

6 Times 741

Chapter 741 Susan And Brenda Have Some Deep Conversation!

Brenda was left breathless, in more ways than one. She stared at the front door after Suzanne had gone, seemingly trying to will Suzanne to come back. She sighed happily, and said to Susan, "Mistress Suzanne sure is something, isn't she?"

"She is," Susan agreed. "You... uh, you didn't mind the spanking? It was pretty harsh."

Brenda rubbed her bare bubble butt, after that reminder. "Yeah, I guess my ass will be red and sore for a while. But mind it? No way. I deserved it! I lied to her, and to you. It was unforgivable!"

Susan was going to point out that those were just harmless white lies, but she remembered Suzanne's advice to have a take charge attitude with Brenda. So instead, she asked, "What about all that pussy licking and kissing with her? Don't you still insist that you don't like that kind of thing?"

"Yes, but she gave me a direct order. What choice did I have? Besides, she's my mistress. How could I not enjoy pleasuring her, at least a little?" She turned her head away, because she'd enjoyed it more than just a little and she was embarrassed that it might show in her face. She still had issues with her bisexual feelings, though they weren't as strong as they had been before receiving her spanking from Suzanne.

Susan thought, Interesting. As usual, Suzanne knows what she's doing. Brenda is taking to this like a duck to water. I should probably stay out of this and not question Suzanne's moves in front of Brenda.

Brenda spoke up. "Let's talk! I've got so much to say, especially about last night. Oh my God! Wasn't that exciting? I could talk about that for hours and hours. Ever since I woke up this morning, it's like I've had a ghost cock in my mouth!"

"What do you mean? Oh, by the way, I'm tired of standing here. Let's go upstairs and get comfy."

As Susan led her up the stairs, Brenda explained, "It's like I can still feel and taste Alan's cock. I sucked on him suck a remarkably long time! For me, that is. I'm not used to that. My jaw STILL hurts! But in a good way. It's a constant reminder of what happened. I hope the feeling never goes away!"

Susan chuckled. "I hear you there."

Brenda went on, "But that's not all of it. Since I woke up today, sometimes I just open my jaw wide and recall the thrill of feeling his incredibly thick cock-meat completely filling my mouth. I practice sucking and licking, although there's nothing there. I was even doing that a few times while I was driving here. Is that weird?" She giggled a bit nervously. "I guess that's pretty weird."

Susan took Brenda's hand as they walked, squeezing it reassuringly. "As a matter of fact, it's not weird at all. I do it ALL the time!"

"Really?"

"Sure. In fact, sometimes I do that and then I take a big whiff, and it's like I can smell Tiger's sperm! Luckily, it isn't always just my imagination, since I usually have a residue of his spermy love on my face and my tits - I'm careful not to wash those areas if he gives me a creamy facial in the morning." She sniffed the air. "MMMM! And of course most of the rooms smell like his potent seed. I can smell it right now."

They'd made it to the upstairs hallway. Brenda stopped, and said, "Really? Where? Can I have a sniff?"

"Sure thing. I took half of one of his spermy loads in my mouth this morning, so unfortunately there isn't as much on my skin as usual. But you can still smell some on my chin and cheeks, I'll bet. And then most of it dripped down into my cleavage."

Brenda sighed with a near orgasmic intensity as she sniffed Susan repeatedly in all the places just mentioned. She wasn't shy about it at all, and placed her nose directly on Susan's skin. "Aaaaah! Mmmm! Yes! I can definitely smell him. Oh, yes! It's making me so thirsty!"

Susan chuckled knowingly. "Yeah, that's the problem. I try not to sniff myself too much, because it only makes me thirsty, and the only source to quench that thirst is sitting in school right now." She sighed longingly. But then she added helpfully, "Take a deep whiff in my cleavage. His flavor seems to linger deep in there especially well. Maybe because it's always flowing and pooling into there."

"Oh, YES!" Brenda exclaimed. In a flash, she had her face completely buried between Susan's twin globes. "It IS really strong in here!"

"Go ahead and lick it."

"Can I? Really?" Brenda was practically swooning with arousal.

"Sure."

"Aaaah!" Brenda sighed as she licked. "So good. I love the mixture of aromas. It seems manly, like him, yet feminine, like you. It's almost MORE delicious than just him alone!" She kept on licking and sniffing, almost like she was "motorboating" there.

Susan held her breasts together so Brenda's face would be totally enveloped in tit-flesh. At the same time, she said, "Brenda, I have bad news. I've been talking about Alan with Suzanne all day now. In particular, we went over what happened last night in great detail, for like, two hours. I'm kind of all talked out about that for a while."

Brenda was crushed to hear that. She exclaimed impatiently, "But I just have to talk to you about Alan taming me last night! Please! It was one of the most important events in my life! If not THE most important! I know that he tamed you already, so now you've been tamed and I've been tamed, and it's all so wonderful! We have SO much more in common now, so much to talk about!"

Susan grinned widely. "I know. Remember, I was there. I saw your taming with my own eyes, and it was simply priceless. I love your enthusiasm, and of course I love that he tamed you. I've had my issues with you, and I guess I still do" - she looked pointedly at Brenda's enormous bare breasts - "but there's no denying that you're very Alan-worthy. I adore your general enthusiasm, and your passion for serving his cock. I think you'll make a fine sex toy."

"You think so?!" Brenda was so far gone into her new lifestyle that she only felt a small twinge of doubt about whether being a "sex toy" or "sex pet" might not be her best option. But in the blink of an eye that doubt vanished.

"I think so. Time will tell if you're really in it for the long haul, like I am. But can we please talk about all that later? I understand what happened to you is extremely important for you, and rightfully so. I want to talk about it with you to your heart's content. The taming process is one of my favorite topics in the world. But you caught me at a bad time. Like I said, I've already JUST talked to Suzanne about last night, to the point that it seems like it happened to me twice."

"Lucky you!" Brenda grinned impishly.

"I know. But seriously, let's wait. Besides, waiting will be good for you. You've gotta try to take this kind of thing in stride."

"In stride?! What could be more important? My entire life has changed!"

"I know, I know. But now that you're tamed, you don't have to be jumping up and down all the time like you can't believe it's happened to you. Accept it as the new normal. Drink it in, savor it, sure. Let it put an extra spring in your step all the time. Never, ever forget that pleasuring Tiger's cock is the most important thing you can do."

Brenda interrupted, "I won't! I can't! How can I? Before, I thought sex was just sex. Sure, sex could be fun, but it was just another part of life, like watching a good movie or eating an excellent meal. But it's so much MORE! I mean, when I have his cock in my hands, or my mouth, or my cleavage, I feel so good, so satisfied, so fulfilled, that I almost want to cry!"

Susan gave Brenda a supportive hug. "I know. Me too." She stepped back. "Look at our bodies. These are uncommon bodies. We're his personal cocksuckers. His sex toys. We're fuck pets. Sex slaves, even! Whatever you want to call it, the point is, we obviously were born and bred for sex!"

Brenda asked shyly, "Do you think... well... I know it's presumptuous of me, but do you think any of those terms could officially apply to me?"

Susan considered that carefully. She knew that Suzanne still wanted to bring Brenda along slowly. So she said, "Keep in mind that most of those terms are just things us ladies call ourselves. Tiger generally doesn't approve."

Brenda pointed out, "But doesn't he let Katherine call herself his fuck toy?"

"That's true. It's complicated. I guess sometimes he approves and other times he doesn't, depending on his mood and especially on how aroused he is. We need to be patient about that. Remember, these are uncharted waters for him. He needs time to adjust to the fact that he has a harem of women dedicated to serving him sexually."

Brenda nodded.

Susan continued, "The one title there that's more or less official is 'personal cocksucker.' He doesn't complain when we use it around him, which means he's accepted it as a fact of life. If it were up to me, I'd say you earned that title last night. But then again, I'm not the man of the house with a thick horse cock. You need to ask him. Next time he's splattered his load all over your face and you're cleaning his crotch, ask him then. He'll be in a particularly receptive mood, I'm sure."

Brenda nodded again. Her heart was beating fast as she contemplated doing just that.

She still didn't know how many other personal cocksuckers Alan had, though she rightly assumed Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, and Amy all qualified. She briefly considered asking Susan, but she didn't, because deep down she didn't really want to know. She preferred imagining that it was a large number, maybe ten or so.

Susan resumed, "Anyway, where was I? Oh yes. I was saying that we're obviously born and bred for sex. And just as obviously, these special bodies are meant for special men. Like Alan. I haven't figured it all out yet, but somehow it's all part of God's plan."

Brenda nodded at that too, since she was in complete agreement.

Susan continued, "So, naturally, when you or I do the regular things in life, like washing the dishes or going to the D.M.V., that's a waste of our bodies. But when we're doing something like sucking off our man, it clicks! THIS is what we're made for. That's why it feels so right to you, because it IS so right. But don't jump up and down like you somehow lucked into it and can't believe it. Be cool. Act like you deserve it, because you do deserve it."

Brenda suddenly embraced Susan, holding her tightly. She sighed heavily, but from relief, not sadness. Finally she said, "That was beautiful. Thank you. I want to talk to you a lot more today, about the tamed life, but that'll hold me for a while."

Susan smiled and playfully kissed her friend's nose. "Good!" She let go and stepped back. "But I have another suggestion. Remember, the life of a sex pet is not a walk in the park. If we're not busy serving Tiger and his insatiable cock, then it's good to be preparing, bettering ourselves. And I have just the thing."

Brenda cocked her head, looking curious.

"Katherine printed out a big stack of erotic stories for me that she found on the Internet. They're so hot! And informative. I was thinking we could read them to each other."

"Okay," Brenda said agreeably enough. She was no stranger to pornography, especially since she hadn't even had sex with her husband for the last three years. "That sounds like fun. What kind of stories are they, exactly?"

Susan pulled away and walked to her bed. She opened a drawer in her end table and held up a large stack of papers. "Look how many!" she pointed out. "Angel's been collecting them for YEARS! Which is interesting, because they're ALL incest stories! Specifically, mother-son stories." She sat down on her bed.

Brenda sat down next to her and took a closer look at the stack. "She's into mother-son stories? I would think she's more into the brother-sister kind."

"I asked her about that, actually. Turns out she's got an even BIGGER stack of those! Although I should point out, most of these stories involve sisters too. The focus is on well-hung sons and big-titted mommies. But the sons are so studly that they often end up fucking their sisters, aunts, cousins, and pretty much any other beautiful women who happen to be around. Does that sound like anyone else we know?" She giggled gleefully.

Brenda giggled too.

Susan continued, "I'm so FASCINATED by these stories! Not only are they EXTREMELY arousing, but they're pretty much a primer on how big-titted mommies like you and I should behave. I'm learning SO MUCH! It turns out the entire world is filled with naturally dominant sons and submissive mothers who are inevitably very beautiful and busty, and natural incestuous sex toy types! It's so exciting to know I'm part of a secret movement!"

Brenda looked at Susan and said dryly, "You do realize than 99.9% of these stories are fictional, don't you?"

"Are they?" Susan was surprised. But she quickly recovered. "Maybe they are, maybe they're not. How can you say for sure? Look at Tiger, and you, and me, for starters. Maybe this kind of thing goes on behind closed doors more than you'd expect. After all, it is the ultimate."

Brenda couldn't deny any of that, although she had big doubts. "The 'ultimate' what, exactly?"

"I mean, if you're a beautiful, stacked mother, is there anything in life more thrilling to your own son? It's the ultimate taboo!"

Brenda felt a shiver run down her spine as she thought of her own son Adrian. She knew he could never be a dominating master type like Alan, and besides, she had already committed herself to Alan. But still, the thrill of incest with the son that she loved dearly had a powerful appeal to her.

Susan failed to notice Brenda's shiver, so she continued, "But don't just listen to silly ol' me, let's read the stories and learn."

She went through her stack of papers and came up with one story that was neatly stapled together. "This looks like a really good one. Angel even marked it with a star. It's called 'Built for One Thing,' by G. H. Lawrence. Come on, let's get comfy in the middle of the bed. I'll go get us some drinks and vibrators so we can enjoy it that much more. Don't be afraid to cum to your heart's content because I'll be changing the sheets when we're done anyway."

Susan soon returned with a bottle of Riesling white wine and glasses on a bed tray, and two egg sized vibrators (she didn't want to be tempted to put any of the penis-sized ones in her pussy).

Brenda was already lying on the bed, skimming the story.

Susan asked, "So do you want to do the reading first, or should I?"

"Can I? I'm already familiar with this one, and I can skip or summarize some of the less arousing parts."

"You ARE?! But how?!"

Brenda laughed. "Stories like this are on the Internet for anyone to see."

"Well, I know that, but..." Susan chuckled. "Sorry, forgive me. To be honest, I didn't even know stories like this existed until very recently. I've been very sheltered. I'm still getting used to the idea that not only are they out there, but lots of people read them."

Brenda said, "I have a hard time relating to that, because I've been reading these stories for years and years. My husband was ignoring me more and more, and I had a high sex drive and didn't want to cheat, so this was the natural answer."

Susan sighed sadly. "I know all too well about husbands ignoring their sexual duties, but let's not go there. Please, start reading!" She had already found her place lying against the headboard and pillows right next to Brenda.

Brenda began, "'I had wanted to fuck my gorgeous mother since the moment I learned what fucking was all about. Then, one summer night in high school, I finally got my wish.'"

Susan said, "Stop! Stop right there. That says so much right there. Since you know the story already, is she busty?"

"Oh yes. Very. She's got absolutely humongous knockers. Plus, she's generally gorgeous from head to toe. And he's handsome and extremely well-hung."

Susan was delighted. "You see? It's all so perfect! He's in high school, and everything. It's like I'm reading about Tiger and me! Oh! Can I ask you a favor? Whoever the mother is, can you try to call her 'Susan' or 'Mommy?' And the son - can you call him 'Alan' or 'Tiger?'"

Brenda chuckled. "Sure. I wonder why you like those names, out of all the possible names in the world." She rolled her eyes, but it was all in good fun.

Susan just smiled from ear to ear.

Brenda smiled too. Even though she already knew the story fairly well, she knew she'd have a great time reading it, because Susan was so excited, horny, and happy, she couldn't help but get excited too. Plus, she was seeing such things with new eyes, now that she'd mentally committed herself to serving Alan.

Brenda looked back at the text. "I'm going to read this with one hand, if you know what I mean." She smiled a little sheepishly as she started fingering her clit. "Anyway, let's continue. 'At a very young age, I had become aware of my mother Susan's ravishing looks...' bender

About an hour later, Suzanne let herself into the Plummer house. Keeping all her clothes on, at least for now, she went to go find what Susan and Brenda were up to.

It didn't take long for her to find out they were in Susan's bedroom, since they were moaning and panting quite loudly, and the door wasn't closed all the way.

Suzanne didn't want to disturb them if they were in the middle of something good, so she crept up quietly and then peered through the gap in the door.

Brenda and Susan were lying side by side. They were both naked, sweaty, and busy fingering their own pussies.

Susan had her eyes closed, appearing to be off in some other world.

Brenda had some papers in her hand, and she was reading: "'Oh, God, Alan, get your pants down, Tiger. Holy Christ, get your pants down so I can start sucking your dick.'"

Susan cut in. "Yes, Tiger, hurry! Mommy wants you to fuck her mouth!"

Brenda seemed to be used to interruptions like that, because she took it in stride, and continued, "'Her panic was contagious. I unzipped my fly, lifted my hips, and tore my jeans and shorts down onto my thighs. My cock sprang out and stood straight up, bigger than I have ever seen it-'"

Susan cried out, "Oh GOD! It's so BIG!"

Brenda closed her eyes and sighed happily. "Yes, it is. So big and tasty! I love the difficulty of stretching my lips around it. That reminds me... Mistress Susan, remember last night, when we were licking it together?"

"MMMM! Do I ever! We were a great team, lapping and slurping and slathering our tongues all over his great big super fat COCK! MMMM! Remember how everyone else wanted to get back to the dancing, but he kept stalling for time, so he could revel in what we were doing?"

"Aaaah, yeah!" Brenda purred. "He's so clever. How can women like us ever resist a clever boy like that?"

"We can't! We have no chance. All we can do is SERVE! But please, continue the story! I'm about to cum again!"

Brenda opened her eyes and tried to find her previous spot on the page. "Listen to this: 'I felt the warm leather seat under my ass. I looked at her with a nasty sneer of pride.' The story Alan is just like the real Alan. He's utterly dominating his busty mommy! He's showing no mercy! He's turning her into his personal sex pet!"

"I know! SO HOT! Please continue!"

""Oooh, Alan," she said, gaping at his huge dick. Then she leaned across the seats toward it, her great big tits hanging down against each other. "Suck it," I said.""

