

## 6 Times 71

Chapter 71 Oh, Diary! Why Did I Blow My Cover?!

But just then, they heard the sound of the garage door opening.

Alan cried out, "Oh shit! Mom must be home!" His erection twitched and he strained to control his muscles so he wouldn't cum. But it was a losing battle, and his cum started to shoot even as he moved towards the pool. He yelled at his sister, "Quick, grab my suit and jump in the pool!"

He staggered to the pool, trying his best to aim his cum into the water so it wouldn't leave a trace.

Katherine and Alan both jumped into the pool and put their suits on after they were already in the water.

Alan figured that was the safest thing to do. The water would remove the smell of sweat and sex. bender

Luckily for him, he'd managed to fire most of his cum into the pool as he was jumping into it, after which his cock had continued to pump out more semen underwater. He stirred the water to try and disperse his cum. The sexual mood was pretty much broken by the ill-timed interruption.

However, they needn't have worried so much, since it took Susan a number of minutes to carry her bags of groceries into the house and put everything away. She'd had no reason to rush out to the pool, no reason to suspect that anything was going on out there.

Susan took so long to come out that Katherine joked to Alan about starting things up again, right in the pool.

He wasn't amused; he was obviously more concerned about getting caught than she was.

He sought to change the subject, so he asked, "Hey. Where did you get the bikini tan lines? I've never seen you wear a bikini?"

She answered, "You know how Aims and I have been sunbathing together at her place this summer?"

"Yeah?"

"I've been wearing one at Aims' house so I'd look good as a cheerleader, 'cos their uniform has an exposed midriff. Aims is even more daring; sometimes she takes it all off. You know how she is."

"Oh. Does Mom know?"

"She knows about my tanning. She's surprisingly cool with it. I guess she thinks it's a good thing for me to be a cheerleader with Aims. But still, given how uptight she is, I try to stick with the one-piece at our house, especially when she's around."

When Susan finally came out to say hello to them, Alan and Katherine looked as innocent as angels, dressed in their bathing suits and swimming laps in the pool. Alan at least was looking angelic; had Susan looked closely she might have noticed the wild look that was still in Katherine's eyes.

The only close call was that Susan happened to stand only about a foot from a small puddle of Katherine's cum as she talked to them. But she didn't notice, and as another woman was not affected by the pheromones in Katherine's vaginal secretions. Susan commented, "I'm so glad to see you two swimming together. You haven't done that in ages."

With her eyes unconsciously drawn to the puddle of cum, Katherine answered, "Mom, it's this new 'sexing things up' policy. I love it! I'm just relaxing and having so much fun. I feel like I'm opening up all the way and letting in new experiences." She said this last sentence with a special double meaning directed towards Alan. She turned to him and winked, just to make sure he got the picture.

Alan recalled her opening up when she'd spread her gash for him just minutes earlier, and wondered if the "new experience" she was so eager to let in was resting between his legs. He gulped nervously, but his mother didn't notice.

Susan said approvingly, "Oh, that's good to hear. I love how you two get along so well, so much better than most siblings." She smiled benignly. "You're both such perfect little angels!"

Katherine was still randy, so she replied, "We definitely are becoming much closer than most siblings. Much closer! Don't you think, Big Brother?" She giggled happily.

He just coughed nervously.

Susan left a minute later after asking what they wanted for dinner.

As soon as his mother was gone, he burst into anger. "Sis! What the hell came over you? Were you possessed? ARE you possessed?"

In actual fact, Katherine really was more or less still possessed by lust as he asked this. Her entire body was still surging with energy and excitement. But his obvious distress about what had happened cooled her ardor tremendously. As if snapping out of it, she said, "I'm sorry. Really sorry." She hurriedly pulled herself out of the pool. "I don't know what came over me."

As Alan watched her get out of the pool, he felt conflicting emotions. Dang! Sis is sexy! I never really realized how sexy she is before. And she totally wants me. She wants me! Sis! That totally blows my mind. She must be affected by all the craziness going on in this house lately.

But I dunno. If we start doing stuff, everything is going to change. Maybe our close friendship will be ruined if things don't work out.

Hell, what am I thinking?! She's my SISTER! I need to be more... well, disturbed by that! I mean, that's just so fucked up! I came while watching my sister masturbate. Whoa! I can't ever let that happen again. Ever!

Katherine rushed back to her room. Once there, after she'd recovered from her erotic fugue, she burst into tears at the magnitude of what she'd just done. She was terribly worried her brother would hate or reject her, now that her secret incestuous desires had been revealed.

After she calmed down some more, she wrote in her diary:

//

Dear Diary,

I've fucked up in a big, big way! Sure, I had the time of my life, but at what cost? I could have just coasted along, piggybacking on this wild sexual ride that Mom and Aunt Suzy are on. Before long, probably I could have gotten my chances to help Bro do his thing. It would have just seemed like I was a cool, helpful, sexy sister. And then things could have gotten more and more physically intimate from there.

But noooooOOOOooooo! Now, he knows I'm totally in lust with him, and he's gotta at least suspect that I'm in love with him as well. The only way it could have been any worse was if I'd point blank told him, "I love you, and I'm IN love with you. Fuck me now!" And I almost DID say that! Sheesh! Idiot! As it is, he's gonna run in the other direction when he sees me coming. He won't want my help doing his thing, 'cos he'll worry that'll only make things even weirder between us.

Somehow I have to try to undo this. Maybe I can just try to pass my behavior off as some kind of temporary insanity, and not that it's years of secret passion suddenly unleashed. But if I try to play it cool, will he buy my act?

Oh, Diary! Why did I blow my cover?!

As she thought about how she might undo the damage, it occurred to her that she could use Amy's love of nudity to mitigate what had happened. If Amy were to innocently help "sex things up for Alan" just by being more "au naturel" around the Plummer house and pool, that might provide some cover for her own over-the-top display to her brother. So she decided to visit with Amy that evening and explain that the changes in behavior and apparel that Amy had noticed at the Plummer house were being done to help Alan "increase his energy levels" by keeping him aroused and interested, and that even Amy's mother, Suzanne, was helping out.

Chapter 72 Susan's Arousal - Another Blowjob With Suzanne..

Alan returned to his room as well. He took another cold shower and tried to think of anything except Susan, Suzanne or, now especially, Katherine. But he had no luck with that. He considered talking to Katherine, but decided to give her some time to sort herself out.

Finally, he put on a mix CD of one of his favorite albums, "The White Album" by the Beatles, to which he'd added extra tracks. He lay on his bed, closed his eyes, and listened to it on headphones to escape the world. He played his favorite song on the tape, "Hey Bulldog," several times in a row. That kept his mind successfully occupied until dinner.

Dinner brought spaghetti and more seductive, sartorial showboating from Suzanne, who ate with them yet again.

But Katherine was covered up, demure, and even morose. She was extremely upset with herself. What on Earth came over me? Do I want to have sex with my brother? Of course not. That's only for fantasies. I must have been out of my mind. I mean, I was totally wanting and even expecting that he would fuck me then and there! He's gonna hate me or think me a freak if I do something crazy like that again. I was so stupid! How can I apologize to him? I can't believe I have a crush on my own brother.

Alan was also frequently lost in thought throughout the meal, wondering what was going on with his sister. She was too ashamed to look him in the eye, and fled at the first opportunity.

He decided he really needed to try to get some homework done after dinner, but didn't get much of an opportunity.

Before he could go upstairs, he had to help clean up and do the dishes. Since Suzanne had eaten with them, she was helping in the kitchen too. Susan was wearing a white, long-sleeved blouse and a black skirt. This was a regression back to the kind of clothes she'd worn previously, except for the fact that the skirt was rather short and a number of buttons were unbuttoned at the top of her blouse, showing off a lot of cleavage.

Suzanne wanted to make sure that Susan didn't fall back into her old, prudish ways. So, as the three of them were cleaning in the kitchen, Suzanne waited for an opportunity to shake things up. She found it when she noticed very faint panty lines as Susan happened to bend over to pick something up off the ground. She said, "Uh-oh! Susan, don't tell me you're wearing panties tonight."

Susan stood back up and faced Suzanne. "It so happens that I am. What's bad about that?"

"Don't you remember what happened when Amy came over: the new rule about not wearing a bra or panties in the house?"

Susan frowned with worry. "Of course I do. But that's not some hard and fast rule, that I can never wear underwear at all when I'm at home anymore, is it?"

Suzanne folded her arms and gave Susan a stern look. "Of course it is. Sweetie's problem doesn't happen just on some days, you know. He has to cum six times a day, every single day! You need to give him visual stimulation as much as possible. We all do!"

While Alan just stood and watched the other two, Susan said shyly, "But... but I thought I was doing pretty well tonight, in a reasonable sort of way. I mean, look how far my blouse is unbuttoned. And I think my skirt is more like a miniskirt. On top of that, I'm wearing pantyhose."

Suzanne said, "First off, NEVER wear pantyhose. Those are for women who are trying to hide imperfections in their legs. Your skin is flawless, so there's no point in it. Besides, it sends the wrong message. You want your body easily accessible to your son's hands. Understood?"

Susan nodded shyly.

"Now, are you wearing a bra too?"

Susan brightened slightly. "No, I'm not."bender

"Okay, I'll give you that," Suzanne responded. "Good. But you should unbutton at least two more buttons. At a bare minimum!"

Susan clutched her chest defensively and protested, "But... but... that's totally improper! If I do that, I'll be exposed down to my belly button! And since I'm not wearing a bra, well... it'll be practically obscene! He'll see everything!"

Suzanne smirked knowingly. "Exaaaactly! Which means, of course, it'll be that much easier for your cutie Tiger to get a hard-on. He's doing his part to get through this ordeal. And look what I'm wearing. This definitely qualifies as 'sexy.' You have to do your part too."

Alan had a hard time not snickering, hearing what was happening to him being referred to as an "ordeal." He was having the time of his life! In fact, he'd just gotten another serious erection just from watching and listening to the two curvaceous mothers.

Suzanne said, "There's no time like the present. Let's see you unbutton those buttons. Now!"

Susan looked around with worry, especially at her son. "What? Now?! Here?!"

"Here. Of course!"

Susan's face turned red as a beet as she unbuttoned the two buttons, causing her blouse to gape open down to her navel.

However, Alan didn't have very long to enjoy the resulting improved view of her cleavage, because Suzanne said, "Okay, now, turn around and bend over. It's time to inspect your panties."

Susan obediently did so. She was annoyed at being bossed around by Suzanne, but she was also getting extremely hot and bothered. She actually welcomed the new pose, because she figured it would mask how heavy her breathing was getting, as well as conceal her blushing face.

Suzanne then said, "Okay, Sweetie, please pull up her skirt and then pull down her pantyhose, so we can see what we're dealing with here."

Alan did both of those things quickly, because he was afraid he'd spook Susan by getting too touchy-feely. Still, he was loving life. His firm boner throbbed in his shorts.

"Hmmm..." Suzanne put a hand on her chin and stared intently at Susan's now-fully-exposed panties. "Not bad, as far as panties go. But Susan, what good does that do if they're covered up anyway? No, nice as these are, they're going to have to go. Sweetie, could you do the honors?"

While remaining lewdly bent over, Susan squealed, "Wait a second here! Suzaaaaanne! You can't say that!"

"I just did," Suzanne pointed out with a happy smirk. "Susan, I know this is difficult, but this is the kind of sacrifice you're going to have to make to help your son through his treatment. The truth is, he's going to be seeing your naked ass a lot. And feeling it. And fondling it."

"But that's so terribly improper!" Susan complained.

"I know. But what's the alternative? I can't be here all the time. There are limits to what Angel can do, or should do. You're going to have to step up with providing stimulation help. I'm sorry."

Before Susan could complain any further, Suzanne said to Alan, "Sweetie, please pull them down. But first, get rid of her pantyhose."

Alan was already standing in position. He eagerly tugged his mother's pantyhose down to her calves. Susan obediently lifted her legs so that he could get them off. Then, once they'd been removed completely, he pulled her panties down with even more enthusiasm. He was getting very touchy-feely with her ass and legs as he did so.

Susan was beyond embarrassed. While completely exposing her bare ass to him upset her, her greater worry was what Alan would see and smell her arousal once he pulled her panties off: she was very wet! Thanks to what had happened in the last few minutes, her panties had become soaked with her pungent pussy juices.

As she felt her panties sliding down her legs, she thought, No! Dear Lord, please! NO! He's going to see a big wet spot! And even if he doesn't, how could he miss the smell? My wanton, shameful aroma! I shouldn't be getting so aroused. What's wrong with me?!

