

6 Times 641

Chapter 641 Susan Kisses Amy

Alan had to hurry home - he kept thinking of Susan eagerly waiting for him. Further, he'd cum three times already: once in the morning with Katherine, once with the Glory lunch fuck, and then once with Amy's blowjob and titfuck. While that wasn't exceptional by his recent standards, his body had had its fill for a while. As much as he looked forward to a welcome home titfuck or blowjob from his mother, he knew it was asking too much of his penis and of his energy level. Shockingly, a nap actually appeared more tempting. He knew that would frustrate his mother some more, but it couldn't be helped if his body wouldn't respond.

He met Amy waiting outside the theater room door as he left.

She sidled up to him and said, "Hey, official boyfriend, my beau, how would you like to have an official bike ride home with your official girlfriend?" The sweet smile on her face and the way she coyly played with her hair captivated him.

He couldn't help but smile in return. "Officially speaking, I give that idea the official thumbs up. So it's officially official."

She laughed with glee and hugged him tightly. Down below, her crotch rubbed against his. She took full advantage of the fact that she was the only woman in his life who could get away with such a bold move in public. Even though he was flaccid at the moment, she still liked grinding crotches.

Alan froze up momentarily, but relaxed as he realized they were nearly alone and no one was likely to notice the way their legs intimately entwined. He happily hugged back and kissed her lightly on the forehead. He asked, "But could you do me a favor? You have a cell phone, right?"

"Yep!" She pulled it out and proudly showed it off.

Alan didn't have one as he didn't call that many people. "Can you call Kat? I'm hoping that you and she can run some interference for me, 'cos I'm too tired to face a certain big-titted MILF waiting at home."

Katherine answered the phone and happily agreed to help, so his scheme came off easily.

Amy came to the Plummer house through the front door without knocking, just as if she were Alan. She was the decoy.

Alan, meanwhile, snuck in through the back door so he could go straight to his room and take a much-needed nap. He was worried that if he even so much as saw his mother his penis would respond. And while that would have been fun in the short term, he could drive himself to collapse enjoying short term pleasures. He desperately needed some rest.

Susan was dressed in a loose bathrobe, ready for quick action. When she heard the front door open, she stood up, opened the front of her robe expectantly, and started to say, "Tiger, would you..." But her voice trailed off and she stood in quiet surprise.

After an awkward pause, she blinked her eyes repeatedly and asked, "Amy?! What are you doing here?" She closed her robe in embarrassment. "Where's Alan?"

Right on cue, Katherine walked up to Susan from behind, put her hands on her mother's shoulders in an affectionate way, and said, "Double bummer for you, Mom."

Susan twirled around. "Double? Why double?"

"First off, you'll have to miss your after-school sperm snack. Brother is already upstairs sleeping." Katherine hugged her mother around her waist, just below her rack. Her hands ended below each tit, so she lightly rested them there, allowing her to "inadvertently" lightly caress them.

"He is? How did I miss that? I've been waiting for him!" Susan shuddered because she felt her daughter's hands move up and reach her (unsurprisingly) hard nipples. She nervously brushed her daughter's hands away, mindful of Amy's presence.

Amy had continued on her way into the house. Since her main role in the diversion was over, she thought she should give the other two some room. She sat down in the living room and started to watch television.

Katherine placed her hands on Susan's shoulders, looking for another way to get physical, and replied, "I don't know. But second, it's a bummer because you won't get to have him watch when you have your spanking. We should do it while he's napping so we don't overstimulate the poor guy's brain. He looks really wiped out. He fell asleep in like three seconds."

Susan clutched her robe tightly and turned to Katherine in surprise. "Spanking? What spanking?!"

"Mom, don't you remember? How you were bad and broke your own rules? I reminded you about it this morning. We delayed the punishment a bit, but we can't put it off forever. What's happened to your memory?"

Susan sighed. "Oh no. That spanking. I forgot all about that. These days I sometimes don't even know whether I'm coming or going."

Katherine walked around to face Susan and placed her hands on her mother's shoulders, from the front this time. She pushed Susan's robe off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. Looking into her eyes, she said, very seriously, "Mom, let's get this straight. The answer is easy. I think it's safe to say that most of the time, you're cumming." Then she giggled.

Susan laughed along with her, then said "Very funny!" in a peeved manner and tried to hide her amusement. Getting more serious, she asked, "Angel, you're not really going to go through with that spanking, are you?"

"You know I am. It's for your own good. And besides, you agreed already."

Susan frowned in defeat, and covered her pussy with her hands. "I did, didn't I?"

"You did. There's no backing out now. When you don't obey authority, you get punished. End of story."

Susan found it strangely arousing to have to obey her daughter and get punished by her. She thought, This is so wrong. This is why I need professional help. Why does hearing my daughter tell me to "obey authority" make my pussy get all wet and gushy?

Stalling for time, Susan asked, "But what about Suzanne? Someone needs to be the referee. Otherwise things might get out of hand. I was hoping she'd do the spanking and you would referee. I don't seem to have any restraint on myself lately, but then I regret things later. And I want to have a clear head for the psychologist meeting tomorrow morning. But Suzanne probably won't be over until dinner. We're supposed to have a special dinner with all the Petridges, you know."

"We could have Amy referee," Katherine suggested. "She's not doing anything right now." She hadn't told Amy about the spanking part of the diversion plan, but she figured it would be easy enough to include her.

Susan pondered that and concluded, "Nah. She's too innocent."

Katherine was disappointed, and thought, If she only knew. But she let it pass, and said, "Then it's up to me. Don't worry, I'll be good. I mean, one of us has to be, since you've been so very, very baaaaaad." Her voice was quite naughty.

Susan unconsciously rubbed her thighs together, excited at the way her daughter was coming on to her. She asked nervously, "Do you promise? Promise to do nothing more than a spanking? You won't touch me in any inappropriate places?"

Inwardly Katherine cursed. Like Alan, she hated to go directly against the word of her mother. So she was disappointed when she had to say, "I promise I won't touch you in any inappropriate places during this spanking." Like Alan, she was very specific in her promises with her mother so as to not limit her options later. The key words were: "during this spanking."

Katherine suggested to her mother, "Now, let's go downstairs. I think the basement would be the best. We can lay you down on some of the exercise equipment." She slipped out of her dress and beckoned Susan from the top of the stairs.

Susan complained as she walked down the stairs naked, "I really shouldn't be allowing you to do this, Angel. It's not right for a daughter to punish her mother. It's like the children are taking over around here. But we do have to think about Tiger." She had to hold her big tits as she walked to keep their bouncing under control.

Katherine said encouragingly, "Yes. Obeying Alan is important."

That wasn't what Susan meant. She was thinking that it was important for her to follow her own boundaries and rules so she could pleasure Alan without conflict. But in her sex-mad state, she liked Katherine's interpretation better. "Yes. Tiger is the man of the house now, isn't he? If we disagree with him, why, that would be chaos."

"Yes," Katherine agreed. "We can't have chaos. Brother belongs in charge, doesn't he? His sexual virility proves that. Those who disobey him get spanked." She hoped that if Susan completely obeyed Alan, then Susan wouldn't be able to prevent her from openly having sex in the house with her brother.

Susan replied, "Yes." She wasn't really thinking deeply, but it all made sense to her.

Katherine went on, trying to get Susan into a fully submissive and aroused mood, "We are his official personal cocksuckers, of course. That means our role is to serve him, even if it involves sucking his cock for so long that our jaws are sore. That's a VERY important task, and if we fall short, it's only right that we get punished with a whack on our behinds. Don't you agree?"

Susan was getting carried away with her lust. "Oh, definitely! It's probably best if we get this out of the way right away. I think that you're right that we're possibly in danger of overstimulating him. He must be weary. Poor boy!"

Alan had hoped that Katherine would be able to distract Susan with some sexual kissing; he didn't know about her preexisting spanking plan, but when she told him about it on the phone he'd agreed that it fit the bill perfectly. He was a bit bummed he wouldn't be awake to watch it, but that couldn't be helped.

Susan was so excited to be spanked that it nearly made up for Alan's failure to appear and feed her a nice load of warm cum.

As they entered the basement, Katherine said, "Funny how we're both walking around in our birthday suits, isn't it?"

"Yes," Susan answered in a spaced-out tone. She was thinking of her son and hoping his balls were sufficiently drained for him to have a nice nap. But she was afraid of mentioning that out loud for fear that Katherine would think she had an unhealthy obsession.

Katherine had her mother lie down on a flat surface of one of her exercise machines. She planned to essentially repeat what Suzanne did to Katherine a few days before: some spanking, but not too hard, and then more caressing of the ass to "make it all better" than actual spanking. She would have done lots of pussy fingering between spans, but she'd already promised Susan not to do that. She looked forward to extensively exploring her mother's ass in any case.

But only one smack into it, they ran into difficulties. Susan cried out loud, "OWWW! That hurt!" She could actually feel the imprint of Katherine's hand on her newly-reddened butt cheek.

Katherine soothingly rubbed where she just spanked, and said, "It's for your own good. To remember what you did and repent."

"Um, Angel, what did I do to deserve this, again? I can't even remember. Things have been so confusing lately and I haven't been thinking too clearly. It's like I'm in a permanent sexual fog."

Katherine put her hand on her chin and tried to think. "For the life of me, I can't remember either. I think the same Alan-induced fog bank covers us both. Does it really matter though? Big-titted mommies need to be regularly spanked to be reminded of their proper role in the family, don't you think?"

"Ummm..." Susan found that idea highly arousing, and yet a part of her wanted to maintain control of the family. So she insisted, "Surely, there must be SOME reason..."

Katherine was forced to think harder in order to come up with an answer to satisfy her. "Hrm. Yes... It had something to do with... Oh, I remember! You were acting naughty on Tuesday afternoon, so I had to referee. But then, with Brother in your bed, you deliberately lowered your cunt down onto his..."

Her voice trailed off because she heard the sound of someone walking down the steps.

Amy came into the room. She didn't find anything good on TV, and correctly figured something more fun would be happening down in the basement. "Hi guys! What'cha doing? Can I play too?"

Amy had just changed into nothing but pink, frilly underwear. The notion of dressing had changed so drastically in the Plummer house that nobody thought her attire odd or meriting special comment. In fact, it was a bit surprising that she was wearing any clothes at all, given her unabashed love of nudity.

Susan was very embarrassed to be caught while naked, bent over, and getting spanked by her own daughter. She wanted to cover herself up, but she wasn't really in a position to do so, since she was bent over face down on the workout bench with her ass and pussy very clearly exposed. Her embarrassment doubled because she realized that everyone could see how profusely her pussy was leaking already.

She futilely tried to cover her ass cheeks with both hands. "Oh, hi Amy. We were just, uh, Angel was giving me a massage. That's right." Susan was a bad liar; almost comically so.

Amy responded in her usual chipper style. "Oh, goody! That looks like fun! Can I join in? Then Katherine and I can get massages too. Everybody can do everyone else!"

Susan had visions of running her hands all over the naked flesh of Katherine and Amy. She imagined their skin fragrant and slippery with massage oil. To imagine the naked part wasn't hard since Amy dropped her clothes as she finished speaking, leaving the three of them totally nude.

Susan wondered if she would be able to resist breaking her own boundaries with such tempting nubile teenage flesh easily available for the fondling. She drew up all the willpower she could muster, and said a firm "No."

Amy pouted. "Awww. How come everyone always leaves me out of everything? It's just a massage. Don't you love me anymore, Aunt Susan? I'm hurt."

Katherine butted in, "I don't understand why we have to stop what we were doing before. Amy's a big girl. She can help out with your punishment. Either that, or the massages. She'll be hurt if you leave her out altogether."

Susan protested while wiggling and writhing, "No. I'm in a sensitive state. I can't! Not with Amy. Amy, you know I love you dearly, but you're so innocent. I think maybe you should go."

Even as Susan said this, her hands seemed to act on their own. Since her hands were clutching each ass cheek, they started to subtly caress and squeeze the flesh they held. Her pussy leaked like a river and she was randy, as usual, as she anticipated the rest of her spanking. She greatly resented the delay Amy was causing, because she at least had the self-control not to get really wild with Amy present.

Just then, Amy sniffed the air, making audible sniffing sounds. "It smells funny in here."

"Um, that's the uh..." Susan couldn't think of a good excuse.

"I know! It smells like pussy!" Amy exclaimed. "It smells like WET pussy!"

Susan's pussy seemed to leak on command, as fresh new rivulets drooled down her inner thighs in response to Amy's blunt words. Oh dear! Things are going from bad to worse!

Katherine remembered how Susan was highly submissive. She'd been looking for occasions to assert some dominance over her, and this seemed like an ideal situation. So she said firmly, "Look, Mom, you're being punished. It's not for you to say no and to wiggle out of your punishment. Amy is nice enough to help. We're going to do this, and that's final. Uncover your ass cheeks already and get ready for some helpful hurting!"

Susan gripped her ass cheeks tightly, which served only to spread them and expose her puckered asshole to the light. "Please? Angel? Is that any way to talk to your mother? Really!"

"This for your own good," Katherine said with assurance. "The more you learn to obey, the better an incestuous, big-titted cocksucker mommy you'll be."

Susan looked over her shoulder and saw that Katherine looked determined. With Amy standing happily naked behind her naked daughter (both of them preferred to stand with a good view of Susan's ass and dripping pussy instead of her face), she thought it was possible a lesbian orgy could break out, and she was afraid of that. She knew Katherine had promised to behave and knew that Katherine would try to honor that, but wasn't sure if her daughter could control herself. She looked to her own behavior for many examples of broken resolve.

On the other hand, she wanted to be a very good "incestuous, big-titted cocksucker mommy." In fact, there was nothing she wanted more. She was so horny already from the whole spanking situation that she could practically imagine the taste of her son's cum on her tongue. She was clearly torn.

Katherine saw that, and said, "Mom, don't worry, things aren't going to go too far. But you clearly need to learn discipline. Brother's not here, but I can kind of be his surrogate and help you get used to... well, what we're doing." She avoided saying the word "spanking" since Amy was there and possibly didn't know what was really going on.

Susan suggested, "That's true. Okay. Here's an idea. A plea bargain. We cancel the ... what we were doing, and in return... Hmm. What will I do in return? ... Oh, I know. You seemed to like that kiss we shared this morning. We cancel this, and I won't object to kissing like that in the future. That'll be my punishment."

Katherine liked it. Huh. Interesting. In some ways this is better than the spanking, since I promised to behave myself with that. However, she pretty much gave in on the kissing this morning. But then again, she's always two steps forward and one step back. I'd like to make an official deal so she has no wiggle room in the future. Plus, I can push a "no limits" kiss to do just about anything with her. That's a great deal for me! Here we come, slippery slope, hee-hee!

She said, "Mom, I don't know if that's a deal. Seems that you liked the kiss as much as I did."

Susan frowned again, but then she tried to look determined. "Well, I'm not sure about that. Anyway, that's my offer. Take it or leave it."

Katherine smiled wickedly and said, "Mom, you don't seem to be in a good position to issue ultimatums." She smacked her mother hard on the butt to emphasize that she meant that in a very literal sense.

Susan whimpered in pain and muttered, "Angel, please have mercy." But she secretly loved the rough treatment. Her pussy convulsed slightly and her body shuddered. Deep down, she hoped Katherine would agree with her kissing idea and go ahead with the spanking too.

Katherine walked around the table Susan was on and stood before her mother. She stood very close, so close that her pussy was mere inches from her mother's nose.

Susan took a deep sniff of the air. The sexy aroma filling her nostrils was nearly overwhelming. Her ability to concentrate almost completely evaporated. She had not yet tasted another woman's sex, but the temptation to do so grew with each pussy-scented breath she took. Due to the olfactory distraction, she forgot that Amy was in the room with them.

Katherine knew the smell might help influence Susan's decisions. She budged another inch or two forward. "So I can kiss you like that at any time? Just like Suzanne does?"

"Not ANY time. But as a goodbye or hello greeting yes, I suppose." The smell of Katherine's sex, plus her own, so overwhelmed Susan that she was afraid she might pass out. She felt helpless laying on the table and started to hope that someone would ravage her. She began to think that an orgy with Amy would be a pretty good thing, after all.

Katherine thought, No problem. That just means I have to leave the room for a minute whenever I want a kiss. In fact, I should see if that works. She asked, "Okay. But no limits to this kind of kissing, right?"

"Um, what do you mean?"

"Just that, no limits. None of this half-assed kiss on the cheeks kind of stuff. No limits. It has to be a REAL kiss, like the ones you share with Brother. Again, you can think of me as kind of his assistant. Kissing is something we can practice together, to get better for him."

"Hmmm. Okay." Susan liked that idea. It could help fill in the times when Alan wasn't around.

Katherine suggested, "Why don't we practice right now? I'll leave the room for a sec and then you can kiss me. Actually, you can kiss me goodbye right now. On the lips." She edged her pussy even closer to her mother's face. If she'd had any pubic hair it would have touched her mother's nose. She hoped Susan would get the hint on which set of lips she wanted to be kissed.

Susan felt the temptation to kiss what was offered, but she closed her eyes and managed to eke out, "Angel, you don't mean... uh..."

Katherine giggled good-naturedly. "Don't worry, Mom, I was just teasing." She bent down, French kissed her briefly, and then walked out.

While she was frustrated that Susan was resisting her proposals, especially continuing the spanking, she knew she'd have another chance to push boundaries in a minute.

Susan was so turned on that she was disappointed the kiss was so short.

Amy had merely been quietly observing, fading into the background. But with Katherine out of the room, Susan turned to her and remembered she was there. That prompted Amy to ask, "So what were you doing earlier? This punishment?" bender

Susan reluctantly sat up and said, "Um, I'd rather not say, Amy. It's kind of embarrassing. That's why I'm making this deal." She shyly held her hands over her big tits, but that left her bush and soaked pussy uncovered.

Amy stepped forward. "So can I kiss you too? I'd be far less curious about this punishment thingy if I'm all busy kissing."

Amy's eyes fixed on Susan's luxuriant bush.

Susan dropped a hand down there, but that left most of her boobs uncovered. She reluctantly said, "I don't think that would be proper, especially given how we're both undressed."

Amy in her usual innocent way, pointed out, "But did ya hear what Kat said about having kissing practice to help us kiss Alan? That would be good for everyone, don't you think? In fact, I totally could use help with some kissing practice right now."

