

6 Times 701

Chapter 701 Humbling Heather?

Eventually, the conversation wound down again. Suzanne used that as an opportunity to say, "I've noticed you've talked about nearly all your lovers, but there's one you've failed to mention: Heather."

"Uh-oh," Alan said. He'd known this was coming, but he was still dreading it.

"I know, I know. But it's gotta be dealt with. You've brought her up a couple of times recently, but unfortunately those times were inappropriate for a serious conversation on the subject."

He said in a droll voice, "Hmmm... Could it be we were preoccupied with other things?"

She snickered. "You think? Seems like this is the first time in ages that I've had a conversation with you without playing with your cock. And that's only because you have to drive." She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively, although she was only kidding.

He groaned. "I swear, you're gonna kill me."

"Anyway... Heather. The plan there is that her interest in you should burn out before too long. Then Angel and Amy won't be so pissed off, and all of us won't need to worry about her giving you a sexual disease, or about her general bitchiness and treachery. How's that coming along?"

"Not very good," he admitted. "For one thing, her interest in me shows no sign of flagging."

Suzanne glanced over at him quizzically while she drove. "And you? What about your interest in her?"

"Unfortunately, I can't seem to lose interest in her either."

Suzanne still kept glancing at him as much as she could, trying to gauge his non-verbal reaction as well as listen to his verbal one. "Why not? Part of my thinking with the 'she'll be a passing phase' plan was that things would heat up at home. For instance, what you and I did today. And I can't help but toot my

own horn in saying that your home hotties are doing just about everything humanly possible to keep you sexually satisfied. And none of us are exactly chopped liver, either. In fact, your mom, myself, your sister, and Amy - we're all the stuff of erotic fantasies. Again, I'm not trying to toot my own horn."

"Toot away," he said, "because it's true. Hot damn, it's true! I really think I have to be the luckiest guy on Earth."bender

She nodded. "That's true. And that's not even counting Ms. Rhymer and a couple others you're having sex with, like Kim and your nurse. So naturally, I figured that with all that competition, Heather would lose her appeal, mostly because of her personality."

"You'd think. I thought that too."

Before he could say more, she asked, "You told me recently that you've been having sex with her at school somehow. Is that really true, or was that just something sexy to say to get Susan all hot and bothered?"

"No, it's true." He chuckled as he added, "Heck, you know how Mom is; there's no need to say anything special to get her super horny."

Suzanne chuckled also. "Too true."

Then she returned to the topic. "Tell me about this sex-at-school thing. I have to admit that I've been very neglectful in not following up more on the school front in general, and your relationship with Heather in particular. You could get in serious trouble playing around in school, you know. And Heather? Everything about her spells danger."

"I know, I know! But that's the thing. I think that's why she still has this curiously strong appeal for me, when by all rights I should be totally satiated and satisfied, sexually and otherwise. But it's her very bitchiness that's driving everything, as weird as that sounds. She's so bold and fearless that you wouldn't believe it. She's capable of anything, and that's exhilarating."

He grinned as he imagined Heather sitting on Glory's desk. In his fantasy, she pulled her miniskirt up to expose her pussy, no doubt to get him to fuck her right on the desk. Hot damn! So sexy! And she'd do it too, maybe even with Glory right there!

He continued, "It brings out a whole different side of me. I call that 'Bad Alan.' She unleashes my inner asshole, if you will. And when I get really pissed off and call her nasty names and stuff, well, the sex gets seriously intense. I'm kind of hooked on it, to tell you the truth, and unfortunately, she is too."

"Oh dear. I hadn't anticipated that at all. Tell me more. Tell me everything."

So Alan proceeded to tell her about his encounters with Heather. He described each time that Suzanne wasn't already aware of, going into great detail. This might have gotten them both quite aroused, since so much of it was details of some very hot sexual adventures, but they were both so wiped out from their fuck-fest that, for the moment, they could talk of such things without getting highly aroused to the point of distraction.

Eventually he ended the survey of his recent history with Heather, bringing Suzanne up to date. He didn't leave anything out, because he knew that she needed all the details if she were to find a way to solve the problem.

Suzanne had remained quiet throughout, with her eyes on the highway, only asking a question here and there. Once he finished she said, "Hrm. I see. I'm beginning to understand her special appeal. It's not just that she's a busty babe."

"No. Not at all," he admitted. "As hot as she is, you're hotter. Mom's hotter. Et cetera. Your plan did make sense. The thrill of fucking the head cheerleader should have worn off by now, and likewise she should have tired of me too. But we have this weird psychological thing going on. I don't know what it is, but I do something for her that no one else has ever done. It fills some sort of need. And ditto the other way around."

He continued, "In fact, I know this sounds silly, but having such a great sex life is really stressful. I know it's all awesome; everything goes from peak to higher peak. But the sheer emotional intensity of all that peaking wears me down. And I have to be 'on' all the time, for whoever I'm with. I have to be charming and diplomatic and clever, rolling with the punches but watching what I say. Not complimenting you in a way that Mom will take offense at, and so on. Managing such a complicated love life is actually way more difficult than I'd ever imagined. So I get stressed and tired. Physically and mentally. And then..."

Suzanne said for him, "Heather."

"Right. Heather. I let it all hang out. I say all the politically incorrect stuff, angry stuff. I do whatever the hell I want. I grab her by her ponytail and make her friggin' choke on my cock if I feel like it. Whatever I wanna do, I do it. And the weird thing is, it works. It gets her off, big time, and it gets me off, big time. I know it's sex, but it's also some kind of weird mental therapy or something. Does that sound stupid?"

Suzanne furrowed her brow. "Actually, no. I get it. Admittedly, it's weird, but I see how it could work. And that puts me in a bind, because I don't want to take away the strangely effective sex-therapy thing you've got going with her. But at the same time, she's still Heather. She's toxic, and dangerous to your whole family. You HAVE to break it off with her sooner or later. If nothing else, there's the sexual disease factor. You're putting all of us in danger!"

He grimaced. "Oh man, don't remind me. I hate that. Although I have been getting better at using a condom with her."

"That's good, but it's not enough. Condoms are not foolproof. Good God! What if you got her pregnant? Can you imagine how she could ruin your life?"

He pointed out, "She's got like three different kinds of protection going on."

"Even so. There's always a tiny chance. And some STDs can spread even with condoms. No, you've gotta break it off with her sooner or later."

"I agree. But can it be later? Please? I need this right now. I know I'm being way greedy, wanting to have sex with yet another beautiful girl, but it's helping to keep me sane and grounded somehow. And I honestly think it's helping her somehow too, although I can't even begin to explain how or why. She's so stuck-up and full of herself. Thanks to the advice you gave me, I've been able to stay one step ahead of her, so I keep getting the better of her. That's never happened to her before, I think. It's humbling for her. And if there's one thing Heather needs, it's to be really humbled."

Suzanne said frankly, "I don't care about her, Sweetie; I care about you. And don't remind me that I helped get you into this mess with my 'good advice.' Can't you just break it off?"

"To be honest? No. Even if I wanted to, I can't. As she likes to say, she's 'Heather fucking Morgan.' It's like she's sunk her claws into me. I need to extricate myself slowly and carefully, or I'll get torn to pieces. She's VERY vindictive and vengeful. She could go totally ballistic. In fact, I think the only way to do it is have her think it's her idea to break things off."

Suzanne pondered that. "Hmmm. Yeah, I see what you mean. This is not good. It's not a disaster, but it's not good. I guess we'll all have to tolerate you and Heather for a while longer. I'll explain things to the girls and Susan. Do what you can to reach an endgame though, okay? This can't go on forever."

"Okay. I'll try. I think that as life goes on and I get used to all the other wild sexual weirdness in my life, I won't need to unleash my 'Bad Alan' as much anymore. So that'll help."

Suzanne asked, "Do you think you could do your 'Bad Alan' thing with someone else?"

"No way! I love you all too much. I could never call you names. Never, ever, ever! And if I somehow did, I'd go flaccid in about two seconds flat. Maybe someone else could, but I can't have angry sex with someone I love. Heck, I don't think I could even do it with someone I don't feel strongly about, like Kim. It has to be someone I'm really, truly pissed off at. And I have no shortage of that kind of feeling with Heather. She pisses me off immensely, constantly."

Suzanne nodded. She stared ahead into traffic as she pondered what that meant. I think I'll have to run into Heather's mother Helen again, sometime soon. I did get her phone number last time, so I wouldn't even have to fake a chance meeting. I've been dropping the ball on the Heather situation, big time, and it's time I get back in the game. I hate to admit it, but I'm almost as bad as Susan nowadays. It's like I'm in some kind of sex fog half the time, and I'm just generally drunk on love for my Sweetie. I've lost my scheming edge. But with Heather there's no room for mistakes. Maybe if I befriend Helen further, I can gain a better psychological understanding of Heather that'll help Sweetie change the situation.

Suzanne and Alan talked about other things for the rest of the drive home. She parked in front of her house, then joked as she got out of the car, "Look at me trying to walk. I look like I've been riding a horse all day. And to be honest, that's pretty close, my horse-hung Sweetie. I'm going to have to hide out in my own house for a while, or your mother will guess what we've been doing. And if by some odd chance my husband or son is around and sees me walking, I'll have to pretend I'm ill."

He saw that she was right: when she got out of the car, she walked slightly bow-legged, just as if she'd been on a horse for hours. She could almost still feel Alan's penis filling her deep inside as she shuffled along.

Alan walked her to her front door. They both wanted to share an intimate goodbye kiss, signifying their new level of intimacy, but the risk was too great. There was no telling who might be watching; for all they knew maybe even Suzanne's husband or son could see them.

Instead, Suzanne held Alan's hand and gave him a look so intense it nearly bowled him over. She was trying to convey love and affection, but it came out as more of a smoldering, "fuck me hard right here on my front lawn," sexy look than anything else. That was typical of Suzanne; she radiated sex without even trying, so much that she was almost unable to turn it off on the rare times that she needed to do so.

They left without parting words because no words could begin to express the feelings that they had for each other at that moment.

So Alan just walked next door, to his own home, and went inside.

His thoughts turned to Susan. He grinned as he considered her likely enthusiastic greeting when he returned home.

Chapter 702 Fun Time With Amy, Kath And Susan

As soon as Alan walked in the door, Susan rushed at him. The click-clacking of her high heels was music to his ears. She kissed him passionately on the lips for many minutes, as if he'd been gone for weeks.

"We've missed you!" she said between kisses. "You don't know how boring it's been here." Once again, she wore the T-shirt with the hole designed to let her boobs stick straight out.

Alan didn't need to be told that was an invitation to fondle his mother's hefty jugs to his heart's desire. He was tired, and his penis was on the verge of pain from experiencing so much friction. He was amused at being handed off from Suzanne to Susan with hardly a minute's pause between them. But seeing his

mother like that was an irresistible temptation. He locked lips with her some more, and meanwhile grabbed her ass with one hand and a tit with the other.

She was wearing a tight miniskirt. It looked sexy, but it was a hindrance to his fondling, so he pulled it well down her thighs. Then he resumed fondling her firm ass cheeks.

Between kisses, he stuck his index finger in her mouth.

Thinking that he was just playing around, she happily sucked on it, as if it was a tiny penis.

But he mainly did that so she would get his finger thoroughly wetted. Then, while they kissed again, he quickly stuck the finger into her anus.

She was so overwhelmed with pleasure that she slipped out of his arms and fell to the floor.

That stopped them temporarily while Susan was forced to catch her breath. She also used the interruption to pull her miniskirt all the way down her legs.

"Wow, that's some greeting!" she exclaimed once she recovered. At the same time, she casually pulled his shorts down his legs without even asking. "Mommy wants to welcome you back home with a nice, long cocksucking! I've been hot as an oven all afternoon, thinking about the way you made Suzanne and Brenda 'gobble on your knob' together, as Brenda put it, while you forced me to watch. It's all I could think about. It's time you ram your cock down my throat and show me who's boss around here!"

"Um," he started to say. Uh-oh! I highly doubt my dick is up for that. Besides, I should point out that I didn't make Aunt Suzy or Brenda do anything, and I certainly hadn't forced her to watch!

She gushed as she worked with him to take his shorts all the way off, "It's like you're coming home and immediately showing me that you're the man of the house. It's like you walk in the door and say, 'These tits, these lips, this ass, it's all mine and mine alone.' If Ron kissed me like that when he came home, he wouldn't have his wife stolen away by his own son! Phew! I wish you two would go shopping for computers more often, if you're going to come back like that."

From behind, Katherine said, "So do we, don't we?"

Alan and Susan turned in surprise to see Katherine there. Actually, it wasn't really that much of a surprise - it was getting pretty common to have someone or another walk in on these kinds of situations.

Susan complained, "Angel, would you quit sneaking up like that? Why not just announce yourself from afar first if I'm engaging in some intimate matters here with my Tiger?" Although she griped, the intrusion didn't reduce her determination to play with her son. She reached out and fondled his still-flaccid penis.

Katherine suggested, "But it's much more fun this way, isn't it? What do you think, Amy?"

Alan and Susan jumped a bit in surprise and scanned the room. Sure enough, Amy was walking down the stairs to the living room and soon stood just behind Katherine. Son and mother relaxed to see it was only Amy after all.

Susan might have pulled her hand from her son's dick in surprise, but once she got her hands on it, there wasn't much short of a direct tornado hit on the house that would cause her to let go.

Amy answered with a beaming smile, "I think it's fun to give surprises. Like playing hide and seek!"

Susan responded, rolling her eyes, "You two. I thought you were going to stay in Angel's room. I thought I overheard you mentioning something about checking for bumps. I suppose you're going to demand your welcome back home kiss from him too."

She was more suggesting than protesting. Alan's penis was still half-hard at best, and she secretly hoped some enthusiastic greetings might improve its condition.

"M'kay!" Amy enthused, while Katherine simultaneously said, "Yep!" They crossed the living room to be nearer to Alan. Amy excitedly hopped the whole way, as if she were a giant bunny. She did it just for the fun of it.

Susan kept on stroking Alan's dick, and said, "Girls, this may be a bit embarrassing for you, seeing your mother or aunt on her knees and fondling and blowing on Tiger's dick. God knows it's embarrassing for me! But this is just how it's gotta be from now on. Don't look so smug, because you two are his personal cocksuckers too. You're going to have to learn how to greet him on your knees, just like this."

That comment aroused Alan so much that he felt a surge of power as well as lust. He commanded the group in a serious voice, "Ladies. All of you. Shirts off, please. Now."

That was a very popular thing to say. Amy's eyes twinkled with delight.

Susan nearly swooned as she stood up and fell back in line with the other two so she could take off her special "hole" shirt with them.

Katherine faked a dramatic swoon, saying, "Look who's all in charge of his busty babes! He doesn't even give a reason; he just demands action from his stacked bitches! Mom, you're so right about him taking his natural place as the man of the house." She yanked her T-shirt off over her head in one fluid movement.

The others did the same. Suddenly, there were three sets of large breasts bouncing in front of one extremely happy teenage boy.

He thought to himself, There's a sight that will stay burned in my memory forever. Wow. Six glorious tits all side by side, full of bouncy goodness. And to think that I saw a similar sight with Mom, Aunt Suzy, and Brenda earlier. Talk about a good day!

But he tried to act nonchalant, and even complained, "I don't need to remind you: no use of the B-word around here. I respect all three of you too much to allow that kind of language."

Katherine pretended to be clueless. "The B-word? Do you mean the word 'big', as in 'Big Crowbar Brother?'" She giggled. "Or do you mean 'beg' as in 'Can I beg for permission to suck your cock a little bit?' Or could you mean 'bang,' as in 'It's about time I bang my little sister?'"

Amy added, "I think he means 'boink,' as in 'Tonight I'm going to boink my official girlfriend.'" She gave him a wink.

Susan was back on her knees in front of him. She surprisingly played along, and suggested, "Why don't you girls, who are not his bitches, take turns giving him some big juicy kisses? Meanwhile, this mommy, who is also not one of his many big-titted bitches, will happily beg that she'll be allowed to suck at this funny noodle dangling between his legs!"

She eyed his dick again, and was pleased to discover that it had nearly reached its full hardness. She had no idea what a great feat of stamina that was, considering the way he'd been secretly fucking Suzanne all afternoon, not to mention everything else that had happened earlier in the day.

Katherine giggled. "Why, my mother, who is also not a fellow perpetual horny cum-slut, this non-whore for my brother's fat cock will be happy to settle with exploring his mouth with my tongue for a while. Even if I have to share." She walked close, ostentatiously puckered her lips, and made to kiss him.

He complained, "Okay, you two, enough of that. You can't use those words, even in the negative. I'm sorry, Aims." But at the same time, his growing dick indicated the talk had aroused him against his will. His erection had been growing, but straight down. All of a sudden, it sprung out forward and bounced in the air towards the three vixens, like some sort of nympho-finding divining rod.

Susan welcomed his hardness with a smile and two eager hands. She stuck her tongue out and began to lick around his cockhead.

Amy stood behind Katherine as if waiting her turn in a kissing line. She smiled. "Sorry for what? Are you saying that your official girlfriend, who is also not a slut for his tasty cum, can or can't use words like bitch when she talks with her pussy-mouth?"

He was fairly floored by that, especially her use of "pussy-mouth". It didn't seem like the kind of thing Amy would say, but then he realized she saw it as a fun word game, and wanted to join in before it ended.

Katherine commented, "Oooh! 'Pussy-mouth!' I like that one."

Susan agreed. "Yes, Angel. Nice. Please put your pussy-mouth on his lips, and my pussy-mouth will get to work down here on his sister-poker." She continued to lick and stroke as she talked.

Katherine exclaimed, "'Sister-poker'? Wow Mom, I love your language. You know how to make me happy!"

Susan just replied with an enthusiastic "Mmmm!" because she couldn't wait with the blowing and had already begun cocksucking.

Alan's dick was still not quite as stiff as it could get. However, Susan had a quick, sure-fire fix for that. She reached between his legs and jammed a finger that she'd wetted with her saliva into his anus.

The resulting rush of pleasure from her stimulation of his prostate was so overwhelming that he moaned very loudly. "Good... GOD! UNGH!" His eyes bugged out and his heart started to thump like he was sprinting towards a finish line.

He grasped Susan's head with both hands out of habit, because he'd gotten used to doing that to slow her down when she sucked him with particular intensity. However, that didn't do anything about the finger up his ass. In fact, it forced her mouth further down his shaft, causing her to choke and gag loudly.

She got off on that in a big way. She began flirting with her gag reflex, bobbing as far down as she dared.

That was too much for him to take. He repositioned his hands and pushed her head back until her mouth was nearly off his hard-on. He finally relaxed once he heard the tell-tale "mmmm" sounds his mother usually made when she was bobbing contentedly in a steady rhythm on his shaft.

Katherine and Amy were very impressed, especially by the anal fingering.

Katherine cheered, "You go, Mom! Wow, that little finger-in-the-ass trick really works, doesn't it?"

Amy said, "Cool beans! I'm totally gonna start doing that, like, a LOT!"

Alan whimpered helplessly. Fuck! If they do, I won't be able to resist cumming! Hell, I'm barely hanging on now!

Katherine went on, "Look, Aims. Don't you just wish that were you? Look at the way her cheeks suddenly caved in there. She must really be sucking the hell out of that thing!" She drew in close and plastered herself against his chest.

Amy giggled. She put a hand on Alan's ass and then got up on her tiptoes to whisper in his ear. "Having a fun time, Beau? Need any help?" She giggled some more.

He was astounded to find his cock erect and throbbing with pleasure despite having cum four times at the hotel with Suzanne, plus twice more earlier in the day. He would never have figured he'd get hard again only an hour and a half after he'd given up on his penis, leaving it for dead at the hotel. He was also mindful that he had to save something for Amy for later.

The enthusiasm of all three females was simply too much for him. He griped, even though he'd already mentally and physically surrendered to their affections, "You all know this is supposed to be my rest weekend, don't you?"

Katherine's lips covered his as soon as the last word left his mouth.

Susan spoke fairly clearly despite having her son's boner deep in her mouth - she'd been practicing on phallic objects just so she could do that better, since she figured she'd be talking with his cock in her mouth a lot from now on. "Tiger, it muth have been hourth thinth your wath climath. Hourth! Mmmm! And you need a BIG reward from all of uth for helping Thuzanne. That was tho conthiderate of you. MMMM!"

He thought guiltily about the "help" he'd given Suzanne: non-stop fucking and no shopping whatsoever. "To be honest, she helped me out a bit while we were gone." He thought, That's true, if I'm referring to how she helped me to reach some mind-blowing orgasms. "In fact, she just gave me a reward of her own."

Susan had already removed her finger from his ass, because she knew that that was such a highly-effective trick that he might cum too soon if she kept it up. Instead, she began rubbing her tits up against his thighs while her hands found a rhythm on the lower half of his erection and her tongue worked at a different rhythm around his cockhead. "Ah bed thee did!"

He translated in his mind: "I'll bet she did." Yeah, I guess Mom figures we did some fooling around, since we were gone for so long. It's just that she doesn't know what we did exactly, and how often!

Katherine resumed kissing him and rubbing her tits on his chest.

For some reason, he usually got a kick out of wearing clothes while his women were naked, but this was one time he wanted to be naked too, so he could feel his sister's tits skin-on-skin. He pulled his shirt off, and Katherine went right back with her lusty rubbing.

Susan spoke again, although her concurrent licking forced her to mumble. "I figured a lot. That explains why it took you a couple minutes to get hard. Mmmm. MMMM! I can never leave her alone with your GREAT BIG thing! Mmmm! That's good! She's that good at draining it dry with that super long tongue of hers. I'm sure she's the one who got the real reward - all down her throat. Am I right? Did you give it to her good?"

Alan smiled in fond memory while Katherine licked his neck and Susan worked the most sensitive spot on his dick with a double attack that used her lips and tongue. "Oh yeah. You could say that again!" He wondered what Amy was doing, since he couldn't feel her, and he couldn't see much of anything due to Katherine's face and hair being in the way.

Susan asked, "Does that mean you want your big-titted, cock-worshipping servant mommy to stop?" Her hands grasped and pistoned the part of his erection that was outside her mouth, while her lips and tongue worked on the rest. "Please don't make me stop? I've been sooo looking forward all afternoon to this: getting naked on my knees with my Tiger's dick in my hands and mouth!"

Although his heart was racing, he managed to sound as cool as a cucumber. "My pleasure, Mom. Most definitely my pleasure."

Susan groaned with joy. "MMMM!" Then she swallowed more and more of his erection, going as deep as she could go in an attempt to show her appreciation.

He thought, God, how easy is it to please this woman? She's practically ready to faint with happiness just because I'm giving her permission to suck me off, which she's doing already anyway! Wow. And she's calling herself things like "cock-worshipping servant mommy" and totally blowing my mind AND my dick! But I'd better not call attention to it, or I might make her self-conscious about it.

Even as he was thinking these thoughts, Katherine worked her way back up to his mouth and began kissing him with such fervor that he could barely breathe.

Alan looked through Katherine's hair, which was hanging down all over his face, and finally noticed that Amy was standing all alone just a few feet away from him, bouncing up and down, eagerly waiting her turn to take over from Katherine or even Susan. But his sister was having such fun kissing and rubbing herself all over him that it looked like it would be a while before Amy would get a chance, if she got one at all. And he knew there was no way to get Susan off him without a crowbar, now that she had a nice bobbing rhythm going.

So he snapped his fingers, and tried to motion Amy to go around behind him. She didn't understand, so he broke his sisterly lip-lock and explained, "Amy, please rub your tits on my back, okay? And while you're at it, see if you can rub your cunt on my ass."

"M'kay!" Amy apparently already had something like that in mind because she'd gotten a bottle of oil from elsewhere in the house while the others had been occupied with each other. She poured the oil all over her boobs, and then she plastered her soft body up against his.

She began rubbing her entire body all over his firm muscles. Thanks to the oil, soon her whole body was sliding easily over his, in the same way that Susan's two hands were sliding all over the part of his slicked-up dick that wasn't inside her mouth.

Susan spoke to her daughter while her tongue was still wrapped around her son's erection. "Angel, did you hear that? Awan may not call us bitcheth, but he'th tweating uth juth like hith fuck toyth. He snapth hith fingerth and findth another naked body rubbing all over him juth like a ... female dog in heat." She giggled over her clever new method of saying "bitch" yet again.

Katherine broke the kiss again to reply, "I know, Mom. Isn't it divine? Personally, this female of the canine persuasion gets all hot to be treated like a fuck toy. It makes me want to rub my cat, if you know what I mean."

Susan gave a muffled "Mmmm-hmm!" while her slurping tongue went round and round Alan's cockhead.

Alan now found himself sandwiched between three women. Katherine was holding him tight and rubbing her breasts all over his chest. She'd found the oil Amy used and poured it on her tits too. Soon, she was slipping and sliding on one side while Amy was doing the same on the other.

Katherine commented, "You know, Bro, this is like you're one giant cock, and Amy and I are like oiled-up hands, jacking your whole body off!"

Amy joked, "Gosh, watch out! He might start shooting cum out of the top of his head at any moment! Just like the blowhole of a whale!"

The two of them had a good giggle over that. Then they laughed and giggled more as they both rubbed his head like it was his cockhead, mussing his hair up even more than its usual unruly look.

However, the giggly girls weren't the end of the pleasurable sensations assaulting him. Susan was still on her knees, sucking on her son's erection while frigging herself at the same time. The fact that her daughter's bare pussy was rubbing on the back of her head only made her happier.

He couldn't last long in the face of this triple attack. His one saving grace so far was that Susan had been taking it easy on him for a while, trying to make the experience last for both of them. But even that could only go on so long, especially with all the delightfully slippery oiled-up tits sliding over him seemingly everywhere at once.

He commanded, "Okay. Break. I'm about to blow!"

All three women pulled away within seconds, despite a great hunger in their eyes.

He was so staggered at their complete and quick obedience that he nearly came from that alone. He was particularly amazed that Susan completely disengaged.

The three of them kept their eyes glued on his bobbing erection. They watched with amusement as he strained and struggled until the immediate urge to cum surged past. A great climax was temporarily averted by the narrowest of margins.

Eye contact between Amy and Katherine indicated that Amy would get her turn to kiss as soon as Alan was ready again.

Chapter 703 I Think We All Need 'Practice, Practice, And Even More Practice.

Alan panted and sweated. It was draining to be at the center of so much energetic action, especially after Suzanne had put him through the wringer all afternoon.

Susan spoke to the girls like he wasn't there. "Did you see that? His cock was bucking like some kind of wild animal, but he managed to still it! Look, it's hardly even twitching now. And in a couple of minutes, I'll be able to suck it for so many MORE long, delicious minutes! Is there any big-titted mommy in the world with a better son? I think not!"

Katherine wryly asked, "Mom, does it get you 'so hot?'"

Susan didn't notice that Katherine was poking fun at her favorite phrase. She replied enthusiastically as she licked her lips, "Oh, YES! So very, very HOT!"

The girls had a good giggle over that.

After he recovered a bit, he tried to make idle, non-arousing chat to help pass the time until he was fully ready to go again. He asked the women, "So... what did you all do while I was gone this afternoon?"

Katherine answered, "As a feminine Fido whose brain is only capable of thinking how to sexually please her brother, I'm incapable of answering such a tough question. Perhaps the randy Rover on her knees ready to lick our master's dick can do better?" She again reveled in coming up with alternate ways to say "bitch."

Susan giggled too. "This woman who walks the street to have sex for money, but only for my son... Hey, what do you call it when a woman pays a man for sex?" She laughed.

Alan immediately interrupted her. "Mom! Sis! Come on! Okay, I'll admit 'feminine Fido' was amusing, but Mom, I don't EVER want to hear you seriously describe yourself that way, okay? Or use those kinds of words. When I hear the word 'whore,' I get seriously upset. And when I hear one of you say something like 'slut,' I imagine you sleeping with lots of men, and I only want you all to sleep with me."

"Oh!" All three females said at once. It was like light bulbs appeared above their heads.

Katherine spoke for all three when she said, "NOW I get it; why you don't want us to use those words." She giggled, "And here I thought you were just being noble. The truth is, you're being possessive. You want exclusive ownership of us all."

Susan practically swooned. "Angel, say that again! I love it!"

Katherine spoke proudly. "Alan wants exclusive ownership of us all!"

Susan shook her head in awe. "Wow!" She took hold of his erection again, brought her face right up to it, and inhaled deeply. "Aaaah! I love this life!" Mindful that he was trying to take a break, she "merely" kissed her way all over his boner.

Alan got really red in the face from Katherine's comments. He stammered, "I AM being noble," but then he realized how immodest that sounded and got even redder. "What I mean is, yeah, I'm possessive, I'll admit, but I also don't want to be demeaning to you."

Katherine gave a friendly laugh. "You're so cute when you blush. Don't worry! We're here only for you. When we say 'slut,' we mean YOUR slut only. We're YOUR whores and bitches and would NEVER think of sleeping with anyone else. Right, Amy? Mom?"

"Of course, silly!" Amy answered.

Susan ran her finger up and down his erection. "You're MY exclusive owner, Tiger." She blew lightly on his sensitive cockhead spots.

Katherine repeated the line Susan wanted her to repeat yet again. She knew that her mother would love to hear it once more. "That's good, seeing how Alan wants - and is going to get - exclusive ownership of us all."

Susan gasped. "Oh! Oh, oh, oh! So hot! Tiger, I'm sorry, I know you probably want more of a break time, but I'm just too horny to hold back!" She got busy lapping at his sweet spot and jacking off his lower inches.

Alan gazed at the wall in amazement. "This is not happening. This conversation is completely unreal. What did I do to deserve this? This is NOT REAL."

Susan looked to Amy. "Darling, please show Alan how real our love for him is."

Amy moved forward and took over kissing "duty."

Susan soon resumed her cocksucking, going back to a contented, steady bobbing right over his sweet spot.

Katherine took over the oily tit rub of Alan's back and also worked on his ass with her hands. She probed at the outside of his anus some, but she didn't plunge her finger in to massage his prostate, because she knew that would make him cum sooner rather than later.

They went on like that for several minutes. Everyone was happy. There was so much contented cooing and mewling that it sounded like a room of horny female cats.

Eventually Alan had to break away for another rest, or else he was going to blow. He simply said, "Okay, strategic break time."bender

That resulted in a lot of disappointed "Awww" sounds, but all three of the women completely disengaged.

Trying to make small talk to help pass the time, he asked, "So, Mom, what were you up to this afternoon?"

Her eyes lit up. "Ooooh! I'm so glad you asked. I had to go to the store and get some special glossy photo printing paper. Then I printed out some photos. And while that may sound boring, just look at the photos!" She hurried off to the den, paying no attention to her nudity.

She came back less than a minute later, holding a bunch of 8x10 photos behind her back. "Hold on. I can't wait to show all three of you these pictures. But first, Angel, Amy, I should mention that Brenda came by today. She... no, wait. It's better if I just show you!"

She dramatically placed the photos on the counter. She was careful that her favorite photo, of Suzanne and Brenda licking Alan's cock together, was on top.

Katherine and Amy were thrilled and delighted. This was when they learned that Brenda had sucked Alan's cock for the first time earlier that day.

Katherine especially might have been jealous to learn that, but she was so horny when she heard the news that it only caused her lusty fire to burn even brighter.

The girls each grabbed some photos from the stack and began looking through them. Soon, they were saying things like, "Oooh! Look at this one!" or "Wow, what a cum blast! My fingers feel sticky just from holding the photo!"

At one point, Amy looked up from the photos to Alan's face and simply asked him, "So, Brenda too, huh? Does this make her one of your personal cocksuckers now?"

He tried to dodge the question and gain information at the same time. "Um, I don't really know what that means. Is it just sexy talk?"

Susan said, "Let me field that, Amy. As you know, it is sexy talk, but it's also much, much more. It's a commitment, for starters. Any official cocksucker has to swear off all other men while accepting the fact that Tiger can play with anyone he wants. And obviously, there's a commitment to cocksucking excellence. If you don't crave to suck him any time he wants it, for as long as you can manage, with all the love in your heart and all the skill in your tongues and lips, then don't even bother!"

Amy asked, "So... Brenda?"

"Brenda, she's... on her way, for sure. But one cocksuck does not a personal cocksucker make! She knows that she's got a lot more to prove if she wants to be worthy. It takes practice, practice, and even more practice."

Susan, Katherine, and Amy all put their photos down and stared hungrily at Alan's crotch.

He put his hands up defensively. "Hey, wait! Hold on! I'm still having my strategic break, remember?"

Amy pouted, "But it's been, like, three minutes already."

Katherine pointed at his crotch. "Yeah! Besides, look at Alan Junior. He's flaccid already."

Susan chimed in. "That's just wrong. It ought to be illegal."

The girls giggled at that.

Amy joked, "I think we all need 'practice, practice, and even more practice.'"

Katherine giggled. "I heartily agree!"

In truth, Alan had had enough of a break if he wanted to get back to more action. However, he was feeling far too spoiled with his dick always being the center of attention. He wanted to give back in a completely unselfish manner, for once.

He knew that making that argument wasn't going to go over well, so he lied, "Look. I'm the only one who really know the needs of my dick, and right now the poor guy needs a rest. But I've got a fun idea. Kat and Aims, you two sit at the table, and I'll sit in a chair in between you. Then I'll finger your pussies while you check out the pictures and Mom tells us the sexy story behind them."

So that's what they did. Susan had gotten quite good at telling sexy stories lately, thanks to her morning talks with Suzanne and her frequent phone calls with Brenda. She was delighted to share an erotic story with "the kids" for once as well. Everyone started out highly aroused, and things only got hotter from there.

Susan sat across the table from the others, playing with her pussy while she talked. Meanwhile, Alan's fingers had Katherine and Amy writhing and humping in their chairs so much that at times they were in danger of falling to the floor.

Susan started from the beginning of Brenda's visit and went through everything that happened in a clear, chronological order. She covered everything that happened, including the Coolidge Effect.

That was big news for the girls. After Susan explained what it was, she said, "So, as you can see, I've been defeated again by my handsome Tiger and his big cock! Foolish me, I was resisting double blowjobs and the like, for fear of things going too far. Now I realize it's practically our DUTY to suck him off together all the time!"

Katherine smiled wolfishly. "I love the sound of that! And speaking of which, what are we just sitting here for? I say three tongues on one cock, and the slow poke gets the balls!"

But before anyone made a move, Alan spoke forcefully. "Hold your horses! My dick is still not ready. Besides, we're finally getting to the good part, where Mom can illustrate her story with the pictures that we have."

That sounded good to everyone, so the story telling, and pussy fingering continued.

At one point, Katherine said, "Hey, time out. I've got a question." Once Susan nodded, Katherine said, "So this is pretty big news, with Brenda having her first blowjob and everything. I'm still trying to sort that out. What does that mean for her, and us, long-term?"

Susan replied matter-of-factly, and with more than a little pride, "Like I said, she's not one of his personal cocksuckers yet, but I think we can consider that nearly a done deal now, due to her healthy attitude. It's just a matter of time. Plus, before long, I'm sure she'll be one of his personal titfuckers, and even, well, I guess you'd just call it his personal fucker. The bottom line is, she'll make a great sex pet for our man."

Amy asked, "You seem all psyched about that. But aren't you kind of jealous-y about her boob size and everything? We've all sorta noticed."

Susan admitted, "Well, yes, I was. And at times I still am. But I'm getting over it. She and I are getting to be very close friends, so that helps. Can we get back to the story now?"

Katherine said, "Just a sec. I also remember Suzanne told us that Brenda's only gonna be coming by the house once or twice a week. Is that still the plan?"

Susan thought about that. "Well... not exactly. I imagine she'll be coming around more than that. For one thing, I'm supposed to train her to be the best personal cocksucker she can be, so we'll be meeting fairly regularly for that. But that'll be taking place when you all are at school. In terms of her having fun time with Tiger, I imagine that won't change much. A couple of visits per week, two or three, maybe, including poker parties and fashion shows. Possibly more if there's a special event or some other reason - we need to be flexible. Does that sound good to you, Son?"

"It sounds great." He was having a fantastic time whenever Brenda was around, so he had no problem with her coming around more often. That was doubly so now that she had "graduated" to being allowed to give him blowjobs and the like.

With those questions out of the way, Susan went back to her story, aided by the latest photos of Brenda and Suzanne.

Susan had become quite adept at sharing her many erotic stories. One thing she'd learned was how to lead up to a big finish that usually resulted in orgasms all around. And sure enough, that's what happened here (except for Alan, who had an erection but made sure it remained untouched, even by himself).

Alan frigged the hot, tight, and squishy pussies of Katherine and Amy until they were ready to explode. Then, at just the right moment, he went from ignoring their clits to squeezing and pulling on them. Both girls nearly flew out of their chairs as they screamed orgasmically.

Susan too, had a nice climax at just the right time, when she finished describing how Alan came all over Suzanne's and Brenda's faces.

But Susan's orgasm wasn't nearly as powerful as Katherine's or Amy's, mostly because doing it with one's own hand wasn't as satisfying as having someone else do it to you. She was still in fairly good shape in the immediate aftermath, while the girls were slouched down in the chairs and seriously wiped out.

The girls tried their best to revive. Katherine said, "Thanks, Bro. Now it's our turn to do you."

"Yeah!" Amy agreed. "Our turn..."

However, both girls were so overwhelmed that they couldn't even open their eyes, and they spoke with slurred voices, like they were already halfway in dream land.

Chapter 704 Titfucking Susan

It was true that Alan did have a raging erection. Even though he knew what Susan was going to say since he'd taken part in all the action mere hours ago, it was still hot as hell to hear it described all over again. He wanted sexual relief. So he said, "Obviously you all won't let me eat my dinner until I give up my cum load. I don't know why, but I'm in the mood to titfuck Mom on the dining room table. Sorry, girls."

That wasn't really true. He would have much preferred to get licked by all three of them at once. But looking at the girls, he figured the considerate thing to do was let them rest for a while.

"Oh, would you?" Susan asked with glee. She was pleased as punch that he picked her over the two nubile and sexy teens half her age.

Thinking some more, she frowned, and said, "But the table is set so nice for dinner. We've been waiting to eat, you know." She added as an afterthought, "We're all hungry for dinner, but I think I can speak for everyone when I say we're more hungry for cock! First things first; which means I have to get that juicy fuckmeat back in my mouth."

Alan and Susan stood up.

The girls at least managed to keep their eyes open, but they remained like lifeless blobs, slumped way down in their chairs. One nice thing was that they wouldn't have to move to watch the upcoming show.

But once everything was ready to go, Susan seemed to hesitate. She frowned, and even reflexively covered up her bare chest for a moment.

He saw the hesitation and said, "Mom, what's this? Are you actually covering up your chest?"

"Sorry, Son." Abashed, she immediately dropped her arm and thrust out her bare chest. But her face was still full of worry, and she didn't thrust forward with her usual proud and lusty gusto. She said, "I'm sorry, it's just that the dining table seems, well, almost a sacred place. I can't help but think about my childhood, how my parents said grace before each dinner while we all held hands around the table and prayed. We still pray there every night. And now, well... It seems crazy, what I'm going to do on that very same table. This table may not look like much, but it's kind of a family heirloom." Her face blushed.

He saw she needed more encouragement, so he suggested, "If you get on the table, you just might give me the best orgasm of the day. But the competition is pretty tough today, after getting my very first blowjob from Brenda. And that's not even considering what'll be happening with Amy tonight." Everyone knew what was going to happen on Amy's date with Alan. He could barely imagine finding the energy to do that as well, but he figured he'd muddle through somehow.

As he was beginning to realize, Susan couldn't stand being sexually outdone by the other women, and she would do almost anything to stay ahead. She wanted to be first in his heart, no matter what. "The best, huh? I think I can prove again who the best is." She smiled nearly wickedly in anticipation of the challenge.

Susan took the breakable objects like drinking glasses off of the table, and then swept the rest off with a dramatic gesture. Silverware went clattering on the floor.

Everyone had a good laugh.

"I've always dreamed of having a good reason to do that," she commented. "I never would have imagined though that the reason would be giving up my naked body to my cute yet hunky son. If only my husband could see me now!" bender

The girls were starting to revive more, although they were still grateful they were only going to watch. They managed to sit up straight in their chairs to get a better view.

Susan lay on the table in the lewdest manner she could think of, letting one leg hang off of either side and stretching her back backwards like a cat. Her pussy was now the center of attention. She wore a face that made it appear as if she was unwillingly about to be fucked by her own son. But in fact she said, "Come sit on Mommy, and give me your big cock! Xania wants me to be more assertive of my needs, so that's an order!"

Alan didn't know what she wanted. He thought, Is that an invitation for a proper fuck?! Actual real intercourse?! I should at least try for it all. I mean, who could blame me, given the way she's spread for me like that!

He sat between her legs, and put his erection right over her pussy.

But just as his cockhead touched her pussy lips, she said forcefully, "You're NOT going to put your dick in there, right? Suzanne was just telling me earlier today how important it is that you get your rest, and specifically warned me against this. If we start on you-know-what, we'll go for hours! You're in no shape for that tonight. Plus, it would be rude for Amy's sake."

He struggled not to scream at the top of his lungs. He let out some frustration with a heavy sigh, but that wasn't good enough. He thought ruefully, Damn! Aunt Suzy is such a hypocrite. The only reason I don't have the energy to fuck Mom into oblivion today is because she completely wiped me out! Is Aunt Suzy putting Mom off so she can have me to herself? I wouldn't put it past her. So frustrating! I'm so close!

But then with a start he realized, Hey, wait a minute. She said, "You're in no shape for that TONIGHT." Talk about an invitation for some other day! Wow! But as usual, I'm just going to play it cool in case pointing that out causes her to freak. I sure hope I'm reading that right. At least it gives me SOME hope, maybe even for tomorrow!

Maybe she's really gotten over her issues after talking to Xania about it?! I'm actually afraid to ask. If she is completely ready, I'm liable to have a nervous breakdown waiting until it can happen!

He kept his erection poking at her pussy, but he guided it up a bit until the cockhead poked into the forest of his mother's dark brown bush. He slid it over her rough hair a couple of times until the piss hole

rested directly against her clit. It was fun to watch her excited reaction, but he also felt a "so close, and yet so far" frustration. A simple jerk down was all it would take for him to lodge himself deep into her wanting sex hole.

She thought, Sweet Jesus! So close! Tiger's cock is almost in me! This is too much. I can hardly breathe! Oh, Son! Son, my pussy is going to belong to you. Just hold on a little longer! Then you can drill the ever-loving SHIT out of me!

But Susan seemed determined to heed Suzanne's advice about waiting, especially with the audience they had. She brought a hand down to guide his boner to safety and said, "No, you naughty, terribly yummy cum fountain. Don't even think of it! We have to listen to Suzanne. She knows what's best. Scoot up so you can fuck my tits. My married pussy may be off limits for now, but you literally own my big knockers. Let them squeeze out all that terrible spermy buildup."

He sighed, but resigned himself to what was still an extremely appealing option. He happened to glance over at Amy and Katherine and saw that they'd apparently fully revived. They were sitting together, still nude of course, and running their hands all over each other. He thought, Dang, I wish I had like eight arms, three mouths, and at least four penises.

Susan looked where he was looking, and said, "Hey, Amy? Do you have some of that oil from earlier?"

"Oh yeah, definitely!" She got up and found the bottle of oil on the kitchen counter.

When she returned, Susan pointed to the middle of her cleavage and said, "Pour some of that right here. Please."

Amy walked over and poured a copious amount of the fragrant oil onto Susan's breasts, but then kept pouring more onto her stomach and even some on her legs all the way down to her knees. She then helped to rub the oil in.

As she poured, she said very politely, "Thanks for thinking of me, Aunt Susan. About tonight, I mean."

"Don't mention it, dear. We all love you; you're family."

In truth, Amy was going far beyond merely pouring oil onto Susan to facilitate a slippery titfuck. Now that she'd revived, she was using the opportunity to sensuously run her hands all over Susan's incredible, voluptuous body.

While that was going on, Katherine stood up, put some of the oil on her hands, and announced, "While you two are doing that, I'm going to make sure Brother's cock is very thoroughly lubricated too."

Susan had her eyes closed. She was very much enjoying the relaxing oil massage. She chuckled as she said, "I see. Somehow, I think it's going to be very, VERY thoroughly lubricated!"

"Yep!" Already, Katherine had Alan's dick and balls completely oiled up and she was just having fun jacking him off with both hands.

All that activity went on for a few minutes. Eventually, Katherine could see that Amy's oil massage was winding down, so she said to her, "Hey, you should lend me a hand here. You think jacking off Brother's big fat cock is fun? Wait until you try it when it's all oiled up."

Amy immediately joined in. "Wow, this is super neat-o! It's so super duper slippery!" Within seconds, there were four teen hands sliding all over his privates.

Susan took note. She was very interested in exploring that with him later. But for the moment she said, "Okay, girls. Sorry, but I think it's time for the titfuck. Can you move back and make room?"

They did so.

Alan got up off of Susan a little bit and then sat back down on her, but this time he straddled her newly-slick stomach. He had oil all over his chest and back, and now his ass was going to be soaked in it too. He put his dick in the deep valley between her mountainous tits. He was liberally oozing pre-cum and his hard-on was very thoroughly oiled up, so he had no trouble whatsoever with lubrication.

"Promise me you'll end up in my mouth," Susan said. "I haven't tasted your gooey sperm for hours!" The one thing she didn't like about titfucks was when she had his cock so tantalizingly close to her mouth, but not in it. She loved it when he fucked her tits hard, but it was impossible to keep any part of her mouth on his boner when he was vigorously sliding away.

Katherine complained, "Come on, Mom! You were sucking his big cock quite a lot a little while ago. Don't you ever get enough of it?"

"No! I'll never get enough of it. I don't even care if it's covered with yucky oil; I'll suck that all off soon enough. I am his personal cocksucker. Well, one of them. This is what I do. And I'm going to keep doing it until he tells me he needs a rest. All that hard work sucking on such a very thick pole. It's the best! And then, the reward! Angel, you must admit that NOTHING compares to getting a full blast of his sweet cream. Down my throat or all over my face and tits, it's such a burst of spermy love!"

Katherine was silent, because she couldn't deny or disagree with any of that. In fact, just talking about it made her mouth water. Still, she was somewhat miffed that Alan had again chosen Susan first.

Alan noted to Susan as he began sliding into her cleavage with short and slow strokes, "I was afraid that we would have to stop this kind of thing altogether when we went to the psychologist, but Xania seems to have redoubled your enthusiasm."

"Yes. Well, she said everything is fine in moderation. Maybe Angel is right that I need to cut back a little. So this is it for me today, and then tonight I have plans of my own with friends. Xania said - unh, just like that Tiger! - I have to maintain a balance in my life between friends, work, and getting fucked by my children!"

Alan heard Amy and Katherine talking. He looked over where they stood just in time to hear Katherine joke, "Sorry, Amy. This lewd sight isn't appropriate for an innocent virgin such as yourself." It was a joke because she then "protected" Amy by guiding her friend's face towards her own crotch.

Amy got the hint. She went down to her knees to lap at Katherine's wet pussy. She fondled her way all over Katherine's ass too, quickly making it very slicked up with the oil still on her hands.

Alan was already well on the way to orgasm before he and his mother even got to the table, but he tried his best to hang on. He slowly increased his pace until he was giving her chest a serious plowing. In case he needed any extra stimulation, which he most certainly did not, all he had to do was look over at Katherine and Amy engaging in an oily Sapphic wrestling match.

After titfucking Susan for many minutes, he literally sat on her so high that his erection was poking at her face. He didn't just want her to nibble on the head of his cock; he pointed his dick down and fed as much into her mouth as she could take.

Even though she couldn't overcome her gag reflex just yet, she managed to gobble down a third of its long length.

They both knew the end was near. He didn't do any more thrusting for fear of gagging her. Instead, she put her magical tongue and lips to work on the massive intrusion in her mouth, while he kneaded her highly sensitive and oily breasts around the lower part of his shaft that they still reached.

She thought, Dear Lord! Lord, please tell me this can't be wrong. Why would You make this so unbelievably pleasurable if it's wrong? The way he's mauling my big tits, and his huge pole sliding between my lips, plus the way he's totally dominating me by sitting on my naked body... Life just doesn't get any better than this!

When he came, he found himself too excited to keep his boner still any longer. In fact, he completely forgot about her gag reflex limitations altogether. He used his hips to aggressively and rhythmically thrust his ejaculating cock deeper and deeper into her mouth. "Take that! Take that for being such a tease!" he yelled in frustration.

He was surprised at his own words, but couldn't stop himself. He was still thinking about how close he'd been to being able to fuck her when he'd climbed up on her, and that was extremely frustrating. Blowjobs and titfucks were great, but he wanted to fuck!

Susan was in no position to respond. All she could do was open her eyes wide. She could scarcely believe that his cock had gone an inch or two past her gag reflex and she was taking it deeper than she ever had before. When he came, she managed to swallow it all without too much gagging. Luckily, he came quickly, because she couldn't breathe at all.

He pushed his dick deeper down her throat, yelling, "Take it! Take it! Take it!" He seemed to be spaced out and more than a little bit possessed.

He started to cum.

Susan loved the rough treatment. Just one thing disappointed her though: by having his erection so deep in her mouth when he came, the cum went straight down her throat without her being able to taste it and savor it. But still that was a small complaint compared to the great joy of getting titfucked on the dinner table in front of an audience. His whole body trembled as he held his shaft while it burst repeatedly down Susan's throat.

Meanwhile, Katherine came while watching the entire thing intently from only a few feet away, thanks to what Amy did with her head firmly between Katherine's legs. (Katherine had been doing the same thing to Amy, but they'd just switched places again.) It almost looked like Katherine was sitting on Amy. The slippery oil was dripping off them and onto the carpet, but no one seemed to care.

Chapter 705 Date With Amy ?

Alan rolled off Susan and fell to the floor.

Susan always enjoyed getting titfucked, but she especially enjoyed the face fuck for its aggressiveness. She was pleased that she'd managed a deep throating of sorts, even though the circumstances for it were unrepeatable and bizarre. But she was disturbed by his comments and actions showing a very rarely seen mean streak.

Katherine spoke up. "Boy, Brother, you sure kind of went crazy there. Did you know you might have hurt her? She could have choked!"

"Sorry," he said gruffly. He was so frustrated by his fuck need that he still wasn't thinking straight.

Susan asked, "Something wrong, Tiger?" She got up and comfortingly put an arm around him. "Am I teasing you too much?" bender

"Just a tad," he said sarcastically. "I mean, what we just did was great, but the way you spread your legs so invitingly like I could study you for an anatomy lesson - but you don't let me actually fuck you. I can put my cock right onto your pussy lips, but that's it! How maddening can things get?!"

She looked down sadly. "I'm sorry. Sometimes I get carried away."

Alan groaned with frustration. "Anyways, it's like that day after day, with the frustration that I can't fuck you growing and growing. And the way you're talking so brazenly and sexily all of a sudden. It's more than agonizing!"

"I'm really sorry," Susan said with concern. "Sometimes I forget how it is for you. I just feel so liberated lately. Between Suzanne, Angel, and I all being unwilling to let you fuck us, it must get pretty tough."

He almost burst into laughter, since he'd fucked Suzanne just hours before, and he had fucked Katherine lots of times already. He still didn't want to confess that to her though.

Susan continued cluelessly, while lovingly stroking his back. "The fact that you're obviously getting a good deal of pussy at school makes it all the more agonizing at home, doesn't it?"

He nodded, because there was a lot of truth to that. Sometimes it helped to have other outlets, but other times it just made things more frustrating. He looked over at Katherine and Amy, who were both now sitting side by side, holding hands. They looked back with concern.

Susan continued, "Oh dear. But now that Amy is your girlfriend, she's fair game. Why don't you give her a good fucking tonight? I'm sure that'll make you feel better." She smiled and nodded at Amy, who politely nodded back.

"As I think I mentioned, I plan on doing just that," he replied. He was starting to feel a lot better, and seeing Amy smiling at him helped his mood considerably.

He thought, Today is supposed to be my day of rest more or less, but obviously that's been blown, to say the least! There's something really exciting about taking the mother and daughter for the first time on the same day. God, just look at Aims. She's like the light of my life. If only I can get it up and keep it up, and make her happy. I'd be lucky if I can do it once more, twice at the max for sure.

But then he thought of Susan's feelings, and asked her, "Doesn't that prospect bother you, though? You know, me going all the way with my girlfriend?"

"Sure," she answered honestly. "I'm jealous as hell. If I was only your mother, I'd have all kinds of issues about it. But now I'm your lover too. It's not just that I live to suck your cock; I love you like a lover, you know: the kind of deep love between a man and woman."

The two of them passed a special intimate look between each other. What she didn't say was that it wasn't the fact that Alan would fuck Amy that was bothering her; she already took that as a given. Rather, she was bothered that Amy was his "official girlfriend," rather than herself, even though she knew rationally that she could never have that role in public.

She continued, "So yeah, it bothers me. But I want what's best for you and your insatiable pecker." She grabbed his flaccid penis briefly and lovingly caressed it. "Plus I care for Amy dearly, and look how badly she needs it. I sure can relate." She joked with a tinge of bitterness, "SOMEbody around here needs to get fucked!"

"Mom," Katherine piped up. She was bent over, leaning against a chair in a sexy manner. "I can really relate too. When do I get to fuck him?"

"Angel dear, you're a Plummer. Actual fucking would be incest."

After hearing that, Alan was glad he'd decided not to confess yet. His mother seemed very set in her ways, even though it was an increasingly hypocritical position.

That wiped the smile off Katherine's face. She griped, "But Mom! Not long ago, you pretty much admitted he'd fuck me sooner or later. So why not sooner?! Why not just face facts?! Didn't Xania say it's okay? How quickly you forget what Xania said!"

Susan grew very flustered, "Angel, please. Let's not talk about this right now. Not in front of our guest." She nodded towards Amy, who was hardly a mere "guest." She was desperately grasping at straws to avoid answering, because she didn't have an answer. She only had the strong emotion that she didn't want to see Katherine fucked by Alan, at least not yet.

She thought, I'm having enough trouble with Tiger and Amy, I can't think of Tiger and Angel too. Soon, he's going to be fucking everyone else and forget about this old bag of bones! I don't mind the idea, really, but I wanna be first, dammit!

Katherine grumbled, "Amy is hardly a guest. She's like family, and we all know it! You even just said so!"

Susan cleverly redirected the conversation. "Amy is like family." She turned in Amy's direction and smiled. "Heck, as far as I'm concerned, Amy IS family. I'm so happy for you tonight. You're gonna get seriously, royally fucked! How do you feel about that?" She was sitting in a chair next to Amy now, so she reached out and squeezed her hand.

Amy squeezed back, but she was practically bouncing in her chair too. "I'm so totally excited! Super double fantasmorgamsicallywonderificalllyhyperultraexcited, even!"

Susan chuckled at her enthusiasm. "And you're gonna have a great time. Just remember a few things. First and foremost, Alan is the boss. What he says, goes. Second, remember your goal is not to cocktease, it's to cock-PLEASE. Getting Tiger to enjoy a nice, long plateau of extreme stimulation followed eventually by a great climax should be your highest goal. Third, giving is its own reward. The more you devote every inch of your entire being to pleasing him and especially every inch of his cock, the more he'll end up pleasing you back, and the more orgasms you'll have too. Four, Alan is king. Your role is to SERVE! Like a slave! Like a sex slave! You can't even know the word 'no' because a good sex toy never--"

Alan interrupted from where he lay on the floor. "Whoa! Hold on, hold on! I'm right here, remember?"

Susan's eyes were twinkling with excitement and her chest was heaving. But she slumped back a bit and let him speak.

He complained, "Isn't point number four and point number one basically the same? You're filling Amy's head with all kinds of crazy talk. Besides, I'm not the 'king' or the 'boss.' I'm just a guy taking my girlfriend out on a date, and then we'll see what happens."

Susan rolled her eyes with surprising disdain. "Sure, if you want to believe that, Tiger." But then she turned back to Amy and squeezed her hands again tightly. "Don't listen to Mr. Fuddy-Duddy over there. Later, after he's gone, you, Angel, and I will have a long talk. We're gonna make sure you're gonna have a GREAT first date! We'll teach you every cock pleasuring trick we know. Won't we?" She turned to Katherine and looked at her pointedly.

Katherine just nodded. Actually, she didn't mind sharing with Amy at all. She saw her as an ally, not a threat.

Susan concluded, "You're gonna end up with sperm pouring out of your pussy and out of your ears!"

"M'KAY!" Amy bounced some more in tremendous excitement and anticipation.

Alan remained flopped out on the floor. He was in no hurry to go anywhere.

Amy and Katherine lingered in nearby chairs, both in a similar lazy post-orgasmic mood.

Susan, though, had things to do. First, it occurred to her that she hadn't given his privates a thorough post-orgasmic "cleaning." So she spent several minutes doing just that.

Then she walked off into the kitchen to warm up their garlic salmon dinner. She exaggeratedly swayed her hips as she walked, knowing that Alan, Katherine, and Amy would be watching her naked ass from behind, and all three would desire her. She loved it. She didn't have a concern in the world.

Katherine and Alan washed the dishes together after dinner, as they often did. Alan could tell that his sister was feeling antsy, as if there was something on her mind that she wanted to discuss.

Sure enough, once the kitchen was clean, she took him upstairs for a private chat in her room.

She stood in front of him with her arms crossed while he sat on her bed. She spoke with an intense glare. "So... I learned something VERY interesting from Amy today. Don't blame her; it just kind of slipped out. Imagine my surprise to find out that you're having sex with Gloria Rhymer!"

Alan was startled to hear that, but he tried his best to maintain a poker face. However, he wasn't entirely successful.

"Is it true?!"

His first instinct was to lie, but he decided he couldn't do that to his beloved sister. He sighed heavily. "You have to understand. That's a major secret! It's almost as dangerous as our incest secret. I couldn't tell anybody about that, not even you, not even Mom. Nobody!"

"So it IS true!"

He sighed again. "Yes."

"A-ah!" She continued to glare at him with her arms crossed. "Well?"

"Well, what?"

"I want details! How did it start? How serious is it? What have you done with her exactly? Tell all!"

"I can't do that. Really, you shouldn't even know. Amy and Aunt Suzy shouldn't know either. But since you do know, the less you know, the better. I'm not much at risk, probably, but her whole career is on the line!"

"Wait. Aunt Suzy knows too?"

He sighed in defeat. "Damn. I really suck at keeping secrets, it seems. Yeah, she put two and two together recently, and pretty much forced me to confess. But Mom still doesn't know. But this is why I can't say anything: one thing leaks out to just one person, but then it spreads and spreads. Please! Let's not talk about this, okay? Now you know. But pretend like you don't. Don't even talk about it with Amy or Aunt Suzy. Please! I would never forgive myself if Glory lost her job because I was a loose-lipped idiot."

Katherine sat down next to him and put an arm around his back. "Don't worry; your secret is safe with me. But you don't have to worry. Mom will find out about it sooner or later, I'm sure. But that's as far as it will go. The four of us are a tight little group. We're not going to say something about this to anyone else, just like we're not going to reveal the incest secret. That would be idiotic."

"I know. But what about people like Brenda who are getting more involved? Or even Xania, after what happened recently? Someone like that might overhear something and tell it to someone else, and so on. The less said, the better."

"Fair enough. But please answer just one thing. Where does Ms. Rhymer fit in the bigger scheme of things?"

He sighed in defeat again. "Ugh. I don't know. That's the other reason I'm not keen on talking about this, because it brings up a lot of difficult questions. She knows I have other lovers, and she's kind of resigned to that, but she DEFINITELY doesn't know about you or Mom! If she did, well, all hell could break loose. I'm just kind of playing it one day at a time. These are early days. Let's see how things evolve, and how serious it gets."

Katherine asked, "But what if things do get more serious with her? I know how you feel about her. It's not just lust; it's love too. And she must feel the same way about you to take such a big risk. So what if you two fall totally in love with each other? What then? She doesn't seem like the sharing kind."

"I know! I know! It's complicated. To be honest, I'm flying on a wing and a prayer with all this multiple-lover stuff. It's probably going to blow up in my face before long. But what can I say? I'm 'young, dumb, and full of cum,' as the saying goes. I'm taking some big risks. The important thing for you to realize is that no matter what happens between her and me, that won't jeopardize my relationship with you, or the rest of the gang here. Seriously, there isn't a woman on Earth who could take me from you. We're stuck with each other for good."

She beamed. "You know just what to say to make a girl feel good!" She leaned in and kissed his lips.

However, for once, the two of them weren't in an amorous mood. After a little more chat, Alan went back to his room to putter around on his computer. Once he was gone, Katherine pulled out her diary from its secret spot and wrote down all the latest that she had learned about Alan and Glory, as well as her mixed feelings about that news.

Chapter 706 Sex With Amy ?

Around nine o'clock, Alan and Amy left to go to a party. All of their friends were there. It was a very big, lavish affair held by the kids of some very rich parents. No adults were in sight, but there was a lot of alcohol and even pot, ecstasy, and cocaine. Alan and Amy abstained from them all, drinking just sodas.

The party was something of a coming out for Alan and Amy as a couple. While their status with each other was now widely known, few acquaintances had a chance to see them together, acting like a couple. Since they weren't at school, both of them pushed the limits of acceptable levels of public displays of affection. They necked at every opportunity.

Amy was beaming with joy again, intensely proud of Alan and the way people looked at them when they were together.

The party house had a very big backyard. Alan and Amy preferred to stay there since there were fewer people and more privacy. It was much darker than the well-lit house, which was great for making out. Alan had Amy under strict orders to keep her hands away from his crotch, and he was just as determined to keep his hands from her crotch. But even so, they were getting very passionate and intimate, and it was better to do that in near darkness.

At one point, they went from a particularly private and dark corner of the backyard where they'd been necking to a highly trafficked area to get something to drink. Once there, they ran into Sean and Peter.

"Hey!" Peter said. "Alan! Over here."

Alan and Amy walked over to where Sean and Peter were standing, near a keg of beer.

Peter joked to Sean, "Look, it's AlanAmy. Or should we call you AmyAlan?"

Sean teasingly explained, "I think he's making reference to the way you two are fused at the hip."

Indeed, Alan had his arm around Amy and their hips were touching. He joked, "Sorry Peter, I can't hold you like this. These hugs are reserved just for my girlfriend."

Peter took that in stride, and shook his head in disbelief. "Man! She's your GIRLFRIEND! No offense, but how the heck did that happen? I mean, Alan, you're definitely a nice guy, but Amy, you're, like, right up there in the handful of very most beautiful girls at school." He said to Alan, "Guys like you just don't get girls like her."

Sean commented, "Outside of a 'John Hughes teen romance' type film."

"Yeah," Peter again. "No offense, Amy, but what do you see in him?"

Amy proudly replied, "You don't know the deal. He's wonderful! Besides, we grew up together. We live next door to each other, you know. We're not just lovers; we're bestest friends. But I really love the 'lovers' part." She looked over at Alan and smiled lovingly. Then she gave him a scorching kiss on the lips.

That kind of freaked out the other two. They weren't used to seeing anyone do that up close, much less a good friend. They made excuses to go and get more beer.

Once they were left alone, Alan continued to hug Amy warmly as he said, "I think you scared them away."

Amy teased, "No, YOU scared them away. You kissed me so hotly that they ran to get the fire extinguisher!"

Alan laughed. "Let's hope they don't come back then."

Amy and Alan were feeling great simply from being with each other; they had no desire for booze. Once they realized that the only non-alcoholic drinks were inside the house, they decided to go back into the darkness to kiss some more instead.

But as they walked down a little-used pathway, they came across Christine standing alone.

Alan stopped and said with surprise, "Christine! What are YOU doing here?"

Christine turned and stared. She showed no surprise, and instead looked pissed off about something. She complained, "Why do you say that like that? Is it such a surprise? Am I not allowed to party?"

Alan still had an arm around Amy. "No, of course not. I mean, uh, of course you're allowed to party. I'm getting tripped up on double negatives. It's just that I don't usually see you at these kinds of things."

"How would you know? You never go to these kinds of things either." Realizing she was being rude, not to mention surly, she turned her attention to Amy and tried to fake a smile. "Hey, Amy. How's it going?"

Amy answered uncertainly. "Mmmm... m'kay... How's it with you? You seem kind of bummed out."

That was obviously true. In fact, Christine looked tense and about to cry, as well as pissed. She looked like she wanted to punch somebody. But she faked a smile again. "Oh, why do you say that? I'm fine."

Alan said, "Come on. You're not fine. What's up? You can tell me."

Christine seemed to start on an angry rant. "Oh, can I?" But she suddenly stopped before she could really say anything. She forced herself to calm down. "Sorry. It's just... I don't know why I came here. I don't like these stupid things. I hardly know anybody."

Amy said brightly, "You know us! Why don't we all hang out and have a nice time?"

That seemed to both anger and sadden Christine even more. Again, she was on the verge of saying something mean, but this time she only said it in her head. Hang out with you? No thanks; I'd rather cut off my arms and legs. And what's with that shirt of yours? Is that painted on? I hope it's so tight that you can't breathe and you choke!

Christine realized that she was staring daggers at Amy. She forced herself to look away, towards the crowd around the keg. She said in forced, clipped tones, "Sure. Maybe later. I'm going to go, uh, get a drink. I'll see you later." She hurried off down the path towards the beer.

Alan and Amy resumed walking the other way.

Once they were alone, Alan said, "Boy, that was weird. What's up with her?"

Amy said, "Geez, I don't know. She seemed bummed about something. But we should probably let her be for a while."

"Yeah," Alan agreed.

In fact, they both suspected what the problem was, because Christine wore her emotions on her sleeve. Obviously, she was upset at seeing them walking around like lovers.

Neither Alan nor Amy knew the full story. They didn't know that Christine had come to the party mainly to spend time with Alan. But she'd been shocked and dismayed to see Alan and Amy making out in the backyard. Of course Christine knew that they were dating, but up to that point they had avoided ostentatious public displays of affection, at least around school. It was one thing to know they were intimate, but it was another thing altogether to see it in the way that they were passionately French kissing.

To make matters worse, Alan and Amy happened to come across Christine at a moment when she was trying to have some time alone to get her act together and overcome her jealousy. Seeing the two of them up close, casually hugging and touching, set her emotions reeling.

Shortly thereafter, Christine decided that coming to the party really had been a big mistake, so she went home early, alone. She was distraught at the intensity of her jealousy. She'd never felt that way about anyone before, and she didn't know how to handle it.

Sometimes Alan was a bit thick, and he had been slow in realizing the depth of Amy's feelings towards him. But there was something about the way she acted that made it clear for the first time just how much she was in love with him. At first that thought scared him slightly. While he also loved her very much, he wasn't willing to have an exclusive relationship. But as he mentally reviewed the prior few days and realized that she still hadn't shown a hint of jealousy, he felt much better.

To test that out a bit more, he walked arm-in-arm with her through an extra quiet, private part of the backyard. Being careful, he spoke in a near-whisper. "You know, I had sex with your mom this afternoon. Are you okay with that?"

Amy replied just as quietly. "Totally! You're plowing through her tits or into her mouth just about every day, so what's the big deal? I think that's cool. You've made her really happy."

"No, I don't mean that; I mean real sex, like what we're gonna do tonight. You know, putting my dick in her pussy and everything."

Her eyes widened. "Gosh. You had sex with Mom?" she said in apparently complete surprise. "Wow. That's weird to actually, really hear. But it's not surprising. She's wanted that for a long time."

"Are you okay with that?"

"Of course I am, silly! I love you, Alan, and I love her. I'm just happy to see you both happy. I'd do anything if it makes you happy, and that's just gonna make my mom even happier. I guess you don't know how much I've loved you for so long." She squeezed his hand tightly.

"I've been realizing it more and more lately. I love you too. You, Aunt Suzy, Mom, and Sis. We're like a close family now. I love you all deeply but in different ways. Aims, your unconditional love really means a lot to me. I don't know if you've noticed, but lately I find myself depending on you more and more. You're like a rock of stability for me in these really confusing and emotionally wrenching times. Tonight I'd like to show you another way we can love each other."

"Goody! You ARE talking about fucking me, right?"

He nodded and smiled.

She asked with worry, "You're up to it? You're not gonna get all tired at the last minute this time?"

"No way. I'm 'up' for it right now, if you know what I mean."

She beamed with a bright smile. "Finally! Geez, Louise! I've been hoping and praying, ever since you hinted about that yesterday, that your thingy would be up for it tonight. I can't believe it's REALLY gonna happen, after all those games you played on me. Wow!" She turned towards him and hugged him.

During the hug, she let one hand slip down to check whether he did indeed have an erection. Her smile grew even bigger when she confirmed that he did.

He pushed her hand away, since he was determined not to get too frisky at the party. "What do you mean, games?"

She rolled her eyes. "Hey, I'm not as dumb as you think. I've seen movies." She dropped her voice even lower to make extra sure no one else could hear. "Okay, I'll admit that at the start I wasn't sure what was going on, but after a while I realized that you and Kat sticking your fingers in my pussy all the time wasn't pure altruism."

He laughed, and then Amy joined in. He said a bit sheepishly, "Sorry about that. But it was fun, wasn't it?"

"Lots!" She giggled.

"Then let's have even more fun tonight. And by the way, I don't think you're dumb. I think you're naïve and lost in your own world, or something, a lot of the time. You're different, but not dumb."

"Thanks! I get okay grades, you know, but I know I'm not as good at schoolwork as you. But let's not just stand here talking. I'm all nervous-y and excited! Why are we wasting time at this party? Take me home and give me some of what you gave my mom. Show me how to fuck!"bender

So he took her home, even though the party was just hitting its stride.

As he drove Amy home, he thought, It's weird. Peter was right that it's almost unnatural that a girl like Aims is going out with a guy like me. What if he knew that I fucked her super-sexy mom today? Or that I fucked my mom's big tits? Or that Brenda came over and gave me a fantastic blowjob? And that's not even all of it.

How is it that I got this lucky?! I'm soooo undeserving. Last night I had a nightmare where I woke up and realized that all the sexual fun since September had actually been a dream and I was back to my boring old life. I want to enjoy every last minute to the max, because I have this sinking feeling that there's no way this can last.

And Christine. If possible, she's even MORE beautiful than Amy, and that's really saying something. I'm pretty sure she was jealous, seeing us together. Why?! I'm not really that great.

I have to keep telling myself that, because the way I'm being treated at home lately, it's all too easy to get a swelled head. Mom especially, she treats me like royalty. I love it, but it's kind of freaky at the same time. I'm just a normal but very, very lucky guy!

Chapter 707 Susan Attends A Friend's Party

Susan felt deeply uneasy. Dina Sorensen, a good friend of hers, was having a big party, and Susan had been invited. Also, Xania had advised her to maintain balance in her life and do non-sexual things. As a result, Susan had accepted the party invitation.

However, she had two problems. One was that she was so addicted to sex lately that she went to the party with only the greatest reluctance. It wasn't just about being separated from Alan and his penis. It was also that there always seemed to be something sexual happening at home; even if nothing was going on, she could always find something sexual and fun to do.

For instance, she didn't terribly miss Alan's absence for much of the day, because she had ways to keep busy. She exercised with Suzanne early in the day, which was a constant erotic buzz. The mere act of keeping her body fit for her son was a continual turn-on, plus she got to dress and move about in sexual ways. In fact, this very morning, Suzanne had "forced" her to exercise in the nude (not counting the frame bra worn for support). But the best part about exercising was all the talking she and Suzanne did. As usual, Susan had furtively climaxed while grinding her pussy against an exercise machine while Suzanne detailed a recent sex encounter with Alan.

Susan had been left alone most of the afternoon, but she'd had a great time practicing the "visualization exercises" Xania had recommended for her. In actuality, that meant she spent a good part of her afternoon alone in bed masturbating to fantasies about Alan fucking her. When she wasn't doing that, she practiced with phallic-shaped objects to increase her cocksucking and stroking stamina. Also, Katherine had thoughtfully printed out a bunch of erotic stories from the Internet, and all of them starred sons sexually dominating their mothers (and usually, sisters and other women). The stories weren't meant to be realistic, but Susan didn't really understand that. She studied them like they were training manuals.

About the only really non-sexual thing she'd done all day was buy the right printer paper and then print out the photos she'd taken of Suzanne and Brenda pleasuring Alan's cock. But even that activity was related to sex.

As if that wasn't enough, Susan and Katherine talked to Amy for an hour before Amy's big date with Alan, giving her all kinds of sexual advice. In the end, Susan had been either naked, topless, or at least braless all through the day, except for that one outing to buy the printer paper.

So leaving her home, a nirvana of endless sexual bliss, to go a party was difficult, even though she knew Alan wouldn't be at home. What made it worse was that Suzanne bailed out at the last minute on going to the party with her. Susan had begged and begged, but Suzanne was simply too exhausted from the prolonged fuck session with Alan earlier (though she made other excuses to Susan instead of admitting that).

Susan was extremely dependent on Suzanne in such social situations. All the other women they knew aspired to climb the social status ladder (not because she and Suzanne preferred those types of women, but there really weren't other types in their upper-class Orange County social circle). Those women could be extremely judgmental - you had to wear the right clothes, say the right things, have the right friends, and so forth. Suzanne was able to navigate such tricky social waters with ease, but Susan had never really left her conservative, rural, "hick" childhood in Nebraska behind, so she felt like a fish out of water if Suzanne wasn't near her.

As a result, it had taken a great deal of courage for Susan to go to the party alone. The only reason she went was that Suzanne promised that she'd send someone to help her, without actually naming who that person was. Susan was greatly puzzled, because Suzanne was really the only friend she had whom she could trust and feel at ease with, so she couldn't figure out who Suzanne was sending or why it had to be a secret. But she trusted Suzanne implicitly, so she went.

The party was held at a mansion on a high hill, with a distant view of the ocean. It was no simple get-together of close friends, but it was a formal, "coat and tie" catered affair with dozens of guests. The cars parked near the house showed off one's social and financial status. At Suzanne's insistence, Susan wore a fancy and stunning dark blue evening gown. She knew she looked damn good, and that gave her at least some confidence.

It also helped that she knew most of the other guests already, since she'd been coming to these kinds of parties for years and years. The fact that she was alone also was no big deal, since most everyone knew

how her husband was overseas nearly all the time, and they probably assumed Suzanne was there with her too, as usual, but just mingling elsewhere in the crowd.

Susan made her usual greetings to the host and hostess and other friends, and then she got a glass of wine to give her some "liquid courage."

She stood by herself for a minute and surveyed the crowd, looking for the friend Suzanne had sent on her behalf. She thought, It's odd that I feel so nervous right now. In truth, I think I'm more nervous now than when I was lying naked on the dining table earlier, waiting for Tiger to mount me!

And I feel so exposed! Even wearing a bra and panties under this long and rather conservatively cut gown, I feel way too naked. All kinds of men are looking at me, men who aren't my Tiger! Men with obvious lust in their eyes! Well, at least they know better than to try to chat me up. Thankfully, they've all tried and been shot down at previous parties, sometimes over and over. Oftentimes, I needed Suzanne's help to get the more aggressive ones to understand I wasn't interested, but that shouldn't be a problem tonight. If any man tries to hit on me, I'll probably rip him a new asshole. All these non-Tiger men are just so pathetic with their non-Tiger ways. They're beneath my contempt. My heart, body, and soul all belong to my son!

Some long-time female friends saw her standing alone, and engaged her in small talk for a while. She did okay holding up her end of the conversation, even though her mind was elsewhere.

When she was left alone again, she thought, Boy, this is tough! Trying to carry on in a non-sexual way, just like Tiger's huge cock doesn't rule my life. Wow. It's like some kind of trip back in time, back to before I knew the many joys of endlessly sucking on his fat knob. But what's the point? Why do people come here? To show off? To see and be seen?

I never really liked these parties, even before I learned my true calling. It was always Suzanne dragging me here, saying I needed to be part of the local crowd. But these people are all so fake-o. There's only a handful of women here I actually enjoy talking to. Most everyone will stab you in the back if you turn around. Maybe I'll go home early, after I make all the rounds. There's that huge stack of incest stories Angel left me. Mmmm! That sounds yummy.

But a couple of minutes later, after some more socializing with old friends, Susan looked around and got a surprise. Brenda! Whoa! What's she doing here?!

Brenda was also very familiar with these kinds of parties, but she lived in a different and even more exclusive neighborhood, so her social circle only rarely intersected with this one.

Susan quickly managed to break away from the people she was talking to and she went to Brenda.

"Ah, there you are," Brenda said with a smile as Susan walked up to her. Brenda too broke away from those around her, and started walking through the room with a purpose.

Susan followed her. Once they reached the outside balcony, they were all alone. Brenda closed the glass screen door behind her so they could talk in private.

Susan had a chance to ask her, "You expected me to be here?"

"Sure," Brenda said matter-of-factly. "This isn't my scene. I only know a few of these people. I'm here because Suzanne asked me to help you out. She said you don't like being at these things alone."

Ah, so she's the mystery guide! Susan thought. She had mixed feelings about that. She sensed Brenda was someone she could trust, but she was still struggling with her jealous feelings over Brenda's even bigger boobs. Funnily enough, she liked Brenda much more on the phone, because it was only when she was seeing Brenda's bust that she got really jealous. She understood why Suzanne hadn't told her who it would be, since she might not have come if she'd known. She was glad at least to notice that Brenda was dressed as conservatively as she was, and in fact wasn't showing off any cleavage at all. Even when Alan wasn't around, she didn't want to have to compete with Brenda's 34J breasts.

Susan replied, "Thanks for coming, if you did it on my behalf. I'm lost at sea at these kinds of things without Suzanne. To be honest, I don't even like these kinds of parties."

Brenda sighed, staring out into the night. "Same here. I don't like them much either. And yet I keep going to them. I guess it beats staying at home and watching TV or reading a book."

"I suppose that's true," Susan replied, even though she was thinking about the porn stories she could be reading in bed. Then, with an excited twinkle in her eye, she added, "But what if you have a big fat cock waiting at home, just begging to get sucked and stroked for hours and hours?"

She half-expected Brenda to chide her for speaking about such things at the party. But they were out on the balcony and there was a closed glass door between them and everyone else, so no one could possibly hear what they were talking about. Not only did Brenda not chide her, but she perked right up and gave Susan her full attention. "Oh? Pray tell! How are things with you-know-who lately? I want details. Details!"

Susan perked up too, delighted to be talking about her favorite topic. "Things are good. We-"

Brenda excitedly cut in. "Is his fat cock really waiting for you at home? If so, what the hell are you doing here?! Get home on the double and give that magnificent slab of man-meat a nice long tongue bath! Lick it from tip to root, over and over and over again! A great cock like that DEMANDS top quality attention!"

Now it was Susan's turn to sigh. "True, so true!"

Before Susan could say more, Brenda practically panted with excitement, "Today has been such a great, pivotal day for me! I've been longing to suck you-know-who's cock, and now that I finally have, it turns out to be even better than I'd even dared dream about in my fantasies!"

She was using "you-know-who" just to be on the safe side, even though there was next to no chance anyone could hear them through the closed glass door. She went on, "I swear, since then I haven't done much today except lounge around in bed, playing with myself. I keep thinking about the sheer joy of having his thick cock completely fill my mouth!"

She closed her eyes and opened her mouth very wide, as if his erection was about to slide into her at any moment. Her mouth made a perfect "O" shape.

Susan looked nervously through the glass door at the people mingling on the other side. With Suzanne not there, she was in the unusual role reversal of having to be the responsible one. "Um, Brenda, you'd better close your mouth. People might see."

Brenda closed her mouth, only to continue eagerly, "By the way, what happened with the photos you took?"

Susan's face brightened. "Oh my gosh! You HAVE to come over tomorrow and see them! As you know, I took hundreds. It's like a movie if you flip through them fast on the computer. I printed out a bunch of the best ones on special glossy photo paper so they look really good. Then, later in the day, I showed them to Angel, Amy, AND you-know-who!"

"NO!" Brenda pushed Susan's shoulders with both hands. "HE saw them too?!"

Susan laughed, after having to step back from Brenda's emotional shove. She stepped forward again and lowered her voice to a quiet whisper. "He did! He really liked them. He played with the girls' pussies, both at once, while narrated some stories based on what happened in the photos. It was hot!"

Brenda was all smiles. She teased Susan, "Just 'hot?' Not 'so hot?'"

Susan laughed. She knew how well she was becoming known for that phrase. "Okay, you got me. It was definitely 'so hot!'"

Brenda said, "I am all over you invitation to look at the photos tomorrow! I wish I could rush back to your house and see them right now. But what did you do after I left? I mean shortly after. I tried calling you a couple of times but you didn't answer. I'll bet that's because you and Suzanne spent the whole time servicing his cock!"

Susan responded, "Unfortunately, not really. Suzanne wanted to buy a new computer, so he went shopping with her. Boring, I know. But then, when they got back, that was more like it. I spent a good ten minutes bobbing on his fat knob while Katherine and Amy rubbed their naked bodies all over him!"

Brenda's eyes were shining with excitement. "Really?! And then?!"

Susan's smile widened in fond recollection. "Naturally, that only warmed him up. We had lots of fun. I didn't just suck his cock; he fucked my face!"

"NO!" Brenda's heart thumped frantically. Her entire body felt like it was on fire.

"Yes!"

"NO!"

"I tell you, yes! He got totally aggressive and rude. He shouted rude things like 'Take it, take it all!' as he crammed his thick, monster cock mercilessly down my throat!"

"Oh God!" Brenda clutched her hands to her gaping face like she was the child star of 'Home Alone.'

"And that's not all! In the end, he titfucked me right across the middle of the dining room table!"

"NO!" Brenda gasped.

"Yes!"

"NO!" She pushed Susan's shoulders back a little bit, showing how astounded she was.

"Yes!" Susan laughed at being pushed. She also enjoyed these "yes... no..." incredulous discussions that she kept having with Brenda.