As it happened, once her panties got past her muscular thighs, they fell straight to her ankles without any further assistance. At the same time, Suzanne whispered in Alan's ear while licking it, "Having fun yet?" Then, knowing that Susan couldn't see what was happening behind her, Suzanne gave a brief squeeze to the bulge in Alan's shorts. And then another not-so-brief squeeze.

Alan was so extremely horny from all of this that his earlier tentativeness was long gone. He forgot about the panties that were now encircling his mother's ankles, instead gladly stroking her bare ass cheeks with both hands.



Susan was actually relieved by this, in a relative sense, because it enabled her to step free from her panties and then pick them up herself. She hoped that would let her keep the damning evidence of her arousal safely hidden away. But it didn't matter much. Alan didn't need to see or smell her damp panties, because the aroma of her arousal was filling the entire kitchen.

There was no way Alan could miss her sexy pheromones, and he didn't. He was practically out of his mind with crazed lust. His only frustration was that he knew her pussy had to be exposed by this point, but he wasn't able to see it from where he stood. He figured correctly that she would freak out completely if he reached between her legs to feel her up.

Even Suzanne was extremely worked up, as she confirmed yet again what an extremely sexual woman an aroused Susan could be, once her prudishness had been put aside. In fact, Suzanne was so horny that she said to Susan, "Good. Very good. Remember, in the future, no bra AND no panties at home. You can stand back up now."

"Thank goodness!" Susan immediately stood up straight, which allowed her short skirt to fall back down over her ass. But she was still too shy to turn around and show her blushing face.

That was fortunate, perhaps, because Suzanne had resumed holding and even fondling the very phallic protrusion in Alan's shorts. She said, "Susan, thanks to your loving and really brave efforts here, I'm proud to announce that Sweetie has a very long, thick, ready erection! I'm going to go upstairs with him right now and help him take care of it, if that's okay with you."

"Um, I guess..." Susan still had a hard time believing that any of this was really happening.

Suzanne and Alan quickly rushed upstairs together.

A minute or two later, Susan rushed off to her bedroom. She decided it was time for another shower, which in practice meant another prolonged masturbation session culminating in a much-needed orgasm.

Suzanne desperately wanted to give Alan another blowjob. In fact, she was so enthusiastic about it that as they reached the top of the stairs, she simply muttered in her scratchy voice, "I'm ready for my after-dinner snack!"

Within seconds of entering his room, she was topless and on her knees below where he sat at his desk. She unzipped his shorts and had his dick in her mouth before it was even fully exposed.

But it didn't take long for her to fix that problem. A few seconds later, she found herself slurping on a very long, stiff pole.

Although it was the incredibly sexy Suzanne who was sucking him off, Alan's thoughts were focused more on his mother Susan. The way she'd bent over and let him pull her panties off, coupled with the effect of the pheromones from her aroused pussy, had left him nearly out of his mind with desire. He closed his eyes and imagined that it was his loving mother blowing him instead.

Because both Suzanne and Alan were so very hot and bothered, the blowjob didn't last long. Suzanne went all out to get him to cum right away, and he had almost no resistance to her great skill.

She simply kept on sucking and sucking until he cried out like a wounded animal and shot his load down her throat. Even then she didn't stop, or even slow down. His eyes rolled into his head and he saw stars for the few glorious moments his orgasm lasted.

She didn't neglect her own needs though. As his climax began to wind down, she fingered her clitoris and had a very satisfying orgasm of her own.

### Chapter 73 First Look @ Suzanne's Pussy

Suzanne said to him as they were relaxing afterwards on his bed, "I don't know who's luckier, you or me. As you might have guessed, I have an extremely healthy sexual appetite. I'm enjoying sucking you off soooo much! Your cum is really actually quite tasty. I just can't get over how delicious you are."

She held his softening rod in her hands, caressing it lovingly. "But what's really great is your penis. Eight inches long. Some have longer, but believe me, a ten-inch dick is extremely uncommon outside of professional pornography. But yours is unusually thick too! It fills up my mouth just right. I don't think I could take it in all the way or enjoy it more if it were any bigger. You have the perfect cock for sucking."

He didn't know how to reply to that mind-blowing comment, but he tried to be polite. "Thanks. I think you're perfect too. And your mouth is just right for sucking. When I see your lips now, I can't help but imagine them wrapped around my shaft."

"Flattery will get you everywhere."

Again, he'd been impressed by the things she'd done with her tongue, and again he was tempted to ask her if her tongue was unusually long. But since she was the only woman to have ever given him a blowjob, he worried that maybe his question was stupid and most women could do dexterous tongue maneuvers like she could.

Changing the topic, he hesitated, then asked, almost in the tone of a small child asking for a nickel, "Aunt Suzy, could I ask you for a favor?"

"Of course, Sweetie, but remember our boundaries."

He remembered Susan's bare ass downstairs just a few minutes earlier, and how much he wished he could have seen her pussy too. That lusty memory gave him the courage to ask, "Could I have a close look at ... how you are below?"

Suzanne was delighted by his request, as it provided a means for her to increase the sexual tension between the two of them and advance her seduction plans. She wanted to draw things out, but at the same time she wanted to encourage any signs of assertiveness in him. She played for time, joking, "So, you want to see me in the special layer of Hell reserved for older women who are too free with teenage boys?"

He blushed. "I'm so sorry. I didn't know you felt that way. Please forgive--"

She cut him off. "That's just a joke, Sweetie. Awww, you're just so innocent and cute, how can I say no? But will you tell your mother?" She knew that any mention of Susan would ratchet up his arousal, especially after what had just happened in the kitchen.

He burst into laughter, guffawing extra hard because he was so filled with nervous tension.

"What? What's so funny?"

"Oh, nothing."

She spread her legs and raised her skirt, almost enabling him to see her female treasures there. She playfully raised an eyebrow, and said, "Now is that any way to treat a lady you want to ask a very personal favor of?"

He smiled. "Okay. Well, it's that I just now imagined running to Mom like I did when I was five. I'd run to her in the kitchen and reach up to pull on her dress and say, 'Mommy! Mommy! Aunt Suzy let me look at her pussy!'"

Suzanne grinned, but pretended seriousness. "Hmmm. And you just might do it too."

He suddenly felt like he would go crazy if he couldn't at least see a pussy up close. It was hellish to get so many sightings from a distance, like seeing Katherine's pussy by the pool, or near sightings, like just about any time he and Suzanne were alone together lately, and never really being able to examine one, much less touch one.

He knew Suzanne wouldn't allow him to touch her there, but he sensed from her words and demeanor that she might still be convinced to allow his request to just give it a good look. With a very earnest expression, he raised his right hand in a Boy Scout salute, and said, "I promise I won't touch anything. Scout's honor. I'll even keep my hands behind my back! Please, Aunt Suzy, I think I'm going to go crazy if I can't check out a..., well, a vagina," he finished, a bit lamely.

bender

She teased, pretending to waver. "Hmmm. Will this give you points towards your 'Pussy Watching' Boy Scout merit badge?"

"Yes it will," he grinned, deciding that he needed to loosen up and play along.

She came back with an even bigger grin. "Well... Okay. But just you; please don't bring the whole troop over. And you have to complete all the requirements for your Pussy Watching badge before you can even THINK about working on your Pussy Touching badge. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Aunt Suzy. And to think I was going to go for one of those advanced knotting merit badges instead."

After more grins and giggles, he turned to his computer and brought up an image he had been looking at earlier. It was a close-up of a beautiful young woman, not much older than he was, lying on her back with her legs spread and bent and her knees drawn up on either side of her breasts. Her moist slit was fully exposed, the labia slightly parted. "There's something about this image I really like. Could you please show me your pussy like THAT?"

She glanced at the image, and then looked at Alan reproachfully, but even so appeared to be considering the matter. "Well..." she said slowly, enjoying the power she held over him.

He leaned so far forward in anticipation of her answer that he nearly fell over.

She sighed with mock resignation. "I suppose the Scouts require that particular position for the merit badge. And I DO support their fine organization." She winked. "But remember, no touching."

She walked over and quietly locked the door, then removed her skirt and lay on her back on his bed. She spread her legs slightly and then placed her hands below her knees and brought her knees up to her chest, copying the pose of the Internet model that was still visible on his computer screen.

Alan's eyes went wide as they locked on her crotch and his mouth involuntarily dropped open as he fell to his knees in front of her, his face inches from her spread beaver. At the top was her bush, neatly trimmed into a roughly triangular shape. His penis had been mostly flaccid after the blowjob, but he found himself once again at full attention.

She kept the remainder of her pubic region free of hair through waxing. She was in a highly aroused state, and her labia were swollen, her clit throbbing and erect. She was very wet, with a small trail of moisture slowly trickling from her slit and running across her asshole. Her fully engorged vulva included every shade of pink he had ever imagined, and then some; the labia were almost crimson at the base,

deep pink in the middle, and coral with a few tinges of purple at the outer edges. It struck him as being the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and his breath caught in his throat.

He felt drawn to it like a moth to flame, and his face slowly approached her womanhood, almost against his will. When his face was about two inches from her, he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, savoring the unique, rich, heady, musky aroma of a woman in heat. He pressed forward millimeter by millimeter until the tip of his nose almost met her pubic hair.

He came so close that she could feel his presence. The way he lightly grazed the outer edges of her pubic hair sent jolts of excitement through her.

She said wryly, "Boy, you sure skirt the edge of the words 'no touching', don't you?"

He pulled back a bit, then asked, "Um, Aunt Suzy, I'm probably pushing my luck here, but I've always been really curious - can I see what it looks like on the inside?"

She sighed loudly. "You definitely ARE pushing your luck. But I suppose showing you just once for educational purposes wouldn't be so bad. As long as you don't get any weird ideas, okay?"

"Scout's honor."

She repositioned herself and spread her labia wide with both hands, so that her glistening, pink inner lips were fully on display.

He just stared, amazed. It reminded him of the inner meat of a giant clam he'd once seen while snorkeling. Just as with the clam, he was spellbound by its beauty.

Dang! I wonder what it would be like to put my dick in there. Handjobs and blowjobs with her already have brought me more pleasure than I ever thought possible. But fucking is supposed to feel even better than THAT! Is it possible to actually die from brain overload due to too much pleasure? If it is, it probably would happen to me if I were to have sex with my unbelievably awesome aunt!

Suzanne loved putting on such a lewd show for him, but she pretended to be reluctant. All too soon, she pulled her hands away, causing her slit to close. "I feel ashamed. You'll probably think I'm some kind of wanton hussy now."

He pulled back some more to look up into her eyes, then said earnestly, "No, Aunt Suzy! Never! I think of you as a teacher and a great friend. You're helping me learn what I should have learned in Sex Ed class if Mom had let me attend. I can't thank you enough."

She smiled benignly, but thought, Does he really think that? If he only knew! If he only knew how demanding my pussy gets, and how badly it wants this! If he decides to get bold right now, I'm a complete goner. I can't let him know how much my pussy controls me or I'll lose all my leverage with him! ... But for the moment, I'm going to enjoy this to the fullest, hee-hee!

When Alan finally pulled his face back a few more inches, Suzanne reached down and parted her labia so he could see her inner folds again, then brought her fingers to her clit and pulled back the hood. She batted her eyelids slowly for a few moments, then turned her head slightly and, in her breathy, seductive, and curiously scratchy voice, asked, "See anything you like?"

He was so ecstatic he wanted to cry for joy, but at the same time he felt strangely detached from reality, almost as if he were in a dream. He tried to burn the image, the texture, the scent, and every possible last detail of her pussy into his brain, as he was irrationally but genuinely afraid that he might never have the chance to see another pussy in such a manner.

His heart was beating so hard and so quickly that he could hear his pulse echoing in his ears. He also felt an immense pressure in his testicles, and his dick throbbed urgently, insistently, in time with his heart and his ears. He felt his dick convulse and begin shooting rope after rope of cum, covering the side of the bed before him. He collapsed to the floor.

Suzanne rolled her eyes and thought to herself, OH FUCKING SHIT! He came just from LOOKING at my pussy! That makes me so happy! If I don't get him inside my cunt soon I'm the one who's going to go insane. She touched her clitoris and came in a massive climax.

Alan was so wiped out as he lay there on the floor that he didn't even realize she had gotten excited to the point of climax too; he thought she'd just done it as a favor for him.

When he finally recovered, he thanked her so profusely that she got a little embarrassed.