Susan was so horny that she wanted to do something sexual, and with Amy being the only other person still in the room, some "kissing practice" sounded fun and not too extreme. So she relented, "Oh, all right. God, I'm so bad with boundaries. It's seems as if everyone is taking advantage of me like I'm some sexual object built to please just anybody, not only Tiger. As if my only purpose every single hour of the day is sex, sex, and even more sex!"

Amy just stood there silently.

That was a small thrill for Susan, since the silence meant Amy wasn't denying any of it.

She got up and met Amy, who was coming towards her. Their arms went around each other and their lips came together.

They shared a long, scorching kiss. Both of them put as much passion and energy into it as if they'd been kissing Alan. At first their hands stayed safely around the waists of the other, but after a minute or so, it was only natural for their hands to slip down and caress the other's ass cheeks. (Susan's ass had only gotten smacked a little bit by Katherine, so getting touched there didn't bother her.)

When that kiss ended, they shared another. And another. And then still more.

Chapter 642 Susan And Katherine

After a few minutes, Katherine peeked her head back into the room, and smirked. A-ha! It's just as I thought. I got Mom all hot and bothered, not to mention naked, and started talking about kissing practice, and then I left her with Aims. Of course they got busy kissing, even without me tipping Aims off in any way.

Now, I can sweep in and reap the fruit of my cleverness! Hee-hee!

She walked all the way into the room, and immediately tried to be the opposite of judgmental, so Susan wouldn't freak out. "Oh, good! Great! Looks like you two got started without me. Smart idea. One can't have enough kissing practice."

Susan blushed and quickly pulled away, even with Katherine's approving tone and words. She looked down bashfully. "Um, yeah. 'Kissing practice.'"

Amy pulled Susan right back into her arms and gave her a loving hug. "Thanks, Aunt Susan! That was fun! AND educational! Each woman kisses a little bit differently, so when I kiss you, I totally learn things I could never learn just from kissing Alan."

Susan had felt the "kissing practice" was just a very thin excuse, because she hadn't been thinking about that whatsoever while making out with Amy. But Amy's words made a lot of sense, and she realized she might actually improve her kissing technique some. That cheered her up.

Katherine figured it was best to strike while the iron was hot. So she said, "Mom, guess what? I just entered the room. You know what that means." Seeing the confusion on her mother's face, she added, "You know, the hello or good-bye kissing ritual."

"Oh, right." Susan had an "out of the frying pan, into the fire" feeling, but she figured she couldn't go against the rules.

Katherine sauntered across the room, exaggeratedly swishing her bare hips. She walked straight to her mother and held her in a tight embrace. Then their lips came together. The kiss had even more intensity than any ones they'd shared before, no doubt helped along by the fact that Susan was so very worked up from kissing Amy and getting the start of a spanking.

Amy kept a hand on Susan's back as well as one on Katherine's back, and stood to the side like she was blessing them. "Cool beans! More kissing practice! Boy, Beau is such a lucky guy. He's gonna benefit from our kissing skills, big time. Aunt Susan, can you just picture it? He'll come home and greet you with a big ol' kissy kissy happy happy smoochy session. Then he'll totally make out with Kat while you drop to your knees, fish out his big thingy, and give it a powerful and prolonged sucking! Then I'll come along and have a kissy huggy thing with him too. We'll have such fun!"

Susan thought, I wish I could say I don't approve of sucking him while someone else is making out with him, since that goes against the rules. But, darn it, I can't say a word with the way Angel's lips are tightly locked on my own. Besides, that particular rule has changed recently anyway. I've sucked him with Angel and with Amy, and he's even told me there's going to be a lot more of that.

Things are changing too fast! It seems that everything is spinning out of control. Let's not have any more big changes before I get a chance to talk with the therapist. In the meantime, I suppose there's no harm in just running with that fantasy in my mind. That would be pretty hot! Tiger would enjoy my sliding lips and busy tongue that much more than usual while he necks with two teen hotties! Wow! How many boys his age get to enjoy three beauties at once? Or at any age, for that matter. My son is such a STUD!

As the necking session went on, Katherine tried to stay in her dominant mode, even though it didn't come easily to her. She let her hands wander all over Susan's body. First, they went to her ass, but it wasn't long before she was fondling Susan's huge twin orbs too, even as they pressed into her own ample chest.

Susan tried to keep the kiss "restrained" at first, but everything was just too arousing for her to contain herself. Her hands seemed to have a mind of their own, and wandered all over Katherine's body as well.

All the while, Amy remained with hands on the backs of the other two. After a few minutes, she said, "Wow! This is super HOT! I can't wait for my next turn. I'm learning so much!"

Susan was drifting deep inside a lusty fog, but that comment of Amy's made it through and startled her. "NEXT turn?" Who said anything about another turn? Although, Amy will have to leave the room at some point, and that means a good-bye kiss, at least.

Oh my goodness! This isn't just some temporary thing, is it? People come and go all the time. I'm going to end up kissing my daughter like this every day from now on, whether I like it or not! It's an official house rule now. I'm not entirely happy about that, but it can't be helped. Tiger is going to insist on having his women kiss each other, and that'll help get his big, stiff cock even bigger and stiffer, and that's a VERY good thing!

Susan was horny, pure and simple. She was even hornier than usual, and that was saying a lot. If she wasn't actually cocksucking, titfucking, kissing, or masturbating, she was probably thinking about her next opportunity to. She could hardly contain her hands as she kissed her daughter. She even "accidentally" brushed her hand against Katherine's clit from time to time, and Katherine had a similar number of "accidents" with her clit.

After a while, Amy briefly left to go to the bathroom. Susan was relieved, because she worried the situation could easily turn into some kind of kissing threesome.

Even without Amy's assistance, it took all of what remained of Susan's willpower not to throw Katherine down to the table and go completely crazy all over her.

The main thing that held her back was the thought of the psychologist visit. I just have to hold out until morning. I have to straighten out my feelings about lesbianism. It's one thing to feel that way about

Suzanne or even Amy; it's another to feel that way about my own daughter! Isn't that as bad as sex with my son? In a way, it's worse! Two taboos at once. The doctor will be able to tell me if I'm ill. Maybe she'll have an explanation. Or a cure. Some kind of pill...

Even as she had those thoughts, she was playing with Katherine's tits, while Katherine played with hers.

Katherine was encouraged by all the tit play. So when the kiss broke, she said, "Now kiss my nipples, Mom."

"Hold on-"

"No, you hold on. You just agreed to a no-limits kiss, did you not? Don't try to put a limit on now. That's an order!"

Without even knowing how it happened, Susan found herself kissing and then suckling at one of her daughter's nipples. She was so insanely aroused that she wasn't thinking straight, and Katherine's unexpected bossiness was surprisingly effective.

Most of Susan's body was out of reach for Katherine's hands now, but Katherine still had no difficulty in grasping Susan's nipples and pulling on them.

Amy had returned from the bathroom and was standing nearby. Everyone heard her as she exclaimed, "Cool! I can't wait for my next turn! I totally want to kiss you both!"

They went on like that for a bit until Katherine grew bold, bent her knees to lower herself, and grabbed at Susan's pussy. She placed her hand very deliberately on her mother's bush, and then went for her clitoris. After diddling on it for a little bit, she started sliding an index finger back and forth across Susan's soaked pussy lips.

Susan realized that her daughter was probably going to push that finger into her slit, and that gave her pause. She pulled her head back, dropped a hand down protectively to her pussy mound, and said, "Please, Angel, don't."

Katherine could have continued to order her mother around, and she knew Susan would be unable to resist. But like Alan, she was unable to resist Susan's emotional pleas and pleading looks. Plus, she felt it was good if Susan got the impression that some boundaries were being maintained, at least for now. So she removed her hand from below.

But then she grabbed her mother's head and pushed it back onto one of her tits. ""No you don't. Where are you going? Keep doing that."

Susan unthinkingly resumed suckling.

Katherine was getting close to a very nice climax. She moaned, "That's great! Oh, Mom! I'm loving it!"

Susan soon got lost in her thoughts. This is wrong. I shouldn't be suckling at my daughter's tit. If anything, she should be suckling on mine! After all, I'm the mother. That's what mommies do: they offer their big tits to their babies. Like Tiger. Suckling my tits. So good! Oh God! Just imagine if Angel suckled on my right nipple while Tiger suckled my left. Both of them at the same time, squeezing all my creamy mommy's milk right out of me! Dear God! I would be in seventh heaven!

But the mention of Heaven suddenly made her think of God and the fires of Hell. She had a nightmarish vision of burning in Hell for corrupting both her children. She abruptly pulled away from Katherine as if hit with an electric shock.

She fled the room, not even bothering to pick up her robe on the way up to her bedroom.

Katherine cried out, "Hey! Come back! What's this about?" As far as Katherine was concerned, she was just getting warmed up. She had plans to get back to spanking Susan some more.

Amy also yelled, "Aunt Susan, my turn! What about my next turn?" She casually friggd herself where she stood. She'd been doing that for the past several minutes as she watched the hot incestuous kiss take place a few feet in front of her.

"Sorry, Amy," Susan yelled back as she reached to top of the stairs. "Later. Not now! Later! I promise!" She disappeared out of sight.

Amy pouted to Katherine, "Boy. I must have done something to upset her. Is she mad at me?"

"No, that's not it," Katherine answered. She wasn't sure what caused it, but she guessed, incorrectly, that it had something to do with the spanking that almost took place. "It's about something else from before you came in. I think."

"Oh." Amy continued to feed her fingers in and out of her own pussy as nonchalantly as if she was just scratching her head.

Katherine stared at Amy's nakedness and decided the sight was too tempting to ignore. She suggested, "But since we're both here and naked, what say we do a little bit of pussy shaving?"

Amy withdrew her slick fingers and licked off her own juices as she looked at her friend appreciatively. "M'kay! But what about the razor? Should I go get it?"

Katherine sat down on the workout bench where Susan had just been. She made sure to spread her legs wide, and said, "The kind of pussy shaving I'm thinking about doesn't need a razor. Just two tongues and a lot of bump checking. Close the door, and then we'll get busy on this table."

"M'kay! I like that kind of pussy shaving best, too! I think I've already started. I've already found my favorite bump!"

They both laughed at that reference to her G-spot.bender

Katherine hugged Amy as she came back from closing the door. "I love you, Amy. I don't think I've ever said that before in so many words, but I do." She kissed her friend and their lips locked for a while as their hands began to leisurely wander.

When they finally came up for air, Amy replied, "I know. But it feels good to hear you say it. I love you too. You're my bestest friend!"

"And you're mine. You're so much fun and such a good, loving person. Let's never, ever fight over Alan, okay. There's more than enough of him to go around, don't you think?"

"M'kay!" The double-jointed Amy spread her legs much wider than Katherine ever could. She asked, "How do you want me this time?"

Chapter 643 Alan, Katherine And Susan

Alan woke up from his nap well after all the events in the basement ended. He figured he needed to recover for the rest of the day. His penis was nearly out of cum, judging from his last couple of climaxes. But he figured that didn't mean that he couldn't go without some stimulation, thanks to the stealth stroking idea.

Not only was he tired, but he also had a lot of homework due on Friday.

So he dressed, went downstairs, and found Susan watering the plants in the backyard. He was relieved to find her there, because that meant she had to wear clothes, and nondescript gardening clothes at that.

He was almost upon her when she saw him, dropped the hose, and rushed to meet him. "Oh Tiger!" She hugged him and kissed him all over his face.

He chuckled. "Mom, you know we saw plenty of each other this morning."

"I know. But I can't help myself. I miss you when you're away. And sneaking upstairs without even saying hello was a mean trick!" Her face turned angry and she punched him in the chest. But it was a light punch and she quickly broke into an impish smile.

"Sorry Mom, but I really had no choice. My body was crashing. I knew if I saw you I'd probably get all hard and horny again, and I just couldn't take it right then. I had to trick you because you're too sexy and irresistible."

She beamed, tickling his sides a little bit. "Well then, I forgive you."

She leaned in and gave him a long "forgiveness" kiss on the lips. She actually practiced some of the new techniques she'd learned from kissing Amy and Katherine in the basement earlier.

He hadn't been erect when the kissing started, but he definitely was before very long. Running his hands over her voluptuous body was highly arousing, even when she was dressed for gardening. Soon, her top was pulled up above her huge globes, revealing that she wore no bra underneath, and her shorts were pulled down below her butt.

But before things could get too heated, she broke the lip-lock and said, "Almost, that is. Now that you're up and feeling better" - her hand squeezed his boner through his shorts, letting him know she knew just how stiff he was - "you can make it up to me by letting me suck your cock!"

He scratched the back of his neck nervously and looked away. "Um, yeah, well... There's a problem. Lately, my life has been sex, sex, and more sex, which is great. In fact, it's totally awesome, don't get me wrong. But I realized that I'm falling so far behind on my homework that it's not even funny. I was thinking I should spend the rest of the afternoon actually getting some homework done."

Susan considered that, and spoke her sincere thoughts. "Son, there's nothing more important for you to do than your homework. That certainly takes precedent over more sexual fun."

He was relieved to hear that. He was a bit surprised she was being so rational, especially since her hold on his shaft was already turning into more of a stroking.

She added with a bright smile, "But there's no reason we can't have you do both! Don't you remember the whole stealth stroking idea? I'm still a big believer in that. Stealth sucking too! We just need to work the kinks out."

He gave her a doubtful look.

She wasn't discouraged. "Besides, I'll bet you've hardly had a thing to eat for hours. I've already fixed you a nice focaccia sandwich for a snack. You go and eat that, and I'll suck you off while you do. After all, you can't study on an empty stomach, and trying to study with an untended penis is worse!"

He thought with amusement, I should have known! That sounds more like the cock-hungry mom I love. But is it really feasible? To be honest, I don't know if I'll actually get anything done. But it should be a hell of a lot of fun finding out!

He grinned. "I suppose it's true a guy can't study on an empty stomach."

"Oh goody!" She started to drop to her knees, while pulling her top the rest of the way off.

"Whoa! Hold on! If this is going to happen, you have to promise NOT to make me cum. My dick is seriously completely out of cum."

"That's okay. I don't mind." She started to drop down again, sliding her shorts down past her knees as she did so. Just like that, she was effectively naked, since she wasn't wearing panties either.

His heart raced faster and faster from seeing her flawless, curvy body totally exposed out in the sunlight. Still, he was determined to at least have some restraint, saying, "But I do. I think that's my body saying I need to take it easy. I don't want to cum at all at least until dinner, okay?"

She spoke as she stepped the rest of the way out of her shorts. "Oh, poo! You're no fun. I've been waiting literally all day to guzzle a sweet, creamy load of your sperm, but I'll take what I can get. You go sit over there, and I'll bring your snack out."

She disengaged and hurried inside to get the focaccia sandwich she'd made while he was napping. She'd filled it with cooked champignon mushrooms, pumpkin slices, and salad, and had also cut up some pineapple chunks. She served it with a glass of orange juice to wash it all down.

As he was admiring her nude body moving about in the kitchen, she pointed at him through the kitchen window to the patio table located just outside. This surprised him, since she was showing a preference to blow him outside when he just as easily could have gone inside. Admittedly, the table was well shaded by the roof, and it was impossible for any neighbor to see into it. It wasn't even visible from any of the windows of the Pestrige house, which was the only one that was close. Still, it was technically outside.

Susan was so excited and distracted by the prospect of sucking her son's cock yet again that she had left the garden hose running.

As Alan went to turn it off, he thought, Wow! Mom is seriously kinky! To think this was the same woman who just lectured me a month or two ago about how improper it was to watch R-rated movies showing nudity. Dang! It fuckin' blows my mind! AND my cock! He chuckled to himself.

She silently brought his food and drink to him, blushing and embarrassed over just how far she was going to please him.

However, he felt inspired to say something. "Thanks, Mom! I love you so much. You're the best. Is this the kind of luxurious service I can expect from you from now on?"

Her face lit up with delight at his kind words. She struck a cheesecake pose, bending forward so her big orbs nearly dangled to the table. "Of course, Son! I love you too. And I love showing just how much... with my mouth!"

She would have spoken and posed more, but she was too eager to suck for any more delays. She quickly dropped to her knees under the table.

Alan contentedly ate his focaccia and pineapple while Susan sat between his knees, happily slurping away and bobbing on his erection. She wore nothing more than her glasses and red high heels. (She'd recently taken to keeping a spare pair or two in the kitchen for such "emergencies.")

She was blissed out, going through her favorite blowjob moves, especially her tried and true corkscrew technique. Mmmm! This is what it's all about! This is why God gave me this body. And now I reap my reward, with my lips strained wide and my cheeks caved in with powerful suction! MMMM! Son, speaking of "luxurious service," let me show you how a personal cocksucker "luxuriates" all over your wonderful fat cock!

Alan couldn't get over how strange it was that he was enjoying another fantastic blowjob from his mother out in the open of the backyard.

Then, making things even stranger, Katherine came out before long and sat down next to him. She was dressed in normal clothes, since she hadn't been expecting something like this. "Hey, Bro! What's up?"

He grinned slyly, even as he was practically overdosing on pleasure. "Not much."

"Enjoying your meal?"

"More than you can imagine!" He laughed.

She laughed too. Then she asked with a smirk, "Where's Mom?"

They both laughed some more, because the answer was so obvious. Katherine even had to be careful pulling her chair up due to Susan's lower legs.

Alan's mouth was emptied of food during the talking and laughing. Katherine took advantage of that fact to lean forward and French kiss him.

Susan immediately noticed, since she could open her eyes and look up at her son's face from his crotch. She got a big thrill seeing her children make out. She channeled her surge of lust into sucking Alan's cock faster and with a lot more suction.bender

It was such a rush that, ironically, Alan had to break the kiss with Katherine and push her away.

Katherine was confused. "What? Did I do something wrong?"

"No," he said, panting hard. "But I think your kissing got Mom so inspired that suddenly it was more than I could handle! Too much stimulation! Need... need a break!" If anything, he was gasping even more, because Susan still didn't slow down. He had to repeatedly clench his PC muscle to stave off an eruption.

Katherine giggled, relieved. "Oh. If that's the case, I'm not hurt. In fact, I'm psyched. You go, Mom!"

He clutched the sides of Susan's head, still gasping for air. "No. No go! Need... need a strategic... break!"

Susan reluctantly eased up, although she kept his shaft in her mouth the whole time.

Once he could more or less talk again, he said, "By the way, Sis, another thing. I already told Mom that it's imperative that I don't cum anytime soon. I'm trying to take a break from sex stuff so I can put my nose to the grindstone and get some homework done. But Mom somehow talked me into the idea that it wouldn't hurt if she sucks me a little bit while I eat some food."

