

6 Times 771

Chapter 771 What Makes Brenda's Son Tick?

For the last couple of minutes, an idea had been forming in Suzanne's head. She'd already considered the possibility of having Brenda get sexually intimate with Adrian, but she'd dismissed it as unworkable for a variety of reasons. But now, she was starting to give it serious consideration.

She asked, "Here's an important question for you. What would you think if Brenda were to have sex with Adrian? As well as continuing to get more and more sexually involved with Alan at the same time? Oh, and with Alan's full approval."

Susan sat back in her chair to ponder that. After a long pause, she said, "Wow. That's quite a thought. For real?"

"For real."

"Oh my goodness! Just thinking about it makes me feel terribly conflicted. On one hand, it makes me extremely upset. My son is a very special boy! He deserves the very best big-titted babes for his sexual pleasure, and he does NOT share! The very idea, why, it's almost treasonous!"

"But doesn't that depend on how well the woman knows him?"

"That's why I said 'almost'. For you or me, or Angel or Amy, it would definitely be treasonous. Nothing could make me more upset! But, admittedly, Brenda is a different situation. She's only just starting to get to know him. And, on the other hand, she is a big-titted mommy, and her son is reaching the right age where normally any good big-titted mommy would start sexually servicing him."

Suzanne asked, "Do you feel strongly about that?"

"Oh, VERY strongly! Admittedly, it's not for everyone. Most mothers are just that, mothers. But I've come to realize that some women, like you and me, and Brenda, were born for sex. Born to serve! That's why I say 'big-titted mommies.' Mind you, it's not just the size of one's breasts. That's a kind of short hand for a woman with a flawless, curvaceous body, one who is highly sexually responsive. You just

brush her nipples, for instance, and it sends chills and thrills throughout her body. From what I understand, there are women out there who have trouble having any orgasms at all. Is that really true?"

"I'm afraid it is," Suzanne replied. "Although I think that can be greatly improved with effort, it can't be denied that some women are much more sexually responsive than others."bender

"Exactly! And some women, well, to put it bluntly, we're just built to get fucked. Look at you. Look at me. Look at Brenda. We're three classic cases. Our bodies are NOT NORMAL! Heck, I doubt Playboy would even print our pictures. They'd say we're TOO busty, TOO curvy. So, clearly, God must have given us our special bodies for a reason. And, if we have a son, it almost would be cruel to have a mother like us and not have incestuous sex!"

Suzanne asked, "What about Brad? You wouldn't want me to start having sex with him, would you?"

"No! Of course not! If you were to ever think about it, well, I wouldn't even know what to do. You belong to Alan now, don't you agree?"

"Of course. I'm just asking hypothetically."

"Oh. That's a relief. Well, with Brad, a good part of that is his fault. It's like throwing pearls before swine. Maybe... do you think he's secretly gay?"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "No, he's not gay. He's had girlfriends, you know. But we're a family divided, as you know. And it's complicated, as you also know. Anyway, back to Adrian."

Susan said, "The thing is, Brenda told me that Adrian lusts after her. And not just a little bit. He's obsessed! So, in a way, it seems like a natural to me. You have a big-titted mommy on one side, the kind with a body that's built for sex, built to serve. And you have a horny teen on the other, who lusts for his busty mommy. Normally, I'd say it's a match made in Heaven. It's meant to be!"

She frowned. "But then, on the other hand, you have Brenda and Alan. That's a match that's meant to be too. Tiger's a naturally sexually superior young man, with a big long cock that demands service from the very most busty and beautiful of women. And Brenda certainly qualifies as busty and beautiful. Plus, she's probably even more submissive than I am. She NEEDS to serve someone like Alan. It's in her DNA, I

just know it. And Adrian, he's just not that kind of boy. His personality type is all wrong. So the situation is very confusing. I don't know what to think!"

Now it was Suzanne turn to be silent as she pondered that situation. Finally she said, "I don't know what to think either. I'm just kind of throwing the idea out there, brainstorming. You see, the way I look at it, we've got a growing problem with Brenda."

"How so?"

"If you remember, you didn't like her at first. You grudgingly agreed she could be sexually involved with Sweetie, if only because she learned all our incestuous secrets, and that was the easiest and most reliable way to keep those secrets safe. So you said she should only come here about once a week. Twice at the most. You remember?"

"Of course."

"And how do you feel about that now? I've noticed that she's been coming here more often. And with you and her getting along like long-lost sisters, I'm sure she's only going to be coming around even more frequently."

Susan nodded slowly. "Yes... That's true. And you're right that my feelings have changed. I do feel like I have a new best friend in her. I STILL get envious about her larger breasts, but we just have so much in common. It's like we're two peas in a pod. What I said before, about being a certain kind of woman, a big-titted mommy, meant to serve, seeing her validates all of my feelings about that that I find in me."

"So you're okay with her coming here more often?"

"Yes! Why, earlier, she suggested that she and I could spend the entire afternoon slurping, sucking, licking, stroking, and generally all-around loving Alan's cock. I would have agreed immediately, except that he has that homework backlog. But I'd certainly be happy to have her here if she wants to do that kind of thing in the future. Certainly not every day, mind you, but now and then."

Suzanne said, "That's good for you, and I guess for her. But you weren't the only one wanting to see her come here only once in a while. I feel that way to some extent, and I know Katherine and Amy do too."

The brutal truth is there's only one Alan, and there's only so much of his love and attention to go around."

Susan protested, "I know, but I've changed my mind about two or more women servicing him at once. In a way, I actually prefer sharing his cock, at least some of the time, so that it can get all the loving it deserves. So I figure that realization kind of changes things with Brenda."

Suzanne replied, "You say that now, but I'm sure you'll want to have plenty of solo time too. Personally, I know he does his best, and he loves all of us to his utmost, but I don't want to just feel his love from a distance, in a group. I want to be with him up close. A lot! Right now, I'm happy. Very happy. I enjoy sharing too. But, ultimately, the more women who make demands on his time, the less of him there is for you or me, or Angel, or Amy. So I don't mind Brenda coming her more often, but I don't want her underfoot all the time. I can easily see that happening. Don't you feel the same?"

"Yes." Susan was fine with Brenda coming over more often, but she had limits.

Suzanne continued, "In fact, taking a longer view, the only thing I see preventing her from eventually moving in with us permanently is that she has to raise Adrian for a few more years."

"You think?!" Susan was conflicted, and it showed. "Let me play devil's advocate here for a minute. She's richer than you and me combined, and she's got her great big mansion. Why would she give up that lifestyle to live with us as some kind of boarder in a spare bedroom? Besides, her sexual connection with Tiger is still in its infancy. He hasn't even fucked her yet, and she's hardly sucked or titfucked him at all, relatively speaking."

"True, all true. But trust me, Susan; I'm good at the big picture stuff. We can extrapolate. After she sucks and titfucks him a lot more, do you think she'll get bored of it?"

"She might."

Suzanne rolled her eyes dismissively.

Susan quickly caved. "Okay, you're right. That's not gonna happen. She already feels like he's tamed her, and we know there's no going back from that. She's going to fall deeper and deeper in lust and love with him, just like the rest of us."

"Exactly. And she'll want to spend more and more time with him. Which I wouldn't mind at all if she were family, but she's not family. That's why I foresee a continual tug of war with her over access to Alan Junior. On top of that, her sexual side has now been unleashed, just like yours has. Before, when she was in unhappy marriages, she could barely tolerate having sex once or twice a week. Not now; she'll want to get off all the time, multiple times a day. So, perhaps, just maybe, if she were to have Adrian as another sexual outlet, that might become the primary focus of her sexual energy and attention, leaving her as the occasional 'guest star' here like we'd originally envisioned."

Susan gasped. "But... The disloyalty! I can't tolerate her having two lovers. It's wrong! It's just wrong! A slave can't have two masters, for one thing. And Tiger would never go for it. Never!"

"But what if he would? Sure, he'd never share any of the women he loves. But he doesn't love Brenda, not really. Even if he grows a lot closer to her over time, his feelings for her can't begin to compare with how he feels about, say, you or me. Let's be frank: the only reason she's in the equation at all is because of her remarkable body and especially her extraordinary big boobs. His relationship with her is 99 percent sexual."

"That may be true, but still, it feels wrong."

"But what about big-titted mommies sexually serving their sons? Isn't that the natural way of things?"

"Well, yes... but..."

"And Adrian, the fact that he's such a cream puff, that's a good thing. You can't have two alpha males fighting each other. That's asking for trouble. But with Adrian being so submissive, that means he could never be a threat."

"True. But I see nothing but friction and trouble coming from this."

"I agree that there would be trouble. It's a tough situation. But I also see nothing but friction and trouble if we DON'T do this. As I've noted already, Brenda is wiggling her way into our lives at a remarkable rate. Some good things will come of that, but also conflict. Look at it from, say, Angel's point of view. And I am trying to think of everyone's best interest. I fear for Adrian. I already understand that he's deeply unhappy. How much worse will he be if his mother is suddenly never around because she's become sexually obsessed with some kid barely older than him? Throw in his own sexual obsession towards her, and he might flip out. It would be good to give her a reason to stay at home most of the time he's there."

Susan furrowed her brows. "Oh dear. It is complicated, isn't it?"

"It is. The fact that she has Adrian complicates matters, no matter how you look at it. And I'm afraid this is mostly my fault. When I saw her at a party a few weeks ago, I can't explain it, but something clicked for me. I just felt like she belonged in our new life. Already then I could sense how things were changing and we were becoming a sexual family, thanks to the demands of Sweetie's six-times-a-day regimen. And I don't buy all you say about some women being 'big-titted mommies' who are somehow special and different from all the rest. And yet... Brenda just felt like she was one of us, you know what I mean? Looking at her, looking at her outrageously curvy body, it's like I had this epiphany that she had some role to play in whatever was happening to us."

Susan said enthusiastically, "I know exactly what you mean! I must admit that I don't have your talent for long term vision and insight. When she first started coming to our card games, I didn't feel any special affinity. But now? Now, it's like, how could I do without her? She's become like my sister in bondage. Suzanne, I love you so much. You're actually closer and dearer to me than any of my real sisters. I feel ashamed to say that, but it's true. But you and I just don't see eye to eye on the submissiveness issue. You can go halfway there, but not all the way. Brenda, she goes all the way. She fully understands the joy of sweet, sweet submission! And it's such a joy! So when I call her my sister in bondage, I mean that in the very best way, if you know what I mean."

"Not exactly, but I get the general idea."

Susan added, "Having Brenda by my side as we take this journey deeper into submission has been a real Godsend. I know you've done your best helping me mentally in adjusting to my new role as one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers, and so much more..."

She closed her eyes and drifted into an erotic happy place. "Let's face it: I live to serve him! That's what gets me excited to jump out of bed in the morning, the prospect that I'll soon have my lips sliding up and down his huge cock, or that he'll be caressing my tits and squeezing my nipples..."

Getting excited, Susan reached up and started squeezing her hefty globes, focusing on her nipples. "Mmmm! Yes, just like that! Or that Angel and I will share the licking of his cock under the dining room table while he eats some fruit and his Honey Nut Cheerios, and when he's finally done, after so many joyous minutes of shared licking and sucking and bobbing, he'll squirt his spermy seed all over our tits and faces, marking us, claiming us, leaving us dripping in his sticky love!"

Suzanne chided her, "Susan, please don't go off on a tangent."

Susan forced herself to open her eyes. "Sorry. I could go on. And on. But I won't. Yet that's just one possible scenario out of countless wonderful scenarios that could take place before he leaves for school, never mind the rest of the day! The mere joy of dressing up in a skimpy nightie or erotic apron and sashaying my hips in his direction, pulling my big tits free, watching his eager eyes feast on the sight-"

"Susan, you're doing it again."

"Oh. Sorry. Boy, I sure get distracted easily when it comes to thinking about all the fun things I could do with my cutie's cock, don't I?"

Suzanne chuckled. "You do." She added with an amused smirk, "I've kind of noticed that, over time."

"Sorry again. Let me stay on track now. What I was trying to say is, I love all you've done to help me adjust to my new role as one of my son's sexual servants, but Brenda serves just as vital a role in the way she's walking down the same path as I am. You and I, we're in similar boats, but not the same boat. You're just so in charge, confidently understanding your own mind and the minds of all around you. Even though you too have become one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers, it's a very different thing for you. You don't revel in being one of his sex toys in the same way Brenda and I do."

"No, I don't," Suzanne said.

"Not even Angel fully relates to my submissive mindset like Brenda does. So I would be crushed, absolutely crushed, if she were to suddenly disappear from all this. I must admit selfish motives on top of everything else in fearing her getting sexually involved with Adrian. Maybe I wouldn't be able to relate to her as closely as before, two women bonded by our total devotion to serving Alan's cock."

"Maybe not," Suzanne conceded. "But maybe also she could better relate to your mother-son incest experience if she's gone through it herself."

"Perhaps." Susan was lost in thought, considering the possible outcomes.

After a while, Suzanne said, "Keep in mind, I'm kind of playing devil's advocate here. I'm just toying with the idea. The whole thing will be moot in any case if Sweetie doesn't approve. But I think I'll propose the idea to him, just as a hypothetical."

"I don't suppose there would be harm in that," Susan grudgingly conceded. "And although I'm his mother, on sexual matters I'm his big-titted mommy, which is a very different thing. So if that's what he wants, then I must obey. But if you let me play devil's advocate again, what if she's too far gone?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Tiger tamed her at Sunday's fashion show. I know you don't believe in taming, but you saw it as well as I did. Something changed in her, especially after he spanked her ass good and hard."

"Yeah, I'll admit I saw a shift in her demeanor," Suzanne conceded.

"That was the moment of taming! Trust me, it happens. I know, because it's happened to me many times, and each time I go deeper than the last. It's the moment when you realize that he is your... well, I hate to use the word 'master' because you don't like that either, but that's what it is. It's the moment when you realize you'd like nothing more than to serve him and keep him flying high on the cusp of orgasm all day long. For Brenda, that's happened to her. So I fear it's too late for her to get involved with Adrian or anyone else."

Suzanne shrugged. "Maybe, maybe not. We'll see. Maybe this idea is a total non-starter. If that's the case, then so be it. We'll come up with a new strategy from there. But I say let's try it first."

"Fine." Susan had a bad feeling about the whole Adrian-as-second-lover idea, but she was very reluctant to go against Suzanne. In her experience, Suzanne's plans and schemes had always worked out for the best.

Suzanne said, "Oh. One last thing. Don't mention a word of this to Brenda just yet, okay?"

"Okay. I get it. We don't want to raise her hopes up, only to have them crash down if Tiger hates the idea."

"Exactly."

The two of them had gotten so caught up in the important conversation that they'd forgotten about lunch. But they resumed eating their salads and shared a pot of chamomile tea while chatting over less consequential matters.

Suzanne also decided that in addition to feeling out Alan's feelings on the matter, she also needed to learn more about Adrian. When I brought Brenda into our world, I didn't give the fact that she had a teenage son much consideration. Big mistake! With Brenda becoming more important to us, Adrian is becoming more important too. Even if she doesn't get sexually involved with him at all, her motherly duties are a huge part of her life. So it's time to do a little professional investigation about Adrian, and find out what makes him tick.

Chapter 772 Susan In An Erotic Apron

Alan had to walk home since he'd been driven to school in the morning and Susan wasn't there to pick him up. He didn't mind that much though. He walked slowly to allow his body and penis to recover from all the wild sex. As he walked, his mind filled with regrets over what he'd done with Heather and the others.

He thought, Just yesterday I'd made a vow to steer clear of those exact people so I could spend more quality time with the ones I really love. So what do I do? I go and fuck Kim yesterday, and the rest of the other cheerleaders today. What's worse, I've added a gorgeous new girl. Simone seems as affected as the others by my fucking. What gives with that? Are all the other guys in school really that pathetic at sex? The way everyone is fawning over me lately is absolutely nuts! Whatever. I guess I can't understand it.

