

6 Times 671

Chapter 671 Hot Cheerleading.

Alan was so caught up in thinking about and then going to his appointment with the psychologist Xania that he'd completely forgotten about the football game. He knew that both Janice and Joy were supposed to perform with only painted-on panties, since he was the one who'd painted them on. But he didn't think much about either of them.

Even Katherine didn't pay the game much mind, though she did drive back to Orange County as quickly as possible to participate in as much of the game as she could.

Normally, the cheerleaders wore their uniforms in school all day before the football game, to help inspire "school spirit" for the game.

Heather would have liked to take advantage of the lack of underwear to mercilessly tease her victims all throughout the school day, putting them in dangerous situations and keeping them all stimulated. But this week the two "victims" were Janice and Joy.

Heather and Janice were barely speaking to each other because of their feud, and after what had happened at lunch they weren't speaking at all, so Janice was free to do what she wanted.

Joy meanwhile had thrown Heather for a loop by genuinely refusing any female advances, so Heather wasn't sure what to do with her or how to treat her. Thus they were both free from Heather's usual games as well, at least for the moment.

Furthermore, Heather's tyranny over the other cheerleaders was greatly reduced because of her lunchtime anal sex session with Alan. Partly, it was a physical thing. She came to cheerleader practice in sixth period moving very carefully, as if someone had stuck a two-by-four up her butt. She walked stiffer than a primitive robot doing a Frankenstein imitation. Her only hope of being able to cheerlead for the game was if she got an extensive massage or two before the game started, and the only people who could realistically help her with that were the other cheerleaders.

She got her massage, but at the expense of having to confess that Alan had fucked her in the ass. It was practically impossible for her to deny what had happened, since it was her ass that needed the massage. Even though Janice was prudently keeping quiet, the other cheerleaders knew that Janice and Heather

had been together with Alan during lunch, and they all knew what Alan was really like behind closed doors.

Kim ended up massaging Heather's ass while the others continued their cheerleading practice as usual.

Now that the secret was out, Heather went on and on about how great the anal sex had been. At first she was determined not to talk about it for fear of getting Kim interested in having anal sex with Alan too, but she figured she was probably pretty safe since Kim claimed to be a lesbian. So she raved about it, though being careful not to mention any of the humiliating sex talk like Alan's "cum dumpster" comments. However, Kim had been discovering that she was less of a pure lesbian than she'd believed, so Heather's words got Kim quite damp between her thighs.

But despite Heather's weakened state, the punishment for Janice and Joy, once given, had to be carried out. She still insisted that both of them perform their cheerleading routines for the entire football game with only painted-on underwear, and that's exactly what they did.

The situation was stranger still because Katherine wasn't there when the game began, since she was still up in Los Angeles. Katherine was one of the team's peacemakers, and a bridge between Heather and Janice.

Heather still wasn't quite ready to cheerlead during the game. Despite a very long massage, she was still extremely stiff and sore. She did take part in some routines, but failed to join in the more complicated ones. She knew there would be raised eyebrows, but she'd already worked out a cover story about being slightly ill. She hoped that her ass eventually would get used to the anal invasion, as she had big plans for how often Alan would be fucking her up the butt, and she didn't want to be so incapacitated again.

Neither Heather's stiffness nor the Heather-Janice rivalry were big issues for the cheerleaders during the game, because they were all too busy focusing on the fact that Janice and Joy weren't wearing any real panties.

Janice was fairly good at rolling with the punches, and didn't terribly mind having to expose herself. It helped tremendously that the game was an away game, so very few familiar faces were in the stands.

Joy, on the other hand, was a different story. She was quite conservative and shy when it came to such things. She started the game trembling something awful. Only the encouragement of Amy, Kim, and especially Janice gave her the strength to go on.

But a funny thing happened once she started dancing. She found that she loved it. In fact, she had a fantastic time.

At first, after she regained her confidence, she performed her routines fairly normally. But during a break in their routines at the end of the first quarter she confided in Janice, "Girl, I have to admit, this is great! I've never been so hot! I don't know what it is, but the idea of all those guys in the stands over there looking at me and seeing my most intimate places - it's so wild! I'm gushing all over the place, and the fact that I'm so wet is making me even more excited!"

Janice could hardly believe it. As much as she desired Joy already, she wanted her even more after hearing that. But she was too shocked and careful to say much more than, "That's great, Joy."

That inspired Joy to continue, "What do you think? Do you think people can see the glistening juices shining on my thighs?" She pulled up her skirt and exposed her butt and pussy lips to Janice.

All Janice could do was bite her lips in frustration.

Joy went on even more excitedly, "Should I get myself cleaned off, or should I just leave it like this? Wait! Don't tell me. I'm going to leave it like this! Oh, it's so good! It's like I'm getting fucked by all their eyes even as we speak!"

Janice was surprised, because she'd considered the lack of panties to be a humiliation and so was merely trying to get the experience over with. The fact that Heather had forced her to do it had particularly soured her on the experience. But with Joy's attitude, she began to think of it in a whole new way, which led her to loosen up and enjoy things as the game went on.

Joy continued to get more and more into it. She knew that Kim had a variety of dildos in her possession, so at the end of the first half the two of them disappeared for a long time. When they reappeared just as the game resumed, Joy again proudly flashed her pussy to Janice, showing that it was now plugged with a large vibrator that was completely contained within her vagina, so there really wasn't anything to see unless one looked very closely.

Janice again could barely contain her sexual frustration at being so close to a horny Joy, and yet so far. She threw herself into her routines with greater abandon and tried not to think about her romantic and lustful feelings for her best friend.

Joy rode a sexual high for the rest of the game as the vibrator buzzed away inside her. She barely managed to do her routines, succeeding only because she knew them by heart. She just copied whatever the other cheerleaders were doing, without question. If they had asked her to take off all her clothes and run across the football field, she would have done so gladly.

Between her arousal and Heather's stiffness, they were a pretty sorry squad that week.

The vibrator kept Joy close to orgasm, but that wasn't enough by itself. Pretty soon she was willing to do anything to get off. As the game continued, she wanted more - something even more arousing to push her over the edge.

The game had quite a few breaks for the cheerleaders, at times when the crowd was intent on the game and didn't need any extra entertainment. During those pauses the other cheerleaders (except Heather) crowded around Joy, to block the audience's sight of her even as they did two contradictory things. On the one hand, one cheerleader would wipe Joy's crotch and thighs clean, because she was constantly leaking. On the other hand, another cheerleader would pump the vibrator in and out to bring Joy to another orgasm. It usually only took a few strokes, especially if her clit was stimulated at the same time. She came over and over again, despite the fact that her stimulation was coming from a female. It wasn't that she had discovered lesbianism; she was just desperate for relief.

Janice tortured herself even further by usually being the one to provide this "service" for her friend.

As the game headed into the fourth quarter, Joy pushed even further. During breaks between routines, she pulled up the back of her skirt and rubbed her naked, painted ass for a minute or more at a time. While Janice was also just as naked underneath, she wasn't willing to do similar stunts, so mostly she just eyed what Joy did with complete amazement.

Towards the very end of the game, Joy started to moon the crowd even more blatantly. The crowd was on the other side of the field, so it was doubtful anyone noticed. If they did, they might have momentarily speculated that one of the other team's cheerleaders was rubbing a sore butt.

However, there was one football player, a wide receiver on the other team, who ran a route down the sidelines towards where the cheerleaders stood. He slowed down as he ran past Joy, his eyes transfixed on her mooning butt. He stopped his route altogether some yards past her, turning around to stare at her. His face showed him clearly confused about whether what he was seeing was real, with the game totally forgotten. However, he had to run quickly back to the huddle when the play ended.

bender

The cheerleaders all laughed when they saw the quarterback slap him on the helmet, obviously chiding him for a total loss of concentration.

As the game ended, Joy seemed almost disappointed no one had found her out. She actually got down on her knees and spread her legs to moon the crowd as obviously and blatantly as she could.

The other cheerleaders had to stop her from taking the next step and openly masturbating herself right there in public, because she was ready to move the vibrator in and out herself in a very obvious way.

By this point everyone was leaving their seats, and still no one appeared to notice. If anyone did notice, they probably assumed it was a typical rude gesture to complain about the game result, instead of the flashing of a naked pussy by a horny, sex-obsessed cheerleader.

Joy actually moaned in frustration as she witnessed the crowd leave.

The whole experience made all the cheerleaders quite hot and bothered. Joy was rendered nearly completely senseless by the time it was over. The others finally, mercifully, pulled the vibrator out of her and she immediately fell asleep on the ground, right there on the field. She was that emotionally worn out.

Janice looked at Joy lying there, nearly drowning in her own juices, and thought to herself, This certainly changes things. I don't know what it means exactly, but this is a new Joy we're looking at. Is there some way I can use her love of exposing herself to get her for my own? There must be. I mean, I was pushing the vibrator in and out of her goddamn pussy! It was so close! But it's not the female hands on her that she loves; it's the visual exposure to strange men. Damn! Fuckin' A! This is killing me! And it's all Heather's fault.

Chapter 672 Akami To The Mix.

Alan and Susan drove back from the psychologist's office in a great hurry. Normally Susan liked to watch the school's football games to support her daughter's cheerleading, but there was no time for that today. Susan weaved in and out of rush hour traffic so they'd have enough time to get Alan fully ready and fed before the Boy Scout van came to pick him up at 7 p.m.

Alan was completely wiped out from a long and tiring week, and fucking Xania had drained the last of his energy. Even though he'd slept in the waiting room all during Susan's last counseling session with Xania, he slept soundly all the way home in the car as well.

It was a little after four o'clock when they got home. Susan and Alan had barely said anything to each other since leaving the appointment, since Alan had slept the whole time.

But now Susan was quite animated. As soon as they got inside the house, she said, "Tiger, wasn't Xania just the best? I feel so happy! She's made me so very, very happy! Ecstatic! Giddy! Let's celebrate." She began to take her clothes off as she said this. As she ripped her bra off, she enthused, "I know! How about a victory blowjob? To us! To getting the official stamp of approval that being your daily cocksucker - and more - is okay!"

Alan was torn. He could hardly turn down his bosomy mother's excellent idea, but he hadn't really woken up from his nap, and all he wanted to do was sleep some more. Getting ready for and then going on his hiking trip seemed like a physical impossibility in his current state.

In fact, he was too tired to even think up a verbal response at first, so Susan continued, "No? What about a glorious, triumphant titfuck? Don't you want to rub your hard fuck rod all over Mommy's hooters?" She reached down and grabbed his penis through his jeans, and joked, "I know you just slept like a log, but that's not the only thing around here like a log all the time."

He laughed, but otherwise didn't respond, though she was happy to feel that his dick was already hard.

She took his continued silence and generally weary face as a no, and got a very strange and worried look on her face. She sat on all fours on the sofa with her ass pointing at Alan, then said, "Oh no! Tiger, don't tell me you want to fuck me in the ass? Oh, that's so very naughty! However, Xania did tell me that I shouldn't hold back. And Suzanne said I should 'bend over, but don't break.' It seems everyone thinks you should fuck me up the ass."

She wiggled her naked ass back and forth ostentatiously. "Do you want to own my butt? Is that what you want? Just like you already own my big tits? You're slowly conquering and owning every part of my body. Is my ass next? Are you going to take Mommy's butt cheeks and spread them with your hands, then plunge your baby maker deep into my very private place? Normally, I would say no, but because you've been so-

Alan interrupted her. He clutched his head as if he had an intense migraine. "Mom, hold on! When you say things like 'baby maker' I get so turned on that I don't know if I'm coming or going. But I'm so tired I can hardly stand up. I have to get some more sleep so I'll be able to stagger out of this house when the scoutmaster's van comes to pick me up. And we both have a lot to do to get ready before then, even if my stuff is pretty much all packed. Let me take my nap first, okay? We can still celebrate later. Right?"

Susan had changed positions and was sitting up now. She'd been pushing her chest out, cupping her ample tits from underneath in the hopes that he'd suck on a nipple. But she slumped down into the sofa, chagrined. "Oh, poo! Oh well. I was so excited. You have no idea how elated I am after talking to Xania."

He walked over and hugged her. "I'm excited too. Really excited. Xania has given us the green light. But I'm only human. A penis definitely has some physical limits, and we have to be respectful of that. Please let me sleep for a little while?"bender

She kissed him on the forehead in a very affectionate way. "Of course. Sorry for getting carried away. You take your rest, but only one hour, okay? You're right that we have a lot of work to do."

He promised, "If we're quick and efficient, we'll have some fun time later, okay?"

She nodded. That obviously got her very motivated.

As he walked away, he marveled at how backwards things were. Mom wants sex even more than I do. I practically have to fight her off now, and I'm the one to hold out the promise of more sexual games as a reward. I would never have imagined that I would live to see the day. Hell, who would'a thunk I'd be doing anything sexual with her at all?!

He made his way to his room and fell onto his bed. But before he'd fallen asleep his mother came rushing in. "Tiger! Wake up! I have important news!"

He opened his eyes, unable to do more, and did his best to squelch the annoyance he felt at the sudden intrusion. "What is it, Mom?" he muttered testily.

Seeing that he was awake and aware, she rushed to his bed and said excitedly, "I was just playing back the phone messages. Your scoutmaster called a few minutes before we got back home. It seems that your hiking trip has been canceled! He's having some kind of trouble with his van, and he can't find a replacement at this late hour. So they're going to try to do it next week instead. I'm so sorry."

Alan sat up and came fully awake as the news sank in. His eyes blinked and he was silent for a few moments. Then he spoke. "Sorry? Don't be sorry. That's great news. I am SO relieved! I was kind of looking forward to getting away from it all, but I wasn't looking forward to hiking all day. No energy. YES! This is great! The more I think about it, this is awesome! I can finally get some time to myself, and time just to vegetate. Cool."

Susan didn't know how he'd take the news, and she was pleasantly surprised. "You're not mad? I thought you'd be upset that you've been averaging nearly eight climaxes a day, and all that work was for nothing."

He hadn't thought about that. "Dang. Good point... But you know what? That's okay. Because this means I can take a massive sexual break this weekend, too."

She appeared crestfallen to hear that.

So he immediately added, "Don't get me wrong. Just because I wanted to nap instead of experience your lovely help, I'm not tired of you or anything. I could never get tired of any of this, and I especially could never get tired of your beautiful and amazingly stacked Marilyn Monroe body."

She broke into a big smile when she heard that.

"But the excitement is in my mind. My body is another matter. I still have this weakness where I have to nap every day, and I never have all the energy I want. I've been running on full steam for weeks now, and I'm right on the verge of collapse. My dick is dying. It's practically numb most of the time, and some of my loads have been little more than a trickle for the past couple of days. I was holding out for the hiking trip to give my dick a couple of days to recover, and it still needs to recover. Let's just take it easy for a couple of days, okay? Hiking trip or no, I need a sexual holiday."

She frowned. "Oh dear. Is your penis in that bad a shape?"

"Yes. I know this sounds a bit disturbing, but I'm amazed sometimes that I haven't injured it somehow. It can hurt like hell!"

"Oh my!" She clasped her hands over her mouth in surprise. "Don't worry. I'll give you some space. Sleep some more. I see you need it. Meanwhile, I'll take care of everything."

He fell asleep immediately. He was so tired that he didn't give the cancellation news much thought. He didn't give her "I'll take care of everything" comment another thought.

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Alan woke up about an hour later. He was surprised when, from the top of the stairs, he looked down into the living room to see Susan sitting next to Akami, quietly talking to her.

He was only dressed in his dark blue robe, but he nonetheless hurried downstairs to eagerly greet his beloved nurse. He felt much better now that he'd napped in the car and then again in his bed. "Akami!" he said in a delighted voice as he quickly closed the distance to her.

She stood and embraced her favorite patient with a warm hug.

Alan pulled back a bit and admired Akami, who was still dressed in her usual lab jacket. "It's so good to see you," he said sincerely. "How long has it been?"

"One week almost to the hour since our last appointment. And it's great to see you, too." She smiled widely and stared at him intently with her smoldering eyes.

He loved her narrow, intense eyes. In fact, it was his favorite feature of hers.

To Alan it seemed much longer than a week, but he knew that things had been so eventful lately that everything seemed like ancient history to him. He recalled that he only had appointments with Akami every other week. "Wait. We're not scheduled to meet until NEXT Friday, right? So what are you doing meeting me? And in my house, no less?"

She answered, "I got a call from your mother just as my work day was ending. She said that your situation was dire and needed immediate attention. I'm only a nurse and I don't do house calls, but I thought I could come over just as a friend and see how you're doing and if there was some way I could help."

She looked down at his crotch to see if there was a bulge that needed her "help," but found only disappointment.

Alan looked her body over more closely. She looked as great and sexy as ever. "So why are you still in your nurse outfit?" (Actually it was a bit misleading to say she was in a nurse outfit - she'd dressed to impress in a low-cut blouse, black leather miniskirt, and high heels. But knowing that Alan was turned on by her medical garb, she wore a lab jacket and stethoscope as well.)

She answered, "I came straight from work. Your mom and I have been discussing the state of your penis and your energy level while you've been sleeping."

Susan interrupted. "How is he, nurse? Is it as bad as I feared?"

