

6 Times 711

Chapter 711 Fucking Amy Again

Alan woke up in the middle of the night and just lay there thinking for a while, as he gently stroked Amy's hair while she slept. He again blessed his luck and marveled at the incredible women in his life.

He particularly reveled in the fact that there was a warm, beautiful, and incredibly kind girl spooned up in front of him. The thought was so arousing that he grew hard. He immediately rolled over and shook Amy awake.

She looked at him with bleary eyes. She wasn't used to being woken in the middle of the night.

He looked at her with a deadpan face, and parodying an old Trident gum commercial, said, "Four out of five dentists recommend Alan's cock for their patients who suck cock."

Amy got a big smile. Her eyes sparkled in the dim light. She seemed to be content just to look into his eyes adoringly, but then she said, "What the hell is wrong with that fifth dentist? It must be a jealous man."

They somehow kissed and laughed at the same time. He said, "Consider that first fuck a kind of warm up. And you were getting used to it, so you didn't fully enjoy it. Now let's really do it."

"M'kay! It gets even better than that?!"

He sat between her legs and rubbed his hard-on all over her shaved pussy. "It does. I'm going to drill your juicy cunt until you melt. You're going to be fucked and fucked and then fucked some more until your face plain slides off of your head."

She grabbed his hardness and said, "Goody! Let me put it in? M'kay? Or do you prefer to do it yourself? I want everything to be just the way you'd like it so I can be the perfect fuck." She looked earnest and even concerned.

He realized that she was feeling the threat of competition. "Don't worry. When you and I are alone it's just the two of us. I don't think about the others or compare you to them. Really. The way I like it is when we're both having as much fun as we can, so do what you like to do. Put it in, since you like that."

She took his erection in one hand and spread her lips with two fingers of her other hand. She could feel the juices oozing from her pussy. She pulled his cock toward her until the head parted her lips and slid past the wet, slick petals. She grasped the base of the shaft and pulled him completely into her. Her vagina was still very tight, but his hardness penetrated much easier this time around. "Mmmm! Goody! I feel so full! Oooh, yeah. Let me just feel that for a minute."

She kissed around his neck since she was a fair deal shorter than him. She squirmed over his boner, experimenting with what she could do with her hips.

Alan was once again nearly taken aback at just how tight her pussy was. He said, "You know, it's true that when I'm with you, I'm here just with YOU. But I can't help but make a few comparisons from time to time, and you know what? You have an amazingly tight pussy. It's an incredibly delightful squeeze, just to have my dick resting in there. So you're a natural great fuck, from the tightness alone. Anything else is gravy."

"Really?" She was very glad to hear that and the joy was apparent on her face. Though she tried not to show it, she often worried that she couldn't match up to the talented likes of her mother.

"Really." He asked, "Why don't you tell me what you want to do? I'm sure it's all good, and we'll both enjoy it."

Suddenly her eyes appeared right before his. Acting like a kid with a Christmas presents list, she said, "M'kay! First, I want you to fuck me. Then I want you to fuck me in the ass. Then fuck me again. Then fuck me once more. Then you'll probably need a rest, so lick me for a while. Then I'll blow you. You can cure my bad breath, ha ha! Then we can sleep a while but you have to wake me up fucking me again! Then the ass. Then the mouth. Then, if I have any other hole, fuck that too. And then, let's see... By then I think it'll be time ... to get fucked!" She giggled.

A new thought hit her. "Oh! I forgot about Kat. She needs some relief, too. So after all that, she can come in and you can fuck both of us at the same time."

His erection had popped out when she scooted up to his face, so she repositioned herself and guided it back in.

He said, "Aims, you realize that I can't-"bender

She interrupted. "I know, I know. That's a bit ambitious. But you asked me what I wanted, right?" She looked at her crotch. "What do you think, Miss Pussy? What do you want?"

Amy's voice dropped way, way down. In a playful and funny voice, she said, "I like your schedule, Amy. Tell him to push it in me another inch." Her voice was so low it sounded almost like a Tuvan throat singer.

Alan laughed. "Is that your pussy talking?"

She said in a normal voice, "Of course. Don't all pussies talk?" Then in her low voice, "Beau, you're too big! You're hurting me. It's so stuffy, I can barely breathe down here!"

He laughed some more. "Aims, tell your pussy that she's in very big trouble. I don't like talking pussies. Or at least complaining, sassy pussies. I'm afraid I'm going to have to fuck this one silly until she knows what's what."

The two of them laughed so much about the whole situation that he could hardly fuck. But after a few thrusts they got down to business. For both of them, everything else faded away except for the feelings where their bodies merged.

He thought, This kind of playful stuff is not an act with Amy. No way. She's just a big kid at heart. It's all just too lovable!

She continued to let the entire household know that she was a "screamer." Even though it was several hours after midnight, she couldn't help but scream at the top of her lungs about how great it was to be fucked by him.

Her cries of "Harder! Faster!", "God it's so good!", "Fuck me!", "Take me!" and the like woke up Susan and Katherine and kept them awake. Those cries were actually much preferable to her incoherent screams, which were the kind of desperate-sounding screams that normally brought the police running. If anything, Amy was even louder than she'd been earlier in the evening.

Her cries might not have been the most original things to say, but they truly tortured Katherine and Susan. Amy had a way of making even the cry "So good!" sound like she was being slowly tortured to death. Both mother and daughter masturbated themselves in their beds, imagining it was them instead of Amy being fucked. But the masturbation was profoundly unsatisfying, knowing that the real thing was taking place so very nearby.

At first Alan was taken aback by Amy's loudness and tried to make her stop. He tried to gently reach forward and cover her mouth with his hand, but she just sucked his fingers like they were a penis for a few minutes and then returned to her cries of ecstasy. He soon gave up and took a "when in Rome" attitude, crying and screaming at the top of his lungs as well. It felt good to let it all out.

And now he was really on top of his game. He gave her super tight pussy a thorough fucking for most of the next hour.

The fucking was also a bit of an educational practice of all the sexual positions she was learning. He turned her over and fucked her doggy style for quite a while. Then they did it with him sitting on her, and then with her sitting on him. He lay on her, and she lay on him too.

Even though he didn't want to orgasm more than once, he kept going on just one orgasm for him but many for Amy. During his breaks his cunnilingus kept her cumming semi-continuously. Just when Susan and Katherine thought he was done and were drifting asleep, he would resume after a rest and drive all three women crazy.

When Alan finally came, Amy's scream climbed higher and higher until it seemed she would break all the glassware for miles around. As a good number of his ropes of cum were pumped into her vagina, she screamed, "I can feel it! I can actually feel it filling me! No WAY!"

They came at the same time. Her pussy was already extremely tight, but when she came, her vaginal muscles clenched him so hard that he half-seriously worried that she might break it off. While the intense squeezing was painful, it was a pain that doubled his pleasure, which then redoubled again.

He thought, though he didn't say it out loud, We've got the makings of another Aunt Suzy-type veteran sex vixen here! She's inherited the sensitive vagina from her mother and has the extra tightness; all she needs is practice and I, for one, am up for giving her lots of that!

Since they'd been fucking doggy-style, Amy fell face down onto the bed, and Alan fell onto her. They lay side by side for a while. Once her breathing had calmed down, she resumed her Miss Pussy voice and said, "Ouch. That was so great, but I'm hurting. You got me. I'm all took. That's enough for tonight."

He asked, "Really? Are you sure?" He was relieved, given her wish list.

"Yeah," she said in her normal voice. "I'm kind of sore. Tired too. What a bummer. I didn't expect fucking to be so wearing. I mean, you've been going for an hour. My official boyfriend is some kind of human jackhammer or something! Geez!"

He agreed. "Yeah. You're new to it. Once your pussy gets the hang of it, you'll be able to do much more in one go."

She smiled. "You know the upside? Tomorrow, when I'm unable to walk on my own, people will ask me why I can't walk and I'll say, 'That's 'cos my boyfriend, my official boyfriend, he fucks me so good.' The soreness is sooooo worth it!"

They cuddled and kissed a while. After Amy fell asleep quickly, Alan sat up and thought, Now THAT'S a proper first fuck for Amy. What a great, great day. I can totally relate to her being worn out. But what's funny is, as much as I'm worn out, day after day, I just can't get enough. These fucks are so intense! I keep thinking I'm going to simply die of pleasure. I was even ready to go again if she was. It's like the more I fuck, the more my body wants to fuck. It's like an addiction.

Thank God I have Aims. She's happy with me no matter what I do. That's what I don't like: the pressure. The pressure to do a certain amount each day, and keep everyone happy. Damnably high expectations. That's really why I need a recovery weekend. My mind actually needs the break more than my body.

You know what? Tomorrow I'm just going to fuck as little or as much as I want. The next day, too. I'm sure that if I take that as a new attitude I'll average near enough to six times a day anyways. And if women want to fuck me and I don't want to, then tough shit. They need to have the same attitude as Amy. I love her attitude: if you want to do it, great; if not, that's cool too. I just love Amy, period.

Alan went to sleep deeply contented.

But elsewhere on the same floor, Katherine and Susan continued to toss and turn for the rest of the night.

Chapter 712 Phone Sex With Glory While Getting A Blowjob From Kath

When Alan woke up again late Sunday morning, he again marveled at the incredible luck and joy the world had brought him. Finally! Sex with Aunt Suzy AND Aims! And on the same day too. There's something so deliciously naughty about fucking a mother and daughter. That's what I call a day well spent. But today's a new day, and I'm going to take it easy. This is supposed to be my recovery weekend.

He looked around, and to his surprise Amy was nowhere to be seen. He looked at the clock by his bedside. It read 10:30. He checked his bed sheets; they were sticky. So I'm not dreaming, he thought. The sheets smell like Amy. And Miss Pussy, too, heh-heh. God, I love her. Maybe she's downstairs. If I'm going to cum a few times today, I can hardly think of a better way than a morning dick squeeze in her tight cunt.

He slipped on a robe and wandered around the house, but there was no sign of Amy or anyone else. She had woken up about an hour earlier and gone to the kitchen looking for something to eat, and found Susan there. Susan was feeling bad from sleeping poorly; with some justification she blamed that on Amy's loud, piercing screams. She was in a rare bad mood, and had stared daggers at Amy.

Amy was so shocked at the ill-will coming from the normally always-kind-and-loving Susan that she practically fled the house. That in turn made Susan feel guilty, so she took herself to church a short time later.

When Katherine wandered into the kitchen, Alan was eating a bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios. She was groggy from a poor night of sleep too, but at least she'd been able to sleep a fair amount. She was wearing some casual around-the-house clothes.

She brightened up when she saw Alan. "Morning, Big Telephone Pole Bro." Imitating Humphrey Bogart's voice, she winked and said, "Looks like it's just you and me, kid."

He laughed, and said, "I think it's a safe bet Bogart never addressed anyone as 'Big Telephone Pole Bro.'"

"Au contraire. I got that line directly from 'Key Largo.'"

He chuckled. "Where's Mom? Or Aims?"

"Church, I assume. Mom's not in her bedroom; I peeked in. And you know even the Pestridges go to church sometimes. It's Sunday. Remember?"

"Oh yeah."

She regretted that she hadn't tried to wear something sexy. "Which reminds me of a recent sermon about the joys of brotherly love. Please hurry up with your bowl of Cheerios."

"Why?"

"Because Sunday means your insanely aggravating ban on fucking me in the house is finally over! You haven't fucked me since Friday with Xania, and that was an all too rare exception lately. I think you have some 'brotherly love' that needs sharing, if you know what I mean. I want you to give me some of what Amy got last night." She poked him in the chest repeatedly, but in a loving and playful way.

He was certainly amenable to the idea, as he'd just been looking for Amy to fuck, and he also felt he had been too long without Katherine. But he continued to munch away at his breakfast, saying only, "Hmmm."

"Hmmm. What does that mean?"

"You know, I'm pretty gross. I really should take a shower first."

She giggled, relieved at his agreeing. "Not a problem, Big Table Leg Brother. Why, I think I just might want to take a shower at the same time, and even in the exact same spot!"

"Fancy that," he replied grinning. "What are the odds?"

"Yeah, well, I'm all about water conservation." She winked, and put her hand on his crotch. She was pleased to see that this talking about fucking had made him hard already.

Changing the subject, Katherine said, "By the way, I spoke to Aunt Suzy about Heather yesterday. Seems we're supposed to put up with you fucking her for a little longer."

He turned away, embarrassed. "Yeah, well... Sorry about that."

Katherine put a hand on her hip. "What's up with her appeal? I mean, I know she's beautiful and all, but you've got us. You've got a whole squad of fuck toys at home ready to fulfill your every desire. What's this bullshit I hear about fucking Heather supposedly being some kind of psychological therapy or something? How did you get Aunt Suzy to swallow that?"

He wasn't keen on discussing it. He had to admit that it did sound like bullshit, but he still felt that it really was the case. He asked, "Did she tell you about how I turn into 'Bad Alan' and how that helps me blow off steam?"

"Yeah, but why can't you be like that with us, so you don't have to be with her? I was discussing this with Aims, and she agrees that the danger of sexual diseases is-"

Just then, the telephone rang, interrupting the conversation. There was a cordless receiver a few feet from where Alan sat, so he stood and picked it up. "Hello?"

To his surprise, the "hello" in reply was from Glory.

He thought, Phew! Saved by the bell! He was briefly alarmed about taking the phone call with Katherine there, but then he remembered how she'd found out about his intimate relations with his teacher just

the day before, so he figured he could speak freely. He replied tentatively. "Glory? What a pleasant surprise. What are you calling- Hey, I didn't even know you had my number."

"Sorry," Glory said while nervously twirling the phone cord. She was pacing her bedroom, and had red eyes from crying. "You know I'm good at getting information. Don't you think that, given the way we know each other, we should have each other's phone number?" Her voice sounded edgy and needy.

"Well, sure. I'm just surprised, is all. I mean, I thought we needed to be careful about the whole 'teacher and student outside of school' thing."

Katherine listened intently. She put two and two together from his mention of "Glory" and "teacher" and thought, Wow! It's true! He really is getting it on with her. Not that I doubted it, but still, it's kind of a mind-blower to actually hear it confirmed. Seeing that he was looking her way, she wiggled her eyebrows up and down in a suggestive Groucho Marx style.

"You're right," Glory conceded. "But I just felt I had to call. I'm climbing up the walls. Is it okay?"

"Sure. What's wrong?" He gave up on the rest of his now-soggy cereal and carried the bowl to the kitchen sink, and then headed back to sit at the dining room table.

"Alan, I'm so sorry for being needy, but I miss you. So much! I can't wait until Monday's lunch. It's just that I love you and miss you. That's all."

He was touched, but also a bit frightened by the situation. He thought, I just fucked Aunt Suzy and Aims yesterday, and Kat is literally waiting for me to hang up the phone so I can fuck her. That's my own sister! Yet it sounds like Glory is angling for and needs some serious commitment. Not good.

He said, "Glory, I'm touched. It's great to hear your voice."

"Do you miss me too? You didn't say you miss me." She sounded needy again.

"Glory, I need to be honest. I love you very much. However, you know about the situation I have with the other women. I know we agreed not to talk about it, but it's a fact. I miss you, but it sounds like you

miss me much more, because you're at home alone. You're on the outs with your boyfriend. Meanwhile, I'm surrounded by love and affection and attention all the time. This house is always busy, and there's all kinds of other people in my life lately. In fact, I'm having a guest over today."

Katherine couldn't help but leap at the opening that gave her. She'd been sitting across the table from him, leaning forward, shamelessly listening in, but suddenly she quietly dropped to the floor as if she'd fallen from her chair after leaning too far forward.

The next thing Alan knew, her head reappeared between his legs. Since he was wearing a robe, she had no trouble swallowing his erection before he even realized what was happening. He tried to stand up, but she just tugged on his robe and forced him back into his chair.

He slapped at her head a couple of times and tried to push her away, but she was determined. He shook a fist in the air, but her eyes were closed and she didn't even witness the gesture. He couldn't say anything to her, and couldn't even groan in complaint, because Glory would hear thanks to the telephone in his hand.

Luckily, Glory took a few moments to digest what he had to say, so he was able to somewhat pay attention when she began to answer. "Alan, I know all that. And I made a decision to myself that I would look the other way and not challenge you about that. And I won't. I know I'm probably on a road to ruin, but I can't help myself. You make me feel too good. The way you fucked me the other day - it's all I can think about. I need you inside of me!"

It was deathly quiet in the house, so Katherine could hear every word of the phone call taking place a couple of feet above her head. She wanted to play off of the "inside of me" comment, but didn't know how. Belatedly, she raised both hands above her head, and had the index finger of one hand go into the hole created by a nearly closed fist on the other hand. It was a universal symbol of fucking.

Then, holding his erection with both hands, she fed it into her mouth. Even as her lips bobbed back and forth on it, she slathered her tongue all over his sweet spot.

Alan was both annoyed and amused, as Katherine knew he would be. He was also very flustered - he was surprisingly accustomed to talking while having a woman sucking his cock these days, but he wasn't happy with it happening while he was trying to have a serious and emotionally important conversation.

He spoke very honestly. "Glory, we really need to make things clear. You have to fully understand that I have drunk too deeply from the joys of having many females pleasure me. I can never be a one woman guy again, not as long as there are so many beautiful women willing to please me. But, that said, I'm really committed to you. I love you, and hope you can be a part of my life. But only if you can understand my unique situation, and make peace with it."

"Oh, I'll live with it. I'm yours, Alan. Totally. I'm head over heels. I'll do anything for you. I'm basically at your mercy. I just hope you treat me with dignity and don't break my heart, because I've given you my heart on a platter to do with it what you will."bender

Katherine was happily bobbing away in Alan's lap, seemingly oblivious to the seriousness of the conversation despite listening closely. Alan had "resigned himself" to the cocksucking and he tenderly stroked his sister's long, dark brown hair.

It was exceedingly difficult for him not to groan though, especially when hearing Glory call herself totally at his mercy at the same time that Katherine's tongue kept working his sweet spot just under his cockhead. She was aggressively lashing at it from different angles, like a whip repeatedly striking a bare back.

Luckily, he had gotten talented at talking coherently while being blown, and he was also getting good at "enduring" great levels of erotic pleasure. He didn't even pant or sound winded as he said, "Glory, I'm just a kid. I don't know much about romance. But I promise I'll do my best. I think the key is to make you fully realize the uh, polyamorous nature of things here. You know, we're a very monogamous society, but in other societies it's different. Look at the Muslims with one guy having four wives. And if he's a good husband, he loves them all."

"I know," Glory conceded. "And to be honest, even while what you do kills me, it turns me on. I mean, you're eighteen, and you rule the school like you have your own harem! I've been wearing my dildo out all weekend, thinking crazy thoughts about you!"

He thought, There's that "harem" word again. As if! Although, lately...

She paused, as if afraid to say more, and then continued, "I shouldn't say this, but your sexual potency is such a turn-on. I loved you before, but the way you fucked me the other day, it was like a spiritual experience. If you can fuck everyone that well, it's almost like you DESERVE to have as many partners as you want, to share the joy. But then when I think of an actual real flesh and blood woman with you, and think specific names, I get torn up with jealousy."

He thought while looking down at his sister's bobbing head, She sounds just like how Sis was, with the jealousy and everything. It's almost spooky. Then an inspired idea hit him. "Glory, you've never seen me with another girl. I think you may need to see that, to come to grips with this multiple partner thing. You need to fully understand I can love you and someone like my girlfriend Amy at the same time."

"I know. I know. But I'm not ready for that. This whole conversation is too painful for me as it is."

"Okay, well then, imagine that I'm with someone else right now. Imagine that a beautiful girl is sucking my cock even as we speak." This was his inspired idea, as he'd already guessed what her first response would be.

Katherine was impressed at how he'd fit reality to the phone conversation. She'd had her eyes closed to fully focus on her cocksucking, but she stopped sucking, opened her eyes, and raised her head just to see the expression on her brother's face.

He looked down and silently mouthed that she should stop, but both of them knew he was just going through the motions.

She returned her head between his legs, closed her eyes again, and resumed licking.

"I don't know..." Glory replied uncertainly.

"Just go with it," he suggested confidently. "Picture a strange pair of lips wrapped around my dick. They're moving up and down. Pre-cum is constantly dribbling out of my dick and into her throat. She loves the taste and gurgles with delight whenever more of the tasty treats hit her tongue. But her tongue is busy. Very busy. Even as my cockhead periodically hits the back of her throat, her tongue wraps around it like an anaconda snake. Her tongue is relentless. It's everywhere at once. Between her tongue and her lips, I can't hold out for long. But all the while, I'm standing here calmly talking to you."

Needless to say, Katherine continued to listen intently, and tried as best she could to do exactly what Alan said. She was delighted.