Susan's mouth went wide and made a perfect 'O' shape, In her mind, she was ready to engulf his thickness.

Brenda continued, "'Her mouth engulfed my rigid dick before I even got those words out. She stretched her jaw open and slid her full lips down the top half of it, and the car filled with slurping and smacking noises.'"

Susan cried out, "MMMM! Gonna cum! Again!"

Brenda cried back, as she peeked at the contents on the next page, "Wait! Not yet! It gets even better! She's gonna deep throat him, and then he's gonna fuck her HOT CUNT!"

Susan yelled, "Oh God! Too hot! Too hot! I can't take it!" Her fingers were madly pumping in and out of her tight slit.

Suzanne smiled widely. This is just too precious! To think that I worried they might be doing something non-sexual. Brenda definitely has things well in hand. I'd better go before I get sucked into the story and start cumming just as much as them. I've got things to do.

She quietly backed away, and then walked downstairs and out of the house.

Chapter 742 Group BJ For Alan!

Ironically, given Alan's new resolution to distance himself from the cheerleaders, the first thing he did after school was go and fuck three of them.

Monday afternoon normally meant another "S-Club" meeting (or "S-A-Club meeting" as everyone but Alan now called them), now that Katherine and Alan were no longer grounded.

Alan was going to cancel it due to his huge homework load, but then Kim announced at the end of school that Amy would be joining them as well. He realized what a good and fun idea that was, so he couldn't resist the invitation. He figured it didn't really go against his new cheerleader stance, since two of the cheerleaders in question were Amy and Katherine. Plus, he liked Kim a lot.

Alan, Katherine, and Amy drove together. When they got to Kim's house, Alan was surprised to see that the girls all went to Kim's room and sat down, fully clothed, and started acting as if they really were in a normal club.

Kim sat in a chair facing the other three sitting on her bed and appeared to lead the meeting. She pounded on her arm rest and said with an amused smirk on her face, "The meeting of the Service Alan Club will come to order."

Katherine immediately raised her hand.

Kim called on her. "Yes, Katherine?"

Alan's sister spoke in a mock officious and nerdy tone. "I suggest we all get naked and immediately start servicing Alan. It is, after all, the core mission of our organization."

Kim smiled and nodded in agreement. "Indeed. If I may quote the mission statement of our organization, which I've memorized, 'Service Alan with our cunts, asses, tits, and mouths. Drain him dry.' It's pretty simple, really. Does anyone second the motion?"

Amy raised her hand. "I do. But I want to make clear that we're all united in determination to make Alan feel so horny and so good that he doesn't know up from down. Maybe we can put that in the official record or something. I propose we start by having one girl strip the clothes off another while the third begins cocksucking him without further ado."

Kim replied, "I agree. Katherine what do you think of that suggestion? Oooh. Looks like Amy has already nominated herself for the cocksucking part. You go, girl. That's what our organization needs: take charge go-getters!"

Amy had dropped between Alan's legs and had his penis far inside her mouth in a near deep throating.

Kim said to Katherine, "That leaves you and me to get started with the visual stimulation. All in favor say 'aye' or wrap your tongue around a cock and pump it between your lips."

Alan, Kim, and Katherine said "aye."

Alan then announced gleefully, "I can safely say that Amy voted yes as well."

"Good." Kim stood up, then reached out a hand and helped Katherine up. "Katherine, we at the Service Alan Club have to acknowledge that since you're his sister, he gets most aroused by you and fucks you the most. Not to mention, you have a damn fine body which we all adore. So it's only appropriate that you strip first. All in favor of that motion say 'aye' or stick your finger up Alan's ass."

Alan gasped. "Oh! I can again confirm that Amy joined in with the ayes." It hadn't been easy, but Amy had managed to pull his shorts down and push a finger up his asshole, despite the fact that he was sitting down. He also realized that Amy somehow was managing to take off her own clothes even while mostly keeping her hands on his privates. She enjoyed rubbing her nipples across the skin of his legs at every opportunity.

Kim put on a collection of James Brown's greatest hits.

Katherine stood before Alan and began dancing to the funky beat while Kim, also dancing, worked on removing her friend's clothes. There was a lot of licking and kissing and fondling. Before long, a good deal of Kim's clothing came off too.

Alan bounced around a bit while remaining seated, enjoying the music.

Even Amy bounced and sucked cock to the beat.

Before long, Kim and Katherine were naked and sexually exploring each other with abandon right in front of Alan.

Then the song "Sex Machine" came on. Kim paused in her sucking of one of Katherine's tits (though her fingers in Katherine's pussy didn't cease moving). She said, "All those in favor of declaring Alan the official number one sex machine of our high school, say aye or deep throat him."

That was a challenge for Amy, since she'd never deep throated before. But she'd been reading up on it, and more importantly getting tips from Suzanne in recent days. They'd even discussed deep throating. As a result, she was able to take him all the way with only a little bit of gagging. She couldn't hold it long, and it was a far cry from one of Glory's expert jobs, but it was a good start.

He patted Amy on the head encouragingly.

Katherine joked in a deadpan voice, "It looks like the measure passes. Which frankly astounds me. Great job, Aims! I resolve that Alan stays on the scene like a, like a, sex machine."

Alan, also quoting from the James Brown song, replied equally seriously, "Fellas, I'm ready to get up and do MY thang. Movin', doin' it, you know."

Everyone laughed.

Then he continued in a more normal voice, "I also have a proposal. I propose that we get down to some serious fucking already. Amy is such a naturally talented cocksucker and now upcoming deep throater, and this mutual striptease and grope session is so arousing that I don't think I can last much longer. And I get to unload in women's mouths all the time. I want to deposit this load in a nice, warm pussy."

Kim disengaged from Katherine and clapped her hands to get attention. "You heard him, girls. We Service Alan Club members must act like a well-oiled machine to give him maximum pleasure."

Katherine suggested, "More like a well-lubed, dripping, and juicy pussy sex machine."

Kim replied officiously. "I stand corrected. Please make the proper correction in the minutes for the meeting. Quick. Let's assume our positions and bust out the condoms. Oh, wait. First we must vote on his proposal. All in favor say 'aye' or put one of his balls in your mouth and suck on it."

To Kim's surprise, she was the only one who had to say "aye." Katherine dropped down and joined Amy as each of them took one of his balls in their mouths.

He hadn't even known that was physically possible, but the two girls managed to find room cheek to cheek. He was too overwhelmed by the resulting sensation to remember to vote.

Kim joked, "I take it that's an abstention from Alan, but the motion carries by three votes to none."

Kim then roused everyone up. She clapped her hands to get attention and repeated, "Let's assume our positions. Katherine, as Alan's sister and the possessor of one of the finest tasting pussies in the known universe, a fact I can personally attest to, it's only right that you get fucked first and often. So assume the position on the bed and spread your sopping and incestuous thighs real wide."

Katherine saluted and did so.

Then Kim turned to Alan. "You fuck your sister sitting up. That way, Amy and I have more of you and her to play with. Amy, since you have arguably the biggest tits of us all, your main job is to satisfy your boyfriend's tit craving. Keep them buried in his face until he's drowning in tit flesh. Alan, reward her by sucking and nibbling on her nipples as much as you can. Also, Amy, you can sit on Katherine's face and still lean forward for your tit duties. Sound good?"

"M'kay! Sounds super! It's like two for one fun!" Amy naturally reacted with great enthusiasm.

They all started to assume their positions.

Kim spoke mostly to herself now. "That leaves me, little Kim, in charge of Alan's backside. This mostly means I get to lick and finger his asshole, though I'm going to keep my hard little nips digging in his manly back at every opportunity. That's it, Alan, plow your sister's fertile fields deep and fill her with your incestuous brother-cum..."

Kim's orchestration of events and her taking the least desirable spot had a purpose. Given Alan's earlier announcement to the cheerleaders that he'd be devoting all his school lunches to "working" with Glory, not to mention his near cancellation of today's Service Alan Club meeting, she knew she was very lucky to have him there at all. So she went out of her way to please him in every possible way, hoping that would encourage him to come back to use her house to fuck again and again.

She was very successful. Alan had a great time, and her organization of events helped. For instance, after he'd fucked Katherine for a while, he seemed to run out of energy. When his penis grew flaccid, he begged off and said he'd need to take a long strategic break. He considered taking a nap or a shower to get a second wind. But Kim had another idea. She got her cheerleader uniform out of a drawer without Alan noticing, and then ushered Amy and Katherine out of the room.

A minute or two, she came back in, with Amy and Katherine following behind. She announced, "Alan, it has come to my attention that you have a sister who is also a cheerleader, and yet you've never fucked her in her cheerleader uniform. I think that's just wrong! Every good American boy deserves a busty bombshell cheerleader slave sister."

She stepped aside, and Amy and Katherine stepped into the room. Katherine led the way, but her head was bowed down and Amy held her hands behind her back, as if Katherine were somehow enslaved.

Alan loved the idea of fucking his cheerleader sister, and the whole slave idea had an even more curiously powerful appeal. Within seconds, his dick engorged to full size, and he felt he had enough energy to run up a mountain.

It seemed it was only seconds later when he was pounding his cock into Katherine like it was an Olympic event and he was going for the gold. All the while, Kim and Amy helped "restrain" Katherine, as if she was enslaved and being fucked against her will (although of course she was loving every second).

When he finally came into her, he thought he was done for sure. But then Kim came to the rescue again. She arranged for Amy to lick his cum out of Katherine's cunt, while Kim kept up the slavery pretense and restrained Katherine in a variety of sexy ways.

That caused Alan's penis to stir back to life, but it still wasn't fully hard.

So Kim had another idea. She sat up in the bed and announced, "Okay Alan, to get you fully warmed up for your next fucking, I say we give you a triple blowjob. Have you ever had one of those before?"

"Nope." He grinned. "I can't say it sounds like a bad idea, though."

"Today's your first then. We're going to have to work this out so we can fit three heads around it. Let's see. Alan, you go sit on the edge of the bed..."

They got it all arranged, and sure enough, three tongues were soon busy licking his rod at the same time. They got it hard in seconds, and then kept going on it. One tongue and mouth typically sucked on his cockhead, but made sure not to go too far down so the others could have room. Another tongue generally focused just on his sensitive spot below the head, and the third went roaming at the base, with a hand or two usually assisting by rubbing. And that's not to mention the hands and tongues that worked on his balls and anus.

They'd do that for a while, and then switch positions, with the cockhead sucking spot being the most coveted one.

Alan closed his eyes and let his hands roam freely, not looking where they were going. There was always a tit, or ass, or pussy to fondle. It seemed that whomever he touched would soon respond with an orgasm. He felt a bit like Santa Claus, except he was handing out climaxes wherever he went instead of wrapped presents. He felt that it was nice, too, to just take directions for once (from Kim the conductor) and not have to be the one leading events.

He was struck, though not for the first time, at just how wet and sticky most sexual acts were. With three tongues lapping frantically on his penis, it became positively drenched in saliva and pre-cum. The girls' faces grew increasingly sticky too, even before he came on them. He found that the more he took part in sex, the less he thought of all the bodily fluids as gross and actually came to love seeing the look of wet skin, drenched in sweaty, juicy sex.

He was thinking about calling for a break so he could last longer, but all those busy tongues were just too much for him. He came hard, and sprayed his cum equally across all three faces.

He was so aroused that his penis never really went flaccid afterwards. Still, he took some time to recover. As he sat back on the bed and idly pulled on the two clits nearest his reach, he commented, "Wow. Thank you all. A triple blow is so great. I mean, not only does it feel fantastic, but it's such a power trip to have three girls all so eager to get a piece of my boner. The way you three all subtly jostled and fought to take control of a bigger piece of cock - I actually like that."bender

Amy answered, "We're in the Service Alan Club. That's our job. I'm soooo all over that duty. It's so funtastic! The only bummer is when there's not enough official boyfriend Alan cock to service."

He swung over her. "Good answer. I'll show you something else that's fun. I'm going to fuck you for a while, and then Kim. Meanwhile, Kim and Katherine, let me take Amy solo and you two have fun with each other lying right next to us."

Amy objected, though not very forcefully, "Don't you want to fuck Kat some more? If that's what you want to do the most..."

He replied, "Now Aims, I know you're pretty selfless, but you can't possibly be that selfless. I know you want it, and you're gonna get it."

Kim added, "Sorry, Amy. I may be the president of the Service Alan Club, but Alan is the emperor of the club, and what he says goes. The votes are just for show, because he's in complete charge and we just have to lie there and take it. I'm afraid you're going to be fucked down to the marrow of your bones. You are nothing but a big-titted, wide-assed cum receptacle at this point, honey."

Amy pretended anguish. "Oh dear." She squirmed around on the bed, flaunting all her charms in the process. "Whatever will I do? I'm just a helpless cunt!"

Kim joked, "Everyone in favor of Alan's motion to fuck that helpless but tasty cunt, signify by deep throating him. No 'ayes' this time."

That led to a lot of frustrated groans, since all the girls were bad at deep throating. In fact, Amy was the only one who could do it at all, so far.

Alan groaned too, since he wanted to get on with the fucking, but he realized it would be good practice for the girls, which would benefit him later.

Kim and Katherine were hopelessly out to sea at deep throating, but Amy soon had them practicing the basics, even though it was mostly a case of the blind leading the blind.

Eventually they tired of their practice. Since it was mostly an exercise in frustration and gagging, Alan still hadn't cum.

Chapter 743 Group Sex !

As a result, Alan was chomping at the bit to fuck Amy. He raised a hand. "Good job, girls. Now, I'd like to make a motion that Amy lie down to get royally rammed. Kim and Kat, you two can help maximize her fun by playing with her as we fuck. All in favor, raise your hand."

Kim complained, "Alan, you're the dictator here. No need for a vote. Lie down and get ready for a massive dick invasion, Amy."

But Alan said, "That may be true, but from my reading of history, the most successful dictators are benevolent dictators using a thin veneer of democracy for political cover."

"Fine," Kim mock-huffed. "But vote by raising hands? Booooo-ring. Let's amend that to vote aye by licking Alan's cock from base to tip, then back again."

An awful lot of "voting" ensued. Alan finally had to put his foot down and stop what was rapidly becoming another triple blowjob lest he cum before he could stick his dick in Amy. He pointed out, accurately but jokingly, "Okay, okay. The vote's at least 20 to nothing by now."

"I still haven't voted... much," Katherine teased as she licked up and down her side.

"Me too," said Kim as she worked her side. "I think my votes had a hanging chad problem or something... Here. Let me vote again... And again!" She lapped her tongue against his sweet spot.

Katherine joked, "Like the saying goes, 'Vote early and vote often.'" She also lapped his sweet spot, causing her tongue to meet Kim's. That led to them sharing a cummy kiss right at the tip of his boner.

Amy, slathering his balls in her saliva, said, "Hey! I wanna vote some more too. Democracy rocks!"

But eventually he was able to get Amy to lie down. He slipped a condom on, then lay on top of her and started to thrust in and out of her hot and sloppy wet but still extremely tight tunnel.

Kim and Katherine did have fun with Amy at the same time, while continuing to maintain the format of a formal meeting. While Alan plugged away in Amy, Kim said things like, "I would like to suggest a non-binding resolution that Alan fuck Amy harder."

Katherine replied, "While I don't oppose the fine suggestion from our esteemed Alan-slut, Kim Fields, I would alternately propose that Alan fuck Amy deeper."

"That indeed is a meritorious suggestion, and I have nothing but the deepest respect for my colleague and fellow Alan-slut Katherine Plummer. Might I suggest some political log rolling? Let's us jointly sponsor a resolution for Alan to fuck Amy both harder AND deeper."

"Why, what a brilliant idea!" Katherine giggled. "He needs to roll his log into her some more in any case."

Alan was balls-deep in Amy, but he couldn't help but laugh. "You two! Cut it out! How can I concentrate on fucking when you're carrying on like that?"

"Quick Katherine, let's conclude this log rolling before we distract Alan any further."

"Log rolling? How about log pounding? Give it to her good, Brother! Dammit, fill her full of cum so you can do me next! God, how I wish you could fuck all of us at once."

Alan continued to fuck Amy while the other two played with Amy's body and hammed it up with more voting jokes.

Finally he came. Kim and Katherine had been jilling themselves at the same time, and it so happened that all four of them were able to climax at once.

He wondered if the resulting mutual scream might lead the neighbors to call the police, but Kim assured him that they would be okay. He took the condom off and was prepared to throw it away, but discovered that both Kim and Katherine wanted it.

Kim ended up winning a rock-paper-scissors contest for it, and then sucked all the cum out of it.

Alan thought that was extremely strange and slightly gross, but he kept his mouth shut.

The four of them went downstairs for a snack break. None of them bothered with any clothes.

About fifteen minutes later, they were back in bed and ready for more.