The relevant point is, I've dug myself into an even deeper hole. The problem is, now I have to go home and pay the piper. At least I can take my time walking there. That'll give me a chance to recover.

I know exactly what's gonna happen when I get home from school. Mom vowed that she would take it easy and resort to nothing but stealth stroking for the rest of the day, but that's sooooo not gonna happen. She's gonna be in serious cock withdrawal by the time I get there. It's a Tuesday, for crying out loud. And the anal sex this morning only partially sated her, because that means she hasn't sucked my dick since yesterday. That's bad. Well, in a relative sense anyway. She'll be needy, despite her desire to give me a break.

He figured his mother would be all over him. However, he thought Katherine would also be home by then. Since he still wanted to take things easy, he hoped to get his sister to deflect their mother's attention and considerable sexual energy.

He also thought about how Susan was singing the Monty Python song "Every Sperm Is Sacred" off and on for much of the morning before he left for school. With that in mind, he walked a little bit out of his way, stopped by a music store, and bought a CD with that song on it.

When he got home, Susan was in the kitchen wearing one of her erotic aprons while cooking up some banana fritters for her children. She seemed pretty mellow and motherly, even though she looked more like a porn star playing a mother role. Not surprisingly, she was again wearing high heels.

Despite not wanting to trigger her lust, he couldn't help but joke, "Nice shirt!" The joke was that although her apron covered up a bit of skin here and there, her huge rack was completely exposed.

She immediately raised her perfectly shaped globes and caressed them in a very sensual and titillating manner. "You approve? I'm being kind of naughty wearing this, since you told me to behave."

"That's okay. I can still look, can't I?" He gave her a hug and a friendly peck on the cheek before asking, "What are you making?"

His hand lingered on her bare ass cheeks, since he couldn't completely suppress his response. He told himself that as long as he didn't get an erection, it would be okay.

She answered, "Cookies. They're almost done, and I know you like them. Oatmeal-raisin. But is that how you're going to greet me, with a timid little kiss like your father would have given me? I'm hurt. I've been waiting for you all day, and you're so late from school... No doubt you were fucking a whole bevy of cheerleaders while keeping your ugly mommy waiting." She pouted with dramatic flair while striking a very sexy pose.

He thought, Little does she know just how true that is! Minus the ugly mommy part, of course. He kissed her on the cheek again and fondled her ass some more, but that was it. He stepped back out of range. "Please don't call yourself that. And I'm in homework mode. Remember?"

She looked at him and her eyes went wide. "You DID, didn't you?! Don't lie to your mother; mommies always know when their children lie."

Stalling for time, he asked, "What?"

"Don't play dumb! I can still smell your cum. I'd recognize that mouth-watering scent anywhere." She sniffed the air carefully, her nostrils flaring. "And I smell freshly fucked pussy. More than one." But she wasn't angry at all. "Mmmm! How many were there?"

He admitted with some embarrassment, "Um, four." That led to the realization, Geez, I must really need a shower.

"Four?! Gaawwwd! FOUR?! That gets me SO HOT!" Her mellow mood was gone and she was starting to pant, just from hearing that one fact. There was a wild look in her eyes, and her bare tits started heaving. "All cheerleaders?"

"Uh, three of them were."

"Damn!" She bit her lip as she tried not to get too excited. It reminded Alan of how Heather had done the same thing a short time before.

"By the way, Mom, maybe you should go put some more clothes on. Would you do that for me?"

"But you just said this is okay." She put both hands behind her head and struck another sexy pose.

He moaned quietly to himself. Jesus! Have mercy! He pointed out, "I know what I said, but now I feel an erection coming on, and we can't have that. Not with all the homework I've gotta do."

She leaned way over, as if checking his crotch for any sign of engorgement there. But really she just wanted her boobs to dangle down and come together, forming a vast cleavage. She wanted him to get fully erect so he would need her 'help.' "Hmmm. I don't see anything."

"Trust me, it's happening. Especially if you stay bent over like that. Can you please stand up straight?"

She suddenly stood up ramrod straight, as if in a military attention posture with her arms at her sides, but she arched her back slightly to thrust her hefty melons up and out. "Whatever you say. My pleasure comes from obeying your every word, and satisfying your every desire."

He put a hand on his forehead in resignation and sighed.

She pouted even more, "When you say you want me to put on some more clothes, you don't actually mean covering up my tits too, do you? That's just cruel." She broke from her stiff posture and alternately raised each boob, as if weighing them up for the first time. "My tits are so big that they practically DEMAND to be released from their cruel confinement. It's bad enough that you go pounding cheerleader cunt all afternoon, but don't make me put my tits in a cloth prison too!"

He asked with exasperation, "Can't you put something on them? Maybe something loose?" He could feel his dick getting stiffer by the second.

"No. Loose is bad. When the fabric occasionally rubs across my nipples, it gets them erect but you're not here for me to suck!" She put on a sad face that she knew he couldn't resist.

He actually had to look away, because she was getting to him that much. "What about something tight then?"

She pretended distress, clutching her hands to her chest, but in a way that only drew more attention to her bare breasts instead of covering them. "On no! That's even worse! Then the rubbing on my nipples is constant and I go out of my mind dreaming of sliding my lips all over your cock!"

He looked doubtful. He really didn't want to get too carried away sexually when he had dozens of hours of homework to make up. His dick had become completely erect, thanks to Susan's incredible body and her shameless posing, but he tried to hide it by casually draping his hands over his groin.

She saw his doubt, and reassured him, "Look, I'm good. I can behave. See how this apron covers my pussy?" She flipped up the apron so he could have a good, long look at the pussy in question. "And check out how it covers my ass." She turned and gave him a long flash of her fantastic ass, while she seductively rubbed it. "Two out of three ain't bad, right?"

Alan laughed. "What are you talking about?! It doesn't cover your ass at all! There's nothing but a big bow back there over bare skin."

"Oopsies! My bad." She ran her hands all over her bare ass cheeks, as if checking to see whether they were really covered or not. Finally she turned back around to face him.

He rolled his eyes. "Okay. You win. Stay dressed in that for now, if you must, but nothing more, okay? Or I guess I should say nothing less. And I suppose I would be remiss in my duties as a dutiful son not to 'get your attention' a little better." Giving in, he reached out and caressed her nearest bare ass cheek.

She purred with sheer delight at that.

He grinned. "But give my dick a break, okay?"

"Okay, so long as you give me a proper 'welcome home' kiss." She turned his way and held her arms out for him. She was well aware that he was attempting to hide his erection, and failing badly. She hoped she'd have her lips sliding back and forth over his sweet spot in a few minutes, if she could just push him a little further past his breaking point.

He fondled her ass and tits and wherever else he liked for the next couple of minutes. Somehow the straps of her apron fell down her shoulders and the bow at her back was untied, leaving her in nothing but her black high heels.

They engaged in a healthy dose of French kissing. Susan moaned and mmmm'd appreciatively the whole time. She gave his erection a break in the sense that she didn't drop to her knees and suck on it, and she didn't even stroke it with her hands, but she continually rubbed against it with whatever parts of her body were closest. More often than not, that meant bare hips while they were kissing, or bare ass when he was behind her.

She thought, Mmmm! He hasn't been home for ten minutes, and somehow he has me completely naked and shamelessly rubbing my body all over him, just like a cat in heat! In truth, she'd been responsible for nearly all of that, including making sure that her apron "accidentally" fell off, but she preferred to interpret it as his doing. He's completely unstoppable. I'll bet that before long, he'll be balls-deep in my cunt, cumming in me mere minutes after coming home! This is my fate, to be my son's sex-toy mommy!

At one point between kisses, he looked to the apron, now crumpled on the floor, and said, "By the way, Mom, I noticed you really like to wear erotic aprons, don't you? Is there a special reason for that?"

She replied, "Well, it's functional, since I do so much cooking and cleaning, and it's sexy too. The main thing though is that I know it turns you on."

As he caressed the undersides of her immense globes, he asked, "But that's not all there is to it, is there? Don't you have a special thing for them too?"

She was abashed with embarrassment, but nonetheless replied, "It's true. I love 'em! Lord help me, I love 'em so much! Whenever I wear one, it reminds me that I'm one of your sex pets AND I'm your mother too. It's kind of a tie between the old prudish me, who raised you, and the new me, who raises your cock, and keeps it that way!" She reached a hand inside his shorts and firmly held his boner.

But he held her wrist and pulled her hand out. "Now, Mom, you promised to behave."

"Oh, poo! You horse-cocked meanie!" Despite that "insult," she clearly wasn't upset, if the scorching kiss she then gave him was anything to go by. She grasped his ass with both hands, making sure he was tightly pressed against her, so she could at least still rub his cock with her body.

He thought she'd finished answering his question, but after that kiss ended, she added, "There's another thing too. I love the symbolism of it. An apron is the kind of thing a maid wears. Someone who serves you. And the erotic part makes clear than any woman who wears this is a sexy slut who lives to sexually satisfy her man! If you really want to surprise me with a nice present one day, give me a French maid outfit that leaves my tits and ass exposed! Mmmm! I could spend the whole afternoon slurping and bobbing on my knees in one of those!"

Her own words got her so worked up that she French kissed him again, and with even more passion.

Once he was able to get a word in edgewise, he said, "You have a French maid outfit. You wore it this morning, and it was great!"

"True, but they come in all kinds of different shapes and sizes. And that one covers up a bit too much for my tastes."

He had to laugh, because he thought back to how very little that outfit covered. Man, I love how Mom has changed. She's so awesome!

After a while, as she kept on grinding her body against him, and in particular against his boner, she moaned, "Tiger, I'm so PROUD of you! You really showed those cheerleaders their place, didn't you? Which ones were they?"

"Um, Mom, I can't kiss and tell." He was hoping that things wouldn't go too far if he mostly just stood there, with the exception of his roaming hands. But she was more than making up for his lack of movement by gyrating wildly against him.

At the moment, she had her back to him and seemed to be trying to massage his cock by trapping his bulge in between her ass cheeks and sliding her ass up and down it. Remarkably, it was working. She panted, "You mean you can't FUCK and tell! I just think of you flipping up those short little cheerleader skirts and taking on the whole team, one by one, while the others wait for their turn, and it makes me, well, SO HOT!"

She giggled, knowing full well that she said "so hot" a lot, but that was exactly how she felt. After churning her ass a bit too much from side to side, his thinly-covered boner slipped out of her ass crack.

She turned around so she could rub her big breasts on his chest some more, while feeling his hot erection pulsing against her lower abdomen near her cunt.

She panted, "Tell me the names of the cheerleaders who had to wait their turn to get fucked! Did they kiss and finger each other while they waited, watching and drooling, talking about their love for your big cock? Have they sworn off all other men yet?"

He chuckled. "Mom, it's not like that. And I can't tell you who they are."

She kissed him hotly yet again, thrusting her tongue down his throat. But just as suddenly, she switched to licking his face instead. "Okay, you don't have to name names. I know you're fucking the entire cheerleading squad, so I can guess well enough anyway. But you know I live vicariously through your sexual exploits. Can you give me some hints as to what you did to them?"

"Yeah, I suppose there's no harm in that. I met this beautiful black girl. She looks really exotic, really sexy. Stacked, too. She's got D-cups at least, probably more. I fondled her tits while Heather sucked my cock. Er, I mean one of the cheerleaders did." He realized that last comment was useless, since Susan already knew from Katherine and Amy that the head cheerleader, Heather, had a close girlfriend who was black.

"WOW!" Although Susan was still wildly rubbing her entire body against him, she was actually showing great restraint in that she hadn't made another attempt to stick her hand in his shorts. But now her eyebrows went up because she suddenly could feel his cockhead burning directly against her skin. All her sliding and rubbing had managed to slowly slide his shorts down his legs.

She tried hard to not react to that, lest he decide that things were going too far. She just kept right on rubbing all over him, with even greater success, due to the skin-to-skin contact. "Tell me more! A stacked black girl! So exciting! I want you to tame a busty babe from every race. What were the other two doing?"

"Well, I took turns kissing them while still fondling the big tits of the new girl, and sometimes kissing her too. Before long, we were all naked, and I pretty much did whatever I wanted with all three girls. But I mostly concentrated on the new girl."

"SO HOT!" Susan panted excitedly. She thought about how she and Brenda had shared a cheerleader fantasy about him earlier in the day. It wasn't a perfect match, but it was the same general idea. She wanted to tell him all about it, but that could wait - she sensed his resistance was crumbling and her mouth would be stuffed with his cock-meat before long. She asked, "And what about Heather?"

"She just kept on sucking my dick. I tried to act like she wasn't even there, but that somehow inspired her to suck me even better than before."

Susan wanted to scream for joy, she loved that news so much. "I can imagine! Because you were showing you were in total control!" I hope he gets in the habit of acting like I'm not there when I suck his cock sometimes. Like if he's watching a good TV show or movie while I kneel naked between his legs, like a good big-titted mommy should. That would really put me in my place and keep me there, gagging and slobbering on his fat knob for hours!

He'd been feeling a growing amount of stimulation of his hard-on, but he hadn't been thinking about it closely, probably because he didn't want to have to stop the fun. However, he couldn't fail to notice when his shorts reached his knees. He looked down and snorted with amusement when he saw Susan's fingers curled around his shaft, sliding all over it.

He knew he had to stop her and get started with his homework. But that was easier said than done. He tried to at least discourage her some. "Um, Mom? Remember about taking it easy?"

She looked down at her hand with an apologetic expression, yet made no attempt to even slow down the way she was pumping on his hot pole. "Sorry. I want to stop, really, but I'm only human. Your story is just TOO HOT! Anyway, what happened next?!"

"Well, the four of us stood there like that for a long time, with Heather on all fours sucking my cock."

"She was on all fours?! Naked too, I hope?!"

He nodded.

"Oh Gaawwwd! YES!" She practically had an orgasm, and would have if there had been a hand on her pussy mound.

He chuckled at her enthusiasm, as well as the way her other hand began fondling his balls. "And then I laid down and the girls started sharing my dick. At one point, three of the cheerleaders had their lips and tongues on it."

"OH YEEEESSSS!" Susan did cum this time, although Alan was only fondling her tits at the time. It wasn't a big one, but it was very nice just the same. Even as she kept on stroking his boner, she started sliding down his body so she could get started on a blowjob. She hadn't intended to do that, but hearing about three cheerleaders orally servicing him at once made it all but impossible for her not to try to suck him off.

Alan was extremely turned on, but unfortunately for Susan, her attempt to get to her sucking reminded him not to get too carried away. As she fell to her knees, he abruptly took a couple of steps backward. That forced her to let go of his hard-on.

His heart was pounding hard, and he was flying high with an erotic buzz. Nevertheless, he strengthened his resolve not to spend all his time on sex. "Sorry, Mom. Things are getting a bit out of control here. I've really gotta go upstairs and work. But we can play later, okay?"

She stayed on her knees in a submissive pose with her hands pinned behind her back, still hoping to sway him. "Wait! It looks like you're kind of worked up. You can't study in that condition. Why don't you let me blow you for a while? Then you can study with a clear head." She opened her mouth in a perfect 'O' shape and wiggled her tongue out at him.

He was breathing heavily. "How long is a while?"

She looked away, because she wasn't being completely honest. "Oh, whatever. It doesn't have to be that long, if you want..."

"Yeah, right. Knowing you, you'll keep me on the edge for an hour or more. Sorry, not today. I REALLY have to do my homework. Later! Please!"

"Oh, POO!" She was in full-on pout mode as she picked up her apron and then stood up and put it back on. "I'm going to hold you to that promise that you'll play with my naked body later though, and I do

literally mean I'm going to hold you to it." She winked and mimicked jacking him off with a hand pumping in the air. "But when can I hear the rest of your cheerleader-taming story?"

"That'll have to be later too. Okay?"

"Okay. I'm gonna hold you to that too! There's going to be a lot of holding of things." She licked her lips knowingly at his erection, which was poking straight at her, since his shorts were still way down his legs. "But tell me, how many of them did you fuck in the end?"