Katherine clapped her hands with glee. "Awesome, Mom! I couldn't agree more." She stuck a hand under the table and patted the top of her mother's bobbing head.

Susan purred with pleasure.

He took some more deep breaths before speaking, since he was still recovering from Susan's last sucking surge. "Anyway, I'm trying to make sure things don't get out of hand. So could you and I just sit and talk some as I eat? Fully clothed. If you get involved under the table who knows what'll happen, but I'll probably forget all about my homework, and that's not good."

Katherine said, "Tell you what. Maybe you can buy my cooperation with a little more kissing."

He grinned. "That can be arranged."

The two siblings necked some more, but Katherine did keep the kissing relatively short. She wanted to show that she could be trusted to be restrained when he really needed it.

As a result, she soon sat back in her chair, remaining totally clothed. Since Alan was clothed as well (minus the fact that his shorts had been pulled all the way off by an eager Susan), that made their mother's total nudity that much more outrageous.

Brother and sister had a nice chat while Susan bobbed and licked beneath the table without pausing, as if what she were doing were no more worthy of comment than dusting the house. Alan explained about how he could have 'stealth stroking' while he was working on homework.

Katherine agreed to take part, and agreed on Amy's behalf as well. Then she told him all about her plan to spank Susan during his nap, and how it had turned into a deal about kissing instead.

Susan was extremely embarrassed to hear this conversation, especially since there was no way for her to mistake the cause of the increased throbbing of Alan's erection in her mouth while he listened to this news of her humiliating spanking session, but it only aroused her even more than she already was. (True, she hadn't been thoroughly spanked, but the precedent that was established was plenty humiliating by itself.)

She thought, I could get all upset over the fact that both of my children are thoroughly putting me in my place. It is very humbling, there's no doubt. But that's just how it is. This is my fate. My son happens to have a cock that needs to be properly serviced almost too many times a day to count. And not just for a week or a month, or even a year - this is forever! He IS the man of the house, and I AM one of his personal cocksuckers. Of course the old order has to be overturned. I need to accept it.

She spent the next several minutes gleefully "accepting it," basking in the joy of stroking, licking, and bobbing on his erection all at once.

After a while, she thought, I need to stop worrying so much about what I think is dignified or proper. Yes, I've been humbled and humiliated by my children yet again, and out in the backyard, no less, but so what? The main fact is that Tiger's cock stays stiff for so long that all the usual rules have to be thrown out the window. I feel like I'm the biggest winner here, despite my constant humiliation, because this is SUCH FUN! I get to feel Tiger's hot cock sliding between my lips and savor it on my tongue! This is what a big-titted mommy does, and does gladly.

She went back to her favorite corkscrew move. Suzanne was so right. My whole marriage, my entire upbringing, it was all part of my fate, my destiny! It was all meant to be, just so I could wind up here, serving my son's cock! MMMM! So thick and yummy!

For a good fifteen minutes or more, Alan and Katherine kept up the pretense that they were having a normal conversation. And they did so, although between the talking and the cocksucking Alan was so distracted that he didn't make any progress on his focaccia sandwich.

But eventually, Katherine dramatically pulled her top off. Then she slid out of her shorts too.

He asked, "Sis, what do you think you're doing? You promised to keep your clothes on so things would stay relatively restrained."

"I know, I know. But I can't keep the pretense going anymore that nothing's happening. Mom is sucking you off for ever and ever, and it's glorious! It's incredible! You just sit there, hardly even breathing heavily, like your totally immune to everything she does! How do you do it?! I'm so horny that I'm in danger of cumming, and I can barely even see her head, so all I'm doing is LISTENING!"

She pulled her chair up close to Alan's so she could have a better view of the cocksucking action, and began blatantly masturbating.

He grinned knowingly. "I don't know, man. It's weird. Even I am kind of surprised by how relaxed I'm feeling. Mom's got this great pace going, where she's keeping me kind of close to the edge of climax, but not so much that I have to constantly clench. That gets tiring fast. If she keeps this up, we could do this literally all day long!"

Susan moaned lustily and loudly upon hearing that. It was like a dream come true for her if he could stay erect indefinitely.

Katherine whistled in appreciation. "Wow. The bar just got raised. I'm going to have to up my sucking game. AGAIN! She takes that Akami advice about going for quantity AND quality seriously, doesn't she?"

He grunted. "She does." He already had a hand on Susan's head. He muttered, "Such a good sucking mommy."

That nearly made her swoon, especially the use of the word "mommy."

Katherine asked him, "Honestly, how do you manage? I'll bet big money that no other guy in school has even half the staying power you do."

He stared off into the blue sky as he seriously considered that. "I don't know about that. And I don't really understand it myself. A couple of months ago, I masturbated to completion in the normal way. I guess the body adjusts to anything, if you do it enough. I think my body has built up such a tolerance to

extreme pleasure, mainly through lots of cocksucking, that even though I'm flying high with erotic arousal I can still keep going. Look at how my breathing isn't labored at all right now, like you said, even though the pleasure I'm feeling is off the charts. I guess what's normal for me has permanently shifted."

Katherine nodded. "Well, shifted as long as you keep getting help cumming six or more times a day. If you went without sex for a long time, your body would probably return back to normal."

"True. I don't plan on having that ever happen, though!" He chuckled.

He was in a mood to tease his sister a little bit, and in situations like this, both of them understood that to be a way to tease their bombshell mother too. He said, "I don't know about getting naked, Sis. It seems terribly improper to me."

She giggled at that. "What are you talking about?! What about you, sitting there with your big cock hanging out, and with Mom totally starkers, sitting on her ass, and endlessly bobbing on your cock?"

"First of all, I'm wearing a T-shirt, so I'm okay. Plus, Mom is wearing her high heels AND her glasses, so she's doubly okay. That makes us low profile. We're totally incognito."

Katherine snickered and giggled some more. "Yeah, right!"

After a while, Alan had the conversation mostly die down so he could finally finish eating his meal.

That worked, but not long after that, he finally reached a point where he knew he his urge to cum had grown too strong. He was liable to cum at any moment, even if Susan dialed things down.

Not too surprisingly, Alan had some difficulty getting Susan to stop her blowjob after he had finished eating and drinking. She sincerely wanted to stop, but it was like her lips and tongue wouldn't obey her brain.

Luckily, Katherine was there, and he'd already explained to her his desire not to cum this time. She knew just what to do. She told Susan, "Mom, I'm ordering you to play with yourself until you cum. And I repeat, that's an order!"

Alan raised an eyebrow. He asked Katherine, "So. You're giving her orders now?"

Katherine shrugged as if it was no big deal. "Yeah. It's a new thing. There are times when you're not around and Mom needs to be put in her place. Like today, with the spanking that I unfortunately didn't finish. But I will, don't worry. I figure I can kind of be your delegate, your assistant, if you will, for when you're not around. You know, reminding her what you would have her do if you were there. That sort of thing. What do you think?"

She waited with bated breath for his response. This was a big moment for all of their lives, if he agreed.

To Alan, it was a no-brainer. A positive answer promised even more sexy fun. He nodded slightly. "Yeah, sure. That makes good sense."

Katherine was secretly triumphant. YEEESSSS! Sweeeeeet! The green light has been turned ON! Mom heard that, and she knows I know she heard it. There's no going back from that! Woooo-hoooo!

He smiled widely, because he could see how excited his answer made his sister, even as she was trying her hardest to keep her cool.

Susan was highly aroused. She already had been following Katherine's "order" to play with her pussy as she sucked. But hearing that Katherine was going to assume the role of Alan's assistant of sorts, with the right to boss her around, pushed her over the orgasmic edge.

She had a great orgasm, even as she kept right on bobbing all the way through it.

After Susan's climax finally came to an end, it was like her bones turned to jelly. She had been slowly getting exhausted from cocksucking such a very long time (thirty minutes, if not longer), but that had been masked by her enthusiasm. Suddenly, all that exertion caught up with her. She felt half dead, though also very sexually satiated.

That allowed Alan to disengage during her exhaustion without much trouble. He and Katherine helped Susan back into the house, since she was so wiped out that she could hardly make it back on her own.

Chapter 644 Oh Man! Here We Go Again!

Alan went back to his room and studied for the remaining two hours before dinner.

First Katherine, then Amy, and then Susan jacked him off from underneath his computer table while he kept working.

The stealth strokings had become surprisingly clinical and passion-free affairs. After they had dressed so provocatively for so many days, the females all dressed as blandly as they could, so that he wouldn't be distracted and lose his focus on his work. They remained silent and often out of view beneath the table as they worked to prolong his erection. In fact, this comparatively low-level stimulation had become so commonplace that it could be said that no-one ever missed a beat.

Katherine had lazily stroked his dick for nearly an hour. Her main worry had been that her hand would get tired, so she had switched between hands from time to time. Although she wasn't allowed to touch his cock with her mouth unless he started cumming, and then only to avoid a big mess, she blew air on the tip of his cockhead whenever both of her hands needed a rest.

He read a textbook for the whole hour, while his sister sat next to him reading hers. But all the while she held her book with one hand while the other stayed in constant contact with his erection.

For him it was somewhat akin to doing homework while being tipsy on alcohol. It felt great, but it wasn't at all similar to the intense, all-consuming and emotionally draining sexual experiences he'd been having so often lately. (In fact, he felt like a part of him was still recovering from the intense fuck he'd had with Glory in lieu of lunch.)

For Katherine, the stroking was just an automatic thing most of the time, like dribbling a basketball is to an experienced basketball player. She was engrossed in her book and hardly thought about it at all. That enabled her to keep a steady, mellow stroking pace. It was only when her hand got tired and she had to switch to the other hand, or to the blowing without touching, that she temporarily gave her efforts more focus. Yet, like him, the constant contact with his boner kept her riding a pleasant erotic buzz.

She decided, This is much more fun than if I'd just been sitting alone reading a book by myself. Sure, it's "unfair," but fuck fairness! If he's happy and I'm happy, isn't that all that matters? This is what being a fuck toy sister is all about!

After all of Katherine's stroking he still hadn't cum, or even come close to cumming, so she handed him off to Amy when her hands finally got too tired.

The thing which surprised him most was that he actually managed to get a decent amount of studying done. He couldn't remember the last time he'd done any homework. He certainly hadn't done anything substantial since a week earlier.

If you have to study, this is definitely the way to do it! Alan thought, as Amy jerked him off at the same mellow pace that Katherine had used. I'm actually remembering what I'm reading even while Amy's pleasuring me. If I'm going to keep up this six-times-a-day treatment for the long term, this is the only way to do it. Everybody seems to be having fun, and yet we're reading books too. There's just no way I can go on like I have been these past few days. As great as they've been, my dick is just plain going to fall off if the pace keeps up like that. A couple of weeks ago it seemed great, but now it consumes just about every free moment I have. My dick can handle this. Heck, compared to everything else that's been so intense, I think it hardly notices! Heh!bender

If I change my ways I might actually recover some kind of social life before my friends totally abandon me. And I might also be able to get back on track with my studies. This kind of mellow stroking is very relaxing, and doesn't tax me at all. What a great discovery!

Not surprisingly, the only one who wasn't restrained in her stimulation was Susan.

Katherine and Amy at least had books to read while they stroked. But by the time Amy's hands got too tired of stroking and she called for Susan to come in and take over, Alan had moved to his bed to read while lying there.

Susan didn't read a book of her own, but instead concentrated all her attention on stroking her son's cock. Instead of sitting next to him, she knelt on the floor right by his crotch. Her dress was far from bland, as she had chosen another see-through outfit. She jacked him off so fervently that there was really no pretense at "stealth" at all.

A few minutes of that was all she could take. She said, "Tiger, can we try an experiment? Let's see if a stealth blowjob works as well. After all, isn't that more fun for us both? Besides, we're leaving for a restaurant in less than half an hour and we won't be able to do this there. We don't want you to suffer blue balls while you're eating. I think you deserve a really nice, powerful cum."

Alan could hardly resist that logic, so he just said, "Knock yourself out, Mom."

"Mmmm," she cooed as she started to lick the tip, "Wash me clean with a warm bath of your sperm! I want you to cum hard all over your mommy!"

After a few minutes, she stopped to remove her see-through top.

He asked her, "Hey, why'd you do that?"

She stroked his boner while she sat up and explained, "Son, sucking your cock is very important to me. As far as I'm concerned, there's a right way and a wrong way. There are traditions to uphold, if you will. Sure, it's fun to wear something sexy to start out, but to me it just feels improper to bob or lick very long without my tits swinging freely." She leaned forward and set her rack swaying to emphasize her point. "A quality cocksucking involves practically the whole body. It's not just a matter of your visual stimulation; for me it's also my being able to feel my tits moving freely in response to whatever my mouth and head are doing. So please let me do this my way."

He grinned, amused by how seriously she was treating the task. "Sure, Mom. Knock yourself out."

She beamed with happiness, then again leaned down to resume her task. However, after less than a minute of licking and "Mmmm!"-ing, she suddenly engulfed his entire cockhead and then some.

He braced himself for the pleasure onslaught. Oh man! Here we go again! Such a RUSH of pleasure, and that's just from her lips sliding down tightly over my sweet spot on her first descent!

Oh God! And now she's starting to bob on me. This is INSANE! How on Earth am I expected to keep studying through this?! It's a challenge to even breathe! The fact that she's topless now does make it all so much better, but also so much more difficult. I'm gonna have to close my eyes or else I'm gonna blow too soon!

Indeed, it was too intensely pleasurable for him to even attempt to read the book. He tried a few times to read a paragraph or two, but it was hopeless. He decided that, as wonderful as the concept seemed, "stealth blowing" didn't really work well in practice (or at least not the way that his lusty mother practiced it). Still, he felt like he deserved such an intensely pleasurable reward for tackling a lot of homework.

She managed to blow him for a very long time before he finally hit the limit of his endurance and erupted like Vesuvius.

She was extremely gratified to take his load in her mouth. She'd gone without a sperm infusion the entire day, so the lake of cum on her tongue made her feel like she'd just had a delicious meal after days of fasting.

As usual, she was so happy that she didn't stop when he finished climaxing, but continued to lick his penis under the guise of cleaning it, hoping that she could get him hard and repeat the process all over again.

"Son, you have no idea what a delicious feast of sperm that was! Mmmm! I wish I could- mmmm! I wish I could just slather your penis and love it with my tongue all night long! Mmmm. Would you like that? Do you like how your- MMMM! Yum. Do you like how your big-titted mommy is cleaning you so thoroughly?"

"I love it. Even though I'm really sensitive down there right now, it feels good. But you don't really have to clean it like that each time."

"On the contrary! In my opinion, a cocksucking just isn't a proper cocksucking without a thorough cleaning afterwards. It's another vital part of the tradition. Mmmm. It's the least I can do for my well-hung and oh-so-virile boy."

Somehow, eventually, Susan was able to tear herself away from Alan's crotch. She kissed all over his face and then left his room. She was still topless and dripping with so much arousal that she idly wondered whether she should bother with covering her chest at all.

However, once she'd left Alan's cum-scented room, her guilt returned in spades. She hastily cleaned herself off and changed to less provocative clothing.

After she left, he thought, This is too good to be true. Stealth stroking. Ha! What a hoot! I am SOOO spoiled. It's like the ultimate sexual flattery for them to do that without complaint. But how long can this last? I have a feeling that someday I'll look back on this day and remember, "Oh yeah. That day that I fucked Glory, I got stealth stroked too. What a great day! Those were the best days of my life. That was right before the shit hit the fan and everything came crashing down."

I feel like I'm doing a high-wire balancing act. I don't know how long I can keep it up, both literally and figuratively. And then there's all this "my love" stuff with Glory today - I see broken hearts in the near future. I love Glory so much, but I can't stick with just her and be monogamous like she wants. She would be one safe way out: I could marry my teacher. She's not that much older than me. But given the choice between that and a family orgy, I'm going to choose the family orgy every time. Sorry, Glory. I don't know how I can break that to her. Hell, I can't even tell her anything about what's happening at home.

He lay on his bed for a while, pondering what to do to keep all his women happy. No solutions magically appeared. He knew that he was just stretched too thin.

Susan knocked on the back door of the Pestridge house.

Suzanne was puzzled to hear the knocking at her back door, because no-one ever came in that way who would have needed to knock. She was dressed in a bikini, prepared to get in her hot tub for a relaxing soak, so she peeked through a window in an adjacent room to see who was at the door.

When she saw that it was Susan, she smiled and went to let her in.

Susan was fully dressed. She wore a very worried expression, but said inanely, "Howdy. I was watering the plants in the front yard and I saw you come home."

That actually was the case, since Suzanne had returned from Los Angeles just minutes before. Suzanne explained, "Yeah, you know how I needed to get back in time for some special dinner plans. Turns out I got lucky with the traffic, giving me some extra free time to unwind." (That was true, but mostly she was home early because Xania had unexpectedly been so well prepared.)

Susan replied, "Oh, goody! Suzanne, I have something extremely important to talk to you about. Can we take a little walk?"

This alarmed Suzanne, who tried to figure out what had made Susan so visibly upset. Her best guess was that Susan was having second thoughts about the passionate kissing they'd engaged in earlier in the day. She also wondered why Susan was meeting her in this unusual location, particularly at this time - it was after six o'clock, and quickly growing dark.

She nodded. "Sure. But what's going on with Sweetie? He's home now, right? What if he needs your... special attention?"

Susan looked abashed as she quietly admitted, "I just finished my turn a few minutes ago. With, uh, you know... his uh... stealth... help..." She found it difficult to discuss such sexual matters outside of her own house, even if it was just next door in Suzanne's doorway.

"Ah. I see. What's on your mind?"

The Pestrige backyard was very big, with a tennis court at the downhill end of the property. There was a lot of green lawn surrounded by trees, so they started to walk to the lawn.

Susan waited until they were clear of the house before she explained, "Suzanne, I just realized something extremely important! We talked a lot this morning, but we got so involved with, well... kissing and everything... and then Brenda showed up... so you didn't say one word about your..." - and now Susan looked very embarrassed - "... time with Tiger last night!"

Suzanne paused, waiting to hear the rest. Then it dawned on her that that was Susan's concern. She probed, "That's the big important thing that you're so keen to talk about? My anal sex with Sweetie last night? That's why you look so worried, to the point of being distraught?"

"Well, yes! I mean, that's huge! What could be more important than that?! Well, except if one of us had vaginal sex with him, of course." She blushed a little, obviously imagining that was happening to her.