Kim pulled out a condom and held it up. "How 'bout it, Alan? This is the Service Alan Club after all, and I feel like I've been remiss in my servicing duties."

Katherine, though, also pulled out a condom and held it up. But then she deliberately let it drop. "Big Railroad Spike Brother, I think that between my pills and diaphragm you can do me bareback, don't you? You know how much I like it that way."

He replied, half seriously, "You just like it that way 'cos you're hoping I'll get you pregnant."

She grinned. "No comment."

He looked back and forth between the two eager girls and then said, "Sorry, Kim. Bareback with my sister sounds pretty good."

"Shoot." Kim didn't have a diaphragm, so she couldn't equal Katherine's double protection without using a condom. She turned to Amy and consoled herself by playing with her fellow cheerleader.

In fact, Alan took full advantage of Kim's selfless attitude. His main goal was to fuck Amy and Katherine, and everyone knew that. That's pretty much what he did.

Alan did fuck Kim some after he was done with Katherine. However, he only fucked her until she had a nice climax, and then he pulled out.

Mindful of his promise to fuck Katherine twice for every time he fucked Amy, he then pulled off the condom he'd been using and went back to Katherine. He stuck his soaking wet dick back inside her and did her bareback. He proceeded to fuck her good and hard until the two siblings came together.

After that, he didn't have any more cum or energy left.

Although Kim didn't get fucked much at all, she nonetheless had a very excellent time. To her, regular intercourse wasn't a big deal; she much preferred lesbian sex and blowjobs. So she was in heaven the whole time. Furthermore, not only did she get to suck Alan's condom dry, but Katherine allowed her to lick up the two cream pies Alan had left running down Katherine's bare pussy.

Kim loved that. She pointed out that it was like the best of both worlds: licking a pussy and eating Alan's sweet cum.

At one point near the end, Alan found himself cradling Amy in his arms. He asked her, "So Aims, what do you think of this foursome and our little club? Jealous? I know now that you do get jealous sometimes."

"It's great! That was totally funtastic! What do YOU think, Mr. Official Boyfriend? Did we do a good job?" She cleverly avoided the jealousy issue.bender

But he pushed, "What about the jealousy?"

"Well, there is one thing. You always seem to fuck Kat bareback, from what she tells me. But you used a condom on me." She pouted.

"If you can get double protection like Sis has, then I'll do you bareback. Ditto for you, Kim."

"M'kay!" Amy bounced up and down in his embrace.

There followed a mini-conference with Kim, Katherine, and Amy putting their heads together, no doubt discussing practicalities to make that happen. When they pulled away, they all had cat-that-ate-the-canary smiles and smirks.

Amy asked again anxiously, "So, did we do a good job?"

He replied, "Good job? It was awesome. I'm probably the luckiest guy on earth. My only concern is that after another month or two of the fawning attitude you all have I'll be hopelessly spoiled and an insufferable jerk. Like, you know the whole 'sex machine' award you guys gave me earlier? I've got to pretend I didn't hear that, even though I love it. But the whole multiple partner orgy thing is awesome. Thanks, Kim, for inviting Amy and the rest of us."

"Yeah!" Amy agreed. "I second that motion!"

Everyone laughed.

She continued, "Can I stay in the club? Please? Please?" She looked back and forth at Kim and Katherine anxiously.

Kim and Katherine looked at each other and reached non-verbal agreement. After all, it was a no-brainer decision.

Then Kim said, "Of course, especially since Alan obviously wants it. After all, this is the Service Alan Club. But the question is, who should we add in the future?"

Katherine answered, "If Brother and I are both here, then we can't have anyone else. But if it's just one of us, then we could go for one of the other cheerleaders. We can't let anyone else know about our incest."

Kim retorted, "Oh, come on! That secret can't be so secret amongst the cheerleaders. Heather at least totally has to suspect it by now. Don't you think we could invite her, and she wouldn't tell anyone?"

Katherine replied, "If she knows, that's one thing, but I'm not going to tell her if she doesn't. She's dangerous."

Alan agreed. "She's WAY dangerous. I don't trust her further than I can throw her. So don't even think about that."

"Fine," Kim harrumphed.

He added, "And please don't clue her or any of the others in, in any way!"

"I wouldn't think of it. So what about someone like Amy's mom Suzanne? She's totally hot and bisexual. She's helping Alan in every way."

Katherine complained, "Hey! Let's not talk about the mother like this when the daughter's around, okay?" She looked significantly at Amy.

But Amy said, "It's okay. I don't mind. In fact, I'd love to do sexual stuff with her. That would be, like, totally awesome!"

"Whoa, Amy," Kim responded. "Do you realize what you're saying? That's real incest. She gave birth to you."

Amy bowed her head, looking bummed. "Well, if you say it's so wrong, then I guess maybe it's not such a good idea. But I don't see what's so bad about it. Why is that wrong, but all the stuff at the Plummer house is okay? It's not like she could get me pregnant. Wouldn't we all have a lot of fun?" Getting more animated, she continued, "I mean, isn't having fun what it's all about? I think everybody should fuck everybody, and then we'd all be happy."

No one responded to that. The other three all just stared at the ceiling, lost in their own thoughts. They all knew that, unfortunately, in the real world it wasn't that simple.

Chapter 744 Responsible Mom

Back at the Plummer house, Susan and Brenda continued to have lots of erotic fun. The erotic story kept them entertained until they were literally so sore from climaxing that they had to take a break. Fortunately, it already was time for lunch, so that's what they did.

While they were eating, Susan remembered the photographs from last night's fashion show. She didn't mention them to Brenda right away though, because she still needed more of a sexual break. Besides, she knew that if she did, they'd never finish lunch.

Once they were done eating and then cleaning up the kitchen, she casually dropped the bomb on Brenda: "So, what should we do next? Hey, I know: why don't we look at the photographs from last night?"

Brenda nearly passed out on the spot as she remembered how she'd been photographed at some of her most embarrassing moments. Naturally, she couldn't wait to see the pictures.

Then Susan explained that they'd all been printed out, and went into a little story about how they'd been viewed by herself, Alan, and Katherine in the morning, and how that led to even more pictures being taken and printed out.

Brenda found that very interesting, but she was practically dying on the spot, because her desire to see the photos was so great.

When she eventually resorted to dropping to her knees and making a praying gesture, Susan finally got the message. "Okay, okay! I get it. Let me go get them." She walked back to where she'd stored them in the dining room.

Brenda was flabbergasted that the precious photos had been so close to her the whole time, but that became a moot point as soon as she got her hands on them.

It went without saying that lots of feverish masturbating followed. Of course, Brenda was the most excited, since she hadn't seen the pictures yet, and so many were of her, but Susan got easily swept up by Brenda's lusty mood.

At the initial euphoria passed, the looking at the pictures continued, but turned more into a general reminiscence of what happened at the fashion show, with the photos serving as occasional illustrations.

Brenda was overjoyed. Not only was it a highly aroused experience, but she also got to relive last night's events with Susan, just as Susan had promised. Reading the erotic story and then eating lunch had put

enough distance on Susan's time talking about last night with Suzanne for her to happily talk about it in great detail all over again.

Along the way, Brenda got to express much of her feelings about being "tamed" by Alan. She didn't fully reveal how firmly she considered Alan to be her master, mostly because her place in the group was still undefined and she didn't want to be presumptive and pushy. But she was so passionate that Susan got the general gist. Brenda even freely used words like "master," "sex pet," and "harem" with Susan, which delighted her to no end.

Susan was very happy to be able to use that sort of lingo as well. It felt liberating. Even if she talked to Katherine or Suzanne, she felt obliged to edit her submissive talk. But with Brenda, it seemed that anything went.

The first bunch of pictures were all close-ups of Brenda sucking Alan's erection. This eventually led to a lot of talk between Susan and Brenda about blowjob technique. Since they were near the kitchen, they each took an unpeeled banana and used those to help explain and demonstrate what they were doing inside their mouths. The discussion got very technical and detailed, with Susan demonstrating some of her favorite moves, now that Brenda had fully won her approval as a close friend and as one of Alan's personal cocksuckers (even if the later status wasn't "official" yet).

All the banana usage got them in cocksucking moods, and led to extensive blowjob role-plays. They especially spent a lot of time kneeling naked side by side and jointly licking one banana, in anticipation of frequently sharing Alan's cock from now on. Proper cooperation and coordination was essential. But continuous masturbation helped ensure they stayed highly aroused through it all.

Brenda stayed at the Plummer house for a majority of the day. They almost spent more time talking and role-playing about the fashion show than the show had actually taken in real time, mostly because they discussed Brenda's feelings, since she considered it a life-altering event. But eventually they talked it all out.

At one point, Susan told Brenda, "I know that you still feel uneasy, because even though you've fully committed to Alan in your heart and your mind, he hasn't fully accepted you. What I say to that is simple: don't worry! Your outrageous body is a very big foot in the door. All you need is an attitude to match. Just keep on keeping on, putting serving him and his cock in the front of your mind. Fully embrace being his sex pet. Try to become the perfect pet in every way. Of course, perfection is impossible, but he'll notice the effort. Between your body and that attitude, there's simply no way he can turn you down!"

Brenda found that very comforting. She had to admit to herself that Alan would be a complete moron to reject her. The more she felt reassured that she would belong to the group, the more she mentally committed herself to her new master.

They went back to Susan's bedroom, where Brenda resumed reading the erotic story they'd started before lunch.

Once three o'clock passed, there was a new electricity in the air for them, because that meant Alan could return home at any time. The bombshell mothers had talked about spending the afternoon endlessly pleasuring him with titfucks and double blowjobs. They could hardly wait to greet him with their planned surprises.

However, Susan warned Brenda in vague terms that Alan had an extracurricular activity that could take some time. This frustrated Brenda to no end. The problem was that she felt obliged to be home so she could be a good mother for Adrian. This was especially the case since she'd slept through breakfast and didn't even see him before he left for school.

Eventually, guilt got the best of Brenda, since she knew her son Adrian had certainly come home by a certain hour, and she decided to go.

Before she left, she asked if she could take the print outs of the photos home with her. Susan said no. Then she basically begged and pleaded, but Susan still said no. Susan pointed out that the danger of someone like Anika or Adrian finding them was too great. Brenda had to grudgingly concede that point. To cheer her up, Susan said Brenda was free to come over at any time to look at them, plus there was a limitless potential to take more sexy pictures.

That did encourage Brenda some, but she was still very sad to leave, especially knowing that Alan would get home soon.

Susan was exhausted from having such a day of non-stop sexual delights with Akami, and then with Suzanne, and then with Brenda, and her pussy was downright sore from cumming so many times. The erotic story in particular had made Susan so hot and bothered that she was ready and eager to suck cock for hours and hours. She didn't care how tired or sore she was, because she was never too tired or sore for her son's dick.

She assumed that Alan would be sexually raring to go after coming home from what wrongly she thought was a legitimate, college application-enhancing S-Club meeting.

But, for once, Alan disappointed her.

She waited for him in the kitchen, again wearing the apron she'd taken to usually wearing when doing kitchen duties. When he walked in, she said, "Hello, Tiger. How'd the meeting go? Would you like a snack?"

Then sitting up on the kitchen sink, she spread her legs and said seductively, "Do you see anything you'd like to eat? Pie, perhaps? My muffin? I have a hot muffin for you."

She brought her hand towards her crotch, but at the last second pointed her finger in a completely different direction, indicating a plate on the counter containing both a slice of apple pie and a blueberry muffin. She laughed at her joke, and Alan laughed too.

But he was so tired, oversexed, and suddenly guilty about continuing to blow off his homework, that he barely even batted an eye at behavior that would have given him a heart attack had it happened some weeks earlier. "Wow, Mom, you look soooo sexy. But please don't tease me like that. I said this morning we've got to take it easy on the sexual stuff. I really should hit the books."

bender

Susan was so horny after waiting hours for Alan to come home that she wasn't going to let any of her perceived rules stop her. She tried a compromise. "I know you said that, but you have no idea how horny I am. Brenda came over, and we were reading stories about you-

"What?!"

"Well, okay, technically, it wasn't a story about you. It was an incest story from the Internet, and we changed the name of the guy to 'Alan.' But it was so HOT! It's all about how he dominates and FUCKS his beautiful and buxom mother. Brenda and I-

He held up a hand in a "stop" gesture. "Sorry, Mom. Please don't tell me any more. Between that, and the way you're dressed, and your sexy pose, I'm gonna get all horny. But I can't. I really can't. My body needs a break. Really."

She looked and felt very sad.

Alan wanted to explain that he was this exhausted because he'd just spent a couple of hours fucking three cheerleaders. But he didn't have the heart to disappoint her like that, and he also didn't want to give away the secret true nature of the S-Club. If he did, then he wouldn't be able to use it as a means to fuck Katherine.

He was put into even more of a spot when she said, "Son, I totally get that sometimes you just need a break. But even so, I'm concerned. If you haven't cum even a single time since you left for school, that's not healthy for a virile young man like you. Your balls could almost literally be turning blue!"

He realized he needed to at least say something, to put her blue balls worries out of her mind. "Well, to be perfectly honest, the S-Club meeting wasn't the only thing I did after school. Let's just say my dick got well taken care of. But some women have a strict confidentiality policy that I have to respect, so I can't name names."

"Oh." Susan frowned and bowed her head down. She was disappointed, of course, but also proud and reassured that he was so sexually successful. She lifted her head and asked hopefully, "Can you at least tell me if she was busty and/or beautiful? Or is it a she, or a THEY?!"

She was so adorable and eager that he couldn't resist admitting, "Actually, remarkably enough, it was a 'they.' And believe me, they are very busty AND beautiful!"

Susan's heart soared. "Oh, Tiger! That's my son! I'm so proud of you!"

Hearing that redoubled her desire to suck or titfuck him until he came. But she saw how tired he was. She thought, I'm not just his big-titted mommy slut. I'm also his mother, in the old fashioned, responsible parent sense of the word. Sometimes, I have to do mother things. This is one of those times. His homework comes first! Besides, he did cum pretty recently, so any imminent orgasm crisis is averted.

She decided not to be pushy with offers to help further drain his balls. Instead, she said, "It so happens that I'm already well into making dinner, since you came home so late. Why don't you stick around for a few minutes and I'll get you something yummy to eat?"

He nodded, but said, "Sounds good. But can you please change into something else before we sit down? My dick needs some down time, and I'm sure I'll get a raging boner just from seeing your massive tits rolling around on your chest."

She nodded, trying to put on a happy face.

Dinner was served a few minutes later, just as promised.

Katherine had also come home about the same time Alan did (even though they drove home together, they didn't come in together since Katherine was supposed to be elsewhere).

The three of them enjoyed a fairly normal, non-erotic dinner. Even the meal itself seemed subdued, consisting of cold vegetables and jasmine rice pilaf, which was reheated from Susan's and Suzanne's earlier meal.

Alan soon wolfed down the meal (and some of the apple pie) quickly so he could go to bed and get some rest. After he gave Susan and Katherine some goodbye French kisses (complete with tit groping), he went straight to his bed to collapse.

But seeing Susan's disappointed mood, as he left, he promised her he wasn't done for the evening, but would rebound in a big way after a post-dinner nap.

Katherine wasn't nearly as wiped out as Alan was after dinner, so she helped Susan to clean up after the meal.

The two women were doing the dishes in the kitchen when Suzanne came over after finishing her own dinner next door. There were more prolonged sexual greetings all around (even though they all remained fully dressed).

Suzanne was also looking forward to some sexual fun with Alan, and was rather disappointed to find that he was sleeping.

Amy also came over after dinner a little while later, with the exact same intentions. She was disappointed too.

The four of them ended up sitting in the living room and talking.

Susan said gravely, "I know we're all disappointed. It seems everyone here was looking forward to some fun time with our number one man, and no one was more eager than me. But look at us! There's four of us, and only one of him. He's tired, and falling behind in his work. We need to be patient, and let him have his rest."

Suzanne said, "I agree. That's quite a mature and responsible attitude, Susan. I'm proud of you."

"Thank you. It helps me get through down times like these. After all, pleasuring his cock is just one of many different things we all do in a day, right?"

Katherine said, "Wow, Mom! That really is a mature attitude, coming from you!"

Susan smiled. "Thanks. Let's not all overwhelm him when he wakes up, okay? The poor boy needs his rest. Maybe we can draw straws to be the next one to help him, or something. I'm sure his balls are filling up and churning with lots of tasty sperm, even as he sleeps. He gave me a vague mention that he'd gotten some orgasm help after school, unfortunately without naming names. But even so, he's got to be running well below his daily average. He'll never make it to six orgasms at this rate."

She concluded, "And remember, homework has to take precedence over sexual fun. If he's tired, maybe we can take turns stealth stroking him until he cums in a very relaxed and mellow way. If that's what he wants."