He quipped, "In the end? None. but in the pussy? Two. Heather and the busty new girl."

"OH GOD! WOOOO! WOOO HOOO!" Susan was so excited that she spun around in a complete circle. That caused her big globes to fly around and nearly hit her in the face.

He just grinned and shook his head a little bit. Man, Mom is a total nympho!

Chapter 773 Alan And Susan

Alan went upstairs to get his sister. That naturally led to another "attention-getting" session in her bedroom.

Katherine was much less reserved than he was. As soon as he'd walked into her room, she'd noticed a big wet spot on his shorts and a long stiff hard-on straining against it. When he started to kiss her, she pulled his shorts way down and got busy stroking his erection.

Between their kisses, she purred, "Brother! I can feel from your slickness that Mommy has been working on you. But you're not neglecting your fuck-toy sister!"

She kissed him hotly on the lips, then added, "I've been missing this so much! All day!"

After another scorching kiss, he said, "Don't get too friendly with it, please, because I just came upstairs to get you to come downstairs. For cookies."

To his surprise, she exclaimed, "Well, fuck that!" She pushed him backwards, causing him to fall onto her bed. She wound up on top of him, with her hands still sliding up and down his boner. "Now that I've got you, I've got to do my duty as a fuck toy. Remember, I'm an UPPITY fuck toy!"

He could tell that she wasn't just jacking him off, she was trying to slide his cock into her slit. And he knew that once that happened, what remained of his willpower would disappear and he'd probably spend a good portion of the afternoon fucking her instead of studying.

He reacted rapidly, sliding two fingers deep into her pussy. With his hand blocking the way, she couldn't impale herself on his erection. He fingered her at a rapid pace. After some moments, she gave up on her attempt at insertion and went back to stroking him while necking with him.

He knew they were in a race of sorts to see who could get the other to cum first. But he also knew that he had the advantage, because it would be much easier for him to make her orgasm.

Sure enough, after about five minutes, she had a big climax. He was able to roll off her, leaving her lying on the bed. When his hard-on pulled out of reach, she immediately protested, "No fair! You got me too horny. Come back here!"

"Nope!" He stood a few feet from her. He figured he was "safe" because her orgasm had wiped her out, leaving her temporarily unable to get up from the bed.

"Meanie!" She was struggling to sit up, but she felt like all her bones had turned to mush.

He pointed out, "Hey, the plan was just to give you a back-home-from-school kiss. You were very naughty. Things got way out of hand."

She finally sat up, but that was all she could manage. She smirked. "What do you expect when you have a sister who is your real fuck toy? Those aren't just words. I take that VERY seriously."

"Okay. Since you'll apparently obey my every command, I'm ordering you to go downstairs with me and eat some yummy cookies that are fresh out of the oven."

She managed to stand, though only because he helped pull her up. "Grrr!" She poked a finger against his chest. She playfully teased, "You annoy me. Using my fuck-toy status against me. Sneaky!"

He was all grins. Actually, he didn't mind the playing around with her at all. He figured that it hadn't taken that long, and he still had hours left for study before dinner.

A few minutes later, he brought her downstairs so they could all partake in the cookies. He made sure she was adequately dressed though, so he wouldn't feel too tempted. Because his shorts had a big wet spot on them, he'd put on some recently washed blue jeans instead. He also forced his sister to put on a T-shirt and shorts.

When he and Katherine walked into the kitchen, they discovered that Susan was on the phone. At first it looked like she was totally naked, but that was because she happened to have her back turned to them. Upon closer inspection, the big bow just above her bare ass showed that she was still wearing the erotic apron she'd had on earlier when Alan had left.

They heard her say, "I'm telling you, he had all FOUR of them all over him, serving him and servicing him, just like good cheerleader sluts should! And Heather, HEATHER, the bitchy head cheerleader with the biggest tits of the bunch, she was absolutely WORSHIPPING his big fat cock! And the whole time he played with the tits of the other three, she slavishly served him like the totally BROKEN and TAMED big-titted blonde slut that she is!"

There was a pause while the person at the other end of the line was speaking. Susan was so absorbed in her exciting conversation that she still hadn't noticed the arrival of her children.

Then they heard her reply, "I know! I know! Me too! I mean, sucking his cock is reward enough in and of itself, but to do it while he's playing with SIX tits of other cheerleaders? Goose bumps! Shivers! I get tingles all over!"

As the other person on the phone replied, Katherine whispered to Alan, "What's she talking about?"

"Um, just some after-school fun I had today," he whispered back. "I'll tell you later."

"You'd better! It sounds pretty hot!" His sister gave him a bit of a shove to express her irritation.

Susan finally heard the whispering, so she spun around to find her two kids standing there. She urgently interrupted her call, "Um, Brenda, hold your horses. Speak of the cocky devil, he's standing right here! I'll tell you the rest later."

There was another pause while Susan was obviously waiting for Brenda to finish a question. "Yes, of course, it's nice and stiff. Although it's trapped inside his blue jeans. Mmmm. It looks absolutely delicious! Sorry, gotta go!" She hung up the phone, then tried to make herself look somewhat presentable.

Alan sat on one of the counter stools. "Hey, Mom. What's up? What was that all about?"

Susan was trying to act innocent. She pinned her hands behind her back like she was a soldier standing at attention, but that only caused her big, bare tits to thrust forward even more. She confessed, bashfully, "Um, that was Brenda, as you heard. We were just catching up on this and that."

He repeated with a smirk, "This and that." He'd overheard several calls to Brenda already, and he always found them amusing.

Trying to divert his attention, her eyes lit up and she exclaimed, "Oh! I just remembered: the cookies are done. They're hot and ready to eat!"

Katherine was sitting on the counter stool next to Alan, obviously looking at his crotch. She joked, "That's not the only thing around here looking hot and ready to eat."

Susan put on an oven mitt and pulled a tray of cookies out of the oven. "Now, Angel, please don't. I'm too horny already as it is. I'd love nothing more than to fall to my knees and feast on a spermy snack, but he doesn't seem to want that, for some strange, totally inexplicable reason." She stuck her tongue out at him and grinned.

Then she turned her attention back to Katherine. Her eyes went wide with delight. "By the way, did you hear about how Tiger fucked FOUR cheerleaders today? FOUR!"

"I did just now," Katherine said wryly. She got off the stool and walked around the counter. Once she saw her mother had the cookie tray on the counter and the oven mitt off, she moved in for a kiss.

Mother and daughter necked and groped as if they'd been separated for ages. They made a point of ostentatiously rubbing their impressive racks together. Even though they didn't plan it in advance, they didn't need to, since they were so naturally united in their desire to get Alan to play around with them.

Then their attention went back to the cookies, which smelled delicious since they were just hot out of the oven.

Susan said teasingly to her son, "Don't think I'll just give you these cookies for free. But I'm open to alternative payment ideas. For instance, a cookie for cum swap." She smiled and winked.

He winked back. Then he picked up a cookie and bit into it. "I think that can be arranged. But in stealth stroking fashion."

Susan harrumphed, but accepted that.

"Mom, how am I going to pay for my cookies?" Katherine asked, hoping to get into the action. She pulled the straps off her top while she asked her question, hoping that would help give her mother some ideas.

Susan was eager to work on those ideas. "Angel, if you'll work with me to provide some visual stimulation for Tiger, that'll be worth a couple of cookies. Why don't you come over here and rub your tits against mine some more? Only skin to skin this time! It's not like Mommy is really into other women, well not exactly, but sometimes sacrifices have to be made in order to get all of our family sex stud's nasty sperm out of his balls and safely onto our tits and faces."

"Where it belongs!" Katherine added happily. She quickly shucked her T-shirt off.

Perhaps surprisingly, rather than kissing as they brought their racks together, mother and daughter both pushed their chests as far out as they could while holding their heads high and back, trying to highlight their tit mashing as much as possible. Susan kept her apron on, but pulled it just below her rack so it wouldn't get in the way.

"How do you like this, Tiger?" Susan asked while rubbing her nipples and areolae against her daughter's bender

His response was to unzip his pants and let his stiff pole fall out. "It's great, Mom. Look, it even made my wee-wee accidentally pop out of my pants." He pretended to be innocent and confused, as if he was only three or four years old. He was in a playful mood, but he also had a plan that would allow him to take a nap and then do some homework: get Katherine and Susan in bed together, and then slip away from them.

However, before that could happen, Susan had a cocksucking need to fill. She disengaged from Katherine and walked around the counter to see his exposed hard-on. "Don't worry, Son, Mommy knows how to take care of your wee-wee."

She assumed her usual position: on her knees in front of her son's hard erection. But mindful of his attitude that day, she asked, "May I?"

He nodded. "Might as well."

While Katherine pulled her shorts off, Susan took his stiff dick in her hands and cradled it like it was a precious artifact. Aaaaaah! Oh! Yes! This is the life! What I've been waiting for all day long... Stroking it is great, but sucking it is really what I was born to do! Thank you, Lord, for this cocky, spermy bounty that I am about to receive.

She lovingly kissed the tip, then inhaled deeply in hopes of smelling any lingering traces of cheerleader cum. "Mmmm. I wonder how many strange pussies have been riding this thing today!" She started licking, excited at the prospect that she might also be able to taste other pussy juice on it.

"Mom, I'm afraid Katherine is going to need to provide a lot more help like that today," He spoke as his mother did her best to wrap her tongue around his shaft. He was eating another delicious cookie. "My dick is pretty worn out, so much so that I'm afraid only a lot of hot lesbian action between mother and daughter can help revive it."

Susan would have liked to respond to his comment, but she'd just engulfed his cockhead. She repeatedly made her favorite "Mmmm mmmm MMMM!" sounds as her lips slid back and forth over his sweet spot. Her tongue got busy flicking against it too.

So Katherine spoke instead. "Don't worry, I'd be more than happy to help you out with that, Big Whale Bone Brother. After all, our number one goal is to help with your stimulation. Don't you agree, Mom?"

Susan emphatically mumbled an affirmative "Mmmm-hmmm" between more erotic sounding slurps and moans.

"Great," he said. "Let's all grab some cookies and go to your bedroom, Mom. I like lying on top of you in your bed, the way a true husband of yours should."

That comment excited Susan to no end. She popped his boner out of her mouth to say, "Tiger, you fucking STUD! I want you in my bed on top of me! That's exactly where you belong, with my naked body writhing helplessly underneath you, ready to be plundered!"

She paused in her speaking to briefly bob on him a couple of times. But then she pulled out again and kept talking. "God, that is soooo true! That's one of the many perks of being the man of the house. Angel, did you hear what he just said? Oh my! This is just too exciting!"

She immediately resumed bobbing on him, with added suction and vigor.

He had to laugh at her predictable enthusiasm. "Come on, Mom! Ease up! How can I take you to bed if you make me cum already?"

In Susan's excitement to get to her bed, she didn't even mind relinquishing his erection from her mouth. She pulled her lips off after only a little more cajoling on his part.

Alan was glad about that, as he resolved to save his cum and work his way to his books.

As the three of them walked up the stairs together, he asked, "Hey Mom, you know that phone call just now to Brenda?"

"Yes, my cutie?"

"Do you tell Brenda literally EVERYthing? Every last sexual detail of everything you do to me?"

"Pretty much," she admitted. "At least I have recently. Of course, I've been telling every last detail of what I do to you with Suzanne for weeks now. So lately, I get to have fun with you, and then relive it again with Suzanne, and then relive it again with Brenda! It's like triple the joy!"

He asked, "As you sure you can trust her with all this private stuff?"

"Definitely!" She seemed very confident.

Alan, however, wasn't so sure.

Chapter 774 Susan X Katherine

Once the three of them were all in Susan's bedroom, Alan didn't get on her bed as promised. Instead, he said, "My dick is still all tired out, and I'm in a take it easy mode. You two get started. I'll just stay here and watch for a while." He intended to watch until mother and daughter were fully into each other, and then sneak off to his room to study.

Katherine went to the phone by the bed first. She dialed, and then spoke into the phone, "Amy? What'cha doin'? ... Wanna come over here? Alan's got a problem, and I think you'd be well suited to take it in hand, if you know what I mean."

Her words were a bit vague in case Brad or Eric overheard on another line, but her meaning was clear enough to Amy.

She put down the phone and explained to her brother, "I'm concerned you might get too excited and touch yourself. I thought that just in case that happens, it's best to have Amy's fingers and mouth in reserve."

Susan smiled up at Katherine, who was in the process of lying down on her. "Good thinking, Angel. Tiger, hold out until Amy's soft hands get over here, and that's an order." She added in a really silly baby voice, "Otherwise I'll be forced to go over there and suck your boo-boo until you pee your sweet gooey goo all over the back of my throat."

But Alan responded, "Hey. I'm doing just fine watching. Amy won't be needed. Just think of me as an official United Nations peacekeeping observer or something."

Katherine moved to lie down reversed on top of Susan. The two of them had played around a good deal while kissing on a number of occasions, but they hadn't really explored each other's pussies yet. There was no doubt that was going to happen now.

Alan sat in a chair with a hand on his erection, and said, "Okay you two, I'm ready to see something really hot. Have fun." He reluctantly took his hand away from his crotch and resolved to not get caught up in the sex. His books beckoned, true, but he wasn't thinking about that too much anymore. Mostly he was mindful that his body could only handle so much stimulation. His dick was dangerously sore at the moment.

"Angel dear," Susan said to Katherine, "are you sure you want this?" She winked up at her daughter as she pinched an erect nipple above her. "If Tiger forces me to go down on you and lick your juicy, tight twat, do you want to force your poor mother to do that? Should we give him what he wants?"

"I'm very sure, Mom! Totally sure! Let's just do it. Plus, I still need to earn some more cum points for those yummy cookies."

Susan giggled. "All right. I suppose it's inevitable."

"It is!" Katherine eagerly agreed. "Let's also not forget that I'm Brother's assistant in imposing his will. And even though he's here, it's still good if I anticipate what he wants and implements it. And I know one thing he constantly wants is for you to have lots and lots of orgasms, 'cos he loves you so much. Am I spot on, Bro?"

"You definitely are, Sis," he replied. "You're my secret weapon to keep Mom horny all the time! Go for it!"

Susan sighed, like she was all put out. "You know, you two, you're turning your mother all lesbo. It's cruel the things you force me to do. But I've learned that resistance is useless. I have no choice but to submit!" She tried to sound distraught, but she was far too excited to do a convincing job of it, or even to sound playfully distraught. She was simply ecstatic.

Katherine said, "How right you are! Resistance IS useless! While I'm in charge of your body, you're my bitch!"

Susan exclaimed, "Angel! That's shocking language, coming from you."

"I know. But get used to it. I am Brother's assistant, which means that when I'm in control of you, it's like he's ruling your body, working through me like an extra pair of hands!"

Susan gasped. "That's... that's so... delightfully shocking!"

Her kids had a good laugh at that, especially because it so perfectly summed up her feelings on the matter.

The two Plummer women proceeded to go after each other in a no-holds-barred fashion. They were already sufficiently intimate with each other, so they could be very relaxed and just enjoy themselves. However, knowing her mother's vagina and anus were sore and sensitive from cumming too much lately, Katherine tried to avoid direct stimulation of those areas at first, though her clit was fair game.

Katherine also made a point of maintaining a dominant persona over her mother. She knew from previous experience that Susan got off on that. And even though Katherine was very submissive towards Alan, she got off on dominating Susan. From time to time, she ordered her mother to do this or do that. In fact, there was no reason for any orders, since Susan obeyed eagerly, but the pretense of forcing her to do things aroused both of them immensely.

Alan sat watching passively, still trying not to get too aroused. However, seeing Katherine dominate Susan stirred his arousal even more than usual. He forced himself to sit there and not masturbate, but it was becoming increasingly torturous.

Amy rushed over to the Plummer house immediately. It only took her a couple of minutes to get next door, let herself in the back, and find the others upstairs.