"Then what are you doing here?! I don't have anything better going on, other than maybe some erotic stories I could read. But you, you have a grade A cock needing some grade A service! Go home! NOW!"

Susan thought it was interesting that Brenda was toying with reading more erotic stories (no doubt involving incest), just like she was. She said, "Unfortunately, he's out on a date. He's taking his official girlfriend to some other party, and then he's gonna take her home and fuck the royal shit out of her. So I guess I won't see him until tomorrow."

Brenda knew "official girlfriend" was a safe reference to Amy. She replied enthusiastically, "What a lucky girl! Does she know what's coming?"

Susan's mood improved, as this was an opportunity to boast some more about her studly son. "As it so happens, she does. But it doesn't really matter, because he simply takes what he wants."

She unconsciously thrust her chest out and struck a sexier pose as she added, "If he sees a woman he wants to fuck, you can guarantee she's as good as fucked!"

Brenda was totally absorbed by the discussion, and horny as hell. "Really? ANYbody?" She looked through the glass door back into the party. "What about her?"

"Who?" There were dozens of people milling about, so Susan didn't know who Brenda was referring to.

"That one." Brenda pointed at a particularly tall, good-looking one. "Marcella. She's the one in the pale blue dress with her brown hair up in a bun. You see the one? Nice ass, reasonable rack, but she's got an exceptionally stunning face. She's one of the few people I know here, and clearly the only other one who can compete with you or me in the looks department."

"Oh yeah, I know her," Susan replied. "Vaguely, from small talk at a few of these parties. How do you know her though?"

Brenda shrugged her shoulders, which caused an impressive lifting of her breasts despite the fact they were completely covered. "Even though she's not in my circle of friends, I guess we exceptionally beautiful women keep track of each other." She added, "By the way, I'm not going to bother with false modesty. We know who we are."

Susan nodded in understanding as she stared at Marcella. "She is pretty hot, I must admit. But of course she's married."

"A-ha!" Brenda said. "So he can't fuck just anyone, then." She looked triumphant at first, but that quickly turned to disappointment. She obviously wanted to hear Alan was completely irresistible.

"Nonsense!" Susan said defensively. "You think a little thing like marriage is gonna slow him down? Ha! Might I remind you that I'm married, you're married, and Suzanne is married. Does that bother him in the slightest? No!"

Brenda was so thrilled that she could hardly believe it. Of course none of those facts were new to her, and there were extenuating circumstances in each case, but it was what she wanted to hear just the same. "Then what would he do?"

Susan kept staring through the glass door at Marcella as she explained, "Well, obviously, I'm not a naturally superior, dominant male like my Tiger is. But I imagine he thinks much like real lions and tigers. First, you have to select your juicy meal. Then, the challenge is to cull her from the herd."

Brenda was staring at Marcella too, and getting quite into the scenario. Luckily, they were so far off that no one could see who they were staring at specifically - it looked like they were just chatting while people-watching in general. "That's not easy. Look, her husband is standing right next to her."

"Hmmm, that is problematic. But remember, big predators sometimes hunt in packs. If Tiger were here, he'd use me or Suzanne or one of his other women to help. Suzanne's so smart, she could come up with some kind of excuse to get the husband out of the picture. Maybe she could complain about car problems and have him go look at her car. Then I could tell Marcella that there's something I need to show her elsewhere in the house. Since I'm a woman, and one with a prudish reputation at that, she wouldn't suspect that she's being procured. Tiger would hardly have to do anything at all." bender

"And then?" Brenda asked breathlessly.

"Well, I'd take her to one of the private bedrooms. Tiger naturally would be waiting. I'd close and lock the door behind me, leaving her trapped in the room. Then he simply has to whip out his huge horse cock and voilà! She's a goner."

"Oh, come on," Brenda complained. "It can't be THAT easy. Especially if Marcella is happily married. Besides, look at her. She's almost in the same league as you and me. She must fend off aggressive guys all the time."

"Hmmm. True. Okay, we'll need your help then too. You come back to the room with us and stand guard at the door. I'll quickly drop to my knees and start sucking on his fat knob. As I do that, you can explain that there's this most amazing sexual trick that she just has to see."

"And the trick is?"

"There is no trick. Just get her on her knees next to me, so she has a real close look. Meanwhile, I take off my clothes, and you take off yours. Then, with your arms around her, draw her in, closer and closer. No one can resist his powerful cock from up close!"

Brenda was panting hard. She could practically smell Alan's dick, her imagination was so inspired.

Susan was struck by an idea. "Oh, I know! We can reveal that the special thing is the sweet taste of his cum. That's actually true. Get her to taste some of his fresh, creamy cum, and then she'll REALLY be hooked! Don't tell me any woman can resist that!"

Brenda moaned erotically. "That's so true. Oh Susan, please stop. I believe you, it could work! And I'm getting way too horny. I thought about sucking you-know-who's cock today, and I... UGH! Too sexy! I have this urge to play with myself." One of her hands clutched at a tit.

"I know. I do too. But be strong, because I'm not done explaining." She stared at Brenda's hand until Brenda removed it, since that looked too suspicious if anyone looked towards the balcony. Then she continued, "At first, she'll just lick some of his cum from my offered fingers. But who can stop after just one lick? Nobody, that's who! Before long, she'll be happily bobbing on his thick cock, giving him a really-talented licking in hopes of coaxing more out."

"Ha ha!" Brenda said with wicked triumph, happily reminded all over again of her recent cocksucking adventure. "Little does she know! She thinks that if she goes all out for a couple of minutes she'll be rewarded with a thick, tasty load, but after ten minutes he'll only be starting to get warmed up!"

"Exactly," Susan said proudly. "Of course, that makes Suzanne's job more difficult. She'll have to keep the hubby busy for a long time. Hours, probably. But she lives for that kind of scheming and intrigue, so that'll be no problem. Meanwhile, I'll help Marcella lick and suck while you take the rest of her clothes off."

"Hey! Don't I get to suck some too?"

"But of course. This is Tiger we're talking about, after all, and there's always plenty of stiff cock to go around. Still, you have to be patient. Once you have her totally nude and it's clear that she's not going to bolt, we can all move to the bed. Now, I don't know if she's bisexual or not, but it doesn't really matter.

We'll get her in such a sexual frenzy that she won't be able to resist once you or I start playing with her pussy."

"Why is that necessary?" Brenda ran a hand down her tummy towards her pussy as she thought about playing with pussies. Still, she stopped just short because of where she was.

"Keep her hot, horny, and constantly climaxing! If strange fingers are playing with her clit, you just know that she's gonna redouble her efforts bobbing on his fat cock."

"Wait!" Brenda complained. "Stop. Seriously, stop! I don't know how you can be such a cool customer, but if you say one more word, I'm gonna cum hard, and scream at the top of my lungs! Alan's really... He's just taking complete control of her!"

Susan smiled smugly. "Exactly. But I've got an idea. Let's find the room where he takes his prey. We can continue there without having to worry about being seen or heard."

They both liked this idea a lot, especially since they were getting cold from spending too much time outside. Although they both wore relatively covering gowns, their arms and shoulders were exposed. They quickly moved through the party, ironically doing their best to avoid the real Marcella and her husband.

Chapter 708 What A Fantasy !

After finding the most remote, private bedroom, Susan and Brenda locked the door and made their way to the bed.

Susan thought, So much for Xania's advice to maintain balance in my life and do non-sexual things. I just have to accept that I live for sex nowadays. I live to serve my son, even when he's not around!

Susan continued as she fumbled to remove her gown, "Tiger would sit there, in the middle of the bed, with his back to the wall. Marcella, you, and I, we'd be on all fours with our faces in his crotch. Since Marcella is in the middle, she'd get much of the prime cock terrain. I figure she'll spend most of her time

bobbing back and forth over his sweet spot, while you and I mostly have to content ourselves with licking his balls."

"Awww." Like Susan, Brenda was already sitting on the bed and had her gown hiked up to her waist, so she could play with her pussy and clit.

Susan was pumping two fingers in and out of her hot slit, not caring what Brenda saw. "I know, I know. But remember, we're still luring her in. Later, the three of us will be able to share his cock more fairly. Anyway, even Tiger has his limits, and with all three of us slurping and loving our way all over his cock, he can only last so long. When it's time for him to blow, he'll let us know and you and I will make sure that Marcella is properly positioned so he can blast his spermy cream all over her face and chest! Meanwhile, we'll be busy playing with her cunt, if she's not playing with herself already, to make sure she has a great big climax at the same time he does."

"Awww," Brenda moaned again. "Can't he cum on ALL our faces?"

"Perhaps, a little, but probably not. Remember, she still hasn't been properly tamed. She needs a full blast!"

"I haven't been properly tamed yet either, although today was a start," Brenda sadly noted. She fantasized that Alan was slapping her face with his stiff cock.

"Don't worry, you will be. In any case, after everyone has a wonderful cum, Marcella will probably get a bit moody and have second thoughts. She'll complain that she's still married, her husband is in the other room, and the usual blah blah blah. Tiger naturally won't listen. Even as she's complaining, you and I will move her into position, and he'll push his great fat cock all the way into her!"

"God, that's so hot!" Brenda said. She finally got all of her underwear off, leaving her in nothing but high heels. That fact alone aroused her tremendously, since she knew how Alan felt about women wearing nothing but heels.

Susan waited until she had her bra off and was fully naked, again except for her high heels. She plunged her fingers back in her pussy, and groped one of her tits as well. "Aaaah. That's SO much better! Now, where were we? It's time for the actual TAMING to begin! Marcella might have put up a feeble protest up until now, but with her face thoroughly spattered with cum and his huge dick deep inside her, she's a

goner, and everyone knows it. That being the case, Tiger can tell her the truth. He'll say, 'I picked you out of the crowd because you're the most beautiful woman here. Well, not counting my other sex slaves.' Then he'll nod to you and me."

"WOW! I'm one of his sex slaves?!" Brenda was excitedly frigging her pussy with three fingers.

"Of course. In the story, mind you. He seems to have some kind of objection to that kind of language in real life. Then she'll ask, 'So, is that what you think I'll be? Another one of your sex slaves? HA! Fat chance!'"

"More like 'fat cock!'" Brenda snickered as her fingers flew in and out of her hot snatch. "Let him stick his fat cock in her! That'll shut her up."

Susan was wildly frigging herself too. "You're getting ahead of me. Sure enough, she still has some fighting spirit in her, because the idea of a real sex slave in this day and age is just too bizarre to be believed. Tiger realizes he has no choice but to fuck some sense into her, and he starts doing just that! The minutes pass as he thoroughly, deeply, and profoundly POUNDS her helpless pussy!"

Brenda asked, "Meanwhile, what are we doing?" Her eyes were closed, and she was vividly picturing herself in their shared fantasy.

"Good question. Naturally, we'll do whatever it takes to increase her pleasure, so her taming will be that much more thorough and permanent. We can lick her nipples, or French kiss her, or squeeze her clit, or whatever. Before long, she'll be so far gone that she'll hardly notice. Her entire world is Tiger's cock, pounding, pounding, pounding! Relentlessly pounding!"

"Good God!" Brenda had three fingers pounding in and out in imitation of what she was hearing.

"I know! It's like being tied to the tracks and having a train racing to crush you! No one's gonna save her at the last minute. She's fucked! Her will is gonna be crushed! Her pride, drilled apart by his thick fuck-meat! Her sanity, destroyed! Soon, she'll be nothing but one of Tiger's many hopelessly addicted sex slaves, living to serve his cock!"

"Oh Susan!" Brenda cried out. "Please! Hurry up with your story! I'm gonna cum so hard! I can't stand it!"

"Me too!" Susan panted. "I've gotta finish up quickly. So Tiger, he's banging her bareback, and he fills her up with his cum!"

"Oh no! What about pregnancy?"

"Who cares?! That's not his problem. That's the risk you take whenever he fucks you!"

"God! God! Stop!" Brenda was frigging herself so rapidly, her huge boobs were bouncing up and down quite actively. "He's gonna knock her up!"

Susan went on, "Probably. But after he boned her and filled her up, you think he's satisfied? Ha! That's just for starters! His glorious cock doesn't even get soft. Then he fucks our faces, one after the other, just because he can! Marcella's resistance is totally broken now, and she uses her tongue and lips to serve him with the total devotion of a true sex slave! His latest conquest!"

"Ack!" Brenda cried out.

"Hours pass. Nobody at the party knows what happened to Marcella. Suzanne, being another one of his obedient slaves, has led her hubby far out of the house on some wild goose chase. Tiger is free to bone Marcella's married cunt and then her ass, over and over and over again! In fact, he cums in and on all three of us so much that he can hardly tell us apart, we're all so covered in his thick, pearly sperm. We're just three of his many big-titted sex slaves!"

Brenda's face was contorted with lust. "Oh! Uh! 'Many!'" She squealed, "Gonna cum!"

"Wait! I'm almost done! Marcella knows when she's been beaten. When he finally can cum no more, she drops to her knees before him, and says, 'Alan, forget my husband. I don't even have a husband anymore, although I'll keep pretending to be married if that's what you want. I belong to you now. I exist to serve. To serve YOU! I will come to you whenever you call, ready to serve you and your great cock in any way you desire. That's why I will no longer call you Alan. To me, you will simply be: Master.'"

Both Brenda and Susan had been holding back a bit with their masturbating, waiting for Susan to finish her story. But as soon as Susan said "Master," Brenda simply exploded. She started to scream so loud that Susan was forced to act quickly and cover Brenda's mouth with both hands.

That muffled Brenda's shrieks enough so that no one came running to find out what the ruckus was. But Brenda kept cumming and cumming and screaming and screaming as her body was totally wracked by a massive, prolonged series of climaxes. That was unfortunate, because it meant Susan was forced to continue to cover Brenda's mouth with both hands instead of being able to have and enjoy her own great orgasm.bender

Once Brenda's orgasms had subsided, more or less, Susan finally was able to touch herself and cum. It was nice, but it wasn't the huge monster climax she'd been seconds away from right when her story ended. Unfortunately, that climactic moment was long past. But she'd had a great time just the same.

The two of them flopped on the bed, naked and utterly exhausted. After Brenda recovered enough to freely speak, she said, "That was AWESOME! I swear, you should be a professional sexual storyteller or something. That was really hot!"

Susan said, "Pshaw. It was nothing. He's my Tiger. He inspires me."

Brenda asked, "So, how much of that was real? I mean, he's obviously never even met Marcella, but could he really do all that to her?"

Susan scrunched her face, pondering the question. "I don't know. For one thing, there's what he COULD do, and what he's too nice and moral to do. Even then, I suppose there are some unrealistic bits... Anyway, let's not go there. It was a fun fantasy, and that's enough."

Brenda nodded at that. Then she put her hand on Susan's upper arm. "Hey, I'm sorry... about, you know, screaming so hard that I kind of ruined your moment. Let me make it up to you. Let me tell YOU a story!"

Susan asked suspiciously, "What kind of story?" So far, she'd loved all the stories Brenda had told her, which were usually based on Brenda's dreams. But she knew there were lots of stories that could be very arousing for other women, such as gangbang stories, that would only make her ill.

"An Alan story, of course. But before I start, I just have to say how much I enjoyed all your sex-slave talk. I have to admit that's been one of my biggest fantasies for a long time. Maybe THE biggest fantasy for me. The thought that I'm a sex slave to a dominant man... one who has many others, of course. And now, with Alan, I can see a version of that actually happening in reality! It's so EXCITING! But I've been afraid to mention it to anyone, even to you, for fear that you'd think I'm too weird. Especially since my position with him is still uncertain."

Susan smiled warmly. "I know what you mean. I've been afraid to talk about that too. Heck, I've been afraid to even think it sometimes. To call myself one of his personal cocksuckers, or even one of his fuck toys or sex pets - that's pretty wild. But 'sex slave'; that's something else altogether!"

Brenda took Susan's hand and held it tightly. "It is. That's why I'm so pleased that you had the courage to share a fantasy like that. Even if it's just a fantasy, it makes everything ten times hotter, at least!"

Susan smiled widely. "True. Honestly, I didn't intend to go there, but my story kind of had its own momentum. I'm glad, because now we can be more honest with each other."

Brenda nodded. "It's too bad Alan is so against that kind of language. You told me he doesn't even approve of the word 'harem.' Think of all the fun we could have getting his cock hard as steel with our sex-slave talk!"

"I know. But truth be told, when he gets really hot and bothered, he doesn't mind so much. In fact, I'm sure he loves it. As a matter of fact, earlier today, I said words like that to him, and this is an exact quote: 'Does that mean you want your big-titted, cock-worshipping servant mommy to stop?' Only it came out sounding a lot more muffled and slurred than that, because I was bobbing on his fat cock at the time!"

"NO!"

"Yes!"

"NO! Seriously, NO! It can't be! If it's really true, I'll simply DIE from too much excitement!"

Susan beamed. "Then I hope you've written your will, because every word is true. Ask Katherine or Amy. They were there too, naked and fondling and kissing him at the same time."

"AAAAIIIIIEEE! Susan, please stop! You're going to make me cum just from your words alone!" Brenda had to mentally count slowly to ten to try to calm herself. It helped, but then she couldn't resist asking, "'big-titted, cock-worshipping servant mommy?' Really? Are you sure you're not exaggerating?!"

"As our great Lord God is my witness, every single word is true."

"Wow." Brenda stared off into space in wonder. She looked unaffected, but she was churning with excitement on the inside.

Susan went on, "And, by the way, don't feel so uncertain about your position. You're not yet one of his personal cocksuckers, much less one of his sex pets, but today I'm sure you passed your audition of sorts. I have no doubt you'll be sucking his cock a lot from now on."

"Really?!" Brenda squeezed Susan's hand tightly without thinking, because she was suddenly anxious. "I've been hoping that's the case, but I was afraid to ask. Afraid to dream!"

"Well, dream away! It's like Suzanne said to you earlier today, around the time I was licking Tiger's cock and balls clean: you're not one of his personal cocksuckers yet, but you're getting there. I don't remember her exact words, but that was the gist."

"Oh God!" Brenda's entire body bounced up and down, causing her big tits to swing around wildly. "That's the best news yet!"

Susan was very glad for her friend. "Hear, hear. But speaking of dreams, let's hear your fantasy."

"Okay, sure." Brenda tried to settle herself down. "What should it be about?"

"You decide. As long as Tiger is the only man in it."

"Well, duh! I wouldn't have it any other way. Let's see... It could be about, I dunno... Oh, I know. It can be the story of his wedding day."

Susan's heart started to pound, because Brenda had hit a bulls-eye with that idea. "His wedding?! Oh my! Who is he marrying?!"

Before Brenda could answer, Susan said, "Oh, wait, I know. He could marry Amy. If there's anyone he could really marry, it would be her. Such a lucky girl! And she would be a great catch, I have to admit. I can just picture her all decked out in her white wedding dress. So beautiful!"

That wasn't where Brenda had intended to go with this, since she was thinking about describing Alan marrying herself or Susan, maybe both. But she asked anyway, "What would it look like?"

"The usual. But... wouldn't it be deliciously naughty if she went topless? That would be so fitting, don't you think?"

"I do!" Brenda agreed heartily. "In fact, all the female guests should go topless, since naturally they'd all be beautiful and all would have been fucked by Alan at some point or another. And instead of the usual receiving line, kissing and hugging and shaking hands, they'd have to take turns sucking his cock!"

Susan gushed, "Brenda, I love it! You're so clever!"

Brenda said, "Well, it's just a fantasy, right? In fact, why stop at just Amy? Forget the legalities. He can marry all of us! You, me, Suzanne, Amy, Katherine, and anyone else you want to throw in there. Marcella too, if you want." She chuckled at that, since Alan had yet to even meet her. "A right and proper HAREM marriage!"

Susan's eyes went wide. "Oh my! Oh my! I think... I think I'd LOVE that!" She looked around. "But... uh-oh, where are we? Whose room is this? We already have it smelling like sex. This is NOT how I thought attending this party would go." She laughed, because that was such an understatement.

Brenda sniffed the air. "We did sex this place up. But don't worry, the door's locked and the party will be going for hours. No one is gonna miss us or come looking. When we're done telling sexy Alan stories, we

can just open the windows and throw the sheets in the laundry. Couples sneak off for quickies at parties all the time. No one will be the wiser."

"I don't know," Susan said hesitantly. She looked at the big wet spot on the sheet under Brenda, and exclaimed, "Good grief! Did you pee or something? That can't all be cum!"

Brenda was abashed. "Um, it is. Don't worry, I'm used to this. I can clean things up. Now, let me tell you all about our big wedding day!"

Looking away, Susan shyly said, "If you tell your story, can you kind of focus on the part where he marries me? And I want to be married in a typical white wedding dress, but one that leaves me topless." Her shyness fell away as she got into it. "Oh! And maybe it even shows off my pussy too. Oh! And a collar! A long white leash from Tiger's hand to the collar around my neck. Then everyone will see that I'm not only one of his wives, but one of his sex slaves too."

Brenda was already back to masturbating. "Good idea! Great idea, in fact. Let's definitely make this another sex-slave story!"

"Yes, let's! It's so naughty and wrong, but so what?"

Brenda's eyes shimmered with excitement. "It is, but that's what makes it so HOT! He can have one leash for each of us, don't you think? Imagine him standing there with a whole handful of white leashes, each one leading to one of his wife-slaves in their topless white wedding dresses!"

Susan's chest started to heave with arousal. "Definitely! What a great image! Mmmm... 'Wife-slave.' I love the sound of that."

"Me too. I just came up with that off the top of my head. Anyway, we should all be on our knees, with him the only one standing. In fact, don't you think it would be better if you suck his cock all through the wedding ceremony? That'll show everyone just how things really are. Yes, you'll be his wife-slave, but a lot less 'wife' and a lot more 'slave!'"

Susan nodded enthusiastically. She was busy masturbating too. "That's a GREAT idea! Brenda, you know what? You're all right. I must admit that I've had my issues with you, mostly due to the obscene size of

your gigantic tits. But you're all right. You've got the right attitude. It's like... you and me, we're on the exact same wavelength."

"Thank you, Susan. To be honest, I like you a great deal. And I also have a confession. I wasn't too keen on coming to this party, but I did it to curry favor with Suzanne and you. Boy, I'm so glad I did! This is the most fun I've had in years, well, except for the card games at your house recently. Or any other time I come to your house! Not to mention cum IN your house"

She chuckled knowingly, and Susan did too.

Then Brenda continued, "Now, let's plan this wedding out some, and then I'll tell the story. For starters, how many women is he going to marry in our dream?"

"Ten!" Susan said passionately. "Or twelve! Make it an even dozen. That'll be so hot! Mmmm... 'Wife-slave.' I can't get enough of that term. Great idea!"

"Thanks. And who will his wife-slaves be exactly?"

"Let's see. You, me, Katherine, Suzanne, and Amy. Oh, poo, that's only five. He deserves so many more! He should wake up every morning with a couple of different wife-slaves already slurping and bobbing all over his cock and balls, and never know who they're gonna be. That's the mark of a truly great master."

Brenda suggested, "Agreed! Since we're fantasizing, let your thoughts run free. Who else does he like?"

"Hmmm. Add Glory to the list. Definitely! That's a sexy teacher of his. He's had a crush on her for ages, and she's a very nice person. Her tits aren't much to write home about, but you can't have everything. The most important thing is that he loves her."

That took Brenda by surprise. "Has anything happened between them?"

Susan replied enthusiastically, "Not that I know of, not yet. But that's the key: yet! With him, anything is possible! And then there's Christine. She's this super stacked, sexy classmate that he's crazy about. I've told you about her, haven't I?"

"Definitely. You even showed me a photo. She's prime sex-slave material, and very Alan-worthy."

"She sure is. Oh, and Xania. She's the great psychologist I just met. And beautiful. I've told you about her too. There's no doubt she's very Alan-worthy as well. Oh shoot, that's still only eight."

She rubbed her chin while pondering. "Let's see... There's Heather, this gorgeous cheerleader he's fucking."

"You've told me about her too," Brenda said. "A busty blonde, right?"

"Right. The problem is, apparently she's a complete bitch. But if he completely tames her, that's not a problem, right? So add her. Heck, since it's my fantasy, throw in my favorite sister Stella too. She almost could be my twin. In fact, throw in ALL my sisters! Oh wow, that makes it MORE than a dozen! Oh boy, this is such fun!"

Brenda didn't even know how many sisters Susan had, but she calculated it had to be four or more. She asked, "Can you imagine all of your sisters naked and in chains, fighting over the right to serve their master's cock? Their master... Alan? Of course, you'd be there with them, chained to all the others."

Susan's eyes went wide. "Brenda, that is the most wicked thought I've ever heard. They're such a God-fearing, Bible-thumping bunch. Besides, they're mostly married with children, and scattered all over the country... But I love it! You're sending chills up and down my spine!"

The two of them worked on their wedding fantasy for a good hour. By the time they were done, they had both cum so many times that their pussies were sore to the point of actually hurting. If not for that, they would have kept going until the party ended, because they were having such great fun.

And by the end of their fantasizing, they had reached a new level of friendship with each other. It was dawning on them that they were kindred spirits, bonded by their submissive lust for Alan.

Somehow, they managed to leave the party without anyone noticing what they'd done. True, they left the bedroom they were in a little worse for wear, and they felt bad about that, but at least there was nothing about it that could be traced back to them.

Before they drove off in separate cars, they made plans to talk more on the phone the next day, after they had recovered fully. They both had lots of submissive fantasies they wanted to share. Now that they'd mutually shared their "forbidden" interest in sex-slave talk, they felt bound together even closer than before.

Susan loved talking to Suzanne about sex, but Suzanne was more grounded in reality, and liked talking about things that one or both of them had actually done with Alan the day before. For instance, if Susan brought up this kind of wedding fantasy to Suzanne, Suzanne would have dismissed it with a discouraging look. Brenda, though, had a great imagination, and the more submissive and fantastic the idea, the better. Susan loved that.

Chapter 709 First Sex With Amy

Alan and Amy returned just after midnight. Susan had already gone to bed after spending the evening at the party and having such a wild time fantasizing with Brenda. But Alan was a bit surprised to see that Katherine was just sitting around, waiting for them to return. His first thought was that she must be jealous. But in fact, it was just the opposite.

"Hey Amy," Katherine said. "We all know that tonight is going to be your special night with Alan."

Amy nodded excitedly.

"I'm very excited for you. Normally, I'd be a bit jealous..."

Listening, Alan thought, A bit?!

"...but you're my best friend and I really am psyched for you! So let's go get you prepared."

"M'kay!" Amy gave Katherine a big hug.

Katherine gladly squeezed her back. Then she turned to Alan and said, "Brother, just be patient, and don't go into your room until I say so, okay?"

Katherine whisked Amy off.

Alan sat around in the living room for about fifteen minutes, idly and impatiently channel surfing the TV. There was one part of him that didn't mind waiting that much, because he was worried that his penis wouldn't be up for the task (he'd been erect, briefly, at the party, but he wasn't anymore). In fact, going to the party was mostly one big stalling tactic. He figured every minute could help.

"Hey Brother, she's ready!" Katherine eventually yelled from the top of the stairs. "You can come up to your room."

Alan walked upstairs, but saw no sign of Katherine. He guessed, correctly, that she'd deliberately made herself scarce so all the focus would be on Amy. Thanks, Sis! What a great sister. Hell, what a great family!

He continued to his bedroom and opened the door. To his great surprise, the lights were off but his sister had lit over a hundred candles, creating a very pleasant visual effect. As he walked in, he heard Marvin Gaye's sexy "Let's Get It On" album start to play on the stereo. The room was fragrantly scented. Most pleasing though was the sight of Amy sitting up in his bed.

"Hi Beau," she said shyly, but proud of herself. She was covered with beautiful ribbons, held together by a number of big bows. One was over her boobs, another over her crotch, another in her hair, another keeping her hands tied, and the last one tied her ankles together. She pinned her arms behind her back, thrusting her ample globes forward to great effect.

"Wow. I'm blown away!" was all he could say. His fears of not getting it up went right out the window as his penis rapidly inflated.

He looked to his door, which he'd left open, and saw Katherine standing there. She knew she should make herself scarce, but was just too excited and curious, wanting to see his reaction with her own eyes. "Sis, you did this?"

"Yep," Katherine said, smiling widely. "I figured our first time together was great, but it wasn't at all romantic. I wanted Amy to have a more romantic setting."

He was impressed with his sister. "What a nice thing to do. Aren't you the coolest friend? And the best sister a brother could have!"

Amy blurted out, "Kat says that being all tied up like this symbolizes how, I'm like, totally yours! Isn't that totally the greatest?"

"Yes, it is," he replied calmly, but his dick lurched in excitement. He said to Katherine, "I know this is your linguistic terrain, but with all those bows, Amy really does look like a fuck toy. Like a sexy present, waiting under the Christmas tree to be unwrapped."

Amy exclaimed, "Ooooh! God! That turns me on! Fuck me already!"

"Don't just stand there," Katherine excitedly encouraged her brother. "One of your fuck toys is eagerly waiting to be broken in. Undo bow number one, the hair bow."

He undid the bow, which replaced the hair band that usually managed her long hair.

Amy's hair immediately fell free in every direction. She shook it like a model in a shampoo commercial, and it cascaded through the air alluringly.

"Okay, bow number two; the boob bow," Katherine commanded. "Then I'll go and leave you two lovebirds alone, but I just want to see a bit of my handiwork first. Though I must add as an aside that next time I hope I'm invited. You know it is after midnight, nudge, nudge."bender

He answered, "I'm aware, and that makes me even more impressed by your generosity."

Midnight meant the end of Saturday, which technically meant that he now allowed himself to fuck his sister at home, even though they would still be going behind their mother's back about it. "You will be included, soon, but you know how it is, wanting to be alone for the first time."

Katherine nodded with some resignation and regret.

He undid the second bow, and Amy's boobs, already mostly uncovered, sprung free and jiggled around.

Amy languidly lay back on the bed, raising her bound hands up above her head.

He was entranced by her beauty, and by her subjugation that was symbolized by the tied wrists and ankles.

"I'll leave you be to work on bow number three, the pussy bow." Katherine made to leave.

"Thanks so much, Sis," he said. "Little Pincer Cunt Walls of Death Sis. This is a really nice gesture."

"Yeah, thanks, Kat! You're the awesomest, super best friend!" said Amy enthusiastically.

Katherine waved off the compliments, even while she was obviously happily eating them up. "I'm trying to cure myself of the jealousy Xania so dramatically demonstrated that I have, plus I really am happy for you. You're better than my best friend. Just think of all the great threesomes we'll have together now!"

Amy agreed, "Yeah! Cool! We're BESTEST best friends, aren't we?"

Katherine was starting to get a little teary-eyed. "We are! I just know we're gonna have so many good times together, Amy, cheek to cheek while sharing Brother's cock."

"Totally!"

"But enough about me. Have a good night."

Katherine entered the room to give Amy a brief but heartfelt kiss on the lips. Then she gave Alan a sweet gentle goodnight kiss on his cheek. She explained, "I can't do anything more than that, because if I get started I won't be able to stop. Have fun, you two!"

With that, she left and closed the door behind her.

Alan turned around and focused on his horizontal girlfriend. "Okay Aims, it's just you and me. This is all so romantic, don't you think? I'm so glad I waited a bit until we could do it right in the right setting. Why don't I just lie on top of you and kiss you for a while?"

"M'kay!" She paused, and then added, "Actually, Beau, don't ask me what I want, because I have no say in the matter. I'm all tied up, and my neighbor, the big bad Alan wolf, he's going to take advantage of me!"

Alan watched her writhe around in mock anguish. His dick got as hard as it had ever been, which was saying quite a lot. It didn't matter that he'd had so many intensely sexual experiences earlier in the day; he had the remarkable ability to put all of that out of his mind and live in the moment. Right now it was just him and Amy and nothing else in the world mattered one bit.

He admired her slowly writhing body as long as he could, attempting to burn the image into his mind for all time. Finally he could take no more, and fell on top of her. He practically attacked her, as his hands were everywhere at once. They kissed for several minutes.

However, Amy couldn't put her arms around him because her wrists were still tied up by a bow.

Alan rather enjoyed her helplessness, wondering whether that enjoyment implied that he might eventually get into S&M sex. But he also wanted her hands available to do more, so he said, "I'm going to undo the rest of your bows, okay?"

"M'kay!"

He freed her hands first, then her ankles. He undid her pussy bow last, leaving her totally naked except for high-heeled shoes and a smaller bow around the neck.

He said, "Aims, I must admit, I'm too excited for much more foreplay. Let's just have sex."

"M'KAY! I'm ready and like, totally soaked! I want you to fuck me! Stick it in!"

"All right, here it goes." They didn't need to use a condom since she had been on the pill since the start of the semester. Lying on top of her, he pushed his meaty shaft into the eager, wide-hipped girl.