Katherine felt bad. She knew Susan's worries were overblown since the "meeting" was actually an Alan-centric cheerleader fuck fest, but she didn't say anything.

Before long, the discussion turned to all the sexual things Susan had learned that day. Susan explained in great detail how she learned to go down on a woman and use a small vibrator. She was tempted to try her new skills out immediately, and the others would have naturally loved that. But they all remained clothed in deference to Alan's request to stay calm so he could do his homework in peace.

In the process of describing her day, Susan got to the part where she showed the photograph print outs from last night's fashion show. This got a very big reaction, as if she'd announced the discovery of a treasure chest. It went without saying that everything came to a stop until she got the picture and everyone had a chance to look at them all.

After the initial excitement from viewing the pictures subsided, a lot of storytelling followed, based on the events depicted in the photos as well as fantasies inspired by them. The last batch were of the morning blowjob by Susan and Katherine, and that led to a particularly prolonged and arousing recounting.

The women's resolve to stay clothed in order to keep a calm mood went right out the window not long after the pictures came out. By the time Susan and Katherine gave their blow by blow (and lick by lick) account of the morning double blowjob, all four women were deep in the throes of a masturbatory fever.

Suzanne had a nice orgasm, and then another, but she still wasn't sexually satiated. The highly arousing storytelling seemed to go on and on. Eventually, she got so worked up that she thought, Okay, that's it! Homework or no homework, I absolutely HAVE to get fucked by Sweetie at least once a day, now that we've started! His dick is probably all backed up with cum from not having had much sex for so many long hours.

Dammit, I sound just like Susan with her "nasty sperm" and blue balls talk that I put into her head in the first place, but I think there's some truth to it this time. Far from hindering his homework, I would actually be doing him a favor if I got up there and help him deposit a load in my cunt. Then he'll be able to study without distraction.

Somewhere deep down, she knew this was just a pathetic self-justification. She felt really bad in keeping him from his homework, but she needed to be fucked so badly that she couldn't help herself.

The problem was, Suzanne had a hard time figuring out how she could get upstairs to see Alan without causing a commotion. She normally would have been pleased with the way Susan was being so level-headed and fair about things for once, but her fuck-need was so great that it only frustrated her this time.

But luckily, Suzanne came prepared. She had brought over a DVD of the Monty Python movie "The Meaning of Life." She reminded the others that they were supposed to be clothed and calm to support Alan with his desire to buckle down and do his homework. She talked them into watching the movie as a way to get back on track with that plan. Then she turned off the lights and made sure to sit in the back of the room.

Chapter 745 Only After Homework, Shall I Fuck - Alan's Resolve

Once the others were fully absorbed in the film, she slipped away. She had some sexy clothes along in the underwear cabinet, so she stopped there, picked the up, and then changed into them using the upstairs guest room, next to Alan's room.

By the time Suzanne got to Alan's door, it had been over an hour since he started his nap. That also meant it had been an hour of looking at last night's photos and hearing highly arousing stories. Even though he was still sleeping, she was so worked up that she couldn't even hold out for a little while longer.

Besides, she knew time was running against her, since the others could notice she was gone at any time. She really didn't want to get caught, not after she'd talked the others into calming down, putting their clothes back on, and watching a movie so Alan could sleep and the do his homework in peace.

She walked into his room and admired his sleeping form or a minute or so. Look at my love resting. My Sweetie. My cutie. Awww. I'm probably gonna get in trouble for being with him tonight since that movie ruse won't last very long, but it'll be soooo worth it!

Then, locking the door behind her, she went to him and gently shook him awake.

Alan looked a bit perturbed to be woken up.

But Suzanne pointed out, "You really should get up, Sweetie. Did you know you've been napping for over an hour? If you don't wake up now, you'll sleep all night, and then you'll get your sleep schedule all messed up."

That was sound advice (luckily!), so he roused himself and sat up in bed. Seeing Suzanne dressed in a blazing formal red top exposing all of her cleavage and a leather black miniskirt, he asked, "What's up? You off to a hot night in town or something?"

"Could be. Depends if you define this room as part of 'town.'" She winked as she started to unbutton her top.

But before he could answer, a word play came to her mind. "Actually, I AM going to town. I'm going to go to town all over your fresh, young, sexy body. I'm especially going to go to town on Alan Junior. Speaking of which, how is he doing today? I hear he's been having an off day."

He thought, Yeah, right! Even if all I got to enjoy was the morning double blowjob with Mom and Sis, that would be the sexual highlight of a lifetime for most people! And let's not even talk about the S-Club meeting or what might happen before the evening is over. Some "off day!"

She reached under his sheets and had her hands wrapped around his penis before she even finished that sentence. She was pleased to see that he'd woken up with a woody. She thought, That's my sweetie. I swear to God, this boy just doesn't know the meaning of the word "flaccid." I don't even mind having to share him with so many other lovers that much, 'cos he's always 'up' for me!

But he pushed her hand away. He was still waking up and not really in the mood, even if his penis couldn't help but react to her sex bomb body.

She didn't take this well. She threw her top across the room so it landed on a chair. Then she leaned forward and began rubbing her bare tits into his chest.

But he said, "Sorry, Aunt Suzy, you know I love it, and I love you. But I really, really, REALLY have to do some homework. I haven't done a lick all day." He tried to push her away, but with the entire weight of her body over his, he wasn't successful, and she continued her exquisite body rub.bender

Suzanne made her voice even more sultry and gravelly than it usually was. "But Sweetie. I need it so bad. Don't you want to park your throbbing Alan Junior in my hot cunt for a while? Don't you want to feel those velvet sugar walls squeezing the entire length and breadth of your cock in the most delightful ways?"

He didn't reply. He was gritting his teeth, trying to hold to his resolve.

She purred, "You see? This is why I held off on fucking you so long, because I knew that once we started I'd never be able to stop. The others are watching a movie, so don't worry about them. I locked the door, and I promise we'll be really fast. Once you drain that giant fire hose of yours into my squeezey cunt, your mind will be so much clearer to think about your studies."

She looked up at his face and saw he wasn't falling for it. So she continued to rub her pillowy tits up and down his body, and kept on making her case. More complaining now, she said, "You KNOW you want it! Don't you? Aren't you a real man? Show me you are!"

He refused to answer.

Meanwhile, her hands playfully but insistently battled with Alan's beneath the sheets for control of his erection. She didn't push that too hard though, since she didn't want it if he really didn't want it. Susan's advice about giving Alan some space rang in her head, making her feel guilty.

Still, she pressed, "Sweetie, what do I have to do to get you to fuck me? God, I've never had to say those words to any man, and somehow it makes me want you that much more. What do I have to do? Do you want me to do a striptease? Do you want me to walk across the floor on all fours like a sex slave? I have my pride, but I'll do it!"

Suzanne was confused, because she found her lust growing with every passing second, as if some inexorable tidal wave was washing over her, taking control. Her own vocalization of her extreme fuck-need only served to excite her that much more. She held her hands on his hands over his boner, even as she managed to slip her miniskirt off by wiggling her hips.

She thought, This is so absurd! This is me talking. Suzanne Pestrige! How could I end up desperately begging to get fucked, and still get turned down? I've had over 100 lovers and I never had to do this even once. It's outrageous! My Sweetie's willpower is simply inhuman.

He gave up the penis battle of sorts and let Suzanne begin to eagerly jack him off with both hands while her wonderfully soft rack continued to rub all over his chest.

But his move was just a tactical diversion. With his hands free and Suzanne's engaged, he was finally able to push her completely away from his body. Eventually he pushed her so far down the bed that she had to let go of his stiff pole.

She simply couldn't believe it. She thought he was a goner when her hands had started their slippery slide up and down his erection.

Victorious, he said, "Sorry, Aunt Suzy. But I really, seriously have to get to work. I have a big test tomorrow and a twenty page paper due by the end of the week. I have tests every day this week! It's already eight o'clock, and sex with you is never fast. It gloriously goes on forever and ever. You could milk my cock with your talented pussy walls for an hour or more."

"I promise I won't! I'll make it fast! Just a quickie!"

He shook his head. "That's not good either. With all the stimulation and needy women around here, a three minute quickie would be waste. If I'm gonna do it, I should do it right." He kept shaking his head. "It totally kills me, but with my mom's goodnight kiss tradition and all, when am I going to have the time to even open a book if I don't do it now? I'm at the end of my rope!"

Suzanne burst out impulsively, "Don't talk about ropes!" She was thinking about his ropes of cum when it flew out of his dick.

But then she managed to calm herself somewhat. Dammit! I've never wanted to get fucked so damn bad in my life! But on the other hand, I'm taking advantage. I'm putting my needs over his and mine are frivolous while his are serious. Homework. He has to do his homework. I have to give him a chance to do the right thing. Dammit!

Not only that, but if Susan finds out I'm here, I'll lose all moral authority over her the next time I tell her to take it easy on him. And I'm living on borrowed time, since they could realize I'm gone at any time. This is crazy!

She asked, "What about some stealth sucking? That wouldn't sate my burning need, but at least it would be something to help me deal."

He shook his head. "I don't know if that's a viable thing. It certainly wouldn't work for me right now, when I really have to bear down and actually write stuff. Even stealth stroking would be too distracting, I think."

She nodded sadly. In her current needy mood, she doubted she could be very "stealthy" anyway. Plus, what she really needed was a good fuck.

She was so aroused that her whole body was trembling, but she somehow got up to leave. "Shit. This sucks, big time. But I understand. What if you really kick ass on your homework, and I come back here in an hour to check on how you're doing? That can give you some incentive."

"That's an idea. Though I don't see how I can kick ass. I'm going to have images of you stuck in my head now. But I have to try. I really have to try. I'm really in trouble."

Suzanne made it to the door and put her hand on the handle. But then she stayed to watch him walk to the dresser and slip on a T-shirt and sweatpants, and then sit down in front of his computer and turn it on. His penis made a tremendously large lump in the gray sweatpants.

She found herself imagining that lump pushing in and out of her pussy so clearly that she feared she was losing her mind. What little self-control she had left flew right out the window.

Alan turned around, and to his great surprise, he saw Suzanne crawling naked across the floor. It wasn't just what she was doing, but how she was doing it. Her face was contorted with a look of pure, wanton lust and desperation.

He looked all around his room, and then back at her. He could scarcely imagine that his ordinary room, a typically nerdy high school student's room filled with books, CDs, computer stuff, the usual posters, and not much else, should contain a centerfold-worthy woman like Suzanne crawling across the floor, begging to get fucked. His mind reeled at the incongruity of it all.

She looked up and shot him an angry look. She complained as she continued to sexily shake her big tits dangling down and exaggeratedly wiggle her ass, "Are you happy now? I can't BELIEVE I'm doing this! Look what you've done to my dignity. I feel so ashamed, but I can't stop myself. I MUST have your cock in me! Not an hour from now, but NOW!"

He was aroused beyond all reason as he saw Suzanne nearly crying with need. But he closed his eyes and steeled his nerves. He said, "I swear to God, I'll fuck you tonight. How can I not, after seeing this, coming from you of all people? But it has to be AFTER I do my homework, or I know I'll never get started. I'm going to keep my eyes closed and take a very cold shower. Please don't interrupt me unless you want to see my future fail. I HAVE to show resolve, and if it isn't you doing this, Amy or someone else will be here in a minute. You have to keep them and yourself from my room. I beg of you!"

Suzanne was miffed, but also somewhat gratified that he had to close his eyes and beg her to stop. She said, "Okay. One hour. Max!" Then she fled the room.

Chapter 746 Spanking!

Suzanne staggered down the hallway, drunk with lust. Her high heels didn't make her walking any easier. She looked back and saw Alan flee across the hall and into the bathroom. Then she heard the sound of a shower starting. That gave her a little smile, that he had to take a cold shower because of her.

With Alan gone, she snuck back into his room and put on her clothes, since she couldn't go back downstairs naked.

She thought, My strategy is all messed up! I should be tactically thinking about what to do next to whom and why, but all I want to do is get fucked! I've made a complete fool of myself, took a big risk in getting caught by the others, and I didn't even get fucked for all the bother.

How could he even resist?! It's simply unbelievable. And it makes me want him that much more. I swear, if anyone so much as touches me, I'm going to explode with a massive multiple orgasm.

She stood at the top of the stairs for a few minutes to somewhat compose herself, yet even after the waiting, she found herself nearly incapable of thought beyond more fantasies of Alan fucking her. That wasn't helping.

With nothing else to do, she went downstairs to rejoin the others in watching the Monty Python movie "The Meaning of Life." She hoped the others would be so distracted watching it that they wouldn't notice she'd been gone for a while.

But when she got there, the others saw her coming.

Susan picked up the remote and hit pause. She stood up and said with great excitement, "Suzanne, I absolutely LOVE this movie! Well, maybe not all of it, in fact I don't really understand the humor in most of it, but that early scene with the 'Every Sperm Is Sacred' song was just the BEST!" Her whole body swayed as she sang enthusiastically,

"Every sperm is sacred,

every sperm is great,

if a sperm is wasted,

God gets quite irate."

Suzanne just chuckled. She didn't think the movie was that great, but she'd rented it just to see Susan's reaction to that one scene.

Susan continued, even more earnestly, "I know the scene was supposed to be funny, but it's so much more than a joke. It's just so... true! 'Every sperm IS sacred.' Those are words to live by. Just watching that helps bring me religious clarity to my recent actions. I feel as if God must be looking down and giving me an approving smile over my efforts to prevent Tiger's seed from spilling on the ground by catching it all in my mouth instead. Not only that, but the scene got me SO HOT!"

Suzanne smiled at Susan's predictability. She asked to the others, "How are the rest of you enjoying the film? Where are we at right now?"

Susan said, "We fast forwarded over some bits that Angel thought were too yucky for me to see."

Knowing the film, and Susan's conservative tastes (except for sexual things now), Suzanne smiled and said, "Wise move."

Katherine explained, "They've just shown the scene of the dozen topless girls chasing the guy on roller skates. That's one of my favorite bits. I wish we could do something like that for Big Brother."

Susan cut in, bursting with enthusiasm at the idea. "That was one of my favorite bits too! We SHOULD do something like that for him. Definitely! Except we can ditch the roller skates, and Tiger should be chasing the girls, not the other way around. Then he should catch up to them and nail each and every one with his big cock! We should find some sports team of a dozen girls for him to spear and cream, like a professional volleyball team or something. God, I'm getting so hot, just thinking about it!"

Suzanne chuckled some more. She loved it whenever Susan got really excited about something.

Amy said to Katherine, "Gosh! Can you picture our school's volleyball team, ALL of them lying in a pile in a super big bed, with their faces and thighs all super spermy and creamy? Wow!" She giggled.

Katherine giggled too.

Susan was enjoying that as well, when her eyes suddenly narrowed and the smile left her face. Thinking about Alan's erection caused her to think about Alan resting upstairs, which reminded her that Suzanne had just come from up there. "Suzanne, what are you doing? Coming downstairs?" Her gaze sharpened suspiciously. "There's only one reason you'd be up there. And those weren't the clothes you were wearing a little while ago. You're all dressed up now."

Suzanne admitted, "Yeah, I was checking up on him. I was worried he would sleep too long, so I woke him up."

Katherine asked, "Is that ALL you did?"

Even Amy chimed in, "Yeah! Why'd you have to dress up for that?"

Seeing that she had no good excuse, she admitted, "Okay, if he wanted to play around after he woke up, I wasn't exactly against that. As it so happens, he didn't... Hey! Don't everybody look at me like that! Susan, didn't you just say that every sperm is sacred? Isn't it a sin to let his seed fall to the ground, like the story of Onan?"

"Yes," Susan agreed, partly falling for Suzanne's excuses. "That's a big sin, in my book. But you were kind of tricky, sneaking up there while leaving us to watch the movie."

Suzanne sighed. "I know. I'm sorry. It's just that I was so hungry for him. To my great frustration, he's awake but actually keen on doing his homework. We didn't do ANYthing! Can you imagine that? I feel like, well, snubbed. And hurt. This just doesn't happen to me."

She flopped herself down on a sofa and let out another big sigh.

Susan was a bit miffed at Suzanne for sneaking upstairs, but it didn't bother her that much since Suzanne obviously hadn't been successful. She knew that was the case not just from Suzanne's words and demeanor but also from the short time Suzanne was gone. She figured it took a goodly amount of time to squeeze a load out of Alan, half an hour at least, and she didn't think Suzanne had been missing that long.

With the movie interrupted and everyone with their minds back on sex anyway, Susan stopped the movie for good.

Instead, Susan asked the others if she thought it was possible for Alan to cum in fifteen minutes or less, and that got all of them talking about and debating his stamina. She also lectured Amy and Katherine on the "every sperm is sacred" idea, encouraging them to redouble their efforts to swallow every last drop of every load he shot out.