She looked at Katherine and Susan meshing their bodies together on the big bed, and then saw Alan sitting to the side with his unattended erection sticking straight up in the air. She quickly appraised what was needed. She sat down next to Alan, and said, "Hi, everybody!" even as she began stroking his shaft.

Alan was secretly relieved, greatly relieved, in fact. However, he quietly muttered to her, "Take it easy, Aims. Don't get too into it because I'm going to be leaving in a minute once these two get really going. I've gotta take a nap. You know how I am with naps."

But he was lying to himself. He was a goner already, as the stroking felt too good despite the overworked state of his penis.

"M'kay," Amy replied, but she had no intention of letting him leave the room before he gave up a load, not if she could help it.

Because Alan was watching, Susan and Katherine frequently chose highly visual positions for his benefit. For instance, they rubbed their pussies together in a variety of different ways, including mashing their asses together high in the air.

In a short time, they seemingly ran through every possible position two women could make with each other. First one was on the top, then the other, and then they were pussy to pussy, then face to pussy, and so on. To a large extent they were playing to their audience, especially Alan, but that made it a lot more fun than if there hadn't been anyone else in the room.

Considering that Susan had never done most of these sex acts with any other woman before, she was startlingly good at it already. She took to it surprisingly easily, largely because Katherine "forced" her to do these new things. That took the moral responsibility out of her hands.

The "centerpiece" of their sexual activity was when they went down on each other. Susan had done that twice in recent days, once with Akami and once with Suzanne. The experience with Akami mostly just warmed her up to the sex act. But she had a truly great time with Suzanne, and she couldn't wait to have a similar experience with Katherine.

That had also been a very emotional experience, and she knew before she started that it would be futile trying to replicate that this time. For one thing, one can't catch lightning in a bottle whenever one likes. But also, the presence of Alan and Amy meant the mood couldn't be as intimate and personal as it had been when Suzanne and her were alone.

Susan went down on Katherine first, eager to show off her unexpected new skills. (Her obvious eagerness and initiative contradicted the notion that Katherine was "forcing" her to do things, but nobody minded.) She spent the next few minutes licking her daughter's clit and slit. She would have gone on longer, except that Katherine had a nice orgasm, so it seemed a good time to switch.

Katherine was over the moon that her formerly notoriously prudish mother had just licked her out. This opened up all sorts of exciting possibilities, especially if she could make her new sexually dominant role over her stick. She channeled all that energy into licking Susan's privates with a lusty fever.

Susan was so overwhelmed that she repeatedly crushed Katherine's head between her legs. Katherine actually had to use her hands to try to keep Susan's legs apart so she could continue to lick without being in pain.

Amy was tempted to drop between Alan's legs so she could suck him instead of just stroke him. But she knew that Susan and Katherine going down on each other was an important moment, and she didn't want to miss out. She occasionally leaned down and lapped on his cockhead while still looking at the lesbian action.

Katherine licked Susan to a very nice orgasm. But once that was over, neither of them were ready to stop. Katherine asked, "Mom, should I get some dildos so we can have even more fun?"

Susan replied, "No! I don't want 'em unless they're really small, and even then I don't need 'em. Tiger's cock is all I need."

She looked to her son as she said that and gave him a sultry smile. "Amy, please coax a big load out of my boy. Get his spermy cream boiling and churning while we work on the visual stimulation!"

"M'kay!" Amy sat naked with both of her hands sliding up and down his slicked-up shaft.

"Then I want to see it explode all over your face and chest. Warn me when that's gonna happen. I know Tiger loves that, and now I love it too. He's marking his conquests!"

Amy didn't seem to mind being called a conquest, simply saying "M'kay!" a second time, as happily as ever.

As the mother-daughter show continued, with the two of the sixty-nining for the first time, Amy helpfully provided colorful commentary to Alan while happily stroking him. She said things like, "Boyfriend, how does it feel to see your mother and sister making love for you? Does that make you feel all incestuous-y?"

"Incestuous-y'? Aims, I'm positive that isn't a word." He was a bit distracted because he was fingering Amy's pussy in return.

"Hrm. Incestu-riffic?" She giggled, knowing that wasn't correct either.

"No."

"Incestastic?"

"No." But even Alan was giggling now.

"Let's see. Incest-alicious?"

That made him laugh out loud, and in case that wasn't enough, Amy started tickling his sides too, using one hand while pumping his erection with the other.

But he complained, "Don't! I can't control my PC muscle when you tickle."

"Bummer." Amy stopped the tickling, but not her sticky stroking. "Let me put it this way. Does it make your cock fill up with hot brother seed, or burning son cum, as the case may be, knowing that you're going to be pumping their pussies full of your white goo, and they'll love it?" Her hands still slipped and slid up and down his slick rod, making lewd slurpy noises.

Two of Alan's fingers probed in and out Amy's labia. "As a matter of fact, it does inspire. Very much. And I like how you put it. Tell me more." He was forgetting his resolve to leave the room before cumming. He looked up and saw his mother and sister grinding their pussies together again.

"Your official girlfriend loves to see you get all worked up over mommy and sissy because they're so busy with each other that you're going to give all your cum to me! Can you do that? Can you give it up for Amy, your official girlfriend? She's working soooo hard to squeeze it out of you. Mmmm. It tastes soooo good. Can I lick your lollipop? Just a couple of licks?" Her hands stroked up and down, up and down, over and over. The tips of her fingers concentrated on his most sensitive spot, just under his cockhead.

"Okay, just a couple. But hold on! I'm almost...! ... No. Phew. That was close. Let's calm down a minute first."

Katherine shouted out encouragingly, "Squeeze it out, Amy! Squeeze it! Suck it dry!" But she mostly remained focused on her mother. They were rubbing asses against each other now, and both were too worked up to talk much.

The minutes passed rapidly, with everyone having a delightful time.

Alan of course had no trouble staying hard and happy, and he would have remained so just from the visual stimulation of Susan and Katherine going at each other, never mind Amy's help. As it was, he was loving life.

Chapter 775 Fucking Amy

After a while, Amy got so worked up, mostly from watching Katherine and Susan lick each other out, that she wanted to do more than just give Alan a handjob. She asked the group out loud, "Since Alan's gotta give up his load soon, is there any reason why he can't cum in my cunnie?"

Susan spoke for everyone when she shouted out, "No! Alan's the man of the house and gets what he wants. And WHO he wants! Fuck her, Tiger! Fuck her good! Good and hard and long and deep! Just like you'd do me and your sister!" She drove her tongue back into Katherine's pussy.

Alan was going to have Amy sit in his lap, but that reminded him too much of what Suzanne did just the night before, so instead he had Amy lie down on the carpet next to the bed. He sat up over her and fucked her that way.

As he pushed in her burning hot gash, he exclaimed, "Dammit! You're so fucking tight! I can't even get it in there. Urrgh! Uh!"

He had to fight for every inch, even though Amy was already well-lubricated. But after he'd bottomed out and started to stroke, the pressure eased off just enough for the fucking to feel incredibly delightful.

He thought, As if fucking Amy isn't great enough, what a charge seeing Mom and Sis fucking each other into a squishy lesbian frenzy while they cheer me on to dump a load into my girlfriend! Mom may not be Sister's biological mother, but they sure are cut from the same nympho cloth!

Knowing that Susan was very curious about what it would be like to have sex with Alan, Amy helpfully explained, "Aunt Susan, look! I can't even believe it myself, but he's in all the way! Balls-deep! How does it feel so wondertastically good? And big! He's gigantonormous!"

Susan cried back, nearly panicky with excitement, "That's so HOT! I can see everything! Squeeze it! Don't just lie there; move your hips! Squeeze your cunt around it! Clench!"

"I'm trying, I really am, but he's splitting me in two!"

Susan yelled as another climax hit her, "Tiger, you're gonna fuck me next! Fuck your mommy, just like that!"

With everything so arousing, Alan couldn't last long. For one thing, Amy was very vocal and enthusiastically loud while he fucked her, driving up his enthusiasm too. And as if that wasn't enough, her pussy squeezed him like a giant fist pressuring every inch of his penis, but the intensity of the squeeze was just right. The "visual stimulation" in front of him didn't help his endurance much, either. He struggled with his PC muscle to hold off at least another minute or two.

The sex-fest had Alan revved up so high that he thought, I wish I had enough cum and endurance, like some of the praise I get claims I have, so I could pump a quart into my girlfriend here, then lumber over and dump just as much cum into my horny sister, and finally pull my still squirting member out and firmly lodge it into Mom's cunt with a final giant blast of loving son semen! I wish, but at least I can give it to Amy. Yes! Take this, Aims! He grunted loudly with each thrust. He'd grown to love the feeling of each jet of cum squirting out of him.

He was tremendously aroused, yet he felt he could fuck forever. Even his climax didn't seem to slow him down. But as his cum finished shooting into Amy, reality ruled and he realized his always-erect rod was beginning to soften.

However, Susan and Katherine kept going. They'd both taken the time out to watch Alan's balls and dick while he obviously came and filled Amy's vagina. But once he'd shot his last rope, they turned their attention back to each other's pussies.

Amy was left, as she gleefully put it to Alan, "all fucked out." She added in a low voice, "Miss Pussy says thanks."

Katherine wished that Amy would think to slide over so she could suck her brother's seed straight out of Amy's pussy. But Amy couldn't read her mind, and she was too busy with her mother to disengage and move to Amy's pussy herself.

Susan was so carried away with the way Katherine's pussy was dripping into her face that she was barely able to focus. She stared at Amy's slit, which was still leaking her son's precious seed, and wished he'd walked over and pumped his load into her instead.

She thought, Mmmm! That was seriously great, seeing Tiger fuck Amy. Soon, that'll be me! Perhaps Amy might have won the battle in the sense that she did an excellent job of draining him and thus rose in his "rankings" a little bit, but I'm confident I'll win the war of being his favorite cum target. My pussy will soon belong to him, I swear it!

Amy went back home very happy. She loved the feeling of his jism running down her legs so much that when she dressed back up a few minutes later to return home, she left Alan's cum right where it was on her skin. Mostly, that meant some rivulets right around her pussy lips and running a bit down her inner thighs. Luckily, she was wearing long shorts, so none of it would be visible. She felt a great erotic thrill walking through her own house with his cum on and in her.

Had Alan known about this, he would have been extremely upset. The last thing he wanted to happen was have Brad or Eric find out about what was happening at his house, and such antics could easily lead to a slippery slope of suspicious behavior ending with disaster. Suzanne would have been pissed too. Amy, however, didn't fully understand his security concerns.

Although most of Alan's cum ended up inside Amy, Susan nonetheless insisted on "cleaning" his penis and balls. Since Katherine was there, she was happy to help out. The next few minutes passed with mother and daughter happily lapping away on his privates.

He closed his eyes and felt himself getting sleepier and sleepier, thanks to a post-orgasmic crash. He realized he was about to go to sleep no matter what, so he roused himself enough to get up and go back to his room so he could sleep in his own bed.

Katherine and Susan lingered together in a post-orgasmic lazy embrace.

Susan said, "Angel, I'm sorry if I've been neglecting you lately. It's just that Tiger has helped me discover my sexual side and I get so excited about that."

"It's okay, Mom. I have the same obsessions."

"No, it's not okay. A mother should be equal with her affections. It's just that my son has such a big, lickable, titfuckable, and especially wonderfully suckable cock, and he constantly tames me with it. But maybe now things can be a bit more equal because you're taming me too. You've got me so hot for your tasty pussy. And I must say I like how you're getting so aggressive with me. Are you going to keep doing that?"

"Of course! I hope you like licking my pussy, because there are going to be times I'll just snap my fingers and order you to get lapping!"

Susan thought that over. She started with a grave look on her face. "Hmmm... That sounds terribly naughty. You're totally flipping our roles. I should be in charge!" Then she broke into a big grin. "Which of course is what makes it so hot!"

Katherine gave her a loving hug. "So you're okay with that?"

"Very much so. I think I'm going to love my new life of having to sexually serve BOTH of my children. Can I be a slave for your cunt just like I'm a slave for Tiger's cock?"

"Of course you can, Mom. In fact, if you want to make up to me how you're favoring Brother lately, I've got an idea. In recent days, including today, I've promoted the idea that I could be his official assistant when it comes to keeping you in line, and you know full well that Brother approves of the idea. But you haven't really resisted that, but you haven't fully and officially embraced it either, have you?"

Susan replied, "I suppose that's true, because I don't really know what it means exactly and I get we never had a chance to talk about it. I don't think Tiger really understands what that means either. Whenever that topic came up, there usually was something else that came up... and was poking into my face, and right into my mouth!" She chuckled.

"True." Katherine giggled at that.

"So can you explain so I know exactly what I'm getting into? Just now, I was talking about being your 'slave,' but that's mostly sex talk. I'll always be your mom, and I'd be a bad one if I abdicated my motherly responsibilities."

"I know that, and I definitely don't want that to change. Let me explain. What I have in mind is probably more expansive than what we were talking about when Brother agreed to it. I think I can explain things best by giving some examples. If you need a good spanking and he's not here, I'd be the one to do it. Or maybe you've been sucking his big fat cock and you're getting exhausted and need a jolt of inspiration, I could give you a smack on the ass and promise more where that came from if you don't live up to official personal cocksucker standards. Or you know how he has to power to decide what you wear or don't wear. I could have that power too."

Susan pondered that carefully. "I find that to be... intriguing. And certainly, it's the least I can do to start to balance things out at least a little bit. But remember, even through all the sexual weirdness and wildness of our new lifestyle, sometimes I'll need to do serious mom stuff. For instance, if you're slacking on doing your homework, who is going to make sure you do it? That's up to me. Well, Suzanne and me."

Katherine replied, "Oh, Mom, sure. You're a great mom, and I wouldn't have that any other way. I'm just talking about purely sexual situations. You know, where you need a little extra kick, a reminder of how big-titted mommy pets should behave."

Susan continued to carefully consider that. "I'll admit... that does sound nice. But what if you use your assistant powers for selfish gain? For instance, what if I'm happily bobbing away on his incredible thickness, as I'm wont to do, and you simply push me aside and take over?"

"Mom, I would NEVER do that. As his assistant, I would try to do what I think he would want, and he would never want that. Besides, he'd be right there, and as man of the house, his word rules. But more than that, I'm one of his official personal cocksuckers, and that's a title I take VERY seriously. The bottom line is, serving Brother's pleasure comes first! Period! Sometimes I get uppity, true, but not in a selfish way like that. It's not about me and what I want, it's all about HIM."

She went on, "I'm just his fuck toy! That's another title I take VERY seriously. I know he doesn't like the 'M' word, so we don't talk about it directly much, but in my heart of hearts I consider him my master. I felt that way even before he got diagnosed for his special condition, it's just that I kept my feelings a secret. I love him in every possible way! But not just that. I love submitting to him and serving him. In short, 'fuck toy' isn't just a sexy phrase for me. I want him to dominate me, tame me, and use me! I want him to rip my clothes off, pull me to my knees, and aggressively fuck my face!"

She was on such a passionate roll that she was panting hard and clenching her raised fists. She took a moment to calm herself and look around. "Um... sorry. I guess I got a bit off track."

Susan wrapped her arms around her daughter and pulled her close. "That's okay. That was... beautiful! I'm truly moved. I love that you get it, that you understand the supreme importance of taking good care of his cock. I agree with everything you say! I don't call myself his 'fuck toy' much since that's kind of your special phrase, but I think of myself in that exact same way. Before, with Ron and me leading the family, it seemed okay, but something seemed off. Having Tiger as the man of the house is so much better! He IS our natural master, whether he wants us to use that word or not. Our role is to love him and serve him and obey him, period. Don't you agree?"

Katherine's heart swelled with emotion. "Oh, Mom! So much! Now it's like you're reading MY mind!"

Their faces had been drawing closer and closer, and they wound up sharing a long, sensual French kiss.

