

## 6 Times 681

### Chapter 681 Katherine's Thoughts !

Sitting alone at her desk, Katherine added a second diary entry for the day:

Dear Diary,

I swear, I'm slowly losing my mind! Sometimes it seems as if this is Alan's world and the rest of us are just living in it. Take today, for instance - it's crazy! Even as I write this, he's on a "practice date" with Christine, who is as sexy and stacked as she is smart. She pisses me off so damn much. What's the difference between a "practice date" and a real one, anyway? Does it involve "practice kissing?" Or maybe "practice" full-on fondling, or even "practice" handjobs and blowjobs? Damn! I wish I could practice my blowjob technique on Brother right now! Or better yet, some of my sweet Kegel squeezing. He knows that Mom and I could spend the whole evening taking VERY good care of his cock. But noooooOOOOOoooo! Apparently, he'd rather hang out with Christine. Grrr!

But when I say I'm slowly losing my mind, that's only a part of it. Diary, you know how I wrote about my concern that Mom was having us see a psychologist? Well, forget it! We went to see her today, and it was AWESOME! Her name is Xania Goodleigh, if you can believe it. Talk about a fitting last name. In fact, you might as well call her Xania Excellent Fuck. I'm sure Brother would agree with that, because he wound up fucking her! Is that wild or what?! I mean, he just met her that same day, for crying out loud.

And what makes that even wilder is how she looks. I've honestly only seen about a handful of women in my life who are completely off the charts when it comes to beauty, and she's one of them. It's like her, Mom, and Aunt Suzy could be identical triplets from the neck on down. They're all tall and busty, and all-around fit and curvaceous. And even though Xania's face is totally different from the other two, it's super hot in a serious but secretly-sultry-librarian sort of way. And yet Brother wound up fucking her, just like that!

What are the odds?! I would say no way, except for the fact that it turns out Xania was Suzanne's roommate and best pal back in college. I could totally see those two hotties hooking up, because they're like twins separated at birth or something, in a bunch of different ways. So it makes perfect sense that Xania has a powerful sex drive to fit her looks, just like Aunt Suzy does.

But still... I mean, come ON! How am I supposed to compete with these super busty Amazon beauties?! I tried to tell myself that I wasn't jealous, but Xania got me to admit that I was by having Brother fuck her right in front of me! I would have been super pissed off, except that he proceeded to give me a good fucking too, with Xania forced to just sit and watch! But still, the whole thing kind of left a bad taste in

my mouth. All I can say is, thank God Xania lives in L.A. If she lived nearby, I'll bet she'd fall under the spell of Brother's cock in no time, and that would mean a lot less special Brother time for me. As it is, I won't be surprised at all if she starts visiting here a lot. Once Brother gives you a really good fucking, there's no going back. You're hooked for life!

OH! I'm obsessing about Brother getting it on with Xania so much that I almost forgot something REALLY important! I was expecting to have some moralistic prude or a psychologist attempt to quash all the fun I've been having with my one and only soulmate, but instead Xania told us that he can fuck me as often as I like! She gave us a big thumbs up! Of course, I hardly needed her approval, especially since he was boning me good already, but what's key is the effect those words will have on Mom. In fact, Xania's totally approving that Brother fuck Mom too!

That's major, because I know deep in my heart that once that happens all the remaining barriers will fall. It'll be a non-stop fuck-fest in this house! Soon, every night, Brother will go to sleep with Mom's naked body cuddling him on one side and my naked body cuddling his other side. Hell, I'll bet that on most nights, Amy or Aunt Suzy or other special beauties will be lying with us too. Diary, it'll be totally righteous and AWESOME! I'll be fucked so hard and so often that I'll need a wheelchair just to get around school most days! Hee-hee! I can't wait!

So much other stuff happened today too. For instance, in yet another chapter of "This Is Alan's World and the Rest of Us Are Just Living in It," you should have seen what was going on when I finally got home this afternoon. Bro fucked Akami so good (with Mom watching!) that I wouldn't be surprised if she gets hopelessly hooked on his sweet cum too. And there's the wild events of the football game, and more about what Xania had to say to us, and lots more besides. But sorry, Diary, that'll have to wait for later, because I just decided that I'm feeling too antsy. How am I supposed to just sit here when Brother is doing God knows what with Christine at this very moment?! GRRRR!

Katherine decided that she'd go downstairs and talk to her mother. She hoped Susan would have some words of wisdom to help her cope with her jealousy about Alan's "practice date." She also figured that if she was lucky, she and Susan might even help each other pass the time with some fun necking and fondling.

Katherine found a fully-dressed Susan standing in the kitchen, going through some of the many cookbooks that were kept there. This was somewhat surprising, since she and Katherine had finished eating dinner a short time ago. Katherine sat down on one of the counter stools and said, "Hey, Mom. What's cookin'?"

Susan looked up and smiled. "Oh, hi Angel. Check this out. Suzanne found this WONDERFUL article for me yesterday, and I'm finally getting to put it to good use." With that, she handed Katherine a computer printout.

Katherine exclaimed in surprise, "Wow! 'Ten Foods that Increase Your Sperm Count.' Is this for real?"

Susan was pleased as punch as she said, "Of course it's for real. And just look at some of the foods listed there. No wonder Tiger cums so copiously; he already eats a ton of this stuff."

Katherine scanned the headings on the article. "Yep, he eats lot of bananas, and garlic, and he likes ginseng too. And dark chocolate? Are you kidding me? That's his favorite sweet thing, maybe even more than ice cream."

Susan beamed. "I know! Isn't it wonderful? He's such a delightfully spermy young man. But I'm working on some recipes to add even MORE of these ingredients to his diet. Suzanne found another article on good foods to increase the libido in general. And she'd already told me some about foods to make cum sweeter, but she found more on that too. Apparently, you can find all kinds of useful things on the Internet."

Katherine chuckled. "Yeah, you can say that again." As she kept scanning the article, she asked, "By the way, what are goji berries?"

Susan frowned. "I don't know. I was hoping you could help me with that. Find out on the Internet where they sell them, and what to do with them. They're number one on the list! Just think: Tiger cums copiously already, but once I improve his diet... my goodness! Our faces and tits will be sticky with his pearly seed pretty much all the time! Can you picture it, just slurping and bobbing and licking and loving every inch of his thick pole for what seems like hours and hours, and then, when he finally can't hold back any more, he blasts a TORRENT of his fertile seed all over your face! You'll wipe your hands across your chin, but all that'll do is leave your hands covered in his sticky goo too!"

Susan was staring dreamily off into space by the time she finished that description.

Katherine was just as transported. She could practically feel and smell her brother's hot cum sliding down her face and dripping down to her big breasts. She whispered in awe, "Yeah..."

But her reverie was interrupted when she found herself thinking about Alan depositing all that cum on Christine's face instead of her own. As a result, she said, "Sure, Mom, I'll help. But... later. I wanted to talk to you, 'cos I'm feeling bummed."

Susan was already reading her cookbooks again, but she lifted her gaze and asked with concern, "Oh? What about?"

Katherine sighed. "It's this 'practice date' Brother is on right now. I hate to admit it, but I get really jealous. Tonight I can't sit still, thinking about how he's probably slowly seducing Christine. Doesn't that bother you too?"

"Certainly not!" Susan said with a touch of defiance. "I have no doubt that he's seducing her. But I know how he feels about her, and how she looks. She's certainly worthy of serving his cock, so I'm rooting for him and urging him on. To be honest, I've been slightly aroused all evening, thinking about how inevitable it is that he'll tame her and turn her into one of his personal cocksuckers."

Katherine frowned, since that was exactly the opposite of what she wanted to hear. "But don't you worry about him having so many lovers? There's only so much of him to go around, you know. For instance, if he wasn't on a 'practice date' with Christine right now, the odds are fairly good your mouth could be full of hot cock at this very moment, or maybe you'd be giving him a nice titfuck."

Susan pondered that. "True. And there are times I do get terribly antsy, especially when I'm waiting for him to come home from school. But the way I look at it, that's a big part of what makes it all so exciting. Because I'm up against some top-notch competition, every moment that I'm pleasuring his cock I have to do my very best! A part of me would love to be with him twenty-four hours a day, but another part of me prefers it this way. In fact, I must admit, sometimes I kind of get off on being denied and knowing that he's with someone else. Weird, huh?"bender

Katherine paused to examine her own feelings, then said, "Actually, maybe not. To be honest, I kind of feel the same way. It's like, if you don't have to fight for something, then getting it doesn't feel so good. But it's different in your case, 'cos you get more personal and up-close cock time than anybody else! Pardon the expression, but you get to have your cock and eat it too."

Susan smiled from ear to ear at that wordplay. "I sure do. And what a delicious, jaw-busting feast it is! But if you want some advice, consider this. I think your problem is that you lack confidence in yourself, so you just sit there while others grab him. You know what they say: 'The squeaky wheel gets the grease.' I know you don't want to be seen as too pushy, but I think he's made clear that he likes you to

be more aggressive. That's why he keeps telling you that he likes you when you're 'uppity.' That's just another way of him saying, 'Sis, be pushy!'"

Katherine sat back on her stool. She asked uncertainly, "You think so?"

"I know so! Look, I have the same problem as you: I don't have a lot of self-confidence. For instance, I don't really think of myself as that beautiful, and I don't like all the attention my looks bring - unless it's from Tiger, of course. But my desire for his cock and his love is so strong that it pushes me to just go for it. In fact, I go for it to the point where I worry about being seen as a cock hog. But do I have any regrets? No! None!"

Katherine found that very helpful and encouraging. But still she fretted. "I don't know..."

Susan said emphatically, "What are you waiting for? Do you doubt your looks? DON'T! Angel, you are truly gorgeous! You really are. God blessed you with a curvy body, a stunning face, and a VERY impressive bust. Sure, Suzanne and I might be a little more endowed in that area, but we're older. You're still in the top one percent when it comes to breasts. Besides, you're his sister! Do you realize how big that is? That trumps everything! I know you worry about the likes of Christine, but if he had to choose between her and you, he'd chose you in a heartbeat."

"No way."

"Yes way! Looks-wise, you're in the same league as her, even though I know you doubt that, due to your self-confidence issues. But the kicker is that he loves you so very, very much. She'll never be able to match all the years you've spent with him, practically joined at the hip. No wonder you love him so much. Well, I have news for you: he loves you just as much!"

Katherine said, startled, "He does?" But then she added with growing confidence, "He does. He does!" Although she doubted herself, she didn't doubt his love for her.

She thought to herself, Mom is right! I need to be more uppity. One thing I've heard both Aunt Suzy and Brother say recently is that "fortune favors the bold." That's so true. I'm gonna do something dramatic and bold right now! She smiled wickedly as she thought about how she could surprise him during his date with Christine. She rushed around the counter and gave Susan a heartfelt hug. "Thanks, Mom! You're the best!"

Susan smiled as she hugged her back. "You're welcome. Now, can you help me figure out this goji berry thing? Not to mention the maca plant. That article says maca dramatically increases sperm count AND overall sexual desire, but I don't even know what it is."

Katherine broke the hug. As she rushed out of the room, she said, "Later, Mom, later. I've got things to do, right away. Uppity things!" She laughed out loud with unrestrained glee as she practically ran back to her room.

## Chapter 682 Flirting?

Back at the restaurant, Alan and Christine turned to safer topics for a while. But some time later, Christine redirected their discussion back to flirting, hoping to use her inexperience as an excuse to practice flirting with Alan. During a lull in the conversation she said, "Since we're so safely platonic with each other, I have a big favor to ask you."

"What's that?"

"Well, this is kind of embarrassing, but I won't beat around the bush. I'm hopelessly out to sea when it comes to flirting. Can you teach me how to flirt?"bender

He was surprised. Christine and flirting? Those are two words that do NOT go together. But on the other hand I never would have imagined seeing her dress like this, so maybe anything is possible. He replied, "I dunno, the last date we were on you said some pretty flirty things. I was pleasantly surprised."

She replied, "God, this is even more embarrassing. The truth is, I had some lines I'd thought out in advance. Even some things I said earlier tonight, like saying you could be the new James Bond, were already in my mind before you showed up. I knew you'd look sharp so I was thinking about what I could say. Isn't that dumb? Ugh! But I don't know how to be truly spontaneous. I just feel so awkward all the time. I'm hopeless!"

He fidgeted nervously. "Ah. Well, first of all, I'm no big expert. But I've learned a few things these last couple of months so I'd be glad to share what little I know. Having some thoughts already in your head is no sin, for one thing. To create a sexy, flirtatious situation, sometimes it helps to force the issue. Like

maybe you have a good line in your head and you find a way to bring the conversation around so you can use it."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Well, a great way to flirt is with word play. I'm sure you've seen it in the movies and whatnot. You're so smart that I'm sure you'll pick up on it in no time. For instance, pick some common expression or idiom. Go ahead and pick something."

"Okay. Knock on wood."

"That works. So you have to think: how can I make something sexual out of that? Since 'wood' is also slang for an erection, there are lots of possibilities. For instance, if you told me, 'knock on wood,' I might joke that I'm not going to let you tap on my crotch." He paused, then added, "You can do a lot of things to my crotch, but I hope knocking or tapping on it isn't one of your first choices." He winked.

She blushed slightly as she thought about that suggestion. "Huh. I get the idea, and I've seen enough examples from others flirting, but the problem is I tend to overanalyze things and think too much. And I'm shy about this stuff. Sometimes I have a really naughty, funny thought in response to something, but I'd never share it, even with a close friend. It would ruin my reputation, for starters."

He said, "Well, that's what these practice dates are for, to try things out and not worry about reputations or consequences."

He didn't realize it, but there was one problem with him teaching her about flirting - he didn't really understand it himself. In recent weeks, his life had turned so sexual that "subtle" wasn't exactly in his sexual vocabulary. What he considered subtle flirting would be outrageous innuendo to almost everyone else.

Christine also was so inexperienced that she had no idea when a come-on would be seen as too overt. However, she was determined to do whatever it took to begin to overcome her Ice Queen reputation. Hopefully, in the process she could lay the groundwork to somehow snag Alan as her boyfriend someday.

"And that's what this is for." He lifted up the half-full glass of wine that sat at his place at the table. He'd used a fake ID to order some wine for himself, but hadn't had any way to do that for his date. "Drink some more. It definitely loosens the tongue."

She looked at him with worry. "What if we get caught?"

"You can just say you don't have any ID on you. After all, I've looked at your dress very closely, and I didn't see any pockets." He winked.

She squirmed a bit in her seat, getting excited as she thought about him closely examining her body. She was acutely aware of the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra, and she wondered how obvious her erect nipples looked to him.

He asked, "What's the worst they could do? Throw us out? Come on, live a little."

She thought about it, concluding, He's right. I need to live a little. She leaned forward and said in a husky voice, "Alan, are you trying to get me drunk so you can have your way with me?"

His eyes went wide with genuine surprise and arousal. "Whoa! Sexy! See? That's big-time flirting."

She snickered happily. "You mean that got a rise out of you? Wait! That phrase has potential, getting a rise. I know I got a rise out of you, but did I really get a rise out of you, if you know what I mean? Stand up and show me the evidence!" She giggled.

However, a part of her was shocked at her own words. I can't BELIEVE I just said that! What's happening to me? I feel kind of slutty for saying that, but I like it!

He laughed. "Good. You're such a smart person; you'll be a natural once you put your head to it."

"Perhaps. But I'd rather put YOUR head up to it, if you know what I mean." She giggled again.



Her arousal was growing. Her thighs tingled as she rubbed them together. This is NOT me! Or is it? Why does just saying a few words make me so horny all of a sudden? They're only words, right? It's not like he's really going to take his penis and actually put it... Oh God! Seeing the glass of wine he was offering to share placed in front of her, she picked it up and took a big sip.

He thought, Uh-oh. Instant boner. Her voice has turned so sexy there's no doubt about THAT double meaning. Now all I can imagine is taking that gown off and lining my "head" up with her hot, juicy pussy. Shit! Now I can't get that image out of my head. Actually, I wouldn't mind putting my big head there either and smelling and tasting her down there, teasing her clit with my tongue until she cried out like a desperate, rutting animal. Oh man. Down, Alan Junior, down! This is not good.

He said to her, "Uh-oh. I think I've created a monster. I have a feeling you're not just going to best me in flirting, I'm gonna get totally creamed."

Christine's eyes lit up. "Oh! That's an easy one. I'm hoping that before the night is over, I'm the one who's going to get totally creamed. How's that?" She added in a voice absolutely dripping with sex, "Alan, will you please cream me?"

He groaned inwardly again. "Good. Almost too good. You're too arousing already."

She clapped her hands together, causing her braless boobs to bobble around inside her dress. "Oh goody! Of course, I never would say anything like that in 'real life.' I doubt even Heather would be that bold with her words. But here, we can do whatever we want."

