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Chapter 61 Susan - Another Breast Exam @ Home

Susan was on edge after her talk with Suzanne about helping with handjobs and blowjobs, not to mention what she'd seen and heard in the living room. She remained agitated and frazzled about it the rest of the afternoon, wondering just what things were coming to.

She didn't get a chance to be alone with Suzanne until after dinner. As the two of them sat down at the dining room table to play cards, Suzanne could see the anxiousness on Susan's face and immediately brought up the topic. "By the way, I wanted to say thanks for letting me help out with Sweetie today."

Susan's eyes went wide. She was bursting with curiosity, but didn't want to appear that interested, so she tried to act casual. "Um, yeah. No problem. Let's not talk about it, please."

Suzanne continued anyway. "By the way, I just gave him a handjob this time. I'm thinking I'll work up to a blowjob tonight."

Susan was secretly very relieved, and let out the mental equivalent of a happy sigh. Oh boy! Tiger's going to be so happy! What I wouldn't give to see his big member slide into my mouth! Er, I mean, into Suzanne's mouth! Suzanne's mouth! Not MY mouth! Not now, not ever. That would be WRONG!

After a few more seconds of reflection, she wondered, What's the big deal? Why should I care if it was a handjob or a blowjob? They're not that different, when you think about it. There must be something wrong with me, getting all worked up about this. It's almost like I want Tiger to stuff his big member into MY mouth, and I'm getting jealous that he'd do it with her instead.

Of course, that's not true. I wonder if it would even FIT in my mouth. I mean, he's such an incredibly endowed young man, with such a big, long, thick, and - MMMM! - oh-so-yummy-looking member! Just remembering the sweet taste of his cum that I got at the appointment... Mmmm! What would it be like to slather my tongue all over him and lick up more of that yummy cum, straight from the source? MMMM!

Not that I would. It's just, uh, a hypothetical scenario.

Suzanne could see that Susan was having a little daydream, so she let her be until she saw her friend's eyes return to focus. Then, as if reading Susan's mind, she said, "You know what really struck me when I was stroking Alan's big erection today? It's just soooo long and thick. I can't get over it. I think it's wider than my wrist. It's going to be a big challenge fitting that between my lips tonight, I'll tell you that much. It's funny seeing my ivory hands next to his meaty pole; it makes my hands look so small."

Suzanne was trying to break Susan's sexual resistance by carrying on like this with as much sexual explicitness as she thought she could get away with. She continued, "It's funny; it's actually bigger than it looks. Just this afternoon, when I had two closed fists wrapped around it and I was double-pumping him like mad, sliding up and down, up and down, over and over on his slippery shaft, I got to wondering how your hands would look on it compared to mine."

She stared pointedly at Susan's hands. "For instance, would you be able to reach all the way around it, like I'm just barely able to do? But I remembered that your hands are exactly the same size as mine, because aren't we the same size in everything? So your hands would fit around his stiff, hot, throbbing boner just perfectly."

Susan leaned forward, listening with bated breath.

It took them a while to actually get down to playing cards. Suzanne continued talking in the same vein for the entire card game.

Actually, very little card playing took place, since both of them were much more interested in talking about sexual things. Susan remained in a constant state of arousal, and Suzanne actually kept herself pretty horny too.

Suzanne hadn't even finished giving a detailed blow-by-blow description of her most recent handjob when Susan stood up, flushed and trembling, and announced that she was very tired and needed to go to bed right away, even though it was still quite early.

Susan immediately rushed off to her room, where she decided that another "breast exam" was in order. She was so worked up that she was taking her blouse and bra off even as she hurried down the upstairs hallway. As soon as she closed her door, she fell back against it and started mauling her bare boobs.

Oh God! Oh God! Hot! Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot! All she could think about was how she'd covertly watched Suzanne stroking Alan's erection earlier in the day. Only now, she imagined that she was the one doing the stroking.

Tiger! Oh, Tiger! So big! So hot! Do you like it when Mommy strokes your big cock? Mmmm! Yes! Mmmm! That's it, grab my boobs! Play with Mommy's big boobies! Does that make you nice and stiff? Does it make you want to cum? Cum all over my chest, just like you came all over Suzanne's! MMMM! Oh, YES!

She slumped against the door, even as she kept fondling herself and fantasizing. Although she never touched her pussy or clitoris, she had an intense climax nevertheless.

However, once her climax was over, she felt terribly guilty. She put her clothes back on and prayed for a long time. Then she read the Bible, hoping that would banish the sinful thoughts from her head.

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As it so happened, Suzanne got called back to take care of things at her own home shortly after Susan rushed off to her bedroom, so she didn't get a chance to give Alan a blowjob that evening. But she was confident that it would happen soon enough.

When Suzanne told him she had to leave and thus couldn't help out, he naturally felt disappointed, but he understood. After Suzanne left, he went to his room and masturbated to relieve the pressure that had built up from his expectation of more fun with his 'aunt' that evening. He managed to have two more climaxes in fairly quick succession while reviewing that afternoon's scene in the living room, hardly believing that his mother Susan had brought herself to climax only feet away from him while she was hiding behind the sofa.

He cleaned up afterwards and decided to go to his friend Sean's house to hang out and play video games for the rest of the evening.

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Susan wasn't big on using computers, and didn't have one of her own. It was only in recent months that she'd finally let Suzanne teach her enough so she could conduct simple Internet searches using the family computer in the den. But when she found out that Alan would be gone for several hours, and Katherine was also out with friends, she snuck into his room and turned on his computer. She had a lot of sex-related questions, and while she trusted Suzanne implicitly, she wanted to find out what she could learn on the Internet on her own.bender

She looked up simple terms like "blowjob," "handjob," "titfuck," "PC muscle," "frenulum," and the like. Most of the results were pornographic pictures. Interestingly, she didn't find them even slightly arousing; if Alan wasn't involved, it just didn't interest her.

However, she kept wading through the results, and eventually she found some helpful "how to" pages. She found those extremely interesting, and read them closely.

On some level, she was no longer thinking about whether she'd jack Alan off, and more; she was already moving mentally to the when and the how.

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When Alan returned home from Sean's later that night, he had no idea that Katherine had been waiting impatiently in her room, where she had planned a little display for him to witness. As he passed her door, he saw that it was slightly open. He could hear her moving around in her room while her radio played some soft music. He decided to wish her a good night before he went to bed, but as he reached out to knock on her door, he caught a glimpse of her through the opening.

She was wearing a short, sheer, lavender nightgown. The top was cut very low, hugging the contours of her breasts. It clung to her body from her breasts down to just above her knees, with slits up each side to about mid-hip.

While the outfit itself was arousing, it was what she was doing that really made him stop short. She was moving around the room to the music gracefully as though she were dancing with an unseen partner. As she twirled and bent this way and that, Alan caught tantalizing glimpses of cleavage, thighs, and even of her bush a few times.

He had known that his sister was athletic and coordinated; otherwise she couldn't have performed her cheerleading routines. But he had never realized how graceful and sexy she could be in private. He became very aroused.

Feeling awkward about spying on her like that, and uncomfortable about being so aroused by it, he headed to his own room without making a noise. Little did he know that she had seen him watching from the door; she was very pleased by the look she had seen on his face.

Back in his room, Alan lay on his bed and jerked off while trying to keep his thoughts away from his sexy sister and what he had just seen.

Chapter 62 No! Please Don't Tell Me! Its Too Scandalous!

Friday at school, Alan was impatient and distracted, as was par for the course lately. All he could think about was the prospect of Suzanne giving him another handjob later that afternoon. He didn't realize that she was planning something new, even though she'd dropped some not-very-subtle hints about it.

Suzanne and Susan continued their ritual of talking about their dreams and recent sexual experiences while doing their morning workouts. Susan had handjobs and blowjobs on her mind to such a degree that it seemed like she could think of nothing else. Not surprisingly, that had been the main subject of her most recent dreams, which she detailed to Suzanne in more openly sexual terms than ever before.

Suzanne responded by describing some dreams of her own in even more graphic language. They weren't actually dreams she'd had the night before, and some of it was just plain made up, but her main goal was conditioning Susan's mind, not veracity.

She said things like, "Last night, I dreamed I wore this sexy dress to a formal party. And I don't just mean a little bit sexy! It was very fancy and expensive, made out of pure silk. But it covered all the wrong parts! It went all the way down to my ankles, but on the backside it was bare down to the middle of my ass!"

Susan sucked in her breath. "The MIDDLE of your ass?! You mean so your, your... ass crack was showing?"

"Yes! A good half of it."

"But that's so scandalous!"

"I know. But it almost was a moot point, because the entire thing was practically transparent! You know those cellophane bags you put the kids' lunches in sometimes?"

Susan was on the edge of her seat. "Yeah?"

"It was practically as revealing and see-through as THAT!"

"NO!"

"It's true! And of course I couldn't wear panties or a bra, so everyone at the party could see my nipples, my pussy, my dark bush - everything!"

Susan gasped. She was on an exercise machine, but all thoughts of exercising were forgotten for the moment.

Suzanne went on, "It just made me SO horny; you know what I mean? I was so wet and aroused that I could hardly breathe. And to make matters worse, Sweetie was standing RIGHT THERE, next to me, the entire time! And I do mean right there. In fact, he kept running his hands all over me. At first he reached into the dress and played with my boobs. But he wasn't content with that and pulled the shoulder straps off my shoulders!"bender

"No!" Susan gasped.

"Yes! Then his hands wandered down inside my dress to my pussy! In back, he didn't even need to slide his talented hands under my dress, because my ass was already half-exposed!"

"Oh God!" Susan panted, with her eyes wide.

"As we stood there in the middle of this crowded party, he fondled my pussy, tits, and ass like I was some kind of piece of meat!"

"Oh my God! That sounds so HOT! Er, I mean, horrible! So horrible!"

Suzanne smirked a little at Susan's verbal slip. She pretended not to hear the correction. "Yes, it was very hot! In fact, I was so heated up that I couldn't take it anymore! I dropped to my knees, unzipped his fly, and started madly bobbing on his big fat erection!"

Susan was so aroused by that image that she practically came on the spot. "Oh God, Suzanne! Oh God!" Forgetting propriety, she roughly fondled her big tits through her spandex top. "Right there, in the middle of the party? With all those people around?!"

"Yes! I didn't care! I just had to have his cock! In my mouth AND in my hands! I stroked him and sucked him at the same time. I could hear the buzz of disgusted and outraged voices all around me, but I didn't care. The only thing that mattered was coaxing out a load of Tiger's sweet cum with my lips, and tongue, and hands!" Knowing Susan was picturing herself in the dream, Suzanne even said "Tiger" instead of "Sweetie" to help her out.

Susan was panting like an obscene phone caller while kneading her own tits through her top with abandon.

Suzanne went on, "But it was so HARD! And I don't just mean stiff and thick and wonderfully delicious; I mean it was really difficult to get him to cum! I had to suck and lick and work at it for many long minutes while all these strangers crowded around and stared at me, with my see-through dress sliding down my legs. Just so much licking and sucking, and sucking and licking on that tasty, fat cock!"

Susan groaned lustily and repeatedly licked her lips.

"I could hear them talking about me like I was some kind of shameless slut! But it was so worth it! I knew Tiger loved how I was helping him out. I could tell how excited he was by the way he grabbed my tits and roughly pulled on my nipples!"

Susan immediately started pulling on her own nipples too, at least as well as she could manage through the tight spandex. She asked, "While you were still blowing him?"

"Yes! More and more inches of his thick cock slid deep down my throat, but I took it all!"

Susan squealed rapturously as she spiraled up towards orgasm, "Oh God! Oh God! Please! No! Too hot!"

She looked down and realized that she was blatantly fondling her own breasts. She quickly pulled her hands away and then stared at Suzanne in horror. But, to her great relief, Suzanne was looking away as if lost in fond memory, so apparently she hadn't noticed Susan's impassioned tit groping.