When it ended, Katherine added, "Before I went off on a tangent, I wanted to make the point that although I definitely don't want to use my assistant powers for selfish gain, you have to admit that there's been some imbalance. You're getting known as a cock hog, and I often get the short end of the cock, so to speak. Do you deny that?"

Susan said sadly, with genuine contrition, "Well... no. It's just that I get so horny! My desire for his cock, especially to suck on it, gets so intense that I kind of lose my mind sometimes. I'm really sorry."

Katherine grinned knowingly. "That's okay. I can relate about the losing your mind part. But by being his assistant, I wouldn't be selfish in a mean way, but it would help me assert myself to get my fair share. And THAT would be a big gift for you to give me, to make up for the imbalance that's developed in the family dynamic. If I actually use that power in a truly selfish way, you totally should call me on it. That would be a reason for Brother to give me a harsh spanking. Or maybe you should do it, if I wronged you."

That last comment surprised Susan. "Me? Spank you? I don't know about that. I'm getting more and more into the submissive lifestyle. I don't like the idea of spanking anybody."

Katherine replied, "I can see that, when you're your normal you. But there are times when you're in a different mood. For instance, what about when you go on one of your mama grizzly bear rampages? If I've done some boneheaded thing and you want to punish me, couldn't you see whacking my ass hard and then kissing it to make it better afterwards?"

Susan nodded. "That could be. But when I get in that sort of mood, I'm the exact opposite of aroused. Besides, how could I do that if you're Tiger's assistant?"

"Well, remember that I'd just me most of the time. I'd only go into assistant mode if I see a special need, kind of like Clark Kent going into a phone booth and turning into Superman. And as for you, remember some days back when you claimed a special 'mother's privilege?' You could do that in those rare times when you want to turn the tables and get all dominant on somebody, like me or Brenda."

Susan smiled widely. "Okay, I can do that. I think we have a deal. I like what we did together today, especially going down on each other, and I hope you 'force' me to do more things like that with you a lot more."

Katherine's smile was even bigger. "Oh, I will! I will!"

"Good. But it's going to be VERY rare for me to assert my 'mommy privilege' in a dominating way. I like it when Tiger is in charge. That's the natural order of things. Anything else would be, well... terribly improper."

Katherine giggled with glee. She was delighted at how Susan's conception of what was "terribly improper" was had drastically changed in the last few months.

She said playfully, "You say you'd never play that card now, but we'll see. I get hot thinking about spanking you or generally dominating you. But I also kind of get hot thinking about being ordered around by you too." She took on Susan's voice. "'Angel, I expect you to clean your room right this minute, until it shines. And then come back down here and suck your brother's sperm out of my cunt. I want you to clean my pussy until it shines too.'" She giggled some more.

Susan giggled at that too. "Oh, Angel. That's a fun fantasy, but you know I don't talk like that. I'm not the bossy type." She purposely didn't deny that she would want her son's sperm in her pussy, or to have Katherine suck it out of her pussy.

Katherine found that interesting, but she let it pass. "So are we definitely in agreement, then? I'll be Alan's assistant, which I may do from time to time, and you can play your 'mommy privilege' card on rare occasions. Neither of us can say no if it's about something sexual."

Susan beamed. "You've got yourself a deal! Looks like I'm going to be the sexual plaything of both my children." She frowned and pretended to be upset. "I swear. The way everyone takes advantage of me!" But she was obviously delighted.

Katherine and Susan snuggled up together in each others' arms.

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Meanwhile, once Alan was back in his room, he looked at the clock near his bed and saw that it actually wasn't as late as he thought. He still had time for a nap and then a chance to crack open the books before dinner.

He thought to himself, Spoiled. Spoiled. I am so damn spoiled. I guess I have a gift, a talent at fucking. Simone seems to think so anyways, and she should know. She's probably fucked nearly as many guys as Heather has. More than that, maybe I have some weird talent for making women really want me. I don't even know what I'm doing. Some unusual mixture of confidence bordering on arrogance, and niceness? But my ego is running out of control.

And my homework! Oh yeah. Shit! What happened to that? This is the crunch time to get into a good college. The crunch time!

But he wasn't too perturbed about the time he'd just wasted, simply because he'd had so much fun that he knew he would have done the exact same thing if given a chance to do it all over again. He and his penis would have to pay the price later. He slept a long time.

Chapter 776 The Sexual Utopia Is Almost Here!

Alan woke up with a new determination to actually, finally, get some homework done. He went back to Susan's bedroom and peeked in. To his pleasant surprise, Katherine and Susan both appeared to be all fucked out. They were still sleeping, lying entwined in each other's arms in Susan's bed.

He figured they probably dropped on the spot once they ran out of energy. Had he known, he would have been glad to learn that Suzanne and Amy were also both exhausted and sleeping in their bedrooms back in their house. Suzanne wasn't that tired, but all the sex with Susan in the last two days had gotten to her a bit.

So that just left Alan and his books. He felt so guilty for fucking away so much of the afternoon that he actually focused on his tasks for a while and accomplished something.

Later, Alan, Katherine, and Susan ate dinner together, as usual. And, as usual, dinner had become something of a respite from all the sexual craziness. Alan had put his foot down and insisted that there should be no outrageous flirting or overt nudity during the meal. Thus it had become a time to discuss "normal" non-sexual matters.

However, events were not entirely under his control. One thing in particular he didn't control was the nightly prayer of thanks just before they ate. As always, the three of them held hands, closed their eyes, and bowed their heads while Susan led the prayer. But lately, sexual matters had become a large part of her prayers, since sex had become such a large part of their lives.

This night Susan's prayer went like this: "Dear Lord, thank You once again for another lovely day. Thank You for allowing us to enjoy the fruits of your generous bounty. And once again, we thank You for keeping Alan's penis stiff and full of cum for most of the day. We thank You for the frequent chances to drain him dry, which helps him with his medical treatment and provides spermy joy for the rest of us. May tomorrow prove to be as great a day as today - or better! Lord, thanks to Your generosity and magnificence, ALL of our dreams are coming true! Amen!"

Neither Alan nor Katherine were the least surprised, since that was in keeping with her other dinner prayers for the last couple of weeks. But what she said next was a shocker. "Tiger, you know what? Speaking of dreams coming true, there's one thing that's been bothering me. I've been meaning to speak to you about it."

"What's that?" he asked.

Susan bubbled with eagerness. "What about Gloria Rhymer?! Why is she missing out?! It seems like such a shame. Here you are, a man with great sexual talents and great success. It seems all your dreams really are coming true, with two notable exceptions. The first is Christine. Obviously that's tricky, but at least you're working on it and making progress. The second is Ms. Rhymer. Everybody knows you've had a crush on her for more than two years now. With your new sexual confidence and amazing skills, you should DO something about it!"

Since Katherine knew the secret of Alan's intimate relationship with Glory, she tried to cover for him to help keep it a secret. "Mom, don't be ridiculous. She's a teacher. That means hands off."

Susan cut in before Katherine could say more. "Oh, fiddlesticks! That's NOTHING!" She swept a hand dramatically across her body, as if wiping away the very suggestion from the room. "Think about it, Angel. You're his sister. I'm his mother. You can't get any more 'hands off' than that. In fact, almost all

the women he's getting involved with lately are taboo for one reason or another. For instance, Brenda is married and hugely wealthy to boot. Do you really think Ms. Rhymer's job title is going to stop him?"

She turned to him with fire in her eyes. "Son, I say GO FOR IT! You have a special talent, a special ability to bring tremendous pleasure to women. It would be a crime if you don't at least TRY to seduce her! Or... have you started? Perhaps you've just been modest about your progress with her so far?"

Alan winced and clenched his teeth like he was experiencing an ice cream freeze. He was highly conflicted. On the one hand, he'd promised himself that he wouldn't reveal the real nature of his relationship with Glory to anyone, not even immediate family. He knew the great professional risk she was taking by being with him, so he was trying to treat that secret in the same way he'd treat his own incest secret. But while it was relatively easy to lie by omission to Susan, it was much harder to lie out loud when asked point blank about it.

Furthermore, he was well aware that Amy, Katherine, and Suzanne all knew the secret already. Given that fact, it was just a matter of time before Susan found out, one way or another. Someone was bound to slip up. If Susan found out she was the only one not in the know, and that he had outright lied to her, she would feel both hurt and disappointed in him. Furthermore, her discovering such a lie would lessen her trust in him.

He sighed wearily. "Mom, I've got something to say on that. But before I do, you have to promise that what I tell you will remain a total secret. You can't tell ANYONE about it! Not even Brenda, even though you told me you've been telling her everything. Nobody!"

Susan looked over at Katherine, and then back at him. "Okay... But what about Suzanne? I don't keep any secrets from her. I don't think I could if I wanted to. And what about Angel? How come you're not including her?"

"To be honest, Sis knows. Aunt Suzy and Amy does too. But don't feel bad; this is all a very, very recent development. So let's put it this way: it's a secret that can't go outside of our little group here at home. Okay?"

Susan nodded eagerly, then exclaimed, "You're fucking her already! I just know it! You ARE, aren't you? Aren't you?! Oh my goodness! YOU ARE!" She squealed for joy and clutched at her chest.

He was somewhat chagrined, because she'd stolen his thunder. He just nodded.

Susan saw that, stood up, and pumped both fists in the air. "YESSSS! ALRIGHT!"

Katherine giggled. "Mom, you're so funny. Talk about inordinately pleased!"

Susan turned to Katherine with her fists still raised, stuck her tongue out petulantly, and said, "Oh, poo! Don't be such a spoilsport. This is BIG news! It's a cause for celebration!"

Her eyes brightened even more as she came up with an idea. "Now, I know that we try to keep our dinner a quiet time relative to sex, but Tiger, I say I bob on your cock all through the meal while you tell me all about the seduction of your teacher!"

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He chuckled. "Mom. Really. Is that necessary?" He was somewhat tempted, but his penis was too sore for him to seriously consider it.

"YES! I'm too excited not to!" Susan was positively glowing with excitement.

He eventually got her to calm down. But then he started relating a few details about what he'd done with Glory and that got her even more worked up than before.

In the end that caused him to ask, "Mom, why are you getting so excited about me having sex with someone else? There's only so much of me to go around, you know."

"I know. And normally that would at least give me some pause. But not in this case. Think about it: you're going to see her almost entirely at school, so she can regularly polish your knob during lunch! That IS happening a lot, I assume?"

He nodded.

"Oh my goodness! That's so thrilling! You see, with that sort of thing, I doubt it'll cut into your time with me at all. This finally explains so many of those mysterious checkmarks on your orgasm chart! Besides, how can I not be all worked up over this? I'm filled with such contentment and satisfaction, knowing that your cock is being well taken care of at school by your sexy teacher! It just proves yet again what an unstoppable, insatiable STUD you are!"

Katherine giggled again. "Gee, I didn't see that one coming."

The three of them got through the rest of dinner without any hanky-panky or clothes coming off, which was quite a feat considering Susan's continued jubilation.

Susan noted, "See? I CAN control myself if need be. Even when presented with an erotic provocation as great as this news. I just want to make sure that gets duly noted."

Katherine rolled her eyes. "Will the miracles never cease?" But she flashed a loving smile at her mother.

Before the meal ended, Alan emphasized again how important it was to keep this information a secret. He stressed the danger of Glory losing her job in what would become a shameful scandal if word got out. He didn't even want it discussed within their family unless absolutely necessary, for fear that someone might overhear or become complacent and slip up elsewhere.

Susan swore up and down that she could be trusted, and that she would stay silent.

Alan had his doubts, since she had a habit of letting her enthusiasm carry her away at times. But he figured that he had no choice but to trust her, since she was bound to find out sooner or later in any event. He reminded himself that she too was at risk from disclosing their incest secret, so everything hinged on her managing to keep quiet on more matters than just his sexual relationship with Glory.

After dinner, he managed to complete more of his homework. He didn't even get stealth stroked, because his penis was still too sore and sensitive.

But he felt restless. He was thinking more about sex with so many women and all his problems than he was about his homework. He decided that he needed help with "taking care" of the cheerleaders' fucking desires, otherwise he would be stretched too thin.

A plan formed in his mind involving his friend Sean. He gave Sean a call but got a busy signal. He resolved to get to school early the next day to talk about his ideas with Sean as soon as possible. The situation with Heather especially gnawed at him and required immediate action. He knew of Sean's crush on Heather and he thought he could use that.

By this time it was nine o'clock, which meant there was still a lot of time for studying. He figured he'd have to study late into the night for the rest of the week, if not even pull all-nighters to get back on track. He had a big paper in particular that would require a lot of time.

In the meantime, some of the women had started to revive. Susan and Katherine were both up and watching TV in the living room while dressed in ordinary clothes.

But Susan in particular looked weary. She commented to Alan as he came in, "Tiger, I'm sitting on a bag of ice here on the sofa. Can you believe it? That's how much my pussy and ass hurt. I'm sorry I can't take care of you properly on a Tuesday, but I've been poked and licked so much, and all of a sudden it caught up with me. Sorry we let you down with our stealth stroking duties. Angel and I were sleeping for so long, and didn't even realize..."

"Mom, Sis, no worries. As much as I love the stealth stroking, I can study better without it. My dick has needed the break. I really should go upstairs and do some more work. All by myself. You two just relax and recover. But we should have a talk first."

"You're not going anywhere just yet, my Sweetie." Suzanne spoke from inside the kitchen behind him. She walked to the opening between the living room and kitchen/dining room area so she could be seen. "I'm more than a little sore myself, but that doesn't mean I won't be sad if you don't properly 'get my attention.'" She put on a girlish, pouty look while keeping a knowing smile.

Suzanne had been fully dressed (minus the underwear, of course), but seeing Alan come to her, she stood back and took off her dark red silk top. She struck a sexy pose as she let her big melons bounce free. "Sweetie, I think you know how to 'get my attention,'" she said seductively as she thrust her tits out towards him.

Alan took one look at Suzanne's sultry face and then her out-thrust bare chest, and all thoughts of having a sex-free evening went out the window. He walked up behind her without speaking and began mauling her tits from behind as he also kissed her and nuzzled the back of her neck.

She muttered, "I've gotten so horny this last hour feeling the tight silk blouse rubbing against my nipples. Sweetie, it's positively cruel to make your women cover their tits!"

He was surprised by that sort of language, especially by Suzanne referring to herself merely as one of his women. That increased his excitement and he went after her tits even more aggressively. He experimented with pushing her nipples in as far as they could go, then pulling them out. Before long, his penis was fully hard.

Meanwhile, she yanked down her flimsy blue silk skirt, hoping that would inspire him to get active down below as well. That left her in nothing but high heels.

He obligingly dropped his shorts and rubbed his stiff pole up against her ass. He let it roam where it wanted to go, which was mostly in between her thighs.

She managed to dry fuck him by exaggeratedly shifting her weight from one leg to another, which caused a great amount of friction for his trapped boner.

Katherine and Susan just sat there watching with a mixture of lust and jealousy, the television show in the other direction completely forgotten. But they were too exhausted to join in on what was obviously much more than a typical greeting.

At one point, Susan leaned in towards Katherine and whispered, "Look at that, Angel! Look at the way he handles her body like he owns it! She's just standing there, letting him take total control!"

Katherine subtly teased her mother, "I'm trying to figure out just how hot that is..."

Susan took the bait. "It's SO HOT! Especially because that could be you or me! Look at the way he's fingering her cunt! And do you see his big fat cock poking between her thighs, and how she's rhythmically squeezing it with her powerful thigh muscles? Is that not inspirational?"

Katherine was genuinely impressed, not to mention highly aroused. "It's very inspirational!"

After a few minutes, Alan disengaged and sat back down on the sofa he'd been sitting on.

Suzanne sat on his lap, with her back against his chest. "Now this is what I call a proper greeting, Sweetie," she said happily, almost deliriously so. She looked to the other two. "Have I told any of you how much I love this kid?"