Akami examined Alan's face carefully. "Hmmm. He has some bags under his eyes, like you said. He's exhausted, for sure. The six-times-a-day regimen must be tough to do day in and day out. I have to agree with what he was suggesting to you earlier. He does need a break."

Alan was relieved. "You see what I mean, Mom? This weekend I'm just going to play video games and watch TV and sleep. Mostly sleep. It'll be great!"

"But what about the state of his penis?" Susan asked Akami anxiously from her position on a nearby sofa.

"Let's take a look, shall we?" Akami motioned to Alan's robe.

He dutifully opened it. Given everything sexual that had happened between Akami and him, and especially the things the two of them did in Dr. Fredrickson's office while Susan watched, he didn't bat an eye about doing something sexual with her in front of his mother.

Susan similarly considered blowjobs and handjobs a part of Akami's "treatment" even if she still didn't realize that Alan had already gone all the way with Akami.

Akami sat below a kneeling Alan and cupped his balls while she fondled his flaccid penis. She figured it was a good position to be in for the blowjob that would almost certainly follow soon. She could hardly wait, but she kept her professional detached demeanor. "Hmmm. He isn't erect yet. Is this unusual, Susan?"

"Most unusual, nurse. It seems that his penis always stands very straight and tall. He has a wonderfully stiff and proud boner much more often than not. Whenever I look between his legs, I expect to see a big pulsing tree trunk there, especially if his shorts or pants are off, which they are most of the time, at least when he's not at school."

Alan explained, "But Mom, that's just 'cos whenever you're around, well, you're around. Just one look at you is an instant erection."

"I'm flattered, Son." She turned to Akami. "But still, it's true. He's got an insatiable sex drive, so this is most unusual! I'm worried. Do you think it'll be okay?"

"Let's see. Susan, why don't we both take off our clothes and see if we can't get him fully erect so I can examine him properly? Normally, I wouldn't ask you, but he says you cause an instant erection and that's just what we need."

Susan didn't need to be told that twice. The two women were naked within moments, and Akami pulled Alan's robe to the floor as well.

Alan's penis instantly responded. In truth, just thinking about his mother naked was guaranteed to get him hard, and having seen Akami naked for the first time in a long while, his dick grew even harder than usual.

"Ah, that feels much better," Akami cooed as she sensually fondled his ramrod tool. She felt the need to keep at least a veneer of professionalism, given the fact that Susan was there, so she said, "Alan, your mother tells me that your penis is in great pain. Is that true?"

He considered that and then answered truthfully, "Well, not GREAT pain. Painful sometimes lately, yeah, but it doesn't feel so bad at the moment. It's amazing what a nap or two can do. I feel so much better than I did before my nap."

"That's good. There's nothing like the virility of an eighteen-year-old male. But still, you're having problems. With Susan's permission, I propose that I get to the bottom of your overstimulation problem, in a very hands-on way."

Susan asked, a bit concerned, "Hands-on? What do you mean, exactly?" If there was any hands-on handling of his erection, she hoped she could do it.

Akami explained, "Well, we have to determine how different forms of stimulation affect his penis. That way, you can adjust how to arouse him until he gets better. For instance, handjobs. How does this feel, on a scale of one to ten, Alan? One being easy on the penis, and ten being the most grinding, painful, and chafing."

Akami had in fact already started to stroke his dick more or less since it had gotten hard, but now she did it more vigorously.

Susan looked on with an agonized expression. She was still quite naïve, despite all her recent sexual experiences, and she remained under the impression that Akami would conduct some kind of real medical test. So she thought it very unseemly to touch herself as she watched. But the sight of Akami pistoning her closed fist up and down Alan's hard, thick shaft was nearly too much for her to take. The

fact that Susan was now buck naked only added to her temptation, but she somehow resisted the urge to openly masturbate.

Alan enjoyed the handjob for a minute or two and acted as if he was having a hard time making up his mind on what score to give it. In fact, his penis felt fine since his nap - multiple naps, actually - and he loved having his naked mother watch whatever devilry Akami was up to. Finally, he replied, "Oh, I guess about a six. You're going at it pretty vigorously."

"Yes I am, but only in the pursuit of knowledge." It was very difficult for Akami to say that with a straight face, and in fact she giggled a little bit. But she looked over at Susan to see if the busty mother was buying it.

Susan seemed to take everything very seriously. The mother had a look of worry; a fear that Alan's penis might be damaged in some way.

Akami quickly switched gears. "Alan, let's compare that with a blowjob. Again, please rate this."

She licked the tip of his knob, but then paused, and said, "While you're enjoying this, why don't you tell me about all the naughty things you've been doing to the females in your life? I need to make sure everything is going well in that area and that there isn't too much, um, chafing." She engulfed his boner without any further ado.

He was pleasantly surprised with her boldness, and grabbed her head with both hands to brace himself against a sudden rush of intense arousal.

Susan licked her lips repeatedly, and salivated copiously. She felt like her pussy was on fire. It was nearly torture for her to be only able to watch her favorite activity without pleasuring her son or herself.

Alan considered how to answer Akami's question of who he'd been having sex with, given that his mother was listening. He was keen to turn Susan on. He didn't know if it was wise to "out" the likes of some of the cheerleaders or even Glory, so he started vaguely, while using the kind of lingo he knew Susan would respond to. "Akami, I'm fucking quite a few girls in school. I'm never lacking sexy big-titted teen sluts who want to suck on a meaty cock."

Susan was quick to interrupt. She beamed with pride as she gushed, "Did you hear that, Akami? 'Big-titted teen sluts!' Oh, TIGER! You're such a total STUD!" She nudged Akami's shoulder a little bit, but still careful not to interfere with her cocksucking. "Isn't that the most exciting thing you ever heard?"

Before Akami could respond to that, Alan continued, "Why, if I didn't know better, I might mistake my nurse right now for one of those sluts, given the way she's sucking me so enthusiastically. However, this is an entirely professional, medically necessary cocksucking, as we all know." He couldn't help but snicker a bit at that.

He went on, "But those busty teen hussies who spread their legs for me during lunch are nothing compared to the women I can choose from around my own house. Between Amy, Suzanne, my sister, and my mom, I have no end of pleasure. I want to fuck them all, of course. And I do mean ALL of them. When I fuck someone for the first time, I want to be in peak form. It has to be perfect; something we'll remember forever."

Susan gasped. She knew exactly who the "someone" he referred to was, especially since he was staring right at her nude body when he said it. Her hands flew to her tits, but somehow those same hands slapped themselves, one slapping the other. Looking warily at Akami, she withdrew from overt masturbation and crossed her arms to keep her hands out of trouble. But her chest began to heave quite heavily. She sat on the edge of the sofa, quiet but eager to replace Akami on her knees between her son's legs if the opportunity presented itself.

Ironically, Akami would have had no problem at all if Susan were to masturbate, but Susan didn't know that.

Alan made some idle conversation with his mother. "Akami's the best nurse, don't you think, Mom? She's so much more than a nurse. She helps squeeze out so many loads of all that dangerous sperm, for one thing. She's so selfless and giving. It's like she's my sexologist too."

Susan sighed with longing. Then she responded breathlessly, "Yes, she is, but is she doing a good enough job? A good nurse should be a good cocksucker too. Does she know how to do some of Mommy's favorite moves, like the candy cane or the tooth tickle? Maybe I should take over. More tongue, Akami! It looks like you're all lips and no tongue. My Tiger loves the tongue on his special spot just under his cockhead. Sometimes, I like to think of it as the penis neck. More neck! Make him blow his naughty cum all over your face!"

Susan sat so close to the edge of the sofa that she fell off of it altogether and wound up on her knees. She inched herself forward towards Alan's crotch bit by bit. As she got closer, she couldn't take it anymore and shoved a hand into her mouth. She fucked her mouth with her fingers and imagined that they were Alan's thick boner instead.

Akami eventually pulled Alan's rod out of her mouth to respond to what both Alan and Susan had said. "Yes, Alan. Think of me as your sexologist too. I understand the situation here requires unusual measures, so we just have to accept that certain sexual things can and will happen during his treatment. But rest assured, Mrs. Plummer, I know how to pleasure his cock with my mouth as well as anybody. How is that, Alan? On the penis hurting scale, I mean?" She popped his erection back in and resumed her contented yet talented sucking.

"Oh, that's more like a four," he said casually. "Definitely easier than the hands. But my mom does do it quite differently. Since she practically lives with my dick in her mouth, I think it may be important to see where her technique stands on the scale."

Susan quickly agreed. "Oh yes! Please! Akami, please let me taste it just a little? I've been waiting ALL DAY to wrap my lips around it! What's a mother to do to get her cocksucking satisfaction?"

Chapter 673 Akami, Alan & Susan

Akami knew that Alan's dick had incredible endurance, and she didn't mind some sharing with Susan if that would help calm down and satisfy the overly horny mother. So she took his erection out again, and said, "Sure. Susan, why don't you try it for a while? Start with a handjob and then try both licking and sucking so we can do a full comparison."

Susan eagerly obeyed, but Akami didn't give her much time. Susan was given about a minute each with a handjob (which rated a five), deep suck blowjob (a four), and a light tonguing (a two).bender

Then an impatient Akami took over again.

But Susan literally wouldn't let go of her son's boner. She couldn't or wouldn't take her mouth off of it either.

So Akami suggested, "Alan, I imagine that more and more you'll be experiencing dual blowjobs, given all the wonderfully giving women in your life, so why don't you rate one of those?"

Akami was a bit behind the curve, since she didn't see Alan very often. She figured that Alan had never had a double blowjob before.

Alan responded, "Good idea. I think you're right. In fact, Mom has helped me out with a couple of those lately."

Susan was going to complain that sharing a blowjob with someone outside the family was "too improper," but she was too horny to care. She stuck out her tongue and got ready to lick.

Within seconds, Susan and Akami began to share his boner. The two of them exchanged great big licks from the top of his cock all the way to the bottom. They squatted side by side, causing their bodies to come in contact as they worked on him.

Alan took the opportunity to grab and probe their butts simultaneously. With all the excitement of the double blowjob, he felt his "Bad Alan" side gaining in strength.

Susan thought, YES! FINALLY! This is so good! MMMM! I know this is wrong, but I just can't help myself. I told myself that I'd draw the line and forbid all double blowjobs, because that's the start of the slippery slope. Next thing you know, I'll be taking part in orgies. Heck, look at me now. I hardly even know Akami, really, and we're both slathering our tongues all over his cockhead!

But I have to admit that it's pointless to fight it. Tiger's got me sharing his cock a lot, and loving it! It's especially embarrassing to have to share with Akami, of all people, but such is my lot in life. Tiger outsmarts me, and I wind up with my clothes on the floor and his cock down my throat!

And look, she's doing a kind of interesting thing with her lips. Kind of like she's giving him a hickey, sucking on the SIDE of his cock. Oooh! I'll have to give that a try!

A minute or two passed while she gave that technique a try. Alan clearly liked it, based on his happy moans, so Susan added it to her bag of cocksucking tricks.

She took control of the top of his dick and started bobbing directly over his sweet spot. YES! Sweet Lord, YES! This is IT! As kids these days say, this is "the bomb!" Hee-hee! There's nothing I love more than using my lips and tongue to go wild all over his sweet spot, because I know how good that makes him feel. Mmmm! He's moaning, loudly! I love the sound of him moaning like that!

As she kept on bobbing, she felt such a great surge of lust and excitement that her lingering reservations about dual blowjobs disappeared. It seems like just yesterday when I had issues with sharing blowjobs like this. My, how things can change, hee-hee! Now, I quite like it. In fact, I may even PREFER it to going solo! Strange, but quite possibly true. For one thing, he's getting double the pleasure, and that's the main thing. My role as a good big-titted mommy is to SERVE! Plus, it feels even more naughty! I love how Akami and I are brushing our bodies against each other, and that she even feels comfortable enough with me to rest her hand on my back. Even though we're both buck naked! MMMM! So HOT!

As she happily bobbed and licked, she kept feeling Akami's head brushing against hers, since Akami was trying to lick all the remaining inches of Alan's shaft that weren't covered by Susan's lips. Oh dear! I'm being a cock hog again. That's the downside of sharing - I have to give up my favorite parts half the time. Oh well. I'll just suck his balls for a while. I love that too! Hee-hee!

Akami had been growing miffed at how Susan was monopolizing the most sensitive parts, but that turned to pleasant surprise when Susan switched to ball sucking. Akami immediately took over, bobbing down to Alan's sweet spot. But she had her own distinct style. She was really great at providing constant and intense suction to her steady bobbing, and she also did more corkscrew-like twisting movements.

Akami considered herself a talented cocksucker, but after seeing Susan going at it, she felt inspired to up her game. Akami considered a blowjob just another sex act, but it was clear that for Susan it was much more. What's with this woman? It's like she's having some kind of religious experience. She's just soooo into it! All her erotic moaning and passionate looks... I have to admit that she's making me look at this in a whole new way. I'm not gonna be shown up by her! Take THIS, Alan!

Alan gasped and clenched his PC muscle tightly, because Akami suddenly seemed to go into cocksucking overdrive. It wasn't so much what she did, but how she did it, with more passion, tongue work, and a lot more suction.

Susan in turn sensed Akami's renewed efforts, and she also stepped up her game in response. Although she was "only" working on his balls and lower shaft, she did all she could, using both hands, plus her tongue and lips.

He thought, Oh man! Here we go again! This is fuckin' great. My god, these two are just going at it with everything they've got! Every trick in the book! Shit, I could cum just from the things Mom is doing to my balls, never mind Akami's Hoover vacuum impression. Fuck! She's gonna suck my dick straight off my body at the rate she's going, but it feels sooooo good! Dang!

He was a bit overwhelmed, but he reached down and ran his hand through Akami's hair, and then Susan's. Since he was lying down, he couldn't reach much more than that. He liked caressing Susan's long, silky, dark-brown hair more, but only because Akami's almost-black hair was tied up in its usual bun.

He continued to think, but the raging lust flowing through him affected his thoughts. And Mom. Wow. She blows my mind, just as much as she blows my cock. My mom IS just like a sex cow, on all fours just like an animal! And with both of them next to each other like that, it's like they're my personal sex toys. Like animal slaves in my stable, eating out of a trough. I wonder, if I asked them to bark like a dog, what would they do? Especially Akami. How would she react? She's more independent than most of my women. I haven't seen her much; I think she still needs to be fully broken in. Should I hold my dick back and make her beg for it? It's time to break her in!

No. I can't think like that. I have to control my darker urges. It's so tempting, but I have to learn to be aggressive and still be the same nice me I always was. Anyways, Akami has things progressing quite nicely. I'm just going to sit back and see what she comes up with next.

Akami had come up with her "scoring" system as an exceedingly thin excuse to allow her to get fucked by Alan, even with Susan right there. So she was enjoying the double blowjob, but she was eager to move things along. With Susan distracted making love to Alan's balls with her lips and tongue, she figured this was a good time to make her next move.

Coming up for air with both hands pumping on Alan's erection to help keep Susan at bay, Akami asked Alan, "So, how was that?"

"Great! Awesome! Thank you so much! You two make, like, a really good cocksucking team!"

Akami rolled her eyes, even as she was slightly amused. "No, what I mean is, how would you score that?"

"Oh yeah. The scoring. Let me think." He rubbed his chin in contemplation.

Susan pulled her face away from his balls, and complained, "No, wait! Tiger, don't answer that question!"

He was confused. "What? Why not?"

Susan continued more bashfully, "Well, it's just... that was awful quick, wasn't it? Oh, I know! I think the data was corrupted. We need to try that again!"

Akami asked with some wry amusement, "Corrupted? How?"

Susan was stumped. In truth, she just wanted to suck cock a lot longer. But then a good idea came to her, even as she lapped against her son's newly unoccupied sweet spot. "Well, not corrupted, exactly. It's more like the sample size was too small. Yeah, that's it! Think about it. With all the previous tests, things were pretty straightforward. But with double blowjobs, all kinds of things are going on. You need to let it pay out a lot longer. For instance, it was mostly just me bobbing on him, and then you bobbing on him. But what if we both lick his sweet spot at the same time? I mean..."

She paused in her speaking because she was distracted by licking the very sweet spot she was talking about. "This is such an important part of my son's body! It needs soooo very much love and attention! Mmmm... You like that, Son? You like it when Mommy licks your special spot for you?"

He just moaned lustily.

Slightly annoyed, Akami said, "Susan, do you have a point, or are you getting distracted?"

"Oh, sorry." She tried to focus on what she needed to say while also pleasuring her son's cock as best she could. "It's just that... When you think about it... Taking turns bobbing and licking him together at the same time... They're two very different things. Mmmm... Very yummy things, right Tiger? Mmmm... That might result in a totally different score! We need to let this play out for, uh, scientific accuracy. Besides, what's the rush?"

Akami rolled her eyes again. "'For scientific accuracy.' Right. And I suppose this has nothing to do with how much fun you're having?"

Susan blushed. She was suddenly too shy to try to answer that. She closed her eyes and focused on her licking and stroking.

Akami thought that Susan was so endearing and enthusiastic in her cock lust that she didn't want to disappoint her. The fucking could wait a little, assuming Alan could hold out from cumming that long in the face of all this talented and non-stop tongue and lip work. "Very well. I suppose we could go at it a little longer."

Susan's face lit up and she clapped her hands. As soon as Akami moved in closer, Susan moved back a bit. This time, she was more careful to leave plenty of room at the cockhead for Akami.