Susan took a few deep breaths, trying hard to control her raging lust. She couldn't help but ask, "Suzanne, why is it that you almost never seemed to mention blowjobs in all the years we've been best friends, but lately it seems to come up in every conversation?"

"Good question. Obviously, before, I didn't want to offend your Midwest sensibilities. Now that we can speak frankly and freely about such things, it's like I'm making up for lost time. And let me tell you... sucking on a great big... penis... like Sweetie's... why, there's nothing on Earth that compares to it! It's practically the greatest joy you can have!"

Susan was wide-eyed. She'd never really cooled down, but now her body was heating up even more. "Really?!"

"Really!"

"What makes you say that?"

"Because it's such a powerful, direct love connection! Think about it. You know how much I love my Sweetie as his auntie. But a lot of the things I do for him are kind of thankless; I often don't get much feedback. However, when I have his cock in my mouth, I can FEEL his love, and his pleasure! I can feel him tremble from the way my lips and tongue slide all over his hot flesh - feel him throbbing with life! I can feel his love in my hand as I slide and stroke up and down his thick, powerful shaft at the same time. Each time he squirts out a little cum or pre-cum, it's like he's squirting out liquid love, and I get to drink it

all up! And when I suck and suck until I hear him grunt and groan in exquisite pleasure, it sends shivers down my spine, every time! Goose bumps, guaranteed!"

Susan breathlessly hung onto every word. Without thinking, she'd resumed fondling her big tits.

"Can you just imagine it, finding yourself naked and kneeling, sucking on his fat cock, like a truly good, loving mommy? Doing a good deed, helping him with his medical problem while being constantly rewarded by his thick shaft in your mouth, while it shows his love and desire for you? And then, when you think it can't possibly get any better, it does! He cums! And he cums and he cums and he cums! So much liquid love, filling your mouth! Or, even better, all that spermy love splattering on your face or tits. Or both! I tell you, it just doesn't get any better than that!"

Susan gasped, "Oh my goodness!" That sounds SO HOT! So great! I wish that was me! I wish I could have my Tiger's cock in my mouth, right now!

Knowing she was on a roll, Suzanne went on, "Speaking of which, that reminds me of another dream I had last night. In that one, you and I were sucking his cock together!"

Susan gasped even louder. "NO!"

"Yes!"

Susan didn't consciously realize it, but she was pulling on her nipples through her clothes. She was so horny that she thought she might pass out. "No! Please don't tell me! It sounds too sexy! Too scandalous!"

"But I have to tell you! You see, it started when you and I were swimming in your pool one morning. We were both wearing scandalously sexy bikinis, when..." The wily redhead proceeded to tell the rest of a burning hot story, embellishing it in vivid detail. And although she'd started out by saying that they shared Alan's cock, she focused almost entirely on Susan's blowing her son.

Suzanne didn't stop there. She had many more "dreams" to share.

Chapter 63 Susan-Dream-BDSM-Blowjob

The problem was, Susan wasn't detailing her own dreams, as she only wanted to listen to Suzanne's.

After a while, Suzanne prodded her quite insistently about sharing, but Susan resisted. "Come on," Suzanne complained, not for the first time. "I've shared so much. We're best friends. It's only fair if you share some too."

"I know," Susan sighed heavily. "It's just that ... my dreams have been far too weird lately. Too ... improper. Downright scandalous, actually. For instance, this one dream I had last night... It was almost a nightmare, if it wasn't so... No! No, I can't!"

"Awww, Susan, you're killing me. You can't give a teaser like that and clam up!"

"I know. I'm sorry! But I just... can't! You'll think I'm weird. It's not just lusting after my own son, as if that isn't bad enough. I have all kinds of weird feelings that make me... Argh! I can't say!"

Suzanne looked at her gravely. "Uh-oh. This sounds serious. You have to tell me now. If for nothing else, for your own health. But since you're shy, I have an idea. Come with me." She held out her hand and pulled Susan to her feet.

Susan followed meekly. "Where are we going?"

"Just trust me. Have I ever led you astray?"

"No. Of course not."

Suzanne walked Susan up the two flights of stairs to Susan's bedroom. She explained that she needed Susan to take off all her clothes, lie under the covers in her bed, close her eyes, and relax. Once she was in the proper mood, then she should describe her "scandalous, almost nightmare" dream from the night before.

Susan wasn't happy. "I can't do that!"

"Why not?"

"It's just..." She was too embarrassed to say, but she feared that if she started thinking about her dreams in that condition, she'd find herself masturbating before too long. In fact, she was almost sure of it, because thinking about her dreams lately made her so extremely horny.

Suzanne had already guessed that, which is exactly why she wanted Susan to talk under those circumstances. But she couldn't admit it, so instead she lied. "Look. This is a tried-and-true therapeutic technique. You've heard about Freud and how he had his patients lie on couches and such, right? It's like that, only more intense. We're getting as close as we can to putting you back in your dream state. As for why you have to get naked, well, it's a well-known fact that nudity induces honesty. Who can tell a lie when they're completely naked? Don't worry about me. I'm going to lie on the floor right next to the bed, like an analyst listening to a patient."

"What?" Susan was genuinely puzzled. "Lie on the floor? Why on Earth would you do that?"

"So it'll be like I'm not even there. You can't see me, and I can't see you. That way, we can't possibly make eye contact, so you won't be tempted to open your eyes. It's like my voice will just be floating in the air."

Susan sighed. "Very well. But let me get you a pillow or two for your head at least."

A few minutes later Susan was lying nude under her sheets. Her eyes were closed and she was able to get quite relaxed, even with Suzanne lying on the floor nearby (while still wearing her workout clothes). No doubt Susan's comfort level was a sign of how much she loved and trusted Suzanne, and felt safe with her in almost any situation. In fact, Susan got so relaxed that she became downright sleepy.

Suzanne talked to her in soothing tones until she sensed that everything was ready. Then she changed the topic and said, "Okay, it's time you tell me about the dream you had last night that particularly disturbed you. How did it start?"

Susan sighed. Thinking about the dream as a whole made her anxious, but she could describe the start easily enough. "Things started relatively normally. I was at home, cleaning. That's normal, right? The only unusual thing was that I was dressed like a French maid. Suzanne, ever since you made me wear one of those outfits, they've been haunting my dreams! I dream I'm wearing one of those cute little black-and-white outfits, except that I have no undies! Talk about improper, right there! And it's not just in one dream either. In this dream, my outfit was particularly outrageous. It had a risqué cut, like it was designed for some kind of professional stripper or something. I didn't want to wear it, really!"

Seeing that Susan was getting agitated, Suzanne spoke calmly. "Relax. It's okay. Nobody's judging you. You're not to blame for what happens in your dreams. Let it all out. Go with the flow."

"Well, I was cleaning the house in this sexy outfit, like I said. I think I might have been in the kitchen, tidying up. And then Tiger came in. He walked up behind me - without even a hello, mind you - and then ran his hand up my bare ass! And when I mean 'up,' I do mean up! He flipped that little skirt back there all the way up and brazenly ran his hands all over my ass cheeks! He even explored deep into my, well... my rear end, if you must know! That cheeky little... Oh, Suzanne! It was terrible!"

"Susan, let's not cast judgment. Just describe exactly what happened in your dream, as best you can remember."

"Oh, dear. I'm afraid to go on. You see, as he was doing that, he kissed me on my neck and said, 'Hi, Mom. What's cooking?' You know, the kind of thing he'd normally ask me if it's almost dinnertime. Except he was running his hands all over my bare bottom like, well..., like he owned me! And that's not the worst! In fact, that's nothing compared to what he did to me later. Before I even had a chance to reply, he roughly turned me around, pulled my top down so my breasts sprang free, and groped them with his other hand! While he was still fondling my ass, mind you! It made me feel like a piece of meat!"

Suzanne said, "Is that all? Susan, really; that's nothing. Why, in real life I'm sure that kind of thing will be happening to you all the time before long. Tiger's going to need a lot of help from you so his cock can stay big and stiff."

"Suzanne!" Susan protested. "Don't use that word." She was particularly aghast at Suzanne's use of the word "cock."

"Well, that's what it's called. It is a great big cock. And it has needs, big needs. Frankly, I can't be there all the time to help out, or even much of the time. You need to help and encourage him to stay stiff in every way you can so that he can keep up his six-times-a-day quota for cumming after prolonged sexual

arousal. Luckily, you have the body of a well-endowed centerfold. It's only natural that he'll be fondling your tits and ass quite a lot. So I don't see why you're so scandalized about that."

Susan's voice turned shy, even as her arousal grew while she contemplated what Suzanne was saying. "Well... Okay... It's not so much that, as what happened next. Far from spanking him, like a prim and proper Christian mother should, I just smiled and let him wantonly grope me. Then I looked him in the eyes and asked him, 'What would you like, Master?' Remember, he'd asked me what was cooking. And that's how I replied! I called him 'Master!'"

"Hmmm," Suzanne muttered while lying there on the floor. She acted like she was seriously considering that "disturbing" development. In fact she was delighted, although she pretended to be dispassionate. "So, you're upset that you called him 'Master?'"

"Yes! Of course!"

"You're thinking that ... if he's the master, that makes you the slave, right? You would essentially be enslaved to your own son. He would be free to do what he wants to with you and your sexy body. Anything he wants. Anything at all!" Suzanne was trying to sound neutral, but she couldn't avoid the excitement that was creeping into her voice.bender

"Suzanne, we can't talk about that kind of thing! It's just too outrageous!"

"Sure we can. It's just a dream. It's not like it's real life. He could turn you into his sex toy. Nay, even his sex slave! You would be forced to submit and serve, serve his big cock! Is that what's bothering you?"

Susan was suddenly burning up. It was as if her bed and even the sheets on top of her were made of fire. She writhed and wiggled uncontrollably as Suzanne kept on talking. She hated that she was naked under the covers, because that just doubled her arousal, and then doubled it again. She brought a hand down to her pussy as if it really was on fire and covering it could put out the flames. But somehow she wound up masturbating instead. Her other hand drifted to one of her huge boobs, which she fondled as well.

She was so carried away that she almost forgot to reply. But after a long pause, she nearly screamed, "Yes! Of course!"

Suzanne continued in a clinical fashion. "So, you get agitated thinking about Alan being your master. Because if he were your master, forget about his daily treatments. That wouldn't even matter. He could just walk up to you, whip out his powerful cock, and expect you to drop to your knees and suck it! And you would suck it, because that's what sex slave mommies do! You'd probably take your top off first though, if you were wearing any top at all, because a sex slave mommy is probably naked most of the time. And then you'd just smile up at your master, stick out your tongue, and lick!"

"Gaawwwd! Mmmm! Yes!" Susan was practically swimming in place on her bed.

Suzanne still pretended not to notice the obvious signs that Susan was masturbating wildly just feet above her. "'Yes,' what?"

"Yes to everything! And it's like you know my dream, it's like you're psychic, because that's almost exactly what happened!"

"What did happen? Tell me!" Suzanne was getting worked up too, despite her best efforts to sound dispassionate.

"I can't! These thoughts... about masters and slaves... They're beyond the pale!"

"Pshaw! Spill it!" Seeing that she needed to be more persuasive than that, Suzanne added, "Remember, this was just a dream. It has NOTHING to do with reality. So just relax and let it all flow out."

Susan's fingers continued to pump in and out of her slit. She thought she was being secretive about it, but her panting gave her away. "Well, okay. There I was, standing by the sink with Tiger's hands all over me, like some kind of horny octopus!"

Suzanne interrupted. "Were you wearing high heels?"

Susan grumbled. "Probably. In fact, now that I think about it, yes. And I blame you! Lately, you have me wearing high heels all the time, and you're constantly talking about how sexy they are, and how much Tiger will love them. Why is that?"

Suzanne smirked. She loved how her suggestions were taking root. "Let's not get sidetracked. So... Then?"

"Then, the next thing I know... I don't know how it happened, but maybe he gently but firmly pushed my head down from the top. Anyway, before I could really breathe, even, I found myself face to face with his cock! His stiff, long, magnificent cock! Oops. I meant to say 'penis.'"