All of them talked about these things except for Suzanne. She closed her eyes and tuned them out. She began to ruminate on her schemes and strategize on how to get another crack at Alan later. She knew she'd lost a lot of points with the other women by sneaking upstairs, which made any effort to spend more time with him that much more problematic.

When she opened her eyes about five minutes later, she began listening to Susan detailing one of her recent intense sexual experiences. Susan was already so aroused that she had her top down around her middle and was roughly squeezing her own tits with both hands. bender

Katherine and Amy were sitting on the sofa across from her, with their hands busy beneath their see-through nighties. The fact that Amy and Katherine had spent the whole afternoon fucking had tired them somewhat, not to mention the more recent masturbation session they'd had before the movie started, but they were no less ready than Susan to fuck some more if given the chance.

As Suzanne paid more attention, she heard Susan say, "So then, while Tiger, I meant Suzanne, kept pushing her little vibrator in and out of me, I got so confused. On one hand, I was so busy thinking about my cutie. I imagined his throbbing monster splitting me in two while his tanned and muscular chest pressed down onto my boobs. He was telling me how much he loved me, and was promising me that he would make up for lost time and fuck me every single day for the rest of time."

She paused melodramatically, then bemoaned, "But it wasn't him! The damn thing was too small. And even with my eyes closed, there was no way I could ignore Suzanne's massive jugs pressing up into mine. Damn that woman, she was playing the mutual nipple rubbing game that she knows drives me crazy! My hands were on her ass, and that was no muscular male ass. God, her pale white ass is so supple and squeezable! And the smell! Since we were outside by the pool, I couldn't smell the familiar Tiger sperm smell that now completely permeates our house and keeps us all in permanent heat. Instead, it was pussy, pussy, everywhere. Suzanne pussy! It was filling my senses and driving me mad. It was like I was getting fucked by both Suzanne AND Tiger at once!"

That brought a new round of excited groans from everyone, including Suzanne. It was especially arousing for Suzanne, since she could recall the smells, tastes, and feels from the incident in the morning quite clearly. She held up her hand and said in a loud voice, "Wait! Susan, you have to stop this minute!"

Attention gained, Suzanne staggered forward and collapsed on another sofa closer to where Susan was sitting.

Susan momentarily stopped the fondling of her own tits, and said, "What? Did I do something wrong?"

In fact, the only reason Suzanne demanded the halt was because she was too aroused and couldn't take any more. The smell of sex filled the air and seemed to be suffocating her. The smell was like a siren song calling out to her pussy to get fucked, but she only wanted Alan and he was cruelly unavailable. It

wasn't really what Susan was saying - Suzanne was already at her limit due to her great need to get fucked, and Susan's comments were like the straw that broke the camel's back.

However, Katherine saw an opportunity to get more dominant with her mother, so she answered first. "Yes, Mom. You DID do something wrong. Aunt Suzy's suffering. She's having cum withdrawal, and Brother can't help right now. Look how you're adding to her suffering with your sexy stories. You've been terribly naughty. I think you need a good spanking!"

Susan bowed her head guiltily. "I have been naughty, haven't I? I'm sorry."

Suzanne wanted to put the spanking to a halt before it began so she could properly recover, but the sight of Susan's face looking contrite, not to mention Susan's heavy and perfectly shaped tits hanging down and lightly bouncing, was too much. The fact that Susan had so quickly caved in to the spanking idea despite not really being guilty of anything was somehow even more arousing to her.

Besides, she figured a spanking could help distract her attention for a while. She was counting the minutes until Alan's hour was up.

So Suzanne said to Susan, "Yes. Angel is right! You need a good spanking, and now. God, yes!"

Susan meekly nodded and resumed groping her tits. She said in a very small voice, "I'm sorry. I'm too horny! It seems my tits have taken control again. I can't stop my hands."

Suzanne announced, "You need discipline. We're going to have to spank it into you. Okay, everybody get naked." She felt good to be taking command of the scene. It boosted her confidence after having desperately crawled across the floor in Alan's room a short time earlier.

"Everybody?" queried Susan. "Why do Angel and Amy need to get naked too? They're just watching."

Good point, thought Suzanne. But then an excuse of sorts came to her mind. "Of course an observer doesn't need to get naked, but I thought they could administer some of the spankings too, so I could teach them how to do it. I may not always be around when you do something naughty with Sweetie."

Susan groaned lustily, "Oh no! EVERYONE is going to spank me? No! I can't take it. It's too embarrassing to have even my own daughter spank me. I'll be good, trust me. Please?"

But in fact there was nothing Susan wanted more at that moment than be heartily spanked, especially by her daughter, and everyone knew it.

There was very little clothing being worn in the first place, but now anything that remained came off. Almost all, that is: the four of them all kept their high heels on. That was becoming a no-brainer tradition when anything sexual was happening.

Suzanne thought to herself, Why does Susan accept that both the spanker and spankee have to be naked? I think her brain has now completely migrated to her pussy! Not that there's anything wrong with that, hee-hee.

Katherine was happy to repeat Suzanne's comment. "Aunt Suzy, you just said that you could use some help administering spanking and such, since you 'may not always be around when you do something naughty with Sweetie.' I couldn't agree more! I told Mom the other day that I could sort of be his assistant in keeping her in line. Brother was there, and he totally agreed!"

Suzanne nodded. "Good." She knew that Katherine was highly submissive to Alan, but that didn't mean she couldn't have an urge to sometimes dominate Susan too. She wanted to encourage that, since she figured it would lead to more sexy fun for everyone. "Watch and learn then, so you can do this yourself in the future. We all know Susan is a wonderful, loving person, and she's very devoted to serving her son and his big cock. But still, there are times she needs to be put in her place."

That was a dubious assertion. Susan rarely did anything deserving of punishment. But it was the sort of submissive talk that she loved, so she didn't contest it. In fact, she thought, That's so true! Tiger is the man of the house now, and sometimes I act like he's not. I need to always remember a big-titted mommy serves her son's thick cock, first and foremost!

As Suzanne stood over Susan with the others, she found herself absentmindedly fondling a nearby ass, which was wiggling in appreciation. But then she looked around and saw with surprise that it was Amy's. She immediately pulled her hand away.

Amy was drowning in lust like everyone else. She complained, "Awww, Mom, why did you stop? That felt sooooo good." She began fondling Suzanne's ass in return.

But Suzanne moved out of range, appalled to be touching her daughter in a sexual way. "No, Honey Pie. We can't do that."

Amy simply redirected her attention. She walked a few steps in the other direction and she rubbed her ass up against Katherine's thigh.

Katherine immediately got the picture and began rubbing Amy's ass in the same way Suzanne had been.

Suzanne was in no mood to ponder that, but merely groaned with lust. She had half a mind to throw herself at her daughter, but then she remembered Susan's spank-craving ass, and her lust found a new target.

Everyone was standing around, waiting for Suzanne to take charge. Suzanne quickly surveyed the room, and then said, "Okay. Susan, lie down on that coffee table and get ready for an ass whooping."

Susan complained, "But the coffee table is low and cold."

"Hey. You're getting spanked, not taking a bubble bath. Now spread your legs wide so we all can see that delicious cunt of yours."

Susan immediately spread her legs as wide as they could go, and whimpered, "Yes, ma'am." She recalled the spanking Suzanne had given to Brenda earlier in the day and she prayed that this one wouldn't be anywhere as harsh as that one.

Suzanne considered the logistics of the situation and said, "Angel, could you please go get a silk sheet to put over the coffee table? Thanks." She remembered the nice effects silk had on Alan, and she also wanted to heighten Susan's anticipation with a dramatic delay.

Plus, as she explained out loud as she raised her arm, "Susan, I'm not getting sheets for your mercy, but for the mercy of the table. This is going to be one sticky and juicy spanking."

Susan shuddered and nearly came from those words alone. Oh boy! Here we go! But I can't say I don't deserve it!

Once the sheet was in place, Suzanne announced, "Okay, that's good. Here it comes, Susan. This is going to hurt."

She swung her hand down onto her best friend's ass without any further ado. The sound of a loud crack echoed throughout the whole house.

"Ow! Frickin' hell! That really hurt!" Susan exclaimed. Her head and hands jerked up in automatic response, as if she could ward off the blow.

Suzanne wasn't going easy with this spanking, although she wasn't being as harsh as she was with Brenda earlier in the day. Partly it was because she was so sexually frustrated and she let her frustration out on Susan's butt. But she wouldn't have done it this way if she'd hadn't known that Susan would like it more that way.

Susan did, although she hadn't realized it yet.

Suzanne said, "I told you it would. There wouldn't be any point if it didn't hurt. Get ready, here comes number two. If you yell too much, then the spanking won't count."

Again she brought her hand down from high above, and slapped Susan's butt with a resoundingly loud whack.

This time, Susan grimaced and almost cried out, but she did a better job of keeping quiet. She didn't want to get any more spankings than necessary.

However, at the same time, her entire body lifted completely off the coffee table and then slammed back down. She panted so heavily that she was nearly hyperventilating.

"What do you think, Angel?" Suzanne asked, sounding calm despite her intense arousal. "How many spankings should we give her? How bad was she? Ten? Fifteen? Twenty? What do you think?"

"Oh, I think about ten would be good," Katherine said, smiling wickedly. "Plus another five for monopolizing Brother's meaty cock too much lately and never giving me a fair share."

"Fifteen?" Susan said with horror.

Katherine cut in, "Oooh! Could I administer some of those?! I'm totally keen to get started on doing this sort of thing to her."

Suzanne chuckled. "Sure. Let me start though, to set the pace. And don't get TOO enthusiastic. She's not used to it."

Susan piped up. "You can say that again! I thought it would only be ten! And I didn't know it would hurt half this bad."

"A spanking is a spanking. Nothing we can do to change that," Suzanne said in a resigned tone, as if she was helpless to change anything. "But wait - there's no reason we can't give you something to distract yourself from the pain, like people having a shot of alcohol before doing something painful. What if we put a vibrator inside you so you can concentrate on that? Would you like that?"

"God, anything to get my mind off the pain!" Susan said in a tortured voice.

Suzanne suggested, "Angel, why don't you go get some vibrators? You can check my purse. We'll wait until you're back. Meanwhile I'll get your mom's cunt wet and ready with my fingers. Oh, and please pick small ones only, like the egg type. She's saving her pussy for her son."

Getting her pussy ready with fingers was merely a thin excuse to play, since Susan's pussy was already wet from the spanking. In fact, she'd spent most of the day naked and dripping wet between her legs.

Suzanne made a signal to Katherine of her fingers walking really slowly as if it was a person. It was meant to indicate that Katherine should take her time getting back, and the excited girl understood immediately.

Susan couldn't see the signal or in fact see Katherine or Suzanne at all from the position her head was in.

Amy just sat on a sofa watching everything. She hadn't made her mind up about spankings and didn't know what to think.

Katherine went looking for Suzanne's purse, which was in its usual place by the underwear cabinet. When she finally came back, she saw everyone staring up the stairs in great surprise.

Chapter 747 Fucking Suzanne And Susan X Kath

Katherine's eyes followed all the other eyes, and she saw Alan standing at the top of the stairs. He was still in T-shirt and sweatpants, and his sweatpants were enticingly tented out, just as they were when Suzanne last saw him. He walked down the stairs and continued on into the living room.

The others were still quiet and frozen in place, all waiting to see what he'd say or do.

Alan sat down on a sofa and said, "Couldn't study. Sex on the brain. I heard the spanking sounds when I was taking a bathroom break and I finally gave up. I figure I'll just sit here and have some entertainment while I take a short snack break. Then I'll get back to work. No harm in that, is there?"

The others all looked at him with trepidation, knowing how clearly he'd emphasized that he shouldn't be disturbed by sexual shenanigans while studying.

Susan said nervously while still bent over lewdly, "Tiger, dear? You aren't mad at us? For distracting you from your important work?"

"Of course I'm mad, what with all those spanking sounds. Somebody needs to be punished. Looks like that someone is you. I think it's important for Mom to be shown her place." He wasn't really mad, but he figured, correctly, that those comments would excite her even more. He sat back to enjoy the show.

Susan thought, Yes! I DO need to be shown my place! And my place is being a totally obedient big-titted mommy slut for my son!

Amy went to the kitchen and thoughtfully brought back an ice cream bar for him, since he said he wanted to have a snack.

He also had Amy put on some music.

She put on an Aretha Franklin box set CD, mostly because she knew it would play a long time, and she really liked the song "Think."

He blew her a kiss of thanks and began sucking on the bar.

Suzanne resumed what she was doing, which mostly involved working her fingers in and out of Susan's pussy. She explained, "We're preparing Susan for the rest of her spanking. She was too stressed out from the first two smacks."

Susan's experience with vibrators only went as far back as last Wednesday, and Suzanne deliberately misled her that one had to extensively prepare a pussy before sticking one in it, supposedly just as one usually needed K-Y Jelly and the like before sticking a penis or vibrator in the ass.

So everyone watched while Suzanne continued to finger Susan's privates.

Susan just whimpered in humiliation and arousal. Oh dear me! Tiger is watching! That really raises the stakes. I just wish someone could tend to his cock to enhance his viewing experience, but unfortunately he seems to want to be left alone for now.

After a couple of minutes, Suzanne stuck her thumb in Susan's asshole, and the rest of her fingers on that hand kept working her pussy.

Eventually Susan cried in exasperation, "Isn't it time already? My pussy can't get any more drenched and ready than this!" She moved her ass down to the edge of the coffee table, then stuck it high in the air, and generally moved it every which way as if she was trying to shake Suzanne's hand out of her.

But Suzanne held on for the ride. She stifled an amused chuckle. "Oh. You're ready? I've been waiting for you to say something."

"Thank God! Am I ready? Have mercy! YES! I seriously can't take it if you make me cum anymore. Please finish these spankings before my sopping wet pussy makes me die of dehydration!"

"Okay," said Suzanne. "While I administer the spankings, Amy, why don't you put in the vibrator and administer that?"

"M'kay!" Amy sat between Susan's legs, right where Suzanne had just been sitting.

Suzanne moved off to the side a bit.

Katherine meanwhile sat on one sofa and friggd herself while Alan sat on another sofa.

Alan took his sweatpants off as soon as he was done with the ice cream bar, and his boner shot straight up. But he didn't seem to want any assistance with his usual "problem," at least not yet.

Amy took a vibrator - in fact the same bullet-styled one that Susan had used earlier in the day - and started pushing it into Susan's unsuspecting pussy.

Although the vibrator was small, between the way it was buzzing and the way Amy thrust it in and out it certainly did its job of keeping Susan extremely wet. She couldn't suppress her moans and whimpers.

Suzanne selected another vibrator, a medium sized one, and stuck it in herself. She said, "Angel, us spankers and vibrator operators get tired, too. Can you come here and keep our vibrators pumping in and out?" She saved Katherine for this job so Amy wouldn't be the one getting intimate with her pussy.

Katherine gladly got up and did what Suzanne wanted, since Alan's body language indicated that he still didn't want his erection touched.

"Ouch! Ooooooh..." Susan groaned. "That's so big! It's too big. I'm so sore down there. Get the small one Suzanne used on me earlier day."

Suzanne said, "That IS the smaller one. It's the exact same one!"

"Oh." Susan was chagrined. Since she couldn't see it, she worried it was bigger than it really was. She still didn't want anything even remotely approaching the size of Alan's cock inside her - except for Alan's cock, of course.

Amy kept pushing the vibrator in and out of Susan's hole with long, slow strokes. She played with Susan's clit with her other hand too.

"Let's see if that's better now," said Suzanne. "Here comes another smack!" Her hand flew down onto Susan's ass cheeks.

A really loud groan escaped Susan's mouth. She mumbled dreamily, "I'm getting fucked! I'm getting fucked!" As if to prove her point, her hips were gently rocking in counterpoint to Amy's slow thrusting.

"Does the vibrator make it more bearable?" Suzanne asked, as if she didn't already know the answer.

"Well, it certainly is distracting, but does it have to be so damn, hnnnngg! Uh... long? I feel like I'm cheating on my son. I know it's small and all, but with the rhythmic thrusting and all, it sure feels... fucky. Can't you use a, ha, ooh, dif-ferent one? Something smaller? What about using one of those eggy ones?"

The vibrator being used on Susan was already about as small as they got. Susan's main issue actually was with the fucking motion, which had nothing to do with size. But Suzanne saw this as a good excuse to play around some more, so she said, "Oh, I suppose. Honey Pie, keep working that vibrator while I go get something smaller so we don't lose any progress. I'll be back in a sec."

Suzanne disengaged. Although her ostensible purpose was to find a different vibrator, she really just wanted to stall for time so Amy could push the current vibrator into Susan over and over, and repeatedly push Susan over the orgasmic edge.