And sure enough, Akami got busy licking on one side of his bulbous head, while Susan licked on the other.

Susan sighed happily. Aaaaah! I'm kind of new to double blowjobs, but I think this is my favorite part, the sharing of the cockhead. Mmmm! This is where it really counts, what drives Tiger wild! It makes me so HAPPY, knowing his powerful cock is being well tended. Two tongues are better!

Akami had gone straight for Alan's sweet spot, but Susan found there was room for her tongue there too. Before long, their tongues were literally side by side as they jointly licked his very most sensitive area.

Susan loved it almost as much as Alan did. Oooh, we're both tonguing his sweet spot at the same time! Just listen to him moaning and groaning. This is the BEST! Hee-hee!

Akami shared Alan's erection with Susan for the next few minutes, but she mostly let Susan take charge. She was concerned Alan would blow his load too soon if they both went all out with their sucking and licking, and she still wanted him to have some energy left for fucking. Plus, she was more or less conceding defeat. She just didn't have the stamina and determination to go all out on his cock for so long the way Susan did.

As a result, Akami generally let Susan bob on or lick his cockhead plus the top inch of his shaft while she took care of all of his less sensitive inches.

Alan loved it just the same. At one point, he thought, I just realized something: drugs are for people who don't get enough double blowjobs! Heck, or even just single ones. I've never had heroin or any heavy drug like that, but how could that possibly feel any better than this? It can't. There's no way. God, this is SO FUCKING GOOD! If Mom is feeling even half the pleasure I'm feeling right now, she has to be totally loving life too. We should just do this 24 hours a day! Why the hell not?

But Akami had been waiting for the right moment to move on, and when Susan went back to licking Alan's balls for a while, Akami literally seized Alan's erection with both hands. She quickly pointed out, "Alan, I imagine you experience a fair number of titfucks on a daily basis, given all the well-endowed women around here." She winked at Susan, who was feeling deprived already, and looking for an opening to recapture access to at least some of her son's cock. "I think it's probably best if we test out some titfucks a bit."

"Oh, poo!" Susan griped.

But Alan agreed wholeheartedly. "Great idea!" He spent the next couple of minutes fucking the nurse's tits. His body seemed to revive more with each passing minute and he put a lot of energy into it. His dick didn't bother him at all. They all forgot to ask about his "chafing" rating for the dual blowjob.

Susan, though, felt miffed. To go from having her son's cock in her mouth to having to endure watching another woman enjoy a titfuck was almost too much. She hovered all around Akami.

She pouted to herself as she groped her own boobs, Akami's tits are a joke. A joke! You call those tits? Tiger, fuck MY big tits! Or I should say fuck YOUR big tits, because they belong to you. You own my body, so use it any way you want! Take me! Take my tits! Assert your power and domination over them! And over me! Now! Please, let Mommy serve you with her big bouncy tits!

Susan was so frustrated that she couldn't stay silent. After a few minutes she tapped Akami on the back. "Akami? Don't you think that, uh, that my tits... er, I mean my breasts..." She was so naturally modest that she had trouble figuring out how to tactfully phrase that her tits were far superior and in much greater need of a solid titfucking.

Luckily, Alan sensed Susan's impatience, and stepped in. "Akami, I rate that titfuck a four on the scale, given all the helpful pre-cum lubrication. But I think I need to compare that with my mom's. I mean, no offense, but given that her mammaries are so, well, just damn massive, a titfuck with her might lead to a different score. So, could you, um, let go?"

Akami sighed. She increasingly resented Susan's interruptions, not to mention the annoyingly huge size of Susan's tits compared to her own, but she ceded control. "Okay. I guess you have a point. But quickly, now. We have more important tests to conduct."

He liked the sound of that, but concentrated on getting into position to fuck his mother's chest. He thought, You know, it's funny how similar this is to what happened with Xania earlier. Under some thin medical excuse, I end up doing all kinds of sexual stuff. The only difference is that I tricked Xania and now Akami is the one tricking Mom.

Alan still didn't realize that Xania was in on all their games earlier and that Suzanne had been the chief instigator.

Susan let out a long sigh of relief and even ecstasy as her massive melons enveloped Alan's erection. She immediately got to work sliding her tits up and down and all around his throbbing pole. She was beside herself with joy and was so aroused that she no longer worried about propriety. She frigged her pussy with abandon while her son did his part in sliding his dick in and out of her cleavage, even as she kept her globes tightly pressed around it and in constant motion, rising one tit up and the other one down, and then back again.

Alan thought, I hate to say this, but size does matter. Definitely not in all things sexual, but when it comes to titfucks, size matters! Akami's titfuck was great, but this is like in a whole other league. Mom's tits are the perfect size to fuck, and they feel so soft and inviting. Hell, they even smell nice. If they were any bigger, she wouldn't be able to bend her head down and lick- Oh! Yeah! There she goes! She must be reading my mind. Oh, yeah, she's licking her way around my cockhead! Sweet! It's like a blowjob and titfuck in one! Akami didn't do that either.

Soon, Susan stopped with her added licking so she could go back to a more vigorous titfucking style. As she squeezed her melons tightly around his happy boner, she sighed blissfully. "Oh, Tiger! You're fucking Mommy, even if only in the chest. Xania would approve. Yes! She knows this is so good! It's what you MUST do to Mommy, whenever you feel like it. You MUST fuck her big, white, milky tits because she needs it so bad. She needs it!"

She started to slide her tits around even faster as she worked herself up into an unstoppable erotic titfuck frenzy. "God, I love it so! This is the BEST! Your mommy MUST get FUCKED by her good son!"

By this time, Susan had completely forgotten that Akami was there (although Akami most definitely was watching every move she made). The horny mother came in such an intense orgasm as she cried "Your mommy must get fucked by her good son" that her whole body buckled backwards. Her back arched more and more until her tits lost contact with his pulsing boner. Yet she kept falling backwards until her head hit the floor. She writhed around as if in an epileptic fit while jolts and shocks of erotic arousal continued to hit her and pass through every part of her body. She finally passed out altogether.

Chapter 674 Fucking Akami In The Ass

When Susan came back to her senses, she saw that Alan still hadn't climaxed. His dick poked out as straight and true as a ruler (for better or worse, he didn't have much bend in his penis). Her natural instinct was to get up and use her lips and tongue to make sure he got his satisfaction and then some, but she was too late.

"MY GOD!" Susan exclaimed, as soon as she realized what was happening. "Tiger, are you starting to fuck Akami's ASS?!"

Indeed, that was exactly what was happening. Akami was again on all fours with her face pointed right at Susan, and Alan was lined up behind the nurse's toned and firm butt. They'd spent about five minutes getting past the difficult insertion of the bulbous cockhead phase while Susan was passed out. He still hadn't pushed in beyond that, but he knew the rest would be easily in comparison.

Akami smiled smugly at Susan and said to her, "Now that you're back with us, you'll be glad to know that Alan rated your titfuck a three."

"Only a three?" Susan said in a crestfallen tone. "But Tiger! I put so much effort and love into it."

Alan pointed out, "Don't worry, Mom. Remember, we're not measuring enjoyment; we're measuring chafing. Personally, I loved it. Thanks, Mom!"

She closed her eyes and smiled widely. "My pleasure! And I do mean that in a very literal way." Then she looked again at what was going on and frowned. "But what in tarnation is going on here?! Tiger, your powerful cock is IN her ass! Her ASS!"

He chuckled. "I know that."

"But it's just so... improper. Unholy, even!"

Akami was greatly amused by the "unholy" comment, but tried not to show it. She said in the best academic tone she could manage, "Susan, we're on to our next test. We're about to try the much more chafing assfuck. Alan just told me that you've never done this before, so you should leave this to us professionals. You have to know what you're doing here or you could get hurt."

That wasn't really true, but Akami felt like Susan had been stealing her thunder a bit due to her sheer enthusiasm, cocksucking skill, and her outrageous curves, and she didn't want Susan to outdo her by getting her ass fucked too. She didn't care if Susan did it any other time, but not right after she did it.

Susan was so surprised that all she could do was open and close her mouth, unable to find any more words to say about what she was seeing. On the one hand, she desperately wanted to be on the receiving end of Alan's anal fuck. But on the other hand, her use of the word "unholy" was a reflection of her true feelings. Her family and her parents had raised her to think that anal sex was a grave sin and even some kind of unnatural abomination. Recently, she'd started to fantasize about getting fucked in the ass, and talking to Suzanne about it had helped her attitude, but that had been dealing with it in the abstract. To see it happening right before her eyes positively frightened her, as well as greatly aroused her.

Akami turned her head around to Alan, and said, "Now that you've had a little rest, and we have an eager viewer, I think it's time. Oh, do you have a condom?"

"Oh, right." He wanted to kick himself, because he'd forgotten to use a condom yet again. He had a lot of trouble with that.

There was a delay while she got a condom for him from her purse and he put it on. But soon, Alan was lined up behind her again and she said, "I'm definitely ready. Just push that big monster in slowly."

He did so. Akami's butt was very tight, even with all the anal lube they were using. He complained, "Dang. That's an eight on the chafing scale at least. Tight!" But he continued to thrust in and out of her asshole.

Before Akami could reply to his words, Susan complained to Akami about something Akami had said a minute or so again. "'Leave this to us professionals?' What does that mean? If I may be frank, you're not exactly acting like a normal nurse."

Akami shot back, "And Susan, you're not exactly acting like a normal mother. However, we're both doing all we can to help him out with his problem, aren't we? And I won't beat around the bush. I'll admit that I'm enjoying- ehheh!"

She was interrupted because Alan abruptly pushed in deeper. "Christ! Susan, your son's cock is positively HUGE!"

Susan beamed, and for a moment forgot about her anal sex worries. "Don't I know it?"

Akami said, "You think it feels thick sliding between your lips? Just wait until it reams out your asshole!"

Susan's worries came flooding back. She stared at the last couple visible inches of Alan's shaft with great dismay. How IS that going to fit into my ass? Now that I'm committed to giving my entire body to him, that means it's just a matter of time before he's shoving his baseball bat of a cock in there. It's just SO BIG! And Akami's ass is so tiny!

The voluptuous mother sat up and clutched at her ass cheeks. She swiped an index finger through her copious pussy juices and then pushed the finger into her anus. Oh my! That does feel... interesting, and I like it when Tiger pokes me back there, but that's just with a finger. I'm not ready to do even two fingers, but to simulate Alan's fat cock I'd have to put all five in! There's just no way! But look what he's doing to Akami. I see it with my own eyes, but I can't believe it!

Akami huffed and puffed, "Phew. Boy. Let's stop there for a minute. Are you all the way in yet?"

"No, I don't think so."

Akami resumed, "Damn. Where was I? Oh yes. Susan, I'll admit I'm having fun in the process, but is that a crime? Of course not. Those who are helping and generous also receive much in return. Don't you agree? ... Alan, I think I'm ready. Try pushing in another inch."

He did so.

"UNGH! Fucking hell! That hurts! So damn tight. I thought we got over the hard part when your cockhead got in."

"There's just a little more to go," he said encouragingly. It was true too.

Susan gasped and held her breath. Dear Lord! Lord, please give Akami the strength and fortitude to handle my son's huge cock! Help her anal muscles relax. I remember Suzanne saying that relaxation is the key. Tiger, please! Take it easy on her! Don't hurt her! She continued to poke a lubricated finger in and out of her own asshole, while playing with her clit with her other hand.

As Akami recovered and adjusted to his girth deep within her, Susan also calmed down a little bit. But still, after Akami grunted when Alan pushed in a little more, the sex bomb mother exclaimed, "Stop! It's too much! Tiger, your cock is just too thick and long!"

Akami said with chagrin, "Susan, I can handle it. And remember, we're conducting an important scientific test. Do you really want me to stop? Or do you want to see Alan suffer from brutal chafing?"bender

Susan moped, "Well, no. We can't have his cock in pain. Of course I want what's best for him." She paused and gazed in wide-eyed wonder all over again at the sight of Alan's erection sticking so deeply in Akami's butt. Then she snapped back to the conversation. "I'm, uh, sorry, Akami. I apologize."

At that moment, Alan gave another push, and his thick pole finally bottomed out. Both he and Akami sighed with relief.

Akami confirmed what he'd done by shouting, "That's it! It's all the way in! God! So FULL!"

Again, Susan got lost momentarily while she watched that happen, and it didn't help that she was busy playing with her own pussy and ass. But then she asked, "Son, how does that feel? Do you like it?"

He replied, "Mom, it's seriously INTENSE! So tight! So fuckin' tight! Right now, I can't really say it feels good, 'cos it kinda hurts too. But I know from fucking Aunt Suzy's ass that it's gonna get a lot better soon, once I start thrusting in and out. Oh my God! Then the pleasure... it's just INSANE!"

Susan bit her lip. She was more than a little envious of Akami right now. Son, what about your big-titted mommy? Maybe you should fuck her ass too? I know it's your right and even your duty to fuck the hell out of your nurse's tiny little ass, but please don't forget me. I want to feel insane pleasure with you too!

Chapter 675 Pounding Akami.

For the moment, not much was happening, because Akami was still adjusting to the fact that Alan was all the way inside her ass. Akami was trying to act unaffected and calm, but there was sweat running down her face from the strain and she was breathing very heavily.

While everyone was waiting, Susan said, "Akami? I've been thinking... It's just that, well, my ass is a little different. It's much bigger and wider than yours since I'm so much taller than you. It's probably best if he gives it a test too. A very thorough test! Son, do you want to test your mommy's ass? Is that what you want? Do you want to bend her over and fuck her up the butt like a maniac? Do you want to grab her by the hair and then throw her to the ground as you roughly take control of her ass? Because I'm-"

Akami interrupted, huffing between labored breaths, "Thank you for your generosity, Susan, but given the tender condition of his penis, I think one assfuck is more than enough right now. It's pretty remarkable he's made it this far without cumming, and we still haven't made it to the ultimate test."

Susan was disappointed, but she felt quite relieved too. Her fear of anal sex was still great, even more than her lust for it. She realized she needed time to adjust to the whole anal sex concept as a real sex act she'd take part in and not just a fantasy. She was much more comfortable just playing with her ass and pussy while watching than directly participating, for now.

Alan momentarily wondered, Could my mother actually WANT me to fuck her up the ass? But he could be a bit thick when it came to seeing changes in his mother, and dismissed the idea. She had protested

the idea of anal sex quite vocally not that long ago, and even now he could see her relief when Akami told her to cool her heels.

He didn't have much chance to consider the issue because he started to thrust slowly and gingerly in and out of Akami's ass. With each stroke it seemed to get a little bit easier, but he still took it conservatively. In fact, they were taking it so slowly that they were still able to hold a casual conversation. He asked the nurse quizzically, "The ultimate test?"

"Yes. Why don't we do that right now, because I can't wait. Is that still an eight? You know, with the chafing?"

"No, it's dropped to more like a seven."

"Good. By the way, what was our score on the double blowjob?"

"Hard to say in terms of chafing," he replied, even as he kept slowly thrusting. "It was so great when it came to pleasure that I can't really remember anything else. But I guess it was a three or four. But it also depends on the licking versus the sucking. I'd say your intense suction sucking style was particularly chafing. I hate to say that, 'cos it felt so good."

Akami said pointedly, "Keep that in mind, Susan. I think you need to focus on licking-focused blowjobs and well-lubricated titfucks for the time being. Double blowjobs are fine. But take it easy on the assfucks and the aggressive handjobs if you can, okay? His penis needs a chance to recover."

Susan nodded obediently. She was still too wiped out from her recent orgasm to do much physically, but the sight of Alan plowing into Akami's ass inspired her to keep fingering her own asshole. She was steadily poking in and out to the exact same pace she was seeing her son thrust in and out.

Alan started to plow Akami's ass at a faster pace. The conversation fell away as both he and Akami had to focus on what they were doing.

Susan whimpered with lust and fear as she watched the thrusting from close up. My goodness! Someday soon, maybe real soon, Tiger is going to do that to me! He will own and use my ass for his pleasure. I'd better get used to the idea and start liking it soon, because I have no say in the matter! True, I could say

no, but Xania says I need to rise to the occasion and be the best big-titted mommy-slut I can be! I must be a good slut and obey my son completely. If he wants to fuck my ass, he will! A good cum slut does what she's told and gets rewarded for her patience with a big load of yummy son-sperm.

She drew even closer, until her face was less than a foot from the action, while she kept on playing with her pussy and asshole. Look at all that delicious thick cock sliding in and out. How could I NOT love having him do that to me? Look at Akami. Her whole body is bucking and trembling, and her face is contorted with lust. Tiger is taming her, that's what he's doing! It makes me proud, and it makes me HOT! He's gonna tame MY ass soon, and there's nothing I can do about it! I'm gonna be his very own butt slut mommy, ready to serve his powerful cock with even my most dirty and naughty hole!

And when he does, I'm not gonna let him use a condom either! Never! I want to feel his hot cum splashing deep in my bowels!

These thoughts turned her on even more than she already was. Her deep-seated fears about anal sex were fading as she realized from very close up that it was just like regular fucking, only in a different hole. Finally, pulling her finger out of her asshole, she clutched her huge globes tightly with one hand and poked her fingers into her slit with her other. She was totally entranced watching Alan's eight inches slide in and out.