"How could I have forgotten to ask you about it?! I must be getting senile. Last night I was so excited to hear all the details that I had great trouble getting to sleep, so I wanted to bring it up as soon as I saw you. You have to tell me all about it. Everything!"

Suzanne was secretly amused, relieved, and pleased that her plan to entice Susan into having anal sex with Alan was working so well. And to think, I thought it was something really serious and worrisome. But with Susan's new sexual focus, what could be more important than that? I need to indulge her on this and talk to her about it until she's fully satisfied. If I can get her to open up about and get interested in anal sex, that'll be HUGE! I'm sure that once Sweetie starts sticking that big rod up her ass, it'll just be a matter of days before he's fucking her pussy, and then the last of her barriers will fall. Sexual utopia here we come! Hee-hee!

Trying to conceal her excitement, Suzanne said, "Of course, I'll be happy to tell you all about it." She dropped her voice into a loud stage whisper, as if she were passing on a tremendous secret. "For starters, it was GREAT!"

Susan's eyes got really big as she contemplated that answer. Breathlessly, she asked, "Really?!"

Suzanne smiled knowingly. "Really. Tell you what... why don't we put on something sexy and hang out on your back patio, and I'll tell you all about it. I'll detail every last sweaty grunt and sweetly piercing deep thrust, if you want."

"Okay, but... Can we talk about it by your hot tub instead?"

Suzanne frowned. "You know my rule about no sexual anything at my house," she pointed out. "Brad and Eric will be coming home soon."

Susan nodded. "Yeah, but that's why I want to talk about it there. You see..." - she looked away shyly, staring down towards the tennis court - "I kind of really enjoyed our kissing earlier, and I'm concerned that we'll... do it some more."

"Wait. I'm confused." Susan's statements seemed contradictory.

Susan squirmed, uncomfortably. "What I mean is, I'm dying to hear all about... what you did... and I don't want any... distractions. I figure that if we stay on your property with the threat of Brad and Eric returning, that'll help enforce the rules. Especially about kissing and touching. If we were back at my house, we'd probably be kissing already."

Suzanne had to admit to herself that that was true.

Susan made eye contact again as she went on. "Besides, we already violated your house rules once to talk about... you know... in the hot tub once before, so it won't be so bad if we do it again."

Suzanne smiled widely. "Sure." Susan was so earnest and cute that Suzanne couldn't say no. Besides, she knew that Brad and Eric were out together and she'd be able to hear the garage door open when they returned. And anyway, even if they did come home unnoticed, there was no way they'd be able to hear what was being said by the hot tub.

Also, Suzanne liked the idea of using their location to keep things tame, since they didn't have time to get frisky (and she was satiated from all the lesbian fun she'd just had with Xania). So she suggested, "Why don't we go inside and I'll get you a bathing suit to wear?"

"Yes, please," Susan eagerly agreed. She had no problem wearing Suzanne's bathing suits, since they wore the exact same sizes.

Chapter 645 Susan And Suzanne Having Fun.!

A couple of minutes later, the two bikini-clad bombshells got into the bubbly water of Suzanne's hot tub.

As soon as Susan was submerged to her waist, she said eagerly, "So... spill the beans already!"

Suzanne chuckled. "I have to say, your attitude on this subject seems to have changed quite a lot. When we discussed it here just a couple of days ago, the entire topic was almost too embarrassing for you to mention. What changed?"

Susan smiled, but uncomfortably. "You're right. I even asked you if... anal sex... 'was a thing.' But since then, I've thought about it, and... I've decided that my body belongs to my son. My ENTIRE body... so that includes my ASS! Now, if he actually fucks me, you know, full intercourse, that's a sin and a crime, but I can't say the same about taking him in my ass now, can I? That's not really incest, is it?"

"Of course not," Suzanne said firmly, as if there was no question about the matter. Actually, she was a bit surprised that Susan felt that way, and chalked it up to Susan's near-total lack of knowledge about anal sex.

Susan sat back with a great exhaling breath. "Phew! What a relief! That's what I thought. I talked about it some with Brenda this morning, when she came over but after you left. She hasn't done it yet herself, but she's all in favor. She's really smart, you know. I had some religious objections, but she shot them all down."

Suzanne mulled that over. "Did she? Hmmm. That's interesting. What else did she say about it?"

"Her main point was that if my body belongs to my Tiger, and if I've dedicated myself to serving him sexually, then how can I deny him my ass? What kind of fuck toy am I if I don't let him fuck me there too? Furthermore, not only should I let him do it, but I need to change my attitude so I'll crave it and even demand it."

Suzanne grinned. "Sounds to me like she makes some good points."

"I know! But that's the problem. That's all well and good in theory, but reality is another matter." She didn't want to admit that she'd spied on pretty much the entire anal sex session between Alan and Suzanne yesterday, so she lied, "I looked it up on-line the other day, and I saw some pictures and whatnot. It LOOKS really yucky, and it's a terribly wanton and taboo thing to do. I just don't know."

Suzanne knew about Susan's spying, but she pretended not to. She suspected Susan wasn't just lying about what she saw, but also how she felt, so she pressed, "You say it looks 'really yucky,' but didn't it also look strangely appealing? I'm assuming you could see the woman's face in some of these pictures. Didn't it look like she was experiencing great pleasure?"

"Yes. It looked like you were quite carried away. Er, I mean, uh, she was."

Suzanne had to stifle a snicker. She found it very endearing that Susan was such a terrible liar. It wasn't that Susan was stupid; she was such a good and moral person that she was almost physically incapable of lying. "Well then, what's yucky about that?"

"Everything!" Susan sighed heavily. "Oh dear me. I don't know. Am I way off base here? You've told me time and time again that incest is only putting the penis in the vagina. So, if Tiger wants to bugger my ass, how can I tell him no?"

Oh, this is going to be such fun! Suzanne had to resist the urge to rub her hands together and cackle with glee.

"You can't," Suzanne replied in her same confident tone. "You have no say in the matter. Brenda was right when she said that your entire body belongs to him. So you'd better get up to speed, because he might want to plow your ass at any time." She struggled to keep a straight face as she lowered the boom on her best friend. "It's only proper."

"I KNOW!" Susan said, her eyes bulging to show how emphatic her emotions were. "It's scary! Very scary! That hole is just so gross to me. I mean, poo! Need I say more?!"

Suzanne smiled indulgently at that. "I know what you mean. But really, it's not so bad. Look at it this way: just because that hole can be dirty some of the time doesn't mean that it has to be dirty all of the time. You can keep yourself so thoroughly clean back there that it could literally smell like a rose. Of course, some perfume would help with that. You could make it so clean, fragrant, and tempting that you'd be willing to lick it."

Susan made a face. "Ewww! No thank you! Never! I have my limits, even with Tiger. But enough of this talk. What happened yesterday?! How did you feel? Was it good as it looked?" She lamely lied to cover her mistake, "Er, compared to the pictures I saw, I mean." But she finished with a heartfelt, "I'm dying to know!"

"Okay, but what else did Brenda have to say?"

"She strongly suggested that I talk to you and learn about all the practical details, so I don't worry so much."

Suzanne grinned widely. "Turns out she is quite a clever one then." She chuckled at that self-flattering joke. "So what questions do you have for me then?"

"We can talk about practicalities later. First, I want the full story about last night!"

Suzanne teased, "Don't you want to know what I did for most of the day?"

"No! Later, maybe. Please, don't torture me!" Susan didn't care about Suzanne's day since Suzanne had told her in the morning that she had a bunch of "boring business stuff" to do.

Suzanne finally got around to telling Susan about her first anal sex experience with Alan from the night before. She surmised that Susan had seen and heard most or all of it, but she wanted to tell such an engaging account that Susan would be able to get a sense of how good it felt too. So she focused on describing just how much she loved it and how pleasurable it felt. Because she really did have a great time and had some intense orgasms, she wasn't tempted to lie, although she did exaggerate at times with the details.

Since Suzanne knew just how to push Susan's buttons, Susan was reduced to a quivering mass of unbridled lust and desire before too long.

Not surprisingly, Susan's bikini-clad globes floating in the water were a focus of her pleasure, since they were so super sensitive. However, Susan didn't feel free to fondle herself there since Suzanne could see her, and besides she was still trying to adhere to the "no sex at the Petridge house" rule (not counting the temporary exception for the topic of their discussion).

The natural thing for Susan to do would have been to play with her pussy, since that was far enough underwater that Suzanne couldn't easily see what was happening there. And she did furtively rub her clit through her bikini bottoms, at first. But the more Suzanne raved about anal sex, the more Susan got to thinking about her ass. She grew extremely curious as to just how sensitive she was back there. Then it occurred to her that one of the jets shooting more water into the tub was right behind her. As Suzanne kept on talking, Susan furtively shifted her position until the jet was blasting directly against her ass crack.

That certainly felt good, but it wasn't enough to satisfy her sudden anal fixation. So, a couple of minutes later, Susan surreptitiously reached back and pulled her bikini bottoms to the side so the jet of water was firing directly at her ass crack.

That felt much better, and increased her anal desire. Soon thereafter, she casually shifted her arm positions so she could hold her ass cheeks apart and fully expose her tightly clenching anus to the blast of bubbly water.

"OH!"

"What?" Suzanne asked.

Susan was startled, and then realized that Suzanne was looking at her funny in response to her unexpected yelp. Susan got very nervous, and frantically tried to remember the last thing Suzanne was talking about. Luckily for her, she had been paying partial attention, and the talk was arousing. (That was no surprise, since everything Suzanne said was pretty much specifically designed to further arouse Susan.)

"Um," Susan said, stalling for time. "I was just, uh, reacting to what you were saying. It's so hot! You know, how you were, uh, squeezing his big cock with such force and strength. Wow, you must have really been driving him delirious with all your talented moves." She was proud of herself, because that was something Suzanne had just been talking about.

"Yeah," Suzanne smirked. And I'm sure your weird little yelp had nothing to do with the way you're sitting right on top of one of the jets and holding your ass cheeks open wide. Riiiiight! Susan wasn't nearly as successful at being sneaky as she thought she was, especially with Suzanne. Even Susan's body was a terrible liar, since Suzanne could read her face (and even her body movements) like a book. Plus, Suzanne knew all about the jets. When she'd purchased the hot tub, she'd even made sure to buy one with the jets that were placed for the best masturbation potential. In fact, she was secretly using the jets on her own ass as she talked.

Thinking that she'd dodged a bullet, Susan went back to experimenting with the jet on her ass while listening to the rest of Suzanne's anal sex story. Between the words and the direct stimulation, Susan had never been so anally aroused in her life. It was all so exciting for her that she began to put all her worries aside and focus on how enjoyable anal sex could be.

Suzanne spent more time describing the anal sex with Alan than the time the sex act had actually taken in the first place. The more aroused Susan got, the more Suzanne waxed grandiosely about the "power" and "domination" of Alan's "massive cock" on (and in!) Suzanne's "defenseless, helpless ass."

Susan loved every word, and since she'd seen what Suzanne was describing with her own eyes, she could put precise images to the words, heightening her arousal even more. So she was very sad when Suzanne finally came to the end of her account. The only frustration Susan had was that she felt like her entire body was aflame with lust and arousal, but she hadn't climaxed yet and she wasn't even close to climaxing.

This led her to ask questions about anal pleasure. From there, she peppered Suzanne with all kinds of anal sex questions, just as Brenda had suggested her to do.

Suzanne gently clued her in, with a focus on the kind of practical information and precautions Susan would need if she were really to have anal sex. However, there was one question that Suzanne couldn't easily answer: just how much pleasure would Susan really get from anal sex?

Finally, Suzanne decided that she'd answered all of Susan's other important questions. Plus, Susan was still extremely aroused, but she might not stay at that erotic plateau much longer. So she commented, "You know, you keep asking in different ways if you're built for anal sex or not. Sure, you might get a vague idea by blasting a jet of water on your asshole or something like that. But to really know, you need to probe... deeper. Don't use the vibrator Brenda got you. You've gotta work up to that size. I recommend first trying a small dildo... or someone else's finger or two."

Suzanne was having a little fun by "innocently" mentioning the jet of water, and sure enough, Susan blanched in just about the most guilty and revealing way possible. But Suzanne played dumb, although the whole thing secretly amused her.

Suzanne had set the hook, and soon enough, Susan shyly asked for her help in finding out how anally sensitive she was. Of course, Suzanne was only too happy to help.

They had to get out of the hot tub waters for sanitary reasons, but they were both so excited that they took up their positions right next to the tub, with their naked bodies glistening with dripping water. (Suzanne had been secretly playing with herself just as much as Susan had, and she'd aroused herself with her own story as well, so they were both nearly equally hot and bothered.)

Susan lay face down on a big white towel placed on the redwood deck, with another one folded up into a pillow under her hips. Her face and tummy were on the towel, but her ass was up in the air so Suzanne could have easy access to it. Suzanne also had Susan close her eyes, and before long, Susan completely forgot that she was outside.

Suzanne considered going inside to get some anal dildos, but she didn't want to risk losing the mood due to any sort of delay. Besides, she figured the next step Susan would be most at ease with was if she used her fingers, so that's what she did. After all, she knew Susan had fingered Alan's anus, so Susan at least had experienced that from the reverse perspective.

Since Suzanne knew how to push Susan's buttons, she told her to imagine that it was Alan behind her, playing with her ass. Then she kept talking to her like she really was Alan. Not surprisingly, that kept Susan at a fever pitch of excitement, even when Suzanne slowly and carefully inserted a single finger into Susan's anus.

It became clear soon enough, to both of them, that Susan had the capacity for a lot of anal pleasure, because just the finger insertion sent shivers and tingles all throughout her body. This immediately improved Susan's "anal confidence," and greatly increased her willingness to try out anal sex with Alan.

However, Susan also immediately and reflexively tensed up from feeling this unfamiliar anal invasion, and her muscles clamped down tightly around Suzanne's finger, making it difficult for Suzanne to do much.

But Suzanne didn't worry. She just kept role playing that she was Alan, while also repeatedly using her most soothing voice to urge Susan to relax. At the same time, she took the opportunity to stress that the relaxation of the woman, and her acceptance and sweet surrender to the probing intruder, was the key to any successful anal play for both partners.

Susan was already extremely horny, but in a mellow, blissful kind of way, so more relaxation came easily to her. She just needed a few minutes to grow accustomed to the totally new anal sensations. Even the jet of water on her ass, as nice as it had been, was an entirely different sensation than having a finger in there.

After a few minutes, Suzanne deemed it was time to insert a second finger. That one went in a little bit more easily and with less involuntary muscle clenching, because it was like Susan's entire body had turned to Jell-O already. Susan trusted and loved Suzanne so much that she couldn't have possibly felt any more relaxed, trusting, and safe. She was confident she'd feel the same way when the time came with Alan too.

After several more minutes of Suzanne anally probing her and cooing sweet nothings, Susan was frustrated that she still didn't seem close to an anal orgasm.

Suzanne had to explain, "Look, it's very rare for a woman to experience an orgasm from anal stimulation alone. With us women, orgasms are nearly all about the clitoris. The vast majority of the time when you cum, it's a clitoral orgasm. Some women, I hear about 20 percent, climax during fucking due to stimulation of the G-spot, and that's called a vaginal orgasm. But the G-spot is really kind of the backside of the clit, so again it boils down to the clit. Now, about another 20 percent of women can also climax strictly from breast play alone, and you're obviously one of those. The odds aren't good that you'll be orgasmically blessed there and in the ass too."

"Then how do I cum? I need to cum really bad right now!"

Suzanne continued to plunge two fingers in and out as she explained, "Think of it kind of like vaginal sex: with all the thrusting and rubbing during fucking, the clit gets stimulated and you cum that way. In this case, the anal sex builds you up to a peak of arousal, and then this... pushes you over." Right as Suzanne said "this," she reached around with her other hand and squeezed Susan's clit.

Sure enough, Susan exploded with orgasmic pleasure. Since they were outside and on Suzanne's property to boot, she managed to restrain herself from screaming, but from the way her body trembled all over it was obvious that it had been a good one.

Afterwards, with both of them sitting facing each other on the towel, Susan said, "That was... something! Thank you. Now I won't be so afraid if and when Tiger tries something... there."

"Really? Wow, I'm impressed with your attitude," Suzanne said sincerely. She thought about the countless hours she'd spent talking to Susan before Susan was primed to perform handjobs or blowjobs. She'd been worried she'd have to make a similar effort for anal sex.

"Well, it is still scary and gross. I mean, if there's any kind of icky stuff back there, forget it! I'll clean up with an enema first, thank you very much. And it's kind of wrong and perverted! I mean, that's not what God made that hole for. But on the other hand, if I can't have normal sex with my Tiger, this may be the next best thing. I have to give it a try, I just have to! Perhaps we'll both love it enough, we won't be tempted to use that other hole."

Susan nervously looked down and hunched her shoulders. "It's a risk, but I'm willing to take it for my lover."

Suzanne thought about it. The last thing she wanted was for Susan to use anal sex as a complete substitute for vaginal sex. But she felt pretty confident the opposite would happen, if she kept pushing things along. It seemed that the more comfortable Susan got with sex, the more sex she wanted, and the more sexual variety she enjoyed.

Before Suzanne could respond to that, Susan continued, "But in any case, I don't know if I buy your theory about anal orgasms. Sure, I came right when you touched my clit, but I felt all this tingly excitement in my ass! Like, deep inside! And that was just with your fingers. Imagine if Tiger's big cock was in there instead! I'll bet I could cum that way too."

"Perhaps," Suzanne said reluctantly. "The fact is, both men and women can even cum without any tactile stimulation at all. It's very rare, but it happens. Anything's possible. And our privates are kind of connected down there, sometimes in mysterious ways. For instance, maybe you think it's all the ass, but your G-spot or clit ends up being stimulated in some way too. Heck, there are times when my nipples are touched and it's like my pussy is being touched too. I feel a powerful tingle down there."

"Oooh! Me too!" Susan raised her hand and waved it around, like an overeager student. "In fact, that happens to me ALL the time!"

Suzanne chuckled at Susan's earnest eagerness. "Look, the fact is, when women have anal sex, the vast majority of the time, they end up having a really good, strong climax. I certainly did last night! Maybe how it works varies. But if you're ever close in the middle of anal sex and you want to go over the edge, try the clit. That's what works with me."

"Yeah, but maybe that's just because you're so clitorally minded? You always say that you're extra sensitive down there."