Alan's erection slid up and around Suzanne's ass crack, but to prevent himself from anally penetrating her right then, he adjusted his position so his hard-on poked out right in front of her pussy. She squeezed it in a vise between her two thighs and it rubbed against her vulva.

Susan and Katherine continued to sit on nearby sofas and silently watch it all. Arousal was gradually overtaking their weariness.

Alan had started out just expecting to give Suzanne a kiss or two and feel her up some, but things had obviously gone way beyond that by now, and it was like he couldn't stop himself.

He didn't know where it would end, and wondered if he would end up fucking Suzanne right in front of his sister and mother. Then he thought, Why shouldn't I? If Mom has problems with that, it's time for her to get over them. Let's try it and see what happens!

He announced, "Now, as I was saying, I wanted to have a meeting and discuss a few things. Mom, Sis, I want both of you to lift your skirts and start playing with yourselves to get in the right frame of mind. Mom, since your cunt is so sore, diddle your clit or play with your nipples."

They immediately began following his command without questioning it, or even thinking much about it.

He nodded. "That's good." But he decided to push his luck to see how far they'd go. "Now, put your feet up on the coffee table, both of you, and spread your legs wide so I can see you play with yourselves."

Susan protested, "Tiger! That's so lewd!" But even as she was complaining, she was doing it.

Katherine did it too, proudly and gleefully.

He announced, "Most urgent for me at the moment is the matter of fucking Aunt Suzy. Mom, you seem to have some kind of issue with that, is that correct?"

"Well, I, uh..." Her eyes were wide at the sight of Suzanne in Alan's lap, rocking back and forth on his erection. Katherine and Susan sat very close to Alan and Suzanne, so they could clearly see his cockhead poking in and out of view right below Suzanne's pussy lips. A steady dribble of pre-cum flowed.

"Let me ask this," he said to Susan between ragged breaths. "Mom, should I be denied fucking anyone I want to fuck, even if it's you? Especially if it's you? Are you going to deny me if I want your cunt?"

"NO!" Susan said excitedly. "Mommy has to give her son her cunt! He can put it in his collection with his other possessions like her tits and ass! Tiger owns every inch of his hot mommy's body!" She was breathing even more raggedly than he was now, and she pulled and twisted her clit with abandon.

Katherine was even more excited, after hearing Susan say that. She thought it was long overdue that she and her brother shouldn't have to fuck in secret anymore, but she was reluctant to push her mother about it. It sounded like Susan was starting to come around.

Alan was thinking the exact same thing. He decided to explicitly ask about both Suzanne and Katherine. "Well then, doesn't that go for Aunt Suzy as well? Isn't it my right to take her in any way I want, at any time? Or Sis, for that matter?"

"YES!" Susan cried out. "YES! Fuck them all!" Her heart was pounding wildly as she pulled on a nipple and diddled her clit.

He wanted to scream for joy, he was so thrilled to hear that. He aggressively kneaded Suzanne's tits, since they were within easy reach, but he looked to Katherine. "What do you think, Sis?"

Katherine was wildly fingerbanging herself, imagining that it was Alan's cock fucking her in front of the whole family. "Fuck her, Bro! Take her! Right here! And then do me!"

"You know what? I think I will! Auntie, please lift yourself up for me."

Suzanne obediently rose six inches. She was breathing so hard she was practically hyperventilating. She thought it was wonderful enough to get fucked by Alan again, but to do it openly in front of both Susan and Katherine was almost more than she could take. It looked like she wouldn't have to sneak around anymore, and she was very glad about that.

Plus, she'd caught the implication about what Susan said regarding Katherine too, and that thrilled her even more. She thought, This is it! We're so close to achieving my ultimate dream! Everybody's gonna fuck everybody! The sexual utopia is almost here! There's no turning back now!

Alan grabbed his stiff erection and held it up towards his stomach, then lowered Suzanne down on it.

The pale-skinned goddess still didn't say a word, but she let out a big sigh of relief and joy as she felt his thickness start to enter her.

Katherine and Susan intently watched the slow descent of Suzanne's tight and talented pussy as it completely engulfed Alan's insatiable rod.

Katherine thought as if she was speaking to her brother, You go, you big inseminator! You get all the fucking out in the open so you can come over here and ram your big prick up in me right in front of Mom too. Knock me up! Knock us all up! I love you so much! I can't wait until you can fuck me in every room, in every inch of this house, while Mom, Amy, and Aunt Suzy cheer us on! I have the fucking coolest family on the planet!

Susan likewise was lost in thought as she masturbated herself into a lusty frenzy. Yeah, Baby, fuck her, fuck her good! By fucking Amy and then Suzanne right in front of me, you're showing all of us who's the real boss around here. And you're especially showing me just what I can look forward to! All of us, we're your big-titted sluts, your personal fuck toys! You love us all so much, but you own and control us too. It's the best combination ever! Of course it's your right to fuck us all!

I can't wait until you fuck me properly! But not just me; maybe next you should show me what fucking Angel looks like! That's right, all the mommies and horny sisters should be keeping that big meat log warm and sticky wet, all the time! I want you to be constantly pumping sperm into our squeezey cunts!

It was kind of too late, now that he was fully impaled in Suzanne's hot cunt, but Alan looked to Susan to make completely sure that she was okay with this.

Susan realized that all eyes were upon her. She said aloud, more hesitantly, "I really shouldn't be allowing this if I'm a good mother. But there's just no resisting Tiger's meaty cock, is there? He takes who he wants, when he wants. All we can do is bend over and spread our legs!"

Seeing that Susan fully approved, Alan started to thrust in and out of Suzanne. Susan's lusty facial expression and busy hands on herself said even more than her words.

But Susan continued to talk anyway. "Am I wrong here, or is that just an undeniable fact? I mean, you can't fault a real tiger for hunting antelopes; God made it that way. In the same way, God made MY Tiger to hunt pussies. So how can that be a sin?"

"It can't!" Katherine exclaimed.

"Are you sure?" Susan asked, feeling a surge of doubt as she contemplated letting her son fuck her. "Sometimes, I feel like I must be a bad mom." She wanted reassurance.

While Susan talked, her eyes went up and down, following every move Alan's erection made as it slid in and out of Suzanne's tight slit. Good God! SO HOT! Soon, that's going to be ME! Soon! Really soon! So thick! So hot! So full! It's so true that this is what Tiger is meant to do. He's made to fuck us, and we're made to be FUCKED!

Katherine consoled Susan while pulling Susan's shirt all the way off, "Mom, you're not a bad mother; you're a VERY good one!"

"Really?" Susan was still trolling for validation.

"Really! You give ALL of yourself, just like Aunt Suzy does. She's giving everything to keep Brother's cock well serviced! Look at the smile on her face. Look at her pussy lips spread wide open and so deeply penetrated by your son. Look at his hands taking charge of her big tits. Look at that and tell me that it's wrong. It's not!" Her hands drifted down Susan's shoulders towards her breasts.

"I hope so, Angel," Susan said with a renewed bout of worry, seemingly not noticing that her daughter was undressing her. "It does seem so right, and yet society would frown on..."

But then Katherine's hands reached her mother's stiff nipples, and the last shreds of Susan's resistance vanished. She began to loudly "Mmmm!" with contentment. Funnily enough, Susan had a sudden change of opinion as her hesitations completely vanished. "Good God! It's so right! So right! Tiger, fuck her hard! Harder! Harder! HARDER! Do it to her GOOD!"

But ironically, Alan had just paused to relax and recover, happy now that his stiffness was fully sheathed in a wet, tight, and warm place. Oh, man! Feels great! I've been fucking or getting blown so often lately that it almost seemed strange not to have my dick in a warm and wet hole. Seriously! Ugh! I don't even have to move, 'cos Aunt Suzy is squeezing me so good and tight!

Susan was right in suspecting that he was fucking directly in front of her in order to excite her. Although exciting Katherine as well was a nice bonus, his main goal was to break down Susan's last remaining resistance to fucking.

After several big sighs, Suzanne rose up and down and back and forth on Alan just a little, as if settling into the perfect spot on a comfortable favorite sofa.

He completely stilled his erection all the way inside her, and said, "Okay, item one of the agenda taken care of. We're in agreement that Aunt Suzy's cunt is mine to fuck, right?"

Katherine would have given him a thumbs-up sign, but both her hands were busy fondling Susan's chest. So she just nodded.

Susan nodded too, although she continued to frown. She well and truly felt, As man of the house, Tiger has earned the right to fuck Suzanne, and then some! He gets to fuck whoever he wants, whenever he wants, including me!

But she frowned mostly out of worry when she thought, The only problem is, Suzanne is so talented at sex that he might not want me as much. And then there's Amy and Angel, and that's only in this house. Good big-titted mommies get fucked a lot, Son! Never forget that!

She switched from diddling her clit to plunging two fingers in and out of her pussy, despite being so sore there. Her heart was racing fast as she stared at her son's boner deeply penetrating in her best friend. Gaawwwd! Fuck her good, Tiger! So good! But don't forget Mommy's needy cunt!

For her part, Suzanne just shuddered and moaned sexily as her pussy squeezed and sucked on his throbbing boner in emphatic affirmation. She was doing all the work so he wouldn't have, allowing him to remain calm enough to keep talking.

Chapter 777 Fucking Suzanne Ctd!

Alan said, while still fully impaled in Suzanne, "It's funny how I was just doing this with Amy in front of this same audience a couple of hours ago..."

That caused more erotic groans from all the others.

"Now, item two is a bit ironic, because I wasn't expecting item one. I was going to say that we need to keep things cool, so I can get some homework done. But since I'm balls-deep in Aunt Suzy, maybe I should push off keeping cool until tomorrow. Is Brenda still coming by tomorrow night?"

"Yes," Susan panted. Her eyes were glued at the meeting of Suzanne and Alan's groins more than ever. She was focusing on the dribbles of pre-cum and Suzanne's cum flowing down. She wanted to clean that up with her tongue.

The mention of Brenda aroused her still more. Dear Lord! He's going to fuck her too! Another busty hottie! My son is too much! Too sexy! Unstoppable!

He replied, "Let's cancel that, then. I don't know how much more work I'll get done today, the way Aunt Suzy and all of you are tempting me, so I should clear the decks for tomorrow."

Suzanne finally spoke, somewhat haltingly. "Do we have to? Xania is coming to the card game tomorrow too." She rose up a bit and fell back down onto Alan's hard meat, eager to get the fucking to a faster and harder level.

He grunted with arousal at that news. Oh, man! Xania?! No, make that Brenda and Xania, together? I can't pass that up!

There were some hoots and hollers from the others. Katherine and Susan high-fived each other.

Then Katherine said, "I know one buxom visitor who'll be leaving with a sore, cum-filled pussy!"

Susan spoke with wonder. "Which one?! Brenda or Xania! It could be BOTH!"

Katherine giggled. "Oh my God! You're right! It probably will be both! But Brenda's kind of in the bag already. I want to make sure he seduces Xania too!"

Susan said, "That's so true! God, it's making me hot! Just imagine Alan Junior sliding through her deep cleavage. I'd love to see that!"

"Maybe you will!" Katherine added hopefully. She was still playing with her mother's breasts, but also fingering her own pussy with one hand from time to time.

Alan tried to be calmer about the news, even though his body was trembling and his heart was thumping wildly. "Xania? Dang! Aunt Suzy, you're so evil that I'm just gonna start calling you 'Pure Evil' from now on. I guess the card game is back on, then. Does she know what the game is like?"

Suzanne was still rhythmically squeezing Alan's erection with her talented pussy walls since he wasn't moving much. "No. She's just passing through town and wants to be sociable. But I figure you'll teach her. And then you'll teach her how to spread her legs and beg for cock before the night is over!"

"Good Lord!" he huffed. "You too?"

He recalled how much fun it had been to fuck Xania in her office. He further recalled how smooth and firm her skin felt and the way she smelled. Man oh man on man! I swear, her tall, broad, and extremely voluptuous body is exactly the same as Mom's and Aunt Suzy's. The three of them are practically identical in every way, from the neck down. How hot is that?!

He briefly envisioned Susan, Suzanne, and Xania kneeling naked side by side, waiting to see who he would pick to "tend" to his dick with her mouth next. Whoa! The amazing thing is, that could totally

happen tomorrow. In fact, it probably WILL happen! I've fucked Xania already, so she's bound to get into the spirit of things, right? Plus, Brenda, Amy, and Sis would be there to watch. Fuckin' EPIC!

A minute or more quietly passed while everyone had their own fantasies about the upcoming party. Suzanne continued to fuck Alan with her Kegel moves, sometimes altering that with some mind-bendingly pleasurable hip gyration. Susan and Katherine kept right on masturbating, with Katherine still sometimes playing with Susan's breasts.

Susan was the only one in the room unaware that Alan had fucked Xania already, but she finally broke the silence by saying, like a chiding mother, "Son, if you don't fill Xania's cunt to the brim before the party's over, I'm going to be very disappointed in you. She's a very nice and helpful lady. She's really opened my eyes as to my true nature and motherly responsibilities. She deserves a great, big, spermy thanks. Before the night ends, I want to see her face and chest plastered in your sperm! I wanna see more sperm drooling out of the corners of her dazed and awed mouth! I want her face so splattered that she can't even open her eyes to see! I wanna see and smell a big sperm puddle between her legs, and even more sperm leaking out of her pussy and ass all the time! Give her the full Alan treatment!"

Alan was blown away by how enthusiastic the others were for him to have sex with their psychologist. That, plus the fact that Suzanne was continuing to use her pussy squeezing tricks on him, left him practically ready to blow already. As if that wasn't enough stimulation, he was vividly imagining exactly what Susan was suggesting. Between ragged breaths he muttered, "That much cum... Just not possible..."

Katherine, still happily fondling Susan's giant orbs with one hand and her own pussy with her one hand, said with pretend distress, "Oh dear. What about Brenda? Doesn't she deserve the full-on Alan treatment too? Mom, I think she needs to be spermed. How can he do both in one night?"

Susan was getting increasingly aroused by the whole situation. Despite her lingering jealousy for Brenda, she cried out, "Fuck her too, my baby! Sperm her good! Give Brenda's monster tits a monster titfuck! And then do mine! Tame us and own us all!"

Alan was so aroused by all of this that he began fucking Suzanne much more aggressively.

As soon as Suzanne began to feel his hips move with vigor, she gave up her squeezing style and started bouncing up and down to encourage him. Since she was sitting on him, most of the thrusting was up to her. All talking came to a halt as she bounced up and down on his lap, over and over and over.

Katherine and Susan watched every last detail. Katherine finally had to stop playing with Susan's rack because both she and Susan were very busy playing with their own bodies.

Out of the blue, Susan asked, "Suzanne, can I... can I take a close look? I mean a really close look!"

"Please do!" Suzanne adored that idea.

Susan was already sitting just down the sofa, but she leaned her head in so her eyes were less than a foot away from the thrusting and bouncing. Oh my GOODNESS! That looks even better close up! That's going to be ME! Oh God! It's so exciting that I can't even breathe!

It's funny, but I can barely even remember what it felt like when Ron fucked me. With Tiger, it's going to be an entirely new thing anyway. He's going to split me in two!

God, just look at Suzanne bounce with such vim and vigor! Look at the rapture on her face. She's totally loving it! And look at all that delicious cum flowing down to his balls. I wish I would have leaned in sooner, back when they were mostly still. Maybe I could have helped with some licking!

She sat back up and stared off into space, struck by a minor epiphany. That's going to be my fate. I AM going to lick his cock clean, even while he's balls-deep in Suzanne. So many times! And not just Suzanne, but everybody! I'm going to taste every flavor of pussy juice there is, straight off his delicious stiff cock! That's what busty mommy pets do: we serve his cock! In every way possible, no matter how demeaning or tiring!

This didn't bother her whatsoever. In fact, she drew new strength and energy from that realization. She looked back at the vigorous bouncing with even greater enthusiasm.