Alan kept on steadily fucking Akami's ass with a regular, deep rhythm. It wasn't as tight as Suzanne's ass, and definitely wasn't as tight as Heather's great ass, but it was still quite tight, and sliding his thickness in and out of her hot and narrow hole was giving him as much or more pleasure than the earlier double blowjob. That meant he was having a hell of a great time. He never wanted it to end, and he didn't feel as if he'd need to cum anytime soon. The condom dulled the sensations a bit, helping him to hold out.

Akami loved it too. She'd had anal sex before, but only very rarely. She saved it only for significant dates with her significant others, like anniversaries, and even then, she'd done it no more than a handful of times. Previously, it had seemed more like a chore, because the pleasure didn't easily overcome the pain for her. But somehow it was all different with Alan, even though his dick was easily the thickest she'd ever allowed back there. She suspected that actually it was the presence of Susan with her mix of enthusiasm, envy, and fear that helped make it seem extra naughty and extra fun.

Akami's "chafing tests" were a laughably weak excuse for sexual fun. But even so, Akami did have some genuine concerns that Alan could be overtaxing his penis. Besides, she just wasn't that anally inclined. As much fun as she was having, she knew regular intercourse would be even better.

All of a sudden, Akami reached back and pulled Alan's erection out of her ass, disengaging completely from him. She sat on the floor and rested. "Phew! That was great, you handsome teenage stud. But now I want you to fuck my pussy! Hold your horses for a minute, okay? You need to take the condom off and throw it away; then we both need to wash up. You need to clean your cock very thoroughly. Otherwise, if you go directly from anal to vaginal, you're going to give the girl a hell of a urinary tract infection, and probably a vaginal infection as well, and she'll be out of commission for quite a while. Intestinal bacteria belong in the intestines, not elsewhere."

She stood up and went to the nearest bathroom.

Surprisingly, Alan and Susan didn't say anything to each other. They were both lost in their own thoughts, needing a mental break as well as a physical one.

Akami came back quite quickly, for fear that Susan might take possession of her son's dick during her absence. She'd brought a wet towel to make sure he cleaned his dick.

Susan saw the towel and quickly said, "Oh! Can I clean him up? Please? Pretty, pretty please?"

Akami chuckled at Susan's boundless enthusiasm. "Sure. But ONLY use the towel. No mouth, and no direct hand-to-cock contact. Okay?"

"Okay." Susan took full advantage of the opportunity while still keeping to the rules. Akami hadn't said anything about direct hand-to-balls contact, so she "held" Alan's package from there, and that immediately turned into a fondling, with her lightly tugging his balls and rolling them between her fingers. Meanwhile, her other hand jacked him off using the wet towel.bender

The rough terry cloth towel was a novel sensation for Alan. But, mindful of the chafing issue, especially since the condom had been removed, Susan didn't really slide it around that much. Instead, she carefully rubbed a couple of fingers against his sweet spot, over and over again. Meanwhile, she cooed, "There you go, Tiger. Mommy is making your cock all shiny and clean. Soon, you'll be ready to fuck your sexy nurse and her hot, tight cunt! Are you looking forward to that? Akami, why don't you give him a nice kiss? Show him how eager you are for a thorough fucking!"

It was true that Akami was eager, but she decided some kissing sounded good too. So she necked with Alan while Susan continued to "clean" his privates with the towel.

However, Akami knew that Susan was just stalling for time, and after a couple of minutes she decided to move things along. Breaking the kiss, she lay down on the floor in front of him. (It was hardly the most comfortable spot - she didn't even have a pillow for her head, but she wanted to get started immediately.) "Okay, Alan, you big stud, it's time for the ultimate 'chafing' test. Fuck my pussy like the relentless pussy pounder that you are!"

Akami had pretty much dropped all pretense at medical professionalism, and was cooing and moaning like the woman in heat that she truly was at that moment. She wanted to get seriously fucked.

He asked, "Should I get another condom? Or can I fuck you bareback?"

She replied in a teasing voice, "That depends. Are you ready for the responsibilities of being a father?"

"Oh Gaawwwd!" That was Susan. She found the idea of Alan knocking up Akami unbelievably arousing. She was still holding and stroking his erection, but that wasn't enough for her. She knew she had to be careful about his cock after it had been in Akami's ass, but she figured that since he'd been using a condom and then thoroughly washed afterwards it would be okay. She kissed his crown and, from there, soon got busy lapping at his sweet spot.

Alan didn't know how to answer Akami's question. He assumed she wasn't serious, but he wasn't completely sure.

Akami asked teasingly, "Also, where has that cock been? Has he been naughty? Has he been poking in a lot of naughty holes of a lot of naughty, sexy ladies?"

He could tell from her playful tone that she didn't expect a serious answer. He teased back, "He's been a VERY naughty boy. That slurping sound might give you some idea."

Akami couldn't see his cock since he was directly behind her, with it lined up against her pussy lips, and she hadn't been paying attention to what Susan was doing. But now that she heard the tell-tale slurping, she had a good laugh.

She could have joked around some more, but she was dying to get fucked. She had mercy on them both by saying, "Yes, you can fuck me bareback! Do it already!"

Susan groaned lustily as she continued her licking and stroking frenzy. YES! Tiger fucks bareback! He fucks all his sluts bareback! It's his RIGHT!

As Akami waited for Susan to stop her licking and guide him in, she said breathily, "Alan was telling me while you were passed out that you unfortunately haven't been fucked by this sexy beast yet. Your loss." She chuckled with pure glee, knowing what she was about to experience. She somehow felt involved in a very incestuous act, given that Susan was watching, and that made it all the better for her. It seemed to her as if Alan would be fucking his mother through her, and that could only intensify the experience for everyone.

Susan sat up, since she realized she'd never stop licking and stroking unless she let go of his cock altogether. Additionally, she was keen to switch to masturbating mode, with one hand on her clit and most of the fingers of the other deep in her snatch. She asked with serious doubt, "What do you think, Akami? Is it wrong if I want Alan to fuck me?"

The mere asking of that question got Alan extremely excited. In fact, he was so tremendously turned on that he pushed his erection deep into Akami with one long and firm thrust. Akami's hope that Alan would be extra energized by thinking he was fucking Susan through her was already partly coming true.

Akami responded to his powerful thrust with a great erotic moan. Then she cried out, "Oh God! Fuck yeah! Fuck me like a crazy banshee, you depraved devil! Go all the fucking way and fucking break my cervix in two!"

He replied by pulling back and then driving forward with a second, even more powerful thrust. Then he continued to sit on her and drive her into the carpet with repeated deep spearings.

"Oh yeah! Like that!" Akami cried. She turned to see what Susan was doing and then remembered that she'd been asked some sort of question. "What were you saying Susan? ... God! Do it again, Alan! You damned young fuck beast! Fuck me, stud! I'm the virgin sacrifice being offered to you. Slay me with your fuck-sword! Again! Again! Deeper! Deeper! Hurry! "

"What?" Propelled by such enthusiasm, Alan attacked Akami more intently with his stiff cock. He was greatly amused, yet aroused, by her colorful language. It was a dramatic contrast to the official nurse facade that she'd more or less been maintaining until recently.

Susan thought, My GOD! My sweet Lord! Today has been an unforgettable day. First I get to see Tiger fuck her ass from close up, and now THIS! True, I've seen him having anal sex with Suzanne, but this is REAL sex! He's fucking Akami's vagina! This is too exciting! I can't get enough of it! Especially after what I decided when talking to Xania today!

It's like some sign from God, if I put it all together. Xania says I need to be a totally dedicated big-titted mommy slut. I need to freely give my son my entire body, including ALL my holes! It's not just helping out, it's my destiny and my calling!

And then, THIS! So hot! So very, very hot! Look at him nail her! Pound her! Drill her! Mmmm! Mmmm, yes! But it has meaning. It's like God was saying, "Listen to Xania. THIS is your fate! THIS is your meaning. You were meant to get FUCKED by your son in your cunt and in your ass! Watch and learn. And then spread your legs and receive his love and his seed!" And his COCK! His great big pounding COCK! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Chapter 676 Pounding Akami's Pussy.

Susan was playing with her pussy, but not in her usual way, with one or two fingers poking in and out of her slit. She was using a full four fingers, moving them in and out with unusual vigor, in obvious imitation of witnessing her son brutally ravage Akami's pussy.

But even this wasn't enough for her. She wanted to get involved. So she slid forward and naggingly tapped Akami on a shoulder. "Akami? Can I join in somehow?"

Akami was so distracted by the fucking that it took her some time to process that question. "What? ... Fuck me Alan! Deeper! Harder! More! More! More! ... Oh, yeah. Susan. Uh, take the ass... God, it's good! I'm the virgin being ravaged by the fuck god! A fuck demon! Lord God Alan, King of the Fuckers, fuck this pussy!"

Alan laughed. Man, I've heard some outrageously arousing and ego-stroking things while having sex lately, but Akami really takes the cake!

Susan wasn't sure what Akami meant by "take the ass," and she could tell that Akami was too busy getting royally fucked for follow up questions. Does she mean her ass, or Tiger's ass? Well, my sweet son has a very cute firm butt, so I think I'll take that one, thank you very much! Tee-hee!

She came around Alan to face his bouncing butt. She tentatively grabbed hold of his ass cheeks as they flew and shuddered with each thrust. She still wasn't quite sure what to do with it though. Alan and Akami were pushing back and forth with such a vigorous fuck rhythm that doing anything more than just holding on to his pumping ass would be a challenge.

Alan sensed his mother's problem as she tentatively squeezed his ass cheeks. He fell onto Akami to give his mother a more accessible and somewhat more stable rear target.

Akami cried out, "Susan! Be the dirty mommy slut that you are! Stick your tongue up his asshole! Do it! And Alan, don't stop! Don't stop! DON'T STOP!" As if that wasn't emphatic enough, she screamed at the top of her lungs, "FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, DON'T STOP!"

Alan had been relatively quiet, uncertain if encouraging words to Akami might offend his mother somehow. But he replied both defensively and amused, "I'm not stopping already! This is as hard as I go. OH! WOW!"

Those last words were his surprise to feel his mother's tongue probe the edge of his asshole. No one had ever done that to him before. He momentarily wondered how clean he was back there, but it didn't matter.

Susan was terribly excited to be doing this. It's like what Suzanne tells me every day: Tiger is the man of the house now, and I'm only his big-titted mommy. He's in charge! I have to sexually serve him in every possible way, even this most foul of tasks, licking his very asshole! And Xania has the same message: I have to be ready to fuck, suck, or lick anything my son has to offer. Thank goodness that I teach good hygiene, and his asshole is relatively clean.

There is a slightly unpleasant smell, but instead of thinking about that, I should think about all the exciting things happening! Alan's turning Akami into one of his sluts, right before my eyes! And not only can I see it and hear it, I can actually feel it! Mmmm! Licking his ass, I can feel his body moving back and forth as he FUCKS her! I can feel his muscles moving inside his powerful buttocks. That's all part of the motion of his pounding COCK taming her helpless CUNT! Just like he'll be taming MINE! Mmmm! Yes!

His incessant jack-hammering was everything Susan had hoped it would be and more. She was so excited that she didn't just lap at his anus, she licked his entire ass crack and down to his perineum like she just couldn't get enough of its delicious taste. As her head flew up and down his ass crack, she made the pleasant discovery that her nipples could scrape along the carpet, thanks to the way her huge melons were dangling down. She made sure to keep that friction going.

Akami grabbed hold of Alan by his hips and paused for a moment. She just breathed heavily for some time while she recovered the ability to speak. "Okay, Alan! Just a sec! Hold on! I'm going to, going to... start rotating my hips a lot. Let's see if... if this adds to the grinding score for your penis!" Somehow, she was still keeping the "chafing test" premise going, but she didn't really care much about that. It was just that she was impressed with his fucking moves, and she wanted to give back as good as she got.

Alan started again at a slower pace, and let Akami "drive" the action for a while. He was surprised by the excellent things her hips did. Xania in particular had some great hip moves, but it seemed that Akami had some clever moves that no one had done with him before. He was pleasantly surprised how different fucking different women felt. While he slowly plowed in and out, she went from side to side and somehow around in circles at the same time. It felt like she had four-way hips. It felt fantastic.

He shouted, "Akami! Awesome! Much more taxing on the penis, but good! Fantastic!"

Susan, meanwhile, somehow managed to keep her face and tongue buried in what was now the very mobile target of Alan's ass. She was focusing more on his anus now, trying to stiffen her tongue and jam it in deeper.

It was hard for her to tell if she was giving him pleasure though. Her usual guides were watching the expressions of ecstasy on his face and hearing the intensity of his moaning and groaning. However, she couldn't see his face from this angle, and he was moaning so much from the fucking that she didn't know if any of that was from her efforts.

An idea came to her: she reached between his legs and held and lightly fondled his balls in a way she knew he liked. She even reached up and held the root of his cock until Akami's pussy lips slammed against her hand and she was forced to let go. She thrilled to be that close to her son fucking.

But even that didn't change his moaning in any way, and she needed validation to know her efforts were having a positive effect. So she pulled her tongue from his anus and asked, "Tiger, do you like the way Mommy is poking her tongue in your asshole?"

He replied with ragged breath, "Oh yeah, Mom! Feels good! The deeper, the better! And please keep up what you're doing to my testicles. Maybe you can lick them some too!"

Susan squealed with glee at his approval. "Oooh! What a good idea!" She could hardly wait to cover his slapping balls with her saliva, but first she went back to spearing his anus with her tongue (with her usual constant happy "Mmmm!" noises), because she was keen to see just how deep she could reach. Besides, there were some physical dangers with licking his balls when he was in the middle of an active fucking.

Mmmm! she thought. I'm holding his balls, these churning balls, that are full of the very spermies that he's going to shoot into Akami's little pussy! One of them could impregnate her egg and make her pregnant! It's all so exciting that I could pass out! These are the very same balls that are gonna be pumping his fertile spermies into ME!

Akami kept on grinding and churning on Alan's stiff boner. She had no doubt he was happy, thanks to his moans, and she was very pleased that Alan was impressed. They hit a perfect rhythm, and their mutual joy increased that much more.

Akami normally wasn't the submissive type, but taking part in such an uninhibited threesome caused her fantasies to run wild, and in strange directions. Without warning, she suddenly cried out, "Alan, you big strong, strapping white man, take this tiny native Japanese woman and rape her virgin cunt! On the sacrificial altar! Fuck God, fuck me good! You're a fuck god!"

That comment led everyone to pause, breaking Alan's perfect fuck rhythm. Alan had realized that Akami could say some pretty wild things when she was in heat, but nevertheless that seemed way over the top. It rankled his sensibilities about what was appropriate speech.

Not surprisingly, Susan was tickled pink, not even slightly bothered. She happily went back to her ass-licking and scrotum-fondling. Yes! My son is a fuck god! Akami gets it. She's gonna be fully tamed in no time!

Alan was torn between saying something in response or just plunging his dick back balls deep into Akami's steaming hot cunt. He had no idea what to say, and more fucking was very tempting, so he resumed doing that.

But then an unexpected voice cut in. "Alan, are you raping the Japanese again? Haven't I told you to cut back on that habit?" A happy giggle followed.

Alan looked up, and to his surprise, saw Katherine as she stood across the living room in her cheerleader uniform with a backpack over her shoulder. She winked at him, and then examined the scene approvingly.

Susan stopped licking the crack of Alan's butt, pulled back from him, and ridiculously covered up her tits with her arms. "Angel, what are you doing here?" She blushed profusely.

"Mom, I live here, remember?" Katherine put her hands on her hips, pretended to be upset, and protested, "I just got home from some very tiring cheerleading at the football game, and I'm very upset to see an orgy happening without me." She giggled some more.

Susan protested while still lamely attempting to cover her nude body, "This isn't an orgy! We were just, uh, giving Tiger a medical test."

Alan had paused in frozen fear when he first heard Katherine's voice, but realizing it was only his sister, he resumed fucking Akami, though at a slower pace. He winked at his sister, but remained silent.

Katherine pulled her cheerleader top up over her boobs, and then kept them that way since she knew Alan liked reminders of her cheerleader status (plus, she found the bright red uniform quite sexy). She kept her arms up high, pretending to be fiddling with her top, but it was just so she could strike a particularly sexy pose. At the same time, she said, "I think I need to take that test too. Can you all perform it on me? By the way, Akami, nice to meet you. I've heard so much about you. I wonder if you taste as good as you look."

Akami was even more frightened by the arrival, at least initially. She knew how Alan and Katherine were sexually involved with each other, but she still didn't know Alan that well, or Katherine at all, and she was in a strange house. At first, she worried Katherine might be somehow offended at the way Alan was

obviously vigorously fucking her. But seeing and hearing Katherine put her at ease, especially once she saw the foxy daughter starting to strip.

She managed to stretch out a hand towards Katherine and hoped the fit and horny daughter would shake it. She joked, "Nice to meet you too. Are you going to save me from this crazy white man, ravishing my entire home village?"