He nodded. "True. But there is one real-life effect to all this practicing. My body seems to be practicing getting aroused."

She grinned. "Ah. So you're raising the ante, eh? Two can play at that game. I'll bet you're just saying that. Stand up so I can see the proof! I'll show you mine if you show me yours." She laughed some more and took another gulp of his wine.

She thought, I can't believe I'm acting like this. It's like I'm looking down at a different me. But I do feel at ease. Well, kind of. I feel so nervous at the same time, too. I think Alan is the only boy I could say things like this to. Actually, I know that's the case. What is he doing to me? I've never been this horny in my life!

He laughed along, but thought, Definite uh-oh. If she gets into a flirting groove, this is going to be a very long evening. Long and hard. And painfully throbbing. She's sexy enough when she just sits there acting like a pure intellectual but if she starts acting all sexy like Suzanne? The mind boggles. Ay-yi-yi!

Christine, though, couldn't help but rub her thighs together some more. Is that what I think it is? I'm getting all squishy down there, and my panties are hardly helping. How gross. But it feels so good to rub it, and he can't see what I'm doing...

### Chapter 683 Sexy Time With Kath While On Date With Christine!

As the evening wore on, Alan and Christine ate their meals and drank a lot of wine. While Christine couldn't order alcohol, Alan ordered enough wine in his name for both of them. No-one else seemed concerned. Trying to hide Christine's drinking only made the evening even more naughty and fun.

All the while, their conversation grew looser and more salacious. Christine took to flirting like a duck to water. She had the ideal situation to let go of her inhibitions, especially since this was the first time she'd ever gotten tipsy. The alcohol silenced her small internal critical voice and introduced a brassy exuberant new one that pushed her to "Go for it!"

Alan's erection just seemed to get harder and harder as the evening went on, with no let up. But things got even worse when Christine asked for help with physical flirting in addition to verbal flirting. She practiced licking her lips, leaning forward to put her breasts on better display, chewing her filet mignon slowly in a salaciously sensual manner, and so on.

What made the situation strange was that oftentimes Alan would give her a flirty suggestion and then she'd act it out. For instance, he would encourage her to place her fingers suggestively at her lips as she acted ever more provocatively. As the evening wore on, her actions toward him became more and more enticing. Supposedly, it was all part of her flirtation practice.

After a while, she even made excuses to stand up so she could flirt with her whole body and especially show off her long legs, one of her best assets. When she did, not only did Alan gawk, but so did just about everyone else in the restaurant. Her overall appearance could only be described as stunning. Normally she tried to hide her blonde bombshell looks, but tonight she was eager to flaunt herself.

However, she was well aware that Alan was a "tit man" since he'd been gawking at her chest for nearly three years now, ever since they'd been in the same classes together. She told him things like, "It's strange. This gown is cut so low on one side that there was no way I could wear a bra. I'm not used to the feeling. I feel so naked I might as well go all the way and just BE naked. All I'd have to do is let this one shoulder strap slide down..." She even put her hand on the strap before she burst into giggles, pretending her tease was just a big joke.

But what really caused Alan's dick to turn harder than diamond was when she said during a break, "This is soooo much fun." Then she leaned forward and whispered. "It's a good thing I didn't wear panties 'cos they'd be ruined by now. Oh, and you know I'm not wearing a bra either, so it's like I'm totally naked except for this dress." Then she sat back and winked.

He wasn't sure whether that was more practice flirting or if it was really true. (In fact, she was wet and braless, but she still had her panties on.) Regardless, the mere fact that someone so obviously sexually repressed as Christine would say that in such an easy going way, in a public place no less, was terribly arousing for him. He began to long for the meal to come to an end just so he could rush home and get some relief.

He said, "You've mentioned about being braless enough times already. Not that I'm complaining, mind you! But if you suggest pulling your gown down one more time, I think I'm going to die of frustration. Please, have mercy!"

She clapped her hands. "So, looks like my flirting is working?"

"Oh, it's working all right." He was so aroused that he was nearly miserable.

But she didn't stop. "Are you really SURE I'm not wearing a bra? I could be wearing a strapless one, you know." She sat back, winked and wiggled her rack, then added, "Perhaps you should check... Or maybe I should." She brought a hand up to her chest and cupped her breast in a very inviting and sexual manner. All the while, as she had been doing on and off for some time now, she rubbed her thighs together to further inflame her own lust.

He felt he was going to break into tears, he wanted to touch those boobs so badly. He was trying to think of a good verbal comeback but was so overwhelmed with lust that he was having a hard time thinking.

Then he got a call on his cell phone. This was a big surprise since he didn't even own a cell phone or realize that he had one in his pocket.

Hearing the ringing, Christine asked, "What's that you have in your pocket?"

Her voice was so sexy that she didn't need to say more. It was like she was staring at the outline of his long erection as she said it, even though his crotch was hidden under the table.

He pulled the phone out, fumbled with the buttons, and then brought it to his ear. He was so horny that his hands were actually shaking.

"Hi, Big Brother!" Katherine said into the phone. Before her brother could respond, she added, "There's a bit of a family emergency. Please find a private place to talk and don't tell your date who's calling, okay? This is going to take a good while to sort out."

He was a bit shocked and in fact was still catching up to the fact that he even had a phone to answer. He said "Okay" into his phone. Then he looked at Christine and said to her, "Uh, it looks like some kind of emergency. If you don't mind, I need to go somewhere quiet to take this."

Hearing him talk about an emergency snapped her out of her sexual fog somewhat. She said, "No problem. Take your time."

He stood up, and asked, "You sure? This might take some time. I'm guessing a few minutes, at least."

Her eyes bugged out a bit as she saw the large bulge in his slacks. She wasn't sure, because his slacks were a very dark blue, but she thought she saw a wet spot there too. She quickly recovered, and said, "Uhhh - I think I had too much wine. The effect can really sneak up on you. This is a good opportunity to clear my head. So go ahead and take your time."bender

She meant it too. She needed time to sober up and get her sexual urges back under control. She thought, So this is what it's like to be tipsy. It really CAN sneak up on you. Oh my God, what have I been saying to him? I've been just as naughty as he has with my filthy mouth. Did I really just invite him to fondle my boobs?! Just about! This is craziness!

Alan walked about twenty feet away from their dining table to a quiet, secluded part of the restaurant where large bay windows gave a wide view of the ocean. As soon as he was situated, he said into the phone, "Okay, Sis. No one can hear me. What's going on?"

Katherine replied, "Like I said, an important emergency. Mom sent me! Don't worry, no one is dying or anything like that, but I'm afraid that I can only tell you what's going on in person. It's that serious."

"What the heck? This is bizarre. For one thing, how am I even taking this call? Did someone slip Mom's cell phone into my pocket? If so, why?!"

"Yep. We did. You see, while you were taking a nap the rest of us were already discussing the possibility of this emergency arising and we wanted to be able to contact you if it did happen tonight."

"What on Earth are you going on about? Does it have something to do with Ron? I'll bet it does. Did he come back unexpectedly? But if he did, why couldn't you tell me over the phone. I'm confused. Get over here right away."

Katherine giggled. "Don't worry. I'm on top of that. In fact, don't make a big deal out of it and definitely don't tell your date, but I'm already here. Look across the restaurant towards the entrance. That's me talking into Amy's phone."

Alan looked around and found his sister. He could barely see her on the opposite end of a very busy and large restaurant, but she was there. He never would have noticed her if he hadn't been tipped off. He did see just enough of her to recognize the top she was wearing; it was a fancy item she only wore on special occasions.

He looked away so Christine wouldn't follow his gaze. He said into the phone, "You've really got me confused now. I don't know what this emergency is, but I'll bet it's some kind of trick or something. For one thing, you're dressed up far too nice for an emergency."

"I swear," she said, "there really is an emergency. But we should be able to sort it out quickly. Tell your date that something's come up and you'll be back in about fifteen minutes."

So Alan walked back to Christine and told her that he needed to take a fifteen-minute break to deal with an emergency and went to go find his sister.

Christine nodded. She was trying to look him in the face, but wound up staring at his crotch. Luckily for her, he was too distracted by the emergency to notice, or even realize just what an obvious bulge he was showing.

When he got to the front of the restaurant, he discovered that Katherine had retreated closer to the front door, making it visually impossible for Christine to see who he was meeting, just in case she'd thought to watch him leave.

Alan walked up to his sister in a huff. "This had better be good."

Katherine giggled. Even though she'd seen him off when he'd left for his date, she pretended to be surprised to find him wearing a three-piece suit. She looked at him with approval and more than a little hunger. "Oooh! Who's this sharply-dressed man?"

He just growled impatiently.

He didn't realize it, but she was standing right in front of the men's room. She'd put a "Do not enter - temporarily out of order" sign on the door about five minutes earlier and had waited to make sure the bathroom had emptied out before calling. She said, "Oh, don't worry. It'll be good. Very good. But not here. This requires the utmost secrecy."

She grabbed him by the hand and pulled him into the men's room, leaving the sign on the door.

He was so eager to get to the bottom of the mystery that he let her pull him in and even let her drag him to the farthest toilet stall. When she closed the stall door, he impatiently whispered, "Okay, what the hell is so important and secret that you interrupt my date and drag me here..."

His voice trailed off because he watched in amazement as Katherine unbuttoned her white blouse. As her breasts bounced into view he looked around and realized he was trapped. She was standing between him and the stall door, and these particular bathroom stalls happened to go all but six inches to the ground, so there was no space for him to crawl out if he wanted to.

Oh shit! he thought. He knew he was in a weakened, vulnerable state, since he still needed relief for his raging boner so badly that he could hardly stand it.

Seeing that he'd fallen into a trap, he attempted to slip past her before her womanly charms and enthusiasm caused him to lose all control. They struggled a bit as he tried to reach the stall door, but it was too late for him because he was too worked up, not to mention tipsy.

He wound up with his hands on her breasts. Once that happened, it was like they were magnets and his hands couldn't pull away. Within seconds, his dick was humping her ass crack too, despite all of his and her clothes. Just as quickly, he had her bra pushed down below the bottom slopes of her ample melons.

Katherine giggled with pure delight as she enjoyed his roaming hands and his insistent erection. She said in an obviously factitious and not very loud voice, "Help! I'm being mauled by some kind of horny elderly businessman!"

Giving in to the inevitable, he laughed. "Elderly? If that's the case I'll have you know I've taken plenty of Viagra."

She just mmmm'ed contentedly as she let him play with her rack. Then she felt his erection pressing up against her ass even more insistently, and said, "Oh yeah, I believe it 'cos I can feel it. Is that a monster pussy pounder in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?" She giggled some more.

He said, "Both. I have to admit I'm happy to see you even though you tricked me. For one thing, you're just too sexy to resist. I love the way your outfit looks on you, but I love the way it feels on you even more."

Katherine was wearing a white blouse with a black lacy bra underneath. She also wore black stockings and garters and a dark blue miniskirt. The miniskirt was nearly the exact same color as Christine's gown, a coincidence Alan liked a lot. His hands had wandered down to her stockings and leather skirt, which was why he said he loved the way her outfit felt so much.

She turned around so they could be face to face, and then she reached for his zipper. "Finally! It's time to deal with your emergency. I was watching you and Christine from across the restaurant. Even from more than 100 feet away I could see the way you two have been flirting with each other. She's always

got one of her hands on yours or vice versa. You're like two little lovebirds, you know that? You're both aroused, big time."

"So what if we are?" he grumped, irritated at the reminder that she'd interrupted his date. But he let her fish out his pulsing and extremely needy erection.

She added, "I have to admit, it made me all hot. She was practically molesting her breasts right as I called. Christine the Ice Queen, no less! Looks like Alan the super stud strikes again. Big breasted bombshells the world over, beware! Because the bigger they are, the harder he pounds. Or something like that." She giggled some more.

"It's not like that," he feebly protested.

As she was talking, she managed to remove her bra and blouse altogether. Now she handed them to her brother. "Here, put these somewhere clean."

He looked incredulously at the clothes he held in his hand. "What? Why?"

She looked up at him with pretend irritation. "Because I'm your number one fuck toy. Of COURSE I'm gonna bare my tits for you." She dropped to her knees and held his hard-on with both hands. "Ah. Here we are. The emergency."

He looked around and noticed a bar for hanging things. He hastily hung her top and bra there.

She began to stroke his thickness. "Haven't you heard anything Mom's been telling you lately? You're a terribly cum-filled boy, as she keeps saying. And when you get blue balls it's only slightly less worse than another Chernobyl, in her eyes. Did you think we'd let you suffer with all that sperm build-up for your whole torturously flirty, yet still 'totally platonic' date?"

She said the word "platonic" with disbelieving sarcasm. "That would be cruel! I've been sent here to help." She giggled some more as she poked light fun at how carried away Susan could get about Alan's orgasm needs.



The only person who had sent Katherine though was herself. She was suspicious about these "non-romantic dates" Alan and Christine had been having, and since she considered Christine a serious rival threatening her own position with Alan, she wanted to see things for herself. Watching them flirt with each other, even from across the room, had confirmed her worst fears. She felt forced to follow through on a contingency plan that would prevent the date from going too far.

Alan's slight drunkenness made him slow on the uptake. Further, he was suffering from very painful blue balls. So while he'd enjoyed the fondling, only now did he realize where their playing was going to lead. Thinking of the risk, he said, "We shouldn't do this..."

Katherine just laughed and dismissed his feeble resistance. "Oh, please," she said mockingly as she scraped her fingernails along his balls in a not at all unpleasant manner. "You know you want it."

He couldn't deny that, but nonetheless he protested, "You've got to be kidding me. You get me all worked up with worries and interrupt my date just so you can give me a handjob?!"

She giggled, pleasantly surprised at how well her scheme was working so far. "No, I did all that so I could give you a blowjob. For starters." With that, she brought her face to her brother's crotch and began licking.

But to his simultaneous pleasure and frustration, she went for his testicles instead of his erection. She buried her nose in his balls and slathered all around with her tongue. She popped his balls into her mouth one at a time and sucked on them with a passion.

He loved it, but he felt that now wasn't the time. His balls needed release. He grabbed her head with both hands and redirected her tongue to his raging erection.

She got the message and immediately began sucking with a steady bobbing motion. She licked it inside her mouth as well. At the same time, she kept a hand cupped under his churning balls. She held them softly, massaging them gently, even as she attacked his dick with her lips like an out-of-control vacuum cleaner.

He was so overcome that all he could do was hold her head with both hands and assist moving her back and forth over his shaft. He thought, I can't believe I'm going along with this! This is so wrong. So wrong! And with my sister, no less! The danger... This is almost as bad as when Heather made me fuck her in the

parking lot. True, this stall is pretty secure, but what if Christine finds out where I've been? My life will be ruined!

The cocksucking made him think of his mother, since she'd been doing that to him so much lately. He mumbled, "Did Susan really send you to do this?"

Katherine mumbled as she sucked, "Im a maanna ashpeegeeg." She slurred as she sucked because she didn't really want to be understood.

But Alan asked "What?"

She said it clearly this time, even though she kept on bobbing. "In a manner of speaking."

However, he was too worked up to talk anymore, so he didn't follow up that deliberately elusive answer. In less than a minute, his urge to cum had built up so much that it was all but impossible to stop.

Release didn't take long in coming. He'd been getting quite good at holding back and extending his sex sessions, but this time he hardly fought it. He was so worked up and anxious to get the dangerous sex over with that he decided to just let go. He began shooting into her mouth less than two minutes since she'd started sucking him off.

#### Chapter 684 Christine Masturbating

Christine sat at her dinner table, nervously tapping her fingers on their shared wine glass. She was all worked up and didn't know what to do. Although Alan had left, she was still extremely horny. She had a very vivid imagination, and she kept fantasizing about him doing things to her right in the middle of the restaurant.

She also continually flirted with the idea of masturbating herself right there. She was unwilling to give in and lose control, so it only remained an idea. But it was such a powerfully arousing one that it kept her nearly as hot as if she had been really frigging herself under the table. And even with her great

willpower, her hands kept wandering to her crotch or her breasts. She kept having to mentally fight her own body, forcing her hands away before they could do anything unseemly in such a public place.

Alan said he'd be gone fifteen minutes. At least. That's a long time. What am I supposed to do? I'm bouncing off the walls. God, if I could just get some RELIEF! Phew! Man alive, I don't know if I've ever felt like this before.

Things were getting a little bit out of hand there. It's a good thing that phone call happened or I might have done something to make a fool out of myself. What's happening to me? Is it the wine? Is it that I'm really flirting for the first time? Or maybe there's something special about Alan? Whatever it is, I like it! If just flirting makes me feel like this, what will REAL sex be like? I can hardly wait.

She tapped and tapped the wine glass. Maybe I'll just go for a short while and burn off this energy. Or I could go to the bathroom and freshen up. Either way, I can't just sit here.

She stood up and began walking to the front of the restaurant, looking all over for Alan. She saw the door to the ladies' room and went in it without thinking. Once inside, her feet led her straight to one of the toilet stalls instead of to the sink and mirror as planned. What am I doing?! I don't have to take a pee; I did that just a little while ago.

Suddenly, a different perspective came to the fore in her consciousness. Oh come on. Who are you kidding? You know what you need and you need it now!

Her arousal was so high that there was no part of her brain that tried to dispute that. She pulled down her panties. Geez! I don't get wet that easily, but there's a little tsunami of lust down here. Oooh. Gross. Yuck!

She pulled her panties completely off and hung them on a hook on the stall door. Then she sat down on the closed toilet lid. In her excitement, she forgot that the only place she'd ever masturbated before was in her own bed or in the shower.

What a night! I think Alan really likes me. It's like we can't keep our hands off each other, even though we're sitting across the table. What if we played footsie below the table? Wouldn't that be fun? I could still try that when he gets back from his phone call, but I know I don't have the guts to start something like that. I'm so afraid to cross the line from officially platonic to something more, and that's not even

mentioning the whole situation with Amy. It's funny - just a few minutes ago, he asked me if I wanted to order dessert and I told him that what I want to nibble on is already right in front of me. I can say outrageous stuff like that, and yet I'm still too chicken to even put my hand or foot on his knee.

She sighed heavily. Then she perked up. But what if HE were to start it? He's supposed to have turned into such a stud-muffin these days. Yeah! He would start touching me below the table, a little bit here, a little bit there, and the next thing you know, he'd have his toe in my pussy! Hell, why stop with a toe, a couple of fingers would feel a whole lot better!

She had been holding back from masturbating herself, even though she knew she would inevitably give in. It didn't take long for her resistance to crumble. Once she began thinking of Alan fingering her, she lost all control and began fingering herself with closed eyes so she could dream that he was doing it.

I can't believe I'm doing this! Thank God the stalls are so secure. I'll have to be extra quiet though. If anyone found out Christine the Ice Queen was jilling herself in a public place... But I don't wanna be the Ice Queen. Why can't I be Christine the Hot Tamale? Or Christine the Fire Tiger? Why do I have to come across in such a cold and unforgiving way? Why do I always have to play it safe?

Wait, I'm masturbating in a restaurant. For the first time in my life, I'm not playing it safe when it comes to sex! But what good does it do me now? I need to take risks with him, not by myself!

She began to frig herself more intently as her thoughts went back to Alan. Well, I guess I did a little, with all that practice flirting. Tonight he's seen my other side. Maybe it's all the wine, but I CAN loosen up!

Just then, someone in the stall next to hers flushed the toilet. The sudden burst of sound took her out of her thoughts and reminded her of where she was. Good God! What am I doing?! But it feels so good that I just can't stop! What if someone were to find me here?!

She momentarily freaked out until she looked at the door lock and confirmed again that it was securely locked. I know that no one can get in, but still I feel so...

Oh God! What if Alan found me here? Wouldn't that be deliciously awful? At first I'd be so mortified, so terrified, as he slammed the door open and stared at my slutty fingers... My probing, naughty fingers that just can't stop! But he's not the kind of guy who would just stare. Maybe the old Alan was, but the

new Alan would take the situation in his firm and strong hands. He'd take one look at me and know what I need. A good hard fucking, that's what!

That's right, a fucking! It's my dream and I can use whatever fucking words I fucking want! He would say something like, "What do we have here?" as he smirked in complete triumph. 'Cos he knows I'm gonna get a massive beef injection and I know it too. Oooh! "Beef injection!" I love it. Why do I always pull back and run away from even saying things like that, even in my own thoughts? Tonight I found when talking like that out loud that it can be fun to be a little naughty. I'll bet sex is ten times better. A thousand times better! It's probably the best feeling in the whole wide world!

He wouldn't waste time. He'd say, "It's time I show you what sex is all about." Then he'd take my clothes off and take his off too. I'd be helpless in his strong arms and just let him turn me into a naked slut. In fact, he wouldn't even close the door! All the women coming and going would stop in front of this stall and peer in as he sat me in his lap and bounced me up and down, holding me and tossing me about like I was some kind of blow-up fucking doll! His hands would be on my breasts, for sure! I'd scream for joy and for shame but there would be nothing to do but GET FUCKED! Gaawwwd that would feel good!

Christine very rarely masturbated because she would rarely allow herself to get sexually worked up. But when she did she would always use one or two fingers only, and no additional aids. She was very careful about keeping her hymen intact, and mostly got off from fiddling with her clitoris.

However, now she was overcome by the desire to imagine what it would feel like to be filled to the limit with a fat erection, so she tried to add a third finger. She discovered that that didn't work: the twinges of discomfort from the additional girth kept her from taking all three fingers comfortably. Even so, simply even trying made her feel incredibly worldly and wanton.

Oh, yeah! That's it, Alan, fill me! Fuck me! Split me in two! After a few more thrusts like that she felt that she absolutely had to have three fingers. She made another effort and managed to get all three in, though it hurt some and they couldn't go very deep at all due to her hymen. Still, it was enough for her to better fantasize that the fingers represented Alan's erection.

Ooooh! God-it's-so-big! Ugh! Alan, no! I can't take all that cock! It's my first time. Please have mercy on me! Not so much fat COCK! Not so deep! Oh, soooo deep! Yes, deep! Deeper!

She moaned loudly in frustration as her hymen prevented the kind of penetration she deeply craved. No! I need more. I need his thick huge cock! I wanna go deep!

Suddenly she froze as she realized how loudly she'd just moaned. She paused in her thrusting. Shit! If there's anyone here, they must have heard that.

She remained completely still and strained to hear any sound. As she heard some shuffling of feet, her heart sank and her heartbeat pounded even faster than it was already hammering.

She reached out and flushed the toilet. She sighed, but quietly. Shit, shit, shit! Well, hopefully if anyone was paying attention they'll just think I was having a difficult bowel movement.

She waited a while, nearly a minute, until she heard the sound of a door opening and closing. Then she waited a little longer until she was fairly confident that she was alone. She thought, Shoot. I was having such a good time, but that ruined my groove.

However, that wasn't true. The close call only increased her excitement. As she resumed jilling herself she was instantly transported back into her fantasy. That's it, Alan, give it to me! Give it all to me! Don't hold back!

She imagined that he was lifting her up and slamming her back down onto his steel erection over and over. In an attempt to mimic that, she began bouncing up and down on the toilet seat. At first she did it a little, but soon she used a hand for support and actually lifted herself completely off of the seat repeatedly as she really got into it.

That's right, Alan! Fuck me hard! Take me! Make me yours! Use me! Use my cunt! Use me any way you want! Use my tits too!

She'd been so intent on playing with her clit and pussy that she'd temporarily forgotten about her breasts. But she brought the hand that had been helping to accentuate her bouncing to her chest and practically mauled herself in her frenzied excitement. Since her dress slipped down on one side, nearly exposing a nipple, she was able to reach in from that side and play with one breast directly.

She continued like that, working her pussy with three fingers, while frantically grasping at her breasts through her outfit, for a couple more minutes. She had to be careful due to her hymen. Luckily, hymens vary greatly from person to person and hers was deeper than most, but still she could do little more than push the three fingers in right at her pussy lips and keep them there.

She would start to moan loudly and then catch herself and quiet down, then repeat the process. She considered adding a fourth finger, but decided it was too risky for her hymen.

One reason why Christine rarely masturbated was because she wasn't the type to climax easily. In fact, she climaxed so rarely that each one was an event. But the plus side was that when she did reach climax it was always a big one, and this one was the biggest climax she'd ever had yet.

It took all of her concentration not to scream at the top of her lungs as her body was completely overcome by lust and the greatest of pleasures. She knew she was making some noise bouncing around, not to mention all of her huffing and puffing, but it couldn't be helped.

Then, all of a sudden, it was over. She came crashing down from her great high and found herself sitting on a toilet in a public place, with one hand on a boob and the other on her pussy. The awareness of the situation hit her hard, like she'd just been transported into her body from somewhere else. A depressed feeling suddenly overwhelmed her.

She slumped down and sighed. She flushed the toilet again, hoping once more that that would mask what she had really done. Damn! What's gotten into me? Alan's not all that. I think I'm building up all my years of erotic frustration and projecting all my fantasies and dreams onto him. But what's with my fantasy, what's that all about? Why is it that I'M the one telling HIM to use me? Did I really say that? Did I tell him to make me his? That's fucked up. Why is it the girl has to belong to the guy? Why can't it be the other way around? Why can't I use HIM? Why is it that he gets to sleep with any girl he wants while Amy waits patiently for him to come home from his fooling around?

Her mood suddenly flipped from righteous indignation to pure lust. Because he's such a powerful fucking machine, that's why! You can't stop a total stud like that. If even a fraction of the stories about him are true, he's a literal big-dicked non-stop fucking MACHINE! And to think I turned him down when he asked me out. What an idiot!

Just as suddenly, her mood flipped again. What's gotten into me? Suddenly, a completely inequitable situation is okay just because he's a "total stud"? I think not! So what if he's got a huge penis and knows what to do with it? The entire situation is- oh shit!

The sound of a nearby toilet flushing again roused her to reality a bit more. It hit her that she'd been in the ladies' room a lot longer than she'd meant to be and that she had to get back to her table. On the

other hand, she was wiped out from her masturbation session. She tidied up, picked up her panties (they were so wet she had no intention to put them back on), and staggered out of the toilet stall. To her great relief, no one saw her come out, although a couple of the other stalls appeared to be in use.

She went to the sink, tossed her panties in the trash, and looked in the mirror as she tried to make herself presentable again.

Crap! How am I gonna go on without panties? I'd better just not get aroused anymore. Yeah, like that's gonna happen! She let out yet another heavy sigh as she lamented her lack of willpower.

## Chapter 685 Fucking Katherine In The Men's Room

As Christine was busy in the ladies' room, Alan and Katherine were still a short distance away in the men's room.bender

When Katherine's blowjob ended, Alan felt so light headed that he had to sit down on the toilet. He put his head in his hands and tried to recover. "Oh God. That was intense. I hate to admit it, but I really needed that."

Katherine giggled. "Hee-hee! See? Susan and I know you better than you know yourself." Like Alan, she was careful to say "Susan" and not "Mom" on the off chance that someone had quietly entered the bathroom while she was busy sucking him. "Aren't you glad?"

"No," he said. "This is craziness. I'll admit that I was dying for release. But if I had a lick of sense I would have just come here and jerked off."

Katherine gasped in mock horror. "Masturbation? If Susan heard you say that, she'd wash your mouth out with soap. Or, more likely, she'd get so excited picturing that that she'd make you wash her mouth out with your sperm. But either way, mouths would get washed." She giggled.

She sat down on the floor and leaned back on the stall door, because she needed to rest for a minute. She wasn't wearing anything but her blue miniskirt and high heels, but her long dark brown hair flared out and covered all of her back, so she wasn't too concerned about getting dirty. She spread her legs



some, showing him that she wasn't wearing any panties. She saw her new position would allow her to comfortably play with herself, so she started frigging her pussy. She asked him, "So. How's your date going?"

He answered, "Fine. But what do you think you're doing?"

"Duh! All these constant orgasms seem to be affecting your brain. What does it look like? In any case, what were you two talking about? You two were getting pretty hot and heavy, from the little I could see. What happened to the non-romantic dating idea?"

He replied defensively, "I don't appreciate you spying on me and my date. And I'll have you know we're still very much platonic, thank you very much. It's just that she needs practice with flirting, so that's what we're practicing."

Katherine snorted with derision.

Alan ignored that, and continued, "And I gotta say that I've had so many incredible sexual experiences lately that I'm not used to so much teasing and so little action. She and I have been teasing each other for the last hour or more. I've been very clear with her tonight that things are just platonic, but in spite of that the sexual tension has been growing. You came along just in time."

She smirked. She was very happy with the outcome of her intervention so far.

He saw her look, and said, "Don't get so smug. A lot of lucky things have fallen together, so I'm not that mad at you. For instance, I don't know how no one's come into this room for the last five minutes or whatever it's been."

She snorted. "Luck? Not hardly. Didn't you see the 'DO NOT DISTURB' sign I put up outside the door?"

"Huh. Clever. But how long will it take before some employee notices that, especially if some customer who really has to pee complains? We need to get out of here, and quick. But before we do, I want to make it completely clear: what you did here is totally insane. There's no way you can do this again. Our luck is only gonna last so long. I want you to promise me right now you won't pull any stunt like this again. Especially on any date with Christine. She's dangerous. You know that, right? If she were to find

out what you were doing a few minutes ago, well, I don't think she'd go public with it, but she'd find some private way to put a stop to our relationship. She's not the kind to turn a blind eye to something she finds offensive. Is that what you want? To put an end to all our fun?"

"No, of course not."

"Well then, promise me. Promise not to interfere." He stared intently at her face, doing his best not to look at her fingers working on her clit.

After she gave that serious thought, she replied, "Okay, but only on one condition. I promise not to do it again, so long as I get to make the most out of this one time. I want you to fill me down below." With a big grin, she nodded down towards her pussy.

"What, you seriously expect me to get hard again? No way. That's a ridiculously dangerous idea. How long do you think that 'do not disturb' sign will work? We're gonna get in serious trouble when they find the sign and figure out that someone inside must have put it there. And besides, even though you're looking pretty tempting diddling yourself like that, it's not enough. Frankly, I have no idea how I managed to get aroused even the first time, considering everything else I've been through today. By all rights I should be completely collapsed and dead asleep by now. Emphasis on 'dead.'"

"I know how to do it," Katherine said in a husky voice. "Just pretend I'm Christine. You two practicing all that flirting. That's what gets you going. What if she needs more practice than that? What if she wants to come into this room and practice a little titfucking? What then? Just imagine your cock in the middle of a GIGANTIC tit sandwich! She's so busty she's practically Brenda-esque!"

He gulped at that comparison. He could feel his penis stirring again.

She went on, "You should practice playing with those fun bags. Not only that, but she's probably gonna need a lot of cocksucking practice, and as a 'platonic' friend I'm sure you'll be more than happy to help her out with that."

She snorted and giggled. Even though she was jealous of Christine, those feelings were largely forgotten for the moment. She knew this kind of talk would increase his lust until he'd be putty in her hands, and that's what mattered to her at the moment, because she really wanted to get fucked.

Alan was instantly reminded of Christine's earlier busty teasing, which made him that much more aroused. Still he protested, "It's not like that. Really. I'd turn her down if she came on to me; it would be too dangerous."

Katherine snorted again. "That's a laugh. IF she came on to you? Where were you earlier tonight when she was about to launch herself at you? She was so horny, I could see it and smell it from the other side of the restaurant! Protest all you want, but I know you get off on danger. You say you hate it but you love it. Here you are..."

He replied, "I guess I can't help myself. You're too sexy. But if we're gonna keep going, could you please put your blouse back on? Loosely, at least?"

She looked at him indignantly. "Certainly not! In fact, I'm way overdressed as it is." Smirking with glee, she stood up and took off her short skirt. As she hung it on the same bar with the rest of her clothes, she said mirthfully, "As the famous saying goes, 'The best kind of fuck toy is a naked fuck toy.'"

He snorted with amusement, "Famous saying, huh?"

She tried hard not to giggle. She was trying to sound serious and academic, but failing miserably. "Certainly! Who said that? I forget. Winston Churchill? Mark Twain? Homer? One of those famous often-quoted guys, at any rate."

She suddenly stood up and sat down on Alan's lap so she could put her lips near his ear. She whispered quietly, "Here you are, in a public restroom having sex with your silly little sister while your absolutely gorgeous date is waiting patiently for you. Is that not naughty? Is that not truly dangerous? But you love it, don't you?"

As she talked she took his dick in her hand and stroked it as it steadily inflated between her legs. Giving up on frigging herself, she brought her other hand to his balls and began lightly scratching on the bottom of his nut sack.

He wanted to deny it, but the truth was in Katherine's hands, and in more ways than one. He just looked around as if he was able to see through the stall walls to see if someone was listening.

Katherine picked up on that and whispered as she stroked his penis back to life, "That's right. For all we know, there could be someone standing right outside this stall with their ear to the door. There's no way to know, is there? At any moment someone could stand up on the toilet seat in the stall next door and look over the wall down at us, couldn't they?"

He couldn't resist - he looked up towards the top of the stall, half expecting to see a face peering down. But no one was there.

Katherine was no fool. She knew that, at the moment, there was nothing more arousing to him than thoughts of Christine. If she was to get what she wanted and go all the way, she had to make him even more aroused first. She took a risk and whispered, "Heck, it could even be Christine watching."

He got even more visibly nervous at that. He also started panting hard.

But she quickly pressed on, saying, "Of course, Christine is very inquisitive. She'd want to learn what we're doing, just like she's 'learning' about flirting. We'd have to open the door and let her in. Then we'd strip her and teach her a thing or two about sex. Wouldn't that be fun? Just imagine a fully naked Christine standing here, watching you fuck your own sister! Her huge tits just wobbling and jiggling around as she bent over to get a really good look. Sure she'd be upset, but only because she'd have to wait her turn to get fucked!"

Seeing that Alan was panting and quite excited by her words, not to mention her stroking, Katherine turned around, held his erection in place, and slowly sat down on it. She let out a great big "Aaaaah" as it filled her up.

She was so tight that he couldn't enter her with one great thrust. Instead, they worked together to move her up and down, allowing her to take a little more of his erection with each down thrust.

Eventually, he bottomed out. He thought, Man, what a sister! She's so smooth and warm and wet. And so very, very naughty. How can I get mad at her when she makes me feel this good?

The two of them grunted with exertion as Katherine fucked her way onto her brother's shaft. After another minute or two, she relaxed and loosened up enough to make further thrusts a lot easier.

Even though both of them guessed no one else was in the men's room, they tried to stay as quiet as they could, just to be sure. In their nervousness the sounds of his wet dick surging and squishing its way in and out, together with the smacking of flesh on flesh, sounded like they were being picked up by a microphone and broadcast loudly throughout the room.

He felt excitement coursing through his body like an electric current. His mind boggled at the situation he was in, and his heart pounded wildly. He moaned, "Dammit, Kat, this is bad. Coming here, doing this. Jesus! I can't believe what a slut you are."

"Not a slut," she happily corrected him. "A fuck toy. Your number one fuck toy. A very naughty and uppity fuck toy, but one who knows just what you need sometimes even better than you do. And what you need right now is to nail some serious sister ass!"

They were both so carried away, they forgot about the danger of using words like "sister."

As she bounced up and down on him, going higher and higher with each new impaling, he complained, "I know what this is all about. You're jealous of Christine, aren't you? You're worried that she'll take your place somehow. Don't deny it, I've been getting those vibes from you for some time now. You always frown when her name comes up. You even admitted your jealousies to Xania this afternoon in her office. You've got to quit being so jealous."

Katherine didn't answer, all but confirming what he said with her silence.

So he continued even as he got more into the fucking, "Don't worry about it! I love you. YOU! NO one will ever take your place. Is that clear?" He possessively ran his hands all over her heaving breasts.

"No," she surprisingly said. "I mean, I know you love me in a non-romantic way and that you always will, but how can I compete when it comes to sex? I'm not as curvy or as stunning as all your other women. I have to try to make up for that by going all out."

He suddenly turned tender and the pace of the fucking changed too, slowing down. "Awww, Sis. You really don't have to do that. I'll love you and lust after you no matter what you do. Can't you see that? What do I have to do to prove it to you?"

"Fuck me!" she whispered in the most sexy voice imaginable. "Prove your love with your dick!"

So he fucked her some more, but now it really became more like making love. Instead of pounding her, he went slowly. He showered the back of her neck with kisses, reached around and slowly circled her nipples and clit, and nuzzled her ears. He wanted to prove the intensity of his feelings and tried to do everything he could physically to increase her pleasure. Before, his thoughts of Christine had increased his arousal, but now Christine was completely forgotten. He was so overcome with feeling for his sister that he practically cried, not from joy or sorrow, but just overall emotional intensity.

At the same time, he was going mad with arousal because Katherine was doing her utmost to fuck him to death, despite the slow pace. She put her heart and soul into it, moving her hips in ways that would make even a belly dancer jealous. She coaxed every last bit of pleasure possible out of her brother, gently and insistently grinding down onto him.

But while the slow fucking was intense and helped them reconnect, they were both too aroused and too worried about getting caught to go on like that for very long. Alan began picking up the pace.

He cursed the suit he was still wearing. He had been so distracted that he forgot to even take his jacket off and now it was both limiting his mobility and making him sweat. He feared going back to Christine looking suspiciously rumpled and sweaty. But he was still able to clutch Katherine's ass and knead her soft but firm ass cheeks. At the same time, he began bucking and thrusting his hips upwards with more urgency.

The slap of skin on skin seemed to loudly echo around the otherwise dead silent room.

Within minutes, he really started slamming into her. This was another way of proving his love, by overwhelming her with physical strength, fucking her harder and deeper than he'd ever fucked her before. Soon they switched positions and he began doing her doggy style so he could penetrate as deep as he could go. His erection banged past her cervix before sliding alongside and deeper into her with each thrust.

The two of them loved it. Both wanted to cry out, but had to restrain themselves because of where they were. Somehow, that made the fuck even better as the need to stay quiet constantly reminded them of the excitement and danger.

Alan waited until Katherine was overcome by a continuous, prolonged orgasm. Then he let loose, starting to fill her vagina with his seed. He could have gone on longer, but he kept thinking about that "do not disturb" sign and an employee coming in to see what it was about. He also remembered Christine, and imagined her impatiently waiting at the table. Thinking of that in particular really brought out his "Bad Alan" side. He reveled in how wrong it was to fuck his sister in the middle of a date with another girl.

Jet after jet of hot semen fired into Katherine's equally hot and needy pussy. For a brief moment, he enjoyed how great it felt when he didn't have to wear a condom. He thought of all his sperm swimming and struggling deeper and deeper into his sister, and was reminded that there was always a chance the protection would fail and they would make a baby. In his overheated and lust-addled brain, that thought just aroused him all the more.

She was thinking along the same lines. Gaawwwd! Wouldn't it be sweet poetic justice if he banged a baby into me while on a date with Christine? I don't know why that would be so perfect, but it really would! For one thing, it just goes to show what a total fucking tamed sister slut I am! Hee!

Don't stop! Don't stop now! Keep filling me with your precious baby batter! Bang your sperm straight into my womb! ... Oh dammit, he's slowing down... Shoot, we're down to the last squirt. But still, what a RIDE that was!

The two of them ended up in an embrace. They were a sweaty, disheveled, and panting mess. Even now, he kept his jacket on, since he didn't have any good place to put it (the bar holding his sister's clothes wouldn't work for his stiff jacket).

Between the need for speed and his great excitement, he had cum in a matter of minutes since they started the hard and fast thrusting. That was a poor performance compared to his recent standards, but at least he knew that he'd been completely satisfied and his sister was completely satisfied too.

Katherine couldn't help but gloat a bit. She was the first to speak as she sat on him sitting on the toilet and they both recovered. She crowed, "So. Still thinking my coming here was a bad idea?"

"Okay, you got me. It was fun. A lot of fun. And I feel good that we reconnected in a primal way. I'm sorry if I haven't spent enough time with you lately. But I still think this was a bad idea overall. We risk everything for a few minutes of fun. Promise me you'll keep to your promise and not do this kind of thing in public again. Especially not when Christine is at all involved."

Katherine pouted. "As Mo- as Susan would say, 'Oh poo.' But I suppose you're right. Okay, I promise."

But inwardly, she was far from regretful about what she did. She knew that she had accomplished her main mission. When she'd come to the restaurant, she'd been able to detect sparks flying between Alan and Christine even from across the large room. True, Alan seemed surprisingly determined to keep things platonic with his bombshell date, but when he got that aroused lately his little head usually overrode his big head. Now, after two climaxes to top off an extremely sexually busy day, she knew it would be a near miracle if he could even achieve another erection. Just as importantly, the momentum of his date had been lost. Katherine felt confident that the Christine "threat" had been neutralized, at least until their next date.

Alan had stood guard and successfully made sure that Katherine could escape the men's room without notice. The only curious thing was that he couldn't take the "do not disturb" sign down because someone had removed it already. That led both him and Katherine to wonder if anyone had come in to check if anyone was there, but if someone did they had no way of knowing. They also did not know they had just missed Christine's exit from the ladies' room by a couple of minutes.

In retrospect, he realized that both he and Katherine had used words like "Sis" and "Sister" a couple of times. That worried him more than anything. He doubled his resolve not to let his lust overwhelm his common sense ever again, because the risk of losing everything was too great.

He went to great lengths to wash and clean himself before he left the bathroom. Luckily, his hair was unruly most of the time anyway, so his slightly bedraggled appearance wasn't so noticeable.

## Chapter 686 Various Thoughts Of Christine

It turned out Katherine was correct in her analysis - she had spoiled the erotic build-up. Nearly twenty minutes had passed by the time that Alan finally returned to the table where Christine was waiting. Christine didn't seem to have minded his long absence nor did she pry about the nature of his "emergency," but the sexual and flirtatious mood from earlier was gone. And as Katherine had intended, Alan was physically incapable of managing another erection.



Christine was still slightly horny, but she was mostly sated sexually. She looked a bit flustered and embarrassed after what had occurred in the ladies' room, but Alan was too busy trying to act casual and cover up his own sexual escapades to notice. Although she had lost her panties, that now only made her feel more embarrassed, rather than empowered and brazen. In fact, for a while after she came back she felt strong resentment towards Alan that she had to fight to suppress. On some level, she blamed him for her getting too aroused and losing control in the restroom.

Eventually though, they both fell back into a fun mood. But while the two of them continued to talk up a storm and joke around, there wasn't any further "flirtation practice." There was still a certain sexual tension between them, but it wasn't at the "rip each other's clothes off" level of intensity that had been there earlier.

Christine in particular remained quite horny, mostly because she felt wickedly naked and exposed from not wearing a bra or panties. She avoided prying about his phone call, because from his changed mood she guessed that it had to have been about some serious, unpleasant matter. She mostly restrained herself.

The two of them could have stayed out much longer, but there was a certain rhythm to eating at an American restaurant, where it was expected one would leave not long after finishing the meal and paying the check. As they left the restaurant, Christine toyed with the idea of asking Alan to take her dancing, but she chickened out.

Alan dropped her off at her house, giving her a quick goodnight kiss on the cheek. In an attempt to stay a gentleman, he rather awkwardly kept his hands at his sides, and she did the same. However, she was so stacked that they were forced to touch in another way: he did his best to ignore the way her hard nipples and huge globes pressed into his chest during their kiss.

As he kissed her he thought, I must be the biggest fool in the history of mankind to not really go for it right here. I hope someone somewhere is recording some major good-guy points for me right now. Why does she have to look so drop-dead gorgeous? Thank God my dick is flaccid or I might not be able to stop with just this innocent kiss.

Christine seemed happy enough with the minimal kiss, and happy with the date overall.

The two of them agreed to have another date soon, although no specific date was set. With the kiss over, he lightly hugged her for another minute or two as they wrapped things up with some small talk.

Once he had her in his arms, and his hands on her bare back, she felt so good that it was hard to let go. But he finally managed after one more brief kiss, on her other cheek.

After he left, he wondered how different the goodnight kiss might have been if their earlier sexy mood had continued to escalate. Even after all the heavy flirting he'd done, he still didn't realize how much Christine desired him. That flirting was very tame, at least compared to all his other recent sexual activity. He suspected that Katherine's interruption may have prevented him from crossing a line with Christine, but he didn't realize how close Christine had been to crossing the line on her own (only to be "saved" by her own bathroom interruption).

Now that he'd gotten his rocks off, he realized that he was probably lucky to have avoided another serious sexual entanglement. He resolved not to let himself get in such a tempting situation with Christine again.

He thought, I love these dates with Christine. They're a lot of fun because she's such fun to be with. Once she lets her hair down you get all the smarts without the prickly attitude. And it's nice for a change of pace to be with a great girl without needing to rise to the sexual occasion again and again. But on the next date I have to take an even firmer stance that things have to be completely platonic between us. Sadly, it's the only way. If only she were completely open-minded sexually, like Amy - but she's not. The situation with Glory is painful enough already; I don't need another duplicate of that unsolvable kind of problem.

As he drove home afterward, he suddenly realized that he was extremely tired. He'd been able to sustain a kind of high as long as Christine was around, but that disappeared as soon as she left and he had nothing else to keep him going. It was all he could do to get home without falling asleep at the wheel. A whole week of incredibly exciting adventures was finally catching up with him. He thanked his lucky stars that his scouting trip had been postponed, because he just didn't have the energy for it. His stamina was all tapped out.

Susan was waiting up for him when he arrived. Katherine had been home for a while and had gotten Susan excited talking about her big bathroom stall adventure. Susan had hoped to talk to Alan about it and maybe have some more sexy fun with him, but just one look at him let her know that even talking was out of the question.

She reverted to "mother" mode and quickly got him to bed. She tucked him in with nothing more than a kiss on the cheek.

Alan fell asleep just about as soon as his head hit the pillow. He slept for a very, very, long time.

Back at home, Christine was still energized and horny from her date with Alan. She was glad that her parents had already gone to bed, because she knew that they'd want to question her about her date and she didn't want to deal with that just yet. She rushed to her room and removed her clothes, in preparation for going to bed.

Although Christine was buzzing from the excitement of her date, and especially the final goodbye kiss, she was a very self-critical type of person, and she was already starting to fret about what had just happened. Once she had taken off all her clothes, she sat on the edge of her bed and sighed heavily.

Phew! What an evening! That was such fun. I loved it! But does Alan know what kind of a totally pathetic freak he was having dinner with tonight? I mean, I actually masturbated in a public restroom! I've never done anything so shameful and scandalous in my life! He just got me too aroused. And I'm still far too aroused now, thanks to that goodbye kiss.

For supposedly being so smart, I sure am an idiot! What kind of game am I trying to play here?! What if I really had lost control? Or if he'd lost control? Or worse, both of us lost control?! We could have wound up doing all kinds of things! Sexual things! With... with, his penis, even! Or with my... OH GOD!

She winced, and closed her eyes. Shit! I was feeling so good there that I totally forgot... my deformity! Hell, now that I think about it, even while I was masturbating in the bathroom, I forgot all about my secret shame. My clit! My huge, freakish, ugly clitoris! Oh God, why me?! Why me?!bender

Indeed, Christine's secret shame was the size of her clitoris. In her opinion, it was freakishly large. In actual fact, while it was much larger than usual, very few people would have considered it objectionably large. Christine didn't know it, but there were even some women in the U.S. who were having plastic surgery to increase the size of their clitoris, often to a size similar to Christine's.

However, Christine wasn't thinking rationally about this. She had seen in locker rooms in P.E. class that her clit was larger than anyone else's, and she'd been teased about this, since teens tend to make fun of anything that's different. Furthermore, she was in the curious position of having very little confidence about her looks even though she had a body that was perfect and the cultural ideal in nearly every possible way. As a result, she seized on the one perceived imperfection that she'd been teased about - her clitoris - and blew that worry all out of proportion.

Her greatest fear about her body was that her clit wouldn't be seen as a clit at all, but as a miniature penis, and she would be seen as some kind of transsexual. She tried not to shower at school anymore. When she had no choice, she used a special soap that lathered up and allowed her to completely cover her clitoris for most of the time. It had been a couple of years since other girls had seen her clitoris and teased her about it, and she lived in fear that they would notice and tease her again. Her fear had even played a part in why she never dated.

Let's say, for argument's sake, that this wasn't just a practice date, or it started as one and then turned into a REAL date. Then what?! Maybe not on the first real date, or even for a few dates after that, but eventually Alan would see my clitoris, and even touch it! What would he do?! Would he throw up in disgust?! Thank God at least I feel confident that he wouldn't share my terrible secret with everyone in school, but he'd know, and I would know that he knows! I could never look him in the eye again! And he's involved with some pretty impressive girls. I'm sure Amy has a normal clit. Hell, everyone has a normal one but me! Why would he want to be with me, once he finds out I have this... little penis?! Oh God!

She was so distraught that she was on the verge of crying. She would have broken into tears except that she considered it a sign of weakness to cry, and she never allowed herself to give in to weakness. She stood up and walked to a full length mirror she had on her wall.

No. I can't let myself think like that. What if he's okay with it? He is a nice, considerate guy, after all. Maybe, if things ever got to that point, we could just put some tape over it or something. Or at least we could always have fun under the covers only, and he'd know not to touch me in that area? I don't know! There's gotta be some solution, right? I mean, most people have things they don't like about their bodies, but they still have sex. Why can't I? Why do I have to stay a virgin forever? I have to be strong! Forget about my damn clit, for once!

She stared at her clit in the mirror. Like tonight. I was so carried away with my lust that I forgot all about it. I had a great time, without any worries. Being with Alan is great! He makes me feel good, just to be me. Even when he tells me all those dumb-blond jokes, we both know that he does that in part because he's so wowed by my intelligence. It's just fun, not mean. He never insults anybody. The truth is, if he were to see my freakish clit, I'm sure he'd try hard to say something polite, even though he'd be horrified on the inside.

I am who I am, and it is what it is. I can't avoid all physical contact forever. If there's anyone who I could dare let see me and touch me down there, it's Alan. Even though he does have high standards, what with Amy and everything, his niceness shines through. Even when we argue, we argue about the facts and he never resorts to personal insults. I trust him more than anyone else.

And, dammit, I want him! If only these weren't just practice dates! He actually kissed me AND held me in his arms for a few minutes tonight! I should be over the moon. I would be masturbating myself silly right now, except that I've gotten myself all worked up about my damn clitoris. Look at me! I have a pretty nice body. Everybody says so. Plus, he's such a tit man. Can't he overlook my manly clit and focus on the rest of my body?

She sighed heavily. Then she put a robe on and went to the bathroom to brush her teeth, so she could get some sleep.

## Chapter 687 Susan And Suzanne

Because it was a Saturday and he was exhausted, Alan was sleeping in. Susan and Suzanne had a good long talk in the kitchen as they waited for him to awaken. They'd only been alone together a short time the night before, and most of that had been filled with Susan's description of Akami's visit.

Suzanne had learned of most that had happened at the psychologist's office by talking to Xania by phone the night before, but she also wanted to hear Susan's version of events. After a healthy and prolonged good-morning French kiss with her best friend, she sat down on one of the kitchen stools, and asked, "So, Susan, how was the visit with Xania? Good, I assume?"

Susan sat on a stool as well. "Good. Excellent actually, but exhausting! You mentioned that she was a sex therapist, but I had no idea there's so much actual sex in a therapy session! She made me masturbate for so long that I could barely walk out of there. My legs were wobbly and dripping with juices, as usual. Actually, now that I think about it, it wasn't that different from just staying at home, in that respect. Non-stop masturbation!" She giggled. "But her advice was really good."

Susan stopped and asked, "By the way... Is that... unusual? Masturbating during a therapy session? It seems rather improper to me."

Suzanne replied, "Well, yes, it is rather unusual. Xania is very progressive. She uses the latest methods that most other therapists are too set in their ways to touch. For her, it's all about results. And it was effective, wasn't it?"

"It sure was." Susan was placated by Suzanne's clever answer. She proceeded to further describe the session.

Suzanne was very proud of her scheming. Susan talked extensively, and Suzanne learned that almost everything with the psychologist visit had gone exactly according to plan, and in some cases even better than expected. Xania had shown a natural talent for improvising, perhaps due to her acting experience.

In Suzanne's opinion, Xania had let things get far too sexual, especially with the improvised "visualization exercises" she'd made Susan do. Suzanne was fairly amazed that Susan didn't find it very odd that she'd spent most of the appointment topless and masturbating.

It goes to show how far removed Susan's become from the real world. When she has to go out shopping or something, it must be like Rip Van Winkle waking up, because nowadays she's in this hypersexual world, fucking herself and sucking Sweetie's cock all day. Just like Akami's visit yesterday, for instance. Susan probably didn't even blink when Akami started to suck his cock; she's gotten to the point where she finds it perfectly natural and right that beautiful women suck her son's cock when they get near him.

She's totally sexed up. I may be creating a monster of sorts, but I've got to keep her like that until she gives in completely to him. I've got to keep doing everything I can to keep her in that non-stop sex world; I'll even keep doing all her grocery shopping. It's a never-ending task to keep her from something jarring that will snap her out of her erotic fog, at least until these changes become permanent. But it'll be so worth it. If things do go too far, I may have to scale her back a little bit, later.

Actually, now that I put it that way, those "visualization exercises" were perfect. I should have come up with that myself, although it's hard to believe that she'd have fallen for it. Sometimes I forget just how naïve she is. I'm going to have to remind her to practice those "exercises" very regularly.bender

The only significant problem was that the counseling sessions with Xania had gone so well that Susan wanted to have additional sessions with her, despite the long drive to Xania's "office." In Xania's phone call to Suzanne after Susan had left, Xania was very insistent and enthusiastic about that idea too (no doubt in large part because she wanted an opportunity to have sex with Susan). But having another appointment would be hard to do. For instance, everything in the office was already packed up and soon to be returned to the rental company.

Suzanne figured that issue was something she could deal with later. Her immediate interest was to find out what Susan's new attitude towards sex would be. For the time being, Suzanne was resisting doing much more than French-kiss greetings, to give Susan some needed space.

Once Susan had finished her long story of the session with the psychologist, she took both of Suzanne's hands in hers, and said, "Now that I've told you all that, I have something very important to say: thank you!"

She paused dramatically, then went on, "Thank you for setting up this appointment, for starters. Once again, you've changed my life in such a wonderful way. Where would I be without you? But not just that. I still want to thank you for the incredible, thoughtful gift Brenda gave to me. I know how you scheme behind the scenes, so I consider that as much from you as her. And then having me give her a copy of the Alan-sized vibrator... technically that came from me, but really it was you again! You even wrote a note in my name."

"I was just trying to help," Suzanne said modestly.

"I know. And you do. So much! But I want to get you some kind of super amazing gift too, but I can't think what it could possibly be. We've known each other for so long. I have a hard enough time finding you something for each Christmas and birthday, because you never tell me what you want."

Suzanne said, "I'm not interested in material things. I've been very lucky in that sense; I'm completely financially secure and if there's any possession I really want, I probably got it a long time ago. Your friendship has taught me a lot, and one thing I've learned is that people are what matters. Love is what matters. Sex is great, because it's an expression and celebration of love. So all I want is for you to continue to love me and be the best friend I've ever had."

Susan was so moved that she stood up and crushed Suzanne in a hug, even though Suzanne was still sitting on a stool. "Oh, Suzanne! With pleasure! With great pleasure! Promise me we will always be the best of friends until the day we die! And we have to die on the same day!"

Suzanne chuckled at that, but she was overcome with love as well. "Okay, okay! I promise already! I still need to breathe!"

Susan broke the hug and stood back up. "Sorry. You know me, I get so emotional. But on top of all that, I really want to get you some kind of tangible gift. Since I got that great vibrator, every time I put it in my mouth to work on my sucking stamina and technique I get a warm feeling thinking of you and Brenda making it for me."

"We didn't make it with our own hands," Suzanne pointed out. "We just told professionals what to do."

"I know, but still, you know what I mean. I want to get something like that for you, that'll give you a warm feeling thinking about me every time you see it. Can I please get you something like that?"

To dodge the issue, Suzanne responded, "Well, I'll think about it, okay?"

"Okay." Susan suggested, "What about some kind of necklace, or bracelet, or ring? Something you'd see and feel every day. I could even get one for you and one for me. That would sort of link us together, forever."

Suzanne found that idea intriguing. "Hmmm. Maybe. That might be nice. Let me sleep on it for a while."

"Of course. Don't take too long though."

Suzanne nodded. Then she asked, "So Susan, here's the big question. Now that an official psychologist condones your activities, what are you going to do with your cutie son, physically?"

"Yes, that's the big question. Now we finally come to it. That's the exciting part, Suzanne! I've been holding it in, waiting for you to ask! I still wasn't 100 percent sure after I left Xania, but then I talked it over briefly with Akami and she confirmed it for me. They both said that I HAVE TO have sex with my son! It's not even up to me to decide; my body belongs to him. Tiger is in complete control of my body and it's obviously what he wants, so I want it too. My entire purpose in life now is to please him sexually." She spoke with complete acceptance.

Ironically, Suzanne was now worried that Susan was too eager. "But what about your religious concerns?" She was ready for a prolonged discussion, and she'd done some Biblical research to help make her case.

Susan said excitedly, "I'm like Saul on the road to Damascus! I've seen the light! You kept trying to tell me, but I wouldn't listen. Even Xania couldn't really address my religious concerns, and that was the one thing still niggling at me. But now it's all clicked into place. All my prudish and absurd childhood teachings have fallen away and I'm totally free. I'm free! It's so great. It didn't really dawn on me until I



went to bed last night. It was like a wave of peace swept over me. I've felt so mentally torn, for weeks. But now I feel a sense of wholeness."

Suzanne was more than a little surprised. She was almost disappointed that her latest religious research appeared to have been time wasted.

Susan sighed happily. "I've realized that there has to be a reason why God made my tits so big and my body so curvy and generally sensitive. I'm built for sex! And not sex for just anyone, but for my son alone! My pussy is as sensitive as the rest of me, so God must want my Tiger to pound my pussy too. And don't tell me his ailment and his completely weird treatment were all just coincidence! That was planned!"

Suzanne gasped, thinking she'd been found out.

But Susan continued happily, "God must have planned that too. Big-titted babes like you and me are meant to serve naturally superior males like Tiger. Why else would we have these annoying big masses of flesh that just make our backs hurt? His whole diagnosis must have been God's way of getting me off my duff and on my knees sucking his cock! If God wants it, then how can I object? I don't have any guilt anymore. In fact, sucking and fucking is practically a religious DUTY! Isn't it great?"

She clutched both of Suzanne's hands tightly, and then the two of them hugged for a very long time.

Suzanne pretended to be happy for her friend, but inwardly she worried. Suzanne, you've been far too successful this time. Damn! What am I going to do now? Susan's like the perfect believer. It's next to impossible to get her to change her beliefs, but once she does, she commits completely in every way. How it is that I scheme so much and still don't wind up on top?

At least she feels whole and at peace again. I can feel good about that, at least. Actually, this is great news if only I can get Sweetie to realize that I'm the one that loves him the most and that he has to love me the most. Everything else is still on track, except for that one thing.

The hug ended. Suzanne faked some of her enthusiasm and said, "That's great. When are the two of you going to do the deed?"

Susan had been bursting with joy, but that cooled her a little bit. "Shucks. That's the one snag. Akami made it clear that I should agree to Tiger's request and let him take it easy all weekend. And of course, if that's what he wants, then I have to obey. I feel so happy now that I realize that my life - and my body - are entirely in his hands!"

Suzanne was disturbed to hear that, not least because she considered herself to be the one with considerable influence over Susan. She didn't want Alan running everything. "But you're his mother. Certainly you have to remain in charge?"

"Well, yeah. With non-sexual things, certainly. My favorite thing Xania said was when she talked about the need for me to assert more control. I need to be in control of the situation. After all, this is my house, and I'm the mother. That's one thing that's really been bothering me, the feeling of constantly sliding down a slippery slope and losing control."

She continued, "In recent weeks I've been slowly getting over my concerns about the morality of our incest, but I've still been worried that I would lose my dignity and become a total slut. Tiger wants to be proud of his mother, and I want him to be proud of me. I don't want to let him down. But then I realized I just have to make a sharp division between the sexual and the non-sexual. When it comes to something like telling him to clean his room or do his homework, I have to stand firm. But when it comes to something like sucking his cock, I have to stand firm, but in a different way. Like this."

She brought her hands behind her back and thrust her chest out. "You know what I mean?" She giggled and laughed mirthfully.

Suzanne queried, "So, in other words, you want him to take over completely, sexually?"

Susan's face lit up, even as she relaxed her pose. "Yes! I NEED him to dominate me sexually. I absolutely MUST serve him. I realized that's just the type of person I am; that's how God made me. I think that's all part of God's plan too. It makes me SO HOT just to think about my son controlling me. You know what turns me on most of all? When he orders me around and says something like 'assume the position.' I cream right then and there!" She looked like she was nearly ready to demonstrate that just from talking about it.

"I'm so proud of my body. So proud of my tits." She grasped her massive globes and held them up. Then she looked down at her crotch. "Soon, I'll be proud of my pussy, when it learns that its purpose in life is to be there for Tiger to fill with his sweet, creamy goo at any time."

This upset Suzanne, if only because she found it a bit daunting that Susan was so submissive. She didn't mind if Alan lusted after them equally, but she didn't want him to be lusting after Susan more. But she couldn't help getting turned on at the same time. She asked, "But certainly being so subservient in that, don't you think that will carry over into other things? How can you force him to clean his room when you're begging to suck his cock?"

"Well, that's my challenge. And that's the solution. Tiger can still respect me as a mother, and enjoy me always as one of his favorite hot-for-cock helpers, as long as I remain resolute in maintaining my non-sexual motherly duties. You see? It's the best of both worlds. I can slide down the sexual slippery slope as far as I want. I don't have to have boundaries or resist anymore! We can fuck like frenzied bunnies all night long, as long as I'm there to prepare his breakfast and lunch bag in the morning. I can and will serve his cock AND be a good mother as well."

Suzanne had a hard time believing that Susan's balancing act could work. She thought, Susan is deceiving herself yet again. Her sexual enthusiasm means that she's going to gladly give up total control to him in everything. He's going to be spanking her right and left, and she's going to love it.

Darn. It looks like I went too far in indoctrinating her about certain things. This is why it's so important that I assume an increasingly dominant role in his life, and in her life too. I need to step in and be the one to say "no" when Susan is too blissed out on sex. Otherwise, Sweetie is going to be completely spoiled in very short order. In fact, I really need to be the matriarch of this whole bunch.

She looked up at Susan and was surprised to see that she had gone from a face of total euphoria to a serious frown (even though she continued to clutch her rack). Susan was even biting her lip in worry.

"What is it?" Suzanne asked.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just wondering when I'll be able to do the deed. My period should start around Tuesday or Wednesday, so I may only have Monday, if it takes him all weekend to recover. Then there's his rescheduled hiking trip next weekend. I'm just afraid I won't get enough fucking in anytime soon. Because now that's all I want to do, to get fucked by my son! What did you say, 'Bend over but don't break'? Now it's bend over and break!" She giggled like a little girl.

Suzanne was delighted by this latest information. A-ha! All I have to do is stop them from fucking on Monday, and maybe Tuesday too, and I'll have over a whole week to have him all to myself! Well, at

least a good chunk of him, given all the beautiful babes he's probably plowing through these days. I need to establish myself here in the new shape of things. I may not have the whole mother-taboo thing going for me, like she does, but I'm clearly the most sexually talented of this bunch. After that, Susan can fuck him all she wants - once Sweetie makes me his first choice. But how to stop them from fucking until then? It's like trying to stop a meteor from plowing through the air.

Suzanne kept these thoughts to herself, instead saying reassuringly, "Don't worry, I'm sure it'll all work out. It sounds like Monday will be divine for you. But I'm curious who will be in charge, sexually, if you're so happily subservient. Suppose that next time when all five of us are hanging out one night, our man gets a hard-on and needs immediate relief. We'll all want to be the one to suck him off, naturally, so who gets to do it?"

"Hmmm... Oh, I know! That's easy. Tiger will choose. After all, his pleasure comes first. It's a medical fact, what with his condition and all."

Suzanne wasn't so sure about his dominance when it came to herself. Pleasing herself was an extremely high priority. But she kept that thought to herself too, and asked, "But suppose that, for whatever reason, he can't make up his mind? Then what?"

Susan pondered that like it was a complicated algebra problem. She finally let go of her boobs as she rubbed her chin in contemplation. "Huh. Tough one. But it's still my house and I'm still his mother. So it should be up to me. Don't you think? ... I'd try to be fair of course, and spread the joy around so everyone could have their turn. After all, he has so much potent seed to give us all. Unless it was a Tuesday. You know what happens on my special day." She flashed a big smile and got even more tingly thinking about Tuesdays.

Suzanne thought briefly, It's odd how similar Susan and Angel are about this subservience thing, although I think Angel is more just playing at it while Susan is dead serious. Amy's so willing in everything too. I guess I'm the only female around here with any real backbone. That makes it all the more important that I stay in charge. And I can't fall for all this master crap or the whole group will fall apart.

She got up. "I have to go do a few things. Now would be a good time to practice those visualization exercises Xania was recommending, don't you think?"

"Oh, those? Okay. But if I sit around masturbating while thinking about my son fucking me, won't that just make me more frustrated that we can't have sex already?"

"No. It'll sate those urges for a while. Just like, if you want to cure someone from being afraid of snakes, you have to slowly get them closer and closer to real snakes. Gradually they become used to it, until they can hold a snake in their hand. In the same way, if he fucks you in your mind today, you won't actually want him to fuck you so much in reality. At least, until it's time."

Susan joked, "And I'll be happy to hold his snake in my hand!"

They laughed.

But Suzanne thought, It's actually getting a bit frightening just how pliable Susan is becoming. She didn't question that reach of a snake analogy at all. She's not thinking logically anymore. She is so NOT in control in any aspect of her life. Sex has completely overtaken everything else; it's amazing she doesn't see it.

I guess a lot of it is my fault. Maybe I went too far in keeping her in a constant sexual fog. I figured it was all a necessary process for overcoming a couple decades of her prudish social conditioning in mere weeks.

Once she and Sweetie are fucking, I'm gonna have to ease her back into the real world. Right now, she's almost completely nonfunctional, except as a pure sex object. There's no way in hell right now she could ever get it together enough to, say, do her taxes. That'll need to be done sooner or later. And I'll have to work on giving her a bit more backbone, too. Some unscrupulous person might take advantage of her.

Suzanne didn't see any hypocrisy in that last statement, as she failed to see how much she herself was taking advantage of her best friend.

She gave Susan another long goodbye kiss on the lips and then walked away. Mostly, she just wanted to be alone to have time to think.

When she left the house, Suzanne peeked through the window into the den where Susan had gone. Sure enough, Susan was already practicing her "visualization exercises." She was sitting up in a chair, naked, with her eyes closed. Her hands were all over her tits, ass, and pussy, as if she needed to touch all three areas at once but was stymied because she had only two hands.

Suzanne thought, Now that's a sight to see! She does so much with her hands. I can't wait until I teach her all about strap-ons. She's got a lot to learn, just as soon as her pussy is "cleared" for dildo and vibrator penetration. As sexual as everything is these days for her, her sex education is still just beginning. That sight looks so enticing, I think I might just go back to my place and do some playing myself.

Relative to moving her own physical relationship with Susan forward, Suzanne thought it best to bide her time. Maybe I've been pushing Susan too much. It's getting to be like she's so blissed out on sex that she doesn't know if she's cumming or going, hee-hee. She smirked at her own pun. Literally. I think it's a good idea that Sweetie has a break. Susan could probably use a couple of semi-normal days as well.

Then, Monday morning, she has the appointment with Akami that I scheduled for her. Akami can help take her to the next level of lesbian lovemaking. I think it's time she learns how two women can please each other with dildos and strap-ons. When she comes home, she'll want to practice using her new toys with me, and she won't think of me as the one responsible for corrupting her. Once she and I are fully fucking, it's an easy step to get her and Angel fucking. They're half way there already. Then, with her fucking Sweetie, everybody will be fucking everybody else. My Plummer orgy vision will be a reality.

Remarkably, Suzanne completely forgot about her own daughter, since Amy had never figured in her sexual plans or fantasies. It remained a huge blind spot for her.

She continued thinking, Of course, I feel bad that I'm constantly tricking my best friend. It may seem that I've gone a bit too far in the past day or two, what with the van sabotage and all, but ultimately it's for her own good. Someday, when we're all sitting around naked, making love in one big family orgy as I hope we'll be doing most every day, I'll remind her about all the little tricks I used, that got all the pieces to fall into place just so. All of us will have a big laugh. She'll thank me. They all will. Really.

## Chapter 688 Alan Playing With His Mom

Alan woke up around eleven in the morning after sleeping nearly twelve hours. He was extremely grateful that it was the weekend, and even more grateful that his hiking trip had been delayed. Combined with his two naps, he'd finally caught up on what felt like a sleep debt that had been building for weeks. If anything, he'd had too much sleep, and felt groggy. He was in the perfect kind of lazy mood for spending the day doing nothing of importance.

He considered going downstairs in his robe, but decided that might prove too tempting for the others. For once, he didn't want sex; he just wanted to relax. As he put on a shirt and shorts, he thought, Let's see. Yesterday I came ... eight or nine times, depending on whether I count my time with Mom during the night. Considering how much I slept, it seems I was either sleeping or cumming all day long. But today I'm gonna cum only once or maybe twice. Two is the max, definitely. I can't go cold turkey with all this sexy ripe flesh around here, that's for sure, but today will be my big vacation day.

Alan's plan to have a sex-free day was put to the test almost immediately. When he came down for breakfast, he found himself alone; it appeared that everyone else had already eaten. He didn't know where his mother was - in fact, she was nearby in the den reading incest stories and playing with herself - so he helped himself to a bowl of cereal.

However, he didn't stay alone for long. Katherine had heard him come downstairs, and appeared to keep him company while he was still halfway through his bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios. Despite the relatively early hour, she was looking for some sexual fun. "Hey, Big Bro. What's up?"

"Not much. Just chillin'."

"That's cool."

But it didn't take long for her to make her intentions clear. She sat across from Alan, goading and tempting him with her body. The clothes she was wearing were too risqué for general use. She would never be caught in public in them, because she characterized them to herself as "fuck toy clothes."

Any clothes could be "fuck toy clothes," provided they were worn properly. For instance, she had put on pantyhose, but only so she could pull them down. As the pantyhose were already see-through, they allowed her to be effectively naked to start with, yet allowed her to undress to give the appearance of becoming even more naked. She wore a tight leather miniskirt, which was soon bunched up around her flat tummy. Above that she had a fancy yellow blouse, the better to expose herself when she tore it open in front to thrust out her tits.

Alan made an intentional play on words: "I thought it was cool that I was just chilling out."

She smirked and giggled. "Yeah, well, what can you do?" She giggled some more as she ran her hands all over her body. "I'd really be happy to chill out too, but then I think about all those inches of thick brother cock sitting right across the table from me, so many inches of hot cock that could be sliding down my throat, or filling up my hot box... I'm sorry, but I just can't help myself!"

She made sure to show herself off by sitting directly across the dining table from him, so that, sitting where he was, close to the table, he couldn't see what was happening to her lower half.

Curiosity got the better of him, so he pulled his chair back and moved his head down to level with the table, enabling him to simultaneously check out the action both above and below the table.

Katherine responded to his increased attention by moaning and fondling her body all over, and especially by rubbing her clit.

Needless to say, that got him very erect very fast. It was all he could do to take another spoonful of cereal every so often. But since he was determined to have a more or less sex-free day, he kept his erection in his shorts.

He half-gripped, "Is this how it's going to be every day?"

"Probably. Can't you hear Mom in the den?"

"No. Where's Mom?"

"Shhhh! Listen. I'll stop poking my pussy for a minute so you can hear that not all the sexy moaning sounds are coming from me." ... "You hear that?"

"Yeah."

Katherine resumed writhing in her chair as she stroked herself, trying to get Alan inspired enough to act. "I'll bet you a million dollars she's getting all horny thinking about you. I wonder if she's in there all alone, or if she's in there with Aunt Suzy. They're probably rubbing their bare chests against each other right now, saying, 'If only we had a big Alan to stick between all these tits for a nice double titfuck!'"



"Grrr! Don't say that!" His hand reflexively dropped to his lap. However, he resisted grasping the bulge that was already there.

But Katherine was just getting warmed up with her teasing. She liked to stroke her bald pussy while quietly whispering sexy things to him. She said things like, "Get my attention, Big Battering Ram Brother. Come over here and get my attention. Stroke me. Lick me. Touch me. Everywhere. Do me. Do nasty things. Get nasty on your sister, your fuck toy. Fill me! Fill me up with your nasty spunk. I neeeeed it. It itches. Make it better with your hard thing."

Even though Susan was only one room away, Katherine wasn't terribly worried about her mother hearing her. She was keeping her voice down primarily out of fear that Susan would come in and preempt Alan's attention. So she was careful not to get too excited, or talk too loud, or use any key words or phrases like "fuck me" that would get her mother's attention. For her the situation was great, because she had the excitement of possibly getting caught without any serious consequences to worry about if she were.

Alan complained half-heartedly while debating whether to give his erection some air, "Sis, you know that today is supposed to be my take-it-easy day, right? So can't you take it easy too?"

She answered, "I could, but you can't go completely cold turkey, without ANY orgasms ALL DAY, for crying out loud. That's just crazy talk! So if you're gonna have one or two, or maybe more, why not get one out of the way first thing, here with me?"

However, Alan really was determined to give his penis a rest, so he said, "Sis, I hate to do this, but I'm going to go up to my room right now and play video games. I'm sorry, and I appreciate your effort, but no one is going to touch my dick today. You'll be happy to know that you did wear me down a bit, but not enough."

"Shoot," Katherine complained. "No doubt someone else is going to build on my work and win your first creamy load. But I'll forgive you on one condition: tomorrow morning you wake me up with a good, solid fucking."

He dropped his voice. "Sis, are you crazy? Mom's in the next room! And anyways, there's my 'no fucking you in the house' rule."

She muttered quietly, "Yeah, but remember what happened Monday, when you fucked me in my room while Mom was in the basement with Aunt Suzy?"

He groaned unhappily at that reminder. "Yes, but that's because I was so horny at the time that I just plain forgot. Besides, we both totally love Mom. We have to respect her at least that much."

"Yeah, but yesterday you promised that that would end when my grounding ends, and it ends at midnight today. Hell, Mom's pretty much forgotten about it already. You promised! So, tomorrow morning, we celebrate with a great fuck."

"Keep your voice down. Okay, okay. I did say that, didn't I? But a super secret fuck, okay? We don't want Mom to find out. And one condition: you can't tease me any more today."

Katherine nodded enthusiastically and got down to jilling herself, since Alan wasn't going to help her get off. The "problem" with trying to get him all aroused was that she inevitably got herself uncontrollably worked up as well.

Alan walked off thinking, It's going to be REALLY hard to keep this weekend sex-free. Why do I get the feeling that everybody is going to lay traps for me? These women just gotta have it! They don't know the meaning of letting up. Well, at least I've defused Sis ... for now.

Alan was proud of his determination to stick to his sex-free plan. His vision of wasting the day in idle fun was realized, at least for the next hour or so; he just played one mindless video game after another.

As the morning turned into afternoon, Susan again practiced her assigned "visualization exercise," of imagining Alan fucking her. She loved letting herself go in wild fantasy. But it only whetted her appetite for his cum.

She stopped by his room a number of times as he played his computer games (which were "American McGee's Alice" and "Diablo II"), bringing him pineapple juice, water, ryebread rolls, cantaloupe, pumpkin seeds, and granola bars. Each time, she asked him if he "needed relief." He kept saying no. He was truly determined to have a restful day. Each visit she dressed a little sexier than the prior time, but nothing seemed to faze him.

After two hours of being mostly ignored, Susan thought, It's time to bring out the big guns, so to speak. She came to his room again, this time not even bothering with an excuse for her to be there.

She wore the T-shirt that had a large hole cut out for her boobs to protrude through. She knew he loved it, so she'd been saving it for an occasion when it was really needed. This one seemed appropriate. To make absolutely sure that her mission wouldn't fail, she put on a new underwired shelf half-bra, to force her assets to thrust up and stick out even further than ever before. Just in case his eyes managed to dislodge themselves from her chest, she also wore a skirt that was far too short to even cover her pussy.

Alan was sitting down at his desk, so when she walked right up to him she was able to practically put her tits right in his face. "Tiger, are there any THINGS you need?" she asked, stressing the plural. "I know you're trying to have a restful day, but sometimes a mother's sensitive tits are just begging for attention."

Alan stared up into her massive mammaries. "Holy shit! You know I love that T-shirt." His penis grew hard about as quickly as he could say, "Boing!" He didn't realize it, but after cumming so many times per day, day after day, his body had come to expect a certain level of sexual activity. After hours of just playing video games, his penis was definitely eager.

She took another step forward, enveloping his face with her soft tits. "What do you love about it, Tiger?"

"I like how it makes you seem like a typical soccer mom at first glance. It almost looks like a sports jersey. But at the same time it's totally obscene with your tits sticking out so far in front of you. Imagine picking me up at soccer practice, dressed like that!" He had a hard time talking with her flesh pressing ever more insistently against his face, causing her nipples to poke into his cheeks.

She replied, "What a great thought! Can you just imagine if I pulled up to the parking lot dressed like this? Can you imagine the looks on the faces of the other mothers when I step out of the car with these two exposed torpedoes? I'd just say with pride, 'What are you looking at? These tits belong to my son. They're to serve HIS pleasure. If he says that I have to keep them uncovered, who am I to disagree? I'm just a mommy slut. HIS mommy slut!'"

Alan added to the fantasy. "Then I'd run up, all hot and sweaty from practice. We'd kiss on the lips while the other mothers stare in amazement. Then I'd lower my head so I could cradle my face in your cleavage-"

Susan interrupted, "Hold on, Tiger. If you're hot and sweaty, what better way to quench your thirst than drinking some mommy milk? My nipples would be leaking and my tits nearly bursting with milk in anticipation of your feasting on them, and soon you'd give them relief! The other mommies would get so excited watching you suckle while sticking your hand down my sweatpants that they'd absolutely lose it when their own sons came in from the tennis courts. And if it's such a hot, sunny day, I'd need to quench my thirst too - with your delicious spunk! Before long, the other tennis moms would all be topless and cocksucking and jacking off all their own sons' young, incestuous pricks. It would be fantastic!"

Alan laughed. His cock throbbed in delight, thanks to her description. "So now you see why I like that shirt. It's inspirational."

Susan winked. "I may not be lactating in reality, but if I were, this would be a great shirt for it. Did you notice how it's almost designed for someone to come up and suckle at my nipples? Hint, hint."

"If you insist," he joked, then began to work on her nipples in a relaxed way, just like a baby happily suckling on them. He'd been adopted when he was only about six months old, and Susan had deeply regretted not being able to breastfeed him at the time. He knew the idea of lactating was one of her favorite sexual fantasies, and he was only too happy to explore that fantasy with her. He knew that her breasts were unusually sensitive, especially given how big they were, and making her happy also made him happy.

"My baby. My sweet baby," she cooed as she patted him on the head.

He slipped his hand down into her shorts, just like in their mutual fantasy.

But she didn't want that at the moment, so she stopped him by saying, "Tiger, let's save that for another time. I think you'll find very soon that there are a lot of fun things you can do to my pussy. But today I want you to focus on my tits, just loving them to their fullest."

So Alan happily did as instructed and played with Susan's tits for many long minutes. He loved it so much he felt he could just suck and fondle them forever. He didn't mind that his dick was untouched because it allowed him to concentrate entirely on just her breasts.

Susan obviously loved it too. She got an orgasm just from what his mouth and hands were doing to her tits.

When it was over, she said, "Oh God! That was great. You make Mommy so helplessly happy. I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom!"

Her orgasm seemed to have just pushed her further, because then she whispered into his ear, "The only problem is that my cleavage isn't being stuffed full with your fuck rod. Don't you think you could do something about that? Don't you want to make your mommy happy? Mommy needs cock. Son cock!"

Alan again did what he was told, titfucking his mother. As he slipped his boner into her cleavage, he commented, "This is like a dream come true for me, Mom. A total dream. Every day."bender

"Me too, Tiger, me too!" Her hands ran hungrily all over his chest.

"Do you remember, Mom, how you were just a couple of months ago? If I'd even caught a glimpse of your tits in one of your heavy bras, you would have totally freaked out. Now I basically own those same tits."

"Don't remind me, Son. OH!" She cried out in pleasure as his big dick slid back and forth through her deep tit valley. "'Basically?' Not basically. You do own them! It's so embarrassing, recalling that frumpy fuddy-duddy. Don't make me think of her. Oh! Don't make me think at all! Just make me slide my tits all around your powerful cock!"

He slammed hard into her chest over and over, his balls slapping wildly each time.

She entered a truly mindless zone where nothing but pleasure mattered, while happily singing her "Alan Song" in her head:

I am Alan's mom

I suck with my clothes off or on

I am Alan's bitch

His cum is thick, the taste is rich

I am Alan's slave...

She stopped at that line, luxuriating in it. I am Alan's SLAVE. Yes! That's what I am. It feels so good to give myself to him completely and serve him in every way... But I can't admit my complete submission to him. Not yet. If he learns that I'm ready and dripping with desire to get fucked by him, he'll want to do it right away, and not stop until he drops from exhaustion. Good Nurse Akami warned me about letting it get to that.

We've gotta wait until Monday so he can fully recover first. I want him ready to fuck me royally, with an endless number of big, cunt-filling loads of his virile cum. We'll fuck so hard and long - mmmm, that's him, so hard and long - that he'll need another full week to recover, hee-hee!

But the fact is, whether he knows it or not, I've given up all control. Tiger OWNS me! He can do ANYTHING he wants to me! But I get so much too. He's going to reward his loyal mommy right now with a big load. Oh yes! Give it up, Son! Give it up for me!

Alan was already past the verge of climax, so he began to shoot his seed. It was a bigger load than his small ones from the day before, though still not up to his usual standards.

Susan thought, That's it! Give it up for Mommy! She's going to let herself gooooooooooooo. Oooohh, YES! She shrieked, "Mmmm! God, I'm so juicy!"

He had planned to shoot into his mother's mouth, but his cum came sooner than expected, so he ended up shooting mostly into her neck at first. As his ropes of cum spewed forth, he managed to recover somewhat, so he moved over her face and aimed his last ropes directly into her mouth.

She mewed with pleasure like a contented cat. "Mmmm. Mmmm. MMMM!"

Best titfuck yet! he thought once he was done. Though I just might be partial, since she's my mom...

Nah! He chuckled to himself.

The only problem is, Mom's tits are nearly too big to titfuck and have her blow me at the same time. My dick practically gets lost when it's inside her cleavage, sandwiched between her fluffy pale pillows. Just like Aunt Suzy. Too many big tits around here. Am I fucking blessed, or what? I love that kind of "problem."

He got off her face.

Susan recovered quickly from her own orgasm, then devoted all her attention to scooping up and swallowing the cum that was dripping down her neck.

She did it with such complete devotion, as if his cum were a precious commodity that couldn't be wasted, that he felt flush with power.

When she was finished with that task, he pointed to his now flaccid penis and commanded, "Lick me off."

She obeyed wordlessly, but Alan could tell that she loved his command. Her facial expression was one of pure joy. She was completely unquestioning, living just in the moment, cleaning him with her tongue.

He was so entranced that he continued to watch long after she'd finished. No matter what she did, it was arousing, especially when she wore that shirt with the cutout for her boobs.

She was exhausted from all her sexual exertion, so she sat with her back against a wall to rest. Then she scooted away from the wall slightly to let her put her arms behind her back, as he'd commanded her to do the first time she'd worn the shirt. She figured that would help better convey her unspoken message that she was now his sexual plaything (as if he hadn't gotten that message already).

Once again he took in the breathtaking sight of her tits, pointing upwards, looking like two rockets ready to launch into the sky. Only now did he notice just how short her skirt was, since his gaze hadn't gone down that far before.

Seeing where he was looking, she spread her legs as wide as she could, as if she badly wanted him to fuck her. That put her pussy on full display. She whispered, "Look at your naughty mommy."

But even that couldn't get another rise out of his limp penis. Even her very extensive tongue-cleaning had failed to revive it, so he knew it wasn't likely to bounce back for some time.

That didn't stop him from studying her pussy up close, watching her juices continuing to leak out. He scooted closer and asked, "Can I touch it? Can I finger it?"

She smiled a bit, but wearily answered, "No."

He was confused. "Mom, your mouth says no, but your body says yes, doesn't it? You're leaking so much it's like you're about to have another orgasm. Isn't that right? Or am I misreading your signals?"

She thought to herself, What's wrong with my son? What does it take for him to figure out that sometimes, when a woman says no, she means yes? How can I teach him to take me against my will? He just has to learn how to take charge of his big-titted babes. He has to learn how to take a woman forcefully, even when she appears reluctant.

She finally answered, in as sexy a voice as she could manage in her wiped-out state, "What do you think, Tiger?"

He scratched his head and answered honestly, "I don't know, Mom. I'm getting conflicting signals."

She dropped her head down in frustration and sighed. Finally, she explained, "Tiger, when you see a woman sitting naked in front of you with her tits bursting out of her shirt and her legs spread as wide as a gymnast, and her juices dripping all over the floor, and with her arms held behind her back as if she wants to be tied up, do you know what? It doesn't matter what her mouth has to say! Her body is screaming 'yes'! Don't take no for an answer! Just do whatever you like!"



He answered, "I know. And with anyone else I would, but with you I think about you crying afterwards, and that makes me so sad that I can't go on. I never want to see you cry or get sad."

"Who's talking about crying?" she replied in exasperation. "If I'm crying, it'll only be tears of joy."

"Okay. I guess I should try to act more like I do around Heather, though I don't want to go that far."

That was a mistake, because it piqued her curiosity. Alan had to take a few minutes explaining what he'd been doing with Heather, and by the time he was finished the erotic mood had been lost. It wasn't too great a loss for him, however, as his body had had enough for the time being. The tempting sight before him contrasted too dramatically with his own flaccid penis, and it was only making him uselessly horny - the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak.

So after he had recounted a few of the things he'd done with Heather, making sure not to involve the other cheerleaders or his painting duties for fear of somehow exposing his involvement with his sister, he left to take a shower.

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Susan left the room as well, but decided to remain dressed just as she was for the rest of the day. Even though she knew he wanted a mellow day, she couldn't resist the opportunity to continue teasing him. There was nothing she wanted to do more than please and tease him all day long. She proudly wore the gobs of cum that were staining her shirt near the collar to further show anyone and everyone who saw her that she was Alan's sex toy.

However, she also wanted to respect his wish to have a restful day, at least to some extent, so she decided not to pressure him into any more orgasms, and to go without more physical contact the rest of the day unless he was the initiator.

I'm soooo naughty! I talk with the psychologist about being in control, but wouldn't it be even more fun if Tiger completely controlled me? He needs to know how to punish his naughty mother, and keep her in line. Like he does with Heather, the head cheerleader! I deserve a good spanking! Wouldn't that be the best? If she gets spanked, then why can't I? I'm a naughty, naughty slut, and I need his firm hand. And his firm cock! Firm, firm, firm. Firm is good! Life is so good right now, but it'll be that much better once he's regularly fucking me.

He sure gave it to Akami! Darn it, I can't stop thinking about that, and watching it over and over again in my mind. Soon, that's going to be me!

I'm glad he likes this shirt so much. Wouldn't it be delicious to wear it out in public? It certainly would make a shopping trip more interesting. "What's that officer? I'm causing a riot? But this isn't public indecency - didn't you know this is the latest fashion?"

Oh, that sounds like such fun! But I shouldn't even think about that. My body is for his eyes only. It's only for his eyes, and his hands, and his mouth, and his great big, giant, fantastically wonderful cock...

She sat on the bed in her room in the exact same position she'd used in front of him mere minutes before. She started to masturbate herself with another "visualization exercise" session. Now that she'd actually seen Alan fucking Akami right in front of her, her fantasies were that much more exciting and realistic.

She left the door to her bedroom wide open, but was disappointed that no one came in.

Chapter 689 Taming Brenda

Shortly after lunch, Brenda came over. Susan and Suzanne were in the kitchen cleaning up together, while Amy and Katherine were out.

Suzanne was surprised when she peeked through a front window and saw Brenda standing there. She asked Susan just before Susan opened the door, "What's she doing here? Don't tell me that she's invited herself over again."

Susan replied, "Oh no, not at all. In fact, this was your idea."

"My idea?"

"Don't you remember? On Thursday, you ordered me to start training her in person, to help turn her into an even more ripe and willing fuck toy for Tiger. In particular, you wanted her to be hot to trot in time for the next poker game."

"Oh yeah... I did, didn't I?" Suzanne recalled. She nodded, indicating Susan should open the door.

When the door was opened to reveal Brenda standing there, even Suzanne couldn't help but be impressed all over again. As if she isn't hot to trot enough already! I swear, sometimes I feel like I'm spoiling Sweetie by presenting him with total stunners like Brenda on a silver platter, but other times I worry I'm sending him to an early grave. Death by over-fucking!bender

After the usual friendly hugs and French kisses all around, Suzanne assumed a stern demeanor. "Okay, enough with the niceties. Brenda, that's a lovely outfit you're wearing. I want you to take it off and hand it to me right now."

Brenda stared at Suzanne in disbelief as her heart started to thump wildly. "What?! Right here? Right now?!"

"You heard me." Suzanne imperiously snapped her fingers.

Brenda looked to Susan, who gave her a "there's no opposing Suzanne"-type shrug. Brenda shuddered lustily and started to blush as she began to strip.

Suzanne stared at Brenda with critical disdain until Brenda was buck naked and had handed over all her clothes. She knew enough from her many talks with Susan to keep her high heels on.

Suzanne then instructed Brenda and Susan, "You two should go down to the basement for your training session. That way, you won't disturb Sweetie during his 'lazing around the house' time."

Brenda's heart practically thumped right out of her chest when she heard that. "You mean... Alan is home?! Right now?!"

"He is."

Brenda felt an overwhelming urge to cover her nude body. But she bravely kept her hands at her sides. She had to clench her hands into fists to keep them restrained though.

Suzanne added, "That said, chances are you won't get to see him today. So don't get your hopes up."

Surprisingly, that didn't disappoint Brenda much. At least there was some chance.

At the last minute, Suzanne decided out loud, "I'd better go there too, at least for a little while. I'd like to make sure you two are actually productive."

As they walked to the basement, Brenda asked, "How would you define productive?"

Suzanne replied, "Well, most of all, I'd like to see you get really good at sucking cock. I seem to recall when we talked on Thursday that I suggested you practice your sucking some more on whatever phallic objects you want to use, then swap tips with us. Now you have your exact replica of his cock, so that should help you."

Brenda said happily. "I've been practicing on it already, until my jaw gets so sore that I just can't take it anymore. My big goal is to be chosen as one of his personal cocksuckers someday."

Suzanne nodded. "Good. Don't overdo it, mind you. Listen to your body, and when it says stop, then stop."

Brenda nodded back obediently,

Suzanne resumed, "But getting back to the word 'productive,' I define it by what DOESN'T happen. I don't want to see you two just sitting around and trading stories and fantasies, getting yourselves all hot and bothered."

She glared with determination, showing she expected to be obeyed. "I know that's fun, but how is that going to make you better able to serve and submit to the young man you like to think of as your future master? You can't just THINK about it; you also have to DO it."

Brenda just nodded at that.

Suzanne was surprised at the rather muted response. Taking a closer look, she realized Brenda was glum, although she was trying to hide it.

Susan noticed that too. "What's wrong? Suzanne just used the big 'M' word. Doesn't that send thrills all through your body? I know it does for me."

Brenda said as she stared off into space, "Yeah."

"And don't you both love and hate the way Suzanne just made you take all your clothes off in such a humiliating fashion? Isn't your heart racing?"

"Yes, of course. But... my strong reaction; that's the problem. I'm still bothered by the same issues we talked about last time. A part of me gets so excited that my heart skips a beat and I have to gasp for air. But at the same time, I feel this heavy gloom. A sense of foreboding. What if I'm making the wrong choice? Should I turn back and live a normal life? Is it even too late to turn back? Am I some kind of submissive freak? What about my son? Could I balance my responsibility to raise him right with whatever might happen if I fully give in to my sexual desires?"

She sat nakedly on a sofa in the largest room in the basement, then continued, "But then again, what's holding me back? Most of the time Adrian is off doing his own thing with homework and school and whatever, and I have my maid Anika practically raising him without me in any case. I have no need to work and I'm practically bored out of my mind. Why NOT have some 'me time' and find out what I'm missing?"

Sitting next to her, Susan patted her knee encouragingly. "That's the spirit!"

But Brenda continued to look away, as if she was talking to herself. "This... this great craving to serve... it's irresistible, it seems. But then again... what if I'm not good enough? I know I'm beautiful and busty, but the competition is sky high. You all have that too, plus he really knows you and loves you. What if I give my heart to Alan and he's just... 'Enh. Brenda, she's okay. I'll fuck her every now and then, but that's it.' I would be crushed! Yet, I don't want to push my way into the middle of things, and try to force myself on him."

Wringing her hands, she concluded, "I just don't know. Everything seems up in the air. So many things can go wrong. I'm afraid to make a leap into the unknown. There's no going back, is there?!"

Again, Susan patted her. "Don't worry! It's going to all work out. I know it is. Tiger has plenty of personal cocksuckers, and he has distinct, great relationships with each of us. I'm sure he can handle one more. Besides, that's why we're here today. We're going to train you to be such a perfect cock pleaser that Tiger will have no choice but to want you back slurping all over his crotch again and again!"

"Thanks," Brenda replied. "I'm sure you're right. I just worry too much." But her expression didn't match her words.

Suzanne sat with them for a little while. She kept her clothes on, and made sure that Susan did too, to help heighten Brenda's submissive feelings. She encouraged Brenda to be optimistic. She shared some of her most effective cocksucking techniques, to boost Brenda's confidence in that area. After that, she went upstairs and picked out an Alan-sized dildo, then handed it to Brenda and left for her own home. (She didn't select Susan's personal vibrator that was an exact copy of Alan's penis in part because she didn't know where Susan kept it, but also because she figured Susan might not want to share it.)

Susan didn't directly participate much, but she did give occasional suggestions and lots of encouragement while a naked Brenda practiced on the dildo.

A half hour later, Suzanne came back to see how things were going. She soon discovered the results were both good and bad. The good was that Brenda was smarter than she looked and she learned fast. In just a half an hour, there was obvious improvement in how well she licked and sucked the dildo she'd been given. But the bad was that Brenda still seemed sad and uncertain. And even with the usual jubilant non-stop talk from Susan about pleasuring Alan's erection, Brenda was only partially aroused at best.

Suzanne thought while she watched, This sucks. The thing is, if I were in Brenda's shoes, I'd probably be feeling the same way. She's taking a huge leap into the unknown with people she's only just beginning to really be close friends with. And the kid she's put on a pedestal and is risking everything for is someone she knows even less.

To be honest, she's hardly done anything with him sexually yet, so he's a huge unknown she's putting all of her hopes, dreams, and fantasies into. Outside of a few get-togethers, all she ever does is talk on the phone with Susan and hear about all the fun things Susan is doing. If I were her, I'd probably be at the end of my rope too.

It's command decision time. I need to do something to fix this. It's time to get rid of her wavering. She knows all about our incestuous secrets, so we have no choice but to lock her into a life of sexually serving and submitting to my studly lovable Sweetie. And I know just the thing to get to her to commit and feel a whole lot better about everything!

The two MILFs hadn't noticed Suzanne come in, but now she announced herself by coughing. Then she said, "Hey there. How's it going?"

Susan said, "Okay, I guess. Brenda's getting better. I've been teaching her lots of my tricks. And you can see her stamina is improving by leaps and bounds by the fact that she's still suicking away. But she's just not putting her heart and soul into it, you know?"

"Yeah, I noticed," Suzanne said. "Brenda, we have extremely high standards around here when it comes to cocksucking. Attitude is at least half of it."

Brenda had still been sucking on the dildo, but she pulled it out and said sadly, "I know, I know! But the pressure is getting to me, and so I doubt myself, and that creates a vicious cycle. I still haven't EVER sucked him, and when I get my big chance, I just know I'm going to blow it!"

Suzanne couldn't help but say with a smirk, "So to speak." Seeing that Brenda wasn't in the mood to laugh, she quickly walked up to her, grabbed her chin rather firmly, and stared intently into her eyes. "Brenda, listen to me."

Brenda was suddenly wide-eyed and all ears.

"Do you trust me?"

Brenda nodded as much as she could, considering the way her chin was being held.

"Then believe me when I say that you'll be sucking Alan's cock SOON. When you've got his cock inside you, whether it be in your mouth and down your throat, nestled in your massive tits, or between your wide-open thighs, he is everything in the world to you. That's how it is for Susan and how it is for me, and if you want him to be your master, that's how it's going to have to be for you."

Brenda nodded with determination.

"I don't know how long it will be before that happens, but it could happen as soon as a few hours from now! The one thing that I can promise you is that it's going to happen soon, very soon. And when it does, you need to be ready. Ready to suck, ready to serve, and most importantly, ready to submit to your future lord and master with everything you've got. Can you handle that?"

"I... I'll try!" Brenda's nipples and pussy tingled at Suzanne's use of the phrase "lord and master." That never failed to get a big reaction from her.

"Trying isn't good enough. Close your eyes." As soon as Brenda did so, Suzanne let go of her chin and said, "Now, imagine I'm Alan." She snatched the dildo from Brenda's hand and began teasingly rubbing it around Brenda's lips without giving her a chance to cram it into her mouth. Since Brenda was kneeling, Suzanne held the dildo right in front of her crotch, just like it was a strap-on.

Suzanne glanced over at Susan and tried to think. She wanted to get Brenda really hot and bothered so she'd be able to overcome her insecurities, but when Suzanne walked into the room, Susan had already been saying very encouraging things without much success. Suzanne knew she had to come up with something different, and fast.

She decided that the problem was that Susan had been treating the dildo like a dildo, and not like Alan was actually in the room and that it was his erect dick. So she spoke in her best imitation of Alan's voice. "Brenda, this is Alan. Suzanne and Susan are gone, and it's just you and me. Do you understand?"

Brenda briefly opened her eyes. The voice sounded so much like Alan's that she rather irrationally felt the urge to check to make sure that it really was Suzanne and not him. Only a slight scratchiness gave away that it was Suzanne.

Suzanne growled in her normal voice, "Don't look at me! That'll ruin the effect. Close your damn eyes."

"Sorry." Brenda shut her eyes tightly and vowed to herself to do better.



Suzanne continued in her imitation of Alan's voice, "Like I was saying, it's just you and me." She resumed running the dildo around Brenda's lips. "Brenda, I'll admit, I'm nervous. I mean, the time has finally come where I get to stick my dick in your mouth. But you're so beautiful and busty! What if I blow it and cum too soon? I don't know if I can handle it, so I'm just gonna start slow, okay?"

Brenda nodded. She hadn't even thought of the possibility that he could be nervous too, and even though she didn't really believe that was possible (since she put him on such a high pedestal), it helped her nerves. She also liked the idea of going slowly.

Over the next few minutes, Suzanne had Brenda merely lick the dildo. Brenda did such a good job at that task that Suzanne eventually allowed her to take it all the way into her mouth. Suzanne also had Brenda finger her own pussy, something that she hadn't been doing previously. At the same time, the clever redhead cooed sweet nothings and encouragements in her best mimicry of Alan's voice.

The change in Brenda's attitude was remarkable. By the time she got busy bobbing on the shaft, not only did she really feel it was Alan talking to her, she was practically convinced that the plastic dildo was his fleshy erection. With her doubts gone, she sucked and licked with gusto.

However, Suzanne had other things to do, so her goal was to get Susan to take over. She looked over to her best friend and saw that Susan had her eyes closed and was busy masturbating too. She snickered. Typical. She's listening to all my words and pretending she's the one sucking Sweetie. Cute. I almost hate having to interrupt her.

Suzanne said out loud, still mimicking Alan's voice, "Hey! Look who's here. It's Mom! Hi, Mom!"

Both Susan and Brenda opened their eyes upon hearing that. Brenda looked down and was surprised to see that she was holding and sucking a mere plastic dildo. But she was so into it that she didn't even slow down with her vigorous bobbing.

Susan was a bit slow to come out of her reverie enough to respond. She was still fully clothed, since Suzanne had explicitly told her to keep her clothes on, but she'd been playing with her nipples through the fabric. Eventually, she muttered "Hi, Son."

Suzanne asked Susan while still pretending to be Alan, "So what do you think of this one? I'm thinking of making her one of my personal cocksuckers. Do you think she's worthy?"

Susan didn't have to fake her feelings. "Oh, VERY worthy! Son, just look at her go! She's bobbing and slurping and sucking on your fat cock like her life depends on it! Is she using lots of tongue?"

"Definitely!"

Getting more into it, Susan said, "Tiger, would you like to fuck her tits? I'm not happy that they're even bigger than mine, but you're the man of the house now. Even though I'm your mommy, I'm also just one of your many sex pets, so it's not like I can tell you what to do."

Suzanne responded again in her Alan voice, "Definitely!"

Susan panted, "Well then, what are you waiting for? Feel 'em up like you own them, because you DO! From now on, Brenda belongs to you!"

"Oh, so that's what her name is." Suzanne had to hold the dildo with one hand, but she used her other hand to lightly brush here and there all over Brenda's heaving globes.

The feather-like touch was even more tantalizing for Brenda than if Suzanne had been more grabby, and she got off on the pretense that Alan hadn't bothered to learn her name yet. She responded by sucking on the dildo like her life really did depend on it.

They continued in that vein for some time. Eventually, Suzanne was able to hand over to Susan the role of playing Alan. Suzanne knew that Susan couldn't vocally imitate him as well, but by this point Brenda was so far gone into her lust that it didn't matter.

Suzanne mentally patted herself on the back as she left the room. And that, folks, is how you do it! Hee-hee-hee!

She went upstairs to do some financial research on Susan's computer in the den, leaving the rest of the training session in Susan's capable hands.

## Chapter 690 Brenda Blowing Alan

Suzanne worked on Susan's computer for a short while, but she was too hot and bothered from what had happened in the basement and what she knew was still happening down there. So after only ten minutes or so, she went upstairs to find Alan.

To her surprise, he wasn't in his room surfing the Internet or in the living room playing video games. Instead, she spied him from Katherine's bedroom window; he was swimming in the backyard pool. Perfect! Heh! Poor kid, he has no clue what's about to hit him.

Suzanne was thinking about building Brenda's desire for Alan to even greater heights by keeping her progress with Alan frustratingly slow. She was thinking that she'd let Brenda touch his erection for the first time, but not more than that. Mainly, Brenda would get to watch while Susan and Suzanne took turns sucking and stroking him.

However, when Suzanne went downstairs to the basement, Susan took her aside to speak to her confidentially away from Brenda. Susan whispered, "Did you find Tiger? What's he doing?"

Suzanne whispered, "He's out swimming in the pool. I was thinking you and I can have some sexy fun with him while Brenda watches."

Susan frowned at that. She responded, "I understand your grand plan and your 'play hard to get' tactic, but I say it's high time we let her actually get to suck him. Today! Right now!"

Suzanne raised a curious eyebrow. "Oh, really? That's interesting, coming from you. What about your jealousy issues?"

"There are still a couple of things that mildly irk me, such as her breast size. But that pales in comparison to how our relationship has evolved. She's becoming not just a friend, but a very good friend. I told you about the great talk we had when she came over the day before yesterday, and we've talked more on the phone since, of course. She says all the right things, and I believe she's sincere. Why would she be here with us now, bobbing on a piece of plastic until her jaw aches with pain, if this was just some passing fancy for her?"

"Good point."

"She wants him so very badly! She's practically desperate to suck his cock! To keep delaying her at this point just seems unnecessarily cruel to me."

Suzanne grunted, "Hmmm." She was tempted to agree, but asked, "What about our plan to have her only come around to see him a couple of times a week?"

"A couple doesn't have to literally mean two. It could be three, or maybe four. We should be flexible. The last poker party was on Wednesday, and it's Saturday already. She gets the point that she can't be with him nearly as much as she wants. Keep the 'playing hard to get' plan going with fucking and other stuff, but please, let's let her experience the joy of cocksucking!"

Suzanne rubbed her chin and considered that. "I suppose I can go along with that. Maybe you're right that I'm taking this 'go slow' approach a little too far. She's so far along with her passion and dedication to him that, sure, let's do it."

"Yeay!" Susan gave her best friend a big hug.

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A few minutes later, Suzanne came back up from the basement with Susan and Brenda in tow. Her goal was to keep things rolling before Brenda could fall out of her horny mood and lose her confidence. The three of them had just changed into sexy bikinis and four-inch high heels. They walked straight out to the pool.

Alan looked up and did a double-take. He'd just gotten out of the pool and was so busy drying himself with a towel that he didn't notice he had company until they were halfway to him. He'd just sat down in a chair so that he could dry his feet, but stood up immediately to be polite. "Whoa! Be still my beating heart. Just look at you all! And Brenda! Hey, how's it going?"

Brenda smiled. "Good." Her mood had radically transformed. True, she was so nervous that she was trembling all over. But she was too preoccupied by what was about to happen to think about her doubts and worries. And her arousal level was sky high, thanks mostly to Suzanne's manipulation.

Alan thought, Fuck me, man! This is too wild. I'm almost afraid to find out what the three of them have on their minds. So much tit power! I swear, between the three of them, you have enough tit weight for an entire extra person. And the extra-high high heels, particularly on such a short woman. I'm getting a Pavlovian reaction. Just seeing heels like that makes my dick as hard as steel!

Trying to calm his racing heart, he casually asked, "So, what are you lovely ladies up to?"

Suzanne answered coquettishly for all three of them. "Oh, you know... A little bit of this, a little bit of that..."

While she was talking, she and Susan took off their bikini tops and tossed them aside. Then, in an obviously planned move, they moved into a line. Brenda was in the middle, since the point was to have Alan's focus on her. She wrapped her arms around the other two so they'd all be so close that their tremendous racks would press together, but she was so nervous that she was also glad the others were helping her stand up.

Of course Alan loved the sexy vision that they presented. But he was also curious. Susan and Suzanne were smiling and looking relaxed, while Brenda was blushing and looking away. She was trying to smile, but it seemed forced.

Furthermore, he correctly suspected that Brenda was supposed to have taken off her bikini top at the same time as the other two, but she'd been too distracted, shy, or nervous to do it.

He tried to keep the conversation going. He had a good idea something sexual was about to happen, and he was dying to know what, exactly. "So, um, are you gonna take a swim in the pool?"

Suzanne looked to Brenda. Suzanne's plan was to spend a good while having herself, Brenda, and Susan flirt and tease Alan until everyone was practically out of their minds with arousal. Their topless lineup was just the first in a series of erotic and increasingly outrageous poses she'd planned out in her head. However, she saw that Brenda was practically dying of anticipation, and truly seemed about ready to faint, so she mercifully decided to cut to the chase.

She replied, "We could... But we actually have a different idea in mind. Brenda feels like she's got a lot to learn when it comes to pleasuring a cock. To be frank, she coasted through two marriages mostly on her looks and especially the size of her remarkable rack."

She brought a hand to Brenda's nearest boob, lifted it, then let go. Brenda's boob bounced and jiggled most impressively, despite the bikini top.

She continued, "So Susan's been giving her cocksucking lessons, using a dildo in the basement, just so she can get good enough for you. But then it hit me: why use a dildo when we've got the very flesh and blood cock she craves that she can practice on instead?"

His jaw dropped. "You mean...?"

Suzanne nodded with a smirky smile. She thought, That's one thing I love so much about my boy. He goes through an incredible number of wild sexual encounters on a daily basis. But still, you put him in another situation like this one and he couldn't possibly be more excited about it. That kind of joy is infectious!

Susan could see and feel that Brenda was trembling all over. So, like Suzanne, she did her best to speed things up. She figured that once Brenda got her mouth on Alan's cock, her mood would rapidly improve and her doubts would disappear. After all, that's what always happened to her.

So she dropped to her knees in front of her standing son and pulled Brenda down with her. "Tiger, if you don't mind, I'm gonna... WHOOSH!" As she said that, she yanked his bathing suit down his legs.

Brenda's face lit up when she saw Alan's dick bounce free. She loved that he was already completely erect. My GOD! This is IT! This is the big moment! FUCK! I'm about to have a heart attack!

Susan stilled the bouncing of Alan's erection by taking it in hand. Within seconds, she was licking it. But mere seconds later, she pulled back and then pushed Brenda's head forward.

Before Brenda even knew what was happening, she found her lips literally pressed up against Alan's cockhead. She tentatively stuck her tongue out at it. Then it was like something clicked inside her. She

let out a heavy sigh of relief and began licking in earnest. YESSSS! Finally! I'm not just dreaming this time!

Susan still had a hand on the back of Brenda's head. She cooed directly into her ear, "That's it. Feels good, doesn't it? It just feels... right... to be down on your knees, with my son's cock touching your lips, doesn't it? Like you've found your proper place!"

Brenda moaned affirmatively.

Susan cooed, "Nothing makes me happier than licking and sucking the cock that has tamed and claimed me! It provides a deep sense of contentment, don't you think? It makes me feel happy to be alive to have his cock part my lips, rest on my tongue, and enter my mouth. And the smell! Mmmm! Such a heavenly smell. Take a big whiff."

Brenda paused in her licking to really smell Alan's boner. She was flying so high that she was nearly delirious with excitement. Her head was spinning, and she had to close her eyes and take a few slow breaths to stop herself from swooning. Come ON! I can do this! I've been waiting for this opportunity for WEEKS! I can't blow it! This could be my one and only big chance if I have any hope of becoming one of his personal cocksuckers!

Susan continued doing the talking for her, while taking a close sniff as well. "Smells good! That's the smell of a dominant man! His pheromones are going in your nose and straight down to your pussy. Making you obey! Making you serve! A big, thick, long cock like this, it needs to be properly serviced, don't you think?"

Brenda thought, That's SO TRUE! Gaawwwd, I just want to pleasure this cock so damn much! To SERVE it! Yes, to serve it!

As Susan spoke, she undid the tie on the back of Brenda's bikini and let it fall to the ground. "That's better. A big-titted beauty like you, you need to show what you've got! Shake your tits for your man!" Then she stood back so Brenda could have all the attention and all the cock.

Brenda's attitude shifted decisively. She was still extremely nervous and excited, but she had a new determination to let it all hang out and do her best. She shook her newly bared melons while keeping

her tongue on his hard-on. There was no hesitation or self-consciousness this time; she was fully living in the moment, and she was loving it.

She loved what Susan had said about the smell of Alan's cock, so she kept on sniffing it while licking his sweet spot and stroking his long shaft.

In fact, it didn't really have much smell at all, especially since he'd just gotten out of the pool and his pre-cum hadn't really started to flow. Additionally, the odor of perfume from the three busty beauties standing or kneeling close by tended to mask all other smells. But for Brenda the psychology was what mattered, and she thought he smelled divine.

Susan stood back up and took a few steps back so she would be fully within Alan's vision, and Brenda's too. "Look at me, Son! Look at how I'm shaking my tits. Do you like to watch your busty mommy pose naked for you while another busty babe slurps all over your big, fat cock?"

Brenda was too absorbed with her licking task to do any more than briefly glance Susan's way. However, she was very appreciative of Susan's efforts. She had built Alan up to such an extent that she considered more than one raving beauty helping him at a time to be the new normal. Thus, she felt less pressure when Susan was also playing a role in keeping Alan's cock throbbing.

Alan definitely looked at his mother, and he loved what he saw. He let out an extra-loud groan of approval.

Susan continued, "Brenda, see how I'm rolling my shoulders to keep my big tits in constant motion? It's a subtle thing. I don't want to bounce 'em around like rubber balls. Just enough motion to catch his eye and titillate."

Brenda still didn't notice, because she was in love with licking Alan's cock and didn't want any distractions. But she knew what Susan was talking about, and she started rolling her shoulders too.

Susan was pleased. "That's it! Shake 'em for the man who's going to own you and control you. The man who's going to fuck you! Oh yes, he's going to fuck you within an inch of your life! Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon! And once he does, he'll OWN your cunt! So lick that cock! Because that's the cock that's going to ruin all other men for you!"



Brenda redoubled her passionate attack. But she wasn't just uncontrolled emotion; she knew to focus on his sweet spot with an ever-changing arrays of techniques. He's gonna fuck me! Yes! He's gonna fuck my juicy cunt! Oh, Alan, please! Control me! Own me! Every inch of my body! Yes, yes, yes, yes, YES!bender

MMMM! It's every bit as great as I'd hoped it would be! To think that I used to scoff at blowjobs. Even lately, I sometimes wondered if they could be all that Susan said they are. Well, they ARE! Aaaah! Mmmm! Gaawwwd! I love holding and licking his cock so very, very much! But more than that, I love the symbolism of it. It's like... Alan IS my lord and master! And I'm one of his sex pets!

OH YES! OH GOD! I swear, I'm going to start cumming any second now, and I'll never, ever stop! MMMM! "Sex pet!" What a RUSH! But it's TRUE! Look at me, look at him, look at each one of us! It's all TRUE!

She didn't need to be reminded anymore to keep her boobs moving, because her entire body was writhing with uncontrollable lust. Thanks especially to the talk of getting fucked, her hips seemed to have a mind of their own. Her ass rose up and down and churned around in circles as if she was fully impaled on his hard-on.

Unthinkingly, he grabbed her head and moaned loudly. He'd been having a great time from the start, but suddenly he was desperately fighting the urge not to cum, even though she hadn't even started properly sucking him off yet.

Suzanne had just been standing back and watching. About the only thing she'd done was take her bikini bottoms off and toss them aside. She thought, This is my doing. I caused all of this. All the thoughts and words they use, that's because I put them into Susan's head and she's put them into Brenda's head with their frequent phone calls. I know a lot of it is bullshit. Sure, Sweetie has become a studly guy with great stamina, but he doesn't have magical taming powers. And big-titted women aren't somehow all fated to sexually serve him.

And yet... when I hear this kind of talk, I get just as excited as they do! It may be bullshit, but it's hot bullshit! Maybe that's why I keep pushing this stuff on Susan. I mean, just look at Brenda go! She's so damn inspired! Just watching her lovingly lick his cock from the bottom to top and back again, and especially the way she's swirling her tongue all over his sweet spot, I swear, it's almost as good as doing it myself! And seeing a gloriously naked Susan standing by, cheering her on, eager for her own turn... Fuck! My pussy is really starting to cream! I feel shivers race down my spine!

And yet I'm the relatively calm and reasonable one! I can't imagine how much more excited Brenda must be feeling right now.

Indeed, Susan was eager to get more involved. She fell to her knees so she was kneeling shoulder to shoulder with Brenda. She thought, WOW! This is such an inspirational moment. I feel goose bumps and tingles all over! I've had my issues with Brenda in the past, but look at the inspired way she's working his cock. How can I argue with that? It's meant to be! I swear, there's nothing more beautiful than watching a busty babe worshipping my son's cock! That's how I must look. UNNH! HNNNG! Chills! Such tingly chills!

My goodness! He's TAMING her! She's succumbing to the might of his cock right before my eyes! It makes me so happy that I almost want to cry!

Susan grabbed both of Brenda's unusually long nipples and pulled on them, making Brenda let out a lusty cry. "That's it! That's it! You've got him on the ropes! But you need to do more. More! You think you have a ghost of a chance against a powerful cock like his with just a little licking and stroking? No way! Swallow it! Swallow the whole damn thing! Show him how much pleasuring his cock means to you! Show him that you live to serve! SUCK! Suck his cock!"