Suzanne grinned lasciviously. "Well, I am a very 'cunt' minded woman, when it comes to sex. But trust me, the clit'll work for any woman."

The two gorgeous mothers continued to hang out by the hot tub and talk about anal sex. By the time they were done, Susan's knowledge on the subject had multiplied many times over. And the more she

knew, the less she was afraid. However, she still felt a deep seated taboo for anal sex that could not be easily changed.

Chapter 646 Milkman To Make A Special Delivery?

Suzanne came over to the Plummer house a few minutes before seven o'clock. She could have taken Alan aside and told him (and Katherine) not to worry about the psychologist, but she decided not to. She thought it would be immensely more entertaining for them otherwise, especially given the sexy plans she'd worked up with Xania already. Furthermore, genuine reactions would help convince Susan that the appointment was for real. After all, the entire scheme was for Susan's sake, and anything else was just a bonus.

Suzanne had rushed back from her second day-trip to make arrangements in L.A. so she could join the others for dinner. The idea was that all the Pestriges and all the Plummers would have a fancy dinner at a restaurant to celebrate Alan's and Amy's new status as boyfriend and girlfriend. And "all" for once actually meant "all" - even Amy's brother Brad and her father Eric would attend.

The unusual presence of Brad and Eric colored the event and removed any possibility of even subtle flirtation. The last thing Suzanne wanted was her son or husband to suspect that something sexual was happening at the Plummer house, so she made a personal, special plea to everyone, and in particular to Katherine, not to try any under-the-table hanky-panky or the like.

Everyone was dutifully respectful of those wishes during the meal, and absolutely nothing sexual happened at the restaurant, not even between Alan and Amy, which technically would have been allowed.

All women were thoroughly covered as well, with Suzanne as the only one to show off any cleavage (since she was the only one who could do that in such a public situation and have it seem in character). Alan was even forced to wear a jacket and tie, which made him feel like a total stuffed shirt.

In fact, the entire dinner was so normal that it seemed to Alan to be just about the most surreal thing he'd experienced in ages. It was as if the clock was turned back a couple of months and nothing sexual had ever happened between any of them. What made it even stranger was that they ate at a Chinese restaurant. Alan couldn't forget Susan's shared fantasy of stripping and jacking him off in the middle of an imaginary Chinese restaurant just days earlier.

Alan was lost in a mental fog for most of the dinner. He mostly pondered the mysteries of Eric and Brad. He thought, What the hell is wrong with Eric? He has frigging Suzanne for a frigging wife and he never has sex with her anymore? How is that even POSSIBLE?! Is he totally loony? But they seem so formal and restrained here, sitting next to each other, as if they were two strangers who just happen to be sitting at the same table. Anyone could see that all the love has gone out of their marriage. How did it happen? There must be a tangled tale there somewhere, but Suzanne gets very mysterious about it.

At least I can see why she wouldn't want to have sex with him anymore. He used to be handsome, I suppose, but man, he's really ballooned out and let himself go. If you've got a wife like her who exercises fanatically every day, there's no way you can get a big beer belly like that and expect to keep her, let alone get her hot for you.

And what's up with Brad? How does he deal with having a mother as sexy as Suzanne and a sister as sexy as Amy? Hmmm. I should think about how I was up until a short while ago. I repressed my feelings and tried my damndest to avoid thinking of them that way, or else I would have gone slowly insane. Maybe he's doing the same thing I was. Is he a raging inferno of barely-controlled lust, or does he just not care and truly focuses his energies on fishing and cars and football and all that "manly" stuff he likes so much? Does he have any clue about what's going on in this house? Amy and Suzanne must come home with that just-had-a-big-orgasm fresh, glowing face, like, ALL the time. And they don't always shower before going home. Sometimes they must come in smelling like a whorehouse. Hasn't Eric or Brad noticed?

If either of them finds out, everything will be totally ruined. Dang. My whole life hangs on their continued cluelessness. Luckily, they both seem pretty clueless. Just looking at them eating their foie gras and drinking their Sauvignon, I'm not getting any subtle hints or vibes that they know or suspect anything. Thank God!

After many toasts to the "happy couple," the dinner mercifully ended. Alan was relieved that both Brad and Eric seemed to heartily approve of him and Amy being together. The last thing Alan wanted was either of them snooping around just to see what the "happy couple" really did.

As they left the restaurant, Brad walked up to Alan when the others weren't near and said to him, "Hey man, please treat her right. She's my sister, y'know. I don't want to see her unhappy."

Alan replied, "Don't worry, I'm with you there. She deserves a lot of happy."

"She does." Brad patted Alan on the shoulder and walked away.

Alan thought, Wow. Mr. Talkative. That's what, three whole sentences from him? But while he may be a man of few words, I can see from his eyes that he really loves Amy and only wants the best for her. I've got a feeling that if I screw up he'd be more than happy to kick my ass.

Alan was so cooled off from the uneventful dinner that once they got back home, he gladly went back to his homework without any stealth stroking assistance.

In fact, everyone seemed to have cooled off. Earlier in the day, he thought that he'd end up fucking Amy by the end of the evening, but everyone was so unaroused, not to mention stuffed with food, that the idea didn't even come up. The dinner seemed to shake everyone up a little bit, since it was a powerful reminder of how their lives used to be just a short time ago, not to mention the dangers of getting caught.

He was concerned that the dinner experience might have knocked Susan back into some kind of guilty mode, but that wasn't exactly the case. True, she was feeling very anxious now, but mostly because of the psychologist's appointment scheduled for tomorrow. She'd never been to a psychologist before and had no idea what would happen. Despite Suzanne's assurances about Xania's character, Susan had visions of being put into a straightjacket and sent off to a mental institution because of her newfound incestuous and lesbian urges.

She had a bit of a "my last night before they hang me in the morning" feeling. So rather than go without her usual goodnight kiss and tuck-in tradition, she was more determined to do it than ever, as if this would be her last one.

She came into Alan's room after ten o'clock while he was still working on his computer.

Although he wasn't aroused in the slightest, that changed in a flash as soon as he looked at his mother at the door. She wore one of her frilly, see-through nighties.

She whispered nervously, "Tiger, do you still want me to kiss you goodnight?"

He leapt up, crossed the room, and embraced her. "Of course, I do, Mom! I don't know how I could ever live without your tuck-ins. In fact, if the doctor has you stop tomorrow, I don't know how I'm going to go on with anything. I love you and need your love so very much." His hands roamed up and down her back gently, before slowly coming to a stop at the top of her ass. He very slowly and deliberately grabbed two handfuls of flesh and squeezed softly.

That response made her very happy. "Oh, my darling son!" she gasped. "I love you too!" Her anxiousness seemed to melt away as their lips met.

Alan deftly pulled off Susan's nightie, leaving it pooled on the floor. They French kissed for many minutes while their hands groped, gripped, and caressed each other sensuously. They moved to his bed to get more comfortable.

Susan found Alan's erection under the blankets, and played with it lovingly. By now, she was more than ready to give her son another blowjob.

However, he didn't want it just then. He carefully pried her hands away from his overworked organ.

He held her hand, kissed it tenderly, and said, "Mom, don't be so anxious. This is NOT going to be our last chance to do this, okay? I won't let that happen. You have no idea how at the end of my rope I am today. Although I only came four times, that's still an incredible number for most guys. The dinner and homework was actually a very good thing for me, because it gave my dick a chance to recover. Let's wait till tomorrow. We'll have a big send-off before my scouting trip. It'll be after your appointment is over, so you won't have to worry. How's that sound?"

He searchingly looked up from her hands to her eyes and gave her a warm smile.

She whined, "But Tiger, I only had one load today. Just one! And earlier I had it in my mouth and then Angel cruelly stole it away! That's even worse than going completely without. And then the way you sneaked home without greeting me; that was so mean. And outside, on the patio? I was foiled again!"

"Sorry," he said, feeling kind of bad for her.

"Don't you love your big-titted mommy? Don't you want to bury your face in her tits and then fuck them with your big, thick, hot tube of tasty cock-meat? Mommy needs it like a drug, baby. Or she can't get a good night's sleep. Please!" She furtively tried to reclaim her hold on her son's half-hard dick.

Alan was resolute, carefully pulling her hands away from his crotch once again.

So Susan upped her advances. She suddenly leaned forward, clutched her tits in her hands, and moaned, "Oh no! Son, I'm in pain."

He was up in a flash, ready to help. "What's wrong, Mom?" he said as urgently as if she was having a heart attack.

In fact, she was just fine. She held her ample tits as if they were made of lead, and complained, "Oh dear. Mommy's tits hurt really bad. They're so full of milk! My hooters are so big and heavy that I'm afraid I'm going to fall over. Tiger, can't you help? Can you suck my nipples until my tits feel better? Please bathe them with your warm tongue."

Alan of course belatedly realized that there was no medical emergency, but her ruse still worked. There was no way he could keep his hands (or mouth) off her after that.

He laughed good-naturedly, and said, "All right, all right. The milkman is here to take your bottles of milk away, but only if you promise to keep your hands from that certain spot between my legs. Little Alan Junior desperately needs a rest. Deal?"

Susan was gleeful at the milkman idea, and happily agreed as she laughed with joy. "Tiger, you're my big, strong milkman. Come to my house in the middle of the day while my husband is gone and give me a special delivery!"

Although he decided the idea of burying his face in her tits and then fucking them was too good to pass up, he at least kept his resolve not to cum.

Despite her agreement to behave, she couldn't really control herself, so as he sucked her engorged nipples, he had to repeatedly swat her insistent hands away from his groin. But it was all fun for both of

them. It was like a tickling game, except it involved a lot of stroking of his erection, since he let her "win" most of the time.

When the playing around got too intense and he felt his resolve weakening to the breaking point, he gingerly disengaged himself from her eager hands. He left the room to take a cold shower so he could cool down his libido.

When he got back to his room, Susan was still sitting there, with his bed sheet partly wrapped around her. She'd cooled down too, and they just chatted a while. He offered to give her back massage and she gladly accepted. But he made sure to keep it really just a massage of her back and nowhere else, even though he sat on her naked butt while he did it.

Alan greatly enjoyed these moments of intimacy, and he helped calm her fears about the upcoming appointment. It was also a good way for him to decompress from the events of the day and work through his own fears. He pointed out that if Suzanne trusted Xania, they should trust her too.

Susan agreed - she placed her complete trust in Suzanne, much more than any other person besides her own children.

They had a parting kiss, though it was brief so Alan wouldn't have to take another cold shower. When their lips parted, he said, "We all have to trust Suzanne on this. She may scheme sometimes, but she always has our best interests at heart, and she certainly wouldn't fool around with something as important as this. You know I love you, right?"

Susan nearly swooned at her son's endearing words. "Yes," she answered quietly. "I know. And I love you too."

"And Suzanne loves us all, so let's hope love will get us through this. Okay? As for me, I think I'm pretty thoroughly 'tucked-in.'"

Susan laughed. "Your old mother can take a hint. I'm just going to have to go back to my room and play with you in my dreams." She kissed him lightly on the nose, picked up her nightie and left with a friendly wave.

He watched her swish and sway her naked ass until she was finally out the door and closed it behind her.

He laid in his bed and marveled over his great luck yet again. I've gotten fucked by Glory, Akami and all six cheerleaders, including Amy and my own sister. Okay, technically, not Janice yet, but I will. And not Amy yet either, but I can do her any time. I could do her tomorrow in the living room and the others would probably watch and clap. I just need to have a talk with Suzanne about it first, is all. I'm getting awful close with some others. Of course, my mom and Aunt Suzy are at the top of the list. And now there's Brenda. I think she'll be a pretty good and easy fuck. That's a total of eleven totally gorgeous women!

The thing is, I feel so confident and experienced now that I'll bet I could walk down the beach tomorrow, find the most gorgeous woman there, and immediately take her to bed. I KNOW I could! And I'd fuck her silly and leave her begging for my cum, which everyone seems to think is the bee's knees, for some reason. Well, okay, if she's married or has a serious boyfriend, maybe not. But still. Sometimes, maybe even then!

Having this kind of power is pretty cool. This aggressive and confident attitude works wonders. I'm just radiating sex now, after all these experiences, and women are picking up on it. All the girls in class are after me now, 'cos I radiate a different vibe than before. Shit, lately even some guys are giving me the eye. Yuck! It's all about attitude and confidence. Maybe I'm giving off some kind of sex smell... What do they call it? Pheromones, I think. If my level of pheromones has gone up like the rest of my sexual abilities, then that could explain why women are getting so excited over me.

Like Brenda. What the fuck is up with that woman? I gather she's not that easy with most guys. Yet, at the start of school this fall I would have been in heaven just to be kissed by Christine.

Screw Christine! I could totally get her in bed now with my newfound talents, but I'm not going to, just to say 'fuck you very much' for turning me down. I think I'd rather fuck the whole fucking cheerleading squad in one go, my sister included! Plus, I have too many women to handle as it is, and she could be dangerous if she found out about the incest.

But I need to be careful not to turn into a jerk. Confidence is good, but it's way too easy to become an arrogant asshole for someone in my lucky position. I feel so sorry for the other six billion people on Earth. How I got picked to be the one guy in these shoes, I'll never understand. If someone made a story about all this, nobody, fucking NOBODY would believe it. bender

It seems all too good to be true, and maybe it is. Maybe tomorrow the psychologist will put an end to it all, even though I don't really believe that'll happen. Aunt Suzy picked a good and understanding psychologist, I'm sure. She said this Xania is an old college friend of hers, so she can't be wrong about her, right? But, in a way I'd feel relief to put an end to this high-wire act. I can just barely handle getting erect so many times a day and it's all I can do to make it to the Boy Scout trip starting tomorrow night. If it weren't for the variety of women doing so many different and completely sexy things to me, I never would have made it this far and kept up my "fuck monster" reputation, not to mention my daily quota.

But no matter what happens, the psychologist can't really do much, can she? She lives in L.A., so it's not like she'll be able to check up on what we do afterwards, and she doesn't have any legal power over us. Things with the cheerleaders and Glory and Aunt Suzy are bound to keep going, at the very least. My sister, my 'number one fuck toy,' certainly won't stop fucking me just because some psychologist we don't even know might recommend we cool it. And of course Amy is completely dependable. And no matter what, I won't let things stop with Mom. No way. So I'll just have to take whatever comes.

Chapter 647 Waking Mom In The Middle Of The Night.

Alan closed his eyes and started to drift off to sleep. But his night wasn't over as soon as he'd thought it would be.

Katherine hoped to start her own goodnight kiss tradition with him, and this night, for once, there was nothing and no one to stop her.

She quietly knocked on his door, but there was no response. She let herself in anyway. "Alan? Brother? Big Hat Rack Brother? You awake?" She walked to his bed and lightly shook his shoulder.

He rolled over and rubbed his eyes. Before him, in the dim light that came through his window, he saw his naked sister. "I am now. What is it?"

"I was thinking. You and Mom have such fun with your nightly kisses. Couldn't you and I start our own goodnight kiss tradition? It's not like she could complain about that, now." She sat down at the foot of his bed and began to gently caress his upper thigh absent-mindedly through the covers.

"I'd like that, Supremely Suckable Smaller Sister, except for one thing. You always want to go further. I don't want to be sister-raped every night before I go to bed."

She rolled her eyes. "Brother, Brother, Brother. And I used to think you were so smart. You act like having your sister rape you is some kind of bad thing." She giggled. "But okay, I promise I'll be mellow. Just kissing." After a pause, she added significantly, "This time." She winked.

He smiled at that, and said, "Tell that to Mom. I'm sure she thought a goodnight kiss was actually just a goodnight kiss at some point. Maybe the first or second time. You should have seen the way she was aggressively all over me just now."

Katherine inched forward and smiled seductively. "Oooh! Is that an invitation to watch next time? Or are you just referring to setting up video cameras for later viewing?" She giggled.

He rolled his eyes. "Neither, my beautiful sister. This is what I mean. You've got to keep it cool."

"I promise I'll let you lead the way. Imagine my hands are made of lead. They won't leave my side."

He realized, Once this tradition gets started, it's gonna be expected every night without fail, just like with Mom now. Most nights, by the time I'm ready to go to bed, I am soooo totally dead. My dick is usually so sore that it's about to fall off. Then Mom wrings whatever little sexual energy I have left out of me with her "goodnight kiss," and I zonk out like a dead man. Of course, it's all so pleasurable that I can't really complain. Dang, Mom has become a total expert on sucking cock, that's for sure!

But, on the other hand, I really owe it to Sis. I've been so focused on Mom and neglecting my sister, like with these goodnight kisses and tuck ins, which really should be called goodnight tuck and sucks. I love Sis, so very, very much! Of course I'd love a goodnight kiss from her every night. But I just can't deal with the energy of so many women. Let's do this, but in a way so it doesn't get locked in as a tradition already.

He sat up in bed and held her face with his hands. He drew her in close, as if to kiss her.

Katherine smiled in anticipation with her large puppy dog eyes. Despite all they'd done to each other, her heart was pounding hard simply from the prospect of sharing an intimate kiss.

He was eager to kiss her too. But first, he said, "Okay, Sis. Let's face facts and be realistic. I predict that regardless of what happens with this psychologist visit tomorrow, I'm gonna be fucking Mom sooner or later. Probably sooner. Mom may not realize it yet, but it's obvious that her resistance to that is weakening by the day. When that happens, there won't be any need to keep the fact that you and I are fucking a secret any longer. So I imagine that some nights, I'll be sleeping with you, and some nights I'll be sleeping with her. Who knows? Maybe we'll all be sleeping together sometimes."

Katherine briefly raised a fist in triumph. "Yes! Excellent! God I've been waiting soooo long for that, Bro. So friggin' long. Do you know how many damn nights I've waited for you to come into my bedroom and fuck me? Let's just call it A LOT!" She giggled. "Even though I know you're not going to be with Mom down the hall, or me, the idea that you COULD makes it hard to sleep. You could!"

He said, "Wait. You mentioned me sneaking into your room or Mom's room. Do both those things arouse you?"

"Of course! I'm sure it's hard for you to understand the fuck toy mentality. When I think of you with someone like Mom, I get super jealous, but super turned on too! I love that we're both totally helpless, sleeping so close to your room. You could sneak in any time and wake me after slipping your cock deep inside my pussy! And you could do the same to Mom! Isn't that HOT?"

He chuckled. "Well, yeah. For me."

"For me too! I want to hold you at night. All night. So bad! It's been so incredibly long since we've really been together. I miss the feeling of having you inside me so much!"