Katherine briefly touched Akami's outstretched hand. She was amused that she was meeting Akami for the first time while Alan actually had his boner buried in her pussy. Then she bent way over to pull her cheerleader skirt off, but she just stayed frozen in that position. "On the contrary. As another big, bad white person, I think I need to help with the ravishing and raping. Historically, our race is pretty good with that whole raping and pillaging thing. I think we Plummers in particular have Viking blood. The only problem is, Alan's got you so well covered. Big Colonial Exploiting Brother, can you reposition so I could have some Asian lands of my own to conquer?" She giggled some more at their strange but somehow fun extended metaphor.

Katherine flipped her skirt up, revealing her bare ass. She could see Susan was quite busy both licking and fondling Alan's balls (Susan had moved to that once she realized the relative pause in the action meant less ball slapping). She was momentarily stunned as she watched Susan lick right to the edge of where Alan's cock and Akami's widely-spread pussy lips met. She thrilled to see her mother coming within a fraction of an inch of licking a woman's pussy.

When Katherine recovered from that surprise, she asked, "Mom, can you help me take my skirt off?"

Susan pulled back a little bit, and started to protest, "I don't see why..." But then she realized Katherine didn't actually need the help, she just wanted to put on a sexy mother-daughter show for her brother. Besides, she knew she couldn't keep up her licking once Alan resumed his thrusting. So she changed her tone and smiled. "Yes, Angel." She got up and knelt her naked body behind her daughter.

Alan had gone from being offended at that kind of talk to being terribly aroused. He was too politically correct to speak his thoughts, but in his mind he said, So, Akami, you want me to plunder your lands? I'll do some plundering! Take this! He pushed back in all the way.

Even as he found a good fuck rhythm again, he looked over at his mother and sister. Susan had Katherine's cheerleader skirt pulled all the way off, and only the top remained, hanging uselessly around her shoulders. Katherine had her straight legs spread widely, and Susan was busy fondling her daughter's thighs and licking her ass crack.

Seeing Alan looking her way, Susan looked back at him while managing to keep licking. She said for his benefit, "My goodness! I seem to be quite the incestuous ass-licking mommy slut today! I'm sorry Angel, but I just can't get enough of my children's tasty ass cracks! MMMM!"

Alan gasped, stumbling in his fucking rhythm due to what he was seeing and hearing. Fuuuuuck! Mom has turned into such a shameless SLUT! She's doing that in front of Akami even, and she obviously doesn't care. I love it! Dang! If she's trying to inspire me, it's working! He resumed his thrusting, but kept his head turned towards his mother and sister.

While Alan was staring and drilling, Akami's hips had resumed their exquisite rotation. Suddenly, all the visual and physical stimulation was more than he could deal with.

He shouted, "Mom, get back to my ass!" He could feel his balls tightening as his cum welled up, ready for release, so he decided to go with it instead of continuing to fight the inevitable. He resumed his pummeling of Akami's pussy and shouted some more, "Akami, hold on! I'm cumming!"

Susan immediately obeyed and moved with lightning speed. She planted her mouth back on his asshole. In an effort to make his climax as enjoyable as possible, she thrust her tongue into it as far as it could go. She also held his balls again (but carefully, since they were swinging in time to his aggressive thrusting).

His dick was practically a blur by now, it was ramming into Akami so hard and so quickly. The nurse cried out, "Alan, you're a god! A fuck god!"

Needless to say, Susan loved Akami's "fuck god" idea. She went at his asshole, licking even more intently. She somehow managed to bring her tits up to the bottom of his ass, and pushed her nipples into his butt cheeks while she continued to deeply tongue his asshole. One hand guided her tits while her other one still grasped at his dangling balls to give him more unexpected pleasure there.

Katherine would have felt like the odd one out except that Alan kept staring at her naked body, since she was standing in front of him and a little to the side. She urged like the cheerleader that she was, "Do it, Brother! Fuck her good! Slay her pussy! Make her a slaaaave to your cock!" She even made up some cheerleader moves on the spot that were far more vulgar than any her squad could do in public.

An orgasmic wave washed over Alan as he felt his climax begin. He cried incoherently as he continued to stroke into Akami.

Akami cried incoherently too, even as she managed to keep her hips rotating in exciting ways.

Katherine wanted to get in the action, but she didn't see a good way in since his cock, balls, and ass were all being taken care of. She dropped to the floor, tilted Alan's head to the side, and then kissed him passionately on the mouth. She held on to him as she felt his entire body buckle with each rope that shot off into Akami's vagina (unfortunately, the number of ropes were few, as he was nearly out of cum, but his penis kept spasming as if it had more to give).

Just as Susan had been overwhelmed earlier, now it was Alan's turn. He completely passed out.

His dick took longer to deflate and give up the fight. Once it finally popped out of the well-fucked nurse's pussy, both mother and daughter stared at the gooey mess on and all around Akami's thighs with a mixture of longing, jealousy, and admiration.

Chapter 677 So Hot ! So Ready To Be Fucked !

Akami came close to losing consciousness as well, but somehow she managed to stave it off. She thought, Sweet Jesus! I have NEVER been fucked like that. Never! He practically killed me!

Katherine rolled Alan off of Akami, allowing the wiped out nurse to lay on the floor for many minutes trying to catch her breath.

Susan lay on the floor for a few minutes as well, but then she flopped herself over Alan's crotch, with her big tits molding themselves around the shape of his thighs, and she started to lick his penis and balls clean.

Katherine however, was put out. She sat on the floor next to her brother for a few minutes, waiting for the others to revive. But the only sign of life was Susan's "cleaning" job. Most crucially, Alan remained still and kept his eyes closed. While she passed the time, she took her top all the way off, because it was kind of annoying keeping it up around her shoulders.

Finally, she ran out of patience and sat up on her knees. Hands on her hips, she complained, "I suppose you all are wiped out now, huh? Just my luck. If I only could have gotten here ten minutes earlier. Fuck!"

She stared at Akami, and not anywhere near her face. "Excuse me, nurse? Can I at least suck my brother's cum from your pussy? I've never really eaten a cream pie before."

A bleary Akami opened her eyes for the first time since she'd nearly passed out. She weakly held her hands up to ward the nympho teen away. "No. Please! Normally I'd say okay, but I'm too sensitive right now. Don't even touch me down there or I'll go off like a cork, and not in a good way, either. Your brother really did a number on me."

Katherine groused, "Sure. Relax. Everyone else is having all kinds of orgiastic fun, and I get to watch the cum drip. Whoopee."

Susan replied defensively as she lapped at Alan's balls, "Really, Angel, it wasn't an orgy. Akami here was just testing how best to stimulate Tiger without grinding on his penis too much, and I guess things got out of hand a little bit."

Katherine had a hard time refraining from laughing, but she managed.

Akami figured she should placate Susan, now that Susan wasn't so out of her mind horny. "I'm sorry, Susan. Things did get out of hand there a little bit. But holding Alan's hot erection in my hand and then in my mouth, and seeing your huge swaying tits and smoke practically rising from your steaming pussy... well, I guess I lost my professional demeanor at some point. Hormones took over. I didn't mean to go all the way with him, at least not right in front of you like that. That must have been tough on you."

"Yes, it was," Susan agreed as she sighed. "You have no idea how much. But I understand how you feel. I mean, it's like he IS a fuck god, and we're just the helpless cunts in his relentless path. Have you ever seen or heard of any man who could put up with that much stimulation and still keep going that long? It's incredible!"

"It is," Akami sincerely agreed.

"Besides," Susan enthusiastically added, "It was really exciting. At the end there, I was holding his balls when he pumped his cum into you. I could actually FEEL his sperm churning around in there and pumping up into his squirting cock! Near the very end, when he stopped pounding into you so much, I actually held the base of his powerful shaft too, and I could feel his sperm as it coursed from his balls right on up into you!"

Alan knew that while sperm was created in the testicles, it went up into the body near the prostate gland where it was augmented by a lot of non-spermy cum before shooting out of his penis. But he saw no harm in letting Susan have her fantasy, so he kept his mouth shut.

Akami revived enough to tilt her head up a bit to see what was making the insistent lapping sound she'd been hearing for the past few minutes. "Susan, you're still licking his balls?! Why on Earth are you doing that?"

Katherine explained, so Susan wouldn't have to slow down with her cleaning. "It's kind of a tradition Mom started. Each and every time Alan cums, Mom licks his penis and balls clean. Lately, most of the rest of us have started doing it too."

"But why?" Akami asked. "I can see from here that his penis is flaccid. Not only that, but I know Susan was licking his balls even before he came, so they must be plenty clean by now. I couldn't see it, but I felt Susan's long hair brush against me a few times, so I could guess well enough her head was between his legs."

Katherine said, "The point isn't really to clean them, although that does happen sometimes. It's just a fun thing to do. Brother likes it, especially the balls when his penis is too sensitive just after he cums. And I like it. And Mom obviously likes it a lot. So why not? It somehow seems the right way to end things, like putting a period at the end of a sentence."

Susan stopped licking and spoke up. "Angel, that's not all of it, or even the main part. For me, it's mostly about showing Tiger deference, respect, and most of all, thanks. When I lick him clean, I'm giving thanks to him in my mind, thanks for letting me suck or stroke or titfuck him as the case may be, and thanks for him giving me another load of his precious, sweet sperm. But most of all, I'm giving thanks for him letting me service his cock again." She gave his penis one final kiss, and then sat up.

"But that's all backwards," Akami complained. "If anything, he should be thanking you."

"I do, I do, I do," Alan said. "I give thanks in my mind to my lovely ladies and my great fortune only about a thousand times a day."

Susan spoke to Akami with a slightly miffed tone, "You obviously don't understand how things work around here. Tiger gives me so much joy and pleasure every day that I can scarcely believe it. How could I not be eternally thankful about that?"

"Well, that's a good point, I guess," Akami conceded. She was starting to revive some more, so she sat up like the others (except for Alan, who still remained lying on the floor). When she sat up, a mixture of his cum and her juices rolled out of her vagina.

Katherine, still miffed at missing out on everything, looked hopefully at that cream pie. She scooted closer to Akami to try again. "Here, let me clean that up for you. With my tongue."

But Susan butted in. "Hold on, young lady. I'm sure Tiger has had enough sex for a while. Look at him, the poor baby. Such an overworked penis, but he does it to make us happy. He works so hard to keep us all well fucked until he drops from exhaustion. Let's not get all worked up again or he'll once again find himself fucking us practically against his will, because he just can't resist such a sexy sight. Don't you think, Akami?"

"I think you're right. Not only that, but I want to clean this mess up myself." She ran a finger through the combined juices that dripped down her thigh. "Mmmm, mmmm, good. I swear, if there's manna from Heaven, it tastes just like Alan's cum."

She scooped up even more. "Sorry, Katherine." As a peace offering, she held her fingers up for Katherine to lick off. They were quite soaked in Alan's cum and Akami's juices.

Katherine lapped up all of the cum until Akami's fingers were completely clean, and gave her an appreciative nod. Then she sat down on a sofa, still naked and frustratingly horny.

Remembering that Susan still didn't know that Alan had fucked her already, Katherine thought of something to help pave that way to her acceptance of that. "Mom, I don't know how I can resist if my sexy brother wants to have sex with me. How can I say no? As you so eloquently put it once, we are just helpless cunts. There's no way to stop his jackhammer cock from grinding down on us."

Susan sighed again; she was thinking of herself, not Katherine. "I know. It's so true. What do you think, Akami? Do you think incest is really okay? Do you think that even, well... should I fuck him?" Seeing him actually having intercourse from mere feet away had been a body blow to what little remained of Susan's resistance to the idea. She still had her religious issues, but they were fading in importance the more she accepted it as a done deal.

Akami answered, "Susan, you're looking at it the wrong way. It's not 'should I fuck him.' Admit that it's a fact that HE will fuck YOU. Hard. Until you beg for mercy. My God, he rocked my world! First fucking my ass, and then my pussy."

Katherine spoke up. "He fucked your ass too? And I missed it? Awww..."

"He did." Akami said with genuine awe, "God, did he! In fact, we did just about everything today. Before that, we sucked and licked him a good long time. Before that there were solo titfucks, handjobs, and blowjobs. I tell you, his stamina is simply incredible!"

Katherine rolled her eyes. "You're telling US that? Believe me, we know. But I'm majorly bummed out that I missed all that!"

Akami continued, "Anyway, Susan, you're living under the same roof as a top-notch sex stud. Between his insatiable cock and your ridiculously curvy, beautiful body, it's a given that he WILL fuck you. In fact, I'm beyond amazed that it hasn't happened already. Incest issues be damned! Trying to stop it is like trying to stop the sun from setting each evening. Accept the fact that it'll happen and enjoy it to its fullest. You're just about the luckiest woman I know, to be living in the same house as him. You too, Katherine."

All three ladies let out a little collective happy sigh and looked down on the resting lucky boy.

Alan had a slight grin, no doubt dreaming of sex in one way or another. His buxom mother, nympho sister, and sperm-sampling nurse all admired his good looks, strong physique, and most of all, his hyperactive penis. True, it was still flaccid, but all three women were certain it could leap into action at any moment if they made an effort to entice him.

Susan tore herself away from the sight long enough to say, "You're right. Xania, my psychologist, said pretty much the same thing today. Now that's two medical professionals who agree. How can I argue with that?"

Akami was puzzled by what Susan meant when she said that she'd talked with her psychologist. Since no real psychologist would say what Susan said, she correctly guessed that the psychologist visit was another one of Suzanne's wild schemes. For that reason, she decided not to ask any questions about it.

Susan continued, "And deep in my heart I've already long accepted that fact." She braced herself, thrust her chest out proudly, and then announced, "I'm ready. I'm ready for my son to fuck me."

Katherine rushed over and kissed Susan on the lips. "Mom! I'm so happy for you! I'm ready for him to fuck me too!" She pushed her tits into her mother's, and her mother eagerly pushed back. They ran their nipples in circles around each other's, and then they kissed some more.

After a minute, Susan stopped the kissing, and said, "Angel, what if he woke up right now and saw us like this? We don't want to overstimulate him." She said this teasingly, knowing full well that he was already awake, but just resting with his eyes closed.

Katherine giggled, and said, "I imagine he'd get so excited that he'd have to fuck your juicy pussy, right now! Then he'd fuck mine!" She was so excited by this prospect that she started mauling her own tits.

Akami added a touch of reality. "Unfortunately you two, he only gave me a couple of ropes of cum. I think he's had it for the day."

Susan pulled away from her daughter in disappointment. "Yeah. I keep forgetting. This whole test must have been very tiring for my cute baby. We should probably wait a bit, don't you think? He was saying he really needs this weekend to recover. If he fucks me, I want him to be at full strength."

"Yes," Akami nodded, "give him some time to recover. And especially avoid anal sex. I can see you're very curious about that, but as you may have noticed, he gave that the highest score on the chafing and grinding scale, by far. As I think I said before, focus on soft titfucks and lots of tongue action on his cock. Maybe you and Katherine could blow him together. I'm sure he'd love that, and two tongues didn't add to the chafing. But give him a couple days to just take it slow. Then, my prescription is, fuck like mad!" She flashed a wicked grin.

Susan felt her pussy twitching and throbbing as she thought about that. She didn't feel too bad about not getting fucked right away, since to be honest she still had lingering religious issues to resolve. She was counting on additional talks with Suzanne to put her worries to rest about that. In the meantime, she'd be very happy to help him out with lots of titfucks and blowjobs.

Katherine eagerly asked, "So Mom, if you're ready for him to fuck you, can't he fuck me too? Isn't that okay? That's what Akami pretty much just said." Even though she was already having sex with him, she wanted to get it out in the open. She knew the way to her brother's dick was through her mother's pussy, and furthermore, she knew that the hornier her mother got, the more likely she was to be agreeable. Susan was still fairly horny at that moment, so it was a good time to bring up the idea.

"Yes, I suppose," Susan admitted grudgingly. "But only when I say so. When he's ready for more fucking, on Monday or Tuesday, he and I are probably going to fuck non-stop for hours. Imagine that... We're gonna fuck! For hours!" She stared off into space, vividly fantasizing about that. "Only after that, when he's fully recovered, will it be your turn."

Susan let her own words sink into her brain and noticed that the mere thought of such prolonged fucking had actually given her a mini-climax. Her inner thighs were soaked.

Suddenly, she remembered that Katherine was still supposed to be grounded. But she couldn't even remember what it was supposed to be for, and she realized the punishment had probably fallen by the wayside due to her frequent sexual distractions. She felt utterly defeated by the potency of her son's penis, and thinking about that made her even more aroused.

Katherine pumped a fist triumphantly. "Okay, Mom! Rock on! So you're saying he can only fuck me if he's fully recovered." She prodded teasingly, "Now that that's clear, where's my welcome home kiss?"

"You just had your welcome home kiss," Susan pointed out.

"No, that was my 'congratulations on the good news' kiss, Mom. I need another." She grinned. "This can be our 'congratulations on the fact that Big Brother's gonna fuck us both' kiss."

Susan faked a sigh. "You're too much. But that is cause for celebration."

The two of them went at it with much playful tonguing deep in their mouths. As usual, their bountiful tits repeatedly and pleasantly crashed into each other.

Susan thought, I'm so terrible! I can't help myself. I plead Not Guilty By Reason of Everything's Too Arousing. Look at Tiger over there, his cock just lying on his thigh, looking all flaccid and innocent. But no! It's just lying in wait, like a long, thick cobra, waiting to strike. Soon, he'll be pounding our pussies just like he slides deep in our mouths, and there's nothing we can do about it! Be strong, Angel! Be strong!