"No you don't," Suzanne said firmly. "Most men have penises, but Alan has a cock. That's just a fact. Continue."

In her current horny state of mind, Susan couldn't dispute that. "Oh dear. This is so embarrassing. He didn't say anything to me at all! The question of what was for dinner was long forgotten. Obviously, I was expected to hold it, stroke it ... lick it even! Like it was no big deal! Like it was an everyday thing!"

Suzanne said, "Because he's your master. And a slave must obey her master! Always! Every day, all the time!"

"Yes! Oh God! Help me, Jesus!"

"So what did you do?"

"Help me! Dear Lord, please help me! I must admit... I... I... I held it! It was so warm and wonderful in my hands. Like it was radiating love! But also... power! I felt so helpless, kneeling there with my strong son towering over me, my pale breasts exposed... Wearing that humiliating but oh-so-sexy French maid outfit... Oh, Suzanne! It was terrible!"

"Terrible? How?"

"It's just that... I loved it! God forgive me please, but I loved it! I not only held it, but I stroked it!"

"His cock." Suzanne wanted to hear her say it.

"Yes! His cock! I stroked it. Wantonly! And I kissed it! Yes, I'll admit it: I kissed it! And then, before long... Oh, Jesus! This is so embarrassing. I'm such a sinner! The kissing led to, well... licking. Lots of licking! God yes! Mmmm! So much licking! It was like his cock NEEDED to be licked; you know what I mean?"

"I do!" Suzanne was delighted. It seemed that her indoctrination themes were taking root to such a degree that she didn't need to prod much. "I know exactly what you mean, because a strong, masterly cock like Alan's does need to be licked a lot! That's what I keep telling you. Especially with this whole six-times-a-day treatment. Before long, you and I, we're gonna be nude and on our knees licking and sucking his cock every day, ALL THE TIME!"

Susan squealed, "Oh God! Oh God! Breathe! Gotta breathe!" She paused for a bit because she was panting and gasping so much. But while her mouth took a breather, her fingers did not. She couldn't stop masturbating even if she'd tried, because she was just too horny. It was almost as if she were in a dream state where her fantasies about her well-hung son seemed incredibly real, and yet she was awake enough to masturbate vigorously while carrying on a conversation with Suzanne.

Suzanne gave Susan a chance to recover somewhat, because when she was worked up this much, it was overkill to get her worked up even more.

Suzanne was also very tempted to rise up enough to peek over the edge of the bed, but she restrained herself. When she detected Susan's breathing had slowed to merely heavy panting, she said, "Tell me more. So there you were, with your son's great, big, steel-hard cock in your hands. Kissing it. Licking it. Loving it! What happened next?"

"Oh, Suzanne! It was terrible! I forgot all about the love of our Lord, and Judgment Day, and the terrible sin of incest. My mind was addled with debauched thoughts, sexual thoughts! All I could think about was this, this... cock! My son's perfect cock, pulsing with life in my stroking hands! Even worse, somehow, Tiger lost all of his clothes! I don't even remember him taking them off, but dreams are weird like that, I guess."

"So is that all you did? Just kiss it? I'm disappointed in you."

"No." Susan sighed heavily. "Kissing it wasn't enough. Somehow, and I don't even know how, I dreamed that I... I... I managed to fit all of the bulbous end part in my mouth!"

"The cockhead," Suzanne clarified.

"Yes. I mean, I've never done that with Ron, but... somehow in the dream, it was like it was really happening to me! My jaw had to stretch so wide open, it almost was too much to take! But there I was, like some kind of shameless..."

"Slave!" Suzanne helpfully suggested. "A sex slave for your son! A big-titted mommy who sucks her son's cock at the drop of a hat!"

"Yes. Yes! YES! Mmmm! So... wrong! So... yummy!" Susan was tempted to cram four fingers into her mouth to better simulate giving a blowjob. The problem was, she only had two hands, and she couldn't stop fondling her pussy and boobs. In fact, she lamented that she didn't have three hands, if not more, because she needed to fondle both of her great big globes at once, and of course she couldn't stop fondling her pussy to do that. She kept having to switch from one breast to the other under the sheets, because both of her breasts were like hungry babies crying for attention.

Suzanne prodded, "So what happened then?"

"Mmmm! I... I... kept on sucking! Serving... serving my son! Serving his... his cock! With... my mouth! Mmmm! MMMM! So good! YES! ... Mmmm... Till... until... until he, he came!"

Suzanne took mercy on Susan, so she stopped prodding her to say more. It was obvious that Susan was spiraling up to a climax, so Suzanne let her. In fact, Suzanne hadn't planned on touching herself, since she still wore her workout clothes, but this "dream analysis" had gotten her so worked up that she reached under her own clothes to play with her clit.

To her pleasant surprise, she came at almost the exact same moment that Susan did. But her climax was quiet while Susan's was very noisy.

Suzanne was quick to pull her hand from her privates once the deed was done, just in case Susan peered over the edge of the bed at her. She couldn't help but smirk and smile as she pretended to be completely unaware that Susan had just cried out loudly in ecstasy. "So... Susan, I heard you wailing in anguish there. You mustn't get yourself so worked up and upset about this. In fact, I consider a dream like that a good thing."

"A good thing?!" Susan was still panting in recovery. She'd been thinking how she was going to have to explain her obvious orgasm, and was beyond grateful that Suzanne hadn't appeared to recognize what had occurred.

"Yes, a good thing. A very good thing."

"But what about this disturbing submissive attitude I had in the dream? I mean, I even had my hands behind my back like my wrists were bound together, only they weren't! It was just my attitude keeping them that way! My sinful, slavish attitude!"

Suzanne said firmly, "That's fine. Healthy and productive, even. Think about it. Sweetie needs to cum six times a day, at least. And he needs help - a lot of help. From you. From me. From other sexy women, no doubt. The extent of his need is practically boundless, so we can't act all high and mighty about helping his mighty tool. Are you going to take some kind of holier-than-thou attitude, like you're too good to do a sexy striptease for him, or to drop to your knees and stroke his fat cock when he desperately needs your help?"

"Well, no. Not if he's truly desperate, I guess. But Suzanne..."

"No buts! Remember, you have to help with his abnormality checks at the very least. Come Tuesday, you WILL be on your knees with his hot, stiff cock pulsing in your hands!"

Susan clutched at the sheets with a start. "Oh God! God Almighty, I will!" She didn't stop to consider why she'd have to be on her knees to help him, but it was an arousing image for her all the same.

Suzanne pressed, "So what kind of attitude should you take? 'I'm too good to do this, but I'll suffer though it?' Or, 'I'm going to serve my son's perfect cock in any way I can? I'm going to submit to it, and love it and stroke it and lick it to the very best of my ability, so he can have a nice, long buildup and an explosive climax, just like Nurse Akami says he needs to have each and every time?'"

"Well, yes, the latter, I suppose. But... really. I mean... This is all so untoward..."

"Susan! Listen to me. This so-called 'almost nightmare' dream of yours is actually really good news. It shows you're developing a helpful, positive attitude. Did you have any other dreams like that last night?"

Susan sighed. "As a matter of fact, I did. But... they're kind of boring. I mean, they're all kind of like that. Somehow, I always end up stroking or sucking my Tiger's great big cock. There's not much plot, just lots of stroking and sucking. The problem is, you and I have been talking about that kind of thing far too much. I can't get it off my mind. I... I even had another dream with the French maid outfit."

"Okay, tell me about that. And then your other dreams. Let it all out."

"What, like this?" Susan looked down at herself. She was afraid to remain naked under the covers, because she feared that she'd just end up masturbating and cumming again. Although she considered it very fortunate that Suzanne hadn't caught her cumming so loudly, she didn't want to push her luck.

"Of course like that," Suzanne replied, as if any other way was crazy. "Before, you weren't willing to say anything about your dream, yet this way you opened up and told me all about it. You see? These therapeutic techniques really do work."

Susan sighed. She pinned her hands behind her head so they wouldn't wander, but she suspected that they wouldn't stay there for long. "Very well. In this other dream, I was wearing pretty much the same French maid outfit, except this one was even MORE outrageous! I mean, even when I was standing straight, it didn't cover even half my ass! And in front, well, I had to kind of bend over if I didn't want Tiger to see my you-know-what, but that left my breasts hanging out! And I was bending over like that when he walked into the room. And he was naked!"

Needless to say, before Susan was even halfway through describing that dream, she was masturbating again. Suzanne guided the pacing of the discussion so that Susan came just as she finished telling her story.

Susan and Suzanne kept on sharing their dreams like that until they ran out of dreams and both women were completely satiated sexually. When they were done there was a large wet spot in the middle of Susan's bed.

Suzanne's main goal was to get Susan all worked up, and she'd obviously been very successful at that, but a byproduct was that she'd inevitably worked herself up nearly as much. Susan's enthusiasm was infectious and Suzanne got swept up in the passion. As a consequence, both of them had a number of not-so-covert climaxes during this storytelling time.

Chapter 64 Alan's First Blowjob Pt 1

In part due to all this hype, Suzanne grew extremely impatient and excited at the prospect of again being with the real Alan. In fact, she was so eager that she decided she couldn't wait for him to finish his afternoon nap. She lingered at the Plummer house most of the day, waiting for him to return home. As soon as she heard the sounds of him entering the house from the garage and heading up to his room, she lit off after him.

He'd barely closed the door and put down his backpack when she came bursting into his room.

"All right, Sweetie, I'm hot, I'm horny, and I'm here to show you a good time. Are you ready for something new?" She was wearing a fancy female business suit, the better to sexily strip her clothes off in short order.

"Uh... yeah!" This sure beats the homework I was planning to start! "What's uh... What gives?"

"Your mother and I have been discussing this some more, and she's agreed that I can give you blowjobs as well as handjobs. After all, a mouth will be easier on your penis than a rough pair of hands." She joked, "You know, we can't let that chafing get the upper hand."

Trying to play it cool, he joked back, "I don't know; I think we can risk some more chafing."

"Don't play coy with me, buster. Sit on the bed and take off your shorts right now or the train is gonna leave the station without you!"

He knew when to do what he was told. He plopped himself down on the bed and nervously fumbled at his shorts.

"Actually, I take that back. Let me do that for you." She unzipped his shorts.

His hard-on sprang out through the hole where the zipper had just opened. He groaned.

"Ah, what do we have here, peeking out?" She knelt down between his legs. "What's its name? Does it want to come out to play?"

She pulled his shorts off completely, then cradled his hardness in her hands.

He thought, Oh MAN! Aunt Suzy? Blowjob?! I'm gonna need that PC muscle trick, that's for sure! His heart pounded at what seemed like a thousand beats per minute.

She said, "Oh wait! I almost forgot - you need visual stimulation. I'm under doctor's orders to provide it." Without getting off her knees, she proceeded to take her clothes off, but in the most prolonged and seductive way she could think of. She pulled her blouse up so that it bunched up under her arms, causing her mammoth tits to hang out below.

She looked up at him and noticed that he was just beginning to stroke his dick. "Tut-tut," she chastised him as she wagged a finger. "Hold your horses until I'm naked and then I'll take care of that for you. Do you want to permanently damage your penis? I can just see your epitaph: Alan Evan Plummer, the first teenager to be chafed to death."

He laughed, but with great nervousness and anticipation. He didn't feel nearly as cool as he was pretending to be around her.

She pulled her skirt up and bunched it around her waist.

Because she was unencumbered by any panties or bra, he could see her pussy quite clearly from just feet away. In fact, it was the first time he'd had a clear view of her entire pelvic region.

She whispered to him in a husky voice, "My tits are just aching to get out of these heavy clothes. And my pussy. It makes me so hot when I show them to you. I just want to get all naked for you! Do you mind if I show you my naked body?"

She closed her eyes and turned her head so he wouldn't feel shy about giving her a full inspection.