He continued to hold and caress her face. "Me too. But the point is, the whole idea of the goodnight kiss is probably gonna change. So let's not fix any tradition in stone just yet, okay? Let's just enjoy a casual goodnight kiss now and see how this all shakes out, tomorrow with this Xania woman, and beyond."

"Yeay! Goodnight kiss! Goodnight kiss! Kiss me, Big Boinking Buxom Bouncing Birds Brother!" She hugged him tight, her joy infectiously spreading to him. She pulled back and puckered her lips expectantly.

Alan couldn't help but smile. "You're really into the B alliteration thing lately, aren't you, Little Svelte Sexy Siren Succubus Sister?" He rubbed his nose against hers adoringly.

She giggled at that and then grabbed him. They went at it.

He tried to keep up with his sister's enthusiasm, but that was hard to do.

She was a great kisser and let him know that fact over and over again. But she kept her promise and kept her arms by her sides.

Alan went to bed very satisfied, feeling profoundly loved by his sister and mother in equal measure.

Alan woke up in the middle of the night, around midnight. As he lay there in deep thought, he felt bad about refusing his mother a cum load during her goodnight kiss.

He thought, A lot of people are counting on me. I know it's tough, constantly pushing what I can do physically, but Mom really needs me. I didn't cum for her at all today except for the one time. And sneaking past her to take a nap was childish. She was so bummed. She's so worried, I wonder whether she'll even be able to sleep tonight. I not only have all these rewards, I also have a responsibility to keep the women who love me pleased. I should really go in there and give her what she needs. With a few hours of sleep under my belt, I've recovered enough to handle it and enjoy it.

Still flushed with his recent sexual successes, he got up and walked into his mother's bedroom. The last time he'd done this, he wore pajamas and knocked politely on her door. But this time he came in nude and just let himself in. She lay asleep with the covers off of the top half of her body.

Alan was tempted to grab her big boobs and wake her up in some aggressive way. Maybe I should wake her up sitting on her face with my dick in her mouth. That would feel good! But at heart he was very well mannered, so he pushed such thoughts out of his head. Who am I kidding? How could I think that, when she looks so beautiful and peaceful, just lying there?

He leaned down and tapped her on the shoulder. "Mom, wake up."

Susan's eyes fluttered open with surprise as she came out of her slumber. "What is it? Who's there?" she said groggily as she rolled over in bed.

"It's me - Alan."

Her eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness. She saw him standing there, naked and with a hard-on. She immediately sat up in bed and looked at him with blurred vision, since her glasses weren't within reach. "Alan, we can't," she said firmly, though sadly.

Alan could tell that, for some reason, she thought he'd come to fuck her. "Mom, I'm not here about that. I'm just here because I have a raging hard-on and I know how much you hate it if I masturbate myself. You told me I should wake you up at any time, so here I am."

It took her a bit to register that, and then wake up more fully. She looked worried and felt vulnerable, still uncertain if he had finally gotten aggressive enough to come and have sex with her.

But he just stood there and politely waited for her.

She looked down at his stiff erection, which twitched and poked towards her, and finally said, "Oh. I see... Hmmm. Well, I guess I'd better take care of it then. Why don't you kneel over by the side of the bed here and I'll suck it for you."

"Thanks, Mom, you're the best." He thought, She said that just like when I was a little kid and I'd come home with a bloody cut and she'd offer to put a band-aid on it. I don't know why, but her motherly, helpful tone is such a turn-on!

He also thought, As beautiful as Mom is, she's even more beautiful with her glasses off. Dang, she is something else.

Susan rubbed the blariness out of her eyes and grabbed a hold of his erection as he knelt down by the edge of the bed where she sat up. A big, contented smile crossed her face as she began to rub it. She said, "You're such a thoughtful son. I went to bed dissatisfied, but now you're making up for it. What a nice little surprise midnight snack you've given me... Or should I say, a nice big snack! Soooo big..."

Alan noticed she wore a nightie that hung halfway down her stomach, and asked, "By the way, Mom, why aren't you sleeping naked? I thought you love being naked these days."

"Yes, that's true, but I'm naked so often nowadays that I'm afraid over time my boobs will lose support and start to sag. I'm not a teenager anymore, you know. So Suzanne and I have both started to wear these types of tops to bed. They keep my boobs firm and high for you, and the rest of me gets to stay naked."

This latest turn of conversation put her more at ease, and she thought, What was I thinking? Tiger would never take advantage of me; he's not that kind of guy. He's a good boy!

She also began to feel more frisky, as the delightful prospect of more cocksucking fully registered with her brain. She pulled down her blankets with her free hand and said, "See? I only wear this little top. That way there's nothing down below to stop me from masturbating. And believe me, I masturbate all the time, thinking only of you. A couple of times every day, at the very least."

Her hand caressed the top as she mentioned it, and then her hand drifted down her stomach. She petted her bush briefly and licked her lips seductively as she looked directly into his eyes. But then she focused on the cocksucking request.

She turned around in bed to face him and kicked her covers all the way off. She put her face down by the edge of the bed and stuck her ass high up in the air. She knew that he loved to see her naked ass wiggle while she sucked him off.

After a few minutes, he reached across her back and inserted a finger into her anus. (He'd thoroughly licked the finger first, to make sure it at least had some lubrication.) He'd done this many times before, but for the past few days she'd been terribly excited by anal sex fantasies, so his fingering really set her off this time.

She thought, Tiger is getting my ass ready! He's probing and widening my tightest hole so he can eventually insert that monster tree trunk of his into my ass! Shove it in, Tiger! Not just one finger, but two! Ream your mommy! Yes!

She got so aroused by the anal intrusion that her whole ass shook as if it was a blender on a high setting.

That was too exciting for Alan, and he gave up his load without much struggle. He filled her mouth with a healthy helping of cum, though it still wasn't up to his usual number of ropes.

Susan was fully into it now, and she eagerly drank down each new squirt as he came in her mouth.

After she got him off (and got off herself), she remained lying face down on her bed with her ass up in the air. bender

He walked around the bed to get a direct view of her rear side.

Seeing his attention focused there, she pushed her ass up even higher, hoping that he might take the hint that her ass was his for the taking, even if her pussy wasn't. To goad him on (and arouse herself in the process), she said, "How is it I always find myself in these kinds of humiliating positions? It seems like you're going to have your way with your helpless mommy yet again!"

Alan, however, was only human, and knew he'd be unable to get erect again anytime soon. He stared at her ass, and thought, It is completely unreal that I am not fucking this woman already. But I've sworn that I'm not going to do it until she agrees first. I am not going to force myself on my own loving mother!

She remained perched up like that for a minute or two, but with no better reaction than a hand of his that softly caressed her ass, with a pouty "Oh, poo!" she gave up and sat up to face him.

He said, "Mom, do you think it would be all right if I just spent the rest of the night here with you? It's such a big bed. And if I have my particular problem again, you can be right here."

She wiped away a small droplet of her son's cream dribbling down her chin, and considered the tempting idea. She remembered her concerns and her desire to see a psychologist. With a start she realized that the meeting would be in the morning, just hours away. She knew that if they slept together, odds were good they would almost certainly end up fucking before the night was over.

So she reluctantly said, "No Tiger. I'd like that, but we can't. Not tonight. For one thing, I've been tossing and turning most of the night and I need to sleep. Secondly, I might just roll on top of you in my sleep and who knows what might happen? Since your pole is almost always erect, I could easily get my pussy impaled on your cock and you might accidentally pump a hot load of sticky cum into mommy's cunt

before either of us are fully aware. Or what if, in your sleep, you roll on top and sleep-fuck me, pumping in and out, and in and out, in and out, right into your dear old mother?"

Alan was so sexually frustrated that he felt ready to crack his head open with a hammer, but he stayed quiet. It didn't help that she appeared utterly delighted by the idea that she nonetheless dismissed. She killed him with mixed signals.

She continued, in a calmer tone, "Now I can rest easy, with the wonderful taste of your cum in my mouth. Today's been a good day after all, thanks to you. So please go back to bed. If you get another hard-on, just come to mommy and I'll make it all better. But you can't sleep here. Not yet, at least."

Alan nodded glumly.

He thought they were done and it was time for him to return to his room, but he wasn't quite right.

Susan's face lit up as she thought of something. "Wait! Don't go. Not yet. I almost forgot to give you a good cleaning."

"Mom, you don't have to do that," he protested, but his protest was feeble.

"Nonsense." She was determined to leave him with a clean penis and balls, just as she was determined to make sure he went to school with clean clothes each morning. But she made quick work of it, because they were both sleepy.

Finally, Alan went back to his room. For just the briefest of moments, he'd half expected to have his deepest fantasy finally fulfilled, but to no avail. He wasn't terribly worried about turning back the clock through the psychologist's visit or anything else; he knew he'd always have a very active sex life from now on. The thing that most worried him was that his mother would remain resolute about not wanting to fuck. A family friend once told him that his father did everything short of fucking his mother for literally years before they finally got married.

He thought, There's no way I could handle that. True, it's only been a few weeks of this "so close but still so far" denial, but I can't live on the edge like this for much longer. I'm gonna have to do to my mother

what I did to Glory today, sooner or later. Okay, sooner. But I have to hold out long enough at least to respect her wishes on this psychologist visit thing.

He consoled himself with her "You can't sleep here. Not yet, at least," comment. She knows it's going to happen eventually. She just wants to feel completely good about it. She's got a few remaining hang-ups she has to get rid of first, that's all. Maybe the psychologist could actually help with that. I just hope something happens soon!

Susan went to sleep, proud that she hadn't given in to the ultimate temptation. Before she drifted off, she had a very hot masturbatory session and imagined her son raping her in the middle of the night. In the dream, he was the opposite of how he was in real life. He was rude, aggressive, cold hearted, and wicked. He tied her to the bed and cackled gleefully as he fucked her.

When she woke in the middle of the night, she wondered why she liked him more that way and if her constant teasing behavior was slowly bringing that side out of him. If she'd known how he treated Glory earlier in the day, or that the dreams he had that night were very similar to her own fantasies, it would have fueled many masturbatory sessions that could have quite possibly broken down her will to resist temptation completely.

She was true to her word though: despite her anxiousness, she had no trouble getting back to sleep, content with the knowledge that Alan loved her and took care of her.

Chapter 648 Alan Inspecting Mom.

The mood at Friday morning's breakfast was extremely tense. When Susan woke up, she'd vowed to herself that she would let Katherine do all the pleasuring of Alan before school, since her appointment with Xania the therapist was in a matter of hours. She'd made the same pledge the day before though, and only had mixed success in following through on it.

Both Susan and Alan were aware that Katherine felt she wasn't getting enough attention from Alan lately, and the constantly horny daughter was getting increasingly disgruntled about it. So Susan wore a heavy and conservative top and a dress that went all the way down to her ankles. She hoped that would be enough to redirect Alan's attention to her daughter and, if it wasn't, she planned to explicitly point him that way.

Alan, however, had different ideas. He woke up extra early just to make sure he'd have some fun time with his mother, in case the psychologist visit put her back in another prudish mood for who knows how many days afterwards.

When he came downstairs, Katherine wasn't there yet, since he'd gotten up early, but Susan already was. As soon as he walked into the kitchen, he said hello to her, and gave her a rather chaste peck on the cheek. He then did the very last thing Susan expected: he very deliberately started pulling up the back of her dress.

"Ti-Ti-Tiger! What are you doing?!" She was honestly surprised that he wasn't deterred in the slightest by her dress.

He purred warmly, "What's it look like? I'm 'getting your attention,' just like I'm supposed to." He started fondling her ass cheeks, delighting in the sensual feel of filling his palms with her bare butt. He was relieved and quite pleased to see that she wore no panties despite her long dress.

"But Tiger! You don't need to this morning. You already 'got my attention' with your kiss. Besides, today is the day for the appointment with the psychologist. I... I don't feel comfortable doing these kinds of things!"

But while her words said one thing, her body said another. The horny mother found herself spreading her legs until it seemed like her ankles must be far apart, even as she kept her knees locked to remain standing upright. She felt her buttocks separate ever so slightly with her change in posture, which allowed the cooler air of the kitchen to steal its way into the crack of her ass, stimulating the sensitive flesh there and causing her arousal levels to surge even higher.

But Alan wasn't deterred by her half-hearted protests in the slightest. As if this sort of thing happened every day, he unzipped his fly and let his erection bounce free.

Susan heard his zipper coming down, and it sounded as loud and scary to her as if thunder and lightning was hitting the house. Just the thought of what it meant had her shivering with lustful anticipation, both fearing and craving the touch of his erection on her defenseless rear end.

He murmured hotly by her ear, "That's probably because you're not wet yet, Mom. Here, let me help you with that." He then shifted his hands and focused his attention on toying with her meaty pussy lips from behind with his thumb and index finger.

She really wanted to say something forceful to get him to stop, but she found herself just moaning in ecstasy as her son's fingers made her wetter and wetter. God, I'm so hopeless! Please, Lord, give me strength! No, on second thought, don't. I'm such a wanton son-loving slut. He's just too well-hung and manly to resist. And he hasn't even touched me with his great big cock yet!

He kept on fondling her pussy lips, making her wetter and wetter. She even salivated, anticipating blowjob action in her near future.

She thought, I shouldn't allow him to touch me there! That area is forbidden, or at least it should be! It's terribly improper... but it's SO HOT! When he acts all dominant like this, how can I hope to resist?!

After a minute or two, Alan found himself annoyed by the dress that kept falling down over his hands and obscuring his view of his mother's fine ass. So he said, "Mom, I think you're wearing too many clothes. Lose the dress."

"But Son!"

He pointed out, as if it were perfectly reasonable, "I have complete say over what you wear or don't wear, don't I?"

Damn! Why does he have to mention that fact? It gets me too horny! She protested, "But... today's the psychologist appointment!"

There was a certain pleading in Susan's voice that could get Alan to do what she wanted. But he was determined to try being more aggressive. Plus, a "Bad Alan" urge was welling up inside of him. So he simply pulled the zipper on her back and then yanked her dress off her shoulders and all the way down to the floor.

She squealed, "Son! Please!" She twisted and squirmed in his grip, but made no real effort to get away.

He reached up her body, pulled her shirt up to her armpits, and squeezed her ample tit-flesh. He knew that would help her resolve weaken in a hurry. "Sorry, Mom. Rules are rules. What are you supposed to wear when cooking breakfast?"

Susan loved how he overruled her so authoritatively. She said in an orgasmically strained voice, "Whatever you tell me to wear! You're the boss." She stepped back into him until her ass found his crotch. Then she shamelessly ground her hips against his unleashed boner.

Sensing whatever resistance she'd had was shattered, he went back to fondling her ass cheeks and her pussy poking between them. He particularly focused on fingering her pussy lips mercilessly. "But if I don't say anything specifically?"

"Good mommies wear aprons!" she gasped, as she humped back against his hand.

"And?" He was expecting her to add something like, "And that's all."

But she answered, "And high heeled shoes." She was instantly regretful that she wasn't wearing them at the moment, since she hadn't expected him to come down early. Plus, she really hadn't expected him to start anything. She was starting to realize how hopelessly naïve she was on that point.

"And?"

"My glasses."

"And?"

"Oh, and a smile." She smiled as she thought of that. She arched her back and thrust her ass out even further to give him improved access to her pussy lips.

That answer pleased Alan too. "Very good." Up till now, his exposed hard-on was just bouncing in the air. But now he held it with one hand and began rubbing it right over Susan's asshole and up and down on the sensitive skin between there and her pussy lips.

What if I take her pussy right now? Why the hell not? Or at least her ass. I gotta do her ass! Fuck! What would my Mom's ass look like with my cock fucked into it? What would her face look like, contorted in total ecstasy?!

Susan whimpered in complaint. However, she did have enough resistance to say, "Tiger, really! Please! Please don't stick that in anything? This appointment is important for me. I can't spend all morning dreaming about and worshipping your well-hung cock like I usually do. I need a clear head. Promise me that when Angel comes downstairs, you'll play with her."

Alan could feel his resolution to be more aggressive wavering. Those seemed like very good reasons to take it easy, especially about the psychologist visit. So he relented and just rubbed the head of his erection across her ass cheeks. However, he decided he could tease her some more, at the very least. "Okay, Mom. So you want us to play something like Monopoly? I don't think there will be nearly enough time for that before school."

"No, not Monopoly. You know. Mmmm." She was already having a difficult time talking because she was panting so much.

He relentlessly worked his fingers in and out of her hot box. "No, I don't know. Cards? Maybe we should play cards. That'll go quicker."

"No, not cards! Tiger, I want you to... to... play with her body. Ugh! Mmmm! Your sister's body! God, I'm such a horrible mother, but it's true. I want you to play with her sexy body! MMMM!"

He knew he had her really hot to trot when she started making her usual "MMMM!" noise. That noise was music to his ears. He goaded her, "What parts?"

"Do I have to say?" Realizing that she was only delaying the inevitable, she said, "Her tits, Son. Your sister has very nice tits. I want you to squeeze them and lick them. And her ass! God, you sure know how to play with asses!"

She giggled, feeling his erection drag across her left buttock even as she said that. "And kiss her on the lips! Give her the most unbrotherly and sinful kiss you can! MMMM! Rip her top off and shove your tongue down her throat! Uh! Ugh! MMMM! Yes! Tame her and own her, just like you do me!"

"Okay, but why? Is it because of the appointment or because it makes you hot to watch?" He pressed down repeatedly on her clit as he asked this.

"Both! Dear God, it's so wrong, but I love it! Do all- ugh! Do all kinds of nasty and naughty things with her. Mmmm! ... Oooh! That tickles! ... Do anything and everything with her, except for that one thing. Uh! Show her who's the man of the house!"

By this point, Susan was hotter than a burning stove. She was right on the verge of a massive climax.

But he wanted to keep her as horny as humanly possible. So he withdrew his probing hand and said, "Okay. However, if you're not gonna play with Alan Junior, I expect to at least see more visual stimulation from you. Do you realize you're not even wearing high heels?"

She gasped with heartfelt dismay. "I'm so sorry!"

"Bad mommy!" He smacked her hard across both ass cheeks.

That turned out to be a mistake to his plans to keep her on the edge, because that and the "bad mommy" comment aroused her so much that she lost control and fell to her knees, convulsing and shuddering as an orgasmic wave nearly rendered her mindless from pleasure.

He realized he'd need to keep her hot or she'd likely have post-orgasmic regrets. Her mood swings had been very volatile leading up to the psychologist appointment. So as soon as her orgasmic overload began to subside, he said, "You've been a very bad girl. Not only are you not wearing high heels, but you've got a shirt on under that apron too. How am I supposed to enjoy your big tits when they're all bundled up like that? Take it all off, right now!"