Alan continued to silently watch everything that was happening. He was tempted to stroke his erection, but he knew he couldn't do that without making the others upset

Katherine meanwhile was focusing on pushing a vibrator in and out of Amy while Amy reached back and did the same to Katherine.

"I don't think that's necessary, I think I'm already well lubricated," Susan said to Amy.

But Amy kept on.

Significantly, Susan's hips didn't slow down or stop pushing back onto the dildo in Amy's hand. Then Susan pushed herself over the edge and fell into a massive orgasm, which made her moan even louder than before while making torturous, gasping cries of joy.

Now that Susan had had her big climax, Suzanne went and got an egg-shaped vibrator. It was the same size as the one she'd been using, though shorter and wider, but it was clean. She came back quickly and handed it to her daughter.

Amy switched the cum-drenched vibrator with a clean one with hardly a pause for the sexually overwhelmed mother to recover.

Alan finally spoke. He motioned to Suzanne, saying, "Come over here and sit on my lap. I want you to be my dick tender. Let Amy and Katherine take care of the rest of the spankings. They need the practice more."

Then he spoke to Katherine. "Little Fat-pussy-lipped Sis, do you think you can handle the spanking part?"

"Sure can, Big Saturn V Rocket Brother." She was happy he reminded her to use his big nicknames. She was particularly proud of her Saturn V mention - the rocket that sent the first men to the moon - because the rocket was both so massive and so phallic-shaped.

She added, "As a matter of fact, this is right up my alley. Like I told you the other day, I want to be your assistant for keeping Mom in line. And of course, that means spankings!"

He grinned. "It sure does. She's a naughty mommy. Why, she may have to be spanked every day, by either you or me." He winked at his sister to show that he was just giving Susan the sort of sexy talk she craved.

Katherine understood and played along. "Probably. Between you and me whaling on her ass, she's going to have a hard time sitting down!"

Instead of replying to that, Susan was distracted by something else. "Wait! What's everyone else doing? I hear strange sex sounds. Things are getting out of control. We can't have an orgy-eeeeeeek!"

Amy swapped positions with Katherine so as to give her arm a rest. As Katherine rubbed the vibrating egg right on Susan's clit, the sexy mother's butt shook and writhed in every direction. Her boobs swung wildly and occasionally rubbed deliciously against the silky bed sheets. She was surprised at how much that would set her off even more.

Susan was suffering such pleasure that she had her eyes firmly closed as if she couldn't take any more sensory input.

That was a good thing, because as Suzanne got near Alan, he meant what he said and had her sit right on his lap.

Suzanne's smile was a mile wide smile, because with his boner pointing up into the air like a totem pole, she knew that sitting there could mean only one thing. She was so extremely grateful that she wanted to cry.

Alan guided her hips down as she slowly impaled herself on his erection. She was amazed at his boldness, considering that Susan was in the same room and merely temporarily unable to look in their direction. He worried that she would have been very frustrated if she saw what they were doing.

But he had been recalling his promise to fuck Suzanne within the hour, and he thought, Why not now? He gambled that Susan would be so distracted by the spanking that she wouldn't notice. It was a good guess, because she was extremely distracted. And if she did notice, he figured that she would just have to deal with it.

Amy and Katherine on the other hand, had no problem seeing what Suzanne and Alan were doing. Katherine just smiled in approval. Amy gave a cum-covered thumbs up, as both her hands were now sticky with Susan's pussy juices.

Suzanne said as she started subtly bouncing up and down on Alan's dick, "Orgy? I don't know what you're talking about, Susan. Things are very respectable here. Just because Honey Pie, Angel, and you are all fervently pounding vibrators into each other and I'm squeezing Sweetie's cock with the crack of my ass, that doesn't mean we're having an orgy. We're just having a friendly, corrective spanking."

Suzanne figured that she needed a lie that would be at least remotely anatomically possible, in case Susan glanced over.

That was a wise thing, because Susan immediately opened her eyes and glanced over. But she only was able to get a brief glance as she squealed, "You're squeezing his cock with YOUR WHAT?! AAAAIIIEEE!"

Susan cried out because Katherine's hand suddenly came crashing down as she was speaking.

Katherine thought on her feet and spanked Susan earlier than she'd been planning to in order to distract her before she could get a good look at how Suzanne and Alan were really positioned.

The idea worked, as Susan closed her eyes tight while her whole body buckled. She kept her eyes closed while she recovered from the pain. She was grateful that Katherine sped up her fingering and vibrator work while Amy comfortingly rubbed Susan's ass as soon as the spanking stopped.

"That was number four," Katherine announced.

"Four?" Susan exclaimed. "Only four?! How will I make it to fifteen?"

"I don't know," Katherine answered nonchalantly, as if she couldn't care less about her mother's suffering. In fact, she wanted to make sure her mother got just the right mix of pleasure and pain that would give her the greatest erotic high.

Amy's ass-rubbing hand withdrew while Katherine's vibrator-pumping hand worked even more frantically, indicating to Susan that another spanking was about to occur.

Meanwhile, Suzanne found herself getting even more aroused, she was so ecstatic that she was lucky enough to be actively fucking Alan. Her feelings grew so intense as she neared climax that she discovered she was actually crying with joy. She moaned like she had never moaned before, and there was a desperation in her voice she'd never voiced before.

Katherine's hand came crashing down on Susan once more. Slaps five, six and seven followed, with big pauses between each. Each slap was a little bit weaker than the previous one.

Susan found the pain decreasing and the pleasure of the experience constantly increasing.

Soon, she began looking forward to another swat of Katherine's hand with great anticipation. Her pussy was already leaking a constant stream of cum, and it seemed as if the entire experience was a non-stop series of orgasms for her.

Katherine and Amy played with each other between spankings, even as they kept the vibrator going in Susan, and they were climaxing from time to time as well.

Susan also moaned quite loudly, which was a good thing, because those moans, plus Amy's and Katherine's, and the Aretha Franklin music, helped cover up Suzanne's increasingly loud cries. What helped even more was that Susan was under the impression that Suzanne was massaging Alan's boner with her ass crack, which explained all but the most extreme sexual sounds coming from that direction.

Suzanne began bouncing wildly up and down in Alan's lap. At first, she had tried to subtly bounce on his thick shaft, counting on her remarkable pussy squeezing ability to do most of the work. She was such a

good squeezer that normally she could completely satisfy her partner without either of them moving their hips in the slightest, if that's what she wanted to do.

But this was not a normal situation. She succeeded in being subtle for a short while, but she'd been nearly incoherently horny even before he started fucking her, and the excitement of tricking Susan right in front of her was too much for her to be subtle about anything. Her body had taken control, and she was way beyond mere pussy squeezing. A stream of happy tears freely continually flowed down her face as she bounced in Alan's lap.

She couldn't stop fucking now even if Susan walked up to her to see what she was doing. She could barely even control her moans and her desire to yell, "Sweetie! Fuck me harder!"

The fact that Alan was reaching around and firmly probing her huge tits with both of his hands drove her that much closer to practically losing her sanity. She was amazed at how much more sensitive her nipples felt than she could ever recall them feeling before. It was as if this fucking was a completely new experience for her.

Amy took over the spanking duties. She wasn't keen on doing that, but she felt obliged to at least try it out. The switching of positions again led to a lot of fingerfucking and switching of vibrators by all involved. She administered smacks eight, nine and ten. They were considerably lighter than Katherine's smacks, which in turn were lighter than the first ones Suzanne did.

Katherine, now with the job of keeping Susan's pussy happy once more, changed positions so she could stick her foot into Susan's crotch. Still wearing her high heels, she took a heel and rubbed it against Susan's clit, and then all around her crotch.

It was hard to tell what Susan's reaction to this was, since she was constantly moaning, whimpering, and gasping for breath, and hadn't been capable of coherent speech since about the seventh slap on her ass. She was climaxing from time to time, but she was so aroused non-stop that the orgasms didn't matter much.

Katherine pushed the heel into Susan's pussy a bit, and was rewarded with an exceptionally loud shriek before Susan resumed her usual cries of passion.

As she ground her heel into Susan's pussy lips, she casually said to Amy, "I'm so glad to see that you're finally wearing high heels. What caused the change? You know it's the only item of clothing Brother wants us to wear most of the time?"

"I know that NOW!" Amy replied, laughing with chagrin. "I wish you'd have told me sooner. I mean, I kinda noticed everybody wearing them all the time around him, but Mom didn't mention anything about it to me until yesterday. But it's cool. She and I are totally helping each other out lately. It's like we're a team!" She looked towards her mother and smiled.

Then she added, "I only wish they were more comfy. I have trouble walking in them, to be honest. But that's okay, since it's for my O.B."

Alan meanwhile had paused in his fucking to get yet another "second wind," while keeping his cock fully sheathed in Suzanne's tight slit. He was listening in to the high heel discussion and found it amusing, since he was pretty sure that he'd never overtly made any suggestions about wearing heels. But somehow they'd picked up on the fact that he liked them, and wearing them had become some kind of house rule.

He thought that was pretty neat. It was a sign of how much they all loved him. If he expressed approval of putting ribbons in one's hair, he was sure they'd all be wearing ribbons the next day.

Suzanne also was listening to Amy and Katherine talk, and the pause enabled her to be calm enough to comment naughtily, "You don't need to walk... to walk around in them... my Honey Pie. Just crawl on all fours! I know that... Sweetie... likes that!"

She gave Alan's erection a knowing squeeze with her strong pussy muscles, successfully reminding him of her own shameless naked crawl in his room just a short time earlier. But the reminder aroused her even more than it aroused him, which was saying quite a lot.

Amy replied cluelessly, "What, should I do that now? Beau, would you like me to crawl over there and lick something, or something else?"

He groaned. He shook his head no, but he was so excited by Amy's willingness to do anything to please him that he picked Suzanne up about six inches and impaled her back down onto his stiff boner, thereby indicating to her that it was time to resume fucking.

Suzanne complied, and her pussy squeezing resumed with a vengeance. Oh yeah! That hits the spot! This is EXACTLY what I've been craving!

He was so pleased with the effect of picking her up and impaling her back down that he periodically repeated it, expertly timing it with his usual thrusts.

While all this fucking was going on, he had the sense of mind to think, Fucking amazing! Mom may not realize it, but we are having an orgy! It's all so incredible that I'm practically seeing stars. Aims! Mom! Sis! Aunt Suzy! Each one is more amazing than the last, and they're all mine!

Amy found swatting Susan's butt fun. To her, there was no anger involved, so she still didn't smack very hard.

Katherine had Amy stop at ten slaps because Susan's butt was getting really red, Not only that, but Katherine was eager to move onto the next part, which was "healing" Susan's sore butt (and pussy).

Before long, both Katherine and Amy began rubbing hand cream all over Susan's butt. Four soft hands were on her at once. But funnily enough, most of the cream seemed to end up in Susan's pussy and up her anus, and somehow even found its way to her tits.

Susan was almost out of her mind with pleasure. She mentally "surrendered" to the girls and let them do whatever they wanted to her.

The two girls were having so much fun playing with Susan's helpless body that they mostly forgot the vibrators still hanging out of both their pussies. However, the vibrators were still turned on, and continued to pleasantly shake and whir.

After a couple of minutes, Katherine had an idea and pulled Susan until her butt hung completely over the edge of the coffee table. That allowed Katherine to get underneath the table and finger her mother's pussy and clit while Amy continued to work on Susan's butt.

Amy picked up the vibrator that had just vacated Susan's pussy and shoved it up Susan's asshole.

Susan was so far gone by this point that she was barely able to manage a whimper in reply. Her eyes rolled up into her head and she climaxed again.

Katherine would have liked to resume the spanking, to assert her domination over her mother as "Alan's assistant" a little more, but Susan was so far gone that it didn't matter. Susan might not have even realized what was happening to her.

Eventually, all the women had so many climaxes that they simply couldn't go on. Even Alan came too, since Suzanne's fiery cunt simply felt too hot and tight for him to resist.

Katherine and Amy collapsed on the floor. Katherine fell asleep right away.

For better or worse, the two girls forgot to take the small vibrator out of Susan's butt, so Susan continued to lay with her butt hanging off the edge of the table, still quietly whimpering as the vibrator kept on doing strange and delightful things to her well-warmed ass.

Alan ended up cumming into Suzanne around the same time Katherine and Amy collapsed.

Chapter 748 Smart Suzanne!

Suzanne crashed right where she was, still sitting in Alan's lap. That meant her body was flopped all over him and his dick remained lodged in her pussy.

He was too tired to do more. His penis slowly went flaccid.

Suzanne had long lost the ability to think coherently, but pure luck prevented her from crying out any telltale words that might have given away her illicit fucking with Alan (though by the end Susan was so overcome by lust that it didn't matter).

Also luckily, Susan was too occupied to ever cast another glance in their direction, after the one time Katherine managed to quickly distract her. Even after it was all over, Susan's eyes remained closed with her face plastered into the silken sheets of the coffee table.

Amy was the first one to somewhat recover. She got on her knees and crawled back to Susan and began experimentally poking her ass cheeks with an index finger. She commented, "Wow. Beau, your mom is amazing. Look. Every time I touch her, it sets off an orgasmic moan. It's like her entire body is wired to do nothing but climax. see? It even does it when I touch the back of the knee... Or the front... Wow. Too cool for school! It's like a cool toy. Such cool sound effects, too."

He didn't respond, but he finally pulled his penis out of Suzanne's slit. Then he lifted her off his lap and sat her on the sofa to his side, wanting to get her off him before he grew aroused again.

Suzanne had a most unusual dreamy look in her eye. It looked like she was seriously out of it. That was exactly the serious fucking that her body had desperately needed.

But after a couple minutes Suzanne's eyes managed to focus on Amy's poking and Susan's resulting little yelps of joy. She smiled widely.

She turned to Alan, and quietly muttered to him, "Remember upstairs, when you said 'I'm at the end of my rope' out of frustration? NOW you're at the end of your ropes!" She chuckled.

He chuckled too. He wrapped an arm around her and thought, Man, my life is so great! It's not just all the fantastic sex... although there IS that! Heh! Even greater is that way we're coming together closer than ever, and they're there all bonding to me! I've got my own little harem going on. I know I'm not supposed to like that word, but maybe I should reconsider. What else can I call it? bender

Susan slowly started to come around. She finally stood up, bent over, and pulled the vibrator out of her ass. Despite her exhaustion, she was aware that Alan was watching her, so she managed to remove it in the most sexy manner possible. She even stood on her tip toes to duplicate the effect on her legs that high heels normally had.

She spoke in a sultry purr, "My goodness! Would you look at me? I feel so thoroughly... tamed! Thank you, all of you, for putting me in my place!"

Everyone heard the faint but lewdly suggestive pop as the vibrator was pulled free before Susan turned it off and weakly tossed it aside.

Amy returned to the floor since she no longer had an orgasmic body to poke.

Susan stretched and yawned, because she was wiped out. But she also tried to make a sexy show out of it. She could see Alan's penis had gone flaccid, no doubt due to Suzanne's help (though she didn't suspect vaginal fucking).

Then she looked over at Suzanne and Alan and exclaimed, "Shoot. My cunt is soooooo sore!" She reached down and started rubbing her sore spot.

Suzanne replied, "Sorry. It's probably my fault. I think I may have overdone it with the vibrators and all our fun during the day."

But a light clicked on in Suzanne's sex-addled head, and she thought. Wait. That was the plan! Keep Susan's pussy too sore for him to fuck her. It worked! Excellent! Wow, Suzanne. You're smart. She giggled in delight.

Susan muttered, "Don't worry about it. I'm sure I came more times today than ever! I just came and came and came. And I wasn't even with Tiger that much. Wow."

Suzanne's plan to keep Alan and Susan from fucking was succeeding, at least for now, but she was thinking and acting more like the dumbest stereotypical dumb blonde than her usual razor-sharp self. Her brain still hadn't fully recovered from her overwhelming fuck-lust. She continued to giggle for far too long.

Alan turned to her and asked, "What's so funny, Aunt Suzy?"

Suzanne pondered for a while, aware that Amy, Susan, and Alan were all waiting for her to say something. She eventually came up with, "I was just thinking. God, it's a good thing we didn't get in an orgy." She laughed heartily at that.

He laughed too. "Yeah. Good thing. It was reaaaal close, but we managed to stave it off."

Susan looked at him confused. "We did? That's good." Then she shuddered. "If that wasn't an orgy, I'd hate to think how arousing an orgy can get."

She walked up to Alan and said, "It's probably still early, but I'm going to have to give you your goodnight kiss now and go to bed. If I can make it that far, that is. I'm so totally destroyed! I don't think my cunt will recover for a week!"

He quipped, "That's okay, I have to go do my homework now anyways."

It was a joke and everyone laughed at it, because it was blatantly clear that he would be in no shape to do any homework any time soon. Pretty much all of them qualified as "destroyed."

Susan bent down and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. She remained bent over with her enormous boobs hanging down. "I never did get to suck your cock much today. Not even once since morning. That makes me so sad. Oh well. I guess maybe that's part of my spanking punishment. What was the reason for that in the first place? I forget. Suzanne, what did I learn with my spanking?"

Suzanne thought for a while. Or at least she tried to think - it seemed as if her brain had stopped working.

Amy helpfully stood up and whispered in Suzanne's ear.

Then Suzanne answered, repeating what Amy told her, "You learned not to torture Suzanne with sexy stories. And not to be distracting when your son is trying to study."

"Oh. Right." Susan looked at Alan's crotch, and said, "Oh dear! Tiger, you came, and you're all sticky and messy." She started to get down on her knees for her usual "cleaning" ritual.

But he stopped her. "I really appreciate the thought, but just this once it's cool if you don't lick me clean. I'll be fine."

"Are you sure?" She looked worried.

"I'm sure."

Katherine said, "Don't worry, Mom. We'll take care of it." She said that just so Susan wouldn't fret about it.

"Okay then. Thanks." Susan kissed Suzanne and Amy on the lips, but those were just brief close-mouthed pecks. Amy was now cuddled up around Alan. Susan looked at Katherine and blew her a kiss, then dragged herself up the stairs.

Alan closed his eyes, intending just to rest for a couple of minutes. But he quickly drifted off to sleep.

When he woke up, Katherine and Suzanne were both gone.

Suzanne had managed to pull herself together enough to take a shower before heading home.

Amy was still in his arms, sleeping.

He looked at her and felt his heart swell at how adorable she was.

He disengaged from Amy without waking her, and found the clock. It was past nine thirty. Since he didn't have the heart to wake her, he set an alarm to go off in thirty minutes to make sure she wouldn't spend the entire night on the sofa. He was too tired to deal with the problem at that moment.

As he walked up the stairs, he thought, Good fucking really takes a lot out of you. So much for getting any homework done. I aaaaalmost managed to put my foot down and resist Aunt Suzy. And I thought I was damn near heroic with the willpower that showed, but it was all for nothing. I'll do better tomorrow. Tuesday. Oh shit. Tomorrow's a Tuesday!

Chapter 749 You Want Me To Have Your Baby?

Alan brushed his teeth and did the rest of his going to bed ritual. When he turned his light off, he thought for sure that he was all done for the day. But just as he was about to drift off to sleep, he was surprised to hear a knock on his door.

It was Katherine. She'd stayed up for a chance to have a goodnight kiss.

She came in and stood in the doorway in a sexy nightie, striking an aggressive pose. Before he could talk, she said, "Brother, I noticed Mom didn't give you a goodnight kiss."

He laughed. Thinking of all that Susan had gone through that evening, he said, "Yeah, I could see how she's, uh, shall we say... indisposed. What about you?"

"Me? Tired? Not really. Don't you want your goodnight kiss? Or don't you love me anymore?" She was naked by the time she finished saying that.

He stared at the nightgown puddled around his sister's feet because he feared that if he looked at her sexy body he'd get aroused yet again. "Oh course I love you, and of course I'm glad to get a goodnight kiss. Don't EVER doubt my love for you or I'll have to give you a spanking."

in a flash, she turned around and bent way over. Her nightie rose up, fully exposing her flawless ass. "You hate me, Bro, don't you? You HATE me!"

He added with amused chagrin, "And I don't meant the kind of spanking that you'll enjoy."

"Awww, shucks." She turned back around and stood up. "Okay, maybe you don't hate me after all."

He grinned at that. "Of course I'd love to kiss you, but I'm weary. And I'm highly suspicious that you only want to kiss. These things have a tendency of turning into blowjobs or handjob, or more."

She sat down on his bed and affectionately rubbed his arm. "Of course a goodnight kiss wouldn't be complete without making you cum, but I don't want to give you a blowjob or handjob."

"Uh-oh. You swear? Neither of those things, and no fucking either?" He was still trying not to look at her, but his eyes were gazing at her long legs and slowly moving up.

"I swear." She reached back behind him a bit and massaged his neck and shoulders.

"You promise not to touch me with your hands or mouth?"

"Yep."

"No tits or pussy? Or ass, even?" His eyes drifted up to her deliciously bare pussy right as he said the word "pussy."

"Yep, yep, and yep. But I'm still going to make you cum."

"This I gotta see. You know, your nipples are lightly grazing my shoulder blades right now."

"Oh, really?" She giggled. "I had no idea those count as part of the breasts." She lied, but in good fun. She pulled back just a bit and concentrated on the massage.

"Hmmm. So you're saying you can make me cum without any of those things touching me? Just from the kiss alone?"

"No. From what I'll be wearing. Just a sec. Let me change into something so sexy that it'll make you cum all by itself. Can you wait?"

"For that, I can wait. No outfit alone..." His voice faded because she was gone in an instant, leaving him talking to himself.

She returned about five minutes later.

Alan was relieved as his eyes wandered all over her body, because she was dressed sexily, but nowhere near sexily enough to make him cum from appearances alone.

She wore a black dress pulled down to reveal her boobs and elbow length black gloves. She wore the usual high heels (black as well), but not so typically, she wore dark stockings as well.

She pulled up her dress with great eagerness and demonstrated that the stockings connected to a garter belt, but that was all. No panties got in the way of her pussy or ass.

He said, "Nice, Little Squishy Tunnel Sis, but I see the likes of that sort of thing just about every day around here now. You have to admit it's pretty tough competition lately. How is that going to make me cum?"

She seemed very confident. "Elementary, my dear Big Monorail Train Brother. The stockings. The secret key is the stockings."

"How?" He was a bit impatient, as he was so tired. He did feel his erection growing against his will, though. Curse that thing! he thought. Will it never be satisfied?

"Close your eyes and you'll see." She kicked her high heels off.

He closed his eyes, and then he felt his sheets pull down. Seconds later, he felt a sensation on his growing penis. Something was coming at it from both sides, and rubbing, but it wasn't a hand or mouth. It didn't even feel like skin. It felt fantastic, and better, smoother, and silkier than any skin could ever feel.

He was so surprised that he opened his eyes and looked down to his groin. He saw Katherine's silk stocking covered feet rubbing up and down both sides of his penis. He looked up at her face and saw her laughing mirthfully.

She said, "Told ya! Look Ma, no hands, because I'm using my feet! How does it feel?"

He paused and considered the question. The feeling of the silky fabric rubbing against his erection was far too good to be denied. Further, he was amazed at just how dexterous his sister's feet were. They were in total control of his cock, and played against it nearly as expertly as if she was using her hands. For instance, she had the toes of one foot working on his sweet spot just below the cockhead, while the other foot pressed on the other side to give more traction and yet rub and stimulate some on its own as well.

He exclaimed, "God, Sis, that feels great! I love it. You're getting better at that. What do you call it?"

She smiled a knowing smile, as if she knew all along exactly what he'd say. She replied languidly, "It's called a footjob. Blowjob, handjob, titfuck, assfuck, straight fuck, and now a footjob, and those aren't even all the ways to pleasure a dick. I learned a lot today."

"From who?"

"Who'd you think? Aunt Suzy. She caught me crying the other day, and cheered me up by telling me one of her secrets."

"Crying? Arrgh!" He shouted out because of the arousing things she was doing with her feet.

She didn't really know what she was doing when she started, but she was getting better by the second.

He struggled to finish his thought, "Why were you crying?" He groaned loudly, as his boner was attacked from all sides by wonderfully arousing silky sensations.

"Because you haven't been paying me enough attention, you meanie. She was planning to surprise you with this, but saw that it would mean a lot to me to do something special for you. She's really all right." She giggled, adding, "For a giant-breasted, long-tongued, cocksucking, next door neighbor who constantly needs to fuck my brother, that is."

"Oh God! Stop! Slow down. UGH! The feeling of that fabric is too much. What is it?"

"Glad you asked. These are fully fashioned nylons, but they feel smoother than silk, don't they? She showed me just what to do. We even practiced with a dildo. The feet are highly erogenous zones, though usually tragically neglected. That's what she told me. Women love it when you pay attention to their feet, too."

He asked, "Really? What should I do? We should switch roles because otherwise I'm not going to last long."

Katherine told him, "Don't worry about it. You're tired and you've had a rough day, so I'm going to pamper and please you." She was smiling even more than before, glad that she could provide so much erotic joy to someone she loved so much.

He sighed wearily. "If you insist."

"I do. And don't worry about cumming. I'm one of your fuck toys AND one of your personal cocksuckers, so I have a double reason to keep your dick throbbing with pleasure right at the edge of a big spermy explosion. Just tell me if you're getting too close, and I'll take care of the rest."

He muttered, "I wish you wouldn't call yourself those things."

"Sorry, bub. I may be your fuck toy, but I'm an uppity one, which means I get to call myself whatever I want!" She giggled.

He just rolled his eyes, but then grinned at her.

"But on a different note, this is the first time we've had a chance to talk one-on-one for a while. I've been meaning to ask you... have you given any more thought about the news about 'Ron, the gay adulterer?'"

He looked at her feet, which were still sliding pleurably around his stiff shaft, and then up at her face. "Seriously?! You're asking me that now, in the middle of a footjob?"

She smirked triumphantly. "Yep! Get used to it. It'll be rare if I'm with you and not pleasuring your cock one way or another. Ditto with the others in this house. So get used to talking while your entire body is shivering from intense erotic joy!"

He said, "A guy can only handle so much of that, you know. Besides, why ask me about Ron of all things? Why not what I thought about the party last night? Or how I enjoyed the triple blowjob you, Aims, and Kim gave me this afternoon? Or a myriad of other more enjoyable things?"

She replied, while rubbing one of her big toes directly against his sweet spot, "Because I know what you're going to say about that stuff: 'awesome, awesome, and more awesome.' As it should be. But I don't know what you're going to say about Ron."

He sighed. "Okay. Fair enough. To be honest, I haven't thought about it much. No doubt that's in large part because there's so many great sexual things happening to me that I hardly get a minute to think, period. But Aunt Suzy and I had a good talk about it yesterday. That helped. What about you? Have you given it much thought?"

"Of course. Probably more than you, since I'm not boinking a gaggle of busty beauties all the time. I still have this weird emotional flatness about it, coupled with feeling good about it sometimes. That's 'cos the main thing I think about is how it frees us to live out our dreams. Also, although what he did to Mom was absolutely horrible, if things hadn't happened exactly as they did, we wouldn't be where we are right now."

Alan brightened. "I'm so glad you feel that way, because I've had that exact same thought. I say we just forget about the past and focus on our amazing future. You know, Aunt Suzy told me something interesting. She said she'd delayed this revelation for years because Mom wouldn't have been able to handle losing Ron without having me to take his place. That's... weird. Pretty damn Oedipal. But I can see her point. She said that Mom belongs to me now. That's been weighing on my mind ever since. What do you think?"

"Oh, I totally agree! Mom does belong to you. She's a very capable person, but she's not a leader-type. She needs you to take charge. And I do too. And Aunt Suzy and Aims, they're not so much the submissive types, but they certainly love sharing you, and they don't want another man. Four women plus one man equals... what?"

"What?"

"A harem, dummy! And that's not even counting your other lovers. I'm going to keep on bludgeoning you with the news that you're the master of your very own harem until you come to accept your lot in life!"

He chuckled. "Fat chance!" He tried to dodge the issue with a joke, because he knew that she was technically correct. If he didn't have a harem, then nobody did.

She giggled in response. "Speaking of fat things, how's your fat cock coming along?"

Despite all the serious talk, she'd never stopped her footjob. In fact, she'd been trying out a variety of different moves, since she was still new to that sex act.

He replied enthusiastically, "I hardly have to tell you that it feels damn great! I especially love the thing you're doing right now." She'd been working on holding his cockhead in place with one foot so she could rub his sweet spot with the big toe of her other foot.

He added, "In fact, it feels so good that I'm going to have to call for a strategic break pretty soon."

"Don't do that. Let's do this instead." From her position sitting on the edge of his bed, she swung her feet up over his chest and then planted them gently down around his shoulders.

To his surprise, her feet began massaging his chest and shoulders. It felt nearly as good as the footjob.

He found himself groaning even louder. Boy, I thought I knew pleasure, but I never knew pleasure until I discovered sexy fun!

She curled her toes and kneaded his muscles with just her feet as she worked her way down his body. She took extra care to tease and play with his nipples using the soles of her feet.

Katherine was surprised at how aroused this made her as well. Her feet loved the contact. She realized that Suzanne was right about feet being an erogenous zone, and she resolved that she'd get Alan to play with her feet at the first opportunity.

Alan had always known his sister had great muscular and toned legs due to her participation in athletic events like cheerleading, but now he had a new respect for her feet. He had always liked a good pair of toned legs, and that was the main reason he subtly encouraged all his women to wear high heels. He liked how the heels accentuated the curves of a woman's legs and even made their tits stick out further, not to mention the constant devotion wearing the heels symbolized. But now he seemed absolutely mesmerized by her feet and legs.

He reached out to touch the silky smooth fabric with his own hands and started a massage of his own on her calves.

In return, her toes danced about his upper body as if they had a life of their own, moving from his shoulders to his chest, down to his rib cage, caressing the sides of his body, and then down to his stomach and back again.

The smooth fabric was really what made it feel so good; He wanted to drown himself in silk, satin, and nylon.

They went on silently for several minutes with her feet dancing up and down his torso while his hands massaged her calves.

At one point, she commented, "Oh, by the way, you missed out on a lot of the excitement earlier. Did you know Brenda spent nearly the whole day here?"

"No. I had no idea. What did she do?"

"Hung out with Mom, mostly. Naked. They read mother-son erotic stories together, worked on their cocksucking technique, and the like. You know, the usual." She giggled. "And remember the pics of the fashion show last night that I printed out this morning?"

"Of course. How could I forget? Oh, wait, let me guess. Mom and Brenda had a field day with those."

"If by 'field day' you mean 'cumming over and over again in a masturbation frenzy while talking and fantasizing about sucking your cock,' then yes. I wasn't there, but I hear it was quite a field day!" She giggled.

He sighed heavily. "Man, things are so crazy. Sometimes, I doubt this is even real. Maybe I'm just a brain in a jar somewhere. I could almost believe it all, except for Brenda. She seems to be the most extreme, and I barely know her!"

"True. But didn't you love the way she sucked and titfucked you last night? She and Mom waited for hours after school for you to come home so they could have a double suck and titfuck marathon on you, but she had to go home just before you arrived."

He groaned in frustration. "Ugh! Why'd you have to tell me that?"

"Chill, Bro. There will be plenty of other times. Mom and her are thick as thieves now. I should enjoy this private time with you, because it's going to be 'kneeling room only' around your cock from now on!"

He didn't reply to that, because he was busy thinking. She's trying to arouse and provoke me with that Brenda talk, though I'm so horny already that it's like pouring water into the Pacific. But the thing is, she's not entirely exaggerating. Brenda IS for real! Just thinking about what Mom and her will do to me combined is almost too amazing to think about!

Katherine had discovered that part of her feet seemed to be directly connected to her clit, and when he touched her in certain ways, it sent spasms of joy right between her legs. She soon realized that she was moving closer and closer to orgasm.

He looked up to see a lovely sight. Looking between her long shapely legs, he could see her leaking and glistening pussy lewdly presented to him, framed by the garter belt and the tops of her stockings.

He thought, Another bonus to playing with feet is the excellent view from down here! He chuckled silently to himself.

Pussy juice slowly dripped down onto him like rain. This only caused his excitement to increase, and he had to stop for a while.

That left her right on the brink of a big climax, but she patiently waited rather than finish herself off alone.

Once he had more or less gotten his second wind, her feet returned to his boner. She commented as her toes tickled his cockhead, "Brother, you'll be glad to know that I have high arches."

"Why does that matter?"

"Because it means I can do this!" With dramatic flair, she suddenly caught his erection between the arches of both of her feet. His stiffness was now trapped in a tunnel just as sure as if it was a titfuck. She brought both feet up together and then back down.

He immediately caught on, and he exclaimed, "Now your feet are really fucking me! How wild!"

That just made her even more gleeful. She began to stoke and caress her brother's rampant erection with a renewed enthusiasm.

The feelings she caused were so good that he couldn't last long. He wasn't ready for what nylon on soft, smooth feet could do to him, especially in his tired condition. When the time came, it was all he could do to shout out a warning.

Luckily, she was anticipating such a situation, and she immediately took action. She jumped up and landed her groin right on his. Right as he began to shoot off, she stuffed his stiff rod into her vagina and started grinding her hips.

They fucked for less than half a minute before they both had to climax, but it was wonderful for both sides.

He had enough presence of mind to joke as he felt his balls tightening, "I think this counts as your pussy touching me!"

She laughed hard, causing his squeezed shaft to quiver and shake inside of her. She had enough presence of mind to practice the vaginal muscle squeezing that Suzanne had taught earlier in the day. His dick inside of her was more than enough to send her over the edge. One part of her mind noted how wonderful it was that she and her brother always seemed to climax together.

When it was over, he found his sister lying in his bed next to him. He smiled contentedly.

She cuddled up to him and caressed his chest. She was even happier than he was.

He asked, "What did you do that for? Having me cum in there. I know you're on the pill, but still. I didn't use a condom and you didn't have your diaphragm in. There's always a chance you could get, you know..."

Katherine's eyes were closed, and she seemed lost in a reverie. "Mmmm. A chance. Wouldn't that be... interesting? Imagine your hot seed, your powerful sperm, wiggling their way up my vagina, looking for that egg. Even as we speak, right now, you could be making me pregnant! That would be the ultimate demonstration of your love, and cement your total domination of your helpless little sister. She needs your hot sperm to fill her cunt and overflow out into a yummy cream pie."

She drifted deeper into her fantasy. "Mmmm. Wouldn't that be lovely? I'd go to school and tell all my friends, 'See my growing belly? That's 'cos my brother knocked me up. Yep, my brother! His seed is so fertile that he'll knock you up too just by looking at you!'"

She seemed to be talking to herself more than to her brother. She was completely exhausted but so excited by these thoughts that her body started squirming around on the bed.

He said, "Sis, don't talk like that. Pregnancy stuff. Promise me you won't get pregnant, okay? I'm only eighteen, for crying out loud, and that's no age to have a kid. I don't want to get you pregnant for years! Got that?"

She suddenly opened her eyes and stared directly into his with great anticipation. "Did I hear you right? You want me to have your baby? Oh, Alan! Brother! How happy can you make a sister?!"

She kissed him hotly on the mouth over and over. This in fact was the first kiss they'd shared in their so-called "goodnight kiss."

He could hardly breathe, his sister was kissing him so intensely. Her hands wandered all over his body as well, as if she wanted to touch him everywhere at once. But his penis was finally and obviously down for the count, so she refrained from touching him there.

When her ravishing kisses slowed down and he had a chance to speak, he said, "Sis, hold your horses. Maybe! Maybe! If anyone were to have my kids, I would want it to be you and Aims."

But that didn't dampen her enthusiasm at all. She immediately cut in, "God, that would be so cool! I could definitely get into that. Imagine BOTH of us waddling down the halls at school hand in hand. The other girls would be soooo jealous! Hee!"

"No, no school halls. I'm talking about years away. Years! I'm so overwhelmed right now that I don't know what the future holds even next week. If I have a kid at this point, I'm going to totally flip out. So please be easy on me. Even this footjob, I really shouldn't be doing this kind of thing. But how can I say no to things that feel so fantastic? Oh! And don't say anything about this to Aims, okay?"

Katherine seemed little bothered or deterred by that. She nodded while frowning, "Brother. I AM going to have your baby. I don't care if it's ten years from now. I just know that deep in my heart - and deep in my womb! Oh yes! I can feel it in my womb. I know we're going to have children. I can almost feel the sperm slithering around inside me now, potent and fertile, marking me. Claiming me. Taking me. Filling me. Deeply. Completely!"

She hugged him tightly and French kissed him again. Her pregnancy passion was channeled into her tongue duel with him.

When the kiss broke, he said, "Hold on, Sis. I'm not making any promises. I'm just talking about 'what if' scenarios. Don't get too excited. We're talking years away. Years! How many times do I have to say that?"

He meant it too. He couldn't even imagine being a father before finishing high school. It would be a problem for college as well.

She kissed him again on the lips, but it was more loving than passionate this time. "I know. Don't worry, I'll be careful. Waiting is smart. But it makes me so happy to know that you love me so much that you'd stuff your hot, creamy cum up my steaming twat and give me a baby. I dream of the days when you'll keep me filled up with your baby-making seed each and every day. I promise I won't mention it in the future because I know it freaks you out, but inside the thought will warm me. Well, I won't mention it MUCH, anyways." She winked.

He groaned, but he was happy.

"Goodnight, Big Steel Girder Brother. Your number one fuck-toy loves you."

She slid down his body and started to lick his penis and balls clean. The long day of fucking insured that his dick was still down for the night despite the renewed attentions and pregnancy talk. But it was wet, covered with their combined juices, and she didn't want all that cum to go to waste.bender

She said only half-jokingly, "If I don't do this, Mom'll kill me."

She didn't so much lick him as she smeared his seed all over her face. But she managed to get his penis mostly clean, licking his flaccidness until it was practically shining.

Then she got started on his balls. She didn't just clean them, but suckled them and rolled them around in her mouth from time to time, maintaining a nice erotic buzz for him.

He closed his eyes and started to drift into a dreamy half sleep state. But he was still awake enough to ask, "Why do you do this to me? This is so far beyond cleaning."

She tried to speak with his left nut in her mouth. "Doesth id nod feel good?"

"You know it does! It feels great. But that doesn't answer my question. I'm not worthy."

"Led usth be de judge of daad."

She kept on gently licking and suckling his balls until she thought he was asleep. She thought with glee as she finished, Those are some well tended privates! Hee!

But as she got up, he said, "Mmmm. Thanks, Sis." That showed he was still awake (even though he kept his eyes closed and didn't move).

She kissed him again on the nose, got up, and turned to leave. "I just wanted to end the night with the two of my holes you enjoy using the most leaking your love juice. Tomorrow, I want to proudly prance about the house with your potent cum spilling from every hole!" She walked out as if she was walking on cloud nine.

Finally alone in the dark, he pondered his day. Wow. That was weird. Footjobs and pregnancy. Who'd believe that all this stuff is happening to little old me? And as for tomorrow... Another Tuesday. Oh my God, brace yourself, "young man." Oh boy.

He drifted off to sleep with erotic visions filling his head.

Chapter 750 Fun With Susan!

Alan woke up abruptly and looked around, despite the fact that it was pitch dark. His eyes focused on the red digital readout of his alarm clock, and he was surprised to discover it was nearly four in the morning. He realized that a serious need to pee was the reason his body had woken him up. After coming to full consciousness, he got up to take care of it.

He walked to the bathroom across the hall naked, since there was no need for modesty in the house anymore. He peed and washed his hands, and then went back to the hallway on his way to his room.

But once he was in the hallway, he stopped. Hmmm. Right next door is Sis. And down the hallway is Mom. I don't take enough advantage of the fact that I have these two stunning and busty beauties living literally down the same hall as me, and they're all mine! What if I sneak in for a little late night nookie? I'm not that tired, for once. I could pop in, have, say, twenty minutes of fun, and be back asleep before half an hour is through. Why the hell not?

His dick started to engorge as he contemplated his beautiful mother and equally beautiful sister, both of them sleeping naked in their beds. Hmmm... Why not indeed? But who, and what? If I sneak into Sis's

room, I could have a nice, long satisfying fuck. Whereas if it's Mom's room, that means blowjob or titfuck or some combo. And as much as I love that, there's not enough fucking in my life.

He was about to choose Katherine's room, but then it hit him: Wait! It's Tuesday! That decides it, right there. I love making Tuesdays extra special for Mom. Next time, it'll be Sis's room. Plus, as Mom put it, she didn't any time with me all day since morning.

He walked to her door and then stopped. He remembered how he'd snuck into Susan's room on Friday night and surprised her. She was initially grumpy and alarmed before she warmed up to him being there, and he didn't want to repeat that. So, even though it ruined the surprise, he knocked on the door.

He knocked several times, rather loudly, but there was no response. He was about to give up and try Katherine's room instead when he heard a sleepy voice ask, "Who is it? What is it?"

"Mom, it's me! Sorry to wake you, but I have a problem."

There was a long pause. Then he heard her ask, "A problem?"

"Yeah."

She responded faster this time, and with obvious happiness in her voice. "Is it a cocky problem?"

He looked down at his fully engorged erection. "Yes. A VERY cocky problem." Inspired, he added, "It's a BIG, hot, throbbing problem!"

She laughed. "Why didn't you say so from the start? Those are the best kind!" There was another long pause before she said, "What are you waiting for then? Come on in!"

He opened the door and stepped into the room. He realized that her latest pause had to be her getting ready for him. She had turned the lights on, taken off the night bra she wore to keep her boobs in shape, and was sitting on the edge of the bed with her legs dangling to the floor. She had both hands behind her head in a classic and extremely sexy "cheesecake" pose.

He closed the door behind him and walked closer. He vocalized his sincere thoughts. "Oh, man! You look so incredibly sexy and gorgeous, Mom! Knowing that you're down the hall, I don't know how I'll EVER be able to sleep in my bed!"

She purred with a sultry voice, "Maybe you shouldn't. Maybe you should spend every night in bed with your big-titted mommy. Let Mommy take good care of you and your cock, all night long!"

As he walked closer, she dropped her pose and actually dropped to her knees on the floor. Obviously, she was looking forward to a long cocksucking session.

Holding his dick and stroking it slightly, he asked, "What about Sis?"

"What about her? Don't tell me your cock is so hot and stiff that we're going to need her to help take care of it too?"

"Um, no..." He was torn, because it sounded like a fun idea. But he decided stick to his plan.

Susan was frustrated because she was kneeling on the floor but he wasn't stepping any closer to bring his boner into easy range of her mouth. She continued to jack him off, for now. "Oh, I see what you mean. Well, you could alternate nights between me and her. Or, better yet, sleep in the middle of a stacked mommy-sister sandwich!"

He groaned lustily, due to both that idea and what her fingers were doing to his sweet spot. "Dang! That sounds good!"

He scanned his memory, trying to figure out why he wasn't taking part in that "sandwich" already. Then he remembered that Susan hadn't let him, due to her fear that that would soon lead to fucking. Obviously, that was fading as a concern, especially after Xania's appointment.

But he had a concern of his own, which he explained. "That sounds so great, but the only problem is, I would never get any sleep! Seriously. It's bad enough as it is. I shouldn't even be here now."

She stared hungrily at his long, thick boner and her two hands on it. She was stroking it in a way that kept her big bare breasts constantly in motion. "I beg to differ! Remember what I've told you: if you ever have a 'cocky' problem, come to me, any time, day or night. Now, bring that fat mommy-pleaser a bit closer so my mouth can get started on pleasing it."

He was still standing out of range because that wasn't his plan. He said, "Mom, you know I always love it when you do that, but that's not why I'm here. I came here to apologize."

"What?" She looked at him in confusion.

"Yeah. What I mean is, you do soooo much for me. So very, very much! Even before all this sexual stuff started happening, you've been, like, the perfect mom. Your cooking, your cleaning, your care and concern for me, all the time we spend together, all the love... I couldn't ask for more! I don't feel like I'm giving back enough. And lately, you've been sucking my cock so much that it's nuts. I want you to lie back on your bed, close your eyes, and let ME go down on YOU for once."

Still on her knees, she managed to tear her gaze from his crotch and look him in the eyes. "Son, I appreciate that sentiment. I really do. But the parent-child relationship, that's not a balanced thing. Think about all the times I changed your diapers, took you to the doctor's when you were sick, drove you to soccer practice, and so much more. I've spent the better part of two decades doing that for you and Angel. There's no way you could ever make that somehow balanced. Instead, what you need to do is do all that to YOUR kids. That's how it is. Being a parent is a thankless job, but it's all part of the circle of life."

He responded, "Maybe so, but that doesn't mean things can't be at least a little more balanced. I mean, the way everyone is so keen on helping me with my dick all the time, it just doesn't feel right."

She scooted closer, and leaned in towards his hard-on. "Son, you know I love it! It feels right for me, especially when I have your thickness between my lips. You woke me up and got my hopes up. My heart is pounding so hard, hoping that I'll soon have my mouth stuffed with son-cock. And now that you're the man of the house-"

He cut her off, guessing well enough what she'd say. "Mom, since I'm the so-called 'man of the house,' I'm gonna have to put my foot down this time. I want you to get back on the bed so I can please your pussy with my mouth. Consider this a punishment, if that helps."

She considered that, even as she licked her lips while staring at his boner. "A punishment? What did I do wrong?"

"Nothing at all. I just feel like punishing you. If I'm the man of the house and I own your body, like you say I do, then that's my right, isn't it?"

There was a new fire in her eyes. Oh my goodness! He's so FORCEFUL! Pleasuring my pussy with his mouth?! Why not? It sounds so very naughty, but Akami's already done it to me, and I definitely enjoyed it. It'll be a thousand times better with my Tiger!

She eagerly scrambled back onto her bed. "If you put it that way, then have at it! Lash my pussy! Lash it with your tongue!"

He chuckled quietly to himself at the weird kind of logic it took to get Susan willing to agree to cunnilingus. He knew he had to act fast before she changed her mind, so he quickly followed her onto the bed and crawled between her legs.

As they both repositioned, Susan said, "This is so exciting! Knowing that my horse-cocked son is down the hall and liable to take advantage of me at any given moment! I'm not safe in my bed. One of these days, I'm going to wake up in the middle of the night only to find your thickness already inside my mouth!"

He looked up her body briefly, while bringing his head to her crotch. "Would you like that?"

"Oh, Son! So much! Oh God! Don't even start to talk to me about this fairness crap, okay? I have done all those things for you all those years, and I've loved every moment, because I love you. But if you feel like you need to repay me somehow, then do it with your cock! Stick it in me!"

Alan thought, Oh man! Did she really just say that? I have to assume she means stick it in her mouth, because otherwise I'm going to go insane! I wanna fuck her so much that I can't stand it! But then if I do, she'll cry with religious regret later. What a killer!

He brought his hands and his mouth to her pussy mound. He had his fingers in place on either side of her slit, but before he could even have his tongue make any contact, he felt her thighs pressing tightly on either side of his head, squeezing him like a vice.

He asked, "Mom, could you ease up a bit? I haven't even started yet."

"Oh, sorry." She relaxed her legs and spread them wide. "It's just that I'm so excited! This is too hot! You sneaking into my room and taking charge of your naked, helpless mommy! It's too much!"

He chuckled, and thought, This is gonna be so easy. She's flowing like a river, and I haven't even touched anything important yet. He lowered his head and let the tip of his tongue lightly brush over her wet slit.

"Ooooh!" she squealed. "Oh my GOODNESS!"

He chuckled some more. Her enthusiastic reaction redoubled his resolve to give her more pleasure. However, he remembered that it was better to start slow and work up to something big, so instead of going back to her slit or her clit, he started licking and stroking her sensitive skin all around them.

After a couple of minutes of doing that, it was clear that he was getting to her by the way she was wiggling and even writhing around. Time and time again, her thighs squeezed his head because she couldn't control herself, but he did his best to not let that distract him from his licking efforts.

She thought, He's such a kind boy, but he's devilish too! When is he going to stop teasing me, and just put that damn tongue where it belongs?! I'm soooo horny! I'm putty in his hands, and it feels divine!

He was having a great time and was in no hurry, so he kept on licking and touching everywhere but her clit and slit. However, more and more, he tantalized her by breathing directly on those two spots, or by lightly brushing his finger or tongue past them. He was trying to find a zone between touching and not touching that would drive her wild.

He clearly was succeeding, judging from her reaction. More than once, she humped up into her fingers or mouth. That forced him to be extra mindful to pull back quickly when needed.

Finally, she cried out, "Stop, please! You're killing me!"

He lifted his head to look up at her face through her huge breasts. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong; everything is too right! It feels too good! Just let me... get my breath!" Her chest was heaving as she gasped for air.

He sat up higher to get a better look at her sexy, nude form. He smiled and chuckled to himself.

She recovered enough to notice his amusement. "What's so funny?"

"It's just that I'm recalling a few minutes ago when you were protesting that you didn't want this."

She chuckled too. "Okay, you got me. I've been outsmarted by my cocky son once again. Speaking of which, I'm very distraught! It's strange for me for you to go wild over my pussy like this. I've made it a no-touching zone through so many great sexual adventures that it still seems wrong somehow for you to be touching it, much less licking it!"

"Don't worry about it," he said reassuringly, while running a hand up her fit tummy. "Soon, this will be the new normal."

She thought, He's right! He's right! Of course, pleasuring his cock comes first! But there will be down times when he's flaccid or just taking a strategic break. Then he can lick my pussy and do other naughty things to my helpless, horny body! Oh, we'll have so much FUN! I love it!

She took several more deep breaths before continuing, "That's not what's making me distraught. It's that I keep thinking that you must be very aroused licking your naughty mommy's very naughtiest spot, and that means your cock is going to be stiff and throbbing with need! And what am I doing to it? Nothing! That's just wrong!"