Standing up, she ever-so-slowly took her clothes all the way off, until finally she was left wearing nothing more than her high heels. She knew how sexy high-heeled shoes could make the muscles of the legs appear, and she resolved to keep them on whenever possible when he was around.

Suzanne had been very close to completely naked around him a number of times in recent days, even fully nude but coyly concealing her bush just the day before, but this was the first time he'd seen her entirely exposed without any clothes at all (not counting those high heels). The sight took his breath away for so long that he had to remember to breathe. It was a fantasy come true for him.

He gazed at her with adoration and awe, as if she were a true superhuman goddess walking the Earth.

She luxuriated in his attention, preening, posing, and plain-out flaunting her body. She could really ham it up sometimes. She said to him, "Let me give you some sexual instruction while we're at it. As the man, your goal is to make your woman wet."

She reached into her slit and worked her fingers deep inside for what seemed like several minutes. Finally, she pulled out a long sticky string of her own juices. "Look, Sweetie. You've already got me worked up. That was easy, wasn't it? So now let's work on you." She knelt down again and grabbed his very erect penis with both hands.

He laughed out loud, since that was so ridiculously easy that he hadn't had to do anything.

"We need to protect your delicate penis," she suggested. "I don't want your rough, manly hands all over it. It needs a soft, feminine touch. Whenever you feel stiff, you just come running to me, okay Sweetie? I'll give your cock a good lick! When you need to cum, I want to see that cum end up on my skin. Is that clear?"

The aroma of her vaginal juices had reached his nose, causing his dick to become even stiffer than before. He was beyond coherence, and just nodded.

"Have I told you about the story of Onan and the importance of not letting your seed spill on the ground?"

He shook his head 'No.' That was the last thing he wanted to hear at that moment, since he was eager to experience her cocksucking skills.

Luckily, she too was impatient. "Well, that'll have to wait for another time. I'm too worked up." She began kneading his erection with her delicate fingers. "In fact, I'm actually sweating already. Do you like my sweaty smell? That's how I smell after a good fuck. Sweat is sexy."

She tried to keep her cool, and keep him from blowing his load too fast. But she was so excited that she was already losing control. She couldn't help but frantically rub his cock now that she'd cradled it in her hands.

Even though he'd already had two orgasms that day, he was in danger of blowing his load after only a minute or two, before she could even get it in her mouth.

"Enough of that," she said, taking her hands away. bender

She waited a few more minutes until they'd both calmed a bit. During that period she tried not to say or do anything sexy, enabling him to calm enough that he didn't blow his load right away, but the mere fact that she was buck naked except for high heels kept him rock hard and close to the edge. Besides, she had long since made herself into such a naturally sexy person, with her every movement seemingly designed to tease and arouse, that she was pretty much incapable of turning off her sex appeal.

Finally, she couldn't wait any more, and said, "I think it's time. I want to show you something even better than jacking off. This is a blowjob."

She placed her mouth delicately at the tip of his cock. At first she didn't even lick it; she just held it there.

Alan tightened up and held on. He knew he was liable to shoot his seed at any moment, despite the earlier calming pause, but he struggled hard because he didn't want to disappoint her. He worked his new PC-muscle-clenching skills with all his might. Luckily, since she was holding the tip of his penis up against her slightly-opened mouth, he slowly calmed down and got somewhat used to her lips on the head of his cock.

Then her tongue came out to join in the fun. She began licking the tip, going around and around. Slowly, steadily, she began encompassing more and more of it. Finally, she took it all the way into her mouth.

She had long been an expert cocksucker from her many previous experiences with men. She was also very excited, and her enthusiasm made her cocksucking that much better. She tried to take it slow and easy, but she was so into it that it wasn't long before she began to go deep. She bobbed her head repeatedly on his cock, taking him to her tonsils and then pulling way back until he was almost all the way out of her mouth.

Alan grasped at the bedsheets until he thought he might rip them apart. He couldn't hold out for long in the face of this new, overwhelming experience. "I'm going to cum!" he shouted, just before he started spurting.

She took it all in, swallowing every last drop. Then she fell to the floor, while he collapsed onto his bed.

Chapter 65 Alan's First Blowjob Pt 2

Minutes later, after Suzanne had picked herself up and composed herself somewhat, she sat beside him on the bed and said, "Thanks for the warning. That tells me right away that you're considerate - the mark of a good lover. But remember that a lot of women, especially inexperienced ones your age, don't like to have you cum in their mouth. So it's always good to give warning. I happen to be an experienced cocksucker, so I can take it any way you want it. It also so happens that I love the taste of your cum, so you can fill my mouth anytime. Whenever you see me, feel free to unzip your shorts, pull out that monster between your legs, and shove it in my mouth."

"Really?! You're not just saying that? Holy cow! That's just too unbelievable to be true! Are you serious?!"

"Well, just about. Sweetie, your cum is incredibly sweet and delicious. I've blown a lot of guys, and some of their cum tasted downright awful. But you, you're in a different league altogether. I'm kicking myself for washing two big loads off my face the other day. I could easily live on this stuff! You should try some yourself."

"Ewww! Don't be gross!"

"Hey, don't knock it until you try it," she said with a very happy grin on her face.

"What if I try it like this?" He put his hands on her shoulders and leaned in to kiss her on the lips.

He thought he was being daring and sexy, but she pushed him away. "Whoa, Betsy! What do you think you're doing?"

That really surprised him. What confidence he'd been gaining suddenly crumbled. "I'm confused. I thought that you liked me! You're getting me so aroused, how could I not kiss you?"

"I do like you! Very much. Too much. You're making me do crazy things. Remember what I told you before? We have to have boundaries or your mother will get upset. Remember that this is for your medical benefit. Don't start getting lovey-dovey on me. Remember Christine. Don't tell me you love me more than Christine, do you?"

Suzanne was playing up the setting-of-limits at least in part because she suspected that Susan might be outside the door listening. She felt bad about lying to him about some things, but she was sure that he would benefit greatly in the not-too-distant future from the approach she was taking.

"It's over with Christine," he said sadly. "At least we're still friends. But anyway, my feelings for you are different. You're my... Suzanne." He'd stopped himself at the last minute from saying Aunt Suzy. He figured that would sound too weird in the current circumstances. "You have a special place in my heart."

"And you do in mine, my cutie Sweetie." She lovingly ran a hand through his short, unruly hair. "You always know just what to say to please a lady. You're such a very special young man. But your feelings for me are different than they have been for Christine, aren't they? And your feelings for your mother are different again, right?"

"Right."

"Think of me as a really good friend now, who also just happens to jack you off and suck your cock a lot. Would you like it if I help you like that?"

Another question with an obvious answer. "Hell yeah!"

"Goody! I'm so happy that you'll have me as your special cocksucker! Would you like it if your mother was also a really good friend who just happens to have a habit of keeping your cock in her hands every day? And mouth, now that I think about it. Hell, probably a lot of both."

He feared that was a trick question. He also worried about admitting his incestuous urges.

She leaned forward and whispered, "The correct answer is 'Yes.'"

He finally nodded.

She was disappointed because Susan wouldn't know his answer if she was indeed listening. But she pressed on. "So would you like to have two naked, busty mothers constantly blowing you and fondling you?"

"Yeah. Hell yeah!"

She smiled, glad to get that from him out loud. "Okay. But you have to follow certain rules or things will get out of hand. After all, Susan is your mother and both of us are married. It just won't do if you're pounding our pussies full of that sweet cum of yours every night. So remember the golden rule: Look but don't touch, unless I say so. Do you think you can handle that? Do you like looking at me?"

He was still absorbing everything she'd said, especially the part about pounding pussies. It was as if he'd been hit by a truck; he was so bowled over that he missed her change of rules, from yesterday's about never touching her to today's about touching her only when she said it was okay.

She got up and stood right above him. She thrust her chest out and asked, "Is there anything you see that you like looking at?"

He was incredulous. Did she really just call herself my "special cocksucker"?! Holy fucking bloody hell! And now she's asking me if she's attractive?!

"Are you deranged? Every square inch of you is perfection! Jesus H. Christ! I know I'm never going to see a sexier woman in my whole entire life!"

"Awww, you're so sweet. But I'm getting all old and flabby." She put her hands behind her head and struck another sexy pose, fishing for even more compliments.

"Aunt Suzy, if you're old and flabby, then I'm... I don't know what I am. A monkey's uncle. You're so incredibly amazing, I can't even put it into words. An eighteen-year-old girl could only dream of having your body." He contemplated saying, "I love you," but held back.

She stepped forward and drew him into a hug, which placed his head between her naked breasts.

He was so astounded and excited that he missed the fact that this was a violation of her supposed 'no touching' rule.

She repositioned, releasing his head so they could look eye-to-eye. As she squeezed him in a hug, her nipples brushed against his chest. "You're not half bad yourself, Sweetie. All that tennis and swimming is paying off. You're really filling out lately. But don't be saying 'I love you' or think of me romantically while I'm helping you with your problem, okay? That's something you do with girls your own age. I'm just an old married woman who's helping you with your problem."

She thought to herself, I wish I could tell him the truth! I dream of him telling me, "I love you, Aunt Suzy." There's nothing I'd rather hear him say. But if my ultimate fantasy for this family is going to come true, I have to hold my horses for now. He needs to be emotionally open to lust and love from Susan and Angel too. And of course I can't forget that Susan is probably listening through the door. Drat!

She continued, "I must say, I'm very happy I can help with your problem. And if we have some fun in the process, then no harm done, right? If the doctor says I have to suck and stroke your cock many times a day, then that's just what I have to do, isn't it?"

He was really glad now that he'd resisted saying "I love you"; it was almost as if she'd read his mind and had seen he was on the verge of saying something like that. He decided yet again that it was always best to say as little as possible in these unfamiliar situations.

"You're the best!" he enthused, but her mention that she was married filled his head with the thought of adultery, and he felt very guilty even as he grew more turned on by those same thoughts.

She responded, "Am I really? How do you know if I'm such a good cocksucker after just one time? Maybe I need to show you again, to prove my point." His penis was already hard again.

She immediately knelt down in front of him and put his cock in her mouth.

He put his hands on her head, already forgetting about the "no touching" rule (though in this case it didn't really matter).

The second blowjob was much better than the first. The first time had ended after just a few minutes, but he had much greater stamina for the second go-around.

She sucked and sucked, repeatedly taking him in as far as her oral cavity would allow.

His brain reeled from pleasure and wonder as he watched his erection slide in and out. I can't believe anyone can fit that much cock inside a mouth. Damn!

As the blowjob went on and on, he started to wonder about her tongue. He'd always been under the impression that her tongue was longer than most. He recalled times when she'd stuck her tongue out in a playful or petulant mood, and he'd been struck by how far it stuck out. But even so, the things her tongue was doing to his erection seemed almost unreal and impossible. For instance, at times, she wrapped her tongue around his shaft and held onto it and even stroked it, just like a firm finger!

He couldn't imagine demonstrating that kind of reach with his own ordinary tongue. He was tempted to ask her to stick it out all the way just to see how long it really was, but that seemed like a rude thing to do. Instead, he just enjoyed all that her tongue and lips could do, putting the mystery of its length aside for later.

He was sitting up on the edge of his bed, which let him see when she moved her free hand down to where her pussy was. He assumed that she had started to finger herself while blowing him.

She pulled away from his dick for a moment, so that he could better see her fingers at work. She'd friggged herself in front of him before, but this time he could see what she was doing. He watched with intense interest as her fingers disappeared into her hole and then wiggled around. He saw her pull at her clit. He'd heard a lot about the clitoris, but was fascinated to see how a woman would do herself. He figured he could learn a lot from that.

After a few minutes, she stopped to catch her breath. As she rested, she asked, "So, do you like the sight of me naked and on my knees with your cock in my mouth?"

His heart was racing from excitement. "Fuck yeah! I love it! I especially like to see your ass and your tits sway from so close up."

"Good, 'cos you're going to be seeing me in this position a LOT from now on. I LOVE to do this, if it's FOR YOU!" She resumed her happy slurping.