Her massive melons were hardly "bundled up" since he'd pulled her shirt up a little while ago and her apron didn't cover them either. But any clothes were too many clothes for her in her current erotic mood. She stood up and immediately began removing what little she still had on. He's right. I am such a very bad and naughty mommy. How dare I hide my tits like this? I just hope he'll spank me some to better show me my place around here. As she finished disrobing, she muttered to herself, "A good mommy is a naked mommy."bender

She remembered the words Alan had told her two weeks ago and which she repeated multiple times a day like a mantra to improve her self-confidence: "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." With her hands behind her back, she arched her back and thrust her bare chest forward.

He had been holding his erection already, and he started to stroke himself while he watched her get fully naked and present herself for his enjoyment. When she was all done, he said, "Good. Maybe there's hope for you yet. Now, present your ass for inspection."

She bent over the counter and thrust her ass up and out. She didn't know much about other submissive people and how they lived their lives, but she did know that she felt an incredible natural high being ordered about like this.

As he ran his fingers up and down her ass crack, she told him in a sultry voice, "You know, yesterday, Suzanne stuck a finger up my asshole. It was... interesting! Oh, and I'm totally clean in there right now." She'd had an enema after waking in the hopes that something like this would happen, but she was too shy to tell him about that.

"Oh really? You mean like this?" He thoroughly licked his index finger to get some lubrication on it. Then he immediately began "inspecting" her asshole with his finger.

Just as has happened with Suzanne yesterday, Susan's anal muscles immediately tightened up, because she wasn't used to such intrusions. It was a completely involuntary reaction, but Susan still was a bit startled how her body responded.

Alan was also surprised at just how tightly she clamped down against his finger, but he persevered. It took a while, but eventually she loosened up a little bit, and he had her panting and moaning again.

While he was doing that, she thought, How do I get myself in these situations? I promised myself this morning that I'd be tough and keep my clothes on. Well, at least most of them. But look: he's got my naked hooters mashed up into the counter again, as he completely has his way with my buck naked body - again! Mmmm! YES! God, it's a miracle he hasn't fucked my pussy raw already. I suppose it's only because he's so considerate for my needs. What a good son! MMMM!

Another minute or so passed, and his finger started to slide in and out quite deeply, now that Susan's ass was relaxing more.

This excited her no end. As she lewdly wiggled back on his finger, she thought, Tiger is fucking my ass! True, it's only his finger now, but tomorrow it might be his HUGE COCK! He's going to have his wicked way with me, spearing me in my wrong hole, and there's nothing I can do about it! Thank goodness that I've been talking with Suzanne about anal sex lately, because it looks like he's about to have his perverted way with my naughty ass! Mmmm!

(She forgot that the reason he was fingering her ass now was because she'd just explicitly told him that Suzanne had done the same to her yesterday.)

What can I do to stop him?! Nothing! That means that from now on, I've gotta have an enema every morning, because he could bend me over any piece of furniture at any time, and RAM HIS COCK UP MY ASS! Mmmm! Yes! Just like he's doing with his finger now, only MORE! Bigger! Fuller! Even better! Oh, son! Please! Take my ass!

He stopped his anal probing when he had her extremely hot to trot again. He could tell that she was responding positively to his anal probing by the way she was breathing, "mmm"-ing, and wiggling her ass, but he had no idea just how excited and fevered her thoughts were. He carefully pulled his finger out before casually saying, "Okay, you can put your apron back on now. I don't want us to get too excited too soon."

Susan forced herself to calm down, so he wouldn't realize just how excited she was (since he said he didn't want her too excited). After a long pause, she managed to bring her wild breathing under control. Then she turned around and smiled at him. She said, "Hold on, Son. I just don't feel right without my high heels, now that you've pointed it out. I feel naked without them."

He chuckled and pointed out, "Mom, you ARE naked right now."

"I know, but that's totally different. That's the good kind of naked that makes my heart race and my nipples tingle. Whereas having you see me without my heels on makes me feel unhappy and incomplete. Why don't you eat something while I get my sexy shoes? I'll also check on Angel to see what's taking her so long."

Chapter 649 Titfucking Katherine

So Alan was left alone, but not for long. A couple of minutes later, as he was eating a bowl of cereal, he watched while Susan and Katherine walked into the dining room together.

Susan looked great wearing nothing but heels, glasses, and an apron (a different one this time - her other one was still crumpled up on the kitchen floor). She'd even tied her hair into a ponytail for extra unusual "visual stimulation."

But for this moment at least, Katherine was in another league of sexy appeal altogether. She stood buck naked, licking her lips, looking like the personification of sexual desire.

Alan looked at her and thought, Whoa! Hot damn! God, Sis is so smokin' this morning! I really should kick myself for overlooking her sometimes, thanks to Mom and Aunt Suzy always being around. But she's got the ideal Baywatch babe body!

Katherine sauntered towards him, swaying her hips widely from side to side. She had a hungry look like a lioness closing in for the kill. She thought, This is MY time! I'm gonna blow him away! Burn down the town, and take no prisoners. I'm sexy and I know it!

She said, "Hey, Bro. Big Rolling Pin Brother, Mom tells me that I'm yours to play with this morning. Is it true? Do I get to be your breakfast plaything?"

Her voice grew increasingly husky and sensual as she licked her lips. "Your breakfast fuck toy plaything? Do you want to play with your Number One Fuck Toy?"

She closed the distance as she finished saying this. She bent down and licked him on one of his ears.

He found it surprisingly pleasurable. In fact, his body tingled all over as she did it.

Then she grabbed his hands by the wrist and brought it up to her chest.

He thought, Damn, these breasts feel great! I'm the luckiest guy alive... Okay, that's it! I need to fuck these puppies and right away!

Susan found her big bare tits heaving already because she was so excited from just watching and listening. But she was disturbed as well as aroused, so she protested, "Angel, really! I must object. Referring to yourself as your brother's 'fuck toy'? Isn't that a little much?" She'd heard Katherine use that language before, but she'd noticed a pattern now, which made her worry that her daughter was serious.

However, Alan totally ignored that. He said, "Mom, since we may not be able to do this after today, I want to do one thing while I still can. I'd really like to fuck Sis's tits. The nurse even said that titfucks are especially good for my treatment, as it's very easy on the penis."

This was a blatant lie, since he'd already fucked his sister's tits and knew in his heart that he'd be fucking them many times more. Still, Susan had just said he could do practically anything with his sister, and he wanted to take advantage of that offer to expand what was acceptable in front of her.

While he was waiting for his mother's response, he ran a hand up and down Katherine's ass and thighs, and said, "Sis, you're a wet dream come to life."

Susan wasn't as completely malleable as she'd been a few minutes earlier, since she'd climaxed, plus her standards were different when the sex acts didn't directly involve her. She knew this was something that had never been done in front of her before. But she still fell for it, and pointed out, "Well, I suppose I can't really stop that. Tiger, I did say you could play with her body in any way you liked. It looks like you outsmarted me... AGAIN!" There were few things she loved more than being outsmarted by her son. That helped ensure she'd stay at least somewhat horny.

She opened up a kitchen cabinet as she talked. "Here, Angel. Here's some olive oil to lather up so you can give his big fat dick an extra-pleasurable, extra-slippery ride."

She walked over and handed off the olive oil. Then she stood back and mumbled, "How come Mommy isn't a walking wet dream?"

Alan just barely managed to hear that. "Mom, you know you're a wet dream too. Both of you are. I love you both so much. Mom, you know I'd fuck your tits any day of the week. They're totally titfuckable."

That apparently was the right thing to say. Susan shyly turned around, but not before Alan saw the big smile on her face.

Alan not only titfucked his sister, but he boldly did it while straddling her right in the middle of the dining room floor.

Susan stood just a few feet away and watched most of the time. She occasionally had to go take care of things in the kitchen. However, she always quickly rushed back, and usually pulled and twisted her nipples while her arousal soared.

Katherine, strangely enough, was thinking about Christine as her brother's dick slid in and out of her cleavage. She was enjoying the moment, but at the same time, she couldn't shake the worry that her boobs weren't big enough for a really great titfuck compared to someone like Christine.

Out of the blue, she asked, "So Brother. Is it true? Are you still planning on dating Christine again next week?" She said the word "dating" very sarcastically, as if she was putting quotes around it.

He groaned. "Yeah. Geez. Do we have to talk about that now, of all times?"

But she acted as if she hadn't heard that. "What's the matter? Aren't the rest of us enough for you?"

He groaned again. The titfucking felt fantastic and the last thing he wanted to do was talk about Christine. Still, he managed to reply, "Everyone here is great. More than enough for anyone. But we're only having a non-romantic date, like the other times. How many times do I have to explain that to you?"

"There's no such thing as a non-romantic date," Katherine complained. "Admit it. You want her. You want her carnally. Biblically. She's totally hot! God, even I get horny looking at her. You wish it was her giant tits you were sliding between instead of my tiny ones."

Susan, watching while her hands were wandering down to her crotch, said, "Angel, don't keep putting yourself down like that. Your tits are very Alan-worthy, and sizable too. If they weren't, don't you think he'd be sliding his thick thing between mine instead?"

He grunted in arousal and agreement. "Thanks, Mom. My thoughts exactly. Sis, you're seriously stacked! Sure, they're a bit smaller than Mom's or Christine's, but compared to practically anybody else, they're friggin' massive!" He lovingly ran his hands all over them while he talked. "These are awesome tits to fuck." He punctuated that by bending over and kissing her upper tit slopes.

Susan added, "Angel, you're the one who's gonna be getting a hot cum bath all over your face or chest soon, so you shouldn't complain. So what if he lusts after Christine? She's so sexy and stacked, who wouldn't be? And she's so uppity and self-righteous from what I hear, she really should be taken down a notch. Tiger, I think you need to warm up that Ice Queen with a nice titfuck and a hot spermy facial!"

"Hey! I'm uppity," Katherine complained. "Brother can always take me down a notch."

"That's nice, dear. But it's not only that. For instance, she had the gall to turn him down. I still see that as a terrible wrong that needs to be righted. Tiger needs to repeatedly drown her in fresh doses of sperm until she admits the error of her ways and is fully tamed."

Katherine felt jealous. "Hey Mom, what if Christine doesn't want to be tamed by Brother's cock? Did you ever think of that? Let her be!"

"MooooOOOOooooom!" Alan also griped. "I am NOT interested in her already! She had her chance and I've moved on. We're just friends. Friends!"

But Susan was getting increasingly aroused and wasn't listening to his objections. One of her hands had slipped under her apron and was busy rubbing up and down her pussy lips. She was a bit embarrassed about doing that and hoped the others were too busy with their titfucking to notice, but she was too aroused to not do it. She felt like even wearing the apron was too much, although it admittedly didn't get in the way of anything.

She said, "Friends are good, but now's a turbulent time, what with this upcoming psychologist visit and whatnot. You can't necessarily count on your sister and mother to always be there topless and panting between your knees with their tongues sticking out. If you make Christine one of your girlfriends, that could help ensure that you don't suffer from those horrible blue balls."

Katherine objected to that strongly, even as Alan continued to steadily titfuck her. "MOM! What are you talking about?! Brother is getting plenty of attention, thank you very much! There's no room for Christine in our lives, none! And what about Amy? If she heard your idea, she'd get downright upset, I'll bet."

Susan backed off a bit. "Hey, I just said one of his girlfriends. One of. Amy makes a fine official girlfriend, I'm sure. But Tiger has great needs. Are you so sure that one official girlfriend is enough? And what if he is sitting in class and gets a hankering to play with some G-cups? What's he going to do? Suzanne and I can't always be there."

Katherine again objected. "Hey! You were just saying that my tits are perfectly fine."

"They are, Angel. But your brother's such a terribly cum-filled boy. He needs a lot of variety. And everything's so up in the air at the moment. I'd just feel a lot better if he's nailing Christine real good on a regular basis. You know, keeping her breath nice and spermy. Then some of the pressure will be off the rest of us, especially if the psychologist doesn't fully approve of our incestuous relations."

She directed her words at Alan while her eyes remained riveted at the action on Katherine's chest. "Tiger, I hope you give Christine a good stuffing soon. Drill her hard and long! Don't take no for an answer. Don't be intimidated. Start the date off right. When you pick her up, compliment her outfit, escort her to your car, and then open the door for her. That'll show her that you're a gentleman. Then unzip your slacks, whip out your great big Alan Junior, pull her head to your lap, and tell her to suck on it! That'll show her you're a gentleman, but one with needs. Plus, that'll help set the tone. She needs to understand that from now on, when she's around you she's gonna be spending most of her time naked on her knees with your cock thrusting down her throat or sliding through her cleavage, just like the rest of us!"

Alan was so carried away with the ongoing titfuck that he didn't have much resistance to Susan's wild ideas. He mumbled, "It's not like that..." But in his head he was visualizing her fantasy and running with it. In his mind, it was Christine he was titfucking now, not Katherine. He especially loved Susan's vision of Christine being naked on her knees.

Katherine moaned unhappily. She very much regretted bringing up the Christine topic. It was ruining her enjoyment of the titfuck.

Susan continued to Alan, "Oh. That reminds me. Knowing you, on your date, you're gonna need to take her top off before too long. She needs to understand that, as one of your sex slaves, she's not allowed to

wear a bra or panties. Never! I don't care what her G.P.A. is, those tits she's got are made for just one thing, and that's to get you inspired so you'll want to slide your big log between them, and splatter her with your sperm on her face and everywhere else! Mmmm! Gosh, this is so exciting! Now I can hardly wait until you make your new conquest! When is your date going to be?"

Between thinking about Alan taming Christine and watching Alan titfucking his sister, Susan lost all control. She hiked her apron up to her waist and openly friggged herself. By this point, not only did she not care if her children were watching her masturbate, she was rather hoping they would be.

Katherine now was the one to groan. "MooooOOOOooooom! Help me out here! Brother's already ignoring me as it is - if he starts in on Christine, I'm never gonna see the inside of his shorts. It's not fair!"

Alan had a long list of reasons why Susan's imaginings were completely unrealistic. For starters, even if Christine did want him, she would want him as her monogamous romantic boyfriend, not simply where she was just a member of his harem. He was absolutely sure of that. However, he was getting so worked up by the titfuck that he was in no condition to have a discussion, and his objections and reality checks faded away. He fantasized her behaving just as Susan falsely assumed she would.

Katherine also was too aroused to object, although it was entirely because of the on-going titfuck. She ruefully thought, Note to self: when talking about Christine, make sure not to do it around Mom. Sheesh! She's encouraging him to do the exact opposite of everything I want. This is a disaster!

Susan was so keyed up that she had a hard time continuing the conversation. But as she friggged herself, she managed to say, "It's not a matter of fair, Angel. We have to learn to share. Remember the saying: 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.' You should work on seducing Christine to ease her way into the harem. Then we can all play together."

Alan wouldn't admit it out loud, but he loved Susan's talk of Christine being a sex slave in a harem. In fact, the casual way she spoke as if Christine was already in his harem was so exciting that he lost his mental focus and forgot to use his PC muscle control. By the time he realized what was happening, he'd passed the point of no return. Even squeezing the base of his dick couldn't stave off his impending orgasm.

All he could do was shout, "I'm cumming!"

When Susan saw Alan scoot up and shoot his seed all over his sister's face, she felt almost as good as if he was doing it to her. All three of them came at the same time.

Chapter 650 First Contact : Xania

But when they were done, Katherine didn't make matters any easier for her mother. She sat up and purposely let Alan's cum drip slowly down her face and chest. She periodically scooped up a gob or two to eat.

She thought, Take that, Mom! Serves you right for sabotaging the conversation I'd planned to have about Christine. Look at all that yummy cum and you can't have any of it. Nyah! Nyah! She giggled despite her frustration.

As she calmed down, she thought, This is bad. If Mom keeps pushing Christine on Brother like this, I think he's gonna cave. And I see the way Christine's looking at him at school lately. She's obviously got the hots for him, probably after hearing all the stories of his sexual prowess. If I'm gonna stop her from taking my place in his heart, I'm gonna need to resort to drastic measures. But what? Hmmm...

Susan served breakfast in just her erotic apron and high heels. She was still flustered and in an obviously horny mood, but using great self-control she avoided touching her son in the slightest. She was rightly afraid that once she got started, she wouldn't be able to stop.

Within minutes, Katherine started a stealth stroke on her brother, and she soon began to get him hard again. That gave her an excuse to delay eating up the rest of her pearl necklace and cum-splattered face, since she knew Susan wouldn't want her to leave Alan's erection untended.

The sight of fresh cum on her daughter's face drove Susan insane with lust all over again, even more than the sight of Katherine's fingers sliding up and down Alan's thick shaft. It was all she could do not to throw herself at Katherine and lick the cum off of her daughter's tanned skin herself. She couldn't stop running her hands all over her nearly naked body.

Alan looked at Susan and saw a woman who was worried and not feeling good about herself, no doubt mostly due to the upcoming appointment with the psychologist. He also remembered her earlier comment where she pouted that he'd only called Katherine a wet dream and not her as well.

So, to lift her spirits and increase his own pleasure, he said, "Mom, I know you said you don't want to touch Alan Junior, but I could really use some special visual stimulation right now. He's growing, thanks to Sis, but he's not all the way there yet." (That wasn't true, but he figured it would provide the fig leaf excuse that Susan wanted.) "I can't think of a more sexy or busty mommy I'd like to ask for help."

Normally, he only very rarely used the word "mommy," deriding it as what a three-year-old boy would say. But sometimes he got so aroused or inspired that he couldn't resist, and this was on such time.

Susan was surprised to hear him call her "mommy." Her ears pricked up and her heart started pounding. "Mommy!" Yes! I'm your big-titted mommy! Now and forever, ready to serve your big cock! She turned to him, overjoyed. "Tiger! Of course Mommy can help! What should I do?"

He suggested, "Why don't you lie down on the floor right in front of me, and then writhe around and say sexy stuff?"

Susan immediately dropped to the floor, wearing just her apron and high heels. She spoke her honest thoughts, knowing that would also help arouse them all. "This is so humiliating! Angel, you have to help me. Whatever it is Tiger asks me to do, I can't say no. He has a naughty habit of sticking his big dick inside of my orifices whenever he likes. He can have any part of me except for that one hole though, 'cos he's a considerate and loving son. But he's got me addicted. Completely addicted!"