Suddenly, she cried out, "How can you two just fuck like that?! Suzanne, you've hardly said a word since he started plowing into you. This is a momentous occasion that will change all our lives. Aren't you going to comment on the fact that your Sweetie is finally fucking you?!"

Of course, this wasn't the first time Alan had fucked Suzanne, but Suzanne still felt like it was a very big deal since Susan and Katherine were watching. Overcome by emotion, she joyously exclaimed, "What can I say? I love it! Sweetie owns me!"

But inside her head, Suzanne thought, What am I saying? "Sweetie owns me?!" Have I gone mental? My brainwashing of Susan is boomeranging back on me. I need to stay in control. Stay in control. I'm not just another slut in his harem, no matter how good this kid can fuck. I'm Suzanne, dammit! I love him all up, and he is great in so many things, but he's just a kid!

But she felt her control rapidly slipping away, washed away in a flood of unimaginable pleasure. She greatly feared losing mental control over anything, so this scared her. But it also thrilled her.

Had he kept right on fucking at an intense pace, she would have practically lost her mind to endless pleasure. But he couldn't sustain that pace without cumming quickly. Besides, he wanted to talk some more.

He slowed his thrusts to a near standstill. He figured this was a perfect time to confess an important fact to Susan, since she so mindlessly horny. After resting a minute or so he said, "Mom, truth be told, this isn't the first time we've fucked. We started a couple of days ago. Sorry I didn't mention it."

"Oh!" Susan looked sad for a moment, but she didn't stop diddling with her clit. She seemed to take the news remarkably well, no doubt because she was too aroused to really think.

"Yeah," he added, still breathing hard. "The computer shopping over the weekend kind of got out of control. Sorry. It just happened."

Suzanne butted in, gasping to Susan, "I was going to tell you! Really! But I wanted to break it to you slowly." Her friendship with Susan was very important to her, and she felt bad about all her recent lying and trickery.

Susan believed that, and didn't mind. In her current mindset, it was only right and good if Alan had fucked Suzanne a lot already. The fact that she hadn't been told actually aroused her even more. She waved her hand dismissively. "Never you mind. I understand. If my son wants some hot, tight pussy, he takes it. You didn't stand a chance."

Alan, like Suzanne, felt no need to correct that slight misunderstanding that he wasn't the one who had planned and initiated it. Instead, he said, "But getting back to the agenda, I need to figure out how to get some homework done. All I can seem to do is fuck my women all day long!" He lifted Suzanne up and dropped her back down onto his erection to emphasize the point.

"Oh Sweetie," Suzanne breathed, "show your mother and sister what a great fucker you are! Fuck me just like that! Hard! HARD! Fuck me more! Hurry!" She wasn't in the mood to tolerate his strategic breaks.

But he was forced to take even stronger measures not to cum. He'd only been really seriously fucking Suzanne for a couple of minutes and he had an endurance reputation to maintain. "Wait a sec, wait a sec! I'm about to lose it. Hold on!" He pulled Suzanne up and off his wet erection.

He sat back on the sofa next to her and recovered his breath. Then he sat her up on the sofa and knelt directly behind her ass. "Sorry, Aunt Suzy. I know you were close to a really good climax. Let me get back here and finish you off while my dick gets a second wind. Then we can talk a bit more rationally. We can talk about how this stealth stroking thing is gonna work."

He licked Suzanne's pussy from behind, driven by the sounds of three females moaning.

Chapter 778 Hotness Overloaded

They were still going like that a minute or two later when Amy let herself in the back patio as she usually did and walked right in on the group. "Hi guys," she giggled. "Hey Mom, looks like I'm missing out on something good!"

Suzanne looked up at her daughter with concern, because this wasn't how she wanted her daughter to see her: naked, flushed, bent over with Alan's face in her ass, and loving it. She cried out, "Amy! Don't look!"

Amy just stood there with a silly grin on her face.

Suzanne was so aroused and close to climax that she didn't make a move to disengage. If anything, she pressed her ass harder back into Alan's face, encouraging his tongue.

Amy kept staring while smiling happily. "Don't worry, Mom, I've seen that kind of thing before." She giggled, "In fact, I've seen a lot of that kind of thing around here lately. Right around here in this very room in fact!"

Suzanne rather lamely said to her daughter, "Amy, what are you doing here? Please don't look at me like this. I'm so embarrassed. It's not what you think!" She wiggled her ass in a half-hearted effort to break free.

That got a good laugh from everyone but Alan, as his mouth was busy. Obviously, the situation was exactly what Amy thought it was.

"Don't worry, Mom, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. Boy, I feel so overdressed!" Within seconds, Amy went from fully dressed to naked. She had a knack for taking her clothes off with record speed. However, she kept a garter belt on because she'd heard Alan found such things sexy.

"NO!" Suzanne moaned. "Don't! So... shameful!"

"I'm not embarrassed. What's the big deal?" Amy stood proudly with her hands on her hips.

Suzanne loved being seen like this by Susan and Katherine, but Amy was a totally different case. "Well, it's just that you're my daughter, and, uh, uhhh! Oh yes! Ugggghh! ... Um, it's just that, this is rather private, and you're my daughter, and we're not having sex, UH! Yes! We're just... Sweetie may look like he has his face up my butt, but, uh, well..."

As if trying to make an even bigger fool out of the uncharacteristically abashed Suzanne, Alan picked her up and moved her over his lap as if she was a blow-up doll. He then pushed her down onto his erection as he'd done a couple of times before Amy arrived.

Suzanne was upset at this and blushed furiously, but she didn't try to resist at all. In fact, as soon as he was fully sheathed in her again, she did her best to bounce up and down on his rigid hard-on. She

admitted, "Okay, so maybe it's what it looks like." She broke out into near hysterical laughter at the absurdity of the situation.

Amy and the others laughed too.

Suzanne cursed to herself, Fuck! My fucking cunt, ruling my brain again! Once again, I'm totally helpless to resist my lusty urges. Dammit! It just feels too fucking great!

Then she told Amy more seriously, "I know how traumatic it must be to see one of your parents have sex... Especially with someone who's practically your brother..."

Amy giggled. "Traumatic?" She found that very funny. "Not really, Mom. It's sexy!"

Susan and Katherine, still playing with each other, couldn't help but giggle, agreeing with Suzanne's comment about the absurdity of the situation.

Suzanne tried again to explain to Amy, "Um, we're having sex, now, technically, but it's not really... Hnnnngg! YES! Oh, like that! ... It's technically not really... YES! Do me! Aaaarrggh! Yes! Again! Harder! Hurry! ... You might say, technically speaking, that he's fucking me, but... GOD! FUCK! Fuck me DEEPER! UNGH! I feel like such a slut! Anyway, the point is ... dammit Amy, it's rude to stare!"

"Oh, sorry!" Amy said, blissfully. "I won't stare; I'll just look at you two normally in a non-stare-y kind of way. I'm going to get a drink first though. Does anyone want anything?"

"YES! YES!" Suzanne screamed. "Um, Amy, I'm talking to Alan and my need to have him POUND ME HARD, not about the DRINK! Unnh! YES! More, Sweetie! Fill my cunt!"

He continued to impale Suzanne onto his thick, hard tool.

Amy asked her mother, "So you don't want a drink then?"

"YES! I mean, no! Fuck it! Who cares?! Sweetie, my love, cum already! Nail me! Nail me so hard and good! Fucking fill me with your HOT SEED!"

Amy got herself a glass of lemonade from the refrigerator, came back, and pulled up a chair. She sat less than two feet away from Alan and Suzanne. She watched them raptly, as if she were watching an exciting sporting event.

Katherine, still sitting and masturbating on a nearby sofa with Susan, complained, "Amy, you're in the way. Could you scoot to the side? We're enjoying the show too, you know."

"Oh, sorry." She scooted. Amy and Katherine sat next to each other with their eyes practically boring into Suzanne's bush.

This just embarrassed Suzanne that much more.

With an elbow nudge, Katherine added as an aside to her best friend, "By the way, Xania's coming to the poker game."

"No way!" Amy high-fived Katherine. "Coolness! I hear she's all big breast-y and curvy and stuff. I know someone who's gonna get the full Alan treatment tomorrow night! I hope she's on the pill so he can do her bareback like he's doing Mom." She went back to staring at the sex act in front of her.

"Everybody's looking at me! Amy? AMY!" Suzanne couldn't help shouting because of what Alan was doing to her. "What are you doing?! God yes!"

"What? Am I forgetting something?" Amy asked, momentarily confused. Then she looked over at Susan and Katherine, with both of them fervently masturbating. "Oh. I know! I'm making you uncomfortable 'cos I'm the only one with an untended pussy. Sorry!" She squished two fingers into her tight slit and started stroking.

"No!" Suzanne yelled. "No! ... Wait, don't stop, Alan, I'm talking to Amy." Alan had taken his cock out of her pussy, but he immediately pushed it back in. "Yes! YES! More! But Amy, no. YES! What I mean is, Sweetie, yes, but Amy, oh God, YEESSS!"

Suzanne was having a hard time saying yes to Alan and no to Amy. She finally gave up the attempt to tell Amy not to jill herself and exclaimed, "I can't control myself in front of my daughter! I'm so ashamed!"bender

Alan and Suzanne were headed for a shuddering climax.

Soon Suzanne lost all hopes at coherence, and just screamed at the top of her lungs as a great climax ripped through her. She kept her eyes closed and tried to pretend Amy wasn't there. But somehow, the fact that she was aroused her even more.

When the two fuckers finally came down from their mutual high and became aware of their surroundings, Suzanne looked around and to her horror discovered Amy anew, and remembered that she'd been there all the time. Her shame came flooding back even stronger than before. She had a good idea now of the mixture of shame and arousal that Susan had been feeling so often in recent weeks, and how the shame could send one's arousal soaring to dizzying .

Amy stood just a couple feet away from them, still frigging herself to the sight of her mother and her boyfriend resting in each other's arms. She wore her usual simple and happy face, as if she didn't have a trouble in the world. In fact, her happy-go-lucky look was a disguise this time, to make her mother feel more comfortable so their sexual relationship could grow.

"Amy! What are you doing?" Suzanne yelled in dismay at the fact that Amy was masturbating. She looked past and saw Katherine and Susan both frigging themselves too. What the two of them were doing didn't bother her, but seeing Amy play with herself nearly caused her to faint with embarrassment.

"I have my fingers in my-"

Suzanne interrupted, mustering a stern voice. "Don't answer that! It's a rhetorical question. I want you to stop that right away, and put your clothes on. Now!"

"But MooooOOOOooooom!"

"Don't 'but Mom' me, Honey Pie. Do as you're told." Having climaxed temporarily diminished Suzanne's strong fuck need, enabling her to get tougher with Amy.

"But Mom, it seems like you and Alan are having much more fun than when he and I have sex. It's more intense. Why is that? Is it that you're a better lover than me, or does he like you more than me?" Amy appeared to be just innocently asking a question, but in fact she was stalling for time so she could keep friggling herself until Suzanne got used to it.

Like everybody, Suzanne was a sucker for a good compliment, and the suggestion that she might be Alan's best lover was something she really liked to hear. Pleased, she blushed in embarrassment. She was too out of it to realize how cleverly she was being manipulated.

Alan finally spoke. "Amy, I love you very dearly, so don't worry about that. Remember that you're my one and only girlfriend."

"Official girlfriend," Amy corrected. She loved that "official" status dearly.

He said, "Yes. Official. But your mom has had decades of experience with sex, and you've only had a few days' worth. So of course she's better at some things. That'll change with time, so don't worry about it."

Alan sat with Suzanne impaled on his lap. His dick was still inside her, but it was starting to wilt. However, he was so aroused by an unusually ashamed Suzanne, not to mention the other three nude hotties all masturbating themselves just a few feet away that his penis reversed itself and started to firm up again.

Suzanne could immediately feel the change. "Oh good Lord! Not now! Not here, with her!" She groaned in frustration, even as she unthinkingly squeezed his shaft to help him fully engorge.

Alan played for time while his dick continued to thicken by complimenting Suzanne some more. He pinched her erect nipples aggressively as he talked in Amy's direction. "Indeed, your mother is extremely talented in bed. You wouldn't believe the things she can do with her pussy. The way she squeezes..."

With an almost involuntary reaction, Suzanne began squeezing her pussy walls around his hardening prick. She whispered in disbelief, "No! It's full again! It's filling me up so fucking much! It can't be!"

Susan smirked, extremely proud of her son and his recovery abilities. "Look, everybody. Tiger's big cock is hard again! It's like I always say: resistance is useless!"

Suzanne was finally realizing exactly what Susan meant when she said that, because her resistance was completely gone. She wanted to lift Alan up and off her and she had the physical strength to do it, but at the moment it seemed as impossible as reaching out and touching the moon. Her pussy was in control now, and it demanded more fucking. Far from moving or protesting, she found herself squeezing her pussy around his shaft even more intently.

But she didn't keep up her squeezing for long because Alan renewed his thrusting while he said to Amy, "But don't worry; you'll get good very quickly. You're so naturally tight that you don't need all those tricks anyway. But why don't you stick around to watch and learn?"

"M'kay!" Amy enthused, though it was already clear that she was going to do that anyway. "Mom, did you hear that? Maybe I can get as good at being royally fucked by him as you are!"

Suzanne just moaned, "No..." Somehow, the idea of Alan fucking both her and her daughter bothered her more than ever before.

Alan said, "Aunt Suzy, stop trying to discourage her! As her mother you should do all you can to help her. Show her how to do this right."

"No. That's not right..." Suzanne said half-heartedly. She was too lost in her fuck lust to say more. She knew her words would be ineffectual anyway.

Alan moved from the sofa to the floor, taking Suzanne with him without pulling out of her. "You don't want to teach your daughter how to be a better fuck for her boyfriend?"

"No, it's not that; it's just that..." Suzanne began bouncing her whole body up and down on his meaty pole even as she still complained about Amy.

She was momentarily distracted from her worries about Amy as she felt just how stiff and thick Alan's cock had grown already. "Sweetie, you can't possibly get this hard again this fast, can you? How is that possible? Not with Amy watching! She shouldn't see. She's my daughter! It's not right..."

He whispered in Suzanne's ear, "Don't you want Amy to be a great lover? Isn't that more important than being prudish and worrying? I know of some great positions I'd like to show her, if you're willing."

"I don't know. It's not right..." In the back of her mind, Suzanne felt she was being manipulated the way she manipulated others, but she was helpless to stop her urges. She caught herself thinking about the meek and ineffectual protest she'd just made. "Dammit, I hate it when I sound just like Susan. No offense, Susan - I mean the old Susan."

"None taken," Susan said happily. She and Katherine were having a lot of fun just watching and felt no need to be more involved. She thought that watching Alan fuck Suzanne was one of the most erotic sights she'd ever seen. Already, the big revelation that Alan had been fucking Suzanne for a few days without anyone telling her was old news. She was close to yet another orgasm just from watching and masturbating.

Alan pressed Suzanne, "You're fucking your daughter's boyfriend right in front of her. Don't you think you owe her some consideration? You have all the experience and talent that she's going to need. Can't you show her a thing or two? Don't you want her to be a good, tight little fuck bunny?" His stiffness continued to slide into her slow and deep with each stroke.

Amy appreciated that Alan was trying to get Suzanne to share her talents. But she was also glad that he was pushing Suzanne to break down her own barriers and be a more willing "fuck bunny" herself. Despite Suzanne's great talents, she'd always held back from complete emotional commitment, due to her urge to remain in control. People like Amy who knew her well saw that as a character flaw and hoped it could be fixed someday.

But everyone could see in the last few days that a change had come over Suzanne. She often appeared lost in thought and somehow even more wanton and sexy than before, if such a thing was humanly possible. The others often found her sitting alone, idly stroking her tits. On such occasions her hands were usually inside her clothes, if she happened to be wearing clothes at all, which had become an increasingly rare occurrence for her inside the Plummer home.