He thought, Why on Earth would the most perfect cheesecake centerfold on the whole friggin' planet be interested in me in the first place, much less want to help me out like this? It must just be her giving nature, trying to help me through my medical situation. What an unbelievably generous woman!

When they finally both came, at the same time, they did so loudly, now that there wasn't such a sense that their play had to be kept secret.

In fact, Suzanne wanted Susan to hear just how much fun they were having, to help convince Susan that she should blow her son as well. Suzanne certainly didn't have to fake her great pleasure, but she cried out unusually loudly so that Susan couldn't possibly miss her rapturous joy.

As he shot off into her mouth, she couldn't help but notice again that his cum was unusually tasty. It was sweet, without any of the bitterness normal to a man's cum. She'd noticed that previously, but this time she retained some of it in her mouth after his climax ended, allowing her to savor his flavor for a long time.

She was doubly pleased. Excellent! Not only is his taste an unexpected bonus for me, but it will make it a lot easier to turn Susan into a dedicated cocksucker. I'll bet she'll fall in love with that delicious taste before long!

He collapsed back onto the bed. "That was amazing! Fantastic. I'm such a lucky guy!"

"That you are," replied Suzanne, but as she said this she quickly strode to the door and opened it a crack, even though she was buck naked. She wanted to see if Susan had been listening.

Suzanne arrived just in time to see a body quickly moving into the bathroom across the hall, less than ten feet from Alan's door. There was someone who had been eavesdropping, but she realized to her great surprise, Hey, that's Angel, not Susan! Even better. So she's curious too. Excellent!

Chapter 66 Banana - Blowjob Practice - Susan..!

Suzanne walked out of Alan's room with her clothes in her hands. Since she knew it was Katherine who had eavesdropped instead of Susan, she figured Susan had to be downstairs. She headed to Susan's bedroom and knocked on the door, just to be sure. When there was no answer, she let herself in.

She'd recently loaned Susan several different sexy bikinis. She chose one of the more revealing ones for herself and put it on. Then, leaving the clothes she'd come in behind, for the moment, she picked up the other bikinis and brought them downstairs with her.

She found Susan in the living room. It looked like Susan had tried to read a magazine at first, but she had been so anxious about what was happening upstairs that she'd put the magazine down and was pacing around the room.

Suzanne swept into the room with a serene smile on her face. "Hey, Susan, what's up?"

Susan stood in place, fidgeting her hands together, but it looked like she had to force herself not to rush up to Suzanne and grab her by the shoulders. "How... how did it go?!"

"Just fine. I'll be glad to tell you all about it. Except... I feel like going for a swim in the pool. So, if you join me out back, I'll be happy to tell you anything you want to know." She held out the selection of bikinis that she was holding.

Susan was so preoccupied with her thoughts about what had happened upstairs that she seemed to notice for the first time that Suzanne was wearing a skimpy bikini. Then her eyes went wide when she saw the other bikinis in Suzanne's hands and realized that she was supposed to wear one of them as well. "You don't expect me to put one of THOSE on, do you?!"

"Sure. Why not? Why do you think I lent these to you, if not to be worn?"

Susan frowned with worry. "You know how self-conscious I get in one of those. It leaves nothing to the imagination."

"Good! All the better for you to help inspire him. Sweetie is going to be taking a long nap, that's for sure. He just had two big orgasms, and men sleep like the dead after they cum. So this is a great time for you to practice sexing things up."

Susan stared in disbelief. "He came... twice?! Into your..."

Suzanne smiled and nodded. "Into my mouth. Yes. Here, pick one of these and I'll tell you all about it as soon as we're in the pool."

It took some more cajoling, but Suzanne managed to get Susan into a bikini. Susan's desire to hear Suzanne's account of what happened outweighed her prudish reluctance to wear a bikini. Susan picked the most conservatively cut of the bikini choices, just as Suzanne had known she would, but they were all fairly revealing so that didn't make much of a difference.

A few minutes later, Susan and Suzanne were standing in the pool. Suzanne was careful not to go any deeper than waist deep because she didn't want to get her hair wet, so Susan followed suit and stood next to her. Susan wished they could go deeper to hide the way her erect nipples were visibly poking through her bikini top, but she figured that couldn't be helped.

Susan waved her hands above the water in agitation. "So... tell me already! Everything!"

Suzanne smiled knowingly. "Well... I sucked him off twice, and it was glorious!"

Suzanne proceeded to tell Susan everything that happened in great detail. In fact, it was nearly a lick-by-lick account, with her explaining all the different moves and techniques she used when she could remember them, and making things up when she couldn't, just to keep the detailed story going. Naturally, she tried to make it sound as appealing and arousing as possible.

Before long, Susan was so hot and horny that she could barely stand it. She was grateful that she was in the pool, because that allowed her to dip down so the water was up to her neck. She no longer cared much about being at the same height as Suzanne. Her main intention was that by sinking that low in the water, she could touch her nipples and pussy through her bikini without Suzanne seeing what she was doing. She was confident that the shadows and lighting made it impossible for Suzanne to clearly see where her hands were going.

It was true that Suzanne couldn't see much. In fact, she'd chosen their angle, depth, and position in the pool precisely so that Susan could furtively play with herself. She'd figured correctly that such play would considerably heighten the arousing impact of her story.

But the story was just the warm-up. She'd made a big point out of emphasizing how thick and long Alan's erection was in her mouth, so when she finished her account, Susan commented on that, just as Suzanne had expected.

"Suzanne, I don't get how you managed to do what you did with that, that... baseball bat in your mouth! No, more like a tree trunk! If it's as thick and solid as you say, how do you even get your lips around it?!"

Suzanne smirked with glee, because those were the very words she was waiting for. "I'm so glad you asked. Here, come out of the pool and I'll show you." She started wading through the water in order to climb out.

Susan was aghast. "Show me?! You're not going to get Tiger, are you?!"

"Oh, dear no. You know how he needs his naps. I have something else in mind. Dry yourself off and I'll be back in a jiffy." Suzanne grabbed a towel of her own and towed off as she walked back to the house.

She came back within about a minute, because she didn't want Susan to cool down. She sat on one of the plastic deck chairs next to a patio table, causing Susan to sit on the adjacent one. Once they were both dried off and sitting, she pulled something from behind her back. "Ever seen one of these?"

Susan gasped. It was only a banana, but it was shocking in this context. Furthermore, it was an unusually thick and straight banana. Suzanne had selected it well in advance for just this occasion, due to its shape and size. She'd even carefully carved it so it had the ridge of the cockhead's crown. (She had wanted to use a real dildo, but she worried that might scare Susan too much.)

Suzanne asked, "Well, what is it?"

Susan whispered in awe, like she was naming a priceless treasure. "A banana!"

Suzanne said proudly, "And not just any banana; it's a very phallic one. See?" Without any warning, she suddenly put the unpeeled banana in her mouth and started sucking and bobbing on it.

Susan gasped even louder. Her eyes practically bulged out of her head and her heart thumped crazily. She clutched her breasts defensively, and then she looked around with worry. "Suzanne! Don't! Not here!"

But Suzanne ignored her friend and just kept on sucking in the lewdest style she could manage. She made a particular point of having the end of the banana bulge outwardly against one of her cheeks, because that was a highly visible move that Susan couldn't miss.

Given that Suzanne had just finished her erotic account of the very real blowjob that she'd given Alan upstairs, Susan didn't need a lot of prodding to imagine that it was Alan's boner in her best friend's mouth, and not just a banana.

She thought, Oh dear! Goodness me! My... my nether region was on fire before, but now I fear it really will burst into flames! I just HAVE to touch it! I have to! Why does Suzanne have to keep doing that right in front of me?! I get it already! Stop, before you make me tingle in a very naughty way!

But Susan didn't say a word. She just panted and stared. She started to reach for her pussy mound, hoping the patio table would hide what she was doing. But at the last second she controlled herself and

made sure her hands stayed on the table top. She figured they couldn't get into trouble as long as they were in sight.

Seeing that Susan was hooked, Suzanne pulled the banana out of her mouth and wiped her chin. "So imagine this is Tiger's great big fat erection." She suddenly thrust the saliva-covered end towards Susan so that Susan's hands impulsively wrapped around it. "Feel it! Can you just imagine you're really holding him? It's just like this, except the real thing gets quite hot, and it throbs with lust and life!"

"Oh my goodness!" Susan practically had an orgasm on the spot as she fondled the banana. She closed her eyes and nearly convinced herself that it really was her son's hard-on in her hands. She was heedless of Suzanne's saliva, and in fact exclusively caressed the part that had been in her best friend's mouth. She focused on the crown-like ridge that Suzanne had carved, and the sensitive spot just below it that Suzanne had repeatedly told her to stimulate the most.

Suzanne purred in an especially sensuous voice, "A big fat dick like this one needs to be stroked and sucked a lot, don't you think?" She abruptly pulled the banana from Susan's hands and resumed bobbing on it with her talented, sliding lips.

Susan mewled with displeasure. She was so horny that she very nearly grabbed the banana straight from Suzanne's mouth so she could suck on it herself. But her manners stopped her, if only just. However, her entire body was buzzing with lusty desire. She was frustrated that she was wearing a bikini, because it felt to her as if she was completely naked, and that kept her so hot and bothered that she was nearly ready to swoon.

Sensing that Susan was reaching a peak, Suzanne pulled the banana out of her mouth again and brought it to Susan's face instead.

Susan was so far gone that she lunged her head forward and engulfed about three inches of it, even though it was quite wet from Suzanne's saliva. Susan didn't even think of that as an issue, because in her mind that wetness was Alan's pre-cum.

The only problem in Suzanne's planning was that she'd gotten Susan too aroused too fast. Within seconds of starting to suck on the banana, Susan began to cum in dramatic fashion, even though she wasn't touching her privates in any way. She had to pull the banana out of her mouth altogether as she struggled to get enough oxygen while keeping herself from orgasming too loudly.

She was successful in catching her breath, but not in keeping quiet. She cried out so loudly that there was no way to conceal the fact that she'd just had an orgasm.bender

That put a big damper on her erotic euphoria. When her orgasm came to an end, she handed the banana back to Suzanne and then covered her face with her hands. "I'm so embarrassed! Please! Let me be!"

"Nonsense!" Suzanne quickly got out of her chair and knelt down next to Susan's chair. That allowed her to wrap her arms around her friend. Suzanne gave Susan a comforting squeeze and said, "What's to be embarrassed about? You were just crying out from the difficulty of sucking on such a thick object, weren't you?"

"Um, yeah." Susan grabbed onto that fig-leaf excuse like it was a life preserver in a raging sea. But a part of her knew that Suzanne was merely covering for her to reduce her embarrassment, so she still felt bad.

Seeing that her proffered excuse hadn't really worked, Suzanne whispered in her friend's ear, "There's nothing to be ashamed of. The important thing is that you're getting the hang of it. Soon you'll be sucking on Alan's penis for real! And not just once or twice, but daily. Have I mentioned to you how delicious his cum is?"

Susan groaned unhappily, then replied in her normal voice, "Yes. You mentioned it a whole bunch today, as a matter of fact. But Suzanne... I can't do that. I can't do any of this! It's all so terribly improper! This is not how a lady or a mother should ever behave. I've never even done that with my husband!"

Suzanne went back to her seat and detailed a list of reasons why Susan's helping Alan with her hands and mouth was "absolutely imperative." She'd said it all many times before, but she repeated herself again just the same.

Susan was actually relieved to get that kind of lecture. If nothing else, it redirected the conversation away from her embarrassing public orgasm. Furthermore, hearing Suzanne's reasons lessened her feeling of guilt, because Suzanne made such a passionate and convincing case.

Suzanne had hoped to do more with the practice banana, but the mood had obviously been broken so she didn't try. But she was encouraged just the same. It took a long while, and a lot of talking, but by the time the two of them went back into the house, she'd managed to put Susan back into a good mood.