She cried out, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, OOOHHH!" Her scream "Aiiiiieeee!" carried through the walls like they weren't there and was heard throughout the Plummer house.

He had considerable difficulty pushing his boner into her. Of all the women I've fucked so far, she definitely has the tightest pussy. Dang! He tried to get his cockhead in, but it seemed like it was simply too big to fit.

Finally, with a great thrust, he got the wide bulbous head through. But there was still considerable resistance. He paused and asked her, "Does it hurt?"

Panting, she admitted, "Yeah, kind of. But that's okay. In the movies it always hurts the woman first and then it gets better."

"But you're not a virgin," he pointed out. "There's no blood." He added with growing horror, "Don't tell me that's from the time you were raped!"

"No," she admitted. "That dumb Jack Johnson was a big loser and a stupid fathead, but luckily he never got very far with me. His hands were all over me like an octopus, but not in a good way like when you do it, you know? I kept yelling 'NO!' louder and louder. Luckily, someone came quickly before he could do any more than attack my boobies. So you're really the first. Maybe it just takes some getting used to."

Despite the seriousness of the discussion, Alan found it endearing that "stupid fat head" was about the severest insult Amy could muster. He said, "Let's not talk about that unpleasantness. Let's just have fun."

He pushed in again, unsuccessfully. Then something occurred to him. "Hey Aims. You never really explained how you lost your virginity."

She giggled. "Oh. Beau, you'll always be my second love. My heart really belongs to my first love, my hair brush!" She laughed even harder.

He laughed too. He was also greatly relieved to get confirmation that things were taken care of, since he became very squeamish around blood.

They quickly grew serious again. Both were eager to get down to some serious fucking.

He already had his cockhead in her but found her vagina so tight that it was tough going all the way. He raised himself up as if doing a pushup over her, then lowered his whole body. As a result, he slowly skewered into her the rest of the way.

At first he worried that it might have hurt her, but then her excited "Woo-hoo!" quickly put that concern to rest.

Then he resumed sliding in and out of her. She still screamed like a banshee, and he still had the sensation that he must be hurting her, if only because she was so tight. Lubrication certainly wasn't an issue because she was plenty wet; her pussy was simply tighter than the other orifices he had experienced.

However, after a few minutes the going began to get a little bit easier and his fuck started to get a lot more pleasurable. Her vaginal walls had a wonderfully velvety grip on his erection, but they no longer seemed to be squeezing it to death.

He hoped that she was enjoying the fuck as much as he was. He was about to ask her feelings when she shouted, "YES! It's just like the movies said! It feels good now! Way good! Gosh, Beau, keep doing it! Totally! This rocks! Fuck me more!"

He kept fucking her. He was surprised that, given how quiet and passive she normally was, she was so loud and active. She squeaked, moaned, or gasped with his every thrust.

He'd expected for her to lie there while he directed the actions and did most of the work, but she soon became as physical as he did. In fact, after a while she rolled him over and pumped her hips up and

down over his cock while he just lay there. Her entire body rose and came crashing down onto his, over and over again.

He was glad, because it seemed he was forever having to ration his sexual energy. Plus, this way he could impale her all the way to the deepest depths of her pussy with every stroke without even having to move his hips.

He greatly enjoyed the fucking, but he was also somewhat disappointed in one respect, because her sexual skills were so far below Suzanne's, and those skills were fresh in his mind from what they'd done that afternoon. For instance, Amy didn't squeeze with her vaginal muscles at all, and she didn't know his needs or have a sense of timing. But he'd been aware of this before he started and enjoyed the experience for what it was.

Her mother Suzanne, for instance, excelled at squeezing him with her vaginal muscles, and knowing his needs, and timing things just right. He realized though that it really wasn't fair to compare. Aims will have lots of opportunity to get better, and I'm going to be the one to teach her. She certainly doesn't lack enthusiasm, and her pussy is so remarkably tight! Actually, if she learned how to do the Suzanne squeeze thing, she'd probably snap my dick clean off! Ouch!

Amy was truly filled with enthusiasm; there was no denying that. However, to listen to her, it sounded like suffering. Even her panting and moaning made it sound as if she was being slowly tortured. Her face had torturous expressions at times, too. But at other times it was a face of pure ecstasy, or some combination of suffering and joy.

However, while Amy wasn't that skilled, she didn't completely lack clever surprises. Alan had been happily thrusting and huffing and was about to climax when all of a sudden she came to a complete halt. Since she was sitting on top of him, he had little choice but to go along with what she wanted to do. He tried thrusting up into her since his shaft was still buried deep inside her, but that didn't provide enough stimulation.

"What?!" he complained with great exasperation. "Why did you stop?!"

She giggled. "I'm just pulling an old Alan trick. The infamous strategic break."

"Not now!" he wailed.

That only caused her to laugh some more. Then she said, "Hey, if you can do it, I can do it too. I'll tell you though, it's so hard to stop once you get into that rhythm. You know? It's like a primal thing, an irresistible urge to keep on going."

"I DO know! Amy, resume fucking right now! That's an order!"

She just laughed some more. "I'm really digging this woman-on-top thing. The woman's got the power, hee-hee!"

He growled.

"Oh, oooo-kaaaayy..." she mock sighed. She resumed repeatedly impaling herself. "You have to admit, it's a lot better to draw it out some."

Before long, they were again going at it at full speed. But, to Alan's surprise, the more they fucked the more energized he felt. He decided to take charge instead of having Amy do most of the work. He suddenly pulled her torso down to his chest and rolled both of them over so he was lying on top. Then he began banging her in the missionary position.

She seemed to like that a lot, and also became more submissive in her attitude. Even though she was puffing like a steam train, she somehow managed to blurt out, "Take me! Take me, lover!" Then, after some more huffs, she managed a final, "Take my cunt and OWN IT!"

That aroused him a lot, so much that he came before either of them were ready.

However, he was too naturally talented a fucker to let the lack of a mutual climax ruin things. He pounded into her hard, shooting ropes like a machine gunner firing bullets with reckless abandon. Cum seemed to be flying everywhere, filling her pussy to the brim.

Then, when his climax finally ended, he kept going. He fingered her for another minute to make sure she'd cum too.

Amy loved it; she squealed like a stuck pig. Not only did everyone in the house know exactly what had happened, but there was a good chance the rest of the Pestridges next door could hear it, too.

Chapter 710 I'm Surrounded By Master Manipulators!

After they were done, they lay resting on the bed in each other's arms for some minutes. He whispered into her ear, "I love you, Aims."

"I love you too, Beau!" she whispered back. "Do you know what?"

"What?"

"You took me! It was just like the novels. You know, in those cheesy romance novels, the woman always yells 'Take me.' Now I know why. I feel totally took." She giggled.

He decided that instead of replying with words, he'd nuzzle his nose against hers.

She loved it. Then she suddenly blurted out, "Ohmigod!"

"What?"

"Susan! She's gonna be so psyched. She gave me a lot of advice before we left for the party, as you can probably figure. And she was so big on talking about you taking me and taming me. But she was so right! I feel like I'm totally yours, and I'm not just saying that."

He replied very suavely, "And I feel like I'm totally yours." He snuggled and kissed. "By the way, take anything my mom says with a big grain of salt."

"I know. She gets carried away. But it's cute. She means well."

After some more loving moments of happy cuddling, she sat up. "Oh! I almost forgot. I've got a surprise gift for you, to show how much I've been thinking of you."

"Oh, what is it?" he was pleased, but also upset with himself that he had no gift.

She ran out of the room. It took her a few minutes to come back.

He was left to bask in the afterglow. But he didn't have privacy for very long, because Katherine soon stuck her head in the room.

"How was it, stud brother of mine?"

He didn't mind the interruption. He grinned widely and gave two thumbs up.

"Two thumbs up, eh? Well, Bro, I'll have you know Amy liked it too. You know what she said to me as she zipped past just now? She was bursting at the seams and said, 'That was the most super splendortasticawesomeoriffic thing ever! I got took!' Do you know what that means?"

He grinned even more. "Yeah. Did you hear her cry 'Take me'?"

"Ah. Who didn't, in this half of Orange County? Cool. Oops, here she comes again. Later!" Katherine skipped back to her room.

A moment later, Amy rushed breathlessly back into the room, immediately asking, "What was Katherine doing in here? Were you laying your pipe into her?"

Alan looked at her for a moment and realized with some relief that Amy was just joking; she didn't appear to have any jealousy issues at all. He thought, Aims is soooo cool. How cool is it to have someone that understanding? What's even better is that if I WAS "laying my pipe" into my sister, Amy would be cool with that, too.

He joked back, "Well yeah, but only a little."

She grinned and nudged him forcefully. "You! Anyway, here's my gift." She handed him a piece of paper.

Before he looked at the sheet of paper, he studied her beautiful athletic form, which was still glistening with a sheen of sweat from their recent romp. She almost looked oiled up and her hair was wild. He always marveled at her unabashed attitude towards nudity - she seemed positively proud of the trails of his silvery semen rolling down the inside of her thighs.

He tore his eyes away and focused on the drawing. It was a portrait of him, done in charcoal. It was a quick sketch, but it captured him perfectly. "Did you do this?" he said with more than a little surprise in his voice. She nodded, proud but bashful.

"It's really good! I had no idea you were such a good portrait artist."

"Thanks! I drew it from memory. Maybe some other time you could sit and I could paint you properly. Here's another one. Something to remember me by."

She handed him another portrait, this one of herself. She was naked in it, striking a very sexy pose. "Since your scouting trip has been rescheduled for the weekend, please take it with you so you don't forget me while you're gone. I don't mind if you fold it up - I can make lots more."

"Thanks again. Wow! You're a real artist. You've been hiding yourself! You should do it professionally." He was genuinely impressed and not just buttering her up. He was particularly impressed since he was lousy at art.

"It's what I want to do. You know how everyone says I'm a space case? That's 'cos I look at the world differently. I'm always looking at things like, I dunno, like I want to paint the scene or something."

"I can see that. This makes me love you even more. I'm going to get you something special too."

"Thanks! But you already gave me the best gift you could ever give me when you fucked me so well. You ready to do it again?"

"I'd love to, but I really can't. I'm so sorry, but it's just been too much lately. I'll make that up to you later, too."

"M'kay." She snuggled up next to him.

"You're so understanding. You're really amazing, Aims."

"Thanks, Beau," she whispered, then kissed him on the ear. "You're pretty neat too. Although..." She giggled.

"What?"

"Saying a blowjob would cure my hiccups. That was a bit too much!" They both laughed.

He replied jokingly, "But how do we know it isn't true? Let's try it out next time you've got the hiccups and see."

"M'kay!" They giggled some more.

They were just relaxing in each other's arms, but for some reason Alan stared at Amy intensely. She had the same kind, happy face she always wore, but he detected something there he'd never noticed before - a certain wry and knowing look, like she was secretly triumphant.

All of a sudden, he had a revelation. "Hey! Wait a minute! It's all a sham, isn't it? You've been playing along the whole time, haven't you?"

"What?" she asked, looking confused.

"All this 'gosh' and 'super duper' stuff. It's all an act, isn't it? Like you're doing right now! You're really damn smart! Your artwork shows that. You've been playing me like a fiddle, haven't you?"

She smiled even more. "M'kay. You got me."

"A-ha!"

She admitted, "I've been playing along with all the tricks you and Katherine thought you were pulling on me. I mean, come on! No one is that clueless in this day and age. And I got you to fuck me, didn't I?" She giggled with glee.

He laughed too. "Well, I'll be damned," he answered, amazed. "But you didn't need to go through all that just to get me to fuck you. You're fantastically fuckable, you know. All you had to do was say, 'Hey, let's fuck,' and believe me, I would have jumped right up."

"I guess that's true. But then again, who's now your one-and-only official girlfriend? I kinda had a bigger plan." She smiled like the cat that ate the canary.

He was impressed. "You sneaky succubus! I guess the fruit doesn't fall too far from the tree. You're a schemer, aren't you, just like your mom?"

"Now wait a minute. There's some truth to that, but not all. I really am the way people see me. I'm innocent and simple; I'm not super clever like mom. If I were, my grades would be better than just okay. It's like I was saying before: I think differently, in an arty, spacey way. But I learned to play up and exaggerate the way I naturally am. People seem to like it. You know, like I want to play a game, and you want to play a game, so I act all 'okey dokey' and the game is that much more fun for both of us."

He pointed his finger at her and wagged it. "You... I'm gonna have to watch out for you. You've been full of surprises today. I'm impressed... though frightened too. I'm surrounded by master manipulators!"

They both laughed. Then she said in a very dumb, exaggerated voice, "Golly gee, Beau, I've got a bad case of bad breath today. Gosh! Didn't you say putting your thingy in my mouth could cure it?" Her mouth hung wide open and her tongue darted about as if in search of a penis.

He laughed some more. "That is pretty fucking absurd, isn't it? I'm sorry."

"Hey, don't be. It's been a blast. The thing is, I really was sexually inexperienced. I was so far behind Katherine, Aunt Susan and mom in your books, I needed something different to stand out and catch up. So I just exaggerated things a bit. It was fun! In the end, look who gets to be your official girlfriend." She cackled a theatrically evil laugh. "Hee-hee-hee-hee-hee!" Then she hugged him tightly.

He asked her, "So is the 'real' Amy really that okay with sharing me?"

"I'm the same person I've always been. I'm totally in love with being naked, I die with pleasure when you 'check for bumps,' I really do look at the world through innocent eyes; it's all still me. It's just that maybe I'm a little bit more knowing and scheme-y than you realized. You're right; I must get that from mom! I'm okay with sharing - though maybe not as wild about it as I act. Women get jealous, you know. Even me. But it's all good. We're all gonna love each other in one big, happy family. It'll be awesome!"

They lay next to each other for a minute. He really wanted to fuck her again, but his penis wasn't up for it.

Suddenly, she said, "You know, actually, I seem to have a pretty bad case of bad breath right now."

They both burst into laughter and couldn't stop laughing for quite some time.

Alan guessed that from that point forward, "bad breath" would be their code language for getting sexual. But unfortunately, he had to say, "Aims, this breaks my heart, but I really shouldn't do anything else with my dick right now. After all, this is my recovery weekend and I've already cum, let's see... eight times today. But don't worry. We'll be spending the night together, so let's just see what happens. Not to mention when we wake up tomorrow morning. Not only that, but I could go down on you now if you'd like."

She giggled. "You're so nice. Don't worry. I can see you're really tired. Let's just cuddle. I get to sleep with my big, strong cuddle-bunny. I'm so happy."

He was quite happy too. As they lay in each other's arms, he thought, I don't know what a "cuddle bunny" is, but it sounds good when Aims says it... Wow. What a surprise she is. I've really been taking her for granted. I need to treat her better. If only I had more time, what with all these women pulling at me from every direction. What a drag.

Speaking of other women, I'm really impressed with Sis, too. It looks like she really took Xania's comments about jealousy to heart. The way Amy screams and moans, Sis could hear everything. I bet her dildo has been getting quite a workout... I wonder if Mom could hear too. I sure hope not. She was getting all worked up earlier. I think she's treating this like it's the night I lose my virginity. If she only knew how many women I've fucked already!

Soon Alan fell fast asleep. Amy fell asleep in his arms, and for the first time in his life he slept the night away in the same bed with a woman.

Alan was right about Katherine's dildo.

Susan was wide awake as well. She'd gone to sleep for a while, then had woken abruptly thanks to Amy's loud screaming. She'd decided to stay locked in her room because she just couldn't bear seeing her son with Amy. It wasn't so much the fucking as the intimacy, plus the official girlfriend status, and the idea that Amy would be the first to spend the whole night with him. If she had also seen the candles and bows that Katherine had arranged, she certainly would have broken down and cried.

But her main problem as far as sleeping went was that Amy was so unbelievably loud. The walls in Alan's room were quite thick, but Amy had a high, piercing scream that could go through walls like they weren't there. Susan got some earplugs and covered her head with a pillow, but she could still hear Amy's ecstatic screams.

She at least consoled herself, Soon, that'll be me. I'll be the one with my legs flailing in the air, my son taking and controlling me, hammering my pussy, showing me who's boss! Maybe even on Monday, knock on wood. God, all that screaming gets me SO HOT! How can anyone sleep around here, with all that noisy pussy-taming going on?!

Amy's so lucky to be his official girlfriend. It's just not fair! Why can't mommies be girlfriends too? Why can't Tiger take me, say, to the prom? I'd be such a good date; I wouldn't even mind sharing. Oh, poo!

She covered her head with her pillow. Amy, keep it down already!

It took a long time for her to get back to sleep, and when she did she slept fitfully.