Suzanne swore him to secrecy again for good measure, then dressed and left.

#### Chapter 74 Dear Diary..!

Not long after that, Alan decided he needed to talk to Katherine about what had happened between them earlier. He walked across the hallway and knocked on her door. He was wearing his usual T-shirt and shorts. "Sis?"

After a long pause, he heard a groan. "UNH!" Then, "Napping!"

This was surprising, since it was very unusual and a bit late for her to take a nap. He said, "Sorry! I'll try later." He turned to walk away.

But Katherine replied, "No, it's cool. Come on in."

He opened the door. He was surprised to find her lying in her bed nearly naked, facing away from him. She wore nothing but silky silver panties. And although some of her torso was covered by her light blue silken sheets, he was fairly certain he'd be able to see all of her breasts if he was looking at her from the opposite side.

While simply lying there, she said, "So, what's up?"

His mind was racing a mile a minute. There was a long pause while he simply stared at her curvaceous figure. Sis is SO HOT! She's a total fox! Daaaamn! As if I didn't know that already, but still, HOT DAMN! Although his heart was racing, he tried to sound calm as he said, "Uh... It was nothing. I'll talk to you later."

"Bullshit! It doesn't sound like nothing to me." Katherine turned over to face him. But she was careful to hold the sheet in a certain way so her nipples were covered, if only just barely. In truth, she hadn't been napping at all; instead she'd quickly and silently gotten into a sexy pose when she'd heard him knocking on the door. Her heart was racing wildly too. She added playfully, "Spill the beans!"



Alan was stunned all over again to see her front side. He gulped and gawked. He thought, HNNG! So sexy! He glanced down at his crotch and noticed that he'd gotten a sudden erection. I'm liable to spill something here in a minute, but it isn't beans! He tried hard to play it cool. "Um, well, uh... It's really no big deal. It's just..."

"What?" She sat up on her bed, putting her legs on the floor. She was still very careful to make sure the sheet kept her nipples covered, but she was just as careful to make sure he got an eyeful of the rest of her body, including most of her excellent breasts.

He was tongue-tied. Partly, he was too horny from looking at her fit, tanned, hard body to think straight. But also, he didn't know how to bring up what had happened earlier, or what to say about it. He hadn't come in with much of a plan. In the past, he'd been able to speak easily to her about anything and everything, but this seemed to be different.

She took the lead. "This is about what happened earlier by the pool, isn't it?"

He nodded shyly.

Her demeanor changed. She bowed her head contritely. "Don't say anything. I'm the one who needs to explain. My bad! I'm so sorry, Big Brother. I was just trying to get you excited for, you know, your problem, but I got carried away. I got really, really carried away! I don't even understand what happened. Can you possibly forgive me?"

"Of course!" he said soothingly. His body relaxed, because that was exactly the kind of closure he'd been looking for. "Actually, there's nothing to forgive. You totally got me aroused, and that's what the doctor ordered, right?" bender

She smiled. "Right." Then she looked around for something. "Hey, close your eyes for a sec."

He did, although he was tempted to peek.

"Okay."

When he opened his eyes again, he discovered that she had put on a silky bra that matched her panties. Furthermore, she was standing right in front of him. She stretched her arms open wide. "Hug?"

"Of course!"

They hugged in a friendly way. He still had a raging erection, so he was careful to lean in with his upper body so that it wouldn't press against her.

He left her a few minutes later, after some friendly small talk. He felt much better about the whole situation. By that time he was certain that it had not just been a case of her getting a bit carried away. But he was uncertain about what he wanted to have happen with her. The possibility of committing incest with her was still very daunting and scary. He tried not to think about it much, since he had the exciting developments with Suzanne and his mother to think about instead.

Shortly after Alan left, Katherine took out her diary and wrote another entry.

— — — — —

Dear Diary,

I'm soooo bad! I'd been planning on apologizing to Brother, but he beat me to the punch coming in to talk to me first. So what did I do? Was I all contrite and bashful? Yes, on the surface, but I also couldn't help but kinda come onto him AGAIN! Like I said, I'm sooooo bad! I pretended to be napping so he'd see me in just my skimpy panties. It worked out great!

How can I hold back?!?! Things are getting absolutely insane around here. I get to find out so much from having my room right across the hall from Brother's. Of course I heard EVERYTHING when he and Aunt Suzy rushed back to his room. Not only did I hear her give him ANOTHER blowjob, but with my ear to the door I even heard how she showed him her pussy, close up!

Dammit! I want in on that! Why can't I help him with his problem too?! I'm still kind of ashamed about what I did by the pool earlier, but I'm kind of not. I let my lust get the best of me, and now he knows that I have the hots for him. (To say the least! If he only knew the full truth!) Like I told you earlier, I

blew my cover. But, thinking about it some more, maybe that's for the best. The squeaky wheel does get the grease. If I'm going to help him sexually, I think I'm kinda going to have to be all in his face about it. Otherwise, Mom and Aunt Suzy are WAAAAAY too distracting.

The good news is, after I apologized to him, things seemed to be good between us again. That's key! I don't want things to get so weird that he avoids me or doesn't know how to act around me. I guess I should ease up a little bit for the next day or two, just to be sure that we're cool. But I will not be denied! I'm going to take action to make sure my dreams come true!

-----

Later that night, while Alan was out, Katherine went over to Amy's house to tell Amy about "sexing things up" for Alan, to provide more cover for what had happened earlier at the pool. Her thinking was that if Amy was dressing and acting sexier around Alan, then her own provocative behavior wouldn't seem so out of place. Besides, she was receptive to the idea that Amy could have sexual fun with Alan eventually. If everyone else was doing it, it didn't seem right to leave Amy out.

Amy sounded very keen to the whole "sex things up" plan. She unquestioningly said "M'kay!" to nearly everything Katherine suggested.

Since it was a Saturday night, Alan went to a party with most of his high school friends, including his good friends Peter and Sean. The relatively small get-together was fun enough, but it was definitely an anticlimax to the rest of his day. His friends weren't exactly wild party animals, and in fact most of them were more nerdy than he was. They mostly just drank some beer, joked around, and watched the sci-fi movie "Starship Troopers." No girls attended the party, and they were all fine with that, since they got nervous around girls.

Needless to say, Alan was starting to diverge radically from his friends when it came to girls. In truth, he would have much preferred to be at home, if only because there would have been a chance that Suzanne would offer to help him "do his thing" again.

That night, in bed, he coaxed out load number seven, and then reflected on his day. A blowjob, tennis, Sis's wild strip show, peeling off Mom's panties, another blowjob from Aunt Suzy, looking at her pussy, a party - what a day! I could get used to this! I'd never really lived until I went to see Dr. Fredrickson. There's always something new - who knows what tomorrow will bring?

## Chapter 75 Susan In Sexy Apron

bender

Susan woke up feeling naughty. She'd had more dreams of doing sexual things with Alan, but rather than getting at least partially upset and feeling guilty about it, she unabashedly reveled in it. She decided to just put her objections aside for a while and imagine a better world where she could have sexual fun with him without the fear of sin or impropriety. A part of her wanted to just lie in bed all day fantasizing, but her strong work ethic wouldn't allow her to do that.

She thought, It's strange. These last few days, whenever I think about sliding my hands all over Tiger's big erection I get filled with the urge to do nice things for him. Huh. Well, I don't know why, but I think I'll feel a lot better if I cook waffles with strawberries. And make some raisin toast too. He loves that.

So she got up and hurried downstairs earlier than usual because the special breakfast she planned to make required more time than normal. It was eight o'clock and she figured she needed to have the food ready by nine, so they all would be able to get to church by the start of the service at ten.

Sunday was the one day of the week that she and Suzanne always skipped their morning workout, because of Susan's need to get ready for church. (Suzanne wasn't really religious, but occasionally she went to church too, purely to appease her best friend.) Susan was feeling very energetic, but didn't have a way of blowing off steam.

As she stood there cooking, she thought, I can hardly wait until Tiger comes downstairs. Today, I'm not going to shirk my visual stimulation responsibilities. In fact, I have a full, exciting day of visual stimulation and sexing things up to look forward to, hee-hee! I'm sure he's going to love this shirt I'm wearing, since it's about ten sizes too large. I can't even keep it on my shoulders when I actually want to.

But I don't want to! Hee-hee! I'd just love to see his face if he walked in and saw me topless!

The only thing is, it's not fair that Suzanne has all that extra experience. She's such a seductress. And if that isn't bad enough, she's practicing being nude so she can bare her body with ease whenever he needs to get hard. Which I suspect is nearly all the time, hee-hee. Well, two can play that game. Maybe I need a little nudity practice myself. I need to get daring. I need to get naughty! I know it's terribly improper, but it's for the health of my son!

Because she was cooking she didn't want to expose herself up front, so she took her skirt off. The apron still covered her pussy in front, but her ass was left bare. Her heart was pounding hard from her audacity. It's still early so I should be able to stay like this a little while, and put it back on before he comes down. But what if he DID see me? Wouldn't that be a hoot? "Good morning, Tiger! Mommy's going to give you your favorite breakfast and your favorite ass. Come over here and feel it; you know you want to. Put your hand on my ass cheeks. Mmmm, yes! Just like that."

She didn't fully realize just how aroused she was getting. She wiggled her butt, imagining her son's hands were on it. "Oh! Tiger! I didn't say you could take off my top and my apron too! You naughty boy! ... But since you insist, yes, you can play with Mommy's boobies too. Oh, Son! What are you DOING?! What is that long hot thing sliding up and down my ass crack? You're so aggressive today! Now what are you doing?! Don't put that big thing in my mouth; it'll never fit! Oh TIGER!"

"It DOES fit! Tiger! Do you know you've got your penis in Mommy's mouth?" Tee-hee-hee. I'm so naughty!

She practically danced around the kitchen, she was so fired up by her semi-nudity. She thought quite a lot about the idea of giving her son a blowjob. I wonder what that would be like, for real. Suzanne has been talking about it a lot these past few days, and she says it's great. But I don't know. I kind of wish I would have done it to Ron at least once, so I'd know what it's really like. Of course Tiger's member is double the length and width of Ron's, so it wouldn't really be the same. Okay, maybe not double, but almost. He's such a well-endowed young man! Would it really fit in my mouth?! Suzanne assures me it would, but I don't know.

And how unseemly and improper would it be for me to do that? I know I need to help him, but I have to draw the line somewhere! I mean, if I were to take off all my clothes and kneel before him... My tall, handsome son towering over me, with his tremendously large, thick, needy erection in my hands... my trembling hands... Oh, I don't know! It just seems so debauched! To, to... to take it in my mouth! And suck on it! I can't! I just can't!

Despite her reluctance, or maybe in large part because of it, those thoughts made her very aroused indeed. But time flies when you're having fun, and she got so caught up in what she was doing, not to mention all her happy daydreams, that she lost track of the hour.

Thus Alan was quite surprised when he came downstairs and walked into the kitchen to say good morning. He looked at Susan, and at her ass. He literally did a double-take. He was so surprised by what

he saw that it was like a hard slap to his face. He even staggered back a few steps. "MOM! Whoa! You're uh, you're not wearing any... Well, your butt. I can see it!"

Susan had been standing in front of the stove, working on the waffles. She froze. Uh-oh! Tiger's here already?! OH NO! I had intended to take my skirt off only for a few minutes. Oh dear! He's gonna think I'm some kind of wanton hussy!

And I can't turn around either, because all I'm wearing is this grossly oversized shirt, with no bra underneath! It exposes way too much. True, I'm wearing an apron, but that won't help, not unless I wear it up around my shoulders. Oh my goodness! What will I do?!

She decided to try to stay calm and stand still. She brought both hands to her ass cheeks, trying to cover them. But her ass cheeks were a lot bigger than her hands, so he still had a great view, especially of her ass crack and even a hint of her pussy between her legs. In fact, in a way she actually showed off more, because putting her hands there caused her shirt to rise up some, showing off all of her ass instead of just the lower half.

Blushing, she exclaimed, "Alan?! Tiger! What are you doing up already?"

His eyes were locked on her bare ass cheeks like laser-guided weapons. "What do you mean, Mom? This is the usual time I come down on a Sunday."

She continued to wiggle and writhe in dismay, which only made an even more arousing sight. Her face practically turned cherry red. "Is it that late already? Oh dear. I'm afraid I lost track. You're not supposed to see me like this! This is so embarrassing! I just, uh, I... Well, I... It's hard to explain..."