Chapter 67 Katherine's Determination

Around the time Susan and Suzanne went outside to swim in the pool, Katherine was in her room writing in her diary.

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Dear Diary,

You will NOT believe what just happened! Aunt Suzy did it! She really did it!!! She sucked Brother's cock, and not just once, but twice!!!! I knew it was going to happen after all the handjob help she'd been giving him, but still, to actually HEAR it all go down... I still can't believe it!!!!bender

Oh yeah, did I mention that I eavesdropped on the whole thing?! Because I did! I had to make a show of going up and down the stairs and leaving my door wide open, because I could tell that Mom totally wanted to eavesdrop too! But I beat her to it! She was too afraid though, knowing that I was right there across the hall. And she missed out, big time, because what I heard was WAAAAAAY better than any porno film! And that was just from the SOUND! Good grief! Aunt Suzy slurps so loudly and passionately, I swear you'd think there were three of her in there, at least! So sexy! I was sooooo tempted to open the door and peek in just a little bit, but the darn door was shut tight. I couldn't take the risk. DAMN!

But who cares? The sound was more than arousing enough! I put my ear to the door and heard EVERYTHING! I must admit, just now I had a pretty rockin' masturbation session from thinking about what she did! Even though it was her, in my mind it was ME the whole time!!!! It was super scary, knowing that Mom could come up the stairs at any moment, so I had to keep an ear out for her and refrain from touching myself until I was back in my room. But that made it even more exciting!

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Katherine was going to write more, but her window was open and she was hearing some strange sounds coming from the pool area. She'd ignored that for a couple of minutes, as she was busy writing, but then she went to the window and saw Susan and Suzanne standing in the pool in bikinis. That kept her attention, especially since her mother never, ever wore a bikini. Even though Katherine was too far away to hear what they were saying, she had a great view. She particularly appreciated the fact that their huge racks were just out of the water. She kept watching all through their shocking oral play with the banana.

That got her worked up all over again. She wound up playing with her pussy while she watched them take turns fondling and sucking the banana. Although she was frustrated by still not being able to hear what they were saying, this time she didn't really need to, because the visuals with the banana said it all.

Eventually, once Susan and Suzanne went back into the house, Katherine had her own silent orgasm from what she'd just seen. Then she resumed her diary entry.

//

Diary, hold your horses! Stop the presses! You will NOT believe what I just saw in the backyard! I saw it, but even I can't believe it! Mom and Aunt Suzy basically made love to a friggin' BANANA!!!!!! I just know that was a stand-in for Brother's big cock! Since it happened JUST after Aunt Suzy sucked him off, I'm POSITIVE she was demonstrating to Mom exactly what she did to him! Even though it's driving me crazy that I couldn't hear them talking, there can be no doubt about it!

//

Katherine went on to describe in detail what she'd heard Suzanne do in Alan's room as well as what she called the "banana incident" by the pool. She was stunned by what that indicated about her mother's desire for Alan, and she wrote about that at length. Her perception of Susan as being essentially sex-less and prudish was shaken to the core.

She concluded:

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I tell you, things are happening around here. Big things! Life-changing, heart-stoppingly exciting things! The question is, am I just going to be a bystander, or can I join in the fun?! The way things are going, even my super-prudish mom is going to be playing with Brother's big boner before long. Why not me too?! What's my excuse for sitting on my hands?

I'm sure Brother's attention is focused on them right now. They're so busty and gorgeous that it makes me want to cry. How can I compete?! But I'm the one who's been in love with him for a long, long time! Sure, I've been flirting with him some lately, but I'll bet he still has no clue how I really feel about him.

It's time for me to strike with some kind of dramatic, bold move! I've got to capture his attention fully in a way that can't be ignored or denied! I don't know what it is just yet, but I know I've got to do something!!!!

She was so intent that she actually dropped her pen and clutched both fists in the air in determination. She spent a lot of time after she finished her diary entry thinking through different possible scenarios and trying to gather her courage.

Chapter 68 Alan's Blowjob - Suzanne's Craftiness - Susan...!!

bender

Alan woke up that morning to yet another sticky, cummy mess on his sheets. He fondly recalled the dream that caused it. He had been sitting by his desk when Suzanne had sashayed in with her usual super sexual demeanor and started giving him a blowjob without even saying a word. It was as if no words were needed because this was such a common occurrence. But it hadn't stopped there. Eventually, Susan had joined in, and Katherine wound up helping too. He found it disturbing yet exhilarating at the same time to imagine all three of them licking his boner together.

He wondered if it was even remotely possible for that to happen someday in real life. He figured anything was possible if only Susan could fully give in to her lusty desires. Katherine was a big mystery, but if both Susan and Suzanne were regularly "assisting" him with his daily orgasms, he was hopeful that his sister would help too.

Alan looked forward to the weekend with both excitement and some trepidation. Hanging around the house all day long meant he would have even more opportunities to experience teasing, temptation,

and nudity. Before going to sleep the previous night, he'd masturbated while recalling the blowjob that Suzanne had given him earlier. And as he lay in bed that morning thinking about Suzanne's oral talents some more, as well as the potential fun he could have with her later that day, he managed two of his daily quota before even getting up to shower.

He didn't have to wait long. No more than an hour after breakfast, Suzanne was sitting at the kitchen counter, talking to Susan who was cleaning the kitchen, when she looked at a clock on the wall and announced, "Hmmm, I think it's about time."

"Time for what?" Susan asked as she scrubbed the stove top clean.

"Time for me to give Sweetie another wonderful blowjob." She licked her lips lasciviously. "Yum, yum. I can't wait!"

Susan was so shocked that she stumbled and nearly lost her balance. Had she been holding any glasses or dishes, she would have dropped them. She turned to Suzanne with wide-open eyes. "Excuse me?!"

"I said, it's time for me to give Sweetie another wonderful blowjob. Now, don't look so surprised. He's been doing this six-times-a-day thing for quite a few days now. His body is creating new cum at a faster pace as a result, so he needs to have his balls drained dry on a regular basis. I'll bet he's upstairs in his room right now, feeling uncomfortable with all that cum buildup crying out for release. Can you just imagine how much he's suffering? A handsome, virile young man like him, with his big, stiff erection throbbing with need? It's our job to help him!"

Susan tried to get back to cleaning the stove top, but her hands were shaking. "A-a-a-our job? You mean your job, don't you?"

Suzanne shrugged. "Well, for today, I suppose. But it'll be your turn to help soon enough. If nothing else, you'll be doing that abnormality check on Tuesday. And think about all the times his balls will be bursting with cum and I won't be here, but you will. I figure that before long you'll be sucking and stroking his big erection so much that it'll just be another part of your daily routine. You know. Wake up, brush your teeth and such, dress in something sexy and revealing, go downstairs, cook breakfast, strip your clothes off and drop to your knees, suck Tiger's cock until he cums on your face, wash the dirty dishes, and send your kids off to school."

"NO!" Susan gasped, both aroused and dismayed by that vision.

Suzanne ignored the gasp. "Remember, don't think of it as your son's penis, think of it as a penis in the abstract. Would you like to watch?"

"What?! No! Dear God, no!"

Suzanne shrugged again. "It would be a good learning experience for when it's your turn to polish his knob with your lips and tongue. Are you sure?"

"Definitely. Thanks, but no thanks!" She sounded firm, but she secretly thrilled at the idea of actually watching the "sinful" deed.

"It's up to you. Anyway, I probably won't be too long. I'll try not to be too noisy." She got up and walked away.

Susan was floored by that. She'd missed out on eavesdropping on Suzanne's two blowjobs from the afternoon before, because she knew that Katherine would have seen her, but she hadn't actually missed much because Suzanne had given her such an extremely detailed account during their morning workout session. So she already had handjobs and blowjobs on the brain, even more than usual. To think of one happening right at that moment upstairs was almost too much for her to bear.

She literally grew weak in the knees and had to grip the counter edge to stay standing. Dear Lord, please! Strength! Give me strength! Don't make me go up there and listen in. It'll just be too sexy and arousing! I don't think I can take much more!

Alan was in his room, idly surfing the Internet. He was thinking about starting his homework, but it was hard to get motivated to do that early on a Saturday morning.

His door was wide open since he was reading news articles and not looking for porn, so Suzanne strolled in without knocking or saying a word. She deliberately left the door ajar.

He was about to ask her what was up, but she put a finger across her lips. Then she took off her clothes. She was still wearing her workout clothes and she hadn't taken a post-workout shower yet, since she really did believe that men found feminine sweat sexy. She wanted some cock immediately, so instead of doing some kind of fancy striptease, she quickly took everything off until even her feet were bare.

Alan was in awe all over again. He realized, Just yesterday I saw Aunt Suzy naked. Now here she is again, absolutely, totally friggin' bare-assed naked and it's just as exciting! She's so... FUCK! Damn, she's hot! I even love her cute bare feet!

He didn't have much time to appreciate her body though. As soon as she was in her birthday suit, she did one slow twirl to feed his hungry eyes before stepping forward and dropping down on her knees in front of him. She still hadn't said a word.

He was so gob-smacked that she had to pry his knees apart so she could get in close to his crotch.

Then, after unbuttoning and unzipping his shorts so she'd have easy access to his penis and balls, she took his rapidly inflating dick in her mouth and helped it engorge the rest of the way.

His pleasure was so great that he just sat there in a slack-jawed stupor. Fuuuuucck! No way! This... is the future? She's gonna do this again, repeatedly? Fuck yeah! Thank you! Thank you, Dr. Fredrickson! Thank you for your weird treatment! You are a fucking GOD!

Suzanne got busy bobbing steadily on his shaft. She knew it was stimulating, but not overwhelmingly so because she was pretty much doing the same thing over and over again. Her goal was to make him last a long time, but not just for their mutual pleasure. She'd deliberately left the door wide open, expecting Susan to peek in now that Katherine had gone shopping. She wanted to give her friend a good show. She even angled Alan's chair so that Susan would get an ideal side view.

She hadn't said a word to Alan, because she was getting off on the idea of blowing him without any verbal preamble whatsoever. That risked that he would spot Susan at the door and stare at her, frightening her off. But Suzanne was in a particularly naughty, risk-taking mood. She figured that if that happened it would only cause a small setback, and Susan would be back to watch or eavesdrop again the next time.

The only thing that bothered her was that Alan's legs were in the way, blocking the view she had arranged for Susan to see. So, after a minute or two, she put her hands on his knees and pressed down.

He didn't know why she was doing that, but he found it mildly annoying. So he opened his legs wide until she couldn't do that anymore.

That made her happy, because his wide pose meant that Susan would have a completely unimpeded view of her lips sliding back and forth over his long shaft.

It was only another minute or two before Susan tip-toed her way down the hall, creeping ever closer to Alan's open door. Susan told herself she'd just stand near the door, because she was desperately afraid of Alan looking her way and catching her. But that resolve didn't last even a minute.

She peeked through the open doorway just enough for her eyes to see. Oh my goodness! Suzanne! What are you doing to him? That's so lewd, so very improper! I've never seen anything so disgusting in my life! Disgusting, and HOT! Mmmm! So hot!

My Lord! How does she do that? It's just so THICK! That must be like if Tiger tried to cram his entire hand in my mouth, but she's bobbing back and forth on it, and it looks like she loves it! Mmmm! Her moans and purrs are just too sexy! And Tiger's moans are even sexier! He's having such a GOOD time! That could be me, making him feel that way! That SHOULD be me!

Susan had planned to just stand there and listen, but her sexual urges were simply uncontrollable, so she reached into her clothes and began playing with her pussy and nipples. She was glad that Suzanne was making her dress sexily, with no underwear, because it at least gave her easy access to her enflamed privates.

As the minutes passed, Susan grew less cautious about being caught. It was hard to go to town fondling herself while also just barely peeking around the doorframe. Before long, half her body was visible in the doorway.

Alan had his eyes closed most of the time, because that helped him focus on and fully savor all of the incredible things Suzanne was doing with her tongue and lips. Again, he was particularly impressed with her tongue work, and it made him wonder just how long her obviously unusually lengthy and dexterous tongue actually was.