She stretched and writhed in sexual heat as she continued, "But the problem is his dick. His cock, if you will."

Katherine interrupted to joke, "Oh, I will! I definitely will!" She bent down and lovingly kissed his cockhead while continuing to stroke his meaty shaft. She was tempted to keep on licking it, but she sat back up to see what her mother would say and do.

Susan smiled and went on, "It's just that his cock is so long and round. As a mother I find it so embarrassing trying to stuff all that hot and throbbing meat in my mouth. My lips can barely stretch around it! But when he's gone that's all I can think about: when is he going to put it back in me, and where is he gonna put it exactly? What can I do to pleasure it better, and longer, than last time? I find myself practicing various tongue and jaw exercises, practicing to get better. I'm too obsessed. All I want to do is masturbate all day long, fantasizing about how my son is going to use my body next. That's why I

need a psychologist. I need help! Not that I want to stop, God no! But, I'll admit, I need to chill out a little bit."

Alan had gotten used to sexual multitasking in recent days. Remarkably, as he watched Susan's sexy writhing and luxuriated in his sister's handjob, he somehow also managed to continue to eat his sweet potato dumplings. Susan had a great big bow on the back of her apron. She was so close to him that halfway through her performance he bent down and undid the bow, allowing the apron to come loose.

Susan continued on in this vein, while her apron slowly slid all the way off her curvy body. She was so sexually overheated that she didn't care at all about rubbing her bare skin all over the cold tile floor. Meanwhile, she continued to talk. On one hand, she was presenting her real need for psychological guidance. But on the other hand it was all too sexy, especially when combined with her needy writhing.

"Son, what can I do to better pleasure your cock? That's my biggest problem, in more ways than one. A big, THICK, long, and throbbing problem! You had five cheerleaders stroking and licking you at the same time yesterday. FIVE! How can I compete with that? Mmmm... five! I love thinking about that. But you see? It makes me too horny and hot for you! Mmmm... All those hands... serving the school's most superior cock... MMMM! God, YES! Look at me! I'm humping the floor like some kind of wild animal!"

Her children were too busy enjoying their sex play to listen seriously to her complaint of being too aroused too often. Nor did they want to disabuse her of her enhanced view of Alan's conquests at school.

As Alan was nearly finished eating, Susan calmed down somewhat after having a nice orgasm. She remained lying on the floor, staring up admiringly at Katherine's non-stop handjob. He decided that he wanted to reward Susan for her great performance. He suggested, "Mom, seeing how things might change at this appointment, maybe to be on the safe side I should fuck your tits now too. Who knows what this Xania woman will say." (He was extremely confident he would get many more chances, given that Suzanne told him not to worry about the psychologist too much, but it made a good excuse to get her to give in.)

Susan was so worked up that she didn't need any excuses to give in. A titfuck sounded fantastic to her and she was about to say so. But she looked at the clock and pointed out, "Never mind about that. You two have been playing with each other so long that you're going to be late. And you haven't taken your showers yet!"

Alan was surprised by the time. He realized there was no time left to finish their orgasmic buildup and take a shower. So he suggested, "Mom, we could save time if Sis and I hopped in the shower together. It's not like we haven't seen each other naked!"

Katherine giggled at Alan's obvious statement, especially since his cum was still rolling down her face and bare chest.

Susan again relented, "Okay, but hurry up and be sure to spend some time actually soaping down and not just playing all the time." She lifted herself up from the floor. "And Angel, be quick about squeezing another load from your brother's cum-filled balls. We don't want him to suffer blue balls through his classes. You're practically late already, so hurry!"

The two kids hurried off to take a shower together. That led to more sexual fun, though very rushed fun since Susan kept yelling that they were running late.

Susan even came in the bathroom, supposedly "to check on them," though her desire to see her children naked was the main reason.

However, Susan mostly left them alone since she was trying extra hard to control herself before her psychologist appointment. It helped a lot that she was still recovering from her latest climax.

And once she'd left, Katherine naturally tried to get Alan to fuck her then and there, since she usually left all the restraint up to him.

He resisted her repeated efforts to guide his erection into her slit, but he made up for it by whispering, "Sis, we can't now, but I'm thinking: when your grounding is over at the end of Saturday, maybe it's time to stop the ban on you and me fucking in the house too. We can try to push Mom on that. I'm sorry that I haven't been spending enough time with you. I'll make it up to you next week. But if we do that, we have to be really careful not to get caught."

Katherine was extremely happy to hear that and she no longer felt neglected. She got so excited that Alan had to redouble his efforts to fend her off and get at least some soap on their bodies. He playfully used the showerhead to deliver strong water pressure on her most sensitive erogenous zones.

She kept trying to lick his erection, but he fended her off by shooting water from the shower hose right in her face. They battled like this for a few minutes; she kept her eyes shut and managed to get in more than a few good licks.

Unfortunately, they had to stop before he could cum. There just wasn't time to do it right (since he could hold out so long now, it seemed a waste to give it up after only five minutes of shower fun).

Furthermore, Alan knew that his dick really needed a break from cumming so often. He was left with a bad case of blue balls, but decided it was for the best to just deal with it. However, he gave a lot of attention to Katherine so at least she was able to finish off with a nice climax.

They both agreed to keep the fact that he didn't cum a secret from Susan, since they knew it would make her upset.

Alan rushed off to school in Ron's BMW, while Susan used her minivan to drive herself and Katherine to Los Angeles.

As Susan and Katherine made the hour drive to their appointment, they talked about the usual things while Susan drove. For instance, Susan asked her daughter how things were going at school. But at one point, Susan asked, "Angel, what's this about you calling yourself Tiger's 'number one fuck toy'? I heard you use those words earlier - more than once, in fact - and it concerns me."

"It does? Mom, what's the problem? They're just words. You say some things like that, don't you?"

Susan thought that through. "Well, maybe. I can't think of anything like that that I say, offhand. Although I'll have to concede that when I get excited there's no telling. But the way you said that, it makes me think you take it quite seriously."

"I do!" Katherine replied proudly. "I don't see any reason to be apologetic about it. I mean, think about the titfuck this morning. If I'm gonna do a really good job, I need to put my heart and soul into it. I've gotta have the attitude that I AM his number one fuck toy and there are no limits, no restraints, in my willingness to please him. Isn't that the kind of attitude you want me to have?"

Susan frowned. She was staring forward into the stop-and-go traffic. "Well, yes. But we need to have some kind of perspective. I mean, at the moment, with his penis in your hands, sure, it's good to think of yourself as his number one fuck toy. But this isn't the first time I heard you say that phrase, and it's struck me that you probably think of yourself like that even when you're not in the heat of the moment."

"That's true," Katherine conceded. "You're not upset because you think that YOU are his real number one fuck toy, are you? Is that what this is all about?"

Susan blushed a little. She was glad that she was driving so she had an excuse to look forward and not make eye contact. She tried to dodge the issue. "Look. We both know that playing with Tiger's cock and helping him cum is tremendous fun, but that doesn't mean we should start thinking of ourselves as his fuck toys."

Katherine cocked an eyebrow and said half-jokingly, half-skeptically, "Who are you, and what did you do to the real Susan? Talk about 'Stepford' moms."

Susan replied, "Very funny. Seriously though, we need to have some perspective. That's why we're taking this trip today, because things are getting out of hand. When we meet with this woman, I want you to tell her about your 'number one fuck toy' comment and see what she thinks about it."

"MooooOOOOooooom!" Katherine whined with disappointment. She sat there thinking, then came up with a new approach. "Okay, I'll do that, but only if you honestly answer me one question: do you think of yourself as one of his fuck toys? Yes or no?"

Susan carefully replied, "Angel, in the heat of the moment, sometimes--"

Katherine cut her off. "I'm not talking about the heat of the moment, I'm talking about now. Are you or are you not one of his fuck toys?"

Susan said even more carefully, "I'd have to say no, because he's not allowed to stick his penis in my, well... in my you-know-what." Her language was more circumspect since she wasn't aroused at all.

Katherine shot her an annoyed look. "Never mind that. Being a fuck toy isn't narrowly defined as being fucked in that hole. It's an overall attitude. A commitment. A desire to serve. Totally devoting yourself to one man, one cock, and doing all you can to bring him constant, incredible pleasure. That's what I'M all about!" She added in a challenging, almost taunting voice, "Can you say the same?"

Susan sat quietly contemplating her answer as she drove down the highway. Finally, she quietly replied, "You know that I am."

"That you're what?" Katherine prodded. "Say it!"

Susan answered peevishly, "I'm one of his fuck toys! There. I said it. Are you happy? Do you know how humiliating it is to admit that when I'm not hot for cock? Er, I mean, uh, aroused for his penis?" Her face started to turn red. "I'm his mother, and he's my son! And I'm not just saying I'm his fuck toy; I'm saying that I'm ONE of his fuck toys! And you, my daughter, you're another one! And Suzanne! And Amy! We practically live to serve his cock. It's gone so far from just helping him six times a day. Every day, things are getting more and more debauched!"

Her eyes widened. She added in a subdued hush, "We have to stop talking about this now. Right now! Or I'm gonna be driving all over the road!"

Katherine smirked; she'd made her point. But she didn't want to get into an accident any more than Susan did, so she dropped the discussion, for now.

Calming down some, Susan said, "Can't you see why I so desperately need to see a psychologist, and right away? Just because I love all these sexual moments doesn't mean what we're doing is right. We need some balance. Some perspective. Some moderation, for crying out loud."

The rest of the ride was uneventful, and the two Plummer women arrived at the psychologist's office in time for their eleven o'clock appointment.

The plan was that the "psychologist" Xania would see Susan for an hour, then Katherine for an hour, and then there would be a break for lunch. Meanwhile, Alan would attend his first four classes of the day and then drive up to make it around the time the others were finished eating a late lunch. Alan would have a session alone with Xania, and then any needed follow-up sessions would occur later in the day, based on issues that came up in the earlier conversations.

Susan knew that Xania did this for free as a special favor to her old college friend. She made a mental note to show her appreciation to Suzanne as soon as she saw her again.

Of course the psychologist, Xania "Goodleigh," wasn't a real psychologist at all, but just a friend of Suzanne's put up to impersonate one. Even her last name was fabricated, created for the occasion. (Xania had wanted a sexually punny name, since her real last name, Tsakicheretakis, was a mouthful. "Goodleigh" was tame compared to some of the other inneundo-filled choices Suzanne had vetoed.) It took hours of practice and study before Xania had the basics down enough to carry off the role of being a psychologist.

The office that Suzanne had set up on the spur of the moment looked extremely convincing. Xania greeted them in the waiting room, alone. She said she'd given the receptionist the rest of the day off and claimed that one wasn't needed since all the other appointments for the day had been rescheduled for this special, urgent session.

Susan was shocked to see that Xania was a drop-dead gorgeous woman. She'd imagined someone old, like the famous, elderly media psychologist Dr. Ruth Westheimer. But then she realized that it wasn't so surprising that Xania was young, busty, and attractive, since she was a close college mate of Suzanne's, and beautiful women tend to stick together. Furthermore, extremely buxom women tended to stick together, as Susan and Suzanne's own friendship showed.

In fact, Xania was nearly as stacked as the two mothers she closely resembled - they all had 38G breasts. She had long brown hair, piercing dark brown eyes, and wore stylish black-rimmed glasses. She also had an Amazon body type, being slightly taller than even the already quite tall Susan and Suzanne. She didn't actually need to wear glasses, but she wore them for the occasion to make her look more academic. Luckily, she had the perfect face for the role - she could look stern and authoritative. (In fact, her ability to look that way helped her land one of her biggest B-movie roles, that of the headmistress at a very mischievous all-girls' school in "Naughty Slumber Party." She'd even worn the same style of glasses in the movie.)

Susan was the first to go in to see Xania, while Katherine waited in the lobby for her turn. The nervous mother said, "Dr. Goodleigh. Nice to meet you." They shook hands.

Xania smiled back primly, and held the mother's hand a little longer than was really necessary. "The same. But please call me Xania. May I call you Susan?" Then she let go of Susan's hand and closed the door behind them.

"Of course." Susan nervously walked further into the room and lay down on the psychologist's couch. She'd never been to see a psychologist before, but the place looked just as she'd expected it to, from what she'd seen in movies. Funnily enough, Suzanne pretty much used her memories of roughly the same movies as inspiration to decorate it.

"Please. Feel free to talk without censoring yourself," said Xania. "This is meant to be a totally open discussion, and anything said here stays here, so just say whatever comes to your mind."

Suzanne had strongly recommended to Xania that the best way to pass herself off as a psychologist was to simply let the patient do all the talking. When asked a question, respond with, "What do YOU think the answer is?" and other similar tricks to avoid exposing the fact that you don't know anything yourself.

"Thanks, doctor. I feel really weird being here." Susan shifted nervously on the couch. "Suzanne filled you in on Alan's medical need for stimulation?"

Xania nodded understandingly and answered, "She did, though I hope to hear more about it as the day goes on. And please call me Xania."

"Well, Xania, the problem is, that was kind of the foot in the door for me doing things to him that a mother would never do, and we just kind of kept on going down the slippery slope."

After a pause, Xania said, "Yes? Please go on."

Suddenly, Susan's emotional floodgate flew open. "And, well, the thing is... The things we're doing must be wrong, but I still want to do them. And more! Doctor, I want to have sex with him. There! I said it. I want it so badly. I want to have sex with my son! That's my biggest problem."

Xania pointed out, "From what Suzanne told me, you're having sex with him every day."

Susan's eyes went wide, and then she realized what was meant by that. "Well, yes, you know... but not like SEX sex. You know what I mean?"

Xania pretended to be clueless. "I'm not sure. You do give him blowjobs, handjobs, titfucks, and the like, don't you?"

Susan blushed. "Well, yes, but... I don't... There's one place... What I'm trying to say is... Darn it, I'm just going to spit it out: he's not allowed to fuck me. My vagina, I mean. And I want him to! Dear Lord, I want him to so very, very much! I try not to think about it, but sometimes I just can't help it! And, at night, I dream about it. Pretty much every night!"

She closed her eyes in embarrassment and heaved a deep sigh of exasperation and helplessness. "What the hell is wrong with me? How do I stop this from happening?" She felt sad and nervous, but even so, she found that just to say this out loud made her very horny, as she began to imagine having sex with her son in vivid detail.

Xania replied calmly and soothingly, "We will be discussing this situation a lot today, but let's not assume from the outset that what you're doing is naturally wrong and should be changed. I imagine you're aware of Freud's theories about the Oedipal complex and so forth?"

"Yes?"

"That is one heuristic and it has some value, but Freud has largely been discredited these days. I'm certainly not from his school of thought. What's important is not what society thinks, but how you and your other loved ones think about this. Consider an interracial marriage. In some parts of the U.S., nearly everyone in early 20th-century white society would have thought that was very wrong, but now we know differently, don't we?"

Susan nodded.

Xania continued, "The main historical reason for so many taboos about incest is to prevent defective offspring, but in these modern days, with contraceptives, that's less of an issue, and Suzanne tells me you're infertile in any case, so that's not an issue here at all. Furthermore, Alan and Katherine are both adopted, so, to be brutally honest, you're not actually their mother, just in the social role of their mother. Had this happened when they were younger, that also would have been an issue. But their upbringing is just about over now. So incest in your case is as much or as little as you make of it."

Even though Suzanne had said Xania was open-minded on such things, Susan was nonetheless shocked, and also pleasantly surprised. "So doctor, you're telling me there's nothing wrong with any of this?!" She took a deep breath and said, "I can scarcely believe a woman of your stature could take such a position."

Xania smiled reproachfully. "Now, I didn't say that. What I said was, what matters is how YOU feel about it. You make your own world. If you're being tortured by guilt, and you can't overcome that guilt, then it would be wise to let go of it. Could YOU and your loved ones deal with the risks of social disapproval and illegality? If it will ruin your children's lives, then it will be wise to stop. If it will ruin a good marriage, then stop. And so on. And, of course, what they think about it is equally important. These are the kinds of things we'll need to find out today."

Susan and Xania continued to talk for the next hour.

Xania subtly encouraged the notion that incest was okay, as long as all the participants were okay with it.

Susan had bottled up a lot of guilt, sure that she was an irresponsible mother, a slave to her sex drive, and so on. She explained how she felt her mind was split in two.

Suzanne knew about and had anticipated all of these issues, so Xania was prepared with notes from Suzanne on what to say about each concern.

At one point, Susan said, "Xania, everything you're telling me is wonderful and reassuring. I really appreciate it. However, I must admit that my main concern is a spiritual and religious one. I'm a good Christian woman! Or at least I used to be. Isn't incest a sin?"

Xania had a reply Suzanne had helped her craft. "Susan, as you know, I'm a psychologist, not a theologian. I can't give you expert advice on religious matters."

Susan pleaded, "I know, but can you give me your personal advice?"

"Well, I understand your concern. But keep in mind that there are many, many different ways to interpret the Bible. Think of how many wars have been fought over different religious interpretations. Religious rules are often made to help people have successful lives. For instance, way back when, it was

extremely dangerous to eat pork, because of poor sanitation and issues like that. So the Old Testament specifically prohibited the eating of pork. Now, thanks to modern technology, eating pork isn't dangerous at all, so why worry about an outdated rule? In the same way, incest was mainly about preventing genetic defects, and now that there's condoms and other birth control isn't that rule outdated too?"

"I suppose." Susan wasn't totally convinced. Suzanne had already made a similar argument to her, although the fact that Xania said it carried more weight.

Xania added, "Frankly, I think a lot of your current unhappiness in life stems from your overly restrictive and traditional upbringing. It's not my role to get too religious or political, but it's clear to me that you were raised in an extreme form of Christianity. A lot of things you were taught were way out of whack from mainstream beliefs. So try to put your religious concerns to the side for a while, because I think your gut instincts based on your upbringing will often lead you astray."

Susan nodded. "I'm trying to do that already, since Suzanne tells me that a lot too. It's hard though. I know now that much of what I was taught is wrong, But my beliefs are so deeply ingrained. I can't just snap my fingers and feel differently."

Xania smiled with understanding. "That's one thing we can work on, learning how to overcome some of the detrimental beliefs you learned back then that are still giving you grief."bender

As time passed, Susan felt like a great weight was slowly lifting from her shoulders. What Xania was saying wasn't much different from what Suzanne frequently told Susan, but the fact that a supposed psychologist was saying these things made a world of difference. Thanks to Susan's ultra-traditional upbringing, she was very deferential to authority figures.