Katherine reached down and ran her hands all over her mother's thighs, including her extremely wet inner thighs. She slapped her now juicy hands over Susan's ass and tightly grabbed her ass cheeks while her tongue sought out her mother's tonsils.

Susan responded by aggressively rubbing her tits against her daughter's.

Alan was pretending to sleep so he could hear what the others had to say. He sensed something sexual was going on and opened his eyes to narrow slits so he could check it out. He was glad that he did.

Katherine thought, Cool beans! Mom is totally giving in! She's so horny that she's agreed to let Brother fuck me. Hell, she's so horny she'll agree to anything! She'll DO anything too. I need to take full advantage while I-

A cough alerted them to stop. They found Akami standing above them, once again fully dressed. She said, "Sorry to interrupt, but it looks like that could go on a long time. And as fun as it is to watch, unfortunately I have to get going. I have dinner with Dr. Fredrickson, of all people."

Katherine and Susan stood up but remained in a loose embrace.

Akami looked at Alan, still lying on the floor. "Alan?"

He made sure to fully close his eyes, now attention was on him.

Susan said, "Oh dear. It looks like he's not just resting anymore, but he's gone back to sleep. All this sex has really taken a lot out of him. Poor thing. And that's after he slept all the way in the car ride from L.A., and then took another long nap after that."

Akami said, "Well, that's a sign of his energy problem. That's why we all work so hard to help him cum so often. No healthy teen boy should sleep that much."

"Yes," Susan muttered as she idly caressed her daughter's rack. Truth be told, she so rarely gave any thought to his energy problem lately that at first she didn't quite get what Akami was talking about.

Katherine said to Akami, "It's too bad that you've gotta go already. We never had a chance to get properly introduced, if you know what I mean. But we have a friendly kiss policy around here. Can I give you a Plummer family send off?"

Akami grinned. "Yes, please!" She found herself kissing and groping the endlessly horny and still very naked daughter. Then she did the same to Susan. But the kissing sessions were frustratingly brief and she didn't explore their exposed bodies nearly as much as she would have liked. The clock told her that she was running very late to her dinner date. She reluctantly cleaned up in the bathroom and put her clothes back in place (they'd partly come off during all the goodbye kissing).

As Akami walked to the front door, trailed by the two shamelessly nude Plummer women, she leaned into Katherine's ear, and whispered, "I look forward to getting to know you better. Much better. I think we need to schedule a full body examination at the office. What do you think?" She gave Katherine's ass cheek a squeeze.

Katherine whispered back, "Definitely!"

Then, more formally and in a normal voice, Akami said to Susan, "And I'll be seeing you on Monday."

"You will?" Susan replied, surprised.

Akami stepped closer and blatantly fondled Susan's tits, knowing the still horny mother wouldn't resist. "Yes. Didn't Suzanne tell you? She called me earlier today and scheduled an appointment for you. I assumed you'd asked her to do it. Didn't you?"

"No, but if Suzanne says I should go in then I will. She knows me better than I do myself. I'll see you on Monday then."

Akami turned to go, and then turned back. "Oh yes. One last thing. When Alan wakes up, ask him how he rated that fuck. On the penis grinding scale, of course."

As Akami walked down the path leading from the Plummer's front door, she thought to herself, What have I just done? What am I doing? I should have told Suzanne or Susan no, Susan shouldn't come in for an appointment on Monday. But I went one worse and invited Katherine in for an appointment too!

Dr. Fredrickson is going to watch them all on video for his own filthy purposes. What a letch! I have to do something about it, or I'm not a real friend to this very nice family. But what can I do? The doctor has me in a bind. Not only could he fire me, but he could put me in prison for the unprofessional things I've done with Alan.

And that was pretty bizarre with Alan back there. I WAS a bit out of control. I mean, yeah, I knew that I was going to have sex with him somehow before I left the house, but it wasn't supposed to be like that, in front of Susan and everything. The way I was carrying on, with the whole "fuck god" thing - talk about over the top! But the way he fucked felt amazingly good. And it felt even better to cry out that kind of stuff.

Even the "white man rape my helpless Japanese ass" stuff was a hoot. I could have never been so free with my thoughts with Dr. Fredrickson. It was like I was free to just let my Freudian id run wild, despite Susan being there. In fact, she totally encouraged me to be like that, the way she vocalizes her own over the top fantasies too.

God, I think I'm falling for this kid, and he hasn't even called me once all week. No wonder he's too busy, with a mother and sister shaped the way they are. Not to mention his neighbor Suzanne. He's probably fucking a whole bunch of perfect ten women. I don't stand a chance with my medium-sized tits and more normally-shaped body.

I should just enjoy the good fucks with the Plummers whenever they come along, and stick with Dr. Fredrickson for the long term. The "good doctor" may not be as good a lover, but he's dependable daily sex and I don't really have any serious competition with him. Including his wife. But he's such a fucking letch with this videotaping crap, and he IS fucking married. Crap.

She sighed heavily and got into her car.

Chapter 678 Hook Up With Christine?

At the very same time Akami drove away from the Plummer house, Suzanne was also in a car, driving around aimlessly just a couple of miles away. Her head was so full of worry that she finally pulled over by the side of the road in the middle of a suburban neighborhood and just sat behind the steering wheel.

She sat with her eyes wide open, staring at nothing. Then she closed them fiercely and pounded her head on the steering wheel several times. Suzanne, what have you DONE, you crazy fool! You call this scheming? This is desperation.

She sighed, and then tried to pull her thoughts together. Okay. So I've just slashed the tires of some scoutmaster's car. And why? So I could get my chance to have sex with Sweetie this weekend. True, I did leave eight hundred dollars, which is more than enough to cover the expenses and hopefully the inconvenience for him, but still; I've crossed some kind of line here. My schemes used to be so elegant. I prided myself in never hurting anyone who didn't deserve it, and this scoutmaster guy certainly didn't deserve it.

Why? WHY?! Why couldn't I just wait a few more days? I could have been thrown in prison. Is it really that important that I fuck him now?

The thing is, it is. It's not only that I'm about to burst from holding off all this time. I just have to settle my position in his heart before Susan permanently lodges herself there and locks me out.

It's soooo ironic that I'm going to these extremes to prevent Susan from having sex with him before me, when just a couple of days ago I was crazily scheming to get her to have sex with him as soon as possible. I must really be losing it to work against my own schemes like this.

She mused, I should have listened to what Xania advised yesterday and canceled that set-up appointment. I would have had Xania's tongue between my legs and Susan still waffling over what to do with Sweetie. And the way we rubbed our tits together - does that bring back good memories, or what?! The two legendary tongues meet again! Aside from Susan, Xania's the only one I can really go toe to toe

with in a tit smashing contest. Well, there's Brenda, but she would probably suffocate me with those enormous monsters. I guess there's only one way to find out! She chuckled to herself.

Wait a second, Suzanne. Focus now. Don't let your libido make your decisions. That's your big problem lately. Think.

Am I just saying I should have acted differently because that's what would benefit me most, given my current worries that the relationship between mother and son is pushing me to the side? I have to forget my own interests and do what's best for Susan. But what is really best for her? This family needs me as the matriarch.

Susan has always been too much of a softy. It's a miracle her kids aren't more spoiled, and a good part of that is due to my mostly hidden hand in helping to raise them. Now that she has nothing but sex on the brain, she's lost all willpower to discipline them. While she and Angel are going on about being sex slaves, someone needs to actually run things. That very incident yesterday with Xania shows that I can overcome severe temptation when discipline is needed.

It's imperative that I secure my spot as at least Susan's equal with Sweetie's heart and his penis. What I'm doing is RIGHT. Sabotaging the van was necessary because having sex with him before Susan does is necessary. It's for her own good. It's for the whole family's good. I'm being completely honest with myself here.

Or am I?

Lately, I've been letting lust rule my brain far too much. I have a great overall plan, to create a sexual utopia with all my closest loved ones. And it's coming true, in some ways even better than I'd predicted. But I go too far sometimes, just because it turns me on. Like with Susan. I'm letting her go too deep into her whole big-titted sex toy mommy fantasy. It's made everything move in a more submissive direction.

Then I had the bright idea of getting Brenda involved. God, she's such a babe! How could I resist adding her to the utopian plan? And on one level, that's been a home run. But she's so submissive that it's moving things even MORE in that direction. All this relentless talk about serving Sweetie's cock is getting to me and indoctrinating ME!

How do I stay on top? Like I said, this family needs me as the matriarch. What I did today, with my act of sabotage, is it a bold act to reassert control over the whole situation? Or is it just my lust and my needy pussy driving me? I don't even know anymore!

She lightly pounded her head against the steering wheel several times, and sighed heavily again, no more certain of where she stood on things now than an hour ago.

Back at the Plummer house, Amy came over a few minutes after Akami left. Susan and Katherine were still so worked up that they were busy standing and necking with each other in the living room while Alan still lay asleep on the floor. (He'd been pretending, but now he was really drifting off.)

Amy saw that both women were buck naked, and took her clothes off in a flash.

As Amy stepped out of her shorts, she said, "Whoa! This isn't what I was expecting to see, like, at all!"

Katherine and Susan were a bit startled at first, but not that much since they realized it was only Amy. Still, Susan felt obliged to pull her lips free. Actually, she tried to disengage from Katherine altogether, but Katherine had a good grip on her ass cheeks and wouldn't let her go.

Susan asked, "Amy! What are you doing here?!"

"I'm here to see my official boyfriend off, of course. He IS going on his hiking trip, isn't he? He doesn't exactly look ready." She frowned at his splayed out body.

"Actually, he's not," Susan replied. "The trip has been postponed until next week."

"Oh," Amy said. She was poker-faced at first, but then she brightened up. "Hey! That means we'll be able to have all kinds of fun together!"

Katherine was fingering Susan's pussy, but Susan felt self-conscious about that with Amy watching. She slapped her daughter's hand, and chided her, "Stop that!"

Katherine didn't stop though. She whispered in Susan's ear, "Mom, I'm Brother's fuck toy, and you're MY fuck toy." Then she licked her way all over Susan's ear.

Susan just whimpered helplessly as Katherine steadily fingerbanged her.

Amy walked closer to Alan and squatted next to him. "Um, should I wake him up?"

"No," Susan said while still feebly and half-heartedly trying to fend off Katherine's probing fingers. "He really needs his rest. Just think how worn out he'd be if he had to go hiking, poor thing. Oh, and you know Akami, his nurse? She said he needs to have some space to recover for the duration of the weekend."

Amy stood back up and looked to Susan with dismay. "What? You mean we can't play with him ALL weekend? That's like, a super-pooper."

Susan replied, even as Katherine kissed all over her face, "Well, luckily, it's not that bad. We can still have fun, but we have to be careful not to chafe his penis too much."

"Chafe?" Amy asked. "What's that mean?"

"It means we can't rub his dick too aggressively."

"Awww. But that's the funnest and bestest thing!" Amy walked closer to where mother and daughter were fondling each other.

Katherine finally spoke up. "Don't I know it! But Akami said we could still do lots of fun stuff, like titfucks, blowjobs, and even double blowjobs."

Amy's face lit up. "Cool beans!" She ran her hands up Susan's thighs, and caressed her bare ass cheeks in particular.

"W-wh-what are you doing?" Susan stammered. Before Amy could answer, Susan had a burst of willpower and suddenly pulled away from both sexy girls. She covered her pussy and nipples. "Hold on, you two, or an orgy is liable to break out!"

They looked at her in confusion, since they didn't see that as a bad thing.

Susan looked down at Alan. "Look at the poor boy. His penis is completely wiped out. It still needs to rest. It won't be good for him to wake up and see ANY of us making out. In fact, we should put on some clothes, just to be on the safe side."

Katherine and Amy sighed heavily in response to that. After Amy asked for and got 'hello' French kisses from the other two, the three of them did dress. At first, they just put the clothes they'd been wearing back on, but things quickly escalated into a "sexy war" to outdo each other. All three hotties wound up going upstairs to pick out particularly sexy outfits and high heels, and even put on jewelry and make-up. (Suzanne wore make-up regularly, but the other three almost never did - Susan due to her inexperience, and Amy and Katherine as was typical for their age.)

Alan finally woke up. Though he was still naked, he sat down on the sofa and casually asked, "So, what's up? What did I miss? And why do you all look so extra sexy?"

That last question got big smiles from all three women, and more than a little sexy preening as they showed off their outfits.

Katherine and Amy sat in chairs near where he was. They both wanted to cuddle with him on his sofa, but they restrained themselves since it was clear he was still bleary-eyed and recovering.

Susan fetched drinks and snacks for everyone. The four of them were content to talk and enjoy their edamame and iced tea.

Eventually, Susan brought up what their plans for the evening should be. She said, "Tiger, I know you're tired and all, but given that you're home for the weekend, well, I hope you're not mad at me, but I looked up Christine's phone number and gave her a call."

Alan was more than a little surprised to hear that. "You did WHAT?!"

"I know, I should have asked you first, but I got to thinking about what happened this morning. Remember when Katherine brought up your upcoming date with Christine?"

He smiled fondly. "How could I forget? I was getting an incredible titfuck from her at the time."

"Yes, well, I've been thinking about that and I thought it would be good for you to seduce Christine sooner rather than later. So I suggested to her that you move up your date with her to later tonight and she liked that idea."

"MOM! Is everyone around here deaf or something? How many times do I have to explain that I have no plans to seduce her? But whether I do or not, I'm mighty irked that you would call her on my behalf. I'm not a baby anymore. Sheesh!"

"I know, I'm sorry. But I just got so excited, and you were sleeping, and plans needed to be made... The way she turned you down when you asked her out last month still bothers me. I kind of see this as a chance to undo that wrong. If you're really serious about not getting physically involved, at least you can get her all hopeful, and then leave her panting with desire in frustration."

"Mom, that's mean. That's not like you."

"I know, but she hurt you so bad. You were sadder than I've ever seen you for a whole week. She needs some payback. I don't like it when anyone hurts my babies." Susan's eyes took on a steely and determined look. She added with less resolve and more lust, "Plus, I've seen her huge milk bags every now and then. She's definitely Alan-worthy. Those tits need some serious taming!"

Alan looked around the room. Amy and Katherine were listening intently but staying silent so far. Amy was her usual smiling self, but Katherine looked a bit irritable now that Christine had been mentioned.

He said, "Mom, not only was that idea rude to me, but what about Amy and Sis? Sis apparently has jealousy issues with me being with Christine, and you're just fanning the flames. And Amy, she's my brand new girlfriend for crying out loud, and you want me to go date someone else! It's crazy!"

Amy spoke up. "Hey, it's cool. I know I don't have a monopoly on you. This is good practice for me to get used to sharing. Besides, I know how wiped out you are today. Even if you wanted to seduce Christine there's no way you'd be up for any sexual fun anyway. I'll bet you just have a short dinner and go home to sleep. No biggie."

Alan sighed with exhaustion. "I sure am tired, you got that right." He looked at Amy, sitting topless in a nice black dress, and was filled with desire for her. He didn't even necessarily want to be with her sexually at the moment, given his tiredness, but he just wanted to spend time with her. She was like a ray of sunshine and a guaranteed inspiration to lift his spirits.

He said, "But Amy. I can't believe how amenable you are. We should be having some special time together."

Amy responded, "I know, but don't worry, you and I will be having some special time soon. Aunt Susan was talking about making some special preparations for tomorrow night when you'll be back to full strength. Then we can have an unforgettable time. I'd rather be with you tomorrow night than tonight, 'cos you look all super tired-y." She nodded towards his crotch. "And look: even though we're all dressed up like this, you're not even a teeny weeny bit hard."

"Ah. Well, if you say so. That does sound good. And I am pretty damn 'super tired-y.' Christine's gonna be disappointed as I plant my face on my dinner plate and fall asleep in the middle of our date. But okay. Even though I'm not thrilled about being forced into this, I guess it's pretty much a done deal."

After a pause, he asked, "By the way, what's up with all the sexy outfits? All three of you look really great."

Susan proudly struck a pose, with a hand behind her head. "No reason. No reason at all!"

Katherine saw confusion on his face, so she elaborated, "What Mom means is that we like to dress up for you any ol' time. There doesn't need to be a special reason."

"Ah. Cool. Uh, thanks." He got up to shower and get ready for his "practice date" with Christine.

Katherine remained silent for the most part, since she didn't want to be seen as the jealous and complaining type in front of Alan. She hadn't been aware that Susan had called Christine, and now she was frantically thinking and strategizing in light of this new development.

Later, in her room, she took out her diary.

Dear Diary,

Bad. Bad, bad, bad. I've got some seriously bad news to tell you: Brother and Christine are starting to date! Well, technically they're only "practice dating," but still. This is partly my fault for putting Christine on Mom's radar screen this morning. Now she's trying to hook them up when that's a totally crazy thing to do. As if he doesn't have enough big-titted beautiful women under his thumb already. Sheesh!

I can sense that Amy is not happy about this either, but she's too nice to do something about it. I've got to get between Brother and Christine somehow, but how? If they really do just have a non-romantic date, then fine. But if sparks start to fly then before you know it he'll have TWO amazing serious girlfriends, and I'll just be an also-ran. Sure, he'll kick back and watch TV and let me blow him for an hour or two most any old time, but I want more, a lot more! I love him with all my heart and soul. I want to be one of his wives. I want to have some of his babies!