But eventually he opened his eyes and saw his mother standing there.

Even though he gazed at her long enough to see her hands inside her blouse and skirt, she was so intently focused on Alan's erection and Suzanne's bobbing head that she didn't notice that she'd been seen.

Realizing this, he closed his eyes again. Jesus! Somebody friggin' stick a fork in me. I'm done! This is too much to take! Not only is Mom watching, she's totally getting off! FUUUUUUCK! And Aunt Suzy's busy lips! This is the life!

Suzanne was so certain that Susan was watching through the open doorway that she didn't even need to look. But she had been making a lot of noise using a particularly sloppy and slurpy style of cocksucking, and then she suddenly stopped all movement. For a few seconds, she heard light panting coming from the doorway, confirming for her that Susan was there.

Somehow, Suzanne managed to smile widely, even though she had about three inches of Alan's boner in her mouth at the time. Hee-hee! Everything is going according to plan! I feel like some kind of evil mastermind from a James Bond movie or something, but it's true: my clever plan is coming together, and nobody can stop me now! Except I'm not evil and there's no Double-O-Seven to mess things up. Susan is going to be sucking cock like a Hoover vacuum cleaner within the week, and fucking loving it! I just know it! And she'll be happier than she's ever been. We all will be! Oh God, it makes me so excited that I can't even stand it!

She wasn't just thinking that: she grew so excited that she couldn't contain herself and she started bobbing and sucking and licking with such a mad passion that Alan was helpless to resist. After about a minute of her head bobbing on him so quickly that it was practically a blur, he grunted and groaned and rocketed his cum into her mouth.

Suddenly remembering her audience, Suzanne quickly pulled back and let him blast most of his load on her face and chest. She knew that would make a big impression on Susan.

She wasn't wrong. Susan had a great climax of her own as she watched rope after rope of pearly cum land on Suzanne's gorgeous facial features. Somehow Susan managed to stop herself from crying out, but it took a nearly heroic effort for her not to fall to her knees afterwards. She barely managed to stagger to her own bedroom and make it to her bed before collapsing.

As she lay there panting, she kept thinking, So hot! So hot! So hot!

Alan started to speak once he got his breath back, but Suzanne cut him off in mid-word by laying a finger across his lips. Then she stood up, bent over and picked up her clothes, put them back on, and gave him a smirky, satisfied smile before she walked out of his room.

She was in a funny mood, and she was really getting off on the fact that neither of them had said even one whole word during the entire event. But there also was a message there. She hoped Alan would understand that she was demonstrating that stroking and blowing him would become so common that there would be no need for words.

He did get that, which blew his mind all over again.

Chapter 69 Susan's Breast Examination - Again

About ten minutes later, Suzanne found Susan in her bedroom, folding clothes. Susan looked outwardly normal, since she'd recovered from her climax and washed up (just as Suzanne had done as well). But she was still emotionally reeling from what she'd seen and heard.

Suzanne's plan basically was to hit Susan when she was weak, to further corrupt her into the new sexual lifestyle she wanted everyone in the Plummer house to lead. She sat down on Susan's bed and said brightly, "Guess what? I did it! I sucked Sweetie's penis!"

Susan was more resistant to such talk, now that she was in a post-orgasmic mood. She hardly paused in her folding, and complained, "Really, Suzanne, please spare me. That's more than I need to know. Please!"

But Suzanne ignored her friend's protests and replied, "Susan, remember that a blowjob or handjob in this house is not a sexual act; it's a medical procedure. It's our duty to make sure that Sweetie is being properly stimulated until he cums the requisite number of times per day, and that there are no ill effects in the process. I know you're not happy about it, but it's your duty now to monitor the situation closely."

Susan mentally chided herself, I monitored the situation, all right! To say the least! I was such a naughty mom. I shouldn't have done that! She complained, "But it's so improper. Really. It's not right."bender

Suzanne responded, "I tell you, there will come a time when Sweetie needs a blowjob and I'm not there, but you are. What then?"

Susan grumbled, "Maybe he'll just have to wait until you get back."

Suzanne sighed with annoyance. "What if he was dying and needed CPR and you didn't know how to do it? It's just the same with blowjobs except you put your mouth over his big erection instead of over his mouth."

Susan complained, "That's not an appropriate comparison, and you know it."

But Suzanne kept on talking, intent on wearing down Susan's resistance. Before long, she began describing this latest blowjob in the most graphic, detailed, and arousing manner she could muster. She started with a clinical description, but then moved into much more passionate language as Susan's arousal grew.

Of course, Susan had seen almost everything about that particular blowjob with her own eyes, but she loved hearing Suzanne's description anyway.

Suzanne was able to gauge Susan's level of arousal by what words Susan let her use. Susan tolerated Suzanne's use of the words "penis" or "erection," but she herself continued to use "member" or "thing." If Suzanne was able to use "dick" or "boner" without Susan complaining, that was a good sign. Words like "cock," "cunt," "jack off," and "tit" were too much for Susan's blushing ears, but sometimes Susan got so extremely horny that she even let those slide. And then when she was off-the-scale aroused, she'd even use those words herself.

Before long, Suzanne's account got Susan so hot and bothered that Suzanne was able to use "cock" freely without having Susan constantly correct her.

For instance, Suzanne concluded by saying, "You should have seen it when he came! His cock just squirted, and squirted, and kept on squirting! It was glorious!"

Susan was squirming relentlessly. Her pussy and nipples craved release, but all she could do was sit there and listen. She said breathlessly, "I suppose he squirted all over your face and chest?"

Suzanne knew that Susan had seen that, but obviously she wanted to hear the details. "Yes! He did! Oh, Susan! It was so great. He just came and came and came! I swear, it felt like he shot gallons of his creamy love all over me! And his cock was so hot. I kept stroking and pumping it, painting myself with it. It was just so damn HOT! And the cum that landed on me felt even hotter! But then I thought, he's the lucky boy. He should do the honors. So I let go and he took over."

"And then?!" Susan forgot all about trying not to sound too eager.

Suzanne chuckled. "He was in a pickle, because he obviously wanted to nail my face AND my boobs. But there was already a lot on my boobs by then, so he concentrated on my face. I wish I didn't have to close my eyes, so I could have seen the cum fly right at my nose!" She giggled.

Susan panted, "That's so..." She didn't finish the sentence, because she was torn between saying "hot" and "wrong."

Suzanne suddenly turned thoughtful. "Hmmm. I wonder. When he cums on you, I wonder if he'll prefer to paint your face or your boobs? I'd say your boobs, because they are so very big and perfectly shaped, and I know how much he loves them. But on the other hand, you have such a beautiful face too. I'm sure he'd love to see it splattered with lots of hot, tasty cum!"

"Eeeaaak!" Susan squealed out some kind of unintelligible noise as her body suddenly jerked forward. It wasn't a climax exactly, but more of an erotic shock that tingled her down to her fingers and toes.

Suzanne asked, "What do you think? Where will he cum on you first? Of course it's a moot point since he'll be cumming on both your face and chest so much. But I'm still curious which he'd prefer."

Susan couldn't answer. She stayed bent forward, her chest heaving.

At that point, Suzanne decided to make herself scarce, since she knew Susan would need orgasmic relief. "Oh, I've just thought of something I've gotta do. I'll see you later, okay?"

Susan could only nod.

Sure enough, Susan suddenly decided she needed to conduct yet another "breast exam." As had recently become her habit, she did it in the shower. She generally refrained from putting fingers actually on her pussy, as that contradicted the breast exam excuse too blatantly. She knew that what she was doing was really masturbating, but she figured it wasn't so sinful if she just confined herself to breast play.

It helped a lot that she could cum relatively easily from nipple stimulation alone. She didn't know just how rare that was, and how lucky that made her.

For her first few showers, she'd just left the shower head hanging on the wall. But then she used the hose and pointed the nozzle directly at her pussy. She considered touching her pussy directly with her hand to be an immoral form of self-stimulation, although in fact she'd done it several times in recent days. However, with the pulse setting on and the shower head pointed right at her clit, she could get off easily without actually having to finger herself.

Running her hands all over her body, especially her breasts, while thinking about Suzanne's hot talk about sucking Alan's cock, sent her over the edge. She came so quickly and easily that it turned out that she didn't even need to use the shower nozzle.

Besides, she liked the feeling of the water falling on her face and chest from above. She imagined she was on her knees and it was her son's cum flying at her, not water.

Up until that point in her life, Susan had had just about the most vanilla and boring sex life that a non-virgin could have. She'd acted like sex was purely for the purpose of procreation, and any deviation was immoral and a sin. Her husband Ron wasn't particularly religious, but he didn't really try to fight her about it. Their sex acts seemed more like the fulfillment of obligations than real acts of passion. It was as if they did it every now and then only because that's what married couples were supposed to do.

Suzanne suspected Ron might actually be a closet homosexual. She knew that most men would have given their right arm to have sex with Susan, but Susan had confessed to her that Ron was never much into physical contact, even when he'd been courting her before marriage. Missionary position sex in the dark, once or twice a year during his rare visits home, was all that she knew. Suzanne had tried to drop hints about his possible sexual orientation to Susan, but Susan had dismissed them out of hand.

In any case, Susan had such limited experience that she found the idea of handjobs and blowjobs a new and exciting thing. The fact that she'd considered them taboo now made them appear even more tempting. Even seeing an erect penis in the light of day seemed like a fairly wild and crazy idea.

Suzanne's descriptions were so vivid that Susan felt as if she'd had Alan's erection in her hands and in her mouth several times already. Her fantasies usually ended with visions of Alan cumming all over her face and chest. She could hardly wait for that to happen in real life, at least when she was in one of her extremely horny moods. Her attitude about cum had changed dramatically in the previous 24 hours, to say the least.

Her masturbatory fantasies rarely progressed to the idea of actual fucking. Partly that was because the handjob and blowjob fantasies were so intense that they made her cum every time. Partly it was because Suzanne never talked about that. But mostly, it was still so taboo and sinful in her mind that she wasn't willing to go there, even in her fantasies.

When it was over, her guilt set in again. But her bad feelings never seemed to last that long. Usually, all it took was another talk with Suzanne, or a chance to wear revealing clothes around Alan, and she would be off in her happy, lusty world again.

Chapter 70 Katherine's First Exhibition.....Damn!!

After lunch, Alan played tennis at the high school courts with his friend Peter. Then he went home and took a nap, after which he did some homework.

Life seemed surprisingly normal. Suzanne wasn't around, and Susan seemed content to go back to her usual non-sexual mothering role, at least for a while. It helped that she was sexually sated from her latest "breast self-examination."

In the late afternoon, he decided to go swimming in the backyard swimming pool. He did that often, though sometimes he swam in the nearby ocean.

Katherine was already sitting by the pool. She had just been swimming laps and was drying her hair in the sun. She swam in the pool a lot to keep in shape, but also, unlike Susan and Suzanne, she liked to work on her tan.

Seeing Alan coming, she stood up to say hello. "How are things, Big Brother?" she said jovially, while putting on a hair band.

"Things are very good, Sis. Very, very, outstandingly good," he replied. His mind had been focused on Susan and Suzanne lately, but his sister had also been on his mind. She was dressing provocatively and acting sexily, especially given her cheerleading display of a few nights earlier. It didn't occur to him that she might have realized that he had watched her practice her cheerleading routine in the nude, and neither of them mentioned the incident.

"I can't possibly imagine why things are so good," she told him, smiling all the while. "It can't possibly have to do with a certain attractive next-door neighbor wrapping her mouth around someone's pecker, could it?" She giggled and blushed at the same time for being so forward. But she could hardly help but bring it up - for the last several hours she'd been thinking of little else.

"Hey, how did you know that?!"

Katherine lay down on another lounge chair. "Oh, I don't know. A little bird told me. Not to mention the fact that my room is ten feet from yours. I could hear her slurping from a mile away. It sounded like someone finishing off the last of a milkshake with a straw."