Glory was silent on the line for a few moments. Then she said, "Well, I guess, if you put it that way, I have to admit the idea is pretty exciting. But only because I'm imagining that it's my mouth being filled."

"Well, imagine it's your mouth, then. But it's not. It's a strange girl's mouth."

Glory couldn't help hide her excitement. Normally she wouldn't have felt that way, but she was beside herself with lusty desire before she even called. She asked, "What does she look like?"

Alan answered almost tauntingly, "Well, I hardly ever see her face, because her nose is always buried in my pubic hair. But she's got the biggest, beautiful brown eyes. When she gives me that puppy dog look, I totally melt. She's tall, nicely tanned, and my age. She's a teenage love machine. I love her... What else? She's got long amber hair."

Alan was going to say dark brown hair, but then realized he'd been describing Katherine far too well, and mentioned Amy's hair color instead. He hoped most of the above description worked for Amy too, though Amy's eyes were hazel. He continued, "She's got practically the biggest breasts in school. Just one look at her breasts and you'll want to suck on her nipples all day."

Katherine was frustrated because she wanted to do something extra special for Alan after the loving description, but she was already sucking his erection using every technique she knew. She momentarily stopped and raised her tit to his face so he could suck on a nipple. Of course, he did.

Glory said, "Maybe YOU want to suck on them, but don't expect me to." Nonetheless, she repeatedly squeezed her own tits with growing excitement. "I gotta admit, she sounds pretty gorgeous. If I didn't know better, I'd think you have Amy there."

Alan didn't answer, mostly because his mouth was sucking on a nipple. He wondered if she could hear that through the phone, but it was quite quiet. Katherine's avid and slurpy licking had been much louder, although it was also farther from the phone.

Glory went on, "What's she doing now?" She was beginning to wonder if there really was someone there with him.

Katherine's attentions returned to her brother's groin.

Alan explained what his sister was doing as she did it. "Let's see. She's taken my erection completely out of her mouth, but that's probably only so she can slowly put it all the way back in. She wants me to fuck her face, but slowly. Gently."

Katherine followed his every word, and did exactly what he said.

It delighted him to no end. His panting was starting to grow louder.

Glory said, "She may want it slowly and gently, but I don't. Fuck my face roughly! Really give it to me! Shove your man meat down my throat! Make me gag with the thickness of your massive cock!"

He asked, "Are you making yourself comfortable?" It was taking a great effort for him to keep his voice relatively calm.

"You can say that again, young man! God, I've been on edge all weekend! This dildo has rarely been far from my hands!"

"Good. Put it in your mouth then. I want you to imagine you have my dick in your hands. Is it like my dick?"

"The same. It was the closest one I could find. It's flesh colored and with veins and everything."

"You're talking far too clearly, Glory. You shouldn't be able to talk that well when you have my big penis filling your mouth."

He heard some rustling, and then, "Thorry." Her mouth was clearly filled with a plastic friend now. Within seconds, there was the sound of slurpy moaning.

"What are you wearing, Glory?" he asked.

"Mmpf. Ahh... Wound the houth sthuff." In fact, she was already naked, but she didn't want to admit that. She could scarcely believe the things she was saying and doing as it was already.

Around the house stuff, Alan translated for himself, since Glory wasn't as clear in talking and sucking at the same time as the likes of Susan. "Well, take it off. I expect my women to be naked or nearly naked at all times."

To his delighted surprise, Katherine stopped sucking and crawled out from under the table, and then stood up. Alan realized that she too was heeding his call to get naked. She winked, and then pulled her T-shirt off over her head. Then she dropped her skirt. She was quick about it, and fell to her knees again.

Glory made some rustling sounds to make it seem like she was undressing.

Alan turned the chair so she didn't need to be under the table. That way, he could see her bare backside much better. Reacting to events, he said, "The girl I'm with is taking off her clothes right now. I'm very disappointed that she was wearing clothes in the first place."

He wanted to give Katherine a playful slap or two on her ass, but realized that actual contact would make too much noise and give away that he had a real partner. Instead, he laid a hand on her ass cheek and squeezed, hoping she would interpret that as a symbolic spanking.

Katherine thought as she resumed bobbing on his cockhead, Ha! You call that a spanking? Pathetic. But she was having a great time. She was using every last trick she knew to get her brother to cum sooner rather than later, because she wanted to see how he could deal with that while talking on the phone.

Glory asked Alan, "But how can I be naked all the time? What about when I'm teaching?"

He replied, "That doesn't concern me. You'll just have to teach in the buff from now on."

"But I won't even make it out of the parking lot before I'm gang-raped!"

"That sounds like fun. Tell me what time you're arriving on Monday morning so I can videotape it."

"You wouldn't really let them gang-rape me, would you?"

"Of course not. I'm the only one who gets to assault you. I'll rape you when you arrive in the nude, and then naturally I'll rape you some more in front of class later."

"That is so wrong, and yet it arouses me! Dammit! This is fucked up."

Of course this was only sex talk. He thought, Uh-oh, we're drifting into one of our usual role-plays. I need to keep this conversation on the "strange woman giving me a blowjob" idea, even though it's a bit dangerous. What if I give away that it's my own sister? He asked, "Why can I hear you so clearly?"

"Oh. Sorry." There was a pause as she resumed sucking on the dildo. "Itsh back in my mouf."

"Better. Are you on your knees, like you belong?"

"Yesh." She made more noises that clearly showed she was very aroused. But then she complained, "You thouldn't thay dat."

He said rather harshly, "Glory, remember, I have a real flesh and blood girl sucking my cock right now. You're just sucking plastic, imagining it's me. I love you dearly, but you have to obey. Are you going to be a good little girl and obey your teacher?" He was surprised at his own words.

"My teasher? God! Too mush!"

He could hear the sound of the dildo moving faster in and out of Glory's lips. He started to pant, but still managed to say, "You didn't answer. I might have to fail you, little girl, unless you answer your teacher's questions correctly."

He heard rustling, and then, quietly in what was probably a mumble to herself, "God, thish is tho embarrashing."

"You didn't answer my question, little girl."

"Yesh! I'm on my kneesh. Naked. Shucking penish. Your penish! Mmmphf! Are you sthroking it fo me?"

"Now, now, Glory. Think this through. Someone here has their tongue on my cock. Let's call her ... Amy."

Alan heard a stifled moan of aggravation and excitement come from Glory as soon as he mentioned that name. He had to hold Katherine's head still and squeeze his PC muscle to calm down a bit, because things were getting too exciting. It was hard to talk.

But after a long pause, he managed to continue, "So of course I'm not stroking it. I literally never need to masturbate again. Remember that Amy lives next door. Her hot mother Suzanne does too. You already know about me and Suzanne, and you know what a drop dead gorgeous sex goddess she is. They practically live in this house, with their mouths around my cock at all hours of day or night! I love it when mother and daughter blow me at the same time." That hadn't actually happened yet, but he thought talking about a double blowjob would help show Glory how things were with him.

"Oh God!" Glory nearly screamed. "You're sho nashty! Ish she rearry there?"

Alan held the phone near his hard-on so Glory could hear the slurping sounds his sister was making. Then he brought the phone back to his ear. "What do you think? Is that someone's mouth? Or is it my hand sloshing all over a dick that's positively dripping wet with pre-cum?"

"I don't know!" Glory cried out, exasperated. She realized, correctly, that this was at least partly his payback for her "Michelle incident" with him.

"Does it get... Just a minute." He was distracted because his sister was starting to make more noise.

She was so aroused by Glory's continuing submission that she could hardly contain herself.

Alan was getting near climax and wanted to have a strategic break, but Katherine wouldn't stop. He stood up in an attempt to get away, but Katherine's lips remained fused to his cock. He pulled on her hair, but even that didn't slow her down. Things were reaching a crisis. The phone call would be no fun for him anymore after he came.

Then he had an inspiration. He traced the shape of the letter "B" on Katherine's shoulder. Then he did more letters until he finished the expression: B E Q U I E T.

Katherine quickly caught on, but she wrote back on his thigh: T O O H O T. She left his hard-on entirely in her mouth so both hands could get busy between her legs. The only reason she wasn't moaning loudly was because her mouth was so stuffed with throbbing cock. That at least gave him some respite, since her attention was now divided between her pussy and his cock, rather than being focused solely on his cock. She also showed him some mercy by starting to suck more slowly and gently.

Alan returned his attention to Glory. He said, "Does it make you hot to think that I might be talking to you while a real girl sucks my cock? You can take the dildo out to answer."

There was an audible pop, and then he heard Glory catch her breath. "God, yes! I know I shouldn't be saying this, but it's really turning me on! Alan, you're so mean! You know I'm too crazed with lust to think straight, and you're taking advantage. Meanie! You know just what to do with me! You make me mad with lust! Do it more! Give it to me! Everything!"

"I will," he said, still mostly calm, though the cocksucking had affected his breathing too. "Just a second, though. I have to go to the bathroom. Don't hang up."

He put the phone down, though he didn't actually have to pee. Partly it was so he could have a more sustained strategic break, and partly it was so Katherine could get a dildo and put it in her mouth to add another layer of symmetry to their game. He stood up and she did too. He wrote across her tits: G E T D I L D O.

She winked to signal her understanding and immediately ran off.

Chapter 713 Sis, You're Such An Evil Fucker!

Alan sat away from the phone, trying to control his breathing and his erection. He gathered his thoughts. Without the sound of Glory's ragged panting in his ear and his sister's expert cocksucking working on his mind and libido, his gentler personality traits reasserted themselves.

Hmmm. This is kind of messed up. I'm not treating Glory very well here. She came to me all sad with her concerns, and I respond by treating her roughly. For some reason the 'Bad Alan' showed up out of the blue. But maybe that isn't what she needs.

He picked up the phone. "Glory? You still there?"

"Yes. Recovering a bit."

"Good. Listen. Let's have a time out for a minute. I'm not sure I'm doing the right thing here. I'm kind of letting my dick do the thinking. Are you okay with what we're doing here?"

She replied, "Young man, I'm so worked up right now, I'll agree to most anything. You have me eating out of the palm of your hand. Literally. I'm here buck naked in my kitchen holding a dildo, and I'm... Well, I don't want to go into it. But yeah, I'm okay with it, meaning I think I won't be mad at you when I get off the phone and calm down. I see what you're trying to do. You're getting me to really understand about your other women. And it's working. I'm so turned on thinking of you and Amy there! I don't know if she's really there or not, and frankly, I don't want to know. Let me take this one step at a time, okay?"

"Okay."

"You're teaching me a lesson, and getting me off powerfully at the same time. Damn, you're clever, young man! I'm impressed. No wonder no one can resist you. To be honest, the main reason I was calling was because I'm so horny for you that I'm going out of my mind. So phone sex is perfect. It's like you can read my thoughts! I thought maybe I could talk you into meeting later on, but this is even better, because I need relief, NOW!"

Katherine returned right then. Her timing was ideal, since Alan had just realized his horny approach with Glory was working out after all.

Alan gave Katherine an "are you ready to continue?" look, and when she nodded, he said to Glory, "I'm glad to hear that. Remember that I love you and respect you deep down. You're my mentor not only in school work, but in life. But in sexual things you must obey me. Is that clear?"

"Yes."

He noticed that her breathing immediately quickened when he demanded that she must obey. Man, what is it with women and being submissive? Even Glory is getting off on this kind of stuff!

Glory said, "Oh, Alan! I can't get over how you're being so fucking clever here. It's like you ARE the teacher and the real teacher has to obey her student as he slowly turns her into some kind of sexual plaything. God! I can't stand it! Teach me to behave!"

He was even more surprised, because he didn't think she would ever get this submissive (and in fact, he suspected it was more a reflection of how insanely aroused she was at the moment than any permanent attitude). But her words only aroused him further.

Katherine could hear what Glory was saying, and it was arousing her powerfully, too. She longed to stroke and suck Alan's erection some more, but she waited for his signal first.

He continued on the phone, "Good. Now, I want you to take your dildo and slowly push it into your pussy." He nodded at Katherine to get back on her knees and do the same.

But Katherine misunderstood - on purpose. She had a great idea. Rather than put the dildo in, she grabbed his erection, then, standing on her toes, pushed it into her vagina while both of them remained standing next to the kitchen counter. She smiled impishly as she held the dildo and wiggled it at him.

Alan was taken by complete surprise. He'd been leaning against the kitchen counter, and given that he was holding a phone receiver in one hand, he wasn't in a good position to fuck. His robe had been hanging on his shoulders precariously and finally fell off. He wrote on Katherine's shoulder: B A D G I R L.

She wrote back: B A D B A D N A U G H T Y S I S T E R. She was very frustrated that she couldn't giggle out loud or speak freely and say all kinds of sexy things to arouse them both. He was a couple inches taller than her, but now she was on her tiptoes, mostly held up by his stiff boner.

While she was writing that extensive message, Glory said, "I've put it in. Now what should I do, uh... Um, given that I must obey you, what should I call you?"

Alan considered. This is a perfect opportunity to have her call me 'Master,' but I don't want her to be a slave. I like how she can be domineering at times, even if the spanking incident was a fiasco. The Glory I love is a very headstrong, independent woman. Besides, if I try to get her to call me something outrageous like 'Master,' I'm sure she'll have second thoughts about it later.

So he replied, "Call me one of two things: Alan, or 'young man.' I really have grown to love it when you call me that."

"Okay." She sounded relieved. "You know, I used to call most any student 'young man' or 'young lady', but you're the only student I call that anymore. But too much talking. I have your cock in me. What do I do now?"

Right as Glory finished saying this, Katherine finished "writing" her BAD BAD NAUGHTY SISTER message on her brother's chest.

Alan's mind reeled. His 'Bad Alan' side again came to the fore. "No, I have my cock deep inside Amy. Remember that. In fact, since she and I are starting to fuck, let me get more comfortable here."

Glory groaned, partly in misery and partly in lust, "Oh, Alan!"

He disengaged from his sister, and walked her to the living room with the portable phone so they could get more comfortable. He motioned for Katherine to lay down on one of the sofas, which she did. Then he lay over her. She still had her dildo in her hand, so he motioned that she should put it in her mouth. She did.

He thought, That'll help keep her moans muffled, and keep Glory guessing if I'm alone or not. I am a clever fucking bastard sometimes. I have to be careful what I say though, or I could really blow it. I'm fucking AMY, not Sis!

To Glory, he said, "That's better. Now I'm lying on top of Amy. She's grabbing my dick and pulling it into her hot snatch."

Katherine immediately did so. She was careful not to groan or cry out.

He said, "She's such a fresh piece of meat that I'm just going to have to play with her big tits for a while, as I slowly stroke in and out. I suggest you do the same. Abuse your tits with the hand that isn't gripping the dildo."

"I'm doing it, young man. Oooh! I love calling you that more than ever before. Am I a fresh piece of meat too?"

"You know it! That's why I have you in my harem." That just spilled out of his mouth - he still didn't consider himself to actually have a harem, except when he was in an extremely aroused mood such as this one. But he was so horny, that he was getting carried away with his words.

He still hadn't been thrusting himself into his sister, as he'd been too busy talking and admiring the view from just above her. But now he pushed deeply into her, just after he said "harem," as if adding an exclamation point to that idea.

Glory gasped, "You're making me crazy! Why do I like this?! I'm going to have to give you a good spanking on Monday, just to show you that I still can. You need to be taught some humility, young man."

He smiled. He loved her aggressive side too. "That's not going to happen, but maybe I'll give YOU a spanking!" He started thrusting in and out of his sister, going slowly so he could continue to talk on the phone.

"Maybe you will! Now what?" Glory asked excitedly.

"Now I'm going to tell you more about what I'm doing to ... Amy." He thought, That was a close call. I almost called her "Kat" right there! If I do that, I'll be royally fucked. Glory's impression of me that has been built up will shatter if she finds out I'm committing incest. She's very straight-laced on that kind of stuff. Dang! I hadn't truly thought how dangerous this phone call is!

But he pressed on. "Amy has big tits. Bigger than yours, I'm sorry to say, although I like yours just as much. I'm playing with her nipples right now. Oooh! I think I'll bite one. Bite one of yours too, Glory."

Katherine bared her teeth in growling expression, but she didn't make any noise. She wasn't happy with the reminder that Amy's breasts were bigger than hers too.

He heard the sound of biting and nibbling on Glory's end of the line, and he quickly joined in, feasting on his sister's very real nipples while Glory worked on her own. There was nipple fun on both sides of the phone line for a brief while.

Glory finally replied, "Okay, now what?"

"Of course, I haven't stopped this slow fuck." That was true, although his cock wasn't thrusting much. "Have you kept working your dildo?"

"Yes, but it's a fast fuck now!"

"Slow it down." Ironically, he started to thrust in and out of Katherine faster as he said that.

"I'm trying..."

"Try harder!"

"NO! It's too good! Wait. I think I'm going to climax. Wait... Yes! Oh, dear Jesus! AIEEEE!"

Alan found himself fucking his sister even faster. His tit focus drifted away as he grabbed onto her and held tight while the fucking heated up.

Her hips gave as good as they received, yet the two of them were surprisingly quiet, as Katherine knew of his desire to leave Glory guessing and did her best to help stay mum.

Glory came back on the phone after she recovered. "Sorry, Alan. I got a little carried away there."

"No problem. This is all about getting lots of good climaxes. But next time, time it with me, okay?"

"Okay."

"I'm gonna stop talking for a bit. Orgasm coming up here. Hold on. I have to do some intense plowing for a while." He put the phone down and threw all his energy into pounding his sister's pussy, hard and fast.

As their fucking pace continued to increase, he looked down at his sister's face and saw that she was seriously suffering from not being able to moan out loud.

Even though he'd put the phone down, he'd put it down near his head and he could still hear Glory ask very quizzically, "What are you doing there?! It sounds just like, well, fucking! Real fucking!"

He thought, Glory's gonna know for sure I'm with someone, whether she wants to or not. Sis is about to blow, and she's biting her lip not to scream. Then another idea hit him, and he spoke towards the phone. "Glory, please go put some music on. Something driving and sexy. Now, please!"

"Yes! Just a minute!"

Alan heard the sound of Glory's footsteps run off, so he muffled the receiver with his hand and then he whispered to Katherine, "Hold out until the music, then you can moan a bit, okay?"

"Okay. I love you, Big B-"

"Shhhh!" He knew it would be really bad for Glory to hear "brother."

Glory quickly returned to the phone, and said, "Something you said earlier made me think of this."

Alan heard a song begin. He commanded, "Play it loud. Then keep fucking yourself." He grabbed the dildo in Katherine's mouth and began fucking her mouth with it.

Over a driving beat and a killer riff, not to mention the sound of Glory and Katherine both increasingly breathing heavily, Alan heard the lyrics:

"I'm a monster, got a revved up teenage head

Teenage monster, California born and bred

Half a boy and half a man, I'm half at sea and half on land, oh my

Bye-bye"

"Got a woman, she's my hopped up high school queen

She's my woman, she's a teenage love machine

She knows how to turn me on and get me high and get it on and on

Yeah she does"

Then an instrumental break came on. Alan exclaimed, "Glory, that is the coolest song! 'She's a teenage love machine' - yes! What is it?"

"I knew you'd like it. It's called 'Teenage Head' by the Flamin' Groovies. They're a sixties group."

"'Teenage Head?' Awesome title." He fucked to the beat as the song continued, something he'd never done before. The song was short, and when it ended he demanded that Glory play it again, which she did.

Alan started to cum before the song finished playing for the second time. The sexual feeling roaring through him was just too powerful and pleasurable to resist.bender

Katherine started cumming too, in perfect time to his rising climax. Though she moaned some, it was all she could do not to scream at the top of her lungs, especially since Alan was still fucking her mouth with the dildo in perfect time to his hip thrusts.

Still, she made enough noise that Glory cried out, "Oh my God, there's no doubt! There really is a girl there! Oh Amy, you lucky girl!"

As Alan began to shoot into his sister, he realized that it was desperately important he keep his senses about him. He could see Katherine was going to completely lose it any second, and if she did, there was no way she could keep even relatively silent. If she yelled, it was possible Glory could recognize her voice. So he shouted into the phone, "Crashing! Gotta go! Call you back!" Then he let go of the dildo and hit the button on the receiver to disconnect the call.

The very second the line went dead, Katherine saw it was safe and she let out a roar. It was a never-ending primal scream.

Alan roared too. His ropes continued to shoot into his spasming sister for some time. It seemed like he was emptying his entire being into her. Far from going soft, his erection kept throbbing and pulsing, encased in her tight sheath.

The two of them spiraled higher and higher in a never-ending climax of pure ecstasy.

But all things have to come to an end eventually. They kissed with a passion until their energy slowly petered out.

Alan was the first to speak. "Sis, you're such an evil fucker!"

She laughed. "I was about to say the same thing about you! You and Glory, huh? That's so hot." She affectionately wrote on his shoulder: S O H O T. She enjoyed the writing on skin, and knew she was going to do it a lot in the future, even when they could freely talk.

"Very cute, evil sister. But that song. I love that song, don't you? Giving teenage head, California born and bred. It's like it was written to be your theme song."

"Yeah, it's pretty cool."

"I want to fuck to that a lot."

"Me too." She put on a fake pout. "Except it doesn't mention enough about brother-fucking." She grinned. "In fact, it hardly mentions it at all, not counting a little bit in the chorus."

He didn't reply to that, except to make an exasperated face.

So she said, "I gotta say, I'm so impressed. You totally nailed Glory, at the same time you were nailing me, no less. She's under your thumb now. I can't wait to tell everyone else. They're going to be even hotter for you than before!"

Alan mock-sighed. "Just what I need. Anyway, I have serious feelings for Glory. I don't just want her as some kind of sex toy."

"Yeah, but you have to admit the sex toy part ain't too shabby. How many guys get to add a scorching hot teacher to their harems?"

"I do NOT have a harem already!"

"Yeah, right," she snickered.

"And by the way, don't say 'I can't wait to tell everyone else.' You know this Glory secret is serious stuff. You could ruin her life if just one person were to find out outside of this house!"

She sighed. "I know. I should have said 'I wish I could tell everyone else.' But don't worry, my lips are sealed. However, you should at least tell Mom. Then we could talk about it freely at home."

"Sorry. I can't tell anybody, not even her. And even if she did find out, talking about it freely is not smart."

"So says the guy who just finished a long obscene phone call with her while face-fucking his sister."

"Good point. But one slip-up doesn't excuse another."

She groaned. "Party-poopier."

They lay there a while. They kissed and cuddled. Still harping on the harem theme, Katherine whistled the "I Dream of Jeannie" song while Alan sought out and ran his fingers through the beads of sweat on her skin.

Eventually, Katherine said, "You're not going to neglect me anymore, now that this grounding is over, are you?"

Alan thought about that. He had resolved the night before to not make additional commitments, yet he really wanted to please his sister and he felt bad that she had largely dropped off his radar screen over the previous week. So he said honestly, "I can't make more promises at the moment, but I know how you feel, and I'm trying to do better. One promise I already made was that I'll fuck you twice for each time I fuck Amy. Since she and I did it twice last night, and I did it with you twice in the last couple of days, I owe you two more times."

Katherine thrust a victory fist into the air from where she lay. "Yes! I like the sound of THAT! If you're too pooped out later today, tomorrow afternoon will do nicely to get evened up and then some. You know, our Service Alan Club over at Kim's house."

He was confused for a bit, but then remembered the "S-Club" meetings they'd done every Monday and Thursday until their mutual grounding began. If nothing else, he loved the Service Alan Club name. "Oh yeah. I guess we should start that up again."

"You guess? Just guess?! It's like a God-damn fucking club with the sole purpose of having sex with you! Jesus Christ, you spoiled brat. Besides, if you think I feel neglected, what about Kim? She's totally pining for your cock and hasn't had it, for like, ages!"

He thought, This isn't good. I don't really have an emotional attachment to Kim, even though she was the second girl I fucked. Fuck her to be polite? That's crazy. I should set her up with someone so I can focus more on the women I really love.

He thought about what to do with Kim for a minute, and came up with an idea that he really liked. He decided to mull it over more later.

Then he looked at the clock and announced, "Church should be over soon. We still have to hide our activities from Mom, or we'll just be hit with a bigger and badder punishment this time. Probably a grounding to last a lifetime. Come on. Let's get up and get cleaned up."

"M'kay. Since you're calling me Amy today, I get to say 'm'kay.' Although I don't think Mom would mind much if she were to catch us at this point. I'm so tired of sneaking around." She sighed, and then changed the subject. "Why don't we take that shower together now?"

"You're incorrigible, do you know that?" But despite his protests, they went off to shower together. He actually loved sex much more than he let on with his comments. He figured that if she was so eager, he had to play the role of the reticent one, or he'd fuck until he passed out.

Chapter 714 Fucking Katherine

Alan and Katherine headed to Susan's shower off of the house's master bedroom, because it was much larger. As Katherine turned on the water, she said, "You know, Big Lamp Post Brother, that Glory Rhymer woman sounds like one hot number."

"She is," he agreed, picking up a bar of soap. "You should see what she can do with her tongue, for starters."

"Word is she's a good surfer. She must have a pretty fit and muscular body." Katherine had her own bar of soap, and began washing Alan's back. The master bedroom bathtub was so big that they were able to sit in the middle and neither of them touched any side.

"Oh yeah, totally! She looks so hot naked. And she feels even better. And she always smells great too. Mmmm!" He turned to the fronts, so she could wash his chest while he'd have access to hers.

"Seems like she has the right attitude too."

"What's that mean?" He imagined himself playing with Glory's belly button, for some reason, and satisfied himself playing with Katherine's instead.

"She understands your natural superiority and her proper role as one of your fuck toys in your harem. Though we all know who your number one fuck toy is."

But he complained, "No, that's not true. Seriously." Then, with a smile, he corrected, "Except for the 'number one fuck toy' part."

She winked. "You, smartie, you. How is it you always know just what to say?"

Then, pulling his arms back down, she complained, "Let me take care of you only. I have an idea here." She turned off the water and grabbed a bubble bath bottle. "Sweet! Check this out: Mom has this bubble bath stuff, and it's 'vanilla sugar' flavor. Yummy!" She lathered up most of her front side, and rubbed herself all over a still-sitting Alan.

Recalling the oily adventure with Susan and Amy from the day before, she asked, "So, which do you prefer, an oily tit rub or a sudsy tit rub?"

He seriously considered that for a moment, and then answered jokingly yet honestly, "I think I'm just pro-tit rub, all around."

She began rubbing her tits against his chest, but put her whole body into it.

Everything she did was so sexy that he found his penis rising again. But he tried to remain serious and calm. "As far as what Glory was saying on the phone, that's just sexy talk at the height of passion. She's really quite independent-minded." He thought back to the near-traumatic spanking Glory gave him during the "Michelle incident."

Katherine replied, "I know what she's like, normally. After all, she teaches one of my classes too. But that was before she found herself hopelessly addicted to your cock. Believe you me, I know the feeling. I used to be fairly normal too."

She giggled. Her hefty tits and one hand continued to rub all over his sudsy front, but her other hand snaked down and began jacking him off. The bubble bath was so effective that his long erection could barely be seen in all the suds.

He commented dryly, "I was wondering how many seconds you'd take before you started washing that particular area."

She giggled, "I held out as long as I could!" As she soaped his shaft, it finally reached its full length. "Bro, Big Scuba Snorkel Brother, I get really excited hearing you refer to your harem, even if you only say it's sexy talk. You're starting to realize you have a harem, deep down, even if you deny it. Of course you deny, because you're so naturally modest, and that's one thing we love about you. But we all know better, don't we? The only question for me is, how long will it take for you to properly learn how to treat your fuck toys?"

"Properly treat? What do you mean? How would you treat them, if you were in my shoes?" He quickly corrected himself, "Assuming that I have a harem, which I don't."

She giggled. "Yeah. Right." She had switched to sliding both of her hands all over his erection while her tits continued to act like sponges on his chest. "If I were in your shoes? I'm not sure what I'd do, because I'm not naturally dominant like you. I was born to serve."

"Oh, come on. You're so not 'born to serve.' You're just having fun with all this. You're not at all like, say, Mom. She's totally into that serving kind of stuff. Whereas getting you to do something like wash the dishes is as easy as juggling eight balls in the air."

She smirked. "Juggling balls? I'll give you juggling balls." She dropped a sudsy hand down to his balls and began squeezing them in slightly painful but oh-so-pleasurable ways. "But really! God gave me this body so I could spend the rest of my life sexually serving my favorite brother, and that's a fact."

He rolled his eyes with disbelief, but secretly he was pleased.

She continued, "But if you twisted my arm, I think the first thing I'd do is line up all my bitches."

He shot her an evil eye over the use of the B-word.

"My sexual servants, I mean. I would get them all to oil up, so they were shiny and slippery. Kind of like me, right now. But oil is better than suds. I really dig that oil thing we did last night. Remember how Aims and I rubbed our oiled-up teen bodies all over you while Mom sucked you off?"

He just groaned lustily as he recalled that fun time.

She giggled. "I don't know if your brain remembers, but your cock does!" She giggled some more, because his erection was twitching and pulsing so much, as if in response to her comment.

She was glistening with remnants of the shower water running down her tanned skin. "And totally naked, of course. Then I'd have all of them get on all fours. By all of them, you'd want me, Mom, Amy, Suzanne, Glory, Brenda, Akami, and Heather, at the very least. Eight should be good for starters, though of course we all need to help bring you new, fresh cunt whenever you want it."

As she said this, she also got on all fours between his knees. She kept her mouth so close to his boner that she could breathe on it, and she certainly did. But for once she didn't devour it, since it was so thoroughly covered with the bubble bath suds. She worked on blowing the suds off when she wasn't talking. "Too bad you couldn't include Xania. She's waaaaay Alan-worthy, and so few women have the tits and ass to even begin to qualify. Am I missing anyone important?"

"No, I guess not." He was already flexing his PC muscle as much as he could to stave off a climax due to Katherine's words and actions, especially the way she was blowing air on his cockhead. The only thing helping him out was that he'd just climaxed a short time before. But he was a good sexual multitasker, and soaped any part of his sister's body within reach. He didn't like getting something without reciprocating.

He noted, "I'm surprised you include Heather though. I mean, let's face it, she can be an annoying bitch at times."

She chortled, "'Can be?' 'At times?' She IS! But in my fantasy, you have her totally tamed with your big cock, so that's not a problem. She's as meek as a lamb."

"Ah."

She continued, talking (and blowing) directly on his erection, "Anyway, you'd order all of us to line up butt to butt in a long line. Then you'd walk up and down the line behind them, as if on a military inspection, with a whip in your hand. Nobody would know what you'd do next. Or who you'd do, hee-hee. One minute you'd be fucking, say, me. The next minute you'd reach over and stick a finger up Brenda's ass. Then suddenly you'd stop and fuck Glory up the butt while spanking Akami's butt right next to her. We'd all be moaning like bitches in heat, begging to be touched in very private places or roughly taken by surprise with your manly tool... Oooh! Idea! Actually it would be better if we were all blindfolded too, so we would feel even more vulnerable."

She let him think about that for a minute. She got up and turned the shower back on. She switched it to the nozzle function and then took the nozzle in hand and began washing his crotch clean of suds. She longed for some cocksucking, and was getting annoyed at the soapy suds in her way.

He found his sister's fantasy incredibly arousing. "And then? What about the whip? I don't like whips. That's too mean."

"Oh, it wouldn't be a big, harsh whip. You can get all kinds, you know. But it would be a long one. So even while you're fucking a girl on one end of the line, you could snap the whip on the one on the far end. So you could punish anyone from anywhere."

"Punish them for what?"

"Punish them for insolence, of course. It's a never-ending problem with sex slaves, and I should know, since I'm one. We get so uppity, like demanding to be fucked when it's not our turn."

She was back on all fours now, and ready to lick. But she couldn't hold her brother's dick in place since her hands were holding her up.

Happily, he held his erection with one hand so she could punctuate her words with licks without it bouncing away. The shower water now rained down on both of them, washing more of the suds away.

He said, "But I like what you call uppity-ness. Who would want a zombie who mindlessly agreed to every command? That would get boring really fast."

"I know. I agree." Her words were coming out slowly, because she paused for a few cock licks after every single word. "That's why you'll never stop punishing us. It's a constant game to see just how much you'll let us get away with. So much fun! You'd never stop whipping us, and spanking, and fucking!" As soon as those last words left her lips, she took her brother's shaft deep in her mouth.

He listened to the sounds her slurping for a few moments, and reveled in how much pleasure she was giving him. Then he said, "You have a very strange idea of fun. So is that the end of your fantasy?" He guessed it was because of the way her mouth was now fully occupied with sucking instead of talking.

But she took his stiffness out after a few sucks, excited to elaborate on her idea. "No. Of course not. It goes on forever and ever. With your eight slaves all in a line, you could do so much!" Her eyes sparkled with desire. "Next, you give us all dildos. Big, powerful dildos, the kind with the clit stimulators too. Ass dildos, on top of it. We'd squeal in glee as you fill every possible hole with plastic cock. It's like you're fucking every single one of our holes, all at once! Then we'd all try to stay on all fours in line, but it would be too much. Soon, each and every one of us would be on the floor, writhing like an epileptic having a seizure!"

Still on all fours, she began wiggling from side to side, and front to back. She kept her mouth less than an inch from the tip of Alan's cockhead, so every breath she took aroused him more. And of course that kept her close enough to frequently lick his more sensitive spots.

She continued in a deliberately breathy voice, "You'd try to whip us into order, even whipping directly on our tits and cunts... especially that, hee-hee! But it wouldn't do much good. We're all too insolent and horny! We need a good fucking; that's why we're your slaves. Only you can fuck us like our cunts demand to be fucked and temporarily satiate our need."

She went on excitedly, panting on his cockhead, "So every now and then you'd pop out a dildo and replace it with your honest-to-God real Alan cock! The unlucky ones not chosen for special treatment would start sexually attacking each other, because it would be a sexual feeding frenzy by now. Feeding frenzy! There would be so much licking and fucking and sucking and dildo-thrusting and moaning and

screaming that even the dead men in local cemeteries would get massive hard-ons. You'd fuck us all like a wild animal! And that would only be the first hour of your total control over all of us."

Alan found himself quite attracted to her fantasy, and realized it was at least remotely possible that it could come to be someday, if he wanted it. The fantasy stood out as clearly as if it existed right in front of him. He was imagining a line of butts running all around the living room. In his daydream, he fucked Katherine while fingering Suzanne's pussy on one side and Glory's anus on the other.

The idea nearly made him physically dizzy. He could almost smell the sweat and variety of pungent pussy aromas, and hear the screams and moans of many sexy women. Their voices melded into one constant hum of pure sexual need. Each pussy in the line was more gooey, slurpy, pungent, and dripping than the next. Of course the very real touch, smell, and sounds of Katherine on all fours with her mouth breathing on his boner did wonders to help spur his imagination.

He snapped back to reality, mostly, and pointed out an objection. "But Glory and Brenda aren't into that lesbian stuff."

Katherine snorted, "Brenda? Ha! Where have you been? She's totally into it, and just says otherwise. As for Glory, I don't know her well enough to say what she's like at the moment, but she will be. She's your de facto slave, after all. If it makes you feel good she'll do it, even if she's not naturally that way, and she'll love doing it because she gets off on making you happy. At least, that's how it works, speaking for myself. I totally cream just seeing your face get ecstatic."

She took his erection back in her mouth as soon as she stopped talking. She resumed happily bobbing on it.

He gamely tried to keep the conversation going. "Really? ... But come on, Sis. Let's get real here. A straight woman can't turn bi just to make someone happy."

His words were interrupted by a squeal as Katherine came hard. She came despite having no hands anywhere near her crotch, since she was up on all fours.

He peered down and around to see how much he'd made her leak, and to his surprise he saw a stream of liquid shooting from her pussy. "What's that?" he asked dumbly.

She pulled off to explain. "Silly brother. I'm a gusher. Didn't you know that? You made me so hot that I didn't even need to touch myself down there. It doesn't happen much at all, but it can happen."

He shook his head no while he still absorbed the fact that she could squirt her cum out just like a male. "No, I didn't. I guess you always had a hand or penis in the way." In fact, he only had a vague notion that women did that at all.

He covered up his cluelessness by continuing, "Anyways, I was saying. This is a nice fantasy, but totally unrealistic. None of these women would call themselves slaves except for you. Not even Mom goes that far."

"Only me? Come on! You know you're lying. I may be the most into the idea, but that's just because the ones who are most into being your slaves are the ones who know you best. I know you better than anybody so I can see what the future holds better, too. Believe me. It's filled with a long line of asses for you to fuck."

He cut in. "Wait. I want to know: why are you so into this harem vision? Why not go for an exclusive relationship like normal people?"

"I've thought about that," she conceded. "Of course I want to be your favorite in the harem, and I don't think I can completely cure myself of jealousy. But with other women, I get some massive fringe benefits. Think of all the great lesbian sex. When you get new fuck-meat, guess who else is hoping to get a taste of the new hottie? But your exploits also make me hot, somehow. It's like, my man is so potent, so virile, that it takes an entire army of improbably stacked babes just to keep him satisfied. The bottom line is, I'll have a more active and fulfilling sex life than just about any other woman in this country. And all because I'm willing to share."

"Hmmm." He thought about it, and realized it made some sense. He again considered if the sex slave idea was realistic. "Okay, maybe Mom or Amy, too, but only if you talked them into it. Aims is so easy going, she'd agree to just about anything. But a couple, like Suzanne and Heather, would totally laugh at the idea. Probably more."

She talked while lightly licking. "Don't be so sure. Anyways, you've only been working on them for a few weeks. You're still melting their minds - just give it a few more fucks. And if they don't bend all the way, pick some others. Like Janice, for instance. She told me she'd be happy to be your sex slave."

"She did not!"

"Did too!"

"Did not!"

Katherine had been getting into the conversation so much that she was only intermittently licking his wet dick. But rather than resuming that, she got up, wrapped her body around him, and guided his dick into her vagina. She gave him such an intense "come hither" look that he was momentarily paralyzed and unable to react. Then, suddenly laughing, she repeated, "Did too!"

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"Hey! You're fucking me!"

"No I'm not. You're fucking me. It's the male who fucks, and the woman who gets fucked. It's a very important distinction, because it shows again how you're in total control of your cum-starved, sex-crazed slave sister. And your other slaves."

"Whatever. I don't have slaves; I'm a normal high school student. We shouldn't be doing this. This is supposed to be my day off, and Mom will be home any minute." But even as he protested, his hips pushed his boner in and out as if his lower body was controlled by someone else.

Out of the blue, she bit her lip, and admitted, "Okay, maybe I made that up about Janice, but I bet she's thinking it!"

"A-ha!"

She grinned triumphantly. "A-ha yourself! I made you too horny with my little fantasy for you to stop now, and you know it. I'm so damned uppity and insolent!" She laughed gleefully.

"You are. Damn you!" But he was more focused on the fucking than on talking by now. With the shower head continuing to pour water over them, they went at each other even more frantically than they did when they fucked a short while earlier.

She was right: Alan had been powerfully aroused by her fantasy and he fucked like he only had an hour left to live.

Truth be told, he liked her fantasy better than most of his own, as he'd been too modest even in fantasies to envision lining up eight females and treating them that way. But he knew he'd be having fantasies like that from now on. He could feel his moral restraint slipping away, yet again.

The only sounds they made now were grunts and moans. They devoted all their energies to fucking.

Katherine bounced up and down on his lap as he lifted her up and then dropped her down onto his spear, over and over again.

Chapter 715 Alan, Kath And Mom Have Fun

A couple of minutes later, both of them heard the garage door opening, announcing Susan's return from church.

Alan was still lifting his sister up and down over his erection. "Did you hear that? We really have to stop fucking."

"Yep, we sure do," Katherine agreed. "One of these days." She giggled and kept right on with her now-expert counter-thrusting.

"No, I mean right now. We can't have Mom catch us like this! She's home from CHURCH!"

"Okay. Just as soon as we hear her get to the top of the stairs."

"You see, evil Sis? You're pure evil. This is why I wouldn't allow us to fuck at home."

"Okay, okay. Geez! Fine. Let's stop then. Whatever you want, as long as you don't extend that ban."

Quite a few moments went by as they continued to fuck.

He finally noted the obvious: "We're not stopping." His hips still swayed in and out of his sister as if someone else was controlling them. He contemplated simply giving up and shooting his cum into his sister, and even by thinking those thoughts he found it was starting to happen.

"You're right," she giggled.

"Good God! I really CAN hear her coming up the stairs! Please stop NOW! I don't have the willpower!" He was coming extremely close to cumming now, and had to decide if he'd have enough time to do it before Susan came upstairs. He had a vision of Susan steaming while she watched her son buckling over and over as he shot his seed into his sister and he decided that he shouldn't risk it.

With great reluctance and willpower, and more than a little bit of frantic PC muscle squeezing, he managed to stave off the imminent climax.

Somehow, together, they managed to pull themselves apart. The sound of Susan walking down the hallway towards them gave them the proper motivation to act and act fast. But there was no time by now to get out of the shower together, especially since they were using Susan's larger bathroom.

Katherine figured, If we're gonna get caught, I might as well have fun while it lasts.

Alan stood to leave, but Katherine got in his way: she got down on her knees and began sucking his dick yet again.

Susan walked into her bedroom a few seconds later, still fully dressed in her church clothes.

Alan yelled out a friendly "Hi Mom!" while he continued to try in vain to push Katherine's head away with his hands.

Katherine was prepared for that, and latched on like a leech.

The bathroom door wasn't even closed, so Susan walked over and took a look at her children. She wasn't even particularly surprised at what she saw. "What do we have here?" she asked in a discouraged voice. She was dressed in her formal church-appropriate clothes, and she hadn't even had a chance to take her bra and panties off yet.

"Um, we're just helping each other shower," Alan answered lamely. There was no denying that Katherine was lovingly bobbing on his dick, especially since she was being deliberately noisy in doing so.

However, he wasn't terribly worried about it. It was one thing to be caught fucking, but now that he was able to think a bit more rationally, he realized Susan really couldn't complain about this.

Susan put her hands on her hips, slightly miffed. "I can see that. Looks like some people, and especially some body parts, are getting much more help than others." Her eyes were fastened on Katherine's steadily bobbing head.

"Yeah, well, you know how it goes," he replied, still awkwardly. "But really, we're washing too." He realized that he still held a bar of strawberry-scented soap in his hand, leaned down, and began scrubbing his sister's shoulders with it.

"You two," Susan tsk-tsked. "You realize I'm not in the mood? I'm not back from church five minutes and I see this kind of debauchery. I can't even sit in my own bedroom and contemplate today's excellent sermon?"

A very long pause ensued, for a minute or more. Katherine kept on sucking and Susan kept on staring. Alan had been exceedingly close to cumming before Susan came in, and now he was right back on the verge of a climax, thanks to the talented things Katherine's lips were doing, plus the fact that Susan was watching.

Although Susan wasn't in an aroused mood, she had fully internalized her "personal cocksucker" role, so she couldn't help but watch and judge Katherine's efforts with an almost professional interest. Hmm. She's got a steady rhythm going, for sure, but she's varying things up just enough to keep him on his toes. I like that. And I really like how she's so into it that she hasn't opened her eyes to look at me even for a second. That shows the proper personal cocksucker spirit! She's totally devoted to his pleasure. Good girl!

On the other hand, she's only stroking him with one hand, which is a bit lax. But if she plays with herself from time to time to keep her arousal sky high, that's okay. I do that a lot too. Besides, it's clear that he's riiiiight on the edge. A second hand playing with his balls or something like that just might push him over.

Susan continued to eye them critically, but finally said, "I should be mad, but on reflection there's nothing to be mad about. Angel, I'm proud of you. We have a terribly cum-filled boy here, and you're helping to purge him of all that nasty sperm. Thank you."

She finally broke a smile, because she couldn't contain her happiness from seeing Alan's boner being "properly" taken care of.

For some reason, Alan found Susan's words too arousing to handle. He suddenly grabbed Katherine's head and gasped, "Strategic pause! Strategic pause! Quick! Pull away!"

Katherine did, pulling her lips all the way off his hard-on with an audible pop.

He clutched his legs together as if trying not to pee, and managed to stave off the climax yet again. The truth was he was so good at his PC muscle control that he was almost always able to delay gratification if he wanted to badly enough. Physically, most any male could do it if they practiced enough. He differed from most men mainly in fully understanding that much better rewards came to those who waited, and having the dedication to build up his skills and then use them. It helped that he had so many women encouraging him to practice frequently while putting high expectations on him that he strived to live up to.

Katherine looked up at Susan and waved. "Hey, Mom. How was church?" She lifted up and revealed to her mother that it held a bar of lemon-scented soap. She began scrubbing the front of Alan's thighs, since they were right in front of her.

"Hi, Angel," Susan mumbled. "Pretty good." Whatever religious mood she had was rapidly being replaced by insatiable lust. Drawn like a moth to flame, she slowly drew closer and closer without even realizing what she was doing. She began peeling off layers of clothing, since, shower or no shower, she wasn't allowed to wear underwear in the house. She felt remiss for not taking them off when next to the underwear cabinet by the door.

Katherine asked her in a matter-of-fact way, "Mom, why is it that Brother always holds back from cumming? I mean, I love it, most of the time, but sometimes it's just so frustrating. I want that cum! You know what I mean?"

"I know exactly what you mean," Susan answered as she unbuttoned her blouse. "Isn't it incredible that he managed not to cum just now? I could see he was so close. Knowing him, he'll probably get a second wind, practically forcing you to start over. But I have a theory that the harder you fight for the cum, the yummier the taste treat in the end."

"Mmmm. That's true," Katherine agreed as she ran her tongue up and down his wet thighs.

Katherine was watching Susan undress. When she saw Susan's bra straps come into view, she asked, "Mom! Do my eyes deceive me, or do I see you wearing a bra?"

Susan sighed. "I know, I know. I'm wearing panties too."

"NO!" Katherine said in a theatrically scandalized voice.

Susan dropped her head in shame. "I know. I'm so bad. But I just came home from church, and I went straight to my bedroom to change. Isn't that good enough?"

"I don't think so," Katherine said critically. "What if I wasn't home and Brother had a terrible case of blue balls that was so bad he sought you out as soon as you came in through the door? Think how long it would take before you'd be in any shape to titfuck him. For SHAME!"

Susan blushed at her "failure," and redoubled her efforts to quickly take the rest of her clothes off, as if to make up for it.

Katherine added to Alan, "I think Mom might need a spanking for breaking the rules. What do you think?" She was still frustrated that Susan got out of the spanking she wanted to give her on Thursday, due to the French kissing deal she'd made with her instead. She was hoping that not only could Susan get spanked again, but that she'd get to be the one who administered it.

"I don't know," he replied uncertainly. "I think she can get a pass this time, since she did just come from church."

Katherine thought, D'oh! Brother, why are you being so nice? Don't let her off the hook. Get her all submissive and horny!

Susan said, "Thank you, Tiger." But the mere reminder that he controlled what she wore and could spank her if he wanted to, at any time, fired her lust considerably. She was actually a bit disappointed that he was lenient.

Had Alan been on top of his mental game, he would have taken full advantage of Katherine's opening to embarrass and thus arouse Susan to get her fully involved. But he was in a daze, due to still recovering from very nearly cumming.

Before long, Susan stood nude. She told herself that she was merely halfway in the process of changing into some more casual clothes. But doing that would involve walking to her dresser to get the clothes. If she went to that part of the room she wouldn't be able to look into the bathroom anymore and she simply couldn't tear her eyes away from her sudsy children. Not surprisingly, she was particularly transfixed by the sight of Alan's insistent erection.

Katherine continued to work on his legs in a way that caused her brother's cock to repeatedly and delightedly hit her in the face. Occasionally she stuck a tongue out at it and gave it a lick or two, but it would always swing away.

Susan simply couldn't stop staring, as well as licking her lips. She guessed that it wouldn't be long before Katherine's lips would gain a hold of the swinging boner and more cocksucking ensued.

Time went by. The situation seemed quite awkward, as Susan stood there naked, poised on the verge of either joining or telling them to stop.

Alan was watching her intently. He said, while his eyes bored into her giant tits sitting high on her chest, "Mom, did you know, you're an affront to gravity."

That caused a chuckle from everyone, and broke the mood.

Katherine slapped Alan's thigh as if peeved she was being ignored.

He added, "Like mother, like daughter. You've raised one sexy cocksucker, Mrs. Plummer." That satisfied Katherine, and everyone was all smiles.

The next thing Susan knew, she stood at the edge of the large bathtub, within arm's reach of the stiff erection she loved so dearly.

Katherine stood up. Looking deeply into her mother's eyes, she said, "As one of Brother's personal cocksuckers to another, I believe that title involves much more than just pleasuring his cock whenever humanly possible. It means using our God-given beautiful bodies in every possible way to bring him joy! Don't you agree?"

Susan stared with bated breath, and just barely managed to remember to nod in agreement.

"For instance, I could do this." Katherine rubbed the sudsy soap all over her own tits, and then pressed her rack into Alan's chest. She moaned quite loudly as she got busy "cleaning" his chest with her ample tits. She knew that looked like so much fun that Susan would be hard-pressed to resist joining in.

Susan said quietly, "Angel, you missed a spot." She pointed at Alan's back. The next thing she knew, she was standing behind Alan in the shower, with her huge tits soaped up and sliding all around his muscular back.

"So glad you could join us," Katherine giggled. "Looks like Brother is caught in the middle of another tit sandwich. Poor guy!"

Susan's last residual resistance faded away and she laughed a good laugh. "It looks that way, doesn't it?"

She took her glasses off, since she was in the shower and she always took them off in the shower as a matter of habit. She reached around and grabbed her son's erection, which had yet to go flaccid. To be polite, she asked her daughter, "Do you mind?"

"Do you mind? I love it! Sharing is caring; that's what I say."

bender

Susan nodded to herself in agreement. As she started to stroke it, she said, "We're spoiling him something rotten. You and Amy were just doing this to him yesterday."

Katherine replied, "Mom, what's with you? First you're wearing undies, and then you say we're spoiling him. Is this not our duty? Our responsibility? Is there anything MORE important to do than serving his cock?"

Susan felt embarrassed all over again - although she kept on stroking. "Well, no, but..."

Katherine griped, "'But?' Mom! What's with you? Are we or are we not his personal cocksuckers? I take that title VERY seriously! Don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"You sure aren't showing it! Brother, I think you're gonna need to give her a good spanking after all. She needs to be reminded of her place. If you won't spank her, then I will."

Susan stammered, "No! I'll be good! It's just, uh, church. I'm kind of out of sorts."

Katherine and Susan were still rubbing their voluptuous bodies all over Alan as they talked. Katherine returned the focus to that by chiding Susan, "Now, hold on. Let's do this right. I'll take care of his front while you take care of his back."

"No fair!" Susan pouted sexily, but she followed Katherine's order. She stopped jacking off Alan's boner so she could pick up the bubble bath bottle. Soon, there were even more bubbles all over the place, and especially on her chest. Her tits continued their "cleaning."

Katherine slid down so that her own hefty tits began pleasuring Alan's erection just as soon as Susan's hands had let go of it. She began a very slippery and sudsy titfuck. She also made the comment, "Mom, I think we've taken care of his upper body. I think his ass could use the attention of your twin tit-sponges."

"Good idea," Susan agreed. She knelt down and pressed her huge melons against his butt cheeks then began rubbing them all over. "Shoot. We ARE spoiling him rotten, you know. But you're right; that is our duty."

Katherine said, "By the way, Mom, just so you know, I've been servicing his cock for a good long while today. Probably most of the time you were in church, in fact. I've sucked and licked and stroked, but he hasn't climaxed even a single time! I mention it because I think he's at the point where he's been holding out for so long that he could pop at any time. I've seen it happen before."

Susan said, "Goodness! That's exciting! Angel, I'm so proud of you. And of course I feel the same about your brother. What an IMPRESSIVE boy! I wish I could tell all my friends about the power of his cock, not to mention his great stamina."

Katherine tilted her head downward and licked the tip of his dick, even as she kept sliding her boobs all over it. "And let's not forget the yummy taste. I swear, I've grown to love the taste of his cock, even if there's no cum or pre-cum on it whatsoever."

Susan moaned erotically and licked her lips. "Mmmm! I know just what you mean. It's just so... lickable! And suckable!"

Alan had been quiet, enjoying hearing the two women talk as if he wasn't there, but when Susan pressed an erect nipple up into his ass crack, he couldn't help but moan, "Niiiiice."

This talk about the taste of Alan's boner had made Susan hungry to suck and lick, but Katherine was monopolizing his crotch with her titfucking, while also tilting her head down to slurp around his cockhead.

So Susan licked Alan's ass crack. It was as clean as could be, and totally hairless. But despite that, and the fact she'd done it to him already recently, she still had "icky" issues. She remembered when she'd been talking about anal sex with Suzanne recently, and Suzanne told her that an ass could be made so clean that one could safely lick it. She thought, Good grief! I sure hope Suzanne is right, 'cos I'm sticking my tongue in it now! Ugh! Is this really an okay thing to do? I hope Tiger has thoroughly cleaned himself this morning!

As it so happened, Alan had become much more conscientious about washing himself lately, especially his privates, since they were getting a lot of good use. As a result, his ass crack didn't have any foul smell, and in fact it smelled a bit soapy.

That fact did a lot to put Susan's mind at ease. She closed her eyes and just focused on licking. She found she actually enjoyed it, especially when she got some erotic moans after she licked some sensitive spots, like his anus and his perineum. (It was hard for her to tell if he was moaning because of something she was doing or something Katherine was doing on his other side, but that just made her try harder to see if she could get a clear erotic response to her licking.)

Katherine heard the sound of slurping coming from Alan's other side. She briefly disengaged from her titfuck to peek around and see what Susan was doing. Wow! Mom is licking his ass crack?! That's hardcore!

She went back to her titfucking. Dammit. That's a total fuck-toy thing to do. I've gotta step up my game here. I'm in control of all the best "real estate," so I need to make the most of it.

She tilted her head downward as much as she could while shoving her tits up toward her face. That allowed her to suck on the top inch or so of Alan's cockhead while she kept on titfucking. Damn, this is hard, just keeping this pose, much less applying my best licking tricks as well. I swear, when I decided to become Brother's fuck toy, I had no idea the competition would be so steep!

For instance, Mom. She's a great fuck toy. I can tell just from the sounds of her licking. She started out hesitant and kind of quiet, but now she's happily slurping away like his ass crack is some kind of delicious ice cream cone!

It was true that Susan had come to enjoy tonguing Alan's ass crack and even licking his anus. Yet, despite all the sexy fun, something was still bothering her. After a few minutes of silence, she finally voiced her

thoughts. She spoke into his ass crack as she kept on licking it. "Tiger? Tell me. What was it like? You know, last night with Amy. Will that change anything?"

Alan recognized danger if he answered incorrectly. So he took his time to formulate an answer, and then said, "Change anything? Absolutely not. You're still my favorite sexbomb mom, and Sis is still my number one fuck toy. There's absolutely nothing to worry about. It's just that, from now on, I'll be fucking Amy as well from time to time."

Susan seemed a bit relieved, but she still pressed, speaking into his ass crack, "But how was it? All that screaming. It sounded incredible. I barely got any sleep, it seems. I feel bad that I still haven't given you my, you know... My pussy. Did you like it better than anything you do with the rest of us?"

"Mom, I have to admit, it was great. But I don't want to kiss and tell beyond that. It's all great. The things you do to me can give me as much pleasure, or even more. I'm totally flying high right now, thanks to you and Sis. I love you and Amy's not going to steal me away or anything like that. Don't even think it. Aims is just a loud screamer."

She continued to question him while licking his anus. "I've heard it said that vaginal sex is the best way to drain heavy sperm-filled balls. Is that true?"

He grinned. "That may be true. She drained me pretty good. But there's only one way for you to be sure." He winked, but then he realized she couldn't see, since she was busy licking his ass. So he reached around and ran his hand through her wet hair.

Susan smiled at that. She felt like a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders. Soon, he's gonna fuck me! He's gonna fuck me good! If I'm serious about keeping his balls fully drained, and making that a lifetime calling, I have no choice. Fucking is best! I don't have to worry about holding back anymore. Now it's just a matter of finding the right time.

Even as she stuck her tongue a little bit into his asshole, she thought, Dear Lord, please. If getting fucked by my studly son is wrong, please give me a sign.

There was a long pause without any sign.

She grinned, then redoubled her licking efforts.

Chapter 716 Dual Blowjob

Susan kept on pleasuring Alan's backside for a while, but she realized that she was growing increasingly annoyed at Katherine for monopolizing her son's fat erection. So a few minutes later, she complained, "Angel, it's not fair. You get a titfuck and all I get is the ass. I've used these 'tit-sponges' of mine to thoroughly explore my son's cute ass, and it's as clean as it'll ever get. I've licked every last inch of it too, several times over. I've even thoroughly licked all of his ass crack. You've been yanking on his fat cock one way or another all morning long, you even said so yourself. Can't you share the wealth a little bit?"

Katherine peered around Alan's hip and stuck her tongue out at her mother. "Finders keepers, losers weepers."

Alan cut in. "Hey Sis, that's not a loving attitude. Why don't you two show good family spirit with a really cooperative blowjob?"

"Okay!" Katherine agreed immediately. She figured half a loaf was better than no loaf at all, and besides, she knew she had been hogging his cock for a long time.

Susan frowned. She wanted his stiff dick all to herself for a while. She wanted to slide her lips up and down it for hours, if that was humanly possible for both of them.

Luckily, Katherine filled the silent void by adding playfully, "Brother's got so much cock that I don't know if one female mouth can handle it all."

Susan seriously considered those words and found that she agreed. It's true. It's so true! It IS too much cock for any one woman. It takes a lot to pleasure him six times a day. No single woman can even come close to giving enough stimulation. As much as I'd love to suck him off over and over, for hours, even my jaw muscles have their limits. Plus, I need to be mindful of the Coolidge Effect. Like Angel says, "sharing is caring!"

Susan crawled around Alan and took her place next to her daughter. The two of them began slurping away as if they'd done it together for years, even though it was a relatively new thing.

Both of them looked each other in the eye briefly and felt a combination of shame and excitement. Susan was the most revved up due to her relative deprivation, and she started pumping the base of Alan's prick as well.

Alan slumped against an inner shower wall and slid down until he came to a ledge that held him up. It was just the right height. "Now we're talking! This is awesome! Isn't this friggin' awesome?"

He'd been dangerously close to cumming earlier, but he was in a good groove now, confident that he could endure this extreme pleasure for a good while. He turned the water off since it had been running so long that his skin was starting to shrivel up a bit.

The two women were too busy with their mouths to reply coherently, although Susan managed one of her lusty "MMMM!" noises. She thought joyously, I have to admit he's right! This is pretty damn awesome! Sharing is such fun! Angel really knows what she's doing. It kind of feels like I've cloned myself, so I can give him double the usual pleasure.

The two women licked the sides of the erection closest to them. The sensitive "sweet spot" below Alan's cockhead was in a neutral territory of sorts, so they traded turns stimulating that, and sometimes even managed two tongues on it at once.

Several minutes passed. At times, either Susan or Katherine would engulf his cockhead and bob on it a few times. But neither did that for long, in the spirit of sharing.

It felt so great that he already was rapidly revising his feeling that he'd be able to delay his orgasm for a long time. Dang! I blew it. This is beyond great, but I should have insisted on a proper strategic break first. I won't last as long as I could, the way they're going at it!

It was true that the pleasure was intense. Yet, strangely, he discovered that as long as he kept on steadily squeezing his PC muscle, he could revel in just about anything.

Susan's reticence from coming home from church was long gone. Normally, she sucked his cock with her eyes closed so she could concentrate fully on what she was doing. But she looked up at Alan briefly with a dreamy, almost worshipful gaze. Son, I'm so in love with you! I thank the Lord that I can express my love every day with my mouth. And I'll admit it: I love how you're taking control and teaching me how to best sexually serve you!

She nudged Katherine with her shoulder, saying between long licks, "Look who's the man of the house now! Look where he's got us! One personal cocksucker isn't enough for him. He's got his mother and his sister totally devoted to excellent cock service!"

Katherine stopped licking and merely jacked him off while she looked up into his eyes with that same dreamy look. "You said it, Mom! He's definitely the MAN around here! I wonder what your husband would think if he had a bird's eye view of us right now."

Susan snorted derisively as she resumed licking the tip of Alan's boner. "Husband? You mean Ron? I'm sorry, but the only MAN worthy to be my husband is standing over me right now, thrusting his cock into my face and making me slather it with my tongue. Maybe I should just marry my own son!"

She got so excited at this idea that she plunged a couple fingers into her pussy while her other hand poked at her clit. Marrying Alan was her secret fantasy, and she blushed to even say it in jest. Talking about it with Brenda the night before had made it much more real and exciting for her. She shuddered as a massive orgasm overtook her.

Katherine too attacked those same private places on her on body now that the talk had turned to marriage, since that notion was highly arousing for her too. She said breathlessly, "Sorry, Mom, he's already taken. He's going to marry his one and only sister!" She slowly kissed her way up her brother's chest as she aimed to kiss him on the lips.

She did kiss him, briefly, but then she lost patience and dropped back to her knees. She pushed Susan aside in her excitement and completely swallowed her brother's hard-on as deeply as she could go short of deep throating him. Oh fuck! Sorry, Mom. But married to Brother? He could keep me barefoot and pregnant, pumping out one cute little tyke after another! Too fucking hot!