Sharing with Amy is one thing; Amy's so fun and easy-going and my best friend to boot. Not to mention that I know just what great fun she is in bed, thanks to all of our pussy shaving adventures together, and she's just about as willing and wanton a sex partner as you're ever going to find. I love her, and I love sharing Brother with her. But sharing with the prickly and competitive Ice Queen, a complete stranger? No thanks! I'm gonna have to stop the sparks if I have to physically stand between the two of them.

Hmmm. That's not a bad idea.

Chapter 679 News About Ron And Getting Ready For The Date.

Alan was in his room getting dressed for his date with Christine when Amy knocked on the door. "Hey, Beau, can I come in?"

"Sure."

Amy walked in and closed the door behind her. She whistled in appreciation, because Alan was wearing a dark blue three-piece suit. He was holding a red tie in his hand and said, "You're just in time. Do you know how to tie a tie?"

"Sorry. No. But wow! You look grrrreat! You're, like, all formal and dapper and stuff. It's pretty neat!" She beamed at him.

"Thanks. You look pretty good too." She was still wearing her surprisingly formal black dress. Putting the tie down for the moment, he said, "I can't believe how understanding you're being about all this. I'm dressing up like this for my practice date with Christine, you know. We're going to a really fancy restaurant."

"I know." She sat down in his computer chair.

He sat down on the edge of his bed, facing her. "Don't you ever feel jealous? You're my official girlfriend now, and I'm going on a date with another girl, even if it is only a practice date, and yet you smile and compliment me without a hint of bitterness. With that nice dress you have on, complete with a pearl necklace and everything, it looks like I should be going on a date with you. Heck, I feel bad about it. I'm sure Sis is annoyed, and maybe jealous. It would be weird if you don't feel something."

After a considerable, thoughtful pause, Amy conceded, "M'kay, I'll admit that I am a little bit bummed that it's not me going with you, but just a little bit."

He said, "Just a little bit? I'm not trying to stoke your jealousy, but aren't you concerned these practice dates could turn into something more serious eventually?"

"Could they?" she asked pointedly.

"Well... no. Definitely not. I simply will not allow that to happen." He sounded firm, but deep down he felt more doubtful. "But still, I have to admit that it's possible. Heck, anything is possible, since the future is unknowable. The thing is, I've been enjoying these dates with Christine, but also, I love you and don't want to do anything to hurt you. If you want me to call it off, then I'll cancel it."

"Awwwww. That's sweet!" Amy got up from her chair, sat next to him, and gave him a hug and a peck on the cheek. "Thanks. No wonder Mom calls you 'Sweetie.' But seriously, don't cancel it on my account."

"Really? Are you sure?"

She broke the hug so she could sit back for better eye contact. "Sure I'm sure! You see, I'm all about taking the bigger view. I haven't quite figured out the whole Christine situation yet, but the way I figure, we're moving in a harem-y direction in general. So there's no place for jealousy."

He furrowed his brow. "Excuse me, what do you mean by 'harem-y?'"

"You know. You, me, Kat, your mom, and my mom... for starters. Whether you use the 'H' word or not, it's a group-y kind of situation. Sure, you're smack dab in the middle of it, but it's not just about you. It's, like, a new family - a fun, loving, super-sexual family. That's where I see things going. I think it's great, and way better than how things used to be! It'll be the five of us at first, and then it'll keep growing until we're at a place where everything feels just right. Now that I'm your official girlfriend and all, I can kinda admit to you how I'd like to see things go. Isn't that how you see it too?"

He squirmed a bit uncomfortably. "Um, not exactly."

That seemed to puzzle her. "Well then, how DO you see it?"

He sighed. "Truth be told, I try not to think about it much. I'm kind of just living day by day without some kind of grand strategic plan."

Amy huffed in frustration. "I was worried you'd say something like that."

He said defensively, "It seems weird for me to plan like that. I mean, I'm way over my head already. How greedy and presumptuous would it be for me to say that four women aren't enough, and I'm going to aim to have any more? Good things keep happening to me, so I figure I'll just keep going down this path and let more good things happen."

Amy groaned in disappointment. "You're a case, Beau! Good things don't just happen all on their own, one after another like that. You're lucky that you have the likes of my mom looking after you. You really should figure things out and set goals. Certainly you must have SOME plans, right? For instance, what about Glory?"bender

He winced, and then spoke in a quieter tone. "We're not supposed to talk about her. That's a BIG, big secret!"

She lowered her voice too. "I know, but just this once, m'kay? Just between you and me, with my lips zipped shut forever, what would you like to see happen with her? In a long term, future-y kind of way, I mean?"

There was a long pause as he considered that. Then he moved his hands up and down helplessly. "I don't know! I know I love her and want to be with her. Forever, if at all possible. If that's what she wants too. But I don't feel it's fair for me to push anything on her. I mean, I'm involved with all these other women, and I could never give that up, not even for her. I'm lucky that she's with me at all. It's not fair to make big demands on her."

Amy tilted her head back and symbolically slapped her forehead. "Ugh! Beau, your efforts to be considerate are nice, but sometimes you've just gotta go for it, ya know?"

"I know. But I worry that if I push too hard, I'm going to jinx things. Plus, that could lead me down the path of being an arrogant asshole. Like smugly looking at a new woman and thinking 'I'm going to make her mine,' as if it's a done deal and what she wants doesn't matter at all. I'm deathly afraid of turning into that kind of a guy."

"Good point. Nobody wants that. But if you're going to be the master of your own harem, you've gotta be more take-charge-y."

He groaned unhappily. "Who says I'm the master of any harem? I'm just a guy who's in love with several women, and lucky enough to have them love me back."

Amy eyed him critically. "Do you really believe that? Is that all?"

He hesitated, clearly conflicted. "Well... yeah."

She gave him a chagrined look. "You know, you don't have to worry about being politically correct and all that. We - and I mean me, Kat, my mom, and your mom - we still love you, even with all the sharing. That actually makes everything better, since we get to share the love between all of us. We'd even kinda like you to be MORE aggressive taking what you want. Don't you think having a harem of lovely, beautiful ladies would be a pretty great thing? And not just for you, but for all of us too. For instance, if someone like Glory were to join our group, it would be like I maybe could gain a new sister AND a new lover."

He sat back, amazed. "Whaaat?! You'd actually approve of something like that?"

She spoke guardedly, "Well, maybe. It all depends on who we're talking about, and how things go down exactly. Besides, it's not for little ol' me to say. I'm not a super clever schemer like my mom, and I'm not mowing down the ladies with a big fat thingy like you are. But if I were in your shoes... Sometimes you gotta dream big, ya know? I've never been shy about the fact that I'm cool with sharing you. It's exciting that we're in uncharted territory, and we're all having the time of our lives! And that's partly 'cos you've gotten involved with some pretty darn great women - Heather aside." She frowned at that name.

But then she brightened again. "Like Glory Rhymer. I've never really gotten to know her like you have, but I've always gotten good vibes from her, and she's a total cutie too. Or Brenda. She's just too sexy and curvy to be denied! You know what I mean? Heck, I haven't even met this new therapist Xania yet, but I've been hearing reports that she's absolutely amaaazing! A total stunner, smart, and a great personality too. Plus, she has a special relationship with my mom that goes way back. If you get more involved with women like that, then I'm all for it, just so long as you always remember to spend lots of time with me as well." She gave him a playful wink.

He shook his head in wonder. "Aims, you're incredible. I still can't get over how accepting and encouraging you are. But there are only so many hours in the day, you know."

She waved a hand dismissively. "You'll work it out." She grinned and giggled at that.

"As if it's that easy. I don't want to let any of you down by spreading myself too thin."

She sat up straight and proud. "I have great confidence in you. Besides, my mom has a knack for making everything work out great, so trust in her. If I ever get to thinking you're in over your head, I'll let you know. M'kay?"

"Okay. What do you think about Christine then? What if I did get intimate with her? Completely honestly?"

Amy tilted her head in a quizzical fashion. "Hmmm. She's kind of a puzzle. Things could turn out super great, but on the other hand it could be a disaster. I think you should keep getting to know her better and let us know how it goes. That's one case where it's good to just go with the flow and see what evolves."

He nodded, but then said, "Well, nothing sexual is going to happen with her, in any case, so it's a moot point. I must admit that I'm sorely tempted by her sometimes, but it's far too dangerous to even consider. I shudder to think what she'd do if she found out about the incest! Aims, maybe it seems to you that I'm being too passive, but the truth is, just having five lovers at the same time is totally nuts! It's like juggling five balls at once. With each new ball added, it becomes exponentially harder."

She responded, "Maybe so, but I don't see it that way. Not if us 'balls' get along and come together as a group instead of fighting each other. If that's the case, more may be better, and a more stable kind of thing, to a certain point. Ya know, we really should get to know Glory a lot better, to see if she could fit into our special group."

He said, "That's easier said than done. Right now my relationship with her is at a very fragile, early stage. She knows I have some other lovers, and she's really uneasy with that. If she were to find out that I'm involved with Mom or Sis, that would be the end, I'm sure! Even with you, she would find it VERY awkward talking to you, now that she knows you're one of my other lovers. I know you mean well, but please don't try to push for anything with her, okay?"

Amy seemed disappointed, but she nodded "M'kay."

He chuckled. "You're weird. It's like you're actually rooting for me to have more lovers!"

She stood up. "Yeah, well, I kind of am, if they're the right kind of lovers. But what I want doesn't matter much. I'm just sitting in the front row of the movie theater eating my popcorn and watching you and my

mom do all this clever stuff. It's a fun show to watch. I'll always be happy to give you my two cents though. Anyhoo, we don't want you to be late for your big almost-date. Let's go find Susan. I'm sure she knows how to tie a tie, from helping Ron with his."

"Good idea." The two of them left the room.

Susan did help with the tie, but she seemed unusually quiet, distracted, and subdued.

Once Alan was all ready to go, Susan called Katherine and Amy to her bedroom, where she and Alan were. She had them all sit down on the black sofa in her room and stood in front of them, like she was going to make a speech. She was dressed in a long, fancy maroon outfit, due to the "sexiness battle" earlier where she, Katherine, and Amy had tried to outdo each other with ever more impressive and arousing clothes.

"Kids... I have some... news. Shocking, disturbing news... about Ron."

Katherine sat up straight in alarm. "Is he okay?!"

"He's fine, he's fine. But... As I already told you recently, Suzanne found out that he's been cheating on me for years." (Susan had told that first to Alan two days earlier, but it had been discussed some more with Katherine and Amy as well the next day.) "It turns out that's not the full story. She's suspected for some time that he may be... homosexual. Recently, she shared her suspicions with me."

She waited for a reaction from the teens. They were alert but silent, so she continued, "I've come to believe that's almost certainly true. So, I thought I should let you know, so you could come to your own conclusions."

There was a prolonged silence. Obviously, this was shocking and disturbing news indeed, but nobody knew what to say just yet.

Finally, Katherine asked, "How do you know?! What makes you and Aunt Suzy believe that?"

Susan spent the next few minutes giving a brief summary of what Suzanne had discussed with her earlier, including Suzanne's claim that she had proof that Ron currently had a long-term male lover in Thailand.

That was followed by another long silence. She asked, "Well? What do you think?"

Katherine said, "I'm reeling for sure. But at the same time, it's not such a big blow because the really big blow was finding out he's been cheating on you for years. That was the death knell to your marriage, wasn't it? This is like kicking an already dead body."

Alan nodded at that. "Yeah, it just proves your marriage was even more of a sham. But why are you telling us this now?! I mean, I practically have a foot out the door for my practice date with Christine. I'm going to be a mess after learning this!"

Susan replied, "I was trying to decide when it would be a good time to break it to all of you. Suzanne hit me with her claim to have proof the day before yesterday. I'll been mulling it over ever since."

She paced back and forth in front of the sofa. "However, I decided the full truth needs to be told. Today has been a day of introspection, what with our discussions with that therapist in L.A., and after that I couldn't hold it in anymore. Son, I decided I had to say something before you left for your date, so I'd only have to explain it once to all three of you. But I'm hopeful the timing actually could be fortuitous. Perhaps you'll be so distracted by Christine that you'll be able to put this out of your mind for a couple of hours."

Amy spoke up. "Oh, totally! All you have to do is mention her name, and it's like WHAMMO! Boner city! In fact, I'm kinda surprised that there's not a super bulge-y shape in his slacks right now, since her name just came up."

An annoyed Alan asked, "Amy, how can you say that at a time like this? How could I possibly be aroused after what Mom's been talking about? Sis and I are clearly shocked by this news. But Aims, you seem hardly surprised at all. Why is that?"

Amy hemmed and hawed in her seat. "Well..."

Alan asked her, "Don't tell me you suspected this already?"

Amy replied, "Well, kinda. It's not like I was thinking about it a lot, but it does make sense to me. I mean, sure, Ron is a good guy-"

Susan cut in, "Good point! I might not have emphasized that enough. Tiger, Angel, no matter what his sexual orientation may be, never forget that Ron will always be your father. He's a good man and was an excellent father for the first dozen or so years of your childhood. Keep in mind that, although Suzanne says she has proof, I haven't seen any of it yet. This might all be a big misunderstanding. And regardless, I'm not trying to turn you away from him or anything like that. This is mostly an issue between him and me."

Amy nodded. "Like I was saying, he is a good guy. But, Aunt Susan, don't count on this being a misunderstanding, because it makes perfect sense to me. I mean, think about it. Susan, you're, like, a total babe! Any straight guy would be drooling over you, like, 24-7. There'd be all kinds of flirting and lusty gazes and bouncy-bouncy noises from your bedroom, if you know what I mean. But I've practically spent more time in this house than in my own home since before I can even remember, and I don't recall ANY of that."

Katherine spoke with awe. "Damn! She's right! That's like the dog that didn't bark. Why didn't I ever put two and two together?!"

Alan pointed out, "I'm feeling the same - why didn't I suspect?! But maybe it's 'cos we assumed since Mom was so prudish, that kind of thing only went on behind closed doors. Mom... did it?"

Susan grimaced. "No, not really. In fact, there was hardly any of that at all. It was like we were roommates most of the time. That's what makes me think it must be true."

Alan shook his head. "Wow. I don't know what to think. A part of me says that now that you laid it all out, of course it must be true and I was blind for not figuring it out already. But another part of me says 'NOOOO!' It's not that I have a problem with homosexuality; it's the deception! I mean... if this is true, it means our entire childhood was based on a lie!"

Amy said to him, "Come on, you kinda do."

"Do what?"

"Have a problem with homosexuality. I've heard you say don't do this or that 'cos it's 'so gay.'"

He groaned unhappily. He searched his feelings. She's got a point. Right now I'm so damn friggin' happy that I'm adopted, because that means I can't possibly have inherited his "gay genes." But that's not a mature or tolerant way to look at it. I have to do better!

He said, "Okay, maybe I'm not totally tolerant, but I'm working on it. I'm only a teenager, for crying out loud. I've said stuff like that because nearly all the other guys at school talk like that. But I truly believe that if this was a different situation and a good friend like Sean or Peter came out as gay, I'd be shocked at first, sure, but I'd get over it and I'd continue to be their friend."

Amy nodded. "Yeah, I can see that. But it's different when it's your dad. I probably saw the signs better because he's not MY dad. I can put more emotional distance on it."

Katherine said, "To be honest, I should be all teary-eyed and broken-up over this, mostly over the deception. It probably means that Mom and Ron will get a divorce, because how can Mom's marriage survive if it's true? Except that I'm not broken-up over it, because I feel emotionally distant. For one thing, we were already gobsmacked with the cheating news, but that didn't hit me as hard as it should have. He's been gone so much of the time, for years and years now, that he doesn't really feel like a dad anymore. He's more like an uncle you only see at Christmas."

Alan nodded. "I feel the same. I'm emotionally detached, like Mom is talking about someone I used to know well many years ago, who used to visit our family a lot but doesn't do so anymore. Even when he came home recently, it was like he was hardly here. He didn't seek me out to have any meaningful discussions with me or really ask me how I was doing or anything. In fact, it almost felt like he was avoiding me the whole time, what with him going in to work for most of his so-called vacation home. And it's been like that for years. It's weird!"

Susan said, "Suzanne and I have talked about it. Perhaps the reason that he comes home so rarely and doesn't really engage with us when he does is because he kind of left this family emotionally a long time ago. He may well have a richly-fulfilling emotional life in Thailand, and merely maintains the pretence of being one of us because he's not ready to come out. That's just speculation, but it would seem to fit."

The teens all nodded at that.

Then, after a pause, Katherine said, "On top of all that, I have to confess... total brutal honesty now... there's a part of me that's actually happy to hear this. Because things have changed in a big way here lately, as we all know. Brother, you've got the makings of a little harem here, with me, Mom, Aims, Aunt Suzy, and others to come."

He rolled his eyes. "Please don't use the 'H' word."

"Whatever you want to call it, you know it's true. But how would Ron fit into that? Clearly he doesn't, and couldn't. What would happen if he were to come back for a month, or more? Heck, what if his work in Thailand ended and he lived with us full-time again? How could we deal with that, given the new sexual reality we're all loving? If it's true that he's gay and Mom's marriage is done for, we could be spared all that. Maybe everyone can get their happy ending. He can stop living a lie and totally focus on his gay lover in Thailand, or whatever makes him truly happy. And we can focus on our new way of life without having to worry about explaining things to him. What he doesn't know won't hurt him, and in fact it'll spare him a lot of pain."