Had it been anyone else protesting, even Amy or Katherine or Suzanne, he would have done the gentlemanly thing and averted his eyes and probably left the room. But this was his knockout mother and his curiosity got the better of him. Knowing that she was facing away from him and would remain too embarrassed to turn around and make eye contact, he lied, "Don't worry, Mom; I'm not looking."

"Thank heavens for that!" An awkward silence ensued as she thought, Oh no! What am I going to do now?! I can't just stand here like this, with my hands on my ass for the entire breakfast! I can't turn around either, or I'll show him far too much of my big, heavy breasts.

She gathered up her courage, trying to psych herself up. Susan, this is the time to rise to the occasion! He needs visual stimulation. I have to help him out! I should just let him look at my bare ass. What's the harm? Besides, it's not like I have a choice. He'd see nearly as much in a bikini anyway. I have to put my modesty and pride aside, to help him with his affliction!

She withdrew her hands from her backside and went back to cooking while bare-assed. She thought about putting her skirt back on, but decided the waffles needed immediate tending first. She was freaking out with nervousness, and her heart was pounding even harder. She told herself she'd go and dress in a minute or two, when this batch of waffles was done.

She clenched her ass cheeks together. I wonder if he's looking. Did he just see me do that?! Tiger's such a good boy, but I remember what horny teenage boys are like and I'm afraid he's going to look, no matter what he promised. He must be looking at my ass right now! She secretly thrilled at the thought that he was checking out her exposed ass cheeks. Without really thinking about it, she repeatedly clenched and unclenched her ass cheeks.

The strange thing was that she felt a tingle all over her pelvic area, almost like it had gone to sleep and was reviving. Somehow her body was reacting in a powerful way just to the thought of her son looking at her bare flesh there.

Of course Alan was ogling his mother's ass; he couldn't believe what he was seeing. Not only was his penis erect, it was almost truly threatening to rip his shorts open! Unbelievably, it seemed like she was repeatedly squeezing her ass cheeks a bit. He wasn't sure if that was his imagination or not. For a few glorious moments as she pulled her hands down to her thighs and then took them away, he was able to see nearly the entirety of her ass before the back of her curiously-oversized shirt covered the top half of it again.

He thought, Hot damn! I can't believe I'm really looking at Mom's ASS! Her skin looks amazingly soft and tempting to touch. Now I understand why people so often compared asses to peaches. That is a perfect 'peachy' ass! I'm practically drooling here! Man, I'd kill just to run my hands all over her!

He had to get a closer view. He walked across the kitchen until he was just a few feet away. To his surprise, she didn't say or do anything, or even try to cover up. Shit! You can see everything!

He asked, "Mom, can I ask why you were cooking partially naked, even if Sis and I weren't down here?" He didn't want to discourage her, but his curiosity won out.

"That IS a good question," Susan said, stalling for time while she tried to figure out what to say. She was startled to hear his voice from so near, just behind her. Since he'd walked up next to her, she knew he couldn't have done that without looking at her.

Oh dear! My Tiger really IS staring at my ass! It's not just another fantasy of mine this time. He's so close he could reach out and touch it! How can I explain things? "Son, I was just practicing being naked to help you cum hard and often, and I got so distracted wondering what it would be like to hold and fondle and suck your big member that things kind of got out of hand and I forgot to put my skirt back on?" No, that's not gonna fly.

Just listen to me though. I'm so wicked! I've completely lost my way and fallen from the path of righteousness. Thank goodness I'm not a Catholic, because I sure wouldn't look forward to my next confession with a priest!

But THINK, Susan, think!

Finally, she said, "Well, I, uh, I was doing a load of laundry, and uh, I, er, I realized that my, uh, skirt... My skirt, it was, um, needing to be washed, so I put it in there and, in the washer I mean, and, uh... I was thinking that since I was down here early cooking your favorite breakfast, um, it wouldn't matter. You know, how I was, uh, dressed. But I lost track of the time and, well, you can see what happened."

Unfortunately for Susan, she was as honest as they come, so whenever she lied it came out sounding like the feeble lie that it actually was.

"And why aren't you wearing panties either?" he asked.

Susan was so ashamed by that question that she wanted to weep. But she held herself together and replied more honestly, "You should know the answer to that. Suzanne, that big meanie, she won't let me! Don't you remember the discussion with Amy, how the four of us Plummer and Pestrige ladies have agreed not to wear any undies to help sex things up for you? But I didn't expect not to wear undies AND not wear a skirt! It's so... shameful!"

Alan, not surprisingly, didn't buy her laundry explanation, so he went back to that. As he continued to stare at her firm, sexy butt, he pointed out, "But if you put the skirt in the washer, then how is it I don't



hear the washer going?" He took a few steps closer and even bent down a little to get a better look at her flawless bubble butt.

"Oh. Well, uh, the washing is done. And there's a problem with the dryer, you see, so I'm air drying them."

She thought, Thank goodness I don't have to look him in the eye as I tell these blatant falsehoods or I'd never manage to say the words. Now I can add 'lying to loved ones' to my rapidly growing list of sins. Oh dear, when will the madness stop? And to make matters worse, my pussy is getting all wet. What if he sees me dripping, or smells me in heat?! Why does he have to be so sexy and so well-endowed anyway? And why oh why are we cursed with this six-times-a-day medical treatment?!

Worse, what will he think of his wicked mother? Especially if he knew of the debauched thoughts going through my mind? It's all I can do to not turn around and check to see if he has a great big erection tenting his shorts. I'll bet he does!

He noticed some holes in her explanation, even if one disregarded her shaky and unconvincing voice. For one thing, if the clothes were being air dried then that would mean her skirt wouldn't be ready for hours. In fact, there wouldn't even have been time to wash and dry them in the machines before he and Katherine came down. But he decided that any further probing would only embarrass her further.

So instead he asked, "Oh. Well, what are you cooking then? Did you say you're making my favorites?"

Susan had been on the edge of panic, but with the change of topic it was as if a big weight had been lifted from her shoulders. She walked a few feet to the sink to wash some fruit, giving Alan a new angle on her butt, not to mention allowing him the delicious sight of her ass cheeks undulating as she walked.

She answered his question with an enumeration of what she was cooking. But she still thought, Oh dear! I dodged a bullet there with my lame lie, but I'm still cooking with a naked ass and Tiger is still standing right there! In fact, his voice has only grown louder, which means he's been getting closer to me. I can't bear to look, but he must be practically right behind me now! What'll I do? What if he reaches out and starts fondling my rear? I don't know if I'd be able to resist. I don't know if I'd WANT to resist! But I must! It doesn't matter what a cutie pie he is, or how well hung he is; he's still my son!

## Chapter 76 Susan In Sexy Apron 2

Alan was extremely tempted to reach out and fondle her ass. He was so very aroused that he seriously worried he'd lose all control. But then he had a different idea that was highly appealing and far less dangerous. In the few moments he hadn't been gawking at her ass, he'd noticed her hugely oversized shirt that was in danger of sliding down her shoulders. He'd also noticed a lack of bra straps, or any other straps, for that matter. He'd guessed, correctly, that he'd have quite a view if he looked at his mother from the front.

So, trying to act casual, he walked around her until they stood face to face. He asked, "So what's for breakfast?"

Susan felt utterly humiliated. Her nipples weren't exposed, but a very deep valley of cleavage was. She wanted to cover that with her hands, or at least pull her shirt up her shoulders, but her hands seemed to be made of lead. She just stood there, blushing. She tried to fake a smile and pretend that all was normal, but she was far from convincing. She was in a kind of lusty daze, feeling so aroused that practically any touch was liable to push her over the edge.

He couldn't help but blatantly ogle her bountiful chest. But he was still trying to act cool and collected so she wouldn't freak out and he'd get to continue to enjoy the view. With that in mind, he asked again, "Mom, did you hear me? I said, what's for breakfast?"

She came out of her lusty and frightened daze, at least partially. "Uh... oh yeah. Waffles. Waffles! Belgian waffles! And... And cinnamon toast." She was so panicky that she practically shouted that.

His pulse was racing crazily, just like hers, but he was doing a better job of hiding his excitement. He said, "Cool. Thanks."

Another awkward silence ensued. He felt bad for his mother and her great embarrassment, so he decided to address the elephant in the room. "And by the way, I want to give you a big thanks. I know the real reason you're dressed like that."

"Why?!" She felt panicky, terrified that he could see right through her and sense her lusty desire for him.

He said, "You're helping with the visual stimulation! Just like Aunt Suzy has encouraged you to. I know that must be extremely difficult for you to do, to say the least! But still, you're doing it, and I must say,

you're doing a great job. Mom, you're so sexy that it leaves me breathless! I don't know what to say. How can I possibly thank you for loving me so much that you do this?"

She was secretly relieved that he thought she was being selfless in her actions. "Um, don't mention it. It's, uh, nothing."

Then she finally glanced down and saw that he really did have an extremely prominent bulge in his shorts. She nearly swooned. Oh God! Dear Lord! Just look at that! He's so, he's so... HUGE! It IS twice the size of Ron's, at the very least! (Actually, it wasn't, but her imagination was running wild.)

She was so hot and bothered that she started panting, causing her chest to heave up and down. Her shirt was so oversized that there was very little keeping it up. All that heaving presented an even more titillating sight, but she knew that if it didn't stop, her shirt was going to slide down to her waist!bender

She thought in a panic, Dear God, please! Help me! Any second now, my shirt is going to fall off, and I'll be standing here with my big breasts bouncing up and down! I'll be wearing little more than an apron! Heck, I might as well take that off too, to make my abject humiliation complete!

And then, and then... Tiger's... dick! It's so big! And needy! Just LOOK at that bulge! If I'm standing here topless, or worse, completely naked, he'll probably expect me to drop to my knees and, and... and unzip his zipper! And then... OH GOD! To, to, to hold it in my hands! And stroke it! Or even LICK it! SO HOT!

The two of them continued to stand there. Alan was so transfixed by his mother's heaving chest that he forgot to continue to make small talk. The kitchen was dead silent, except for the sounds of their heavy breathing.

It's unclear what might have happened next, but Susan suddenly found herself forced into action by the sound of Katherine tromping down the stairs. The kitchen was only separated from the dining room by a counter and there was a wide opening from there into the well-traveled living room. But there was also another way out of the kitchen, a hallway leading from it to other rooms in the house on the other side of the central stairwell.

Susan needed to act quickly. Without even an explanation to Alan, she fled down that hallway before Katherine could come into view. She clutched her hands to her chest to prevent her shirt from sliding off as she hurried away.

She hid in a downstairs bathroom until she heard the sound of Alan and Katherine talking. (Alan was dying to tell his sister what had just happened, but he wasn't sure how she'd react, so he forced himself to keep mum. However, Katherine noticed he was acting very oddly, so she suspected that something significant and sexual had just happened between her brother and mother.)

As they stood there, Susan ran bare-assed up the stairs, reaching them from a different direction, and made it all the way back to her bedroom without being seen. She quickly put on panties and bra, and a long dress, since she needed them for church anyway. Then she rushed back downstairs to tend her still-cooking waffles.

A part of her was terrified and appalled at what she'd done, but at the same time she hadn't felt so alive in years. Even the running around bare-assed had been a terrific thrill.

However, after she'd calmed down and her children had gone upstairs to finish getting ready for church, her guilty feelings took over. The mere fact this had happened on a Sunday morning shamed her deeply.

She sat at the dining-room table, staring out the window, mulling over recent events. What's come over me? I'm turning into the kind of wild and immoral hussy that my mother always warned me about. It was bad enough that I took my skirt off and then spaced out until Tiger saw me. But what's even worse is that I didn't mind that much that he was looking at my bare butt. In fact, I kind of liked it! I got a kind of perverse thrill - and that's certainly the right word, perverse - from knowing that he was staring at my rear. And I don't care if he said his eyes were closed; I KNOW he was looking. I could even hear his breathing growing heavy, almost on my neck!

Besides, I saw the way he was staring at my heaving breasts. That lusty look in his eyes! God, it was so HOT! I don't know WHAT would have happened if Angel hadn't come down just then. Thank the Lord she did!

This last thought wasn't made with any conviction. She continued in this vein, trying to deny her true feelings. It's all well and good that Angel and I help provide visual stimulation. After all, I promised Suzanne I would, and there's no sin in just dressing with a little sex appeal. I suppose that even going without undies is harmless enough. But I have to draw the line at no baring of my private parts. Certainly Suzanne would understand my reasons for that. And holding Tiger's big fat dick in my hands and stroking and stroking it until his hot cum splashes all over my face and drenches my big tits is out of the question! I wish Suzanne would stop pushing me about that. I mean, I'm trying to be a helpful mother and all, but I have my limits!