Lately, it seemed that she was nearly as distracted by the constant thought of getting fucked by Alan as Susan was. It seemed that the more she got fucked, the more she wanted it. (She had foreseen that

consequence of having a really long, intense fuck with him, which is why she had felt compelled to put it off for so many weeks.)

Amy had been subtly planting the idea in Suzanne's mind that she and Suzanne should team up to mutually please Alan. Amy dreamed of a bed filled with just her, her mother and Alan, all covered in cum and pussy juice. She loved her mother and Alan more than any other people in the world, so she could hardly imagine anything better than that threesome. Of course if Katherine and Susan wanted to join in on their big bed from time to time, so much the better, especially since she dearly loved both of them too. She envisioned all sorts of sexual combinations, but her favorite fantasy was just with her mother and Alan.

Unfortunately, she hadn't been very successful so far in convincing her mother of this, because Suzanne was very resistant to the idea of true incest with her daughter. But Amy knew that events were slowly but surely moving in her direction, and now Alan was inadvertently helping.

Suzanne seemed too far gone into fuck lust to give any answer to Alan's suggestion to teach Amy. The mention of teaching her technique made Suzanne think more about her grinding methods, and she unconsciously rotated her hips from side to side even as she kept bouncing way high up and then far back down onto his pole. Inside, her vaginal muscles clenched on every up stroke, creating a multiple-attack sensation so exquisite that it was a near miracle Alan didn't shoot off at once. She appeared too breathless to talk, but she suddenly shouted out, "So improper!"

Suzanne listened to her own words and fell down onto Alan for a moment, pausing in the fucking while she had a good laugh over what she had just said. She recalled all the silly moments when Susan said the same thing and realized that on some unconscious level she was imitating her friend.

She calmed down a bit, and then spoke again as she slowly resumed all her fucking moves. "Oh God, now I sound EXACTLY like Susan when she's tricking herself. Oh, what the hell. Fine. Whatever! It's a losing battle with you two anyway."

Amy clapped her hands together. "Woo-hoo! Super cool!"

Alan yelled, "Excellent! First things first: show Amy the things you do with your pussy muscles." He lay back down to fully enjoy Suzanne's talented bump and grind.

Suzanne just moaned loudly and heatedly as she lost herself in the euphoria of riding his cock. This was what it was all about, in her mind, getting her needy cunt thoroughly plowed.

"Wait. Wait you all," Katherine said as she stood up and walked over on shaky legs. "I don't want to miss this either."

Susan nodded too, though she was too sensitive from all her recent masturbation to get off the sofa and come closer.

"Hey, that's a special secret," Suzanne complained, "I can't do that. Please, anything but that one." She considered her special pussy grind to be a unique calling card of sorts and was determined not to share it. She knew the way she could squeeze and grind easily doubled Alan's fuck pleasure, and that wasn't something to give up so readily. A lot of women knew how to squeeze with their pussies, but she could work that in time to her hip thrusts to create a very unique sensation.

As soon as she finished speaking, Alan stopped fucking her and pulled his erection out of her completely. He rubbed his sticky pole all around her pussy lips, tracing their shape and leaving a trail of cum wherever his penis went. He said, "Pure Evil. You're not only evil; you're naughty. Naughty mothers don't get to fuck until they help their daughters by teaching them to be good fucks too."

Suzanne reached back towards her ass and tried to forcibly grab his rod and shove it back into her vagina, but he fended her off. She moaned in defeat, "I'm losing control!" But what really worried her was how much the idea of losing control and submitting to him excited her. Normally she didn't feel that way, but she was in a rare mood somehow brought on by the others three watching, and especially by being embarrassed in front of Amy.

She relived in her mind her experience of abject desperation when she crawled across the floor of Alan's room, begging him to fuck her. God dammit! That was the worst moment of my life - and practically the best! So fucking HOT! Me, crawling on my hands and knees, for him! Hell, I practically touched my forehead to the ground, I was begging so abjectly. I'm NOT like Susan, so why does even thinking about it make me so damn horny?!

Hell, if I didn't have Sweetie's cock in my hands already, I could be talked into doing it again, right now!

Her hands and Alan's hands battled for control of his erection for another minute, but Suzanne liked the idea of losing to Alan, especially with the others watching. She gave up the struggle even as she thought, What's come over me? I hate to lose. Furthermore, I NEED that cock in me! God dammit! I knew this would happen. I should have never let Sweetie fuck me. This is why I held off for so long. In the same way that Susan is controlled by her tits, I'm controlled by my cunt. I can't let anyone know that great secret. Now that my cunt knows firsthand how good he fucks, it's taken control of me and is making me do crazy and humiliating things to get its daily filling.

She whimpered, "Alan? Sweetie? Please. I beg of you..." She continued to lie on top of him with her eyes closed and his stiffness now resting against her ass crack. She tried to wedge it in and squeeze it with her buttocks, and she got some small satisfaction at succeeding in doing that, even though her pussy continued to complain desperately that it needed to be filled.

Amy walked up and took hold of Alan's erection while leaving it resting in her mother's ass crack. She said matter-of-factly, "Mom, is there something wrong with you? Why are you denying my boyfriend what he needs?" It was slicked up with sex juices, and she tantalizingly ran her fingers all over it.

Suzanne cried out, "I have needs too! I need to get FUCKED! NOW!" Her husky, raspy voice dropped to a whisper. "Please, Sweetie. Please. I'm begging!"

Then she whispered to Amy, "Honey Pie, I can't give him what he wants because that would inevitably put you and me in a compromising situation. It's better if he just fucks me hard, now. Much, much better."

"Mom," Amy said sweetly, talking into Suzanne's ass now because her face was right over Alan's dick. "What's the big deal? We're already in that situation. You're squeezing his thingy with your ass, and I'm licking and stroking it. Would it really be that much worse if..."

Suzanne interrupted, "Wait! That's YOUR hand on my ass?! I thought that was Angel's! And you're licking it too?! Amy, get away! If you keep doing that, you'll wind up licking my ass too!"

Amy giggled as she licked her way up and down the exposed part of her boyfriend's cockhead. "M'kay! I don't mind that."

"No! That's bad! Please don't!" Suzanne whimpered. It seemed all her skills for persuasion and scheming had left her, as her rational mind was overwhelmed by her extreme fuck need. She'd lost track of how many times she'd climaxed in the last ten minutes alone. She trembled with desire, knowing that Amy was licking Alan's dick even as it rested over her ass crack. That was dangerously close to Amy licking her private places.

Amy suggested, "M'kay, Mom, how about this: I'll let go if you show us your secret."

Suzanne had to agree, because she absolutely had to get fucked some more, immediately. She knew that no dildo or vibrator or even any other man could satisfy her now, or ever again. Only Alan had what she needed. That knowledge was humbling and even frightening. What would happen if he left her? He was the only one she felt she ever truly love or trust, since he'd loved her dearly far before he thought of her in a sexy manner. She couldn't even bear to think of life without him.

She realized that she was being selfish. Of course she had to share all her sexual secrets with Susan, her very best friend. And if she shared them with her, how could she not do the same with Katherine and Amy too?

She showed her pussy muscle techniques as best she could, demonstrating them on Alan while the other three gathered round and watched from a very close distance. It was less of a lesson and more just a chance for the others to closely watch a nearly incoherent Suzanne grind her hips over Alan's pelvis in every way imaginable, over and over and over again.

The problem was, one couldn't really see what her vaginal muscles were doing, since they did their work on the inside. With the other women highly distracted with their own fingers, nobody appeared to be learning anything at all, although they were all extremely aroused from watching, none more so than Susan. She was nearly deliriously horny.

Then Amy suggested, "You know, Mom, it's totally fun watching your pussy get seriously nailed all up close and everything, but I really want to learn this muscle-ly thingy. Maybe if Kat puts her fingers in there, she could feel exactly what your muscles are doing. She could put four fingers in and you could just keep on going like it was Alan's thingy. Then she could explain it to the rest of us."

"Four fingers?" Suzanne panted. She knew there was something wrong with the idea, but she couldn't put her own finger on it. She could hardly think. She had that feeling again that the air was so thick with sex that she couldn't breathe.

Before she knew what was happening, Alan's hard-on had somehow disappeared and Katherine's fingers were inside her instead (though just three of them instead of four). She tried her best to squeeze her vaginal muscles, showing off all her techniques. However, Katherine still didn't learn much, except to find out that Suzanne could REALLY squeeze her pussy walls tightly and also that three fingers could bring Suzanne to climax quite nicely.

Then Alan's erection was back inside her, and Suzanne returned to a blissful land of intense joy. Fingers felt nice, but they couldn't compare to his real live cock.

He plowed her for a few more minutes, with the other three still standing around buck naked, watching intently. Then he decided he needed another strategic break and pulled out again.

But Suzanne didn't get any break. She squealed with distress and pleasure because mere seconds after Alan's dick pulled out, Susan's fingers went up her hole. She was really far gone.

In fact, she was so far gone that she was unable to even coherently complain when Susan's fingers disappeared and Amy's took their place. Now she realized what was nagging her about Amy's suggestion. She thought, My own daughter practically has her entire hand up my pussy! Three fingers at least! And all I can do is squeeze it while it tickles my insides! This is wrong! So wrong! My own daughter! But I can't stop! I can't even breathe! I think I'm going to die!

Amy commented, "Mom, this is totally cool! So neat. Look, Kat, look! My fingers are in my mom. This is where I was born!"

Suzanne wanted to cry out in despair as she heard Amy say that, but instead she found herself cumming hard. She was experiencing what seemed like one humiliation after another, although the others didn't seem to notice. She was too far gone to raise the subject and get them to understand. Whenever she opened her mouth to speak, she ended up screaming in pleasure instead. She found it all extremely aggravating.

She was relieved when Amy's fingers disappeared after a while and Alan's hard erection returned. She continued to fuck back at whatever was in her pussy, but she felt all kinds of female hands roaming all over her body as well. At one point she heard Susan exclaim, "Let's give her the climax of her life!"

She closed her eyes and kept them closed because she didn't want to know if Amy's hands were there or what they were doing. She was so out of it that she couldn't even tell what the hands or Alan's penis were doing or what was happening to her - it was a blur of immense sensory overload that completely overwhelmed her. She was so insanely aroused that she didn't even know her name. Anyone could do anything to her body at that point and she wouldn't have cared. It all just felt too good.

Alan eventually climaxed deep inside Suzanne at the same time she had one of the most powerful orgasms of her life, which was just the last of a long series of similar orgasms.

She was utterly sated and decimated by the hammering she'd been given. She fell asleep at once. Sleeping also eliminated the need for some embarrassing discussions, especially if Amy was still there.

When she awoke and regained her senses, she discovered that the others had carried her to a sofa and covered her with bed sheets. She was alone, and was grateful for that because she was still embarrassed at how her pussy had completely short-circuited her brain. She resolved never to speak to anyone about the incident, and most definitely not to Amy.

She thought, I did it again. I completely lost myself in fucking. I just don't have the liberty to let go like that. Amy! My sweet Honey Pie. I have to stay on guard to protect my daughter from true incest because she obviously doesn't want to protect herself from it. I need a plan to deal with her. She has to learn that that kind of touching and even watching is just plain wrong. Today has not been one of my prouder days, and I gave up my best vaginal dick-stimulating secrets to boot.

In actual fact, she hadn't really given up any special secrets, though the other three women all resolved to practice and improve their own pussy-squeezing abilities.

As she lay there, she mentally reviewed how her body was doing. My nipples feel like they were nearly pulled off. I don't even want to know how many hands were on them, or whose they were. But that's not so bad; it's my poor pussy that's crying uncle! That damn big-cocked kid nearly split me in two! Honestly, it's not that he's so big; it's that he goes on so long until I'm totally worn out and exhausted. I can almost still feel him there. So sensitive! If anyone touches me down there, I'm gonna scream. Ouch!

With Alan's sexual urges fully sated, he went back to his room to work on his homework.

Figuring that the fun and excitement was all over, Amy returned home.

Suzanne also decided to go home, but after getting fucked so very thoroughly, she was sweaty and bedraggled. She decided to take a shower downstairs in the Plummer house before leaving.

That left Susan and Katherine. They had retired to the kitchen to give Suzanne some privacy. They stood around, buck naked and holding hands, until they heard Suzanne head off to the bathroom, and the sound of the shower water running began. Both of them were feeling very happy and satisfied.

Susan looked down at herself. "You know what? I think Suzanne had a good idea about taking a shower. Why don't we take one... together?"

Katherine beamed. "Okay! Let's go upstairs! Unless... you think we should join Suzanne?"

"Nah. There will be plenty of other times for that. Besides, I want some special mother-daughter time."

"Sounds cool!"

Katherine and Susan walked upstairs together, still hand in hand. They went all the way down the upstairs hall to Susan's bedroom, so they could use her bathroom. That way, they were less likely to distract Alan, since his room was right across the hall from the other upstairs bathroom.

Because the two of them were already completely naked, they went straight in to the shower and got wet fast. Both of them were tired from all the masturbating and other sexual fun, but it was also clear that they weren't going to completely miss the chance to take advantage of sharing a shower together. Susan started washing up Katherine, and Katherine did the same to her.

There was something very important on Katherine's mind, and after about a minute of soapy fun, she brought it up. "Hey, Mom?"

"What is it, my sweet Angel?" Susan turned around to face Katherine, starting immediately to play with her boobs.

"You know how, earlier, you were saying that Brother can fuck anyone he wants, even me?"

"Yes?"

"Did you really mean that, or was that just another super sexy thing to say when we're all high on lust?"

Susan stopped running her hands over Katherine and stared off into space as she pondered that. Finally, she said, "Good question. You know, my first reaction is to say it was just sexy talk. But I have to stop thinking that way. We're his official personal cocksuckers, and that involves more than just sucking. Tiger's going to fuck me, and he's going to fuck you. Actually, it's surprising it hasn't happened already."

Katherine broke eye contact and pretended to be fascinated by the water streaming down her mother's curvy body. While that was a very arresting sight, she was embarrassed by the fact that she and Alan had been fucking already. She hated being dishonest with her mother, so she hoped Susan would officially give permission to allow them to finally start doing it openly.

Susan put both hands on Katherine's shoulders and looked at her intently, forcing Katherine to resume eye contact again. "Let's stop soaping each other for a minute, because, now that you brought it up, we need to seriously discuss this. The short answer is, yes, you and him have my permission to fuck as much as you want."

"YEAY!" Katherine cut Susan's planned comments short by giving her a big hug and a kiss on the lips.

bender

Susan was surprised at first, but she gladly gave in and kissed back. Soon, the two of them were necking and fondling, and especially rubbing their wet racks together.

However, Susan still had important things she wanted to say. So, while they continued to embrace and even fondle each other some, she broke the kissing and resumed talking. "I'm glad that you're so happy

about that, my darling. Frankly, it's great to see you so eager to serve your brother with your entire body, including your cunt."

Katherine replied proudly, "Mom, I AM his fuck toy. I know everybody seems to think that's just more sexy talk, but it's not to me. I take that VERY seriously! And I really am determined to be his number one fuck toy. That may never truly happen, especially since he tries so hard not to play favorites, but that's my goal. I figure as long as I keep that in mind, I'll always strive to serve him better and better, just like a good fuck-toy sister should."

Susan beamed upon hearing that. She reached down and squeezed Katherine's ass cheeks, pulling her in closer. "That makes me very glad to hear too. It sounds like you're truly ready to be his fuck toy in every possible way. I've been holding back giving permission on this because I still tend to think of you as my little girl. I guess it's like how Suzanne gets so protective of Amy. But you're all woman now. You truly have the voluptuous, busty body of a top-notch fuck toy."

The horny mother ran a finger up and down Katherine's pussy lips. "And you have a tight, hot cunt that's perfect for brother-fucking!" She briefly slipped a finger inside her daughter's slit. "So of course it's only right and proper that he fucks you a lot!"

Even though they were already hugging, Katherine squeezed Susan even tighