. I may not be good at double meanings, but one thing I've learned is that it's good to play the innocent. For instance, if I bend over like I was before" - she did it again - "it turns Tiger on even more if he thinks that my display is accidental."

Amy asked, "Is that true for all men in general, or just him?"

Susan shrugged, unconcerned. "Who cares about other men? I just know what works for my sweet boy." She beamed in Alan's direction.

Amy asked, "But how can we play innocent when he knows we're all a bunch of horny nymphos who are dying to get our hands or mouth on his thingy at all hours of the day or night?"

"Good point," Susan said, treating this topic as seriously as an impending heart attack. "That is a problem. You have to be more creative. Like right now, we're pretty much pretending he isn't here. That can be sexy. It makes it seem as if he's a fly on the wall, like a guy peeking through a hole into the girls' shower or something."

She continued, "Actually, as an aside, that's a good idea. Angel, don't you think we should drill a hole in the wall so Tiger can spy on us while we're showering?"

Katherine's eyes lit up. "Oooh. Excellent! Even if he didn't use it much, I know it would get me all hot and bothered every time I showered, just thinking that he might be watching. Unfortunately though, his room is across the hall from the bathroom."

Susan frowned. "Hrm. Let's think about that. I'm sure we can come up with something... Where was I? Oh yes. Knowing that something isn't completely real doesn't take away the fun. For instance, if I dressed up as an innocent schoolgirl and protested loudly while he took advantage of me, I bet that would turn him on."

"You know it would!" Alan agreed wholeheartedly. "This whole lesson is such a turn-on. Not that I'm here in the first place."

The others giggled at that.

Katherine chimed in, "We're lucky that he loves role-playing so much. Actually, we all love role-play. So, really, the sky's the limit. You saw the fashion show. Dress up as a nun or, I dunno, an astronaut. Anything! The key is creativity. Don't get in a rut and do the same thing over and over. Be creative."

Amy nodded. "M'kay. This sounds like fun, but it's also kinda tough. Why not just get totally naked and get down to business? Wouldn't that be even more fun, and a lot easier?"

"Sometimes, yes," Susan conceded. "But Tiger has a flair for drama. We all do here; it seems to run in the family. You have to compare the brute force method with creativity. Right now, all three of us could just drop to our knees, shuck off all our clothes, and beg that he fill us up with his sweet cum. That's the brute force method. It may be good once in a while, but as I said before and I'll say again, variety is the

spice of life. To keep my Tiger erect and spewing cum twenty-four hours a day, it takes a big bag of tricks and techniques. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, I think so."

Meanwhile, Alan was so aroused that he was driven to unzip his fly and pull his hard-on out of his shorts.

Susan continued explaining to Amy, "Remember what I was saying before, how an accidental display can be more fun. It's also fun to act like you're being forced to do something. Here, let me demonstrate."

After some fussing about, she managed to open her dress just enough to leave her topless. She stood there and said, "Amy, you can see how showing off my big hooters gets him excited. Look. His eyes are glued to my chest. That's good. Since you're a big-titted babe, you can take full advantage of that. But watch this."

Susan put on a tormented expression. "Oh no! What happened to my shirt? Where did it go? Here we are in the middle of a crowded, fancy restaurant and my shirt has ripped completely open and fallen to the floor! What'll I do? This is so embarrassing! Somebody help me! Doesn't someone have something I can wear? No?"

She put her hands near her chest in a protective gesture, but in fact, purposely, her hands didn't manage to cover the bulk of her tits.

She wiggled her whole body as if in great agitation. "Look at how everyone is staring. Please! Don't stare! It's not my fault. I was just wearing a sexy top, but when my nipples got hard, they strained the fabric too much and it ripped open like tissue paper. Oh dear. Look. People are taking pictures! Tiger, please! Help your mother! Quick. Come here and cover my tits with your hands! They're all staring at your mommy's big bosom!"

Alan was so inspired that he got up and put his hands on his mother's tits. He didn't cover them up so much as tweak her nipples. His shorts were low on his thighs and his erection bounced all over.

He was a sucker for role-plays and immediately got into the spirit of this one. He asked with grave concern, "But Mom, don't you think all the people in this restaurant will find it strange that a son is touching his mother's big tits?"

"Oh, you're right. Then let's not let them know you're my son. Quick! Kiss me on the lips so people will think I'm your girlfriend."

The two of them lip-locked for a few minutes, throughout which he continued to maul her tits. Meanwhile she placed a hand on his exposed erection and began jerking him off.

When Alan broke away from the kissing, he looked around at the imaginary audience in the pretend restaurant and commented with mock doubt, "I don't know, Mom. They're not buying it. They're still staring. They think you're my mother because you're older." He deadpanned, "Not to mention the fact that you mentioned that you're my mom a couple of times."

"Oh! Dear me." She pulled his shorts down further until they fell to the floor. She announced in a loud voice to their imaginary crowd, "If I were his mother, would I be doing this?"

She began to jack off his projecting boner openly, using two hands in a way that everyone could see. As both fists slid up and down his erection repeatedly, she exclaimed, "I'm just his girlfriend. One of many!"

She squealed in delight at that thought, at the idea of being a member of what was essentially his growing harem. "He can have an older girlfriend, can't he? Would his own mother jack him off so eagerly? Or do I also need to suck on his fat stick to convince you all?"

They could have kept going in this manner, but, in a sense, she was too successful. She bent down to take his shaft in her gaping mouth, but Alan had to stop her and pull away because he was about to cum. He made it clear, though nonverbally, that he needed to take one of his strategic breaks, which caused their role-play to come to an end.

Amy and Katherine applauded Susan's expert performance, clapping loudly.

Susan took a prolonged bow, which she used as an excuse to flaunt her heavy swaying tits even more. Then she finished with a few more words for Amy.

"See how effective that was? Note that the fantasy doesn't have to make complete sense. Of course something like that could never happen in real life. But look at how much more aroused he is than he would have been just from me flashing my tits. He literally couldn't help but come over here and explore my body after the way I enticed him. Not only that, but it got me so hot, too, that my whole body feels like it's burning up, even now. I was imagining being naked in front of a crowd of people in a crowded restaurant, with my Tiger ravaging me like a feral beast..."

She closed her eyes and drifted off into a mental continuation of her fantasy. Her recently voiced concerns and her desire to see the psychologist seemed completely forgotten, at least for the moment. She was in thrall to her lusty desires.

Although Amy appeared to be very impressed with all of this, Katherine was secretly miffed at just how good her mother was getting at arousing Alan.

The teasing lessons continued throughout the rest of dinner and afterward. Katherine and Susan flaunted their bodies every way they knew how, supposedly to demonstrate more methods to Amy. The dessert, which consisted of small bowls of blackberries and blueberries with quinoa, smothered in a smooth dark chocolate sauce, gave them even more opportunities. Each would take turns extravagantly licking every drop of the sweet sauce from one of their berries before suggestively suckling it in their mouths.

Together they kept Alan so aroused that he found it hard to eat dinner, even during the rare times when he wasn't being jacked off by at least one of the three women (and those were rare indeed). He finally had to ask them to stop because his cock was getting chafed from all the rubbing, to the point that he began worrying that it might be put out of commission.

#### Chapter 596 Kath And Amy

Even after they had finished eating, the four of them continued to sit and relax at the dinner table. The conversation eventually drifted to different topics and things cooled down for a while.



They ate oatmeal raisin cookies for dessert. Alan ran out of milk to drink with them. Since Amy was already in the kitchen to get something else, he asked her, "Amy, could you get me another glass of milk?"

"M'kay!" Amy went to the refrigerator and took out a milk carton. She recalled Katherine's advice to be creative, and came up with an idea.

She held the carton up high and said loudly, "Beau, I changed my mind. If you want the milk, you're going to have to come over here and get it."

Everybody else was surprised at that, not least of all Alan. Lately, everyone at home had been treating him like a king in all ways, and not just sexual ones. For instance, he was never asked to do household chores anymore, like wash the dishes, vacuum, or even clean the bathrooms. He tried not to act spoiled and to still help out as he'd done before, but he found it hard not to lazily take the easy way out. The fact that he didn't seem to have even enough time to do his homework anymore became his excuse. His recent focus on sexual fun had been taking up nearly all his free time, particularly in the last week or so.

Thus he found Amy's refusal of his request to be somewhat shocking.

However, ever the polite and good guy that he really was, he just said, "You're right. I shouldn't be so lazy." He again thought about his new resolution to be more humble as he stood up and walked to where she stood in the kitchen.

Amy, meanwhile, had whipped her miniskirt off, leaving her naked mere seconds later. Then she quickly took the milk carton, raised it over her head, and poured it down her chest. As Alan closed the distance to her, she turned her back to him and poured more of it over her shoulder and down her back. She giggled and said to him, "If you want some milk, you'll have to lick it up yourself!"

He was impressed. "Now that's creativity, Amy! What a turn-on!"

He chose to attack her back with his tongue, since that was the first area he could reach. He started low on her back and licked at the rivulets that rolled down her supple, soft backside.

She continued to pour more milk out of the carton, but slowly, so it would continue to dribble over her body for a long time.

Alan asked, "Aims, is your ass crack clean?"

She smiled widely. "Sure, Beau. I keep it clean all the time, just in case you want to go there."

"Good." He moved down to her ass and 'taint and licked there. Then he turned her around and started on her front side. He paused to say, "I probably should say something witty about pussies and licking milk, but I'm too busy to think." He dove back in.

They soon ended up on the floor with Amy face down. Luckily the kitchen floor was tiled instead of carpeted, or Amy's spontaneous idea would have made a mess. Even though much of the milk was now in puddles beneath them, Amy was still wet and coated in white.

Alan could have explored and tasted her whole body, but he concentrated on the part of her backside that led to her pussy. He took the milk carton from Amy's hand and poured the milk directly onto her ass, then lapped it up as it flowed down into her ass crack. He chased it down her crack until he eventually arrived at the bottom of her pussy. She was soaked in her own juices, and the taste of her cum and the milk mingled together in his mouth.

The sight was not lost on Katherine and Susan, both of whom had been watching avidly the whole time. The two of them stood up and walked over to get a better view. They were terribly excited by it all, and somewhat jealous, especially Susan.

She thought, Damn that Amy! I should have thought of this. Oh, milk! Milk! Milk makes me so hot! I want Tiger to lick MY milk. I want him to suck on my tits and drain my nipples! I want to be covered in milk. My very own breast milk. I want to pour it all over me, and bathe in it, and have him lick me everywhere!

Oh God, Amy, please stop. This is turning me on too much! I'm supposed to be refraining from this kind of thing! The psychologist! I have to stifle myself until I can see the psychologist. I want to get down on my knees and lick Amy dry, but that would be wrong. She's such an innocent lamb. I can't, I can't do that.

No! Wrong. Don't. No milk. Tits! Can't!

Susan's thoughts were getting more fragmentary and disconnected because she was finding it increasingly hard to think. Her heart pounded and her breath was ragged. Her breasts were still wobbling freely from her earlier 'restaurant' demonstration, but now she attacked them with both hands so aggressively that it seemed as if she was mauling her own chest. She managed to pull one teat up to her mouth and suck on it, and soon most of her attention focused on that as she became immersed in the thought of lactating into her own mouth.

Meanwhile, Katherine was thinking and fantasizing too. Fuckin' A! That's sexy. I wish I had thought of that. Amy's going to be tough competition, not just a pushover. Damn! What a body. I was just "shaving" her pussy earlier this afternoon, and now I don't know what I'm allowed to do. What'll Mom think if I get down and join Brother in licking up Amy's milk bath? Mom was just saying how we have to be restrained, but Amy certainly isn't showing any restraint.

I should totally take a spot on her back. Or better yet, flip her over and I'll get her tits while he works more directly on her cunt. Yes! No, better: have Mom lick her cunt while I do the tits. I want to see Mom lick a cunt! God, how I want that! But then where's Brother? Let him lie underneath Amy and fuck her cunt from behind, while Mom licks it from the front! And we'll pour more milk over her the whole time! Yes! Fuck yes! Lick it, Bro, lick it!

But neither Susan's nor Katherine's fantasies happened, at least not exactly as they'd imagined them.

Susan vaguely recalled her desire for restraint, at least until after the appointment with the psychologist, so she contented herself by merely suckling on her own nipple.

Katherine didn't want to do anything more to upset her mother, so she also limited herself to playing with her own breasts.

Susan, however, eventually couldn't stand the sexy sight any longer. It drove her wild with lust. She felt trapped and burning up inside her clothes, even though her dress was off her chest and hanging very loosely. She felt that she had to either join in their licentious floor-play or flee.

She chose flight. She stepped over Amy and Alan to grab another carton of milk from the refrigerator, then rushed out of the room yelling, "Behave yourselves!"

Her plan was to go to the upstairs bathtub and masturbate herself into oblivion while she poured milk all over herself and licked it off her own nipples. And that's exactly what she did.

Katherine was delighted that Susan had left, because that at least meant she could partially fulfill her daydream fantasy and join in.

She went to the kitchen, bent down on her knee, and tapped Alan on the shoulder. "Brother? Big Marble Column Brother? Wouldn't it be better if we turn her over?"

He stopped licking and looked up. Katherine was surprised to see his face soaked with milk. His T-shirt was soaked, too, since he'd neglected to take it off. "What? Oh yeah. Turn over, Aims."bender

"Yes, sir!" She turned over and spread her legs nice and wide. Her smile broadened.

Katherine grabbed the last remaining milk carton from the refrigerator so they'd have more to pour on Amy.

Alan spoke to his sister as he took his T-shirt off. "You know what's funny? I'm new to this whole pussy-munching thing. I thought it was too gross, and haven't done it much so far. But thanks to chasing the milk down her crack, I found myself licking the bottom edge of her pussy lips."

He considered mentioning how his cunnilingus skills had improved, but then he remembered that his improvement had occurred mostly when he'd been with Glory and he wanted to keep his intimate relationship with her a secret.

So he said vaguely, "Only in the last day or so have I been really able to check out pussy licking and get fully into it. And you know what? It's not bad. Not bad at all. I could get used to this. Sis, after all your blowjobs, I'm sorry to have neglected you that way. You should have insisted, and had me licking your pussy, like, ages ago!"

He bent down and resumed his licking. Amy moaned quite loudly.

Katherine was light-headed with lust as she imagined her brother eating her out. "You'll have to make up for that, big time, Big Pussy-pleasing Brother!"

"Agreed, Little Vise-tight Sister. But first I want more milk. Aims, where would you like me to lick?"

"My boobies! Can you lick my boobies?"

Katherine answered, "Wait. Please let me do that, okay? But Aims, save most of the milk. Because then we're going to pour some on me. And then, wait! Even better! We're going to pour some on Big Guitar-case Brother and find out how it feels to share a milk-flavored penis."

Amy's eyes lit up. "Cool! That's the most super amazingest idea ever! Amazotasticwonderifery Meganormous! Beau, I'm getting all tingly. Oh no. Oh! Oh! Oh! God!" Her legs flew about wildly as Alan's tongue drove her into a powerful climax. She let out a high-pitched squeal.

Sure enough, once Amy recovered from her orgasm, she and Katherine did double up on Alan's dick, covering it with milk. But it didn't stay milk-drenched for long, thanks to all their furious licking.

Katherine took the lead. After they'd licked for about a minute and butted heads once too often, she said, "Okay, Aims, since you and I will doubtless be sharing Brother's cock a lot in the future, let's get organized about it. As his sister and his favorite fuck toy, let me take charge. You follow my lead and try to stay out of my way."

"Awww. I wanna be his favorite fuck toy," Amy said with a pout. "Beau, when are you going to fuck me?"

Katherine snapped, "Hey! Keep licking. Don't push him like that. Since I'm the more experienced and talented cocksucker, give me top area. And stop being so pushy and try to learn something!"

They both resumed licking while Alan remained silent (aside from an occasional satisfied groan).

He thought, Oh man! This is incredible! Or even super incrediwondertastic, as Amy would say! Today seems to be the day of double blowjob breakthroughs! It's a good thing that Mom went upstairs, or

she'd complain this isn't necessary, since it's not an "emergency situation." Either that or she'd join in. Damn! That's a mind-blowing thought. But two tongues is way awesome already!

Amy obediently followed Katherine's lead, so there was no more jostling. However, she was frowning when she didn't have her mouth open, which was a very rare event for her. She wasn't pleased to have to give up Alan's prime sweet-spot area to Katherine most of the time, but since she didn't say anything, Katherine was too busy slurping and sucking (with her eyes closed most of the time) to notice.

For Alan's visual delight and her own pleasure, Katherine pressed one of her tits into one of Amy's. Soon the two of them had their racks rubbing into each other in the most delightful ways.

After a few minutes of mutual tit play, Amy and Katherine seemed to be on better terms with each other. Katherine said, "Aims, remember that we are pussies. Both a pussy cat licking up milk, or cum cream, and just a plain pussy. A cunt. We are Alan's cunts. Since you now have his damned girlfriend title, you need to get better at cocksucking. Remember what Mom said about keeping his cock hard and well drained. That's your main job now."

Amy didn't like Katherine complaining about her "damned girlfriend title" or her cocksucking skills, but she just said "M'kay." She didn't want to make a scene because, for one, she knew Katherine was right - that her own blowjob skills could use improvement (mostly due to her inexperience) - and two, she could easily understand Katherine's resentment that she had received the "Official Girlfriend" title and Katherine hadn't. Besides, Amy was easy-going in general and didn't want to upset those she loved.

Katherine grabbed the base of Alan's penis and squeezed it. She scraped her fingernails across his scrotum, which caused him to involuntarily groan quite loudly. "That's right. Let's meow for Brother, like good and obedient little pussies."

They said in unison, "Meow, meow, meow." Then they giggled and returned to licking and sucking.

Alan placed a hand on Katherine's head and petted her as if she were a kitten. She mewled with pleasure, encouraging him to keep at it.

Katherine lectured Amy condescendingly, "You see, Aims? The more you pleasure Alan, the more he'll give pleasure in return. That's just his way; he's not a selfish lover."

Amy rolled her eyes once Katherine was too busy cocksucking to see her doing it. She wanted to tell Katherine to stop the put-downs, but decided that having the "Official Girlfriend" title was the important thing, so she'd just let Kat's sour grapes pass.

Amy forced a smile and began sucking and licking Alan's balls. "Mmmm! Mmmm hmmm." Abandoning her scrotum fixation for a moment, she managed to bring her tits up to Alan's penis to rub her erect nipples along its length.

Alan moaned in delight. Katherine took note, and soon she and Amy repeated that move as they continued to stimulate him. As a result, the dual blowjob sometimes seemed more like a dual titfuck, but he hardly minded.

The sexual heat was rising with each passing moment, but so was the apparent competition (and jealousy) between Katherine and Amy. The two girls found themselves jostling and jockeying for position more and more aggressively. The increasing focus on titfucking was part of the problem. Each of them wanted to have Alan sink his stiff rod deep into their cleavage, but he could only do that to one woman at a time.

What had started as a sexy rubbing of breasts became more of a pushing match.

Katherine was the more aggressive, finally managing to push Amy away. With a victorious sneer, she took complete control of Alan's slicked-up cock and began sliding his fat shaft between her breasts. She said triumphantly, "Amy, you can't just coast on the fact that you have such big boobs. Watch and learn how a real titfuck is done."

Amy finally decided not to take it anymore. Even though all three of them were on the brink of climaxes, an argument had begun. "Kat, you're not being very nice! I understand you're upset at not being picked as his official girlfriend, but-"

"Ha! Like I care about that!" But her face clearly showed that she very much cared that her brother hadn't picked her.

Alan was so busy struggling to flex his PC muscle and stave off an impending orgasm that he wasn't paying enough attention to dampening down the growing conflict between the two girls. But he finally

said, "You two! Be nice! We talk later! Share cock!" He spoke in caveman-like sentence fragments because his breath was so ragged.

Katherine reluctantly removed her brother's dick from her cleavage. But now neither she nor Amy were that keen to touch it, for fear of creating more conflict. Neither wanted to be seen by Alan as the greedy one.

Alan still struggled mightily to stave off his climax. He'd held up remarkably well, considering all the varied sensations that had constantly teased his boner. He was still worried that it had been stimulated too much recently, and that it would hurt if he came again that night. But somewhere in the back of his mind, he realized that it would be better if he blew his wad, so he could focus fully on resolving the issues between the two girls. He decided not to fight the urge to cum, and immediately felt his balls tighten and pull up as a result, even though neither girl was touching his cock at the time.

As he reached the point of no return, he gasped, "I'm about to cum! I want to see the cum on both your faces. Here it comes!"

The girls closed their eyes and mouths and pressed their cheeks together. Whatever animosity they had had was subsumed for the moment by their mutual love of Alan and his cum. They were in full agreement about the importance of constantly pleasing him sexually, even if not about who should be doing so.

Alan held his cock as a steady stream of semen fountained their way. He aimed it first at Katherine, then at Amy, and then moved it back and forth until it sputtered dry.

#### Chapter 597 Picture-Perfect, Centerfold-Type

When he was done, he fell back and just panted for a while with closed eyes. When he opened them again, he saw the girls still sitting above him with copious amounts of cum dripping off of their faces. But they weren't doing anything about it; they both were just waiting for further instructions from him.

Alan sat up. "Okay, Sis. What's going on? You're acting bitchy and mean. That's not like you at all."



"I'm sorry, Brother," she said with genuine contrition, temporarily ignoring the jism slowly drooling down her face. "I can't pretend this thing about Amy being chosen over me doesn't bother me. You know I have self-confidence issues, and the fact that she's so beautiful and busty-"

Alan interrupted her. "Sis, you know that I love you, don't you? You were so much more than just a sister to me, even before all this sexual stuff started to happen. You're my best friend. Aims is great fun, and yes, I love her too. But that doesn't take away any of the love I have for you. It's like, just 'cos I love Mom, that doesn't mean I can't love you too! Right? Amy and you are like best friends too, and getting closer all the time. You've been best friends since you were both little. Don't let this come between you. Let's just love each other as much as people can possibly be in love."

"M'kay!" Amy said with great enthusiasm. She'd broken into a giant smile right when Alan said, "Aims is great fun, and yes, I love her too." Katherine's unusually annoying behavior seemed trivial in comparison.

Katherine smiled too, though a bit more grudgingly. She couldn't help but feel a lot better after hearing Alan say that he loved her so much.

She turned to Amy. "I'm sorry, Aims. Please, just give me time to work through this. I'm sorry if I criticized your cocksucking or anything else."

Amy nodded in understanding. She was careful not to nod too vigorously, though, as she didn't want to shake any of Alan's cum off her face.

Katherine added more brightly, "Let's work together to be the best cocksucking team there is! We can trade tips and teach each other stuff and even practice together. I promise I'll try not to be too piggish or judgmental."

Amy smiled from ear to ear. "M'kay! That sounds more like the Kat that I know and love."

Katherine's happiness grew even greater when she heard Amy say that she loved her. Surprisingly, it was something they'd never really said to each other before. She made sure her feelings were clear as well. "Aims, I love you too. How can anybody stay mad or jealous at you? You're just too nice a person."

Alan was very pleased, seizing on the moment. "Okay. I want there to be peace between the two of you. No more fighting. I want you to kiss and make up any bad feelings by licking the cum off each other's faces."

Katherine looked up at him and smiled. "Good idea, Big Polish-sausage Brother. Aims, you know how a dog marks his territory by going around and peeing on posts?"

"Yeah?"

"The man we love just did that to us. He's marking our faces with his cum. That tells everyone that we're his. Totally. I wish I could go to school just like this, with my brother's cum dripping down my face."

Amy protested, "But I'm already totally his! I'm his eager pussy!"

"Sure, I know. And I'm his eager Kat. But think about it: now you're his even more than before. In the spirit of cooperation and sharing, let me tell you a little secret. Make sure you always lick Bro's penis clean after he's given you a cum load. Some women find that kind of thing demeaning, but it's a fun job because the last drops of his cum are the sweetest. So always give him one final suck." She gave a happy wink to a smiling Amy.

"Really?"

"Definitely. You should see Mom; she's totally into it. I'm still trying to make it an automatic habit like she does. I think there's no better way to show your total devotion to serving Brother's cock."

Katherine went ahead and gave Alan's penis a good tongue bath (while simultaneously trying her best not to lose any of the cum droplets that clung to her face).

Amy desperately wished that she were the one who was getting those last drops. She sighed sadly as she watched Katherine do it. But at the same time her heart was soaring because she had reached a new level of intimacy and understanding with her closest female friend. Besides, she got to clean Alan's balls while Kat was working on his dick, and that was almost as much fun.

Once the girls concluded that Alan's penis and balls were completely clean (and then some), they put their faces close together and got to work licking and kissing the cum off each other as he had requested.

Alan slightly regretted his mutual cum-licking idea, because the sight got him tremendously aroused mentally even though his penis was still recovering. He'd managed a particularly big load after all their floor-play and their faces simply dripped with his jism. He thought, This is amazing. All this talk about finding new ways to keep me constantly hard isn't just talk; they're really doing it!

Amy and Katherine went on and on, licking each other's faces for many minutes. They were very tender and loving with each other. They both wanted to make up after their spat, and since they weren't in the habit of verbally expressing their feelings about each other, they tried to show their love with intimate licking, like a pussy and a cat.

At times, Katherine almost looked like she was going to cry, though it wasn't clear if they would be tears of sadness or joy or both.

Eventually, Alan's dick responded to the sexy sight. But his penis also hurt from too much recent stimulation - he was partially right with his guess that cumming again so soon wasn't a wise thing to do. He knew that if he had to pee hard it would be excruciating.

He pushed his erection between his legs so the two girls couldn't see it and inspire him to further naughtiness, which he would enjoy greatly at the time but later regret physically.

As their mutual licking ended due to a lack of any more cum, Katherine said, "Amy, again, I'm sorry. It's just that sometimes I can't control my feelings."

Amy said consolingly, "I can relate. I get jealous too. I mean, who doesn't get jealous of your mom and her special Tuesdays? Not to mention her super big boobies and her perfect body."

"I know!" Katherine agreed, giggling. "She gets so much of his cum, especially on Tuesdays. It's just not fair."

Amy continued, "But Kat, I really do love you. Let's help each other not be jealous, m'kay? If we're all catty, then we're not being the best sex toys for him that we can possibly be."

Katherine's eyes went wide in understanding. Those words hit the spot because she felt very, very strongly that she should be the best sex toy for her brother. She said gaily, "Agreed! I almost ruined his climax with my whining, and I'll be damned sure THAT's not going to happen again! If we're acting catty, we have to make sure it involves milk or licking!"

That led to more giggling and kissing between the two girls as Alan just watched and listened.

It was hard to say which of the three of them felt greater pleasure, because all of them were floating on clouds by the time it was over. They lay on top of each other, heedless of the now large puddles of milk everywhere.

There were a lot of jokes about Alan's "cream" and much discussion about how much fun it was to play with food. They brainstormed other foods to try out, but they were too exhausted to act on any of the ideas. In reality, all three were a complete mess.

As Alan lay there on the cold, wet kitchen floor, he thought about Katherine's recent behavior. Sis is such a total nympho. She's so intense in her feelings about me. And then the way she was going off on Amy... I'm not happy about that. In a lot of families those comments would seem like nothing. But our family gets along so well that, by our standards, that was a major blow-up.

Luckily, Amy's so cool about stuff; she knew what NOT to say. And she's smart, too. Like her comment about "not being the best sex toys for him that we can possibly be." It sounds like some innocuous throwaway line, but she cut right to the heart of things by suggesting that Sis has to do better to be the 'number one fuck toy' that she claims to be.

I'm so glad that Amy's turning out to be a lot more clever than I ever realized. Now I'm seeing that she was that way all along, but she's so subtle about it, like that particular comment. She pulled Sis's strings so precisely right.

Sis takes this "favorite fuck toy" title so seriously. I don't understand it. I didn't know she had that side to her personality, but I guess sex and love bring out weird tendencies and fetishes in people. It seems to go beyond fantasizing and into some kind of serious lifestyle for her. As far as I can tell, she literally likes

to think of herself as a fuck toy. MY fuck toy! I really ought to tell her to stop, but I gotta admit it's a huge turn-on.bender

And naturally Amy is completely amiable and agreeable to her suggestions. Of course I don't want either of them to be a "mindless cunt," but damn, it's fun to hear that, especially when both of them are gobbling up my dick at the same time. Wow!

But what could explain her thinking? What could cause her... Wait. I know what this reminds me of: harem scenes in old movies. You always get those scantily-clad women in the "I Dream of Jeannie" costumes fighting over access to the sultan. Even if they're captured slaves, they get seriously into it, trying to outdo each other. I know that's just a cheesy Hollywood story and not real life, but still...

That seems to be what's slowly happening to the women I'm with. The catty fighting and the trying to be the best possible slave - that's just like some Arabian Nights movie. I guess that's human nature; to try to be the best. What I don't understand is how did my own sister's main goal become simply one of pleasing me sexually? I mean, I'm just her brother, but the way she and Mom talk, you'd think I shit bricks of gold.

But what's weird is that Sis is sometimes jealous of Aims, yet sometimes helps her, like with this dual blowjob, the way they were going back and forth between cooperation and competition. I just hope she can keep this jealousy in check, because I think Amy really relies on her in so many ways, and of course they're best friends. Amy is so trusting and kind; it would be so easy for Sis to break her heart by being cruel.

I really should fuck Aims soon. I want her first time to be special, though. Maybe tomorrow night. And then I'll be fucking both of them. That should help keep everyone happy, if they're getting frequently fucked. I can just picture fucking these two over and over in a joyous ménage à trois. I guess there's cooperation and competition and alliances in a harem, so maybe this kind of problem is normal.

But do I really, literally, have a harem? I'm just a totally normal teenager leading a totally normal life in Orange County! Or at least I was! I'm here in a completely typical kitchen in an absolutely normal, if a bit well-to-do, house. Utter suburbia. No problem. Yet I'm pretty much resting in a puddle of milk with two gorgeous, naked teenage goddesses who are acting like catty cats, slurping and licking all over me. Fuck!

"What are you thinking?"

Alan shook free of his thoughts. He realized that he was still on the floor and that Katherine had asked him a question.

"Oh, nothing," he answered. But he thought to himself, I have to talk to her about this sometime soon, when we're alone. This is just too freaky. I mean, I still want my sister to be my sister and my best friend.

Amy was doing nothing more than lying there next to him. But Katherine had more energy. "Look, Brother. Your sister is a pussy cat. Meow! Meow!" She sat up like a cat doing pet tricks and wagged her tongue at him. "Hey, Big Flagpole Brother, can you feed your pussy cat a saucer full of your cream?"

All Alan could think was, Jesus Fucking Christ. I think my brain just blew a fuse. My sister is a naked cat. This is too much! I thought things were freaky before! My mom is a cow, my sister is a cat, Amy is a bottle of milk. So what does that make Aunt Suzy? She's just fucking sexy, that's what she is. Hell, they all are. Together they're going to slowly kill me with too much love.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Susan lay in her bathtub. Just as the milk had inspired a pussy-cat fantasy for Katherine, it was further inspiration for Susan's favorite animal metaphor as well. She stayed in the bathtub for quite a while. When the milk ran out, she filled the tub with hot water and lay there, still fantasizing about Alan and milk.

Her desire to lactate for him was greater than ever before. I'm a fuck cow! A milk cow for my son. 'Cow' sounds funny, but it's so appropriate, because all a cow does is sit around and go "moo" while the owner takes care of everything and plays with her private parts. Alan is my owner and he takes care of all my needs. He fills my mouth with hard, hot cock every day! Squeeze my breasts, Tiger! Squeeze my tits until the milk comes gushing out. That's my udder. Milk my udder while I milk you! Fuck yes! Good Lord God! Fuck!

The water sloshed out of the tub as she writhed around, on her way to yet another orgasm.

If Alan could have known her thoughts, his brain might have simply exploded from sheer amazement at the weird, sexual world he now inhabited.

Alan, Amy, and Katherine cleaned up the kitchen floor, removing all traces of the milky mess they'd made. Once that job was done, Amy returned home to cook dinner for her dad and brother, since her mother Suzanne wasn't around.

That left Alan and Katherine alone downstairs. Alan was very gratified about that, because he needed to talk to her about things. He sat down on a stool by the kitchen counter and asked, "Can we talk, Sis? Something serious?"

"We could, but couldn't we take showers first? I'm still all naked and sticky. You are too."

"Let's talk now. If we shower now, who knows who else will be around by the time we're done. I want this to be just between you and me."

"Okay." She sat on the stool next to his. "What's up?"

"Kat, I gotta say I love how much you love helping me. These last few weeks have been beyond fantastic. But this whole pussy-cat thing - it's weird. Mom, at the same time, is going on about how she's a sex cow. And you're getting, like, sooooo into the 'favorite fuck toy' concept. Is this all just playing around or are you seriously getting into some weird stuff?"

She responded, "You know how you're so into role-plays? Like at the fashion show? It's like that. Maybe a flair for the dramatic and fantasy runs in the family, like Mom said. It's just some harmless fun." She was trying to tone down her "fuck toy" talk since she saw that it bothered him.

"But come on, Sis, it's more than that, isn't it? You already told me it's more. It's like you love being a sexual plaything. You like the submissive aspect of it."

"Okay, maybe. Maybe a bit... All right, maybe more than just a bit. But what's wrong with that? I'm having a blast. This is sooooooo, so much FUN!"

She threw her arms up in the air to punctuate her enthusiasm. "I'm walking on air every day. Being with you makes me feel so good. I'd do anything to make you happy in return. I'll be your slave gladly."

Alan replied carefully, "Well, it's cool that you're so happy. I'm happy too, lately. Deliriously happy. But I don't need you as a slave; I need you as a sister. I love you the way you've always been. You don't have to be a pussy crawling around naked on all fours drenched in milk for me to love you. I mean, this is weird. It feels like I'm in Bizarro world here and I don't understand what's going on anymore."

"Big Telephone Pole Bro, let me tell you what's going on. We're having a sexual free-for-all. It's like sex, sex, sex, twenty-four seven. And I'm discovering just what things really get my motor running. I practically cream in my pants when I think of being your fuck toy. That phrase just came to me spontaneously one day, and it felt so right. I love it. I think about it all the time. 'Fuck toy'. Everything since just makes me feel that way even more. Maybe it's the fact that I was so repressed my whole life, so when the sex came out, it came out big time and I'm going overboard a bit. That could be what's happening to Mom too."

"I think so. Yeah, actually, I know so. Good point."

"But I'm still your same loving younger sister that I've always been. I haven't been possessed by pod creatures from another planet, or anything."

"I don't know," Alan replied. "I mean, obviously I'm not literally thinking that, but it's weird how both you and Mom are so into this submission stuff."

Katherine replied, "Yeah, that's partly just luck, I'm sure. But seeing her go that way makes it easier for me to do it too, and it becomes like a vicious circle, but in a good way. We get a bit carried away."

"Yeah! I noticed that," he said with understatement.

She just grinned. "Anyway, I'm still the same ol' me. But now there's this new side, too, and it's a side that loves to please you more than anything. Don't think of it as a purely selfless thing, because when I please you I get sooooo much pleasure in return."

She paused. "On second thought, it IS a selfish thing. Think about it. On average, for every orgasm you have, I have at least three. Easy. Probably more. And not just any old orgasms; these are Earth-shattering, brain-splitting orgasms. Is it any wonder that all the women are falling all over you, when you can please them like that?"

Alan remained silent, partly out of modesty and partly because he couldn't see how he was responsible; it must be their own fantasies that were taking them to such repeated heights.



She went on, "Sexually, I think it's mostly your stamina. Whenever you do something, you just do it for soooo fucking long. The girls at school talk about sex, so I know what other guys are like, plus Aunt Suzy has shared with me some of her considerable sexual knowledge. I know that most guys do a quick missionary position - "Bam! Bam! Thank you, ma'am" - and then it's over. Did you know that in Brazil the average sex act lasts forty-five minutes, but in the U.S. it's only five? That's a serious fact. Five minutes!"

She rolled her eyes derisively. "And at our lame-ass high school, a girl is lucky to get five. That's not enough time for a woman to have even one climax. The guys don't care if you do or don't anyway, as long as they get their rocks off. But with you, after half an hour of solid fucking, you're just getting warmed up! Hell, even blowjobs are so awesome, especially lately. It's like you're an octopus, with your hands roaming all over me and pushing all my buttons. I always cum whenever I suck you off. It's ALL so exciting! I'm totally in love with you, and I don't care if you are my brother. In fact, that just makes it way better, because I already loved you so much!"

Alan replied, "Of course I love you too, but am I really all that? Come on. That's a bit of an exaggeration."

"No it's not. The other day you fucked me solid, really hard, for over an hour, and that was no particularly big deal for you. I died and went to heaven so many times. I don't even know how many times, 'cos all the pleasure is just one big wonderful blur."

His natural modesty kicked in. "Don't say that, because I feel myself becoming more of an insufferable, egotistical jerk even as we speak. I'm just an ordinary guy. I don't want to be some famous lover; I just wanna be me. I don't understand why all these picture-perfect, centerfold-type women, including you, are all over me."

"If it makes you feel better, Bro, maybe you'd be more ordinary down in Brazil. Or other places where people love sex, love doing it, and spend years getting really good at it. Here, in this repressed country, even here in Orange County, people are ashamed about it and just kind of stumble into it. There's no training. People just muddle about. But you - you've been trained. Mostly by Aunt Suzy, I assume. How many teenagers have all your teenage energy and stamina, combined with lessons learned from a very experienced older woman? And then there's also that PC muscle trick of yours. God, you're awesome with that. The way you pause, and then go again, then pause and go again. And again! I know you're not some giant twelve-inch-long penis guy or something, despite the way Mom goes on about you sometimes. You're just really, really good through lots of recent practice."

He laughed. "Yeah. Lots and lots and lots of practice. Maybe too much practice. We need some balance in our lives."

"NoooOOOOoooo! Don't say that! I love you, Brother. I don't ever want it to stop. I just want to do more, more, more, more, more, more, more! And then there's what both of us can do with Mom and Aunt Suzy and Amy and... and all the other cheerleaders. I've become a total sex junkie and it's all thanks to you! I just want to be your fuck toy and have you take me along on all your sexual adventures. Like this milk thing with Amy. Was that hot or what? I'm getting all horny right now just thinking about it. I loooooove being a pussy for you. Both kinds. Don't be a party-pooper. Don't make it stop."

"Whoa. How did things come to this? Man!" Alan's brain was reeling. He stared off into the distance, deep in thought.

Finally, he said, "You know what? I don't want it to stop either. I guess I'm a sex junkie too. I just want more and more, too. I'd be lying to claim anything else. This is a once-in-a-lifetime, one-in-a-million opportunity to love so many beautiful and wonderfully caring women. But we need to maintain contact with reality at least a little. Like school. Are we just going to fuck our way into failing right out of school, and drop out so close to graduating? Or what about getting into a good college?"

But she replied, "Don't worry about studying. That's why we'll be doing more of the stealth stroking help. We're going to stroke you right into the Ivy League."

He shook his head. "I'll believe that when I see it. I think I'm going to be stroked right into disaster, though I'll be loving it all the way down. Not to mention the growing likelihood of getting caught. One day, Brad or Eric or someone else is going to wander over here. We have all those windows in the back, and if anyone takes a look inside they'll be able to see everything. All hell is going to break loose. It could all come down at any moment. And what about our social life? We have to have something of a normal social life."

She countered, "But why? All my favorite people, everyone I really love, I now can also love sexually. Amy was my best friend already, in school and all my life. And then there's you and Mom and Aunt Suzy. Everyone else can go hang as far as I'm concerned. In fact, all this sex is even making me new friends, like Kim; she and I are really close now."

"Well, that's good for you," he replied. "And I'm on the same page with all the people you just said, but I had other friends before. Mostly guys with common interests. I'm not exactly planning on having sex with them as a new way to say hello. Those friends are slipping away. My grades are falling apart. And although the sex is out of this world, there are just too many women. I can't handle it! I feel like I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown. So please don't weird me out too much. If things get too much for

me, then I'm gonna literally say the word 'uncle,' and then I hope you can cool things down and set things straight. A big time-out, if you know what I mean?"

She nodded gravely. She wanted him to know that she was taking this seriously along with him. "I do. 'Uncle' is the word. I can only imagine how intense this all must be for you. That's one reason why we're all so grateful for everything you do for us."

"Okay, but you don't have to be THAT grateful, all right? Everything in moderation, okay?"

"Okay. We'll do just what you want. Whatever you say goes, Big Oil Derrick Brother." She winked while grinning a bit. "You know, those oil derricks keep going up and down in a piston motion twenty-four hours a day, pounding a hole, and then just pounding into it over and over and over."

He rolled his eyes but grinned at the same time. "I know. You don't have to spell it out."

"But it's so much fun. Sex is fun and natural. There's no need to freak out. Let's just go with it and enjoy it." She gave him a big hug and a long kiss, followed by some necking with lots of tongue.

He felt a lot better. He wasn't sure how much of that was due to the sensation of her ample tits covering his chest while her hard nipples pressed into him, and how much of it was the sensitivity and caring she'd just shown. Either or both, they sure made him feel good.

"I'm gonna go take a shower. See you in a bit." He paused, added "Little Iron-fisted Pussy-muscle Sister," and winked.

"THAT'S the brother I love!" She gave him another longer hug and a deeper, more passionate kiss.

Before he finally pulled away, she made sure to blatantly caress his dick with her pussy lips, coating his cockhead with a small amount of her pussy juice.

As soon as he noticed the contact, he broke the embrace in order to avoid further temptation. But for her it was another small victory in her subtle campaign to get him to give up on his ban on fucking her at

home. She'd already gotten him to fuck her in her bedroom on Monday, and with Susan in the house at the time, no less. She was confident she could get him to give in again soon.

As he walked away, she said, "Wait!"

He turned around and saw that she had struck a sexy pose. She cooed, "Was I mistaken, or did you just call me a 'picture-perfect, centerfold-type?' Because I'm modest too, and I think you're totally wrong."

She very purposefully stretched and preened her naked body just like she thought a centerfold would. She smiled gleefully. She reveled in the irony, because she proudly showed off her body without any modesty at all.

He walked back to her and grabbed her by the waist. He put his face close to hers and rubbed his nose against hers playfully. Then he pulled back. "You are. Big time centerfold material, that is."

She smiled widely and asked teasingly, "How do I know you're sincere, and not just saying that to make me want to do nasty things?" She grabbed his cock and looked down in surprise. "Oooh! Look at this! Maybe you are being honest after all." She started to rub his insistently erect shaft.

Alan groaned from the pleasure and recalled how much his penis had hurt fifteen minutes earlier. "Oh man, Sis, we really shouldn't... Okay. Uncle."

"Uncle?' Damn." She reluctantly pulled her hands away. "See? I'm a good girl. We can do this. But are you sure you wanna stop?" As she asked him the question, she seductively ran her finger along her wet slit and stuck her tongue out to lick the finger clean. "Mom's upstairs and lost in her own world. Probably masturbating again, thinking about you like always. If we're quiet..."

He wavered, feeling sorely tempted. "No. I don't want to stop; I never want to stop. But we SHOULD stop. There's a difference. Sometimes you have to do things you don't want to do."

As he started to walk away, she smiled, knowing that she'd weakened his willpower on the no-sex-at-home ban a little more.

Again, before he left the room, she called out, "Wait!"

He turned around. "What now?"

"One last thing. Don't have this kind of conversation with Mom, okay? Don't ask her about going too far with her cow fetish or anything else." All traces of her seductiveness disappeared, despite her nakedness, and she seemed deadly serious.

"Why not? I was gonna do just that."

"Because she's going through her own issues right now. No need to worry her with anything more, until she gets what she needs from the psychologist."

"Okay. Fair enough. That's a good point. Love you, Sis." He blew a gallant kiss, bowed, and walked off.

#### Chapter 598 Suzanne And Kath, Brenda Is Arriving?

It was after dinner before Suzanne returned from her day in L.A. She stopped by the Plummer household to check on Susan's mood and talk to her about some things, and also because there was another card game with Brenda planned for later that evening. She walked in just minutes after Alan had left his sister in the kitchen, so he was in the middle of taking his shower while Katherine was still cleaning up.

Suzanne succeeded in hiding the fact that she'd been out of town at all, which wasn't that hard to do given that no one was checking into her whereabouts. She reminded Katherine that Brenda would be over before long. Then she went upstairs to look for Susan, who was still luxuriating in the steamy tub.

Susan was in the middle of a great daydream. At first, she had been bemoaning the fact that Alan had chosen Amy as his official girlfriend. She thought, despite all reason, Why couldn't he have picked ME?! Okay, admittedly, I'm a bit older. And I'm his mother. That IS a bit of a problem. She briefly giggled to herself at what an understatement that last one was.

But what if? What if?! What if nobody at his school knew me or especially about my relationship to him?

Imagine if I just strolled onto the high school grounds one day and was introduced as a new transfer student. Everyone says I look so much younger than my age, and sometimes I even still get carded at restaurants. So I could pull off being a rather mature-looking high school senior. Suzanne couldn't do it, but I could.

Since I'm so buxom, Tiger would probably end up banging me by the end of my first day at school, even if he didn't already know that I was his naughty mother. His "porn mom," hee-hee. He'd just bang me because I'm a certified busty hottie and he has his way with the hot busty babes at school! In fact, by now it's probably institutionalized school policy that if there's a new cutie with double-D's or bigger, they make special arrangements so he can bang her right away, over and over, like a cheap screen door flapping in a hurricane.

That thought led her to start fingering her pussy under the water once again.

I can see it now. I'd be wearing the kind of "dress to kill" tiny outfit that slutty tramps like Heather must wear to school these days. The kind of outfit that schoolgirls wear when they want to say, "Alan, throw me to the ground and drill me right here and now!" And definitely no bra. Or even panties!

In any case, some matronly, frumpy school official would hand me a class schedule. I'd look it over and ask, "What does this mean: 'Third period: Orientation'? What kind of class is that?"

The old crone would cackle and say, "Oh, that's a very special class brought about by... Oh, you could say it's thanks to a special endowment."

"An endowment?" I'd ask cluelessly.

"Oh yes. A very big, really thick endowment. In fact, that's the endowment class all around because only the most endowed females can attend. It's a very TIT-illating class, hee-hee! It's strict school policy that new students who look like you need a whole lot of extra 'orientation.'"

Naturally, I'd be puzzled and say, "I don't understand what you mean. And what does that mean, exactly: 'orientation'?"

She'd cackle some more and say, "You'll find out soon enough. Alan - he's one of the students, but he effectively runs that class - Alan will 'orient' you good, don't worry. It's easy. In fact, you'll find out that to be properly oriented, pretty much all you have to do is lie down and spread your legs. Then Alan will 'fill you in' with so much 'orientation' that you'll need two towels to clean up whatever comes dribbling out."

Of course, since I'm so clueless about sexual innuendo, all her comments would go right over my head. But it wouldn't matter what I understood or thought at all. If you've got the jugs and you go to Alan's school, he's gonna fuck you!

So then I'd go to a special room the school had set up in recognition of Alan's studliness and great sperm-draining needs. He'd be surprised to see me there and he'd have to pretend not to know me, but he'd give me a very thorough 'orientation' just the same! Hee-hee-hee! He'd rip off my flimsy clothes, toss me on a sofa, and screw me into oblivion for the whole hour-long school period while the rest of his hand-selected babes in the class are forced to just watch and masturbate!

She writhed around outrageously, as if she was unable to control any part of her body. Water was splashing all over and sometimes even sloshing out of her large tub, because she was moving about without restraint. All the while she kept fingering her pussy, digging in deep while assaulting her clit.

Oh GOD! Totally nude, bent over and FUCKED in front of all my son's other sex toys! How hot is THAT?! Oh! Oh God! SO HOT! SO HOT! If only it could be! Clumping four fingers, she thrust her hand in and out of her pussy like it was a thick penis. Oh God, I can feel his HUGE COCK, sliding inside me! So hard! So deep! So perfect! Mmmm! Mmmm! MMMM! HNGGG!

She came hard. Water continued to splash out of the tub until her orgasm finally ended.

Eventually she fell still, completely sated, simply breathing hard for a minute or two. But her fantasy was so arousing that she resumed fingering her pussy (with only two fingers this time) as soon as she had recovered somewhat.

She continued in a calmer tone, But that would be just the start. I'd be able to help him wherever he goes. At home, I'd still be his same "porn mom." Tiger can't fuck me there, 'cos motherfucking your very own mommy is just too naughty. But I could live with that because at school I'd be Susan, the surprisingly stacked transfer student. Susan, the surprisingly well-FUCKED transfer student! Hee-hee!

Since I wouldn't have all the same classes as him, I'd let Amy and the others jack and suck him off in those classes, or in the halls from time to time. After all, it's his right and his prerogative to get a little variety. If nothing else, he has serious medical needs!

But most of the time I'd be there by his side, pressing my big, braless tits into him. Everyone would just accept the fact that I'd always have my hands inside his shorts as one of those quirky things. All his friends would just roll their eyes when I'd spend yet another lunch in the cafeteria with my head in his lap. Or better yet, sitting in his lap, lightly bouncing up and down on his 'special endowment,' hee-hee! And then, of course, I'd have my Orientation class with him every day. Or maybe they should call it the Astronomy class, 'cos I'd end up seeing stars every single time! Hee! Hoo-wee! This is fun!

We could all get naked and practice our double and triple blowjobs on him, for hours! I know he really has a thing for Christine, and for good reason. She's a hottie! She and I could take turns bobbing on his knob. Oooh, and Heather! She's another hottie! She could take care of his balls while all his other women watch! Mmmm! MMMM! YES! SO HOT!

Susan was increasingly busy fingering her pussy under the water. Yet despite her growing arousal, she was also building up some righteous indignation. Sadly, that's just a fantasy, because people just don't understand! If only they knew about Tiger's critical needs. Sex isn't just fun and games for him; it's a vital medical procedure! He NEEDS holes to stuff his-

Just then, Susan was interrupted in her reverie when Suzanne entered the bathroom. The two mothers were so familiar with each other, and by this time with each other's nakedness, that Suzanne usually didn't even bother to knock. But this time Susan was so lost in her erotic dream world that Suzanne had to knock on the side of the bathtub just to attract her attention.

Susan didn't protest that she was naked, though some lingering sense of modesty caused her to partially cover up her rack with one ineffectual hand.

"Oh, poo. It's you." She reluctantly quit fingering herself.

"Boy, thanks for making me feel welcome," Suzanne said with surprise at Susan's unusually bad manners.

"No, sorry. I don't mean that. It's just that I was having such a lovely daydream. What's up?"



Suzanne began talking while Susan remained lying in the water like a limp noodle. "I talked on the phone with Xania today. I should tell you what-"

Susan interrupted. "Hey! Why are you taking your clothes off?"

Indeed, Suzanne was, but she just laughed as if that was a silly question. "Susan, look around. I need to talk to you for a while, but this room is soaked. It's like you used it for your personal water park. I don't want my clothes to get wet." To make her point, she took her blouse off and carefully hung it on a towel rack.

"Oh," Susan replied, disappointed. She didn't want Suzanne to take her clothes off because she found her friend so incredibly attractive, particularly when naked. She felt like saying, "Okay, but please don't act too sexy," but she didn't.

They discussed some of the logistics of Susan's upcoming visit with the psychologist, including what Susan might say to her and the like. That took nearly half an hour.

Halfway through, Susan started to get too cold in the tub, with her skin starting to wrinkle, so Suzanne talked her into getting out and drying off before they continued the discussion on Susan's bed. She also managed to talk Susan into keeping her clothes off, and she kept her own clothes off as well. But they just lay in bed side-to-side, talking, with only incidental physical contact even though they were both naked.

Suzanne had serious things to discuss, so she didn't want to engage in any hanky-panky. However, she also loved to look at Susan's perfect body, and she knew that Susan would be in a more mentally receptive state if she was a little bit horny. And indeed she was right: Susan agreed with everything quite readily.

Near the end of the discussion, Suzanne suggested, "You know, with everything in flux regarding the psychologist and all, maybe it would be better for the time being if I take care of Sweetie's needs more of the time."

"Perhaps," Susan said grudgingly. That was one issue on which she wasn't going to easily cave. "However, I'm sure you'd agree that his needs are greater than any one woman can satisfy, don't you

think? To be on the safe side, I think it takes the four of us: you, me, Amy, and Angel, at a bare minimum. I mean, there's just so much stroking and sucking and teasing that needs to be done."

Suzanne could have pointed out how Susan had been doing just fine handling Alan all by herself every Tuesday, but she figured that to get between Susan and her scheduled weekly semen fix was about as unwise as getting between a mother grizzly bear and her cub.

She also didn't like it that her daughter would be so actively involved with Alan, despite the fact that she knew him to be an honorable and essentially good person. She didn't want another major competitor for his attentions, and she definitely didn't like seeing her "Honey Pie" daughter grow up so fast. But in her heart of hearts she knew there was no stopping Alan and Amy being together, and she realized it was probably for the best in the long run. Amy was a part of "the gang," and it just wouldn't work to keep her out of all the sexual fun. If Amy had to be with someone, and given her blossoming interest in sex she would insist on that, Alan would be the best for her.

So, after pondering the Amy situation, Suzanne merely nodded and said, "At least you wouldn't mind if I take care of the rest of his needs this evening, up until the party, would you? You seem exhausted."

Susan was very grudging, but couldn't think of any rational reason to refuse. "No, I suppose that's okay. I guess I need a break and some time alone to think. But what's this about a party?"

"Get your rest now, because you're not going to have that much of a break. Brenda will be here in about half an hour. Another weekly card game, you know."

"Oh dear. I totally forgot. I'd better get ready. Time flies when you're having so much fun sucking cock." She grinned and stretched her body to get more comfortable.

Suzanne grinned too, happy that Susan was loosening up and enjoying herself more each day. She thought, Now if we can just get Xania to play the psychologist role and quell her last doubts, we'll be home free. Susan will be a totally uninhibited sex maniac. We're soooo close. I can't wait.

Taking advantage of the fact that she wore the exact same clothing sizes as Susan, Suzanne put on something sexy from Susan's closet and went to look for Alan. She'd consciously tried not to think about him all day long, just to calm her overheated mind. Setting up all the details for the psychologist visit had

been a good diversion, but on the long ride home from L.A. she could think of little else but fucking her young lover for the first time.

As she walked to his room, she found herself shaking with excitement. She crossed her fingers, hoping that the time was finally right for them to fuck. But when she found him there, lying on his bed doing nothing, she was surprised to see him laugh in response to her appearance.

"What's so funny?" she asked, slightly hurt.

"Sorry, it's just that you should see my sister. She was just in here a couple of minutes ago, wondering if my dick needed any more assistance." He yelled out, "Hey Sis, can you come here?"

Katherine walked across the hall and into Alan's room, and then started laughing too. Both she and Suzanne were dressed in nearly the exact same outfit, which consisted of nothing but a few thin straps of clothing. The only difference was that Suzanne's outfit was black and Katherine's was red. Both even happened to have one nipple uncovered at that very moment (though with such an outfit, it was nearly impossible not to).

Suzanne blushed and thought, How embarrassing. It makes me look like I'm just another woman in his harem. I'm the mastermind here, dammit. This shouldn't be happening!

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When Suzanne remembered that she was wearing Susan's clothing, she finally saw the humor of their identical clothing and poses, and joined in the laughter. "I guess the effect of this outfit has been ruined," she said as she pulled on the straps repeatedly to expose more skin. "I'm just trying to get you aroused, because your mom has put me in charge of your penis for the rest of the evening."

"Has she?" asked Katherine. "Rats!"

Suzanne said with a sexy wink, "However, there's no rule against sharing, is there?"

Katherine's face broke into a huge grin. "Oooh! I like the sound of that!"

Alan groaned, pretending to be bothered by the implications.

"Actually, maybe this outfit isn't a total loss," Suzanne said, as she unzipped the zipper on Alan's shorts. His ever-resilient boner sprang to rock-hard attention. "It does seem to inspire you. Maybe it's just the associations with someone else who might have worn it."

"Yeah, don't get rid of that," he said. "I like it. And I like it even more when both of you are wearing similar ones at the same time. It makes you seem like twins or something."

He could have added that the way Suzanne had placed her arm to accentuate her huge tits certainly helped his appreciation of the outfit, but he realized that tit size was a dangerous topic whenever Katherine was present.

"Unfortunately," he went on, "even though my dick is somehow responding again - it was kind of hurting a while ago - we really shouldn't. Mom said that things need to cool off until she gets this psychology thing resolved, but you certainly wouldn't know she meant it, at least from my perspective. It's been nothing but sex, sex, sex for me all day, and then Brenda's coming over in a little while! I was just trying to recover a bit, mentally and physically, to prepare for that."

Katherine massaged Alan's shoulders while Suzanne pretty much ignored his banter and "massaged" his erection.

His sister said in a pouty voice, "Oh, you pooooor thing. It's such a tough life, isn't it? Your sopping-wet sister feels your pain. And your balls!" She briefly reached around and cupped his scrotum with one hand as she was saying that. Then she giggled gaily.

Alan rolled his eyes balefully, "Don't talk like that. It only arouses me more. Don't we all need to get dressed and stuff? Isn't Brenda supposed to be here in a few minutes?"

"More like undressed," Katherine chortled. "Aunt Suzy, what do you think the odds are that Brother will get his hands on Brenda's weighty orbs tonight? One hundred percent? Two hundred percent? What do you think the odds are that she'll beat his meat before the evening is through? Or, Bro, that you'll be fucking her bottomless cleavage in front of us all? Or that she'll have trouble breathing because her mouth is stuffed full of your cock?"

Suzanne chuckled. "Pretty high, though two hundred percent seems a bit too much."

Katherine laughed. "Oh, that was one hundred percent for each of her oversized boobs."

She continued, now talking to Alan, "She wants you as bad as the rest of us, Mister 'tough life.' She's going to be another SLAVE to your cock; another addition to your harem. I can tell. Your favorite fuck toy is so conflicted. I want my brother all to myself. But I also love to see him make new conquests." She hugged him tightly from behind while Suzanne kept on stroking his boner.

"Really, please, stop," he moaned. "I don't have a harem. I can't resist when you go on like that. Gotta save some spunk for later..." But his protest was feeble and both women ignored him.

As he resigned himself to the fact that Katherine could not be discouraged, he felt one of her hands reach around and help Suzanne stroke his erection. He didn't try to stop it, but he complained, "Aunt Suzy, you and I need to have a serious talk, when Sis isn't trying to wring every last bit of sperm out of me! I'm concerned about how things are going with Brenda. I mean, 'slave?' That's so extreme! I'm having trouble wrapping my head around the fact that our seduction plan is actually succeeding with her. And what am I supposed to do with her tonight? It's all so wild and weird!"

Seeing that he was having trouble coping, Suzanne figured she should placate him with what he wanted to hear. She slowed her stroking and said, "Relax! Of course when Angel said 'slave,' she didn't mean it literally. Right?"

Katherine could see what Suzanne was doing, so she played along. "Right. That's just sexy talk. Sheesh! You're not THAT great. After all, you're still basically just a big doofus." She giggled.

He did relax after hearing that. He even liked being called by her affectionately insulting "doofus" nickname, because it helped keep him grounded. "Phew! That's a relief. Sometimes, I don't know what's real and what's just sexy talk anymore." He asked his sister, "For instance, what's with you and Mom crowing with pride about my new conquests? I still don't get that."

Katherine more or less forgot to be restrained. "I guess it's because it shows how dominant you are." She purred seductively into his ear as she gently palmed the tip of his cock with one hand while continuing to rub it. "Even though you're not as aggressive as you should be, it shows that you can

dominate anyone sexually. The fact that Brenda is such a physically perfect woman, with such outrageously huge, gorgeously shaped tits, makes me jealous, but it also gets me seriously hot! I'm not living with a mere mortal; I'm living with a fuck monster! Let's ask another one of your conquests. Don't you agree, Aunt Suzy?"

Suzanne was quiet for a moment, her concentration seemingly focused on sliding her fingers up and down Alan's shaft. But then she replied tersely, "He's certainly a fuck monster, but please don't call me a 'conquest.'" That brought the conversation to an end.

Katherine and Suzanne stroked Alan in silence. Katherine had her fingers around his cockhead, so Suzanne was relegated to the less sensitive lower half of his shaft, plus parts further south.

Suzanne thought to herself, This is bad. Sweetie gets really turned on by all this subservient talk, this "slave" and "cunt" and "harem" and "fuck toy" stuff. He complains, and I'm sure he feels some genuine confusion and frustration, but his pulsing cock tells the true story. But I'm not willing to go there. It's undignified. Maybe I'm falling behind? I need to talk to him alone about this and some other matters.

On top of that, Angel has her fingers on all of his best, most sensitive parts. I know it's selfish, but I want all that cock for myself!

She said, "Angel, do you mind?" and motioned to the door with her eyes.

Suzanne thought, as if speaking to Katherine, Get out of here so I can have a chance to fuck him! I need to get back to the top of his list. It's time that we fuck; that'll have him screaming my name. This could be my only chance to be alone with him today. I can't even get five minutes to jack him off all by myself. Sheesh!

But Katherine decided to play dumb. She did untangle herself from her brother and walked to the door, where she said, "Oh! Right." But then she closed the door and walked back to Alan.

Suzanne said in frustration, even as she dropped her head and breathed lightly on Alan's boner now that she had it all to herself, "The idea was that you're supposed to be on the other side of the closed door so I can help him in private."

Alan shivered in delight at the sensations Suzanne was making him feel with just her breathing. Then she started licking his bulbous knob and he had to clench his hands into fists to cope with the spine-tingling surge of erotic joy.

She too felt a shudder of excitement run up and down her spine, just from the pleasure of feeling his cockhead on her tongue. She thought to herself wickedly, Maybe I AM just another one of his conquests! Would that be so bad? I should stop resisting, stop trying to control events, and just turn off my mind to everything except utter pleasure with my man. My Sweetie will take care of me. Endless pleasure! Getting royally fucked forever!

But her thoughts were little more than idle fantasizing, as her desire to manipulate events and be number one in his eyes was very strong.

Katherine belatedly answered, "Oh, right. My bad." But rather than leave the room, she tore away the thin strip of fabric that covered Suzanne's butt and placed a hand on each ass cheek. One of her fingers quickly found its way into Suzanne's slit. She asked, "Did Mom put anyone in charge of your pussy for the evening?"

"No. And you're not supposed to be doing that either," chided Suzanne. "Your mom is in a weird mood about this whole psychologist thing."

"Good point. My bad again." Katherine brazenly stuck two more fingers into Suzanne's pussy.

"You two are incorrigible, you know that?" Suzanne said. She reluctantly gave in to Katherine's fondling and took off the few remaining straps that passed for her outfit. Then she knelt on Alan's bed to suck his boner from a better position. That also gave the giggling Katherine better access to her ass.

Suzanne added, "Please. Let's keep things reasonable, given that your mom is down the hallway."

Katherine giggled more. "That's why I locked the door. Because as a human fuck toy, I don't know the meaning of the word 'reasonable.' I only know the words: 'yes, sir,' 'do me,' and 'more.'" She paused, then giggled again. "Oh, I guess 'deeper' and 'harder' are a couple other favorites." Then she said to Alan, "Bro, that's what we call 'sexy talk.' It's not real. For instance, I actually know DOZENS of words!" She giggled at that.

He had to laugh too. "Okay. Point taken."

Katherine licked Suzanne's ass crack and then stuck her tongue right into Suzanne's anal sphincter.

Suzanne was gratified that she'd already cleaned herself, just in case Alan wanted to do something to her ass. She gave up trying to resist her nympho teenage competitor. She heaved a sigh somewhere between contentment and frustration, then resumed sucking Alan's big cock. Whenever she had it completely filling her mouth, with her tongue dancing on his sweet spot, she found her frustrations rapidly melting away.

Though she didn't realize it, she had become more and more like Susan, in that cocksucking increasingly filled her with contentment and banished all her worries. Cocksucking Alan usually kept her right at the edge of a massive orgasm, and not even Suzanne could think very clearly in that state.

Alan hoped that Katherine would resume sharing his erection with Suzanne so he could have another dual blowjob, like the one that Susan and Amy had given him the night before, and also similar to how Katherine and Amy had shared him earlier. He was sure that his sister Kat and his Aunt Suzy would make a particularly devastating combination.

But Katherine was mindful that she was pushing her luck with Suzanne, so she tried to make it up to her by staying away from Alan's hard-on and giving Suzanne an excellent pussy-licking.

Alan didn't have too much to complain about either. Suzanne still gave the most talented blowjobs of anyone in the house, among an increasingly tough field of competitors. If nothing else, her exceedingly long, agile tongue gave her an edge.

Katherine eventually couldn't resist the temptation to get more involved. As Suzanne sped up, her mouth flying up and down Alan's erection like some pumping machine spinning out of control, Katherine rammed two of her fingers into Suzanne's pussy while reaching around to tweak Suzanne's nipples.

Suzanne made some muffled noises which might have been words, but she was too far into the blowjob to stop and speak intelligibly.



When Katherine could sense things were getting close, she exclaimed, "Oh no! Is that the doorbell? That must be Brenda! What if she walks in and sees us like this? I'm sure she'll want to join in!"

Alan hadn't heard any doorbell. He glanced at his sister and saw a naughty twinkle in her eye, so he figured she was making that up. But still, the idea was so arousing that it pushed him even closer to the edge. However, it was Suzanne's speedy, talented lips that finally tipped him over.

Oh God! Aunt Suzy's whole head is a like a blur! Why is she bobbing so fast?! How can I resist?! Too much stimulation! Arrrgh!

As Alan started to unload a healthy stream of cum into Suzanne's mouth, Katherine pulled on Suzanne's nipple so hard that it seemed as if she was trying to pull it off altogether.

Suzanne let out a very loud cry of exultation as she came hard, just as Alan showered the back of her mouth with his seed. But she quickly pulled off, so he could blast most of his load all over her face. The resulting mess which ensued almost made all three lovers burst out in laughter and delight.

After they'd all climaxed, Suzanne sighed contentedly. Aaaaah. Now that's what it's all about. To think that some women don't like cocksucking. What utter fuckheads! Idiots! It's the greatest sensual pleasure in the world - short of having him fucking my other holes, of course. And with Angel on my ass, I'm just one player short of my ultimate orgy fantasy. Susan's coming along so nicely, but I still can't rush things.

She turned to Katherine and said with an amused grin, "You are a very naughty girl. What am I going to do with you?"

Katherine smiled in return. "The question is, what AREN'T you going to do with me? Us fuck toys aim to please." She kissed her brother on the lips.

Then Suzanne said to her, "Can I finally be alone with this fuck monster, please? I think Sweetie has something on his mind that he wants to talk over with me. Not only that, but Brenda will be here shortly, so you should get yourself ready."

Katherine playfully pouted, "Aaaaah. So you don't think she's already here?"

Suzanne replied, "That did give me a scare, that's for sure! I thought my heart was going to thump out of my chest for a few seconds there. You really are a dangerous, uppity one."

Katherine giggled with delight. "Guilty as charged! Do you want me to lick your face clean?"

Suzanne swept a finger across one of her cummy cheeks, then licked it. "I would, but we don't have time for that. Sweetie and I have things that need to be discussed before Brenda gets here, and she really could be here any minute. But here's a sample to fend you off." She made an even bigger sweep across her other cheek and then fed it to Katherine.

"Mmmm! Yum!" After Katherine savored his cum, she stood up and blew Alan a kiss. "Big Man-muscle Brother, see you downstairs in a bit." She didn't even bother to put her few straps of clothing back on before going into the hallway; she just carried the outfit with her.

Chapter 599 Do You Really Love Me, Or Do You Just Love These?

Suzanne cuddled with Alan in his bed as the two of them recovered from their recent orgasms. She was mildly annoyed by the fact that she'd missed out on another chance for vaginal sex, but the great orgasm that she'd had with both Plummer children took away most of the sting.

Alan had a very serious look on his face and it seemed that he was struggling to put his thoughts in order. He looked at the clock on the wall and realized that they weren't facing such a time crunch after all. It would still be a while before the evening poker game with Brenda, unless she arrived ahead of schedule. The interval before the game finally gave him a chance to discuss his many recent problems with Suzanne, but he didn't know where to begin.

Suzanne beat him to the punch. She said tenderly, "Sweetie, I do feel your pain. Really. I know what you're thinking. On the one hand, it seems like you're living a fantastic, non-stop wet dream and you can't get enough. You walk through life as if in a fantasy world, wondering what your classmates would think if they only knew a fraction of what you're going through."

He nodded, then kept nodding in total agreement. He thought, Such as the fact that I'm talking to my impossibly-gorgeous Aunt Suzy while she lies naked next to me, with my cum painted all over her face! That's a pretty great fantasy, right there. But here we are, for real!

She continued, "But, on the other hand, you feel like you're being torn apart as a dozen pairs of female hands pull at you from different directions. And you're constantly pushing your body's sexual limits and wondering how long you'll last before you collapse completely. But you don't want it to ever end, even when your penis is on fire. You're afraid something will break the magical spell and your life will return to how it was, so you have to enjoy it all while you can. These are the things you were thinking about just before I came in."

"Exactly. It's like you're reading my mind. How do you know me so well?"

She smiled comfortingly, while she continued to occasionally collect and eat some of the cum that was still on her face. "Your Aunt Suzy is a very smart cookie, and don't you forget it! As you know, I'm already working on fixing things behind the scenes for you. Think of me as your guardian angel. I'm going to make sure that everything in your life goes perfectly."

They hugged. He was careful not to smear her cummy face.

"But how did you know I was thinking about some of those very things when you came in?"

She pulled back a bit, sat up, and struck a sexy pose with a hand brushing her hair behind her head. She wasn't even trying to arouse him; she just tended to do that sort of thing from habit. "Because you looked like you were deep in thought, and if I was in your shoes that's the kind of stuff I'd be thinking about all the time."

He nodded. "Can we talk about Brenda then?"

She stared at him intently. "Sweetie, let's face facts. Your lot in life is to fuck lots of beautiful women, including Brenda!"

"Are you sure?"

Suzanne smiled knowingly, purring sexily, "Yes. You need to make your peace with this, Sweetie, because it's the truth. You're going to be doing a LOT of fucking beautiful women from now on, partly because you're lucky enough to know the unusually attractive and horny ladies who just so happen to hang around this house, but also because you're so good at it. Success breeds success, and now

everyone wants you. The magic spell is never going to be broken. Even if you try to screw up somehow, I won't let it happen."

His heart skipped a beat and he held his breath, because he was so in awe at her words. He usually tried not to think of the future, for fear that he'd jinx it, so to hear her definitively state things like that literally took his breath away.

She concluded, "My advice is to simply give in. Don't think, and don't fight it. Just sit back and enjoy this opportunity the fates have thrown your way. Enjoy it to the complete fullest, definitely including Brenda. Make her your sex pet, however you choose to define that. Here's a hint: simply OWN her and FUCK her, at will, whenever and however you want, without apology or regrets!"

"Whoa!"

"The world is your oyster! Surrender totally to the moment and revel in your good fortune. Let me worry about and handle whatever problems come up. Me, and Susan, and Angel, and Amy, and all your other loved ones, we've got your back covered to make sure everything works out. We all want nothing more than to make sure this works, because we all benefit."

She swept more of his cum into her mouth and then grinned impishly. bender

Alan thought about her advice briefly, saying, "Thanks. I love you so much, and I appreciate all your help."

Her facial expression didn't change much, but her heart started to pound wildly. It did that almost every time when he told her that he loved her.

Then he focused on a sore point that she had just brought up. "How do you know I'm good at fucking?" he complained. "It's not like you've ever let me fuck you. That just drives me utterly bonkers."

"Hey. Remember what happened at the beach the other day? It's gonna happen. We just need some time alone to see it through. I was actually going to fuck you tonight, but I couldn't get Angel to leave. Now we lost the chance. With our guests arriving shortly, we don't have time to do our first time justice.

As you might imagine, I'm somewhat prone to being, shall we say... somewhat demanding of my lovers, in bed."

She smirked, and wiped a big gob of his cum off her forehead. "I can't wait to feel my vagina soaking in THIS sweet seed after you skewer me and flood me!" She hungrily licked the cum off her finger with her exceedingly long tongue.

He groaned in lusty frustration. Although his penis remained flaccid, he was mentally aroused just the same.

"Even so, I must admit it's terribly tempting to just do it anyway. Despite your mother roaming around the house, I just can't hold off anymore. Too bad your penis is flaccid right now, or who knows what might happen?" She reached out and started to play with his penis. She wasn't trying to revive it necessarily; she just liked touching it.

"Really? Damn! Just telling me that drives me even wilder. Dang." He pounded his fist into his hand repeatedly. "Damn, that's frustrating!"

"Tell me about it. I want us to fuck just as much as you do. Maybe even more, if you can believe that. It's been a torment for me too, ever since the first handjob I gave you. But I haven't been holding off to be cruel, petty or spiteful. I'm seriously hot to trot and hard up myself right now! Unfortunately, we can't 'indulge' ourselves just yet. For one thing, your mother wouldn't be able to handle it if she catches us. She's almost there mentally, but not quite. Knock on wood. If this visit to the psychologist goes well, you'll be fucking ALL of us soon. And when I say 'soon' I mean within days, and yes, I'm including your mother in that as well!"

He stared in awe.

She smiled almost wickedly in return. "If anything, she needs to get seriously laid even more than I do! So I suppose you and I should wait a little longer. It's much better this way, in the long run. We just have to avoid screwing everything up by being too impatient. Of course, once we pass the point of no return, we'll be able to make up for lost time, and then some!"

"Knock on wood. Wow!" He reached forward and cupped the undersides of her huge breasts. "That is a big if. She's all over the map these days."

He started to fondle Suzanne's rack. Like what she was doing to his penis, it wasn't really an erotic touch, but more just happily refamiliarizing himself with some favorite body parts. He mostly caressed the sensitive undersides of her breasts, because he knew she particularly enjoyed that. "But let's change the topic. There's so much I want to discuss before we go to the poker game, especially about how I should handle Brenda this time."

Suzanne replied, "Oh yeah. You mean how you should MANhandle her, don't you?"

He groaned with lusty frustration. It didn't help that she was continuing to collect his cum from her face and eat it. "I hate to say this, since it's probably going to arouse me even more, but it must be said: let's talk about Brenda, before she actually shows up."

"Good suggestion. But first, let me start by saying that I share your concerns about some of the excessive language used around here lately. For instance, yes, I have fun yanking your chain a little bit by suggesting that Brenda should be your 'sex pet.' But I'm only half serious about that."

He exclaimed, "Half serious is still a lot of serious, when it comes to that!"

"True. But like I said earlier, you can define that however you want. Loving couples call each other 'pet' all the time. It can just be a term of endearment, like 'honey.' And yes, 'sex pet' is a little different, but if you get off on it, and she does too, then what's the harm?" She used her long tongue to snatch a cum gob off her chin and then suck it in.

"I suppose so," he grumbled.

She continued, "But one can go too far with that kind of language, and that's where I object. Recently, some of your women have been carrying on around here in a potentially debasing manner. Like your sister. You heard her suggest you should make Brenda your 'slave.' That concerns me."

"Me too!" he heartily nodded. "Someone finally agrees with me."

"But that's not all. Did you know that when she talks about you to me in private, she refers to you as 'master?' Does she call you that to your face?"

"She says that to you? Not to my face, she doesn't." He thought back to the dual cocksucking that Amy and Katherine had given him earlier, and other recent events. "Well, she does say that kind of stuff to me sometimes, though not really that particular word. A lot, actually, now that I think about it. She gets pretty carried away when she's aroused."

Suzanne's hand on his flaccid penis felt it start to rapidly reinflate. "Aha. The erect-o-meter says the word 'master' turns you on. Or at least the idea does. Instant 'boing' in my hand as soon as I said that."

He blushed. "I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me. Why does that idea excite me?! I can't help it!"

"It's all right." She hugged him closer, pressing her massive rack against his chest even as he kept fondling her pale globes. "As long as you don't ask to piss or shit on me or something like that, I say whatever floats your boat in bed is fine. It's a pretty big boat and it needs a lot of floating." She grinned while giving his still-rebounding erection an extra hard squeeze.

He said, "Wait. I thought you were saying that some language goes too far?"

She started to subtly stroke his engorging boner as she kept talking. "Well, yes and no. We all have to work constantly on getting you erect and keeping you that way. I say anything spoken in the heat of passion is fair game, if it's just meant to help inspire and arouse. But your sister seems to be taking it to a whole different level. I was just teasing, but she seems to take it much more seriously. Just like her "fuck toy" comment earlier. Was that serious or joking? I don't know. That's what worries me; when provocative language is used out of bed, with apparently sincere meaning and intent behind it."

He nodded. "Exactly. Thanks for clarifying that. I've had muddled thinking on the subject; that's a good way to draw the line."

She pulled back a bit so he could have more room to play with her jugs. "One minor gripe I have is that even when sex talk is nothing but sex talk, some of your other lovers are trying to outdo themselves with colorful, subservient language. I don't really like that. I mean, a little bit of that is fine. I've done some of it myself, as you know. I've even teased you about calling you 'master' once or twice, though it's not something I'd regularly call you myself. But I do know that I'm wondering if maybe I'm falling behind with your affections because I'm more restrained with that kind of thing?"

"Definitely not. Aunt Suzy, I love you so much." He brought a hand down to her ass as he said that and started fondling her behind as well. "You never, ever have to think you don't attract me. God, your body is just so fucking perfect!"

Upon saying that, he ran both hands all over her, seemingly trying to touch every last inch of her to confirm just how perfect she was all over.

Suzanne's entire body tingled and she felt chills up and down her spine, especially when his hand lingered over her pussy lips and repeatedly brushed her there. Meanwhile, her hand was steadily pumping up and down his stiff pole.

He continued to talk with passionate feeling even as he fondled her relentlessly. "If you ever fail to arouse me, just say a few words in a Southern accent and I'll think about your Daisy Duke persona and my dick will be an instant Eiffel Tower. You're so endlessly arousing that you don't need to use crutch words like 'master' or 'slave.' God damn! Just look at these curves!" He ran his hands over her hips and up her waist and tummy.

She smiled and proudly thrust out her chest. Thank the Lord I exercise daily! I'd hate to have love handles or flabby thighs, given the growing competition. I don't regret bringing Brenda into the picture. Among other things, she's going to keep all of us on our toes.

His cock grew even harder as he fully explored Suzanne's incredible beauty with his fingers and his eyes. He ran his hands through her curly, full, reddish-brown hair and brought his face much closer to hers. There was still some of his cum on her face, but that only inspired and aroused him even more. "Every time I see your body or your face, it's so startlingly beautiful that it really does take my breath away. That's not a cliché. It's like the first time every time, minus a little of the hyperventilating and blushing. I really think these last few weeks have taken years off of my life, because I can only handle so many 'be still my beating heart' moments in a single day."

She French kissed him appreciatively while continuing to give his hard-on a steady handjob. A slight taste of his cum lingered in her mouth, but he didn't care. When they came up for air, she exclaimed, "Damn you and your compliments! You're making me seriously horny. But you know the word that turns me on the most? 'Love.' Just tell me again that you love me and I'll do anything for you!"



He stared into her eyes and spoke earnestly. "I love you, Aunt Suzy. I really do. And I already know you'd do anything for me. That's one reason I love you so much. I'd do just about anything for you too." He meant every word with the deepest sincerity. He drew her hand that wasn't holding his erection to his mouth and kissed it tenderly.

She glanced down at his boner and saw it jump in her sliding hand. With a smirk, she said, "Ah. I can see you mean you'd like to love me in more ways than one. What am I going to do with you? You're so damned lovable. You know I love you too. It's a good thing for both of us that Brenda is going to be here in a few minutes, because if she wasn't I'd have you fuck me so hard that the two of us would drill a hole down to the Earth's core through sheer thrusting power! And I feel a lot better about the language issue. I must say that even I have been getting a bit jealous when I hear Angel calling herself things like 'fuck toy.'"

Alan teased, "Hey, we agreed that term is okay as long as nobody takes it too seriously, right? The way I figure, 'fuck toy' is not an exclusive position. If you're jealous, there are additional job openings in that field."

She punched him lightly. "Don't you wish! What happened to the guy who was complaining a few minutes ago that he couldn't handle all the attention and action?"

He grinned. "YOU happened to him. Every time I think I can't handle any more, something else comes along that redoubles my arousal. I may be going to hell, but at least I'm enjoying the ride."

She grinned too, then started a twisty corkscrew motion over his hard-on. "That you are. We'll talk more later about some of your other worries. Your Aunt Suzy is going to make everything all right. Unfortunately, right now I have to get ready for the card game. Did you know this old hag uses a little bit of makeup to hide her age?"

"Do NOT call yourself an old hag! You're so beautiful that you don't need any make-up at all. I love you."

"Ah. You're just saying that. Do you really love me, or do you just love these?" She let go of his boner to raise her weighty tits with both hands.

As she squeezed her breasts towards his face, her normally confident expression was replaced with one of genuine worry. She knew that he loved her, but she worried that he loved Katherine and Susan more.

She also worried about her age. She was very aware of the fact that, at 39, she was more than two years older than Susan. She was also well aware that she was the only woman in the house who felt the need to use make-up on a regular basis. Susan had a naturally young face that made her look practically like a teenager despite her very mature and voluptuous body, but no one mistook Suzanne for a teenager anymore.

Alan's eyes bugged out at the sheer size of her twin orbs, since they looked even bigger when she held them up like that. But he quickly recovered to say, "Aunt Suzy, are you serious? I love you so much. Of course I love your incredible tits, and they help get me aroused, but you'd be beyond arousing even without any boobs at all. Your whole body is amazing. When they release the next edition of the dictionary, I expect to see your picture under the word 'sexy.' Seriously! Even if I went blind, you'd be incredibly arousing just from the sound of your sensual, scratchy voice. In any case, my love for you goes soooo far beyond your looks. I hope it's the same with me, and that you don't just think of me as some young hunk."

"Sweetie, how could you possibly think that? You're like my own son to me. But do you think you could still love this old hag in another ten or twenty years?"

"Of course I do! You're going to be extremely fuckable for many, many, many years to come, and I plan to be the one fucking you until we're all in wheelchairs. I love you for YOU, no matter what you look like! Besides, if you call yourself an 'old hag' one more time, I'm going to have to tie you up, fuck you silly, and then keep you as a sex slave in my dungeon, Mom's boundaries be damned. That'll teach you!"

Her concern passed and her confidence returned. "A-ha! The fully horny and aggressive Alan has just entered the building. Did you know that it's been one of my projects lately to get you to be more aggressive? Maybe I'm succeeding too much. You're so gentle on the surface, but I have half a feeling that before too long you actually WILL have a dungeon for all your sex slaves."

He raised both eyebrows at that. He could feel his boner throbbing with excitement at the idea, even as he dismissed it as completely impossible and morally wrong. "Hey, what about our agreement that we can only use that kind of language if we don't mean it? That's what I was trying to do."

She took his still very stiff cock in her hand and resumed stroking. "Of course I don't mean it... that much. Maybe just a little." She winked playfully.

"UGH!" His lust skyrocketed again. He told himself that it was entirely due to her renewed handjob, but he had an image in his mind of standing over all his women in a medieval dungeon, where they were all naked except for collars and metal chains around their ankles.

Chapter 600 It All Makes Sense Now! Thank The Lord!

Trying hard not to think about that, he attempted to change the subject, "What about Brenda? We still haven't really talked about what the plan is with Brenda tonight."

She chuckled at the way he was slightly blushing. Clearly, her dungeon idea had had an effect on him, which secretly delighted her. She hadn't meant it, but saw no harm in having fun with those ideas. "Here's the deal on her. Let's review the strategy, shall we?"

"Yes, let's," he agreed eagerly.

"As you know, Brenda is coming along nicely. At your request, I haven't been doing any major scheming, aside from inviting her over when Susan was at church on Sunday. But then again, I don't have to. Your mom has gotten in the habit of talking to her on the phone every day, which leads to them both getting extremely worked up over talking about you. So everything on that front is proceeding according to plan. Don't you agree?"

"I do." He looked down at Suzanne's hands. In addition to one hand pumping up and down his shaft, her other hand had joined in to fondle his balls. "Perhaps we should keep talking about this WITHOUT the handjob? I could erupt at any time!"

She chuckled. "Nah. It's more fun this way."

He grunted and rolled his eyes, but he didn't really object. "The biggest question that I've been trying to get to is: what do you think I should do with her tonight? How should I treat her?"

"I still say you need to stick to the 'confident, cocky, aloof, and hard-to-get' approach that's been working so well. But now that she's farther along, you don't have to limit yourself to just that. Enjoy

yourself more! Start off a little distant. Be sure to make the point that you're not particularly impressed with her body."

"But I am!" He grimaced, because he was starting to struggle not to cum.

"I know that, and you know that, but she doesn't need to know that. She expects ALL men to lust after her, so the smart play is to keep her off balance and eager to please YOU. Having to exert herself to draw the attention of a man she wants, rather than a man she already has eating out of the palm of her hand, or drooling on himself over her cleavage, will actually turn her on rather than turn her off. Once you have her dancing to your tune, THEN you can have fun. You know how you fondled her body all over after you measured her tits last time?"

"Yeah?"

"I hope you do a lot more of that. Make her body your personal playground! But, and this is key, don't let her play with your cock too much. Maybe even not at all for a while yet. We still want to ramp up her desire for you until her willpower and resistance shatter completely. She's not there yet. Remember, we're playing the long game here, preparing for the long haul."

He groaned. "Oh, man! That's really frustrating. I was looking forward to getting my first blowjob from her tonight. Are you sure?"

"Hey, she's YOUR sex pet. Do what you want with her. I'm just suggesting what I think will be the most effective approach. Keep in mind that we've started openly pleasuring your cock in her presence, so I'm sure we'll be doing a LOT more of that tonight. Would it be so bad if you fondle her big tits while someone else blows you?"

"Hmmm. Good point."

They both laughed at that.

She tickled his sweet spot with her fingertips. "You stay here and rest a while. I'm going to go downstairs and manipulate events so that everyone starts to take their clothes off. After all, we played poker last week, so why not play STRIP poker this week?"

His eyes opened wide. "Are you friggin' kidding me?!"

"What do you think? Of course I mean it. Once that happens, I'll call you down. Remember that I'm your guardian angel. I'm not jealous, unlike a certain person living in this house who was just in this room."

She chuckled a little at that, but continued more seriously, "Even your mom and Amy are starting to show signs of jealousy in their own subtle ways." (Suzanne herself was too, but was reluctant to admit it, even to herself.) "I say share and share alike. We all benefit. But remember, tonight won't be ALL fun and games for you. This is where you have to prove that you're worthy of having four or more women as your devoted lovers. Can you get us all to share and not be too jealous? You need to be very clever, very careful, and most of all, very diplomatic. Watch what you say and do! Above all, don't play favorites!" She wagged a finger at him, then brought that hand back down to his cock and balls.

"I'll try my best. Aunt Suzy, you're so great. So smart. So understanding. So beautiful. So loving." He hugged her again, making sure to squeeze her big bare melons quite firmly. Again he avoided smearing her cummy face.

"Don't feel like you have to stop with the so's," she half-kidded. She looked down at her two hands still working his cock and balls. "Boy, I wish I could go wild with you right now, but if I get started we're gonna romp for a long while and the card game is about to begin. Maybe I'll win the privilege later with a lucky set of cards. I think Angel was right earlier: Brenda had better watch out because you're gonna need all the cum you can get. Gotta go."

She kissed him on the cheek and stood up.

He stood up as well, to see her off.

But then she looked down at his stiff cock, hot, throbbing, and soaked with pre-cum, and said, "Well... Maybe Alan Junior here needs one goodbye kiss too. That wouldn't take more than a second, would it?"

She dropped to her knees, held his hard-on with both hands and kissed it right on the tip of his bulbous cockhead.

She pulled back slightly, intending to stand back up. But then she decided a kiss on his sweet spot would be more appropriate, and more fun for them both. That kiss ended quickly, but it was followed by another, and another. Each one lasted longer, and was open-mouthed so her tongue could come out to play while her lips created a seal around that area. Finally, she decided she absolutely had to get up. However, she couldn't pull away without one last playful lick, from base to tip, to show how much she loved every last inch of his cock.

But that one lick never really stopped, and the next thing she knew, she was happily bobbing over his cockhead and then some.

A minute or two later, with her mouth crammed full of cock, she thought, Shit! That was a dumb move. I should have known better. Once I get started, I can't stop! I'm almost as bad about it as Susan is. I'm way too fucking addicted to this glorious fuckstick. So thick! So tasty! Mmmm! Just so fucking GOOD! I can't let him cum now. He needs to impress Brenda with his staying power. However, she kept right on bobbing and licking.

Despite the great joy he was feeling, he was a responsible lad, so he forced himself to say, "Um, Aunt Suzy, shouldn't you, uh... get ready, uh, or something?"

"Mmmm-hmmm." She pulled her lips off him, but then kept right on licking, making more big swipes from the root of his pole all the way to the top, and then all the way back down again.

After another minute or two, he asked, "I love what you're doing, but... maybe I shouldn't cum right before Brenda arrives. Don't I want to impress her with a big bulge?"

"Mmmm-hmmm..." She couldn't speak, because she'd gone from licking back to bobbing. She went deeper down with each pass, until she was on the verge of deep throating him again.

But about a minute after Alan's question, Susan called out from downstairs. The voice was far off and blocked by the door, but Suzanne could hear an urgency.

Grumbling and sighing, Suzanne pulled her lips off again and then moved away from him. "That could mean Brenda's here. Grrr!" She pointed angrily at his erection. "I am so not done with you, mister! You've gotten a short reprieve now, but I'm going to give you a very firm tongue-lashing later! Very firm!

Why, I might just lash you with my tongue for hours!" She looked up into Alan's face. She stuck her freakishly long tongue out nearly to the bottom of her chin, then gave him a sexy wink.

Then she stood, picked up the strips of clothing that she'd been wearing earlier, and walked naked out of the room.

Fuuuuuck! Alan thought. Everything I said about her beauty is so true. But it's not just her curves and measurements that make her that way; it's her relentlessly sexy attitude. Like the way she bent over outrageously just now to pick up her clothes, and then the way she wiggled her pussy lips at me. Hell, just the way she walked out of the room after that should make any man cum. Wow! Fuckin' wow! I'm in the presence of greatness!

Once he calmed down somewhat, he realized that he still had much more to talk about, such as his concern that he might be turning into an asshole now that everyone seemed to be treating him like a king, or his worries about Heather. He wanted another serious "check-in" discussion, where he could update her on how things were going with his other relationships, to get her capable advice, and without any hanky-panky going on at the same time. But it was not to be, at least not then.

His mind drifted to the possibility of fucking Suzanne, then to the thought of Brenda arriving in a few minutes, and then back and forth between the two. Sweet Jesus! I still didn't really get to talk to Aunt Suzy about how freaked out I am about this whole Brenda thing in general. I'm not worthy! I have a feeling she's going to have an epiphany and realize that she's way, way out of my league. Because she is! Still, if I've gotta have problems, problems like these are probably the best problems on Earth to have.

At roughly the same time, Amy returned to the Plummer house for the evening's poker party, having prepared dinner for her father and brother, then cleaned up afterward and changed. Amy had pleaded with Suzanne for several days that she should be allowed to join in the weekly poker game, since she was now Alan's official girlfriend. Suzanne had reluctantly agreed, relenting with mere hours to spare. Amy immediately went upstairs to Katherine's room for some last-minute talk and primping before her first-time participation.

Earlier that morning, Suzanne had rescheduled their card game to slightly later in the evening because of her need to be in Los Angeles during the day. Since Brenda was another idle, jobless, and (very) rich housewife, the rescheduling hadn't been a problem. Brenda was due to arrive at eight, and Suzanne was pretty sure that she'd be right on time.

Suzanne looked outside and confirmed that Brenda's car hadn't yet arrived. Then she checked a clock and realized that she'd have just enough time for a discussion that she wanted to have with Susan. She'd told Brenda not to arrive even a minute early, and there was a reason for that.

Suzanne had some bad news to give Susan, and she'd thought about how to tell her and when to tell her. She'd decided that just before this party would be best, because the party was nearly guaranteed to completely distract her. Susan had deeply ingrained manners regarding being a good hostess. Even if her house were on fire, her first priority would still be to smile and focus on helping her guests. Later, once the sexual fun got going, Susan hopefully would be so distracted that she wouldn't think about Suzanne's troubling news again until the next morning.

Suzanne changed into the outfit she'd brought for the party very, very quickly, made herself presentable using the mirror in Susan's bathroom (including washing away the last of Alan's cum from her face), and then rushed downstairs.

Susan stood at the bottom of the stairs, again wearing the Chinese cheongsam she'd worn earlier in the day. She'd been doing some last minute tidying up, but she looked up and smiled at her best friend. "Hey, Suzanne? Did you hear me calling? I need your advice on a few things before Brenda gets here."

"Never mind that," Suzanne said urgently. "I have something important to tell you. Very important."

Susan's face turned to worry. "What is it?"

Suzanne held out her hand. "Give me your ring. Your wedding ring."

"What? No, I can't do that. Even after all-"

Suzanne cut her off harshly. "Shush! There's no time! I need to see it now. Brenda's gonna be here in a minute. Then I can tell you the news."

Susan had a strong attachment to her wedding ring, even though she was now dedicated to sexually serving her son. She'd worn it so constantly for years that it seemed like it was a part of her body. However, Suzanne made it seem like she needed to physically see something on the ring to confirm this



urgent news before she could reveal it, so Susan very, very reluctantly removed the ring from her finger and handed it to Suzanne.

Suzanne closely examined the ring, as if there was some kind of vital clue there. But then she clutched it and hid it in her fist while looking Susan in the eyes. "Susan, as you know, I've had some strong suspicions about Ron. In fact, I've told you that he hasn't been faithful to you, so you shouldn't worry about being unfaithful to him. As you know, I've hired an investigator to watch him in Thailand and confirm what I already knew with enough evidence to convince you."

Susan asked in confusion, "What? The investigator just called you from Thailand? What did he say?!"

Suzanne was silent for some long moments, and then finally admitted, "He called, but not just now. I've known the truth for a while now, and it's not pretty. I've been trying to hint about it to you-"

Susan cut her off impatiently, "If you've known, why didn't you tell me?! You're my best friend!"

"I am. And I've given a lot of thought about how to tell you so it would cause you the least amount of pain. I decided that right before a guest shows up is best. Your party manners are just like your phone manners: you put everything else aside for the guest or the call. This way you'll hear the news, but you won't have time to fully react emotionally. That will let the news bubble around in your subconscious, and by the time Brenda leaves you'll have a level of acceptance that'll help dull the pain of what I'm about to tell you."

Susan felt angry, and looked it, but she didn't say anything because she knew that Suzanne cared about her and was probably right. Instead, she growled through clenched teeth, "What's the damn news already?!"

Suzanne forced herself to maintain eye contact. "There's no easy way to say this. I tried dropping hints... Dammit, I'm just gonna come out and say it: Ron is gay! Always has been, always will be."

Susan's jaw dropped and her heart started to pound. "Gay? Gay?!"

"Yes, gay. Homosexual. He likes sex with men. And I know he's been married to you and had sex with you, but how attracted has he been to you, really? You're totally gorgeous! You've told me plenty of times about his extremely low sex drive. Turns out it's not low; it's just low with women."

Susan stepped back in shock. "I... I... I don't believe it!"

"Believe it! I have all the evidence. Photos. Video. Phone calls. I have proof that not only does he have a long-term male lover in Thailand now, he's had lovers - plural - for years. Why, I'll bet that he's known he's homosexual since he was a teenager, or maybe even earlier. It's almost always innate, you know. The important thing for you is, it has nothing to do with you or your sex appeal. It's not you; it's him."

Susan staggered back even more. "No! Oh my God! You mean it's really true? It can't be!"

Suzanne was relentless, now that she'd gotten past the most difficult part. "It is, and you know it. Think about your relationship with him. Think about your poor sex life even though you're a fucking supermodel centerfold! Frankly, I pretty much knew it for years, just as a gut feeling, but it was only with things heating up with Alan that I knew that I had no choice but to prove it to you."

Susan was still reeling, mentally and physically. "But, but..."

Suzanne continued, "It's not such a shock really, is it? I mean, I told you days ago that he was cheating on you. So what difference does it make if he cheated on you with a man or a woman?"

"It makes a huge difference, actually!" Susan protested. "I'll admit I do have a bit of a bias against homosexuals, because my parents and my church pounded that into my head. But that's not the point. What hurts is that my entire marriage turns out to be a lie!"

Suzanne tried to smile. "But that's the good news! It's great news, actually! Think about it: since he married you on false pretenses, you were never really married. You could get an official annulment if you wanted to, although I would recommend against that. Your religion wouldn't consider it a real marriage either. The point is, don't think about it in terms of your relationship with him; think about it in terms of your relationship with your cutie Tiger!"

Susan did a double take at that.

"You see what I mean about it being good news? And you never really had sex! Ron was your only lover before Alan, and since Ron is gay, that means you've never had sex with a heterosexual until Alan! Sweetie is effectively the one and only real lover you've had in your entire life! Isn't that exciting? This makes you purer for him, almost virginal. Isn't that good news?"

Susan still looked wide-eyed and stunned. "Well, yes, but, I feel like my world has been turned upside down, like the floor has dropped out from under me. I thought I knew Ron! He's a good man! We had lots of good years together!"

"Yes, he is a good man. Lots of homosexuals are great people. He's been a great provider for you and your children for many years. But the simple truth is that your marriage to him was a sham. He never really loved you, and you in return never really loved him. Sure, there was lots of 'like' going on, but that's not the same as love. I think you loved being married and you loved being a mother and homemaker. But that's not the same as loving Ron in an adult, sexual way. Look: you're not crying. You're not even on the verge of crying."

Susan realized with a start that what her best friend was saying was true. And that was especially meaningful since she was an emotional person who cried whenever she felt like crying.

Suzanne continued, "Don't feel bad about it. Sure, you're shocked and surprised. But it's like the shock of finding out a good friend is gay, not that the love of your life is gay. Ron is NOT the love of your life! Alan is! I daresay the fact that Ron is gay is what made you mentally and physically receptive to becoming your son's lover in the first place. Sure, you didn't consciously know it, but there was always a certain distance you kept from Ron because of it, and you knew that on many levels."

That argument certainly hit home for Susan.

Suzanne decided the time was right to try to put Susan back into a horny mood, which she needed to be in for the party anyway. That would certainly distract her from thoughts about Ron. "This proves that Alan is the one and only man you've ever loved! Remember how unhappy you used to be? There was always something off about your marriage. You knew it, subconsciously at least, and now we know what it was. But your years of sadness and frustration weren't in vain. No! Oh no! Perhaps it was God's will. Perhaps you were being kept as unsullied as possible for your one true love: your very own son!"

Susan gasped at the audacity of that line of thinking, but it held great appeal for her. She was a strong believer in fate, and she desperately wanted to believe there had been a greater purpose to her unhappy marriage.

Suzanne went on, "Think about it. A gorgeous woman like you had to get married. Your parents arranged the marriage and they weren't going to let you stay single for long in any case. And you had to be married in those years to be able to easily adopt Alan and Katherine, so you should be eternally grateful to Ron for that at least. But once you were married, there were times when literally a year or more went by and you and Ron didn't have sex even a single time! And when you did, it was utterly forgettable and even pathetic. It was as if your remarkable body was being preserved for you to share with your son!"

Susan's face changed. It still showed shock, but now it was more of a blissful shock instead of a distressed one. "Yes!" she whispered. "Yes! It could be!"

Seeing she was on the intended track, Suzanne continued, "Yes, it truly is remarkable. If one were to think up a scenario to have a 'virgin mother,' it's hard to beat your case. It's like you were born and bred to be a big-titted sex toy for your own son! What an incredibly lucky mommy you are. Ron served a vital purpose. After all, your kids needed a father to help them grow up normally. But he was gone for eleven months out of the year sometimes, especially as the kids got older. You never gave Ron a blowjob, handjob, or titfuck. Heck, you didn't even know what some of those things were until recently. No man will EVER experience those sex acts from you EXCEPT Alan! Hell, you hardly even kissed your own husband on the lips that much."

Susan stared off into space in amazement. "That's true..."

"And look at you!" Suzanne suddenly said dramatically. She waved a hand in Susan's direction, and then flourished it about, highlighting her friend's body. "Your body is fucking incredible! It simply defies belief that you're in your thirties, much less your late thirties. You know you're a perfect ten, don't you?"

Susan sincerely replied, "Kind of, but not really. I'm not as confident as you are. I know that I love the way Tiger looks at me lately, the hunger in his eyes. But 'perfect ten?' I don't know about that."

"Well, it's true, trust me. And your breasts! Let's see 'em." She said that because she knew that Susan always got extremely aroused when she bared her breasts.

"What, here? Now?"

"Of course! You're one of your son's official personal cocksuckers now. Now that it turns out your marriage was a sham all along, it's only proper that you focus the rest of your life on serving your Tiger's cock! Getting topless at the drop of a hat is part of what you do."

Susan grinned slightly. "Well, if you insist." She proudly pulled her dress down and thrust out her tits.

"That's right!" Suzanne said encouragingly. "Remember what Sweetie told you once, and what you like to repeat all the time: 'Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of.'"

Upon hearing that, Susan pulled her dress down even farther and thrust out her tits even more. She stared off into space with a smile on her face, no doubt imagining her son admiring her.

Suzanne put her hand on Susan's shoulder and purred, "Picture yourself standing like you are, when your Tiger reaches out and cups your big jugs from underneath." She did just that, clutching at Susan's huge orbs with both hands.

Susan closed her eyes so she could imagine it was Alan, and not Suzanne, fondling her rack.

Suzanne continued, "You can't feel his big cock, not yet, but you know it's there, inches away, hard and throbbing, poking near your pussy."

Susan gasped lustily.

"You know Ron is gay, and yes, that's kind of sad for what it says about your marriage, but it doesn't matter now because you have a new marriage waiting for you: you're going to be married to your son's cock! True, it'll be a one-way marriage. After all, he's a powerful, virile young man, and it takes many women to satisfy him. And of course it won't be a legal marriage. But you'll be totally bound - nay, enslaved - to his cock just the same!"

"Yes!" Susan panted. Suzanne's hands weren't doing any more than lightly holding Susan's melons from below, but Susan was heaving so wildly that her boobs were bouncing around, making it seem like she was being aggressively fondled.

"Need I remind you about Ephesians 5:22-24?"

"What?!" Susan was confused by the mention of a Bible verse, especially one that she didn't recall.

"Let me quote it for you, since I've memorized it for you, to help you in this difficult transition time. 'Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands as you do to the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the church, his body, of which he is the Savior. Now as the church submits to Christ, so also wives should submit to their husbands in everything.'"

Suzanne quickly added, "Keep in mind that would be bad if it referred to Ron, but it doesn't! Ron could never be your real husband, because he's gay. Besides, he's cheated on you repeatedly with male lovers. Who is your REAL de-facto husband, the man of the house, the studly young man whom you naturally submit yourself to already?"

Susan whispered in awe, "ALAN! My Tiger!"

Suzanne smirk-smiled, glad that her scheme was working out so well. "Exactly. Submit to him in everything. Remember that!"

Susan nodded. It all makes sense now! Thank the Lord!

Suzanne wasn't happy about using that kind of language on Susan. She felt the Bible was unfairly sexist in places, and this particular quote was one of the worst examples of that. However, she knew that the news about Ron would be a heavy blow to Susan: it might not hit her fully at first, but over time she would feel sad that her marriage had been based on a lie. That Bible quote would do wonders to help her look at the situation in a new way. Even so, Suzanne vowed never to use that particular passage again.

Furthermore, that kind of talk was in complete contradiction to what Suzanne had told Alan only a short time earlier: that extreme sexual language was only acceptable if it was said to arouse and wasn't taken

seriously. Suzanne wanted Susan to truly believe what she was being told. Suzanne figured that the situation was far from ideal, but because Susan was so submissive, she needed someone to love, adore, and look after. With her marriage to Ron in tatters, Suzanne wanted Susan to reorient to Alan as quickly and fully as possible to get past the immediate trauma and look forward to a happy future.

Suzanne spoke tenderly. "You know somehow that it was all meant to be. It was a long and winding path, but you were fated to serve him. Whatever happened before, it doesn't matter much now. Ron is in the past. The present and the future is all that matters, and your-"

Just then the doorbell rang, interrupting Suzanne. They were both quite startled, since they were standing right by the front door.

"Holy Toledo!" Susan gasped. She spoke quietly, just to make sure they couldn't be heard through the front door. "That must be Brenda. Oh, pool! I wish so much you could continue. Everything makes so much sense when you explain things. Why, I hardly feel broken up much about Ron now. I knew we were headed for divorce anyway, so this only reconfirms my feelings on that. What matters is the present and the future, and my total submission to my son. Please tell me more about that!"

Suzanne shouted for Brenda's benefit, "Just a minute, Brenda!" Then she spoke quietly to Susan. "I wish I could, but I was on a roll and I kind of lost track. But don't worry, we can continue this later. Maybe tomorrow morning. As for now, you should pull your dress up and greet your guest. After all, you're the host." She finally removed her hands from Susan's still-heaving chest.

"Oh. Right." She began to pull her dress back into place. But then a thought hit her. "Hey! What happened to my ring?! I want it back right now. And why did you take it in the first place?"

Suzanne had secretly pocketed it shortly after taking it from Susan, and she gave no hint as to where it was now. "Sorry. No can do. The ring represents your past. It's well past the time you should have taken it off. It's a sign of disrespect towards your Tiger if you keep it on. I know you're nostalgic about such things; that's why I'm forcing your hand on this. Call it tough love."

Just then, with perfect timing, the doorbell rang again.

"Grrr! We'll talk about this later." Susan had her dress back on by that time, so she ran her hands through her hair to make sure nothing was too out of place. Then, after a questioning look towards

Suzanne, she went to the door. She said, even quieter this time, "There's a lot of things we'll have to talk about later. For one thing, I want to know about Ron and the evidence you have on him. I know it's a kind of pointless curiosity, but I'd like to know just who it was I was married to all these years, if we can even call it a marriage."

Suzanne nodded, and said simply, "Tomorrow." She was showing merely a smile, but inside she was crowing triumphantly. She felt like she'd timed and played that revelation perfectly.

Susan looked chagrined. But remembering Brenda, she abruptly changed moods and forced herself to smile as she finally opened the front door.