Susan would have been annoyed, but she loved the choking and gagging sounds her daughter was making. It was the sound of a woman so hungry for the cock that she simply couldn't get enough. bender

Alan felt the need to step in lest this marriage talk turned serious. "Hey, you two. No one is marrying anybody right now. Less talking and more licking, please."

"Yes, Masstah!" Katherine said this fairly audibly even though his thick cock-meat filled her mouth.

Susan thought, Oooh! She called him "Master" and he didn't object! How exciting! Boy, this day just gets better and better. I can't wait to tell Brenda that one!

She pushed forward again, only to find the top of his erection still fully occupied by Katherine's sliding lips, and the rest of it covered with Katherine's fondling fingers. She got busy lapping her tongue all over his balls, but it just wasn't enough. She complained, "Oh, poo! Tiger, help me! Angel is hogging all the best parts!"

He chided, "Sis? What did I say about sharing?"

Katherine pulled off. But her tongue never really left his cockhead, and she started using it to lash his sweet spot this way and that. She had an obviously disappointed face though, since she'd been having more fun with the bobbing.

Susan started lapping her way around his cockhead too. But Katherine's disappointed look nagged at her, and after a minute or so, she said to her, "Angel, I completely understand how you feel. I also want to swallow his cockhead and bob as far down as I can go. Why don't we take turns doing that, and sort of mix that in with the dual licking?"

Katherine replied as she licked, "Okay, but you do tend to get carried away. Let's tap each other on the shoulder if we think the bobbing has been going on too long."

Their tongues were practically touching already, and they easily slid into a French kiss right on the top of Alan's boner to help seal their agreement. Things had been getting competitive between them since they were both so cock-hungry and there was only one cock to go around. But kissing helped restore good relations between them.

However, that passionate kiss didn't last long, since they were keen to get to the bobbing.

The two bombshells soon worked out a system: one would get the top half of his cock to bob on, while the other would get the lower half and his balls. They sucked and licked contentedly, taking turns in a very amicable fashion. There was a lot of tapping on shoulders, but that worked out well enough, generally speaking.

After a while, Susan commented while waiting for Katherine to finish her bobbing turn, "You know, Angel, I thought I'd hate this sharing thing, but I love it! It makes everything feel, I don't know, even naughtier and better than before. More intense. Just this morning, I found myself hopefully thinking, 'I wonder if I'll get to share cocksucking duties with anyone else today.' And I did!"

There was a pause until Katherine finished her turn and pulled off. "Totally, Mom! I'm so with you on that one! It really is better in practically every way. Sure, I love special one-on-one times too, but this should be more of the usual thing. If nothing else, it makes me feel like a total fuck toy. We live to serve!"

Alan just shook his head in amazement from everything he was hearing. "We live to serve." Holy cow! I'd be the luckiest guy on Earth just with these two as my "personal cocksuckers." But I have Aims and Aunt Suzy, and that's hardly even the start! It's so awesome that at times it's downright ridiculous!

He tilted his head back, basking in the sheer physical pleasure of it all. Fuck, this feels great! He turned his head down briefly and noticed that they were both fingering themselves. That reassured him that hopefully they were feeling an intense arousal too.

Running with the idea of making Susan feel naughty, Alan asked out of the blue, "By the way, Mom, how was church?"

The juxtaposition of being asked that question while sharing a blowjob with her daughter was not lost on Susan. Her lingering blush from mentioning marriage turned a deeper red. She said while licking, "Oh Tiger, don't be a meanie. You're embarrassing me."

He would have kept teasing, but, at that, he shut right up. There was no way he could do anything to make her unhappy.

Smiling again, Susan went back to her slurping and bobbing.

Then it was Katherine's next turn. and so on. The dual blowjob seemed to go on forever.

He leaned back against the wall and marveled at his staying power. He was on cloud nine. He thought, I can't even explain myself how I do it. I know this isn't normal, especially being able to keep going with this particular double blow, but I love it. I think it helps a lot that they both know my dick so well, and they can tell when I'm getting too close. Even working together, they manage to back off just the right amount.

I'm seriously addicted. Riding the edge of an orgasm like I am right now has to be the best drug on Earth, bar none. Wow! What WOULD Ron think if he saw this? I think he'd literally have a heart attack. I think I would, if I were in his shoes, especially given the way both of these gals were all prudish and proper looking when he left. It would completely blow a fuse.

Suddenly he announced, "Okay, you two. Time for another power break."

But they kept licking. Susan mumbled between licks, "Too yummy! Mommy can't stop!"

Katherine just purred in agreement.

"Stop," he moaned.

But neither of them would allow him to pause this time. They both needed to taste him right away.

He shouted, "Shit! I can't hold out unless you stop! Not yet!"

But it was already too late - even he couldn't keep going without his strategically timed pauses. So much for my ability to last forever, he mused. He clenched his fists tightly while his ropes started to shoot.

The sharing attitude dissolved as both females jockeyed for position to be on the receiving end of his semen. Several ropes hit their cheeks while their faces pushed back and forth against each other.

Susan, though, had prepared in advance for this moment. She stuck a finger up her daughter's butt, which caused Katherine to arch back and squeal.

Susan saw her chance and wrapped her lips around Alan's cockhead in time to swallow up the majority of his cum.

Katherine conceded defeat and sat back frigging herself to climax while she watched.

Susan kept right on orally pleasuring her son until his dick went completely flaccid in her mouth.

When it was all over, all three took a good look at each other. Katherine and Susan both had a fair amount of Alan's cum on their faces, but it just so happened that one rope had created a nearly perfect mustache across Katherine's upper lip.

Susan looked at it, and making reference to the famous "Got milk?" ads, asked, "Got sperm?"

Alan laughed. Then he commented to both females as he continued sit on the tub ledge, "That was certainly nice. Don't we all feel much cleaner?"

Katherine exclaimed in exasperation, "'Certainly nice?' You have your own mother and sister cocksucking for you together, for like, hours, and that's all you can say? My jaw is about to fall off from all this sucking."

Susan looked over at her daughter, and winked. "I guess we'll just have to do better next time. Don't you think, Angel? And there will be so many next times!"

Katherine practically bounced with excitement. "I know! I say double blowjobs should be the new normal. Or MORE! Maybe it'll take three of us to get him to shoot." She jokingly looked around the bathroom. "Where's Suzanne?"

Alan groaned at that thought, even though it was sort of a joke. At that moment it was just too arousing to contemplate, given the super-sensitive state of his penis.

Susan bent forward and started "cleaning" his balls and flaccid penis, just like she did after every time she got him to cum. Wow! Sucking threesomes. I do worry about spoiling him, but I must admit that sounds pretty great. But why stop there? Foursomes. Fivesomes! Wow, wow, wow! It makes me dizzy just thinking about the endless possibilities!

As she continued her "cleaning," she said, "Angel, I'm sorry for tricking you at the end there. It wasn't very sporting of me."

"True, but I don't mind that much. I think, since we're gonna be sucking him off together so much from now on, maybe every day, we should set some ground rules. Cooperation is key! We ARE his personal cocksuckers, which means we have to be held to a higher standard. Serving his pleasure should be our only goal."

"Agreed," Susan said as she licked his balls. (She generally "cleaned" his balls first, and quite thoroughly, until his penis had recovered enough from its sensitivity for her to "clean" there. She was mainly guided in her timing by his approving or disapproving moans.)

Katherine went on, "But that only extends until it's reward time, and the sperm starts flying. I think some jostling there is okay. Maybe even a little trickery from time to time, if it's done in the right spirit. That helps him see how much we desire his cum. That's why I didn't mind much when you pulled that little trick there at the end. It was well played. And the lusty look on your face as you frantically bobbed while he shot straight down your throat... that totally helped me have a big O."

"I had a pretty nice one too right then," Susan admitted.

Katherine commented, "That has to be hot for him to see us fighting for the right to get our faces and tits painted with his sweet seed!"

"It is," Alan said, even though her comment was directed more at Susan. "But that kind of fighting could get out of hand."

Susan nodded at his comment. "Angel, I agree with all that too, but he's right about things getting out of hand. I think you, me, Suzanne, and Amy should get together soon and have a powwow about the sharing rules. As you point out, sharing his cock is going to be a daily thing from now on. We should get really good at it."

She got goose bumps all over as she realized the truth of what she was saying. Daily double blowjobs!
Pinch me, I'm dreaming!

"Agreed," Katherine said. Then she changed topics. "Brother, I think you should go play tennis with your friends. That way you could come back all hot and sweaty. And most importantly, in need of another shower. If you do, you'd better call both of us to help you." She winked at her mother.

Both mother and daughter stuck their tongues out and made some exaggerated licking motions to show just how they'd help him. Then they burst into giggles.

"Not a bad idea all around," he said agreeably on the outside.

On the inside, he was jumping for joy at this latest turn of events. Dang! This is so great! Until a couple of days ago, I assumed there would be too much jealousy for this kind of sharing. Sure, Sis especially gets jealous from time to time, but overall the jealousy isn't nearly as bad as I would have expected it to be.

But what's even better is how into it they are! The way they both flick their tongues back and forth over my sweet spot at the same time... Man! I don't know why I don't cum on the spot when they do that. And I love how they're talking about doing this every single day from now on. I swear, I wanna pump my fist in the air and run around the room like I'm three! But I need to project a certain persona, like I've been here before. Gotta stay cool and collected. I think that arouses them more.

Changing the topic, he said, "Now I'm going to go eat some food." He looked at their faces and decided he was most pleased with the wrangling that caused so much cum to end up on their faces. He loved to "mark" his females.

As he continued gazing at them, he was hit by an idea. "Hey. You two look a little messy. I think you know how I'd like you to clean up."

Susan was still licking his balls, but she decided she'd had enough of that. She and Katherine leaned into each other and began licking the cum off of each other's faces. They showed no reluctance, but Susan half-joked, "Now I'm really going to Hell, for sure."

Alan started to get up to go.

But then Susan said more perkily, "Hold up, Son. Let me make lunch for you. Why don't you stay and watch? Surely you could think of worse things to do than watch two big-titted sexpots rub their bare racks together and lick your cum off their faces? Then we can all go down together for some food."

He laughed, just from sheer happiness at how great the day was going. He idly rubbed both their asses and said, "Good idea. I don't know what I was thinking. Believe me, I'm in no rush."

Everyone smiled, and then Katherine and Susan began a long, deep French kiss.

Katherine, always wanting to push the boundaries, broke the kiss to lap up a big cum gob, and then fed the cum to her mother.

Susan easily submitted to having her son's sweet seed being forced down her throat. She was so excited about being able to taste both her children in one kiss that she actually came on the spot, yet again. Her knees buckled and Katherine had to grab her tighter to stop her from falling.

Unfortunately, that brought a premature end to the cum cleaning, as Susan needed some time alone to recover. But both women finished cleaning their own faces in short order, by eating up all of his delicious cum.

Chapter 717 God Approves Harem?

Things proceeded in a relatively normal, non-sexual manner for a while after that. All three of them put on clothes, though both women wore tempting dresses showing lots of cleavage.

Susan and Katherine happily shared the task of preparing lunch together. Although they both loved each other greatly already, their shared double blowjob somehow bonded them even closer than before. They simply couldn't stop smiling, and frequently shared kisses and little touches as they worked.

Before Alan had lunch, he spoke to Glory on the phone some more. He wanted to make sure she was okay after the rather crazy call earlier in the day. They had a much more rational conversation. He was actually relieved that Glory seemed a bit embarrassed by some of the submissive things she'd said earlier, and tried to reassert her usual personality. Alan figured he didn't want or need another female acting like Katherine.

When the phone call ended, he had a lot to think about. Boy, I really feel like king of the world today. I keep resisting this harem idea because it seems like the further I get into this, the greater the fall is going to be when somehow the spell is broken. Life can't keep going on like this, can it? I mean, of all my friends right now, probably the most exciting thing they're doing is watching football on TV. I can barely wrap my head around how bizarre this morning's events have been, not to mention yesterday's.

But obviously Sis is ready to take all this insanity to yet another level. Maybe I've read too much porn, but I can imagine her vision of eight naked women lined up in a row happening in some kind of massive mansion set deep in the woods, but not here. Not on some random suburban street in conservative Orange County! Somehow the police are going to find out what we're doing, and I'm going to be led away in handcuffs.

Someone like Ron is going to bring this all to an end. That talk about him may have been a turn-on to them, and to me too, I must admit, but it scared the bejesus out of me at the same time. He IS going to come home sooner or later, and what will happen then? Even if Mom divorces him - and that's gotta be a done deal now, I'd imagine - we're still bound to see a lot of him. In fact, starting a divorce could open up a whole can of worms. He might even start investigating Mom to gain leverage with the divorce settlement. Shit!

Not only that, but any day now Brad or Eric might wander over from next door looking to borrow a screwdriver or something. Instead, they'll probably see their beloved Amy or Suzanne right in the middle of an incestuous orgy. I wonder what would happen next. God, I hope I'll never find out! Brad's a big guy and he's even on the football team. He'd probably kick my ass, especially since I'd be too shocked to react well.

There're two things I need to do. One, enjoy this to the hilt while it lasts, because it won't last forever. This harem stuff is just too far out of the mainstream, and the mainstream always clamps down on those who break the rules.

Two, make it last as long as possible. I think the key is to cut it down to just the core people, if only for safety reasons. Loose lips sink ships. I like this idea of disentangling myself from the Kims and Joys and Janices of the world and focusing on an inner core. Not only is it safer, but otherwise I just can't handle it

emotionally or physically, as much fun as it is to fuck so many. Glory is showing me that the emotional entanglements are going to get more and more messy unless I do something. I could totally see the one feeling jilted being the one to blab. Someone like Heather. I DEFINITELY should stay away from her.

But any core has to include Glory, my very first serious crush. Her and the Plummer and Pestridge four, definitely. Brenda and Akami, I'm not sure yet. I still don't really know either of them well enough. But with Glory's basically monogamous attitude, I'm worried things with her are going to end in a "road to ruin" as she put it, even with the multiple partners conceptual breakthrough of sorts on the phone today. Not good. Not good at all.

Lunch continued the relatively non-sexual mood, with the three of them talking and eating together. Just to make sure things didn't get crazy again soon, he explained that he and his penis needed a rest. That was true for mental reasons even more than physical ones. Feeling such dizzying heights of arousal for so long was mentally taxing.

Nonetheless, the two women were still riding an erotic buzz, and they had a hard time talking about non-erotic things. As all three of them ate, with the women sitting across from Alan, Katherine said, "Mom, you know the great thing about sucking Brother together?"

"What's that, dear? There are so many great things."

"True. But what I really like is how it can be a learning process. I mean, I thought I was doing pretty good sucking him. I am one of his official personal cocksuckers, so I have to do my best, every single time."

"Without a doubt," Susan said.

"But I saw you do lots of neat little things that I can add to my bag of tricks. Like the way you scrape your fingernails along his perineum sometimes."

Susan proudly replied, "The perineum is highly under-appreciated as an erogenous zone. Most people don't even know that's the name for the area between the balls and the anus."

Katherine replied, "I know that, of course, but it's an easy area to overlook, so I always forget. And what's with the way you tilt your head back and forth sometimes?"

"Oh, that's a trick Suzanne taught me. His cockhead brushes the sides of my mouth, increasing the stimulation. Plus, it's a good way to visually express my passion."

"Oooh! Nice!"

Susan spoke sincerely and with obvious enthusiasm. "But I liked watching and learning from you too, Angel. For instance, I love the way you're so big on puffing air. The way you blew air on his sweet spot right when I was frantically licking it? Wow! That sent chills down my spine, knowing how good we were making him feel. Let's hear it for teamwork!"

"Woo-hoo!"

They high-fived.

Alan complained, "Can we talk about something else, please? This is too arousing for me right now."

Katherine asked, "What's so arousing about it? This is strictly informational and educational. For once, we're not actually trying to arouse you." She looked back at Susan. "But hey, let's talk about teeth!"

"Let's!" Susan eagerly agreed. "I'm starting to learn there's so much one can do with teeth in cocksucking, if you're careful and smart about it. It really makes a difference!"

"Tell me more!" Katherine said. "What have you actually done with your teeth so far, and how did he like it?"

Alan groaned. "Okay, that's it. I'm right here listening, you know. Things are getting too arousing around here. It's great that you're talking about this, but please do it when I'm not around. Now, while I'm in buzz-kill mode, the two of you have to get punished for not stopping when I asked you to stop and making me cum too soon. I could have kept riding that hard-on all day."

It seemed surreal to be discussing this over a zucchini and tzatziki sandwich, given that the two females were eating while dressed relatively normally for a change. Everything in the house seemed a Norman

Rockwell picture of normality. That is, until Katherine joked, "I would have much preferred if I rode that hard-on all day!"

He smiled at that.

Susan said more apologetically, "I'm sorry. Maybe Angel feels differently, but when I lick your cock, I sort of get more and more excited. Eventually, I reach a point where I just HAVE to have your cum blast all over my face! That's what I've been working towards for so long. Your stamina is great, but at some point we need to be rewarded for all our hard work."

Katherine chimed in, "Yeah. Brother, you have no idea how much effort we put into it. It's like running. You've gone eight miles and you have to push yourself, 'one more mile.' It's like that, only with our tongues and jaws. And if you never cum, that's like running without having any finish line. It kind of takes half the fun out of it."

He thought that over, and said, "Okay, you're making some good points. But still, I'm the one in charge. If I say stop, you have to stop. Or, if you can't stop, at least let me know what's going on! Say something like, 'Can't stop, too horny,' or something. Don't just defy my orders."

Susan and Katherine apologetically bowed their heads. They said "Sorry" at the same time.

He went on, "Okay, here's the punishment. You two have to stay away from my dick all day long. Absolutely no touching. Period. This was supposed to be my recovery weekend, and while that hasn't exactly happened, it can still be a recovery of sorts if I keep it light from here on in."

Both seemed fairly resigned to that and just nodded. They knew it wasn't so much a punishment as an announcement that he really needed a break. They also hoped that by saying "day" he meant that would end when the sun went down.

He added, "Furthermore, Sis, what we did in the shower counts as the third time."

This caused Katherine's eyebrows to rise in surprise. She knew exactly what he meant: he'd fucked Amy twice, and now only had one more time to go to have a "matching" four fucks with Katherine. She wanted to argue about his accounting, but kept quiet since Susan was right there.

Susan asked, "What on Earth does that mean? Third time?"

But Alan only replied, "Just a private bet between us."

Susan raised an eyebrow, but she didn't press him about it.

Alan took a long nap after lunch.

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While he was napping, Katherine went to her room and wrote in her diary. After writing in detail all of her exciting sexual adventures of the day (so far), she grew more contemplative.

Diary, I have to admit the phone adventure with Ms. Rhymer was a blast. But what does it mean that he's banging her too? I haven't really thought about it that much, what with everything else going on.

I've talked about it with Amy, and I just don't get her attitude. She thinks it's good. She says it's all part of "the great circle" or something. Did she bonk her head when she was watching "The Lion King"? I don't get it. She says that it's for the best if Brother fucks and tames all the women he truly loves, and since he truly loves Ms. Rhymer then it's cool. Well, she didn't say "fucks and tames" exactly, but that's what she meant.

And the stuff I said earlier about Ms. Rhymer being a great fuck toy and all, that's not really true. Or at least I don't think it's true. Amy has the idea that we're all gonna live together in some great big fucky family utopia. But what if Ms. Rhymer isn't into sharing? She doesn't seem like the submissive type, if you ask me. Sure, she's a really nice person, and sexy as hell. It would be fantastic if I could have sex with her as a regular thing. But she seems frighteningly normal. I don't get any sense that she's the bisexual, incest-approving, fuck toy type, like, at all!

And let's face facts. Brother only has so many spermy bullets in his gun that he can fire off each day. Right now, if he's playing with her during lunch, I can't really get upset at that, since that's a cum load that won't end up in or on me anyway. There's risk and then there's RISK. There's just no way he and I can do anything sexual at school, ever. Plus, it's a kick knowing that he's playing with his beautiful, hot

teacher. I wonder how often she teaches her fifth-period class with the taste of his sweet cum still on her tongue? Aaaah... See? That's a turn on, big time!

But what happens when things get more serious and he starts seeing her more often outside of school? That cuts into his time with me. If she's not into sharing and being part of a harem, then what's the good of that? I agree, in theory, that if Brother really desires a sexy woman, than he should have her. But in practice, with Ms. Rhymer? I just don't know. I don't get pissed off about it like I do when he's with Heather, but I'm hardly happy about it either. I wish I could think more like Amy instead of letting my jealousy get the best of me.

When Alan woke, he decided to visit friends. His friend Peter was out, but Sean was in, so he went over to Sean's house and they played video games together.

Sean was on Alan's mind. He thought, If I'm going to break my sexual connection with some of the cheerleaders, it'll go over much better if they could have someone to replace me with. Someone like Sean here. He's kind of like me in that he's surprisingly muscular and athletic for someone who's basically a nerd at heart. But how to make it work? For one thing, I'm sure he's a total virgin, just like I was not that long ago.

Alan didn't know how to proceed. He couldn't figure out how to broach the subject with Sean, either.

Suzanne came over to the Plummer house about fifteen minutes after Alan had left. She found Susan alone, vacuuming the living room. The stereo was blasting so loud that it could be clearly heard over the noise of the vacuum cleaner.

Susan was dancing around and waving her free hand in the air while pushing the vacuum. She was singing along to "Happy Together" by the Turtles:

"I can't see me lovin' nobody but you

For all my life

When you're with me, baby the skies'll be blue

For all my life"

Susan was so into it that she hadn't noticed Suzanne coming in the front door. Suzanne took a moment to enjoy the sight. Just look at her. I've never seen her so happy. She's like this all the time these days. If anybody who knew about my scheme could see her now, how could they say that what I did was wrong? She was just a hollow shell before. Seeing her like this fills my heart with joy. I love her so much!

Not to mention, she looks so sexy! I'm surprised Sweetie isn't balls-deep in her already. Heck, if he could see her grooving around right now, he probably would be!

Suzanne finally walked into the living room and made her presence known. "Howdy!"

Susan looked up, then turned off the vacuum cleaner. "Oh, hi!"

Suzanne gave Susan a quick kiss and a hug. "Where is our special cum-filled young man?"

Susan replied, "Oh, you just missed him. He went off to hang out with some of his guy friends."

"Damn!" Suzanne muttered.

Susan was surprised by Suzanne's strong reaction. She turned the music way down, then sat on a living-room sofa. "What's up with you? Having a bad day? Do you want to talk about it?"

Suzanne forced a smile and sat down on the adjacent sofa, at right angles to her. "No, nothing's wrong." In truth, she'd been planning to get Alan out of the house on a pretext and spend the afternoon fucking him. She'd been looking forward to it so much that it was hard for her to hide her disappointment.

But she couldn't tell Susan that, so she just sighed and said, "I worry about that boy. When was the last time he had an orgasm?"

"Oh, about an hour before lunch." Susan's face suddenly shone with pleasure as she recalled the incident. "You should have seen it. I can't wait to tell you all about it. Angel and I sucked him off -

together! At the same time! Can you believe it? We were so naughty! That's only the third time we've ever done it together. It went sooooo long. The pleasure was incredible for all three of us. I'm still flying high from thinking about it!"

Suzanne was very pleased by that development. She tried to act like it was no big deal so that it would be accepted as the new normal. "Oh, really? That's nice. But tell me all the details later, because I'm not in the mood to hear a sexy story right now - not after just missing my Sweetie. Besides, think about it. He hasn't cum since the two of you did that to him, which I'd guess took place around eleven this morning, and he might be out with his friends until five. Or even six. That could be up to SEVEN hours without any orgasm at all!"bender

Susan's bright face turned gloomy. "Oh dear. Think of his blue balls, his painful blue balls. All that sperm building up with no release! But still, isn't it important for him to spend some time with his friends? We can't monopolize ALL of his time."

Suzanne sighed. "I suppose." Damn. What a lousy day so far. I've really got it bad for my love when Susan sounds more reasonable about him than I do!

Susan looked around anxiously, as if she were worried that someone else might be listening. Then she asked, tentatively, "By the way... do you have a minute?"

Suzanne smiled genuinely this time and took Susan's hands in hers. "Of course. I always have time for you. Is something bothering you?"

"Yes. It's just... What Angel and I did to Tiger this morning... It felt soooo good. I can't even begin to describe how much I loved it. You don't want me to tell you the full story just yet, so I won't. But the sharing, the joy, the tongues dancing together across his sweet spot... It was all so great! When Angel and I sucked his cock together, I felt like I was bonding with her in a new way. It just felt SO RIGHT, ya know? Like our role is to just suck and lick his cock together, all the time!"

Suzanne nodded approvingly.

Susan went on, "Even afterwards, I still have this special warm feeling for my darling Angel. You know how much I love her already, but somehow the love comes to the surface even more. It's all so good that I could practically burst with joy!"

"Sounds good to me," Suzanne said affirmatively. "What's the problem then?"

Susan's gloom returned. Even though she was in a cheery mood, she had been having nagging doubts that she wanted Suzanne to help her with. "I'm just wondering where this is all leading. I've tried to impose a ban on two or more of us having fun with him at once, because that's a slippery slope, and who knows where it'll lead to? Now, I'm finding myself loving double blowjobs so much that I find myself hoping they'll become the 'new normal.'"

"I still don't see the problem."

"Well, the fact that I enjoy it so much gives me pause. I worry we could spoil him rotten, for one thing. Am I doing it for him or for me?"

"Why not both?"

"I know, I know. That's what I keep telling myself. But still, it seems like there could come a time when it's too much of a good thing and our lives get out of whack. For instance, if double blowjobs are this great, why stop at just two tongues at once? Why not three, or four, or even more sometimes?! Having no limits kind of scares me. We could end up having all-out orgies, every day!"

Suzanne had a hard time not smirking. As if that's a BAD thing! She kept on holding Susan's hand while looking attentive and supportive.

Susan continued, getting more worried the more she talked, "It makes me wonder. Just where is this all leading up to? Sometimes I get so carried away in the moment that I lose sight of the bigger picture. Talking to Xania has helped ease my worries a lot, but I still have my doubts. For instance, lately I've been tossing the word 'harem' around while I'm, well, in heat. But, uh, I've been thinking, especially since I've been part of four dual cocksuckings now, is a 'harem' really so far off? What if we ARE turning into his personal harem?!"

Suzanne asked innocently, "Is that bad?"

"Of course it's bad! People don't just have harems in this day and age. It's terribly improper. I'll admit that he needs a lot of beautiful, busty women to help service his cock, day in and day out. I'm totally fine with that. I'm downright proud to be one of his personal cocksuckers. But somehow, if you put the word 'harem' on all that, it gets scary for me."

"Why? It's just a word."

"I dunno... It just seems so extreme, so unorthodox. I mean, if we're in a harem, that makes him our master. We'd practically be sex slaves!"

Suzanne said, "Those are just words. He doesn't even like being called 'master' anyway. Besides, don't you love being his 'naked big-titted cocksucking mommy?' Don't you love it when he bosses you around? Don't you love sexually serving him?"

"So much! I've never been happier than when I'm on my knees with his cock filling my mouth. I've literally never been that happy, ever! You know that. But still, I worry. Maybe because it implies a permanent state of affairs? It's all so wonderful, why should we EVER stop? But nothing can last forever. I keep thinking that Angel and Tiger are going to get married, settle down, and have kids, you know, like normal people." She added with a start, "And not with each other!"

Suzanne had been anticipating a conversation like this for a long time, so she was prepared with well-researched talking points. "Look. It is what it is. You can use the word 'harem' or not. I know Sweetie doesn't like that term either, so maybe you'd prefer something else, like... his 'elite group of personal cocksuckers'?"

"That does sound better, though pretty wordy," Susan said, seriously pondering the issue. "But still, just because he doesn't like a name, that doesn't change what it really is. And... 'harem.' When you put it that way, it just sounds so... improper. Crazy. Sinful, even." She withdrew her hand from Suzanne's grasp and nervously fiddled with her fingers.

Personally, Suzanne didn't like the word 'harem,' But she was willing to bend if it would help further sexualize Susan. So she was ready with her memorized facts. "Susan, I think you misunderstand the Bible. Back in Nebraska, didn't they teach you that God approves of harems?"

Susan was shaken out of her moody reverie. "What?!"

"Sure. The Bible is chock-a-block with harems. Or, as the Holy Book calls it, multiple marriages and/or concubines. Doesn't that sound hot, being one of Alan's many concubines?"

"Well, yes, obviously. But don't distract me. I'm seriously concerned."

"And I'm being serious too. Did you know, for instance, that King Solomon had over 700 wives AND 300 hundred additional concubines?"

Susan replied, wide-eyed with wonder, "Of course I was aware of that. In fact, Brenda brought up that very fact recently. But I'd never really thought about it, to be honest. It was kind of... brushed under the rug, almost like a conspiracy of silence." She frowned, deep with worry. Finding fault with the Bible was very psychologically troubling to her.

Suzanne seized upon that. "The problem isn't with the Bible, it's with the so-called teachers who misinformed you. That's not some freakish anomaly; that was typical back in those days. It's true that Solomon had more wives than most, but did you know that Abraham, Moses, King David, and most of the other key figures in the Old Testament had multiple wives too?"

"Really?"

"Sure." Suzanne spoke with confidence, since she hadn't made any of this up.

"Actually, now that you mention it, I also remember something about King David having a few wives..."

"A few? I looked it up. He had, at a minimum, 22 wives and concubines. At least ten of those were concubines. And let's think for a minute about that word, concubine. A concubine is basically a sex helper or mistress. You might even call her a sex slave, because she's bound to one man for life for the sole purpose of sexually pleasuring him. Sound familiar?"

Susan exploded with excitement, "That sounds like ME! Like US!"

"Exactly! That's an approved position, approved by God." Suzanne stepped up her religious indoctrination, as part of her continued effort to reshape Susan's beliefs in a more sexual direction. "Why should one man have a bunch of wives and/or concubines? Isn't that unfair?"

"Well, yes," Susan replied uncertainly.

"Only if you look at it from a certain point of view. Some men are so special, so virile, that they need a whole team of beauties to take care of him. Can't you see that's a rock solid fact with Alan?"

Susan nodded. "I have no doubt. No one woman in the world could handle his great cock. Plus, he needs variety!"

"Exactly. But don't think that's improper, because God approved of the exact same situation with King David! You know that David is held up as an ideal and frequently praised in the Bible. He must have been an incredible man, with an incredible sexual appetite to match. He had 22 women in his harem, at the least, and clearly God was okay with that. So why would that be a sin or improper in Alan's situation, when he has far fewer women than David? Logically, that's impossible! And let's not forget Abraham, Moses, Solomon, and on and on. Practically all the great prophets had harems. There's nothing wrong with a harem whatsoever!"

Susan gushed, "Oh, Suzanne! That's wonderful! Why didn't you tell me that before? If only you'd have mentioned that a few weeks ago, I might have never needed to see Xania in the first place."

In light of that reaction, Suzanne was chagrined that she hadn't mentioned it earlier. Oh well. Live and learn. At least it'll still help smooth things over now.

But then Susan's wide smile turned into a frown. "But wait. That was the Old Testament. What about the New Testament? Certainly Jesus never would have approved of harems. And He is my Lord and Savior."

Suzanne deftly replied, "Hold on a minute. It's true that He never said anything in favor of them, but He also never said anything against them. And that's important because we know that multiple wives and concubines were still common in Israel and the wider Roman Empire in His day. Even hundreds of years later, there were still rules about multiple wives in Israel, showing it was still legal. If Jesus had a big problem with that, certainly He would have mentioned it. Right?"

"I guess..." Clearly Susan wasn't completely satisfied with that answer.

But Suzanne, knowing how important religious justifications were to Susan, had truly done her homework. She squinted as she tried to recall memorized passages. "Wait. Remember that in Exodus something or another, it says, 'If a man who has married a slave wife takes another wife for himself, he must not neglect the rights of the first wife to food, clothing, and sexual intimacy.' So, clearly, the Old Testament is okay with harems, even those involving slave wives. And lots of sex is a must!"

Susan felt a shiver of arousal at the mention of 'slave wives.' But she still wasn't convinced, and it showed on her face.

Suzanne concluded, "And remember what Jesus says in, uh, Matthew 5, um, something. Sorry, it's been a while since I looked these things up. Anyway, he said, 'Do not think that I have come to abolish the Law of the Old Testament or the Prophets; I have not come to abolish them but to fulfill them. I tell you the truth, until Heaven and Earth pass away, not the smallest letter, not the least stroke of a pen, will by any means disappear from the Law until everything is accomplished.'"

A smile spread slowly across Susan's face. Her excitement grew as she said, "So... Jesus approves of everything in the Old Testament. And since harems are all over the Old Testament, He must approve of them too!"

"Exactly." Suzanne leaned back and sighed in relief. Thank God for the Internet. I never could have found the right quotes on my own.

She went on, "Furthermore, the Bible shows that special men have had lots of women to sexually satisfy them. Now, I'm obviously not saying that Alan is some kind of prophet. No way! But clearly, he's a special guy with special medical needs. He HAS to cum six times a day. It's a MUST! He may have a problem with calling this situation a 'harem,' but you and I know better, don't we?" She winked knowingly.

Susan gleefully winked back. "We do!" She suddenly stood up and practically tackled Suzanne in her seat in her eagerness to hug. "Oh, Suzanne! Thank you, thank you, thank you! You're so knowledgeable and wise. Where would I be without you?"

"Where indeed?" Suzanne laughed with relief, thankful that she'd managed to pull off her theological argument despite not having much actual knowledge of the Bible. She also mentally patted herself on the back for remembering some long quotations.

After their hugs and friendly kisses ended and they were back on their respective sofas, Suzanne said, "So, regarding what you and Angel did to Sweetie together earlier, do you still have any problem with that?"

"Definitely NOT! In fact, we need a lot more dual blowjobs around here. While it's true that I still have a problem with all-out orgies-

"Wait. Why?"

Susan furrowed her brow. She had to take a moment to ponder that. Finally, she said, "I don't know. It just seems wrong to me. Just too... excessive. And debauched. Keep in mind that I was taught to believe that sex is only permissible between one man and one woman, married, under the covers, in the dark, and in the missionary position. Hopefully, for the purposes of conceiving a child for the Lord. So please, have some patience with me."

Suzanne smiled at that. "Fair enough. We'll save orgies for another day."

Susan griped indigantly, "Suzanne!"

Suzanne winked playfully. Quickly changing the subject, she said, "Now that we've sorted that out, I'm in a much better mood. I'm ready to hear all about what you and Angel did to Sweetie today."

"Oh, goody!" Susan eagerly scooted up to the edge of her sofa. "It was a cocksucking slurp-fest like you wouldn't believe! Two mouths on one Alan Junior is the BEST! Angel and I first teamed up on him on Wednesday, and it's Sunday already. I can't believe you and I haven't shared his cock yet."

"We should fix that soon. Maybe even tonight. Can you imagine how much sperm he'll have built up by then?"

Susan's eyes bugged out. "Oh boy! He could douse our faces and chests like a fireman with a big firehose putting out a fire!"

"A fireman with a very thick and delicious firehose," Suzanne teased.

"Mmmm..." Susan stared off in the distance and licked her lips. She was salivating, already fantasizing deeply about sharing a double blowjob with her best friend.

Suzanne smirked, guessing Susan's thoughts well enough. "But wait. Before you get started, let's take off all our clothes and put on our high heels."

"Why? Especially about the heels. You know I never wear those when Tiger is out. My poor feet can only take so much."

Suzanne was secretly amused that these days Susan had more of an issue about putting on high heels than taking off all her clothes. "I know, but it'll help you get in the mood for some really hot storytelling. Besides, he could come home anytime. We should trade some spermy tales while sitting right here. Can you imagine his surprise and delight if he were to come home and find his two big-titted mommies naked and playing with themselves while talking about the joys of sucking his cock?"

Susan was so excited that it seemed like she was about to jump up and run around the room. "Oh my! I don't think he'd get two steps into the house before I'd have half his cock down my throat!"

"That's the spirit. But save some of that for me!" Suzanne chuckled.

"Oh, I will! You've got me so excited about our first double blowjob. It's going to be one for the ages!"

The two women stood up and immediately began taking off their clothes.

Chapter 718 Fucking Suzanne. !

By the time Alan got home from his surprisingly normal few hours of video gaming, it was nearly five o'clock.

Suzanne met him at his own front door. Her arms were on her cocked hips and she was clearly pissed off.

He took one look at her, and deadpanned, "I see you can't wait for your hello kiss."

That got a chuckle, and more importantly, a French kiss from Suzanne that went a long way to erasing her mood. When the kiss ended, she remained clinging to him, and said, "How can I stay mad at you?"

"What did I do?" he asked in honest confusion.

"Remember yesterday, when I said we had more computer shopping to do today? When did you think we'd do it? Remember about stores closing?"

He thought back. He did remember that comment. He didn't need to be reminded that "computer shopping" was code for "going to a hotel and fucking like bunnies." He wasn't sure who else might be in hearing range so he volunteered, "I'm ready when you are. Let's just head out that door."

Suzanne smiled. "You're reading my mind. If I let you any deeper into the house, it'll be another twenty minutes before you finish the rest of your hello kisses. Let's go."

They got into Suzanne's car and drove off. But to Alan's surprise, they only drove one block, and then she parked the car down a little used one way street. "We're walking from here," she said as she got out of the car.

He followed, confused. He joked, "I don't see any 'computer shops' around here."

"No, you don't," she said with a nearly grim face. "We're going back to my house." She walked briskly and he kept up. "Unfortunately, you came back so late that if we drive anywhere and back, we won't have any time to 'shop' because of dinner. I can't keep you massively late for dinner two nights in a row without your mother getting seriously suspicious."

He watched her walk and said, "I didn't really expect we'd do this again so soon. Look at the way you walk. It's like you have a stick up your butt. Won't anyone notice?"

She laughed. "I will have a stick up a hole very NEAR my butt soon. Actually, you're right. Some anal sex would help spare my pussy a bit. I am walking a bit funny, but I'm not too concerned. My husband and son barely notice me, as long as dinner's on the table."

They already arrived at the front of Suzanne's house by the time she finished saying that.

He gulped as he looked up at it. He'd been in it so rarely that it seemed to him more like a haunted, spooky mansion than anything. It had become completely off limits in his mind. All he could think when looking at it was Brad and Eric, and getting caught.

She seemed to read his mind as she walked to the door and unlocked it. "As you know, I have a very strict policy about no hanky-panky in here. Ever. But you fuck so good that I'm going to make an exception. You see what you do to me? I told you that as soon as I started I would have to have it every day. I'm already doing crazy things to get my fix."

Her mind flashed back to Friday and sabotaging the scoutmaster's car. She quickly banished the unpleasant thought.

"What about them?" he asked as she nearly dragged him up the stairs to her bedroom. There was no need to clarify that he was talking about her husband Eric and her son Brad; her daughter Amy was much less of a concern since, presumably, she wouldn't mind if she observed them.

"They're off fishing and won't be back till late. I made damn sure of that. In fact, they just told me on the phone a short while ago to hold off on cooking dinner, or I wouldn't be taking this risk. All the same, we shouldn't dilly-dally, because this is extremely dangerous. In all my years of fooling around, I never once even considered bringing a man in here. And in the future we're going to plan this better so this is a one-time thing. Okay?"

"And Amy?" he asked this while both of them stripped.

"I pretty much ordered her to stay at your place. That was another reason why I met you right at the door, to stop you two lovebirds before you got started. By the way, speaking of walking funny, you should see how she's walking today! What did you do to her exactly?"

"Sorry, can't kiss and tell."

"Grrr. Let's make this a really fast fuck, okay? I'm nervous. Really nervous."bender

They fucked quickly at first, but soon the pace slowed down. Suzanne was antsy, which fueled her lovemaking, but Alan was in the mood for lazy sex, despite the danger. She was willing to go along with his pace, knowing that he would give her fast and furious fucks on other occasions. Their mood settled down into one of deep contentment and bonding, instead of the pure excitement of the day before.

Suzanne had a stereo system in her bedroom and she made a point of filling the CD changer with a selection of classical CDs.

If there was one thing Alan didn't like about Suzanne's tastes, it was her love of classical music. But he had to admit that Schubert's Serenade, which she'd picked out to start them off, helped set the proper mood for making love at a relaxed pace. She knew he was running low on energy and so she was trying to be accommodating to that.

But despite the languor, they still had plenty of quality sex. Before the day was over, Alan gave it to Suzanne every way he knew how. He fucked her sitting, standing, lying down, on top, on bottom, and on and on. Their slow pace allowed them to keep going and going, like two Energizer bunnies in heat, without breaking into a serious sweat.

He was again extremely impressed with her vagina. It's so muscularly aggressive, all the time! Who's fucking who? I feel like she's fucking me with the way her vagina constantly assaults my dick and squeezes it. I don't really know what Kegel exercises are, but I'm all in favor of them if she says that's what gives her such great control. In fact, I'll bet that she's the best fuck I'll ever have. And don't even get me started on her long tongue or everything else she's got. What a woman!

Suzanne was already quite spoiled, because she expected him to be hard nearly constantly. Luckily, he was able to rise to the occasion. He pumped her pussy full of copious amounts of semen, happy that he didn't have to use a condom with her.

He came after about half an hour. Suzanne soon found she had a difficult task getting him erect again. Even after a prolonged break, complete with going to the kitchen for some fruity snacks, his penis still remained stubbornly flaccid.

They returned to Suzanne's bed, and she used her long tongue and skilled hands to try to revive him. But he was only able to get half-hard at best.

Remembering that sex was at least half mental, she started speaking more than licking. "It's strange, isn't it, having sex in this room, of all places. I don't know about you, but it makes me think about how I'm a married woman, and yet I'm cheating on my rich and powerful husband with a teenage boy. Somehow, it seems that even married woman can't resist the lure of your amazing cock!"

His penis twitched with life just a little bit.

She went on, "You know that Eric and I have separate bedrooms. Sometimes, when I lie in bed, I think about what would happen if you snuck in here in the middle of the night. I'd be stretched out, naked and probably dreaming about you, when I wake up to find a very real cock in my mouth! Of course, I'd be outraged, thinking that my husband is trying to take liberties with me. But then when I realize that it's you after all, I'd have to reward you with a really good cocksucking. Like this."

Her story was having an effect, and he was nearly hard already. But she bobbed on it for a few more minutes, to finish the job of getting it engorged. Then she kept on a little more, just to be sure. But she was into her own story, so she continued, "Naturally, you'd stay all night and fuck the shit out of me! Amy would overhear, and she'd come in so you could fuck her too. Imagine the shock on Eric's face the next morning when he peeks in and sees both his wife and daughter taking turns bouncing on your cock!"

Alan was getting really aroused by this, but he asked, "You wouldn't really let that happen, would you? And what about Brad?"

She rolled her eyes. "It's a fantasy. Just put reality aside and let me run with this, okay?"

"Sorry."

Sensing he was hard enough, she stopped her licking and positioned herself over his erection, cowgirl style. Then she sat down, impaling herself on it.

"Aaaaah," she sighed happily. "That's better. Picture Eric finding me like this while Amy sits on your face. As he stood there, his mouth gaping open like a fish, I'd say, 'Sorry, Eric. You reap what you sow. This is your payback!'" Her voice suddenly turned harsh and angry.

Alan asked, "Whoa! What's that all about?"

Her pained expression was wiped away, replaced by a blank mask. She said curtly, "Never you mind. Forget it! Just fuck me!"

He was extremely curious what that was all about, but he realized she wasn't in the mood for questions or conversation about it. Her little verbal fantasy had come to a screeching halt, but he kept on fucking her in silence.

Happily, the fucking was extremely distracting, and her black mood quickly passed.

They fucked for nearly an hour in all. Suzanne came more times than she could count. Between his stamina and her skill, it was like they were trying for the Olympic gold medal in fucking. While the sex was slow, it was emotionally intense and nearly non-stop, with the exception of Alan's occasional strategic breaks.

They stretched out Alan's orgasms as much as they possibly could, but their fucking fun finally ended after Alan came a second time. He unloaded deep inside her vagina again.

Suzanne cried uncle, claiming that her pussy simply couldn't handle any more thrusting. It wasn't really true; it was a white lie so he wouldn't feel bad for not being able to go on.

Alan was glad that for once someone was more overtaxed than he was. (At least, that's what he thought.) But he'd also reached his absolute limit. Susan always talked about draining his balls dry, but he felt as if this time Suzanne had really done so.

They took a shower together, something Alan realized he still didn't do with women nearly enough. The idea was to get cleaned up from all the sweat and cum, but they enjoyed each other's bodies in a mostly non-erotic way, simply admiring and exploring each other.

Then they went back to bed, but Alan wasn't up for any more orgasms. However, Suzanne had done so much for him and made him feel so good lately that he wanted to give back to her more than he had so far. He spent his time just pleasuring her, mostly licking her down below.

Frankly, he was very glad to give instead of receive for a change. He enjoyed making Suzanne happy by eating her out; it was fun to hear her small screams of joy.

When he'd pleased her to her complete satisfaction, they just lay on the bed in each other's arms. Both were very exhausted. They whispered sweet nothings to each other for many minutes.

Suzanne was struck anew by Alan's maturity in the conversations they had between fucking. He certainly doesn't act like a typical eighteen year old. He acts like he's been having these kinds of trysts for years. Such calmness, charm, and wit.

She was also staggered by just how much she loved him. I've known I wanted my Sweetie for some time, but this is just ridiculous. I totally feel like I want to marry him! That's completely irrational. I'm twice his age, and married. I wish I could still get pregnant, so I could have his baby! God, I feel like I'm going to cry. Cry for happiness at being in his arms, but also sadness in knowing he's ultimately gonna end up with some young lady - or more likely, ladies! - and not me. Fuck. I didn't know I could get all mushy and needy like this. Get yourself together, woman!

When they were all done, she made completely sure that all traces of their activity had been removed. Then she went with him to her car a mere block away so they could "drive back" from their "computer shopping."

He noted that she walked even more awkwardly now, just like she had a stick up her butt. He was secretly proud of that.

She commented to him, "Don't worry. I plan things out. In fact, knowing what you do to me, I've booked a masseuse to come and relax my muscles. She'll be arriving in a matter of minutes. And don't get any

ideas of hot lesbian sex - she's an old crone. If my body moves in funny ways, they'll assume it's from the massage. Then I'm going to take a long, hot bath and go to bed early. I'll be right as rain tomorrow."

"Can't I fantasize about hot lesbian sex with a young masseuse?"

"No. No fantasizing for you!" She said this only half-jokingly. "You know darn well that if you were to wank yourself without some female help, all hell would break loose. Your mom, especially, would weep at the tragic waste of cum. Plus, keep in mind that you're going to have to pace yourself even more carefully now that you have my very demanding pussy to please. If I don't get at least one fuck a day now that we've started fucking, I'm going to be one unhappy camper."

He asked, "By the way, what was that all about earlier, when you got angry at Eric and were talking about 'payback?'"

She grimaced. "Let's not talk about that and ruin a great day, okay? I'll tell you all about it someday. I don't want there to be secrets between us. Just be patient with me."

"Okay."

Alan made it back to the Plummer house in time for a seven o'clock dinner. To his surprise, not only did Susan not mind his tardiness, but she herself appeared to have come home just minutes before, and hurried to prepare a quick meal. She seemed to be holding back some delightful secret. But Katherine, who also got home late, appeared to be as equally clueless as Alan was about her mother's mood.

True to Alan's earlier no-penis-touching vow, he only French kissed his mother and sister briefly upon greeting them, and kept their hands clear from his shorts.

Amy was also over for dinner (presumably so Suzanne could recover instead of cook) and so there was even more hello kissing.

Alan had a hard time reading Amy, especially now that he knew she was much more intelligent than he'd previously believed. He couldn't tell for sure whether Amy knew what was up with Susan's mood or not.

Surprisingly, the topic of Alan and Amy's sex the night before and Amy's loud screaming didn't come up at all. The women all dressed conservatively, and there was no monkeying around. They did make a few jokes though.

Alan asked Susan how her day had been.

She winked as she replied, "Oh, the usual. Just another hard day at the penis."

Katherine laughed, and came back with, "Typical. Is the boss riding your ass again?"

Susan looked at Alan and very slowly and deliberately replied, "Unfortunately, no." Her sexy look right at him could melt steel.

Katherine continued, "Boy, he's a HARD boss. Does he have a stick up his butt?"

Amy joked, "I don't know, but sadly I don't have one up mine."

The giggling turned into outright guffawing. Katherine laughed so hard that her shoulder strap accidentally fell down one shoulder.

Alan doubted just how accidental that was. He figured it was a test to see if he'd react and show his readiness for more sexual games. But he was all stimulated out. He said, "Okay, enough, you guys."

That put an end to the teasing.

He noted to himself, These women. Jesus. They're simply insatiable, Aunt Suzy, if anything, is even worse. That statement that she needs to be fucked every single day seemed a bit menacing, even. Amy's a wild card, but for all I know she could end up the neediest of them all. This is a problem. However, if I've got to have a problem, being surrounded by perfect women with insatiable sex drives is one of the very best kinds of problems to have.

He went back to his room to relax after dinner. He lay on his bed, thinking. Who'da thunk it, but today is working out to be a restful day, after all. Only four climaxes today. Not bad, considering how things started out. The "punishment" to have Mom and Sis stay clear was key. I need to have more punishments like that. The Suzanne fuck was a surprise, but even though it lasted a good while it was generally so mellow that it didn't physically wipe me out. I like that slow and easy stuff. If only my dick gets over this lingering soreness, I could be up for some more mischief later tonight.

This week at school is going to be really tough, though, with all the tests and papers coming up. I'm going to have to be really firm in limiting the hanky-panky for a few days. In fact, I've had plenty of fun this weekend. A hell of a lot of fun. I should really hit the books tonight.

Although I wouldn't be averse to fucking Mom in the ass just before I go to bed. She seems really into the idea. Five climaxes would still be a good number for the day. Maybe I can use that as my homework reward, assuming that my dick has fully recovered by then. Although, anal sex isn't that easy on my Johnson.

Chapter 719 Does This Stuff Boost Lust In Ladies Too?

Little did Alan realize it, but his plan to get a lot of homework done that evening was doomed to failure. Certain plans were already in motion.

When he left to go play video games with his friend, he left a very disappointed Susan behind. Katherine figured he would be gone all afternoon, so she took off for the beach, leaving Susan all alone.

At first, Susan had been rescued by Suzanne, when they'd talked and shared erotic stories in the nude. But Suzanne also had to leave all too soon.

Susan milled about the house trying to do some chores, but the more time that passed without Alan showing up, the more anxious she got. She worried intensely about his "blue balls," and she fretted about her inability to help. The sound of the clock ticking in the kitchen rang loudly in her ears.

Brenda had called in the morning, wanting to get together to share more Alan-centric stories and fantasies, as well as see the photos taken from her first blowjob of Alan taken the day before. Susan checked her phone messages after Alan left, and called Brenda back, but Brenda was relatively busy and couldn't speak long. So Susan made tentative plans to meet Brenda the following day instead.

Amy had stopped by a few times, looking for Alan. She'd missed him during his nap and then again just after he left to go to his friend's house. The next time she came by, she saw that Susan needed cheering up, so she stayed to help with that. Amy was her usual, unflappably cheery self.

But rather than being cheered up, Susan ended up bringing Amy down, because Amy also greatly missed Alan after finally having made love to him the night before. Susan talked at length about missing him, but that only saddened Amy.

But what really disappointed both of them the most was when Alan came home and then left again with Suzanne before either Susan or Amy even had a chance to say hello. (Amy had briefly seen them on the front lawn through a window, or they might not have even known that he'd made it home at all.)

When Susan found out that Alan had come and gone, she looked like she wanted to cry.

So Amy suggested, "Let's not just sit here and be all mopey. Let's do something fun! Let's go somewhere!"

Susan brightened a bit. "You could talk me into that. I've hardly been leaving the house lately, and I do need to do something to get Tiger's terrible blue balls off my mind. But where could we go?"

"I know!" Amy said brightly. "Why don't we go to that store Mom and Kat went to with all the sexy stuff? I'm still majorly bummed Mom didn't buy anything for me last time, and I have some money saved up."

Susan was both excited and frightened by that prospect. "I don't know. I'd love to get some more clothing to look good for Tiger, but I'm a bit of a scaredy cat out in public."

"That's why we should go together!" Amy answered. "I'm scared to go into a place like that too, so going together would be good for both of us. Too bad Katherine's not here, or we could make a team... Hey, what if we invite Brenda to go too? With her around, that could take the attention off of us."

There was no doubt about that - Brenda's tits were always the center of attention and could even draw eyes away from the likes of Susan.

Amy continued, "And gosh! I have another idea! We could surprise everyone with another fashion show this evening! The three of us could get some clothes for my mom and Kat too, and make everyone really happy!"

Amy's enthusiasm was infectious, but Susan was still doubtful. "I don't know. The fashion show might be going too far. We promised to take it easy on Tiger today."

She suddenly remembered the 'no penis touching' punishment she and Katherine still shared. Uh oh! I'd forgotten all about that. As if things couldn't get any worse - even if he does come home, I won't be able to love him with my tongue and lips. I just hope Suzanne is taking good care of him, or I'm going to be VERY upset with her!

Susan mulled over Amy's suggestion. "I have issues with Brenda and her oversized tits. We made an agreement that she should only see Tiger a couple of times a week, and she just saw him yesterday."

Amy was amused. "She did more than see him. I'll bet she still has the taste of his sperm in her mouth!" She giggled.

Susan grinned at that. Then she continued her rumination. "However, she's becoming a good friend too. I had a great time with her last night. However, I called her earlier, and she was busy with something."

"Yeah, but that was then and this is now. I'm SURE that if you tell her what the plan is, she'll drop whatever she's doing to join us!"

Susan pondered that. "Hmmm. Probably true. I suppose we could give her a call..."

"Sure!" Amy bubbled. "It'll be totally cool! We totally gotta do it!"

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Brenda absolutely insisted on stopping by the Plummer house in order to look over the photos taken of the very first blowjob she gave Alan the day before. She got about as horny as she could possibly get

looking over the photos with Susan and Amy. (Even though they'd seen them already, they had fun looking at them again and especially getting to see Brenda's reaction to them.)

Not too surprisingly, Brenda got so worked up that she had to strip naked and masturbate herself to a big climax. (Of course, she didn't have to get naked first, but it felt better that way, both increasing her embarrassment in front of the other two and reminding her of her nudity when the pictures were taken.)

Although only Brenda masturbated, all three women got extremely worked up, especially due to the pictures of Alan shooting his cum on the faces of both Brenda and Suzanne. Their arousal fully energized them to have fun together and helped push down the shyness and fear that otherwise would have dominated their feelings while being out in public.

A short time later, Susan, Amy, and Brenda found themselves at Stephanie's, the lingerie and sex shop that Suzanne and Katherine had recently visited.

The employee Ginger, who helped Suzanne and Katherine with much more than their purchases, happened not to be working there that day.

Susan in particular barely had the guts to even go into the store - the idea of even flirting in such a public place was completely beyond the pale for her. But, with frequent encouragement from Brenda and Amy, she managed to buy quite a lot of sexy, revealing clothes.

Brenda was ecstatic at the selection of clothes, and seemed keen on buying the whole store. In truth, she was giddy just from being invited.

At one point, Brenda called Amy into her dressing room. "Amy, could you come here for a sec?"

"M'kay." Amy walked in and closed the curtains behind her, because Brenda was wearing nothing but an erotic apron. It covered her nipples and crotch, but not much else. It left nearly all of her backside bare, including her bubble butt.

Brenda looked uncertainly at Amy. "Um, I'm thinking of getting this. What do you think? Would Susan be mad at me?"

"Mad? Why?"

"Well, the thing is, I really want to wear this because Susan's told me all kinds of exciting stories about how she wears nothing but an erotic apron in the morning, and then lots of fun things happen."

Amy giggled. "I've heard about that. By fun things, I think you mean that Alan gets so aroused that before long Susan's mouth is stuffed to the brim with his fat thingy. And then she sucks and sucks, and slurps and slurps, and strokes and strokes, for, like, EVER, until she finally gets rewarded with a face full of creamy cum!"

Brenda blushed a little. "Yeah. Exactly. The thing is, I don't want to step on her toes, if she considers that kind of her thing. She's been so great to me. And is it sexy enough?"

Amy replied, "It's definitely something to get Alan's thingy long and stiff, but you might want to wait, 'cos of that whole stepping-on-toes thing. But hold on. I've got something that would look killer on you." She walked away, but soon came back with an extremely skimpy red bikini. She held it up and said, "Just think: going to the beach with Alan wearing this!"

Brenda blushed even more. "Going to the... beach?! In public?! With that?!"

"Sure thing. Why not?"

"It's just... it's so revealing! Especially with my nipples. And you'd pretty much need to be shaved down below to even think... My God!"

Amy said, "Yeah, but just think about the big stiff boner Alan's gonna get. And what better way to show that you belong to him than by walking around practically naked with your big boobies bouncing all over the place?"

Brenda stared at the bikini like it was a box full of snakes. Jesus, this is ridiculous. I HATE getting attention in public. But then again, wouldn't it be totally different if Alan were there? I need to be brave for my master! Wait, I can't get ahead of myself. He's not my master yet. I have to prove myself worthy of being one of his big-titted sex slaves, by doing things exactly like this.

She finally gulped and said, "Okay. I'll do it. This looks like it'll fit." She took the bikini from Amy.
"Thanks."

"No problemo!"

Brenda's nipples suddenly stiffened as she imagined wearing the scandalous bikini in front of Alan. That suddenly made her painfully aware of the fact that her entire backside was exposed, not counting a couple of thin straps. God, this is scary. But... who cares? My inevitable humiliation is irrelevant. What matters is Alan's pleasure! Susan says constant humiliation is part of the life of a personal cocksucker anyway.

But just as Amy was about to turn and walk away, Brenda asked, "Amy, can I ask you a rather direct question?"

"M'kay! What's up?"

Brenda looked away and asked shyly, "What do you think of me?"

Amy shrugged. "You seem pretty cool."

Brenda looked back her way. "No, I mean, about everything. Please be frank. After all, here I am, this outsider, and all of a sudden I'm getting involved in your lives, like coming here today. You must feel some resentment. 'Who is this woman and why is she taking some of my time with Alan?'"

Amy considered that carefully. "Yeah, there's some of that, I must admit. You weren't part of my plan. But there's not, like, anything I can do about it in any case, since you know so much about our family."

"Aaah," Brenda said, immediately understanding Amy's indirect reference to the Plummers' incest secret.

Amy added, "Besides, you seem pretty cool, like I said. You obviously have strong feelings for Alan, and they appear pretty sincere, and that means a lot in my book. Like the bikini I just showed you. You were

totally freaking out thinking about wearing that on a busy beach, but then you were all like, 'Hey, if it makes Alan happy, I'll give it a try.' So how can I not smile at that?" Sure enough, Amy smiled broadly.

Brenda smiled too. "Thanks for being understanding. By the way, what's this about not being part of your plan?"

Amy stared at her in apparent confusion. "Huh? What plan? Anyway, you should probably tread carefully for a while, since you are new to our bunch. That's why I'm thinking you shouldn't buy that today."

She nodded at the erotic apron Brenda was still wearing. "I know you and Susan are getting to be good pals, but she gets kinda funny about certain things, and that could be one of them. I know she treasures her mornings with Alan and Katherine as a special time, so I try not to interfere. Oh, and Tuesdays are another thing. Phew! Watch out for Tuesdays!"

"Thanks. Amy, you really are the best. I'm really pushing my luck here, but can I ask you if you think Katherine feels more or less the same about me as you do? I mean, she doesn't hate me or resent me or anything like that, does she?"

Amy grinned in a friendly way. "Nah. She's like me in that. My mom kind of took the lead on bringing you into our group and figuring out how you could fit, so we're trusting her to do the same on this as well."

"Oh, good. Suzanne is great, isn't she?"

"Yep! She's a great mom!" Amy flashed a big smile as she walked out of the dressing room.

Once Brenda was alone, she took the apron off and started to try on the other clothes that she'd brought into the dressing room with her. Interesting. Amy's not the sharpest knife in the drawer, and she let slip that they're all concerned that I know so much about their incest. I hope they don't feel obliged to treat me with kid gloves because of that. I don't want them to feel like I have them over a barrel. But then again, what if they wouldn't involve me in their lives so deeply if it weren't for that? Being left out in the cold at this point would break my heart!

No, I'm just going to forget I ever heard that. I'd already considered that factor; I've been trying to act as if it doesn't matter at all. I'll just keep on doing that. I really do know that Susan and I HAVE already become seriously good friends; she's not just trying to appease me. After all, we have so much in common! And how can Alan resist my ample charms? I mean, what teen boy wouldn't want a potential willing sex slave who looks the way I do? If I just keep on doing what I'm doing, everything will work out fine.

I hope!

In the end, Brenda bought the bikini, but left the erotic apron for another day. She found herself buying lots of clothing with BDSM (bondage, domination/submission, and sadomasochism) themes, in the hopes that she could symbolically show Alan just how submissive she was willing to be for him. But she bought many other items as well. Money was not an issue for her; her only real requirement was that her new purchases made her look sexy.

Amy bought far less than the other two because she had less to spend, but she was very pleased with her purchases just the same. She actually spent most of her time encouraging Susan to buy revealing items, since she knew that Susan's shyness would come to the fore in such a public place.

Brenda went back to her home when they were done shopping, while Amy stayed over at the Plummers. Brenda intended to have dinner with her son Adrian, but she hoped to return to the Plummers' house if the tentative fashion show for that evening actually materialized.

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Susan cooked and ate dinner with an extra spring in her step and twinkle in her eye, which is what made Alan suspect that something was afoot.

When he met Amy at the table, he affectionately ran his hand through her hair and said, "Hey Aims, how's it going?"

Amy replied with a clueless voice and a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "Okay, but it seems I have really bad breath. Do you have any idea what to do about that?"

He thought back to their "bad breath" history and immediately became erect. He leaned over to her and whispered, "Damn you. Look at the bulge you just caused in my shorts. I think you're as evil as Heather."

She just clapped her hands and cackled with glee.

But before she or anyone else could get any ideas, he said, "I'm still in recovery mode. Sorry. Aunt Suzy took good care of me." He looked down at his spoon, because the food he had just put in his mouth was unfamiliar. "By the way, Mom, what is this?"

Susan said a bit nervously, "It's called maca porridge. I hope you like it!"

He frowned and eyed the bowl of porridge skeptically. "'Maca?' What the heck is that? I've never even heard of it."

Susan said, "It's kind of a root vegetable medicinal herb thing from South America. It's VERY hard to get, but Suzanne helped me find it. Isn't she the best?"

He tried another bite. "I hate to say this, but it's kind of yucky."

Susan fretted. "Please! Please try some more. You might not like it at first; it's kind of an acquired taste. But it's REALLY good for you."

"Oh yeah? How so?"

Susan was rather reluctant to divulge the truth, but she felt she had to give him a reason to eat the rather unappetizing dish. "If you must know, it's said to increase sperm production. Plus, it's supposed to be a natural aphrodisiac. And that's not just some hype; there are actual scientific studies backing those claims!"

Alan eyed the porridge again. "Hmmm. Well, I feel like a cow being fattened for the slaughterhouse, but the truth is, I could really use more cum and more sexual energy. So I'll try to finish it off. By the way, is this also the reason you served that weird dried goji berries thing yesterday?"

Susan blushed a bit. "Guilty as charged."

Amy asked Susan, "Hey, does this stuff boost lust in ladies too?"

"As a matter of fact, it does."

Amy brightened. "Then serve me a big bowl!"

"Me too!" Katherine said with equal vigor.

Alan chuckled and shook his head. "Dear God, please, give me strength! But wait, if you two and Mom are all eating this too-"

"And Suzanne," Susan interrupted. "She gave me a list the other day about the top ten foods to increase sperm production, and another on increasing libido in general. At first she didn't think much of the lists, but she looked up some of the foods in more detail, and now she's a big convert. People still tend to think that there's no such a thing as real aphrodisiacs, but Viagra has shown that there are. It turns out there are all kinds of natural foods and herbs that work, but people don't know about most of them because they're obscure, foreign, and expensive."

He said, rather chagrined, "Great. And Aunt Suzy is teaming up on me too. If all of you are eating this stuff and boosting your libido, and I boost mine, won't that kind of cancel out the effect?"

Katherine wagged her eyebrows. "In a way, maybe so, if you look at it as some kind of competition. But we'll all end up having even more sex with you, so that's an all-around win! Plus, the sperm count thing only affects you."

He sighed wearily. "Great. I'm going to become 'Alan, the Human Cum Firehose.' I'd better eat even more of this stuff, 'cos I'm gonna need every last bit of sexual energy just to keep up with you all." He ate another spoonful of the maca porridge.

"Yeay!" the three women all yelled with glee.

Chapter 720 His Cock... In My Cleavage! - Brenda

Alan was kicking back and reading a book in the living room around eight o'clock when the doorbell rang. Amy, Katherine, and Susan were all hanging out in the room together, but Susan insisted that Alan get the door.

When Alan opened the front door he saw Brenda standing there, looking bashful and a little shy, wearing an overcoat and carrying two big bags. "Hi, Alan. It's me, Brenda. Remember me?"

Alan was incredulous. "Remember you? Are you kidding?! How could I ever possibly forget you? Don't you remember what we did yesterday?"

She blushed and lowered her eyes. "Of course." In truth, she hadn't meant to ask "remember me," but she was so nervous about seeing him again that her brain had slipped a gear.

His heart started pounding fast, since he figured that Brenda's presence meant great sexual fun. But he tried to play it cool. He remembered Suzanne's advice on how to act dominant for Brenda, and part of that was not appearing too eager.

Seeing that she appeared to be at a loss for words, he gave her a hearty welcome. "Please come in!"

As she walked further into the house, she tried a different approach. Her face became stern, almost as if she were pissed off about something.

Alan couldn't figure out what had triggered that reaction.

However, it was all because she was steeling her nerve. She said to herself, Okay, girl, don't lose it like you did last time. He's just a kid. Just because he has such a big, tasty dick that you can't resist him. He thinks he's hot stuff. But this time we're going to show him who's who. I'm going to have HIM eating out of MY hands! By the time the night is over, he'll be forced to DEMAND that I become one of his sexual servants!

She took off her overcoat, revealing some kind of transparent nightie. It was so clingy that it seemed like she was wearing Saran wrap. Both shoulder straps immediately fell down her arms, but the nightie was so tight that it didn't slip down even a bit.

She looked at Alan with a seemingly menacing face, like she was meeting a sworn enemy. "So, Alan, we meet again. Now I can let you know that we're all going to have another fashion show tonight. We'll see this time just who can keep their cool, and who is going to lose it!"

Brenda was half a foot shorter than the over-six-foot-tall Alan; even the high fuck-me pumps she was wearing couldn't overcome that height difference. But she stepped on the shelf of the underwear cabinet, next to the front door, and raised herself enough so a protruding nipple nearly poked him in the eye.

She could only keep her balance there for a few seconds, but Alan correctly interpreted the move, her expression, and her words as a sexy challenge. Even though she wasn't usually this aggressive around him, he decided he liked what she was doing.

He looked back towards the living room, where the other women in his life were waiting. They were all smiling at him.

He asked, "So, is it true? Another fashion show?"

Katherine replied with a deadpan expression, "No, we just said that so Brenda would come over dressed like that. We actually plan for you to fuck her right in front of us in the living room while we all watch."

Alan looked back at Brenda. Her mouth was hanging open wide and the composure and confidence she'd shown mere seconds earlier were completely gone. She stammered, but no words came out.

"Naaahhh, just kidding!" That was Katherine again. "Of course we're just having a fashion show. Isn't it cool? I just found out myself a few minutes ago. Brenda, get your bags and come over here. Let's get started."

She turned to walk away, but then turned back to Brenda and said casually, "Don't worry. He'll fuck you in front of all of us later." She winked to imply that she might be joking.

Brenda was still shaken, but recovered her composure somewhat. She gave Alan a saucy wink and then sauntered further into the house, strutting her amazing body with exaggerated moves, making her giant breasts sway and jiggle in a way that she knew would attract and keep his attention. She joined the other women, who all turned to face Alan together now that everyone was standing in the living room.

Alan's eyes rarely left Brenda, since she was wearing transparent clothing and the other women were fully dressed.

Brenda felt strange to be the only one wearing something so revealing as to leave her essentially naked. But it was a good and thrilling strange. She felt as if she was the submissive one and all the others were her superiors. It was as if she didn't have the right to wear properly concealing clothes, while they could each give her orders that she had to follow to the letter. This brief fantasy soon faded, but she found herself powerfully aroused by it nevertheless.

Susan asked for Brenda's help in the kitchen. But that was just an excuse to get her alone. Once they were in the kitchen, she muttered quietly, "What's with your attitude? You're acting weird. Very different from how you were talking last night. I don't like it."

Brenda replied honestly. "Don't worry, I haven't had a change of heart. I'm still fully dedicated to serving Alan's cock with everything that I have, just like always. But I decided that I need to approach this from a position of strength, to get the best deal for myself that I can."

"Deal?' What are you talking about, deal? That smacks of trying to manipulate my Tiger, and I don't like it! Busty women like us are here to obey his orders and serve his cock, period."

"I know," Brenda sincerely replied. "Look at what I'm wearing. Is this outfit designed to get the sperm in his balls churning, or what? But I figure if I play hard to get, he'll want me more."

Susan gritted her teeth. She knew Alan had been effective at playing hard to get with Brenda, and worried that Brenda might also be effective in manipulating Alan if she did the same in return. "I don't know. I don't like it. Besides, I don't know your plan exactly, but whatever you're planning isn't going to work, I can guarantee that. Beautiful, big-titted women like us don't stand a chance against naturally superior men like my son."

Brenda tried to take a firm stand. "I understand all that. But I want him to notice me more. To want me, desire me, need me. My goal is to get him to want me as much as I want him. More, even!"

A peeved Susan folded her arms under her tremendous rack. "What the heck are you talking about? Did you get hit on the head by a rock or something?" She stepped into Brenda's personal space and poked a finger into one of Brenda's huge boobs. "It's not up to YOU to decide where or when to drop to your kn-

She was cut off, because she heard Alan yelling, "Hey, ladies? Need any help in there?"

She yelled back, "No, we're coming!" Then she muttered sourly to Brenda, "You've got it all wrong. I don't have time to explain, but I'll show you. Come on." She led Brenda back to the living room.

Once they returned, Alan asked, "Where's Aunt Suzy?"

Susan replied, "She's a bit busy, but she told me to call her once things got started. I'll give her a ring right now. No, wait. Amy, could you please give your mother a call and have her come over ASAP?"

"M'kay!" Amy bounded out of the room, going to the phone by the kitchen counter.

Everyone had taken a seat except for Susan, who stood with a sour face while holding her hands on her hips. She said, "It'll be a few minutes until Suzanne gets here, I imagine. In the meantime, we should keep Alan AND Alan Junior entertained. Brenda, that's a nice outfit, but I want you to take it off. Now!"

Brenda was gobsmacked. "What?! You want me to do what?!"

"You heard me. Take it off!" Susan sat down next to Alan. He happened to be wearing loose sweatpants, so she stuck her hand inside. Within seconds she had her fingers wrapped around his erection and got busy stroking it. She said to Brenda, "Look at what we have here. Tiger's cock is nice and stiff, not surprisingly. As a beautiful, big-titted woman, you need to play your part in keeping it throbbing with pleasure. So I want you to stand naked in front of him. And that's just for starters!"

A suddenly blushing Brenda unthinkingly stood up right in front of where Alan was sitting. But she kept her hands over her bust and pussy while complaining, "But I... I can't! I mean, I'm not in the mood. I just got here! I know I'll get more aroused later, but give me a chance to adjust. Please!" She looked at the others with embarrassment.

Susan said firmly, "Nope. Sorry. Let this be a lesson to you. You need to learn your place! Besides, you're practically naked already, thanks to that outfit."

Brenda protested, "I know, but there's a big mental difference between 'almost' and 'completely.' It's huge!" She stood there squirming, her heart pounding wildly.

Katherine was sitting on the other side of Alan. She reached over and stuck her hand in his sweatpants too. As her fingers closed around his few inches that weren't already occupied by Susan's hand, she exclaimed with pretend surprise, "Oooh, you're right! It IS! It really is!" She giggled.

Brenda wasn't even slightly amused, because she was beside herself with fear over her situation. It was true that she wasn't that aroused yet, at least compared to the level of arousal that she'd reached during previous visits. However, between Susan ordering her to get naked and seeing Susan's and Katherine's hands jointly stroking the obvious bulge in Alan's sweatpants, Brenda was getting horny in a hurry. She started to strip.

She was so stunned and frightened that she forgot to make a sexy striptease out of it. Since she had been nearly naked to begin with, she had her clingy outfit on the floor in a matter of moments. Her face was red as a tomato and her eyes were closed as she covered her pussy and nipples as best she could.

She told herself, This is Susan's revenge for my "playing hard to get" plans. Damn! I shouldn't have said anything. I have to be strong and keep my focus!

But Susan wasn't done with her. "What do you think you're doing?! Covering your tits and pussy like that. For shame!"

Brenda quickly dropped her hands to her sides. But she still couldn't bear to open her eyes, even though she longed to watch the double handjob. Jesus! I'm totally exposed. What a nightmare! Yet this was exactly the kind of thing that she subconsciously craved.

"Do you aspire to be one of my son's personal cocksuckers?"

Brenda was in a spot. If she answered that question honestly, it would severely undercut her "hard to get" pose. But she whispered, "You know I do."

"What was that?" Susan asked insistently.

There was a long pause. The only sound in the room was the sloshing of Susan's and Katherine's fingers sliding together all over Alan's cock. It was hard for them to jack him off jointly, especially when they couldn't see inside his sweatpants, so they'd quickly resorted to stroking him up and down in a synchronized rhythm almost as if it was being done with a single ten-fingered hand.

Just then, Amy walked back in from the kitchen. She started to say, "Mother says that... Oh. Cool!" Clearly, she was taken aback by the scene in front of her.

Brenda winced. She still didn't dare to open her eyes, but knowing that one more person was checking out her totally nude body caused her to burn with humiliation. There was no doubt that Brenda was extremely aroused, which only added to her humiliation, because she could feel rivulets of cum running down her thighs.

She moved to cover her wetness with her hands, only to remember that such covering wasn't permitted. She ended up with her hands pinned behind her back in an even more submissive pose.

Alan thought, Man! Brenda is a BABE! Of course I knew that already, but still it deserves repeating. And it's not just her huge tits either. Her entire body is firm and flawless!

Amy walked further into the room. "So, Mom will be here in a couple of minutes. But it looks like the fun has started already. What's going on?"

Susan said, "Amy dear, please take a seat. Brenda's about to entertain us with a sexy little dance."

Brenda's eyes opened wide in fear upon hearing that. She thought her heart would thump right out of her chest.

"Cool beans!" Amy sat next to Katherine on the long sofa where Alan and Susan also sat. She looked to Alan's crotch and asked half-jokingly, "Hey, got room for one more hand in there?"

But Susan answered, "We've got it covered, literally. And keep your clothes on, please."

"Awww..." Amy had already started to undress, but she reluctantly stopped. "Why?!"

Susan said, "Trust me on this." The truth was, she had learned some about the "delight" of sexual humiliation through her own recent experiences with Alan, so she was forming a good idea of what Brenda really craved. She wanted to increase Brenda's humiliation by having her be the only naked one. "Just kick back and watch the show."

With Brenda's eyes open again, her gaze was locked on Alan's crotch. She couldn't see his erection but, in a way, seeing the motion under his sweatpants of two hands jacking him off was even more arousing. Holy shit! Hands from different hotties! So many hot and needy fingers sliding up and down his powerful snake, like it's no big deal. UGH! God! I think I'm gonna faint!

She asked nervously, "What show?! Nobody said anything about any show!" Without realizing it, her body started twitching and writhing. The smell of her pungent pussy soon filled the large living room.

Susan said, "The show you're about to perform. Amy, could you put on some danceable music?"

"Sure thing!" Amy bounced up and skipped to the stereo.

Brenda gulped. It was all she could do to keep her hands at her sides. "'Danceable?' I don't know how to dance! Not except for slow dances. Thanks to my big breasts, I can't bounce all over the dance floor even when I'm clothed. And naked? Forget it!"

Not surprisingly, Alan was having a great time. But he couldn't help but roll his eyes when the B-52's song "Mesopotamia" started to play. He did still like the song, but it also drove him crazy that Amy kept playing her same favorite songs over and over, especially this one.

Susan showed no mercy about Brenda's pleas. "I don't care. Figure out how to make it work. Taking proper care of Tiger's cock is a team effort, and you need to play your part. You don't need to be a dancing queen. Why don't you start by putting your hands on your head and swaying a little bit? And by the way, remember that you don't have breasts. Normal women have breasts. You have tits! BIG tits! GIGANTIC tits!"

Brenda didn't want to strike the pose Susan suggested, because it was an especially submissive one. But, staring at the hands of two different women slithering around in Alan's sweatpants, she simply couldn't resist. She struck the sexy pose and started to sway slightly.

A minute or so passed, but Brenda seemed to move like a shambling zombie, not even keeping time to the very danceable beat. It was true that she was swaying enough to keep her massive melons jiggling in enticing ways, but her blushing red face looked profoundly unhappy.

Amy grew frustrated and stood up. She said to Susan, "You said tending Alan's cock is a team effort, but I'm not doing anything. Can I help Brenda dance?"

Susan's pissy mood was passing, now that she was seeing Brenda put in her place. She smiled and said, "Good idea. Just make sure to keep all your clothes on. For now."

"M'kay." Amy zoomed over to Brenda's side and immediately wrapped an arm around her. This made it even more difficult for Brenda to dance, but Amy had a plan. She said to her as she grooved in place, "Brenda, I think the problem is that you're just not horny enough. Let's get you in the mood!" bender

Suddenly her hands were on Brenda's massive tits, and her fingers sank in. She pushed the two orbs together and said, "Brenda, do you know what we're doing tonight?"

Brenda mumbled, "Uh... a fashion show." She wanted to swat Amy's hands away, but her own hands were still on her head and she felt obliged to keep them there until she was given permission to move them. She was also trying, and mostly failing, to remember to dance in a sexy manner.

Amy enthused, "Yes, but it's so much more. It's a celebration of COCK! Specifically, Alan's cock. I heard you sucked him off yesterday, but he hasn't titfucked you. Not until tonight, that is! Soon his big ol' cocky cock-log is gonna be right here!" Amy's hands were occupied holding Brenda's tits up and

together, so she leaned down and literally poked her nose into Brenda's cleavage to indicate the region she was talking about, taking a big whiff in the process.

Brenda's eyes bugged out as she considered that. She looked over again at Alan's crotch, wishing she could see more than just the shapes of moving hands under his sweatpants.

Amy belatedly realized she might have overstepped her bounds. So she asked Susan about the titfuck idea. "Right?"

Susan wasn't at all happy about the idea, due to her boob size jealousy. Although she didn't want to give it her stamp of approval, she guessed it was inevitable. She said vaguely, "He'll certainly be sliding his cock through some big tits tonight. Maybe a few pairs." Warming to the idea, she added, "In fact, maybe he'll fuck ALL our tits!"

That only enflamed Brenda's lust even more. She stared at Alan's crotch with a desperate hunger. God, he's so virile! I want him to fuck me so badly! Especially my tits!

Katherine seemed to read Brenda's eyes. She whispered in her brother's ear (after licking it a little) and got him to lift his ass just long enough for her to pull his sweatpants down along his thighs.

Brenda gasped when she saw the extent of his stiff erection when it was uncovered. She was so stunned that she froze in place, completely forgetting to dance. She gasped again when Katherine's and Susan's hands went back to their shared stroking. In fact, now that his privates were uncovered, both Katherine and Susan took advantage and got their other hands involved as well.

Brenda thought, I can't believe it! FOUR hands! Four hands on one cock! Well, technically, one cock and one set of balls. But still, too hot! I can't breathe! I can hardly see anything at all, thanks to all those hands in the way. But I've never seen anything hotter in my life! Every single square inch of his privates are getting pleased, and plenty thoroughly!

Amy continued to hold and fondle Brenda's enormous tits while talking to her. "Let's face it. You're a beautiful woman all over, but what really sets you apart is your humongous, enormotastic rack! I'll bet dollars to donuts that Alan's fat cock is gonna be sliding between these bouncy babies before the night is over. What do you think of that?" Amy was repeating herself a bit about titfucking, because fondling Brenda's rack was putting her in a very "titty" mood.

Brenda was speechless at such an exciting prospect. She just stood there gawking while Amy's hands explored her upper torso. Fuuuuuck! It's true! He IS going to fuck my tits tonight! I just know it!

Amy prodded, "Look over there! Look at all those hands. Tonight, it'll be your tits helping out. Covered in some kind of slippery oil plus your own sweat. With a great big stiff boner trapped inside! Does that make you horny? Does it make you want to dance?"

Brenda had totally forgotten about the dancing, but thanks to that mention she started swaying again, ever so slightly. However, even though she wasn't actually moving much, there was a rhythm and enthusiasm that had been lacking before, which actually made her a very sexy dancer.

Amy took Brenda's hands from the top of her head and brought them down so Brenda was the one keeping her big tits tightly squeezed together.

That freed up Amy's hands. Amy was grooving to the B-52's, moving more than Brenda was, but at the same time she remained stationary enough to slide a hand between Brenda's tit-mountains. "How do you like that? Imagine that's not my hand; that's Alan's stiff thingy! Does that feel good?"

Brenda panted breathlessly, "Oh, yes!" His cock... in my cleavage! Oh, YES! I need it! Gaaawwwd! I need to serve him, to serve his cock! Now, I really AM going to faint!

"Are you gonna squeeze it and slide your big ol' boobies all over it until it squirts in your face?"

"Oh, yes! YES!" Jesus! Sweet Jesus! Master! My master is going to bathe me in his cum! It was a good thing that Brenda was pressing her bare boobs together, because they were heaving so much while she struggled for breath. She could feel a powerful orgasm coming on.