What just happened can never happen again, and that's final!

## Chapter 77 Bikini-Clad Susan & Suzanne

Alan often managed to beg off from going to church since he didn't like going, but there was no chance of that on this day. Susan felt so guilty from her ass exposure that she went a little overboard with her religious fervor. Alan could tell from her suddenly prim and proper mood immediately after the bare-ass incident that it would be counterproductive to even ask to stay home.

The somber and puritan mood persisted even after they returned home from church, but it didn't remain that way for long.

Suzanne came over to the Plummer house shortly after lunch. She wore a top that showed off her ample cleavage and also left her midriff exposed. She was eager for more fun with Alan. However, she found that he was already taking a nap and that Katherine had gone out.

Susan was in a bad mood and complained, "Suzanne, you call that a shirt? That's more of a bikini top than a shirt, in my book. You can go traipsing around like some kind of shameless hussy in your own house, but please don't do it in mine!"

Suzanne raised a curious eyebrow. "Gee, what's gotten into you?"

"We're surrounded by temptation and sin. Maybe if you'd gone to church with us this week, you'd be more aware of the dangers!"

Suzanne put two and two together. She didn't know about what had happened before church, but she figured that, at the very least, church could bring on a new burst of moral righteousness. So she said, "Susan, please don't be that way with me. I'm your best friend, okay? Now tell me, what's got you all worked up?"

Susan looked at the ground. "I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"I... I just can't." She didn't want to admit that she was afraid it would arouse her too much. But she also had a hard time standing up to Suzanne.

Suzanne asked impatiently, "Susan, are you wearing panties? Or a bra?"

Susan looked even more abashed. After a long pause, she nodded affirmatively.

"Okay. Take them off now. Right here. And then you're going to tell me what's bothering you."

Susan looked up at Suzanne in surprise. "What? Right here? Right now?"

Suzanne nodded in a way that brooked no opposition. "You know the rules. Of course you need to wear those things to church, but we're back home now, so there's no excuse. And do I or do I not have the right to choose what clothes you wear?"

Susan was going to say something more, but she decided that she'd just lose in the end anyway. It was just too hard to stand up to Suzanne. Blushing profusely, she reached inside her clothes and pulled her bra out. Then she slipped her panties down her legs while keeping her long dress on.

Suzanne didn't give Susan any relief though, and immediately began pressing her about what had happened.

It took a while, but eventually Susan spilled all the details of how she'd been caught cooking bare-assed. In telling the story, Susan found herself getting sexually worked up again as she recalled how she had trembled with excitement, half-expecting Alan to reach forward and fondle her ass cheeks at any moment.

Suzanne didn't have to do much to put Susan back in a sexy mood because the story-telling got her most of the way there. But just to make sure that Susan didn't backslide, she said, "Susan, I agree with what you said, that walking around with a bare butt is going too far. What we need to do is find just the right kind of outfits that will excite him and help his condition, but at the same time preserve your modesty."

So Suzanne went home and returned with another big pile of clothes, after which the two of them went to Susan's bedroom and played dress-up for an hour or two.

Susan grew increasingly giddy and horny as time went on. She was growing to love dressing in a sexy manner for her son.

Suzanne constantly goaded her on with encouraging but rather tame comments like, "Sweetie will love that dress," or, "He'll totally flip for that one."

After a while, when she knew Susan was really worked up, she said more provocative things like, "Oh, he will definitely blow his load when he takes one look at you in that," or, "Watch out! If you wear that in front of him that big erection of his will split his shorts right in two!"

When they were all done, Susan came out of her bedroom dressed in one of the sexiest combinations they'd tried on. She'd protested that it was too revealing, but Suzanne "forced" her to wear it since Suzanne now had the "right" to decide what clothes Susan wore.

She wore a skin-tight, thin, white tank top, which made it clear as day that she wasn't wearing a bra. Not only could her nipples be faintly seen through the cloth even when they weren't erect, but her huge globes bounced freely with almost every move she made.

Suzanne knew that not only would that inspire Alan's lust, but it would keep Susan in a near constant state of arousal, since Susan's nipples and boobs were obviously so easily stimulated. Plus, Suzanne knew that the mere fact that Susan was wearing such revealing clothes would keep her horny.

Susan also wore short blue-jean shorts that were most noticeable in how low they hung on her hips: the button to unfasten them was only an inch or two above the top of her pussy. In back, they covered so little of her ass cheeks that some of the top of her ass crack could be seen.

Susan protested, "Suzanne, this is far, far too outrageous! It's terribly improper. This is not what a good Christian woman wears!"

"Susan, stop complaining already. If you're not willing to suck or even stroke his cock today, you HAVE to at least help with the visual stimulation. Do you want to see him suffer the curse of blue balls?"

"Well, no. Obviously not, but..."

"Your Tiger is a very virile young man, with a powerful, demanding penis. I'll bet his balls are practically bursting with tasty sperm by now. You need to go find him right now and inspire him, so he can get some relief."

"But..."

"Go!"bender

Susan set off to find her son and see if he and his penis liked her outfit as much as she hoped he would. Despite her protests, she could hardly wait to see a large bulge growing at his crotch.

After Alan woke up, he'd decided to take a book and go sit by the pool. He was in the middle of rereading The Lord of the Rings, so he had that with him. But he was ready for some more tempting and teasing, and though he was all alone, he figured that the pool area was a good place to see some more skin. Still, he hadn't realized just how right and lucky he would be.

Susan came down to where he was sitting. (Suzanne followed, but lingered behind so Susan would get all the attention at first.) "Tiger? Sorry to bother you, but Suzanne absolutely insisted I have to show this outfit to you. I don't know WHAT she's thinking, but I find it's just easier to play along with her."

She was trying to act casual as if she didn't care what he thought, but her face was blushing deeply and her legs and arms were twitchy and fidgety. She kept her eyes closed, because it was slightly less humiliating that way.

Alan gaped for some long moments while Susan's nervousness grew. She half-expected him to say something like, "Mom! Put some clothes on already; you're embarrassing me!"

But instead, he said, "Mom! Wow! Whoa! I'm speechless."



Suzanne, still standing a good distance behind Susan, felt his words weren't clear enough to put Susan at ease. So she flapped her arms in the air as if trying to scare away a flock of birds, hoping Alan would see her and get the non-verbal message that more compliments were needed.

He saw and understood. so he added, "Mom, you look so great! You know what you are? You're a babe! A total babe! Nobody would believe you're a suburban housewife and not some kind of hard-bodied fashion model. Seriously! You should be a lifeguard on 'Baywatch.' Pamela Anderson would be jealous of you."

Susan tingled with pleasure from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. She was practically dizzy from all his compliments. "You don't really mean that," she protested, hoping he'd say more.

"It's true! Not only that, but you don't know how much this means to me, all the effort you're putting in to help me with the visual stimulation. I know it can't come easy for you to walk around without a bra, and letting me see your big breasts jiggling and bouncing, your hard nipples clearly visible as they poke through your practically see-through top. I love you even more than before for your big effort to get me soooo ... daaaang ... hard! Thanks!"

By the time he was halfway through saying that, Suzanne was waving her arms again and shaking her head no, trying to tell him that he'd gotten too graphic. But he was so transfixed by Susan's lightly bouncing chest that he was oblivious to Suzanne's signals.

Susan looked down at her chest. "Oh dear!" In the dim light of her bedroom she hadn't realized how transparent her top could look when out in the bright sun. It was practically as if someone had poured water on it, and she realized to her horror that her nipples were faintly visible, not to mention the way her erect nubs were tightly tugging at the fabric. She covered her chest with both arms. "Tiger! You're not supposed to see that!"

But he was on a lust-driven roll. "Why not? Mom, you're a seriously sexy babe and you've got a rack that proves it! You're a stone cold fox! God, it would be so sweet to take those puppies in my hands and suckle on those firm, uh, tasty, uh, er, nipples..."

Alan's words petered out because he finally noticed Suzanne's increasingly desperate arm waving. She made an arresting and jiggly sight of her own as she repeatedly raised her arms over her head, especially

since she was dressed in a red bikini, so he gaped at her for a bit before finding something intelligent to say.

Finally, he concluded, "The point is, Mom, you should be very proud of your body. God really blessed you with great genes, and the way you exercise almost every day has paid off, big time. I'm so grateful and so touched that you dressed up for me."

Susan had a "deer in the headlights" look. She wanted to chastise him for saying inappropriate things, but all she could think about was what it would feel like to have her son firmly grasping her breasts with both hands and pulling on her nipples with his fingers and teeth. She scuttled back into the house in a daze, without even saying a word.

Once she was safely back in the house, her nervousness and embarrassment disappeared, but her lust remained. She beamed with pure joy. She kept thinking, He thinks I'm a babe! "A total babe!" And a "stone cold fox," whatever that means. I'm sure it's good though! She realized her pussy was dripping, and rushed to the bathroom to clean up.

Suzanne lingered behind just long enough to say to Alan, "Thumbs up there, Sweetie. I was afraid you laid it on too thick, but I think it worked out in the end." She licked her lips. "And speaking of being touched, some lucky boy right here is going to get touched by his Aunt Suzy very soon."

Alan protested, "I wasn't laying it on thick; I really meant every word."

"I know. You're honest at heart. That's one reason we love you so much. But still, compliments don't hurt. You keep saying nice things to her and, mark my words, you'll find your meaty sausage sliding between her ruby red lips before too long. Tootles!"

She turned to go, but then stopped and looked back at his tenting crotch. "Oh. And speaking of thick, looks like you've got a problem there in your lap. But promise not to take care of it just yet, okay Sweetie? I'm sending some more Mommy fun your way."

She gave him a dainty wave and walked away, leaving him completely floored. Dang! Not that I'm complaining, but why is she so keen on having Mom help me out in a physical way? Mom's just not like that. I wish I could have a frank talk with her, but she likes to be mysterious about her scheming.

The two women stayed inside for a while. It wasn't long before Susan asked her best friend, "This may seem like kind of a strange question, but do you have any idea what a 'stone cold fox' is?"

"I sure do," Suzanne replied. "That's a woman who's a total babe, who's drop-dead gorgeous. Sweetie called you that, didn't he?"

Susan looked away shyly. "Well..." She was too modest and embarrassed to admit it.

Suzanne could easily tell she was right. "You should be very proud of yourself, because you ARE all that. But that's both an honor and a responsibility."

Susan asked, "What do you mean?"

"Clearly, he's uniquely inspired by your beauty, maybe even more so than mine." Suzanne didn't actually believe that, although she had to admit it would be a very close call, but she was trying to hype Susan up. "That means that if all else fails and he's falling behind with his daily orgasms, we may have no choice but to turn to you."

Susan's face was reddening as she considered the possibilities. "What exactly do you mean?!"

Suzanne was worried about pushing Susan too far too fast, so she was enigmatic. "We'll see. We'll see."

Susan's imagination ran wild, keeping her arousal at a high level. She had delightful yet scary visions of being "forced" to help her son with handjobs and even blowjobs on a daily basis.

Suzanne didn't like to sit in the sun in the middle of the day, owing to her extremely fair skin. But, inspired by Susan's obviously horny mood and Alan's relatively suave compliments, she encouraged Susan to go back out in a bikini to serve Alan some homemade cookies.

In the past, Susan could never have imagined herself wearing a bikini. Only one week earlier, if she'd been asked about bikinis, she would have said they should be outlawed altogether. But even though she complained to Suzanne, "Well, if you absolutely insist," the truth was, she could hardly wait to wear one in close proximity to her son.

She changed and went back out to deliver the snack.

Alan's face broke into a great big smile when he saw her walking his way. His penis had gone flaccid, but it stiffened immediately when he saw how she was putting extra oomph into swaying her hips, which in turn caused her boobs to sway as well. And the way her face showed that she was both very aroused and very embarrassed got his heart racing with lusty need.

Mindful of Suzanne's advice to be generous with the compliments, he said, "Whoa! Mom, is today my lucky day, or what? Who is this perfect-ten busty BABE bringing me cookies?"

Susan dropped her head shyly, blushing as she stood there. She finally remembered to put the tray of oatmeal raisin cookies down on the table next to him, but then she just kept standing there.

He continued, "Seriously, who is this smokin'-hot centerfold, and what has she done with my mom?"

Susan spoke very quietly and shyly. "I am your mom." She stood still, but she felt like her body was on fire, especially her erect nipples and wet pussy.

"You are? Oh yeah; you are. I forgot to look at your face because I can't take my eyes off your awesome huge rack!"

As soon as those words left his lips, he worried that he'd gone too far. The Susan he was used to wouldn't allow that kind of talk.

To his surprised, she smiled widely. "Oh... you! You know you can't say that kind of thing about your mother's bosom. It's terribly improper." That was kind of a chastisement, but she was so clearly happy that the words had no sting.

She struck a sexier pose that showed off her "awesome huge rack" very nicely. She raised her hands up above her head as if to block the sun's glare. But in truth she didn't really care about the glare; she just knew that that position would lift and emphasize her breasts even more.

That emboldened Alan. "So what? I mean it. Come on, sit down and enjoy these cookies with me. I want to see what it's like to sit next to a bikini-clad movie star."

She positively beamed. "Oh, you! There's no movie star around here."

He loved how she turned so bashful yet giddy over the compliments. "Yes there is." He pointed north, towards Los Angeles. "You must have gotten lost. Hollywood is that way."

"Shush, you!" But it was clear she didn't really want him to stop.

She was so flattered by even more compliments from her son that she found herself sitting on the lounge chair next to his. She wound up staying for a while. She wished that she was wearing sunglasses like he was, because she was endlessly fascinated by the large lump in his swimsuit. But since he could see her eyes, she only dared to look at his crotch every once in a while.

## Chapter 78 The Lovable Amy

Katherine came home around that time, noticed the poolside gathering, and put on a bikini to join in the fun.

Amy was sitting reading in her room and heard the sounds of laughing by the Plummer pool, which she could easily see from her window. (In fact, her window was the only one in the Pestrige house that looked onto the Plummer backyard.) She recalled what Katherine had told her the evening before, so she quickly came down and joined in as well.

Within minutes, Alan had gone from being alone to being surrounded by three voluptuous, scantily-clad women. (Suzanne remained in the Plummer house - for the moment.) He figured it was his lucky day, but what he didn't fully realize was that Susan was put off by Amy's presence. While she was practically family - she even called Susan "Aunt Susan" sometimes - Susan didn't know how she fit in when it came to these sexual situations.

However, Alan's hopes for something erotic happening weren't completely dashed.

Amy lay down on her stomach on a towel, with her bikini top undone and lying underneath her. After a few minutes, she sat up and began chatting with Alan. Her bikini top remained on the towel, leaving her topless.

"Hey!" cried Susan, when she noticed a few seconds later. "Amy, you've forgotten your bikini top. And in front of Tiger, no less! Please cover up immediately!"

Amy stood up and reluctantly put her hands over her breasts. But she said, "No, Aunt Susan, I haven't forgotten it. I'm sorry if I did something wrong, but I thought it was okay if we expose ourselves in front of him. I thought we were supposed to dress sexily and not wear underwear and stuff. Isn't that what you all were doing the other night? Isn't that a good thing?"

Susan was flummoxed. "Well, yes, but to a certain degree only. No one asked you to run around topless!"

Amy smiled. "No one has to ask me. I think it's fun! Am I not allowed to go topless if I want to? Isn't it a pretty common thing to do around private pools in back yards?"

Susan was even more flustered trying to respond to that. "Uh, yeah, I guess it is. And since I'm not your mother, I guess I can't tell you not to. But I do disapprove. It's so improper."

Amy, completely ignoring Susan's disapproval, said, "Yeay! Thanks a lot, Aunt Susan! You're such a cool mom. It's so much more fun over here than at MY house." She stuck her tongue out at her house in playful defiance. "I'm going to jump in the pool." She took her hands off her chest and dove into the water.

Susan said to Katherine in a disapproving voice, "That Amy. She seems so free about taking her clothes off. Thank goodness, Angel, that you'd never ask me if you could go topless."

Katherine opened her mouth and then closed it in frustration. Inspired by Amy, she had been just about to ask that very thing, but Susan's comment dashed that plan.

Susan was still clueless about the extent of Katherine's sexual feelings toward Alan. She would have flipped her lid if she'd known about Katherine's pool escapade the day before. Susan's sexual attitude

was very confused and unstable at that point, which meant that she was confused and inconsistent in dealing with Katherine too.

Katherine was still deciding what to do when Alan said, "Thanks, Mom, for being so cool about Amy and all. I think I'm going to jump in the pool too." He dove in, angling to get closer to Amy's generous orbs.

Katherine didn't want to be left out, so she dove in after them.

Soon the three teenagers were splashing each other and having fun. They began playing water games that none of them had played for years. For instance, they played Marco Polo, where one person had to keep their eyes closed and try to find another person.

Of course, the key fact was that Amy remained topless. As a result, Alan's dick stayed very stiff in his bathing suit.

Susan felt a child-like desire to join in. Deep down she felt like she was still a kid at heart. But she decided it would be unseemly for a parent to play such a game.

Normally, she would have brought a book to read if she was tanning herself by the pool, but she'd come out carrying nothing but the cookies. So she closed her eyes and tried to clear her mind, since she was still practically trembling with excitement.

However, she couldn't stop thinking. This is a very distressing situation. Amy, topless! It's not like Tiger needs the visual stimulation. His member is EXTREMELY aroused. One look at his bathing suit proves that! I sure hope Amy and Angel didn't notice, but how could they not? I have half a mind to take MY top off too! Her tone was as if she was threatening a punishment, but she belatedly realized that would be no punishment at all.

Wait. Did I really just say that? Why should I take MY top off?! How would that help anything? Although... Suzanne says I need to do more to help him with his problem. What if he got out of the pool and we were all alone, and he just started taking care of his problem then and there, while staring at my bare breasts? That would be SO HOT! Although... that would be the sin of Onan. I should be the one to help him directly! YES! Mmmm! On my knees, my bare boobs bouncing, and my fingers pumping up and down his hot pole! That's the kind of help I should give him! Oh God! Yes! Yes!

She was refraining from touching her own privates, but she realized her body was squirming around quite a lot in her lounge chair. She opened her eyes to check if anyone had noticed. To her relief, the three teens were busy having fun in the pool. She closed her eyes again and mentally reminded herself to act calm and cool. But such lusty fantasies continued to occupy her thoughts.

Amy didn't engage in any hanky-panky in their water games, but Katherine certainly did. With Susan not looking most of the time, she took every opportunity to touch Alan that she could get away with. This mostly happened when Amy had her eyes closed in their games, since games like Marco Polo involved closed eyes. Katherine would peek out when her eyes were supposed to be closed, and zoom in on Alan's body, "accidentally" rubbing her body all over his. Several times she even grabbed his erection through his shorts.

More than once, she grabbed his erection through his suit and held onto it briefly as if she were trying to figure out what the big thing between his legs was. She gasped in horror, eyes wide open in shock. Then she "realized" that she was still holding it and acted even more surprised, until she finally let go of it as if it were a hot potato.

Alan enjoyed this game a great deal, even if he couldn't really figure his sister out. He was remarkably slow on the uptake due to his lack of prior sexual experience. Even what had happened with her by the pool the day before hadn't fully clued him in to how much she lusted after him. At first he'd thought her grabbing really was accidental, since they were playing very physical games with a lot of touching and grabbing, but it happened so often that he'd eventually begun to wise up. However, he also was too shy to see what would happen if he reciprocated, especially since he never knew whether Susan or Amy might see what he was doing.

He really wanted to try something, but he kept chickening out. After a while he thought, This sucks. I need someone like Aunt Suzy to take the situation in hand, so to speak.

Katherine was having a great time, but she was irked that he didn't fondle her tits a single time, even though she rubbed them up against his chest repeatedly. She thought, Sheesh! How much more obvious do I have to get? Whatever hesitancy and guilt she'd had in the wake of exposing herself to him at the pool the day before was long gone, swept away in all the excitement of flirting and touching. She figured the cat was out of the bag about her attraction to him anyway.

Finally the three of them grew tired and went back to lying in the sun. Alan thought that he'd get his chance to apply lotion, and suggested, "Does anyone need any more suntan lotion?"



But Amy happily said, "No thanks! I put some on earlier and it's waterproof. Isn't that cool?"

Alan didn't find it so cool. He was bummed. (He didn't realize that Susan would have put a stop to him anyway, since she was concerned about him laying his hands on Amy while she remained topless.)

Katherine had used the same lotion already as well, so even though she wanted Alan to put some on her, she figured she'd get called on it.

But she figured she could at least do her part in providing some more "visual stimulation." So she decided to have her revenge at her mother's no-topless rule by lying face down and undoing her bikini top, just as Amy had done earlier. But then she went one step further and "accidentally" undid her bikini bottoms as well, since they were the kind that could be untied on the side of the leg. She initially left them in place, but slowly let them slip open across her butt while she pretended to rest with her eyes closed.

Alan certainly didn't fail to notice what she was showing; he stared especially intently at her ass. Her body shone alluringly from all the suntan lotion and his erection showed no signs of subsiding.

Amy noticed that Katherine's bikini bottoms were coming off, but saw nothing wrong with that. In fact, after some minutes, she decided she would follow suit. She stood up and began taking her bikini bottoms off as well.

That finally forced Susan to say something. She sensed someone standing up and opened her eyes to see what was happening. When she saw Amy with her bikini bottoms down below her knees, she exclaimed, "Amy! For the love of God! What are you doing?! Stop that right now!"

Amy had managed to completely remove the bikini bottoms while Susan was complaining. She stood there just holding them in her hand, while Alan eagerly drank up her nakedness. She was providing him with a side-profile view, so he couldn't see her pussy, but the sight of her big bare ass was very nice compensation.

She stared at Susan with a clueless expression on her face. "What's wrong?"

Susan huffed, "What's wrong?! You're taking your bikini off, that's what's wrong! Put it back on, now!"

"M'kay," Amy finally said in a bummed voice. She bent over and began to stick her foot back through one leg-hole of her bikini bottoms.

Amy seemed to be having a lot of trouble putting her clothes back on. That presented Alan with the sight of her naked butt wiggling just a few feet from where he was sitting. Since he was wearing sunglasses, he could stare to his heart's content. He just assumed that no one was the wiser.bender

"Sorry, Aunt Susan," said Amy as she still struggled to get dressed with her bikini bottoms down around her ankles. "I was just thinking that Katherine had a good idea, and I wanted an all-over tan too."

Amy turned to face Susan as she pulled her bikini bottoms to her knees. That meant she was facing Alan too, since he was sitting on the lounge chair next to Susan's. And that meant that he had a great view of Amy's pussy from just a few feet away.

Susan gasped. "Amy! Don't let Alan see your you-know-what!"

Amy stood all the way up while leaving her bikini bottoms around her knees. "No, my what?"

Susan was frantically waving her hands. "You know, the private place between your legs!"

"My asshole?" Amy remained frozen in place until Susan explained herself.

Susan grew painfully embarrassed and found her nipples were rock hard again. "No, your other, uh, hole, er, down there."

"You mean my cunnie? My cunt?" Amy helpfully ran a hand up her thigh towards her pussy.

Susan griped, "Amy! Such language!"

Alan couldn't believe how very aroused he was. Being unable to masturbate and relieve the built-up pressure was maddening. He could have readjusted his package so his erection wasn't so obvious, but he was getting a secret thrill out of keeping it blatantly obvious.

Amy still stood there, with her breasts and pussy on full display. "Well, what's wrong with showing him that? After all, Katherine is too, pretty much."

Susan's eyes had been closed for a while, since the others were resting and she was secretly reveling in her sexy incestuous fantasies. As a result, she hadn't noticed how Katherine's bikini bottoms had slid off until they covered little more than part of her ass crack. She cried in horror, "Angel, what are you doing?!"

"What? What's wrong?" Katherine asked in pretend cluelessness. "Did something happen?" She purposely sat up and turned around to look directly at her mother as she spoke. This left her bikini top on the ground, while her motion caused her bikini bottoms to fall all the way off as well.

"Angel! You're completely naked!" Susan nearly yelled, gesticulating wildly in agitation. "Put something on right away!" She reflexively put her hands over her own chest and looked over at Alan. She could read the excitement in his expression, not to mention see the size of the lewd bulge in his swimsuit. She chided him, "Tiger, don't look at your sister like that!"

Because Alan was wearing sunglasses, Susan couldn't actually tell where he was looking, but she could guess well enough. Besides, if he was looking at Amy with her bikini bottoms around her knees, that was just as bad.

Susan found herself getting flushed and agitated as she stared at his bulge a few seconds too long. She just knew that he had to be looking directly at her from behind his shades. She was further embarrassed to realize that he'd obviously noticed her checking out his package.

She tried to backtrack. "Not that I would, uh, know, er, where you're looking, Tiger. And of course I have no way of knowing that you're erect, um, uh, I mean, aroused. That is to say, excited. It wasn't like I was looking at... your... After all, I'm your mother!"

Seeing that she was just digging a deeper hole for herself, she turned to Katherine and barked, "Angel, what's gotten into you? Hurry up!"

Katherine was still sitting up, tying one side of her bikini bottoms back together. That left her topless and mostly bottomless too, since the other side of the bikini bottoms hadn't yet been re-tied. She was deliberately taking her time.

Suddenly Amy walked into Susan's view as she came over to help Katherine. "Need any help with that?" she asked sweetly. The only problem was, she was buck naked, having temporarily given up on putting on her own bikini. In fact, her bikini bottoms were no longer around her knees; they had been left behind on the ground.

Now Susan was really at a loss. "Amy! No! Please! Go back to where you were and put your own bikini back on, thank you very much! NOW, please! Let Angel take care of herself, and quicker, please. For crying out loud, everybody needs to put some clothes on!"

She thought, This is ridiculous. Amy and Angel are incorrigible. Are they purposely wallowing in depravity, or just trying to test me, or what? I feel like I'm fighting a losing battle here. I might as well just take off my bikini as well. Hrmph! I'm so exposed as it is in this scandalous bikini, what would be the difference?

Her pussy started to tingle as she warmed to the idea. What if I DO just strip? After all, Suzanne says I need to give Tiger more visual stimulation. And look: Amy and Angel are both fumbling around and taking forever getting their bikinis back on. I need to defend their virtue. If I were to unleash my big breasts, certainly my Tiger would look my way instead of back and forth at the other two like he was trying to watch a ping-pong match.

He's obviously very hard. Very, very stiff. He needs to whip out his member and "jack off," as Suzanne calls it. Maybe he'd get so inspired seeing me naked that he really WOULD whip it out and stroke it right here in front of me. Er, I mean us. God, that would be SO HOT! Uh, I mean, it would be very, uh, helpful with his, uh, medical treatment.

Not only that, but Suzanne strongly made the point that it's morally imperative that Tiger should never spill his seed on the ground. If I were to suggest that he blast his creamy load all over my face and chest, I could save him from that sin! In fact, that's another excellent reason for me to take my top off, so he doesn't stain my bikini with his nasty seed when he ejaculates all over me! Oh God! Such POTENT and FERTILE seed, coming from that BIG, THICK erection of his! Mommy's just gonna DROWN in a cum bath of love!

But Susan's fantasy of stripping was just that - a fantasy. She never seriously considered the idea. As she looked around and saw Amy and Katherine as they finally finished getting their bikinis back on, she slowly returned from her erotic daydream.

## Chapter 79 Son, Don't Look At Your Mother's Nipples Like That!"

Susan felt guilty for her hypocrisy in chastising the girls for getting naked when that's what she secretly wanted to do herself.

Once things settled down and Amy and Katherine had their bikinis back on and were lying on their own lounge chairs, Katherine said, "Sorry, Mom. I guess my bottoms must have gotten untied somehow. I didn't even realize."

Susan was so trusting that she didn't suspect deliberate shenanigans. "I'm sorry too. I guess I over-reacted. I thought you'd done that on purpose. I even forgot they made bikinis that untie like that. Let me guess - Suzanne just bought that for you."

Katherine grinned and nodded.

Susan sighed. "That woman. What is she doing to this house? Why do they make them like that, anyway?"

Katherine explained, "It's helpful if you want to eliminate tan lines. And I've got some serious tan lines I'm trying to get rid of. In fact, would it be okay if I untie them on purpose? I'll be super careful to make sure all my important spots stay covered."

Susan sighed again. "I suppose it's okay, as long as you stay extremely careful. I know how you've been trying to get rid of your tan lines lately. But be careful when you're sitting up like that, or you'll give Tiger a free show." Normally, she wouldn't have given such approval, but on some unconscious level she was hoping that the generally increasing levels of nudity would let her expose more of herself as well.

"I will," Katherine said, immediately untying her bikini bottoms again. "But... just out of curiosity, would a 'free show' be so bad? I thought we were supposed to get sexier, as you put it. That's why I was wearing a bikini in the first place. Isn't that why you're wearing one too?"

Still more than a little aroused, Susan said, "Okay, you got me. I suppose I am wearing a bikini in the hopes that Tiger will look at my nearly naked body and feel inspired to shoot a big load." She glanced over at her son, and suddenly felt extremely embarrassed that he'd just heard that. "Um, wait! I didn't mean it like that! What I meant to say is-"

Katherine interrupted, "It's okay, Mom. I know what you mean. And he thanks you for being such a cool and helpful mom, don't you, Big Brother?"

He was startled out of his babe-watching reverie from behind his sunglasses. "Me? Oh yeah, totally. Thanks. All of you."

Amy replied, "No prob, Bo. It's totally fun! I love to get naked. Aunt Susan, would you mind if I take my top off again? I promise I'll keep the bottoms on this time."

Susan sighed. "Very well. Since I'm not your mother, I guess I can't stop you."

"Woo-hoo!" Amy whipped her top off immediately.

Susan continued, "But Angel, you ARE my daughter. A little bit of visual stimulation is all well and good, but I worry about these bikinis. You know how I've complained about bikinis in the past. I don't know why I listened to Suzanne. She just bought this one for me and practically forced me to wear it. Next time I'll wear the one she bought me last week. That one is a little more respectable, at least."

Katherine giggled. "No, Mom, I think the one you've got on is great. It's the kind most people wear. I think you look super sexy. I didn't know I had a total fox for a mom."

Susan lapped up the compliment. She egged her on with the reply, "No, you're just saying that."

"No, really. Don't you agree, Brother? What's especially sexy are your nipples. I've never seen nipples so pokey. They're just about to poke right through your top. You must be thinking about something really sexy!" She giggled some more.

Susan was aghast again and blushed profusely, since the only logical candidate for her arousal had to be the ridiculously obvious bulge in her son's bathing suit. She stammered, "No, I wasn't... It's just... Tiger, don't... It's just that, uh, Son, don't look at your mother's nipples like that!"

All this talk had of course turned Alan's attention to his mother's breasts, and especially her highly visible nipples. He'd been spending much of his time at the pool staring at them and at the rest of her body from behind his dark sunglasses, but he was happy for the reminder to continue to enjoy the sight of her immense breasts.

Susan continued, while flustered and wiggling around, "Oh my goodness! I'm so embarrassed. I wasn't thinking about anything in particular! The fact that Tiger is here with his muscular chest and big bulge has nothing to do with it! Sometimes nipples just get hard for no reason, just like the private parts of men do."

Susan realized she'd said "big bulge" and blushed even more with shame. She finally put one arm over her big tits and hid her blushing red face with her other hand.

But that only aroused Alan even further, since her breasts were so big that her arm couldn't hope to cover them, and the way her tit-flesh bulged in response to the pressure was extremely titillating in its own right. On top of that, when she put her hand over her face it meant that he could stare even more blatantly at her body, now without worrying about whether she could tell where he was looking.

Susan thought, Dear Lord, please help me! I'm sticking my foot in my mouth and embarrassing myself again and again. Why do I have such wicked, sinful thoughts about my son and his phallic bulge?! Whatever happened to Suzanne?! I wish she'd come and rescue me!

In fact, Suzanne was watching from the house. She was staying away for the moment because she figured that the more people were there, the more inhibited Susan would act. She couldn't hear what was being said, but she could see enough to tell that her plan was progressing nicely. She was displeased to see Amy getting naked, but she figured it was best to let that slide for the moment, so as to not disrupt the progress being made with Susan.

Alan was definitely on the verge of cumming again, just from all the visual stimulation around him. He was grateful for Suzanne's recent help in learning to clench his PC muscle. He frantically strained with all his might to prevent himself from ejaculating into his swimsuit. He lay there as still as a statue, for fear that any friction from his swimsuit on his cockhead would push him over the edge. His heart was still thumping like mad, so much that he was even sweating from the strain.

Amy suggested, "Aunt Susan, why don't you take your top off? I'd like to see those super-pokey nipples. We could all get topless. Wouldn't that be fun? Nudity is totally neat-o! And it would be like, visual stimulation for Alan to get better. Right? This visual stimulation stuff you just talked about is the same as the effort to sex things up, isn't it?"

Susan turned yet a darker shade of red. "It is, but Amy, we'd better not. I think he has seen plenty enough of all of us already. Too much, in fact! Don't you agree, Tiger?"

"No, Mom. I'd love to see you topless. I have to agree with Sis. You ARE a total fox. A stone cold fox, like I said before. You should be proud of your impressive chest and well-built body. I don't know why you've been hiding it for so many years."

She thought to herself, I know it's weird, but can't I feel pride if my son gives me a compliment? I'm a "total stone cold fox," which sounds pretty darn good, even though I still don't know what that really means. Hee-hee! Now, if only these damned nipples would go down already!

She took another furtive glance at the bulge in her son's shorts, and then forced herself to turn away. Maybe I SHOULD go topless! Suzanne says I need to step up my efforts to help him with his spermy problem. Tiger's penis has been so very long and stiff for such a long time... The poor boy must be suffering! It's time for him to cum! And, if he were to cum on my face, or my chest, then he wouldn't be spilling his seed on the ground like Onan did! Mmmm, yes! Tiger, cum on me! Cum on Mommy!bender

She suddenly caught herself, and realized how much her boobs were heaving up and down in time to her heavy breathing. She folded her arms under her rack in an attempt to lessen her bouncing. Goodness gracious, how I'd love to do it. As it is, my bikini top hardly covers much anyway. But someone here needs to be the responsible one. I need to set a good example for Angel and Amy. It's Sunday afternoon and I'm completely forgetting the teachings of Jesus. Didn't He say something against nudity? He must have. Didn't He?

So she replied, "No offense, Amy, but proper ladies don't go topless. It is VERY improper. I say 'No,' and that's that. I'm sure that Tiger has had more than enough stimulation for at least a couple of nice, long ejacu-"



She cut herself off. "Um... What I mean to say is, he should be able to reach his target today just fine, especially given the way you two were gallivanting around without your bikinis. Things are getting a little out of hand here, and everyone should just relax."

She closed her eyes and tried to let her mind go blank again, but found that impossible to do. But she was determined to at least pretend that she was resting.

She sorely wished she'd worn her prescription sunglasses instead of her usual glasses, so she could stare at Alan's body from behind the dark lenses. Her nipples hadn't gone down; she could even feel them throbbing. She repeated his words: "stone cold fox," "impressive chest," "well-built body." Oh, my son, I know such superficial features don't really matter in the eyes of the Lord, but your compliments make me so happy!

A few minutes later, things calmed down just enough for Alan not to worry about spontaneously cumming into his swimsuit at any moment. But his urge to cum was as great as ever, so he politely excused himself and hurried up to his bedroom. He was so inspired by what he'd seen and heard that he came twice in quick succession.

#### Chapter 80 Grabbing Amy's Nipples....

That evening, Amy came over to the Plummer house again, shortly after Susan and Suzanne left the house on an errand. She walked into the house and saw Alan sitting alone on a living room sofa, just watching TV. "Hey, Bo! What's up?"

"Not much."

"Hold on a sec while I get comfy."

Alan watched from across the living room while she took off all her clothes, stood there totally naked for a few moments, and then put her shirt and shorts back on. She definitely captured his full attention! He'd long since recovered from his earlier masturbation that afternoon, so his penis quickly engorged in his shorts.

When Amy was finished, she stood directly in front of him and asked, "How's this? I'm trying to dress a little sexy, 'cos I hear that's like the new rule now."

Her tank top was white on one side and blue on the other. It was several sizes too large, so it hung upon her loosely. But at the same time, the cut was so risqué that it did little more than barely cover her ample tits. If she were to make any sudden movement, an entire boob could easily fall out of the top. As if that wasn't enough, she kept her shorts unbuttoned, allowing Alan to see the top of her bush.

After giving her a long and very appreciative inspection, he exclaimed, "You look great!"

She smiled from ear to ear. "Thanks."

At Suzanne's insistence, Susan had recently moved a short chest of drawers near the front door so that all the women could take their underwear off and on when coming or going, and leave them in the cabinet while at the Plummers'. Amy had her own drawer, so she went to it and put her underwear away.

(Unfortunately for Alan, Susan used the bathroom near the front door whenever changing into or out of something decent to wear outside the house, and everyone but Amy followed suit.)

Alan was in ecstasy from all the eye candy, but Amy's clothes in particular drove him wild, perhaps because he'd never really seen her dress like that before. Although Amy was big on nudity, Suzanne had kept that tendency in check up until this point. In fact, Suzanne was very strict about what Amy could wear, because she still thought of Amy as her "little girl" and didn't want boys to take advantage of her. Suzanne had to approve all of Amy's clothing purchases, and she applied much more conservative standards for her daughter than she did to herself.

Amy walked back to the middle of the living room, bringing a book that she'd left near the front door. "Is it cool if I just kinda hang out with you for a while?"

"Sure. What's the book for?"

"Homework stuff. I didn't know you were watching TV. But I could just watch TV for a while too."

He looked to the TV. It was just one of the 24-hour news channels, and it wasn't very interesting. He picked up the TV remote and turned it off. "Nah. I wasn't really watching anyway, and homework is more important. Please, go ahead."

"M'kay!" She sat down on an adjacent sofa and started to read her book.

Alan thought that Amy was extremely trusting and naïve; she would probably believe anything a close friend, such as he was, might say. He tried to figure out how he could use that to his advantage so he could not just look at, but also touch, her tempting body.

He thought, Mom and Aunt Suzy are out, and Sis is up in her room, which leaves me all alone with just Amy! How cool is that, when she dresses like this? And how much more awesome will it be if she's dressing all sexy like this all the time?! Dang! But she's just sitting there reading a book. I need to make something exciting happen with her! He still suffered from low self-esteem when it came to sexual matters, but now his confidence was rapidly rising, thanks mostly to everything sexual that had happened lately. It seemed as if he could do no wrong.

Alan walked over to Amy and said, "I really like what you're wearing, Aims."

(Alan and Katherine generally called Amy "Aims" when there were no adults present, just as she, and sometimes Alan, used "Kat" for Katherine, mainly in similar circumstances. In addition, Amy had her own special nickname for Alan, "Bo." This was because they felt they should be more formal around Susan, and reserving use of their nicknames for times without parents present had always made that use a special "insider" thing among the three kids.)

"Thanks!" Amy replied. She put her book aside and looked up at him with a big smile. "This morning I cut this shirt up a bit just for you. It used to go all the way down."

"For me? Wow, that's so nice. You know what I like best about your shirt?"

"What's that?" Amy asked, extremely happy because he had so rarely complimented her looks in the past.

"I like how it shows off your nipples so well. And they're not even hard."

"They're not? What's not?" she asked, looking confused.

"Your nipples, silly. You know how they get hard and pointy sometimes? Like Mom's did today at the pool? You'd look twice as sexy now if they were hard. In fact, would you mind if I touched them to make them stick out a bit more?"

"Touch them?" Amy asked, now looking a bit worried and confused. "I don't know... Looking is one thing. But my mom says I should never let a guy touch me anywhere. And especially not in a place like that!"

"Yeah, but she means other guys, not me. You know how she said the other day that you could even walk around naked in front of me and it wouldn't be a problem? And how she said I could be trusted to not do anything improper?"

"Yeah," Amy said, nodding slowly, still looking uncertain at first. "I guess she did say you could do anything to me, or something like that. And I would like to see my nipples get super pokey like Aunt Susan's did. That would be fun!"

"Exactly. I'm sure your mom wouldn't mind if I just pinched your nipples a bit, like this." He reached out with one hand and began playing with her nipples through her top.

"Oooh!" said Amy with a somewhat erotic moan. "That makes me feel kinda funny. You sure this is okay?"

"Heck, you're not even naked, and your mom said that was okay. But if you're worried that she'd mind, why don't we just not tell her? Unless you want me to stop." He now had his hands on both of Amy's nipples, which was making her feel extremely 'funny'.

"Gosh no! Don't stop. That feels super good!"

"Aims, haven't you ever pinched your own nipples before?" he asked with genuine surprise.

"Yeah, but Mom says I'm not allowed to touch myself in any way that makes me feel too good. She can be a real meanie when she treats me like a little kid. So I'm not sure if she'd approve, 'cos this is making me feel really good. And it feels tons better than I remember, maybe because you're doing it."

Alan was amazed that Amy actually obeyed her mother about such things. Almost every child was told that they shouldn't masturbate, but almost everyone did it anyway. He said soothingly, "But you see, it's okay because I'm the one touching them, not you. So it's kind of a loophole." Both her nipples were rock hard as he kept working them with his fingers.

"Oh, I see. ... M'kay!" she said, now seemingly satisfied with his explanation.

"You see how much sexier you look with your nipples so hard?" He finally took his hands off her tits so she could look down at her nipples.

"Yeah. Neat-o!" she replied enthusiastically. She took her top off completely, the better to view her hard nipples, and then wiggled her naked tits around playfully. "Look at 'em!" She bent over and whirled so the centrifugal force would throw her breasts up and out while her firm, round ass pointed the other way. "Wooooo!" She giggled as she let her bare breasts bounce and swing.

That further drove any semblance of reason from Alan's brain. He felt uncharacteristically wicked urges arise. God, she's so sexy! And so easy! It's like she just wants to get fucked, taking her clothes off at the drop of a hat. Hell, all of a sudden all of the women around here are acting like they're aching to get fucked. Maybe it's time I start taking care of the fucking duties around here, starting right here with Aims!

He didn't notice Amy's brief grin as his eyes glazed over with intense lust.

He put a hand on one of her breasts and another on her stomach. "Look how fit you are, Aims," he pointed out as he began to rub his hand over her stomach. "I love clothes like this that show off your belly button and stomach, 'cos you've got such a nice body."

"Thanks! I'll wear more like this if you like."

"Oh, definitely. But only in this house, right?" One of his hands circled around her back, while the other cupped the entirety of her tit. He periodically pinched and teased her nipple as well. He was so aroused that he couldn't believe it. His stiff erection ached in his shorts.

"Yeah, I wouldn't want any other guy to see me like this. Just you..." she said, in an increasingly dreamy and absent-minded voice.

bender

His hand moved back to her stomach, and then moved further down. He thought to himself, Dang, I don't care if she is innocent Amy, I'm so sexually worked up lately I just have to fuck somebody! I can't wait to see what real fucking is like. It's way better than having these thoughts about my sister or mother, at least. I'll bet Aims is willing, and damn the consequences!

His thoughts drifted lower, along with his hand. "I really like your shorts too. How is it they became unbuttoned?" he asked as he reached a hand into the area exposed by the lack of buttoning and began rubbing around there.

"I thought you'd find that sexy," she said. "I totally want to help out with all the visual stimulation and stuff."

"Thanks. I do! I do! I find it really sexy when you expose your boobs, like you did this afternoon. Your ass is totally amazing too. And I find it even more-"

She interrupted. "Golly! What's that? That thingy in your pants?" She pointed a finger right at his crotch. His hard-on was not only straining against the fabric lewdly, but it was actually throbbing visibly in his shorts.

"Um, Aims, you should know what body part that is. It gets, uh, like that when-"

All of a sudden, he stopped what he was saying and froze. He'd heard the sound of Katherine opening the door of her room. The odds were good that she'd come downstairs and see them. Dammit! So close! Frustrated again! He had just put his fingers into the top of Amy's bush. He'd never touched a vagina before, and now it looked like he'd have to wait some more.

"Why don't we finish this later?" he suggested as he took his hands off Amy and tried to find a casual sitting position that hid his erection. "I think Kat is coming downstairs, and she gets a little bit jealous when she sees me touch other girls, especially someone as beautiful as you."

"Beautiful? You think I'm beautiful? Oh, Bo! That's superfantabuwonderiffic!" Amy blushed a deep red, but smiled widely.

He smiled, because he liked her unusual habit of making up her own words by stringing words or parts of words together. He also liked the fact that she'd used her own private name for him, which she'd made up in childhood when Susan had objected to her imitating Kat and calling him "Bro". Whenever he heard her say "Bo" it always made him feel close to her, like family.

At the same time, he groaned inwardly. Arrgh! That episode only made me more frustrated sexually! I never get a chance to be alone with Aims, especially lately. When will I have a chance to pursue her a bit more? And when will I finally get to fuck somebody, anybody?

Katherine walked down the stairs, but stopped when she looked into the room. She was very surprised, because Amy was still topless. Damn! The competition is getting tougher all the time. I can't afford to fall behind. Still, that's kind of cool. Things are sexing up in a big way around here, which will give me my chance!

Katherine had been noticed, but Amy was busy reading her book again, and Alan was pretending to do something, although he wasn't sure what. He looked around and grabbed a magazine from the coffee table. He held it up like he was reading, but he was far too excited to pay attention to the words.

Meanwhile, Katherine was psyching herself up. This is the kind of situation I've been dreaming about for ages! True, I didn't envision Amy here too, but she can be a helpful catalyst. And just look at the bulge in Brother's shorts! WOW! I've gotta rise to the occasion and sex things up to an even higher degree!

She walked into the living room, acting as if nothing was unusual. "Hi, Aims. Boy, it sure is some heat wave, huh? What a good idea to go topless. Do you mind if I join you?" She began taking off her shirt even before Amy could reply.

"Cool beans!" Amy replied. She was an extremely friendly person, seemingly without a jealous bone in her body.

The three of them sat and started to chat about inconsequential things.

But after only a minute or so, Amy asked Katherine, "So, do you think showing our titties to Alan is okay?"

Katherine replied, "Definitely! It's more than okay. In fact, I think you're gonna see a lot more of that kind of thing around here from now on."

"Really? Why?"

Katherine thought about hinting about Alan's rather unique treatment, but she wasn't sure if Susan and Suzanne would approve. So she just said, "Before, the three of us were kids. But now we're turning into adults, and adults can be more lax about that kind of thing. Not with just anybody, obviously, but we're like family, so it's okay. Right?"

"Totally!" Amy eagerly agreed. "Cool! Super double awesome cool! I just LOVE being nude, but Mom only lets me do that in my room. Even then, she gets all huffy about it."

Thinking about Brad and Eric, Katherine said, "Well, that's understandable. I don't think your brother or dad would understand if you started running around your house topless. But Alan here is okay with it, aren't you?"

"Definitely," he said. He couldn't believe this conversation was going on with both girls sitting naked from the waist up. "I think it's great."

"Cool beans!" Amy said with her usual boundless enthusiasm. "Hey! Who do you think has bigger boobs?"

"Huh?"



"Kat and me, our boobs are just about the same size. But whose do you think are bigger?" Amy raised her globes, making them look even larger.

Alan was struck speechless. His dick was painfully aroused, and he wished that Suzanne was helping him with tactile or oral relief at that very instant. "Um..."

Katherine didn't want to lose out, so she cupped her boobs and hefted them up too. "Yeah, Bro, who does have the bigger boobs?"

It was a very close call. If Alan had been completely honest, he would have to give the slight edge to Amy. But he wanted to be diplomatic, so he said, "I don't know. It's too hard to tell."

Amy made a sad pout. "Awww. I know it's a silly thing, but I totally want to know. Isn't there some way you could better judge their sizes?" She arched her back and stretched, while continuing to cup her hefty melons.

Katherine didn't know that Alan had been fondling Amy's boobs just before she came in, but she really wanted him to fondle her own. She knew Amy was extremely easygoing and would agree to almost anything she proposed, so she tested the waters. "Aims, what if he checks us out with his hands? Then maybe he'll be able to tell."

"Yeah! M'kay! Let's do it!" She suddenly got up. "I'll go put on some music and we can party! Do you have some B-52's CDs lying around?" Amy loved lively, danceable music, and the B-52s were one of her favorite bands.

But just as Amy bent over in front of the CD player, they heard the garage door opening.

"Oh no!" Alan groaned in dismay. "That must be Mom and Aunt Suzy!" He thought, Talk about lousy timing! I was so close to titty heaven!

Sure enough, Suzanne and Susan had come back from shopping. Both Amy and Katherine knew their mothers would not approve of what they'd been doing, so they quickly put their shirts back on before they were discovered.

Alan realized it was actually quite lucky that Katherine had come downstairs when she did, or he could have found himself in an extremely compromising situation in front of the two mothers. Alan, control your urges, he said to himself. You could have totally blown it. Patience! This is all gonna get really good if you're just a little more patient.

Besides, maybe it was a good thing I got interrupted twice. I was so excited that I was on a hair trigger. If I could have fondled their boobs freely I probably would have squirted a big load in my shorts. Man, that would have been embarrassing! Probably would have been worth it though!