Susan said, "I'm glad you said that, Angel, because I've been feeling much the same. The truth is, not only do I not love him now, I doubt that I ever really loved him. At least not with the passionate, sexual, all-powerful kind of love that I feel these days for my son." She flashed a loving smile at Alan.

He smiled right back.

She continued, "So, you're right, this could actually be a graceful way out of a marriage that had been dying anyway. Ron might never need to know about our new lifestyle. Of course we'll still keep in contact with him, at least somewhat, because we'll all always be tied together due to our shared history. But, if he's not actually living with us anymore, it should be relatively easy to keep our incest secret and all the rest from him."

She went on, "In fact, I believe that's why this is coming up now. In retrospect, I'm sure Suzanne must have had a strong suspicion about him for years, maybe since she first met him. But she never said anything to me about it. She probably sensed that the time wasn't right, realizing that I'd fall apart if my marriage crumbled without having anything to replace it. But now she's brought the issue to the fore and hired a private investigator, no doubt because she feels that this is the time for a big change for all of us."

The teens nodded at that. Amy commented, "Gee, my mom is really smart. Aunt Susan, she's totally looking out for you. I'm sure she waited until she felt you'd be able to handle it."

Susan nodded. "It's like she's my Earth-bound guardian angel."

The four of them continued to talk about the issue for another ten minutes or so. The initial shock had quickly faded, eventually being replaced by a sad resignation. Both Alan and Katherine felt guilty that they weren't more emotionally upset about it, since Ron had been a good father to them for many years before his extended work in Thailand had begun.

Eventually, Alan grew concerned that he would be late for his date with Christine. So he said goodbye, leaving the other three to continue to talk things over without him.

Chapter 680 Date With Christine.

Alan pondered the news about Ron while he drove to Christine's house. It's a good thing that Sis spoke up about how she wasn't so broken up about it, or I'd feel like a cad. I've got this whole Oedipal issue that complicates matters. She doesn't, but even she kind of admits that this revelation is good news from a certain perspective. The bitter truth is that I'd given up on thinking of him as my father long before all this sexual wildness began.

Now that the shock of finding out has worn off, it almost feels like the logical conclusion to a separation process that began about seven years earlier, at least. And he was the one who was pulling away from us the whole time, so why should I feel guilty! I didn't steal Mom from him; he let her go. Heck, he's left her twisting in the wind for years!

Hmmm. I never understood why he withdrew from the family, not just physically but emotionally too. Maybe that started around the time he got his secret long-term lover. Maybe he loved Mom to some degree, but when his new lover came along, he felt like anything he did with her or us kids was like cheating on his "true love." Heck, he might even have a full family over there, for all we know! Not likely, but it's possible anyway. Amazing. It's like I never really knew him.

At least I'm grateful that I found out about this after I had anal sex with Heather today. What fortunate timing! Amy is right that I've had a kind of anti-gay bias, but I hope I'm getting better. I think a lot of that

was because I thought of anal sex as unnatural and disgusting. But it turns out it's friggin' awesome! At least if I'm the one doing the fucking, that is. Although I have no interest in doing that with a man, I have a new perspective on it. With all the lesbian and bisexual activity I've been lucky to be a part of lately, my attitudes are changing fast.

But still, I'm very resentful about Ron. Like I said back there, the real issue I have with this is the deception. I've got a sinking feeling that their entire marriage was a sham. He's probably known he was gay since he was a teen, and married Mom as cover for his business and family. What a rotten thing to do to her! But then again, if he hadn't done that, then they never would have adopted Kat and me and I wouldn't be in the incredibly lucky situation I'm in today.

Dang! I could go round and round with this forever. But right now I need to focus on Christine; I don't want to be a space case the entire evening.

He picked up Christine in front of her house, just as he had done for their two previous dates. For such special events he was allowed to drive Ron's Beemer, which normally just sat in the garage.

Christine seemed intent on outdoing her previous outfits. The outfit she'd worn on her last practice date had been borrowed from her aunt Kirsten. That had worked out so well that she'd visited Kirsten again, who lived about half an hour closer to the heart of Los Angeles, and borrowed yet more clothes. In fact, she'd spent hours talking with Kirsten about fashion, and they mutually decided upon just the right outfit for the occasion. Luckily, Kirsten was a stunning, busty beauty who owned her own fashion-related business despite being only 25-years old. They were close enough in size for Christine to fit into most of Kirsten's clothes, and Kirsten was kind enough to loan her pretty much whatever she wanted. It really was an ideal situation, especially since it saved Christine from having to buy all her own outfits.

Christine had ended up borrowing a number of outfits, so she'd have something to wear not only for this date, but for future dates too. Each one was sexier than the last.

All of this had built up her anticipation of this event. She'd wanted something that looked stylish and high class yet would still force Alan to take notice of her body. She had finally decided upon a dramatic dark blue evening gown. It had only one shoulder strap and a high cut up one leg, exposing flesh practically up to her muscular ass. Furthermore, she had applied tasteful make-up and wore what were for her extremely high heels, over three inches.

Susan turned out to be right that Alan would put the news about Ron out of his mind for the duration of his date with Christine. In fact, he was completely blown away from the moment he laid eyes on her. He

actually contemplated not getting out of the car to greet her because he was afraid that there would be no way to hide his suddenly raging erection. Realizing that would be rude, he was forced to walk around the car and open the door for her, but he wasn't entirely successful in hiding his arousal.

"Wow. That's all I can say. Wow." His eyes were practically bugging out. "If people at school saw you dressed like that, well, I don't know what. There would be a lot of mayhem and gnashing of teeth."

Christine laughed with delight. "'Mayhem and gnashing of teeth.' I don't know what that means exactly, but I like it. And you're not looking too bad yourself, mister. With that outfit, you might get the role for the new James Bond movie."

She thought about her outfit. This had damn well better work. On a rational level I know there will be other women at the restaurant showing as much skin or more than I am, but I can't help but feel like a complete hussy dressed like this! I'm not even wearing a bra! If Alan doesn't get the hint this time, what can I do? Go naked next time? Maybe this'll be the night for a breakthrough between us!

As she was eyeing him she spied the large bulge threatening the fabric of his pants. Oooh! Looks like there's a little fellow here saying 'wow' as well. Looks like Aunt Kirsten's help is paying off. It's kind of exciting to feel exposed and know that I made him get aroused like that.

She discreetly took a second glance and then started to feel her insecurities take hold again. Okay, maybe it's not such a little fellow. I always have a plan carefully thought out in advance, but what's my plan here? I feel myself getting aroused just looking at his ample, er, endowment, but what would I do with that if I actually succeed in seducing him?

They got in the car and made it to the restaurant. It was a fine French restaurant called the Petite Auberge.

He asked, "Maybe this is being nosy, but I've just gotta ask: how did you get a dress like that?! It's... awesome! I wish I could put into words the perfect compliment to express just how beautiful you look right now, especially when you're dressed in that."

Her face reddened because she was so bashful about compliments like that. She looked away in embarrassment. "Thanks. But don't thank me. You should really thank my Aunt Kirsten. Just like last time, this is actually one of hers."

"Wow! Please, please give my compliments to your amazing aunt!"

Alan was extremely aroused. His entire body seemed to be constantly buzzing with energy. Christine definitely does do something to me. Just an hour ago I was lazing around the house with Amy, Sis, and Mom. All three of them were in various states of undress, doing their best to get me going, but nothing. Nada. Alan Junior was dead as a doornail, and that's saying a lot since all three of them are like runway models, and they were dressed in fancy clothes to boot. But one look at Christine in that evening gown and - schwing!

Not only that, but I was so tired I could hardly drive over here, yet now my heart is pounding and I'm so jumpy that I feel like I just drank a whole pitcher of coffee. I'm all nervous 'cos it seems like she must want something to happen. For her to dress like that, that's a huuuuge signal. But what does she want from me exactly? She knows Amy is my girlfriend now.

As soon as they sat down, he launched into some comments designed to dissuade Christine from getting the wrong idea, but doing it in a subtle way. "Christine, this looks like it's gonna be another great evening. You know what I like best about our dates?"

"What?"

"Well, aside from the fact that I get to eat in the nicest restaurant in town with the most beautiful woman in town" - he couldn't resist giving her that compliment, especially since it was heartfelt - "I like how the pressure is off. That means no worries and nothing but fun. If this was a real date I'd be all nervous and tense. But when I'm with you I can be 100 percent certain that nothing romantic could even be seriously imagined, since we put all that behind us."

"Yes," Christine said tersely, secretly upset to hear that he was closing off any romantic options. She'd grown increasingly determined to win him, or at least be with him in some way, since he now had Amy. But she just played along. "Me too. I think I'd be even more nervous than you, at least since you've turned into such a Don Juan."

"Who, me?"

She practically growled, "Don't play coy with me. You know I'm a straight shooter. I've heard all the rumors and stories at school. I heard straight from your new girlfriend that she doesn't mind when you sleep with other women. I have a hard time putting this new you together with the old Alan that I'm so fond of."

Alan, still determined to make his non-romantic intentions clear, thought, This could be a chance to scare her from romantic aspirations for good. I'll just play up the whole harem thing. If that doesn't get her into a snit, nothing will. She may even go into one of her high horse lectures about the whole inequality and hypocrisy aspect, and not without reason since there is a lot of unfairness when you look at things objectively.

He said, "Yeah, well, it's still the same old me, just doing some new stuff. I don't know what happened; a whole lot of luck has a big part to do with it I'm sure, but somehow I've found all kinds of success with the opposite sex. I mean, having an amazing and beautiful girlfriend like Amy who doesn't mind me being with other women and even encourages it? How often does that happen? Every day I keep pinching myself, thinking I'm going to wake up from a dream."

"So it's true then. All the rumors are true?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I haven't heard all the rumors, and some of them are pretty crazy, I'm sure. But I do have a pretty amazing sex life all of a sudden, I must admit."

She was crushed, but she tried not to show it. Instead, she said in a semi-joking manner, "So the rumor we talked about that's going around about you having sex in the teacher's parking lot in the middle of class, completely naked, right there out in the open, on the hood of a car no less, with some other busty blonde, isn't true?"

He chuckled, trying to laugh along with her. "Heh-heh. Yeah. I gotta admit, that was a pretty funny one." Of course he'd really done that with Heather, but felt it would be unwise to admit to that fact. However, he did privately amuse himself imagining the array of shocked and angry expressions that would cross Christine's face if he actually did tell her, since she hated Heather so much.

Christine was suddenly much more serious. She felt very uncomfortable talking about sex with anyone, much less Alan, but she forced herself to in order to clarify things. "So... who are you, uh, seeing, besides Amy?"

Alan was pleasantly surprised. "Is that all you're going to ask? I thought for sure you'd rip me a new asshole about the shocking immorality of my new sex life."

She laughed a touch too cheerfully before replying, "I would. It IS grossly unfair, for starters. But I promised Amy I wouldn't give you a hard time about it. Besides, I love good gossip and I want to know the dirt more than I want to lecture."

"I can't kiss and tell. Sorry."

Christine groaned in frustration. "Arrgh! You can do better than that. Come on. Give me a hint or two, at least."

He thought carefully while fiddling with his cutlery, and then lied, "It's true that I've been having sex with a number of beautiful girls. It's kind of a mixed bag, though. The only girls interested in me when I already have a girlfriend are those who either have no self-respect or are big sluts, or both. You know the types."

He'd lied because he hoped to put Christine in a bind so she wouldn't be able to position herself as a prospective casual sex partner after he'd just knocked those kinds of women.

She cut in, "The Heathers of the world, in other words. She seems to fit the bill exactly. I've heard a lot of rumors about you and her. Any truth in those?"

He poked at his napkin for some time. But when he looked up he saw her trademark implacable intense stare and knew she wasn't about to back down. He sighed, then nonetheless did his best to divert the conversation. "I'm really not at liberty to say one way or another about her or anyone else. But I know you're in the know about what she's really like, and that's the kind of girl I'm talking about. You're so much better than those types. To be honest, I really admire your standards and moral positions. For instance, the way you tore into Sheila to her face the other day about how she's ruining her reputation."

Sheila was one of their mutual classmates. Neither Alan nor Christine knew her very well, but that didn't stop Christine from speaking her mind about her, in front of witnesses.

Christine responded aggressively. "Alan, I'm surprised at you. I thought you were a better person than to have double standards like that. Why is it that you apparently can sleep all over town but if a girl does it she's a slut?"

"Hey, you were the one laying into Sheila."

Christine seemed a bit flustered, but replied, "I wasn't knocking that she has sex, because if she does, that's her business. I was criticizing her for being so indiscreet about it. Unfortunately, society does have this double standard, where most guys can and do brag about all their conquests but if we girls don't protect our reputations we get all kinds of grief. That's another reason I warned Amy about your arrangement with her. She's a nice girl with a reputation worth protecting."

He held up a hand and said, "Wait. You said you'd promised to go easy on me about that. And you should know I'm not the type to brag; you're the one who brought it up."

She laughed. "I guess I can't help myself sometimes. The truth is, I promised not to go overboard. But I still hold the right to speak my mind about what I see as a gross injustice."

Despite her criticism, he thought, Huh. By Christine standards, she's letting me off pretty easy. She's even joking a little bit instead of attacking me with that laser-intense killer stare she has. I guess she's not THAT upset about things, which is strange.

I wonder if she'd loosen up enough about it so I could eventually ask her if she was open to playing around a little bit? What would be so wrong with that? Come to think of it, why AM I so resistant to having sex with this complete knockout who's super-intelligent to boot?

I have to remember that I'm holding back, not just for my sake but mainly for hers. God knows I'd love to jump her bones this very minute. Just staring at all that glorious sweater meat in front of me, straining against the fabric, practically begging to be set free from confinement - damn!

Calm down, boy. She's too good to be treated like a fuck toy. It would be like getting a Rhodes scholar addicted to crack. It's just wrong, and a waste. She is too fine and amazing a girl just to be one of my crowd. Okay, my harem, if I can really call it that. If she's gonna be pining after me, then she won't be able to open her heart for some real "Mr. Right" who might come along.

Not only that, but if she were to find out about everyone I'm having sex with, she'd probably call me some pretty choice names and then lop my head off altogether. That's not even much of an exaggeration - she scares me sometimes! And some of us have loose lips, especially Mom who seems to be in some kind of sexual fog half the time these days and isn't that aware of what she's saying or doing.

Or what if Christine simply got close enough to feel like she could drop by my house unannounced? What a disaster that would be! All she would have to do is step inside and the overwhelming smell of pussy would probably give everything away, especially with her ability to piece bits of evidence together. And forget it if she starts talking to Mom! I could just see Mom making small talk: "I'm so proud of my Tiger. He's such a well-hung, cum-filled boy. Has he tamed your pussy yet?" Ugh!

So if she gets too close to everyone then I'm ultimately doomed. I don't know what Christine would really do if she found out, but the disparaging and disappointing looks she'd give me would be devastating. It would be as bad as Glory finding out. No, worse! I have to protect my harem above all else, even if it means missing out on things sometimes.

With new resolve, he increased his efforts to make clear once and for all that any kind of physical relationship between them was out of the question. "That's true; there is an inequality. But you should know that I'm not completely free to play around with just anyone. I do consider Amy's feelings, you know. I wouldn't do anything to hurt her. To give you just one example, she would be upset if I got involved with you because obviously you wouldn't be just a mindless fling, given the strong feelings I used to have for you in, you know, that way."

She thought out loud. "So she'd see me as a threat. That I'd replace her as your girlfriend."

"Something like that. Luckily, it's a moot point since we don't feel that way about each other. That's why she trusts me to go on these practice dates with you. That's also why I can feel completely at ease with you, because with you and you alone I could never do anything even if I wanted to, since I wouldn't betray Amy or her trust in me."

He thought to himself, That's not exactly true, but it's close enough for horseshoes. Amy did seem displeased at me for going on this date, despite her trying to put on a good face. If this is what it takes to firmly move my relationship with Christine into a safe zone, then so be it. I'll just have to get the story straight with Amy later.

"I see," Christine said while thinking intently. Curses! He's really trying to slam the door shut. What am I supposed to do about that? I can't betray Amy, since she's such a nice girl, even if I had it in me to do

something like that, which I don't. Then there's the promise to not interfere with their relationship that I made to her too. I have to live up to my own ethics, not to mention that I'm hopelessly at sea at this seduction thing. Damn. It just seems so right that Alan be the one to introduce me to intimacy and love. I'm so frustrated that it doesn't seem like that can happen now.

But maybe there's a loophole. What if I got Amy's permission for him to have a second real girlfriend, and not just another 'helper'? It would be a bitter pill for me to swallow, but if Amy agrees, how can he say no to that? Amy is pretty amenable and I can be clever. I'll bet I can work out some kind of arrangement with her, once I get a chance to talk to her about it. That leaves me SOME hope.

In the meantime, I need to work on this whole flirting thing, just for the experience. Who knows, maybe I can get Alan to see me in more of a sexual light. But I don't really have a clue about how to flirt, except by dressing scandalously. Maybe I can use that to my advantage, though...