"It did not! My room is pretty soundproof, just like yours."

"Okay. True. Maybe I overheard Mom and Aunt Suzy talking about it. I have a feeling they talk about it a lot." In fact, she'd heard a bit of them talking about it, but she'd also listened at his door the night before.

He wanted to know more, but he felt quite awkward discussing blowjobs with his sister. Seeing her in a bathing suit, even if it was a relatively conservative one-piece suit, was enough to get him hard again and drive all other thoughts and moral dilemmas out of his mind. "You look very fetching in that suit," he pointed out.

"Oh, you think so?" She teased, "'Fetching?' What does that mean, exactly? Do you want me to play 'go fetch' with you?"

He just chuckled and made a chagrined face.

Despite the joking around, she was very pleased with the compliment. Until recently, Alan had gone out of his way to avoid thinking about his sister's body. Usually that was easy because she dressed so conservatively. When she would go swimming he'd usually steer clear of the pool because she would get shy and get out of the water when he was around.

The one exception to this was whenever Amy would ask Katherine to pose in a bikini by the Plummer backyard pool so that Amy could sketch her, which was being done to improve Amy's artistic skills and understanding of human anatomy. Many times, Amy would want to sketch Alan in a tight bathing suit as well, which gave him ample time to hang out with Katherine in her bikini (and Amy in hers). However, the last such posing session had been months earlier.

Only in recent days had Alan and Katherine "accidentally" met at the pool. Little did he know that it wasn't an accident, since she had started going out of her way to tease him in her sexy bathing suits.

Seeing Susan spying on Suzanne giving Alan a handjob, plus listening through the door to Suzanne doing it in his room, boosted her self-confidence in taking her teasing with Alan a step further. Burned into her brain was the mental image of Suzanne with her hands sliding up and down her brother's stiff erection. It was about the most arousing thing she'd ever imagined, since she'd actually seen it happen.

Those thoughts drove her onward. She longed to help him with handjobs and blowjobs too, but she still battled with her prudish habits and fears of rejection and of the unknown.

She decided the compliment about her bathing suit was just the opening she needed to do a little more teasing, especially as she knew no one else was yet home. "You may like this bathing suit, but I don't," she pouted.

"Why not?" he asked, taking the bait.

"You've seen the stuff Mom and Aunt Suzy are wearing these days, and I still have to wear a one-piece bathing suit! I need a bikini. Anyways, I've been wearing this one so long that I've gotten some serious tan lines from it." She grabbed the edge of the suit underneath her armpit and pulled it inwards towards her nipple.

"You see right there? You see the tan line?" She kept pulling her suit inwards until her tit popped completely out of the suit. But she acted like that was nothing unusual, and just left her suit that way. "I have to get rid of these awful lines."

"Y-y-yes, I can see," he stammered. "The tan line."

He was shocked, but she was nearly as surprised as he was over what she'd just done. It was as if her hands had minds of their own. She hadn't planned for her teasing to go that far.

"But it's like that all over!" she moaned and pouted. "Look, it's the same on the other side." She pulled on her suit until her other tit popped out. The upper part of the bathing suit was now bunched up in her cleavage.

She looked up at him for his reaction, and was satisfied to see that he was intensely fixated and aroused. So she decided to move on, and rotated her body so he could see her butt while still checking out her naked tits. "Look at my butt too. My tan lines are even worse down there."

She pulled at the edge of her suit along her butt until she'd completely revealed an ass cheek. Then she did the same on the other side. Now her suit was bunched in her ass crack as well as in her cleavage.

He was too stunned to speak.

So she went on, "What do you think I can do about this problem before I get a new suit? The more I'm in the sun, the worse it gets!" She looked at him like this was a serious problem and she couldn't just go out and get a new suit the next day. (In actual fact, she'd already bought another more-revealing suit, but it didn't serve her purpose to mention that at the moment.)bender

He stared at her for long moments before he realized that she was expecting an answer. He squeaked out, "I don't know." He was having a hard time concentrating on the question. His penis was extremely stiff and his heart was beating fast.

"Oh, wait; I know! I have an idea!" she said happily. "What if I just sunbathe topless? That will get rid of those tan lines."

She pulled her shoulder straps down and off her arms, but kept her swimsuit on from just below her bosom downwards. "That feels better!" she cried out. Grabbing the bunched-up suit below her boobs, she pushed it up into her boobs and out, then began sliding the fabric back and forth. Her completely exposed rack began moving back and forth along with the fabric.

She couldn't believe what she was doing, but she seemingly had no control over her actions anymore; she had been completely overtaken by lust. Just as had sometimes happened to her mother recently, her intellect shut off and she had no idea what she would do next because her lust was in control.

"I know these boobs don't compare with Mom's and Aunt Suzy's. I wish so much they were bigger!" she cried out as she continued to jiggle them. She'd seen how much he was fascinated with Susan's jiggling boobs, so she tried to imitate what turned him on. It worked.

He now stood about ten feet away and continued to come closer, like a moth drawn to flame. He said, "Sis, don't say that! I think your breasts are perfectly fine."

"Fine? Just fine? Aunt Suzy's are super, Mom's are fantastic, and mine are just fine? You might as well say 'adequate'!" She jiggled them even more enthusiastically.

"No, I didn't mean it that way," he protested. "I think you have the best tits in the whole high school. I really mean that."

"Really? But what about Amy? She has those same damn big-boob genes as Suzanne. Not to mention Christine, your love interest. And what about Heather, the head cheerleader? And what about-"

"Hey, just a minute!" He interjected. "Bigger is not always better. There may be one or two who have bigger ones than you, but I still think yours are the best in school." Maybe he was exaggerating a little to make her feel better, but only a little.

"Awww, you're just saying that," she said, delighted. She continued to shake them back and forth. "What about my nipples? Don't you think they're too small?" She put her hands directly on her boobs and began pinching and pulling at her nipples. She tried to keep shaking her tits by rocking her shoulders.

"No, I like them a lot," he said. "Don't knock your body. You have a great body! And your face; it's so lovely!"

She was astounded at his compliments, as he'd complimented her on other things many times but he'd never really complimented her appearance before. That had always been a taboo area.

But she continued to play with him. "Maybe my problem is this suit then. I think it's far too small on me. Look! It barely even covers my most private parts." Leaving her tits exposed, she grabbed her suit with both hands just above her slit and pinched the fabric together so that the edges of her hairy pussy were showing. Then she pulled it up sharply, causing the suit to reposition deep between her labia and in her ass crack.

She began masturbating herself with the suit, moving it up and down repeatedly. She finally fell to the ground and continued pulling the suit higher and higher away from her body. She splayed her legs wide to give her brother a perfect view of her lewd show. She didn't care about anything anymore - it was as if she were possessed.

She began panting and moaning openly. Her legs impulsively kicked into the air. This was easily the most intense masturbatory experience she'd ever had. She had a powerful orgasm that went on and on. She began gasping, "Oh no! Fuck! Oh God!"

Her display was so startling that Alan suddenly became acutely aware that they were outside, and that in theory anyone could be watching. He quickly looked all around, but realized the odds of anyone looking into their remote backyard were between slim and none. He knew that Susan had left to do some errands, but his primary concern was that Susan might return home since it was rare that she was gone for very long. Also, Amy often walked into their house through the back patio, and she could come across them at any time, or merely look out her bedroom window, which overlooked the Plummer backyard.

His gaze returned to Katherine and he saw that she was getting on all fours, as if she wanted to be fucked doggy-style. He watched as she pulled her suit down her legs and stuck her ass up into the air in his direction. What's the deal?! Are all the women in this house total nymphos or something? I can barely wrap my head around what's happening with Aunt Suzy and Mom, and now the same thing is happening with Sis! Dang, we should have tried to solve my energy problem years ago!

"My ass!" she cried out. She wanted to continue the banter with Alan, but she was too far gone to think straight. She lost track of everything except her hand on her butt. She used her hand to rub all over her skin. Her slit was leaking like a river, so she got her hands wet and spread her pussy juices all over her ass.

Finally, she spread her slit for her brother, and then plunged her fingers inside her vagina. She fingerfucked herself as her ass, and in fact her whole body, rocked up and down.

Alan steadily drew closer until he stood over her only two or three feet away. He was tempted to reach out and hold her delicious rear in his hands, but some shred of sanity told him that would lead to disaster.

He thought, I can't touch her - I can't! Once I start on such an obviously horny girl, who knows where it'll end. Actually, I do know exactly where it will end - I'll fuck my own sister! I can't do that! Not only that, but odds are good someone will be home soon. Mom is likely to return from shopping at any minute, if only 'cos she has to prepare dinner. What if she sees us?

So he restrained himself. He even managed to keep his penis in his swimsuit, though he was sorely tempted to masturbate along with his sister. But he could only take so much, and his willpower slipped a little further every second.

She finally appeared to calm down, collapsing completely on the pool decking. She pulled her swimsuit down to her knees, just lying there with her ass still poking up into the air, looking up at Alan and smiling at him. "How did you like the show?" she asked.

But the show wasn't really over. Even as she said this, she put her hands on her snatch and began rubbing it.

She thought, It's like my pussy is itching worse than the worst case of poison ivy, and I've got no choice but to scratch it! I can't believe I'm actually doing this in front of Brother! This must just be an erotic dream; it can't be real.

"Shit. That was amazing, Sis! That is the hottest thing I think I've ever seen!"

She asked, "Remember when we were little kids and played 'show and tell'? Since I've shown you mine, I think it's your turn to show me yours." Sweat poured down her face, and she felt as if she would die of pleasure. She'd never been remotely as aroused as she was at that moment, and wanted to cry out at the top of her lungs in joy.

"I don't know..." he said doubtfully. "What about someone coming along? Amy could walk in, really, at any time..." His resolve continued to weaken.

"Show me your big thick cock!" Katherine barked impatiently. "I'm doing this to help inspire you with your problem, so take it out and jack off! That's what you're supposed to do. Shoot your seed like the doctor says you should! Shoot it all over my ass! Give me your big load! Cover me in cum!" Some tiny part of her brain recoiled in horror at her words, but that part was shoved aside by the larger part that had been hijacked by pure lust.

"Sis, shhh! Someone might hear!"

"I'm going to scream out loud right now unless you show me your dick! Take it out!" Her fingers worked furiously inside her slit. She didn't really mean to blackmail him and she would never have followed through; she was just so overcome with lust that she was ready to say anything to him if it helped her cause.

"Well... maybe... Okay, let's be quick about it." He pushed his boner out the bottom of his shorts and grabbed the exposed shaft with a hand.

"Looks like someone else has a suit that's too tight," she joked. She spoke more quietly and was more subdued, once she'd gotten her wish and could look at his hard-on up close. "Sorry about what I just said. You know I love you and I wasn't gonna scream. But dammit, rub it! I wanna see you jack off! I wanna see you cum. I wanna see you cum all over me!"

She'd been hiding her secret love and lust for her brother for years, but now everything was coming out in the open. This wasn't how she'd imagined she'd reveal her feelings, but events had a momentum of their own.

His resistance faded some more, and he began masturbating out in the wide-open backyard. "Sis, this isn't right," he complained, even as he unabashedly stroked himself. "You're my sister! We can't do this kind of thing. For starters, what if Mom saw?"

"I'm just giving you visual stimulation for your problem. We're not even touching each other!" she said between her ragged panting. Her hand in her pussy was a blur of motion and she was already working up to another orgasm. "But it's not fair: I'm practically naked and you're not. Take it all off!"

He pulled his swimsuit off and threw it aside. He justified it to himself by figuring that it wasn't hiding anything anymore anyway.

Both of them continued to masturbate mere feet from each other.

"Let's just not get caught," she said after another minute or two. "Besides, you seem to be enjoying yourself. Do you like to watch your horny little sister cum? I'm cumming for you, Bro! For you!"

In fact, he was about to orgasm despite his best efforts to hold it off.

She had no such need to hold off, and began another whole series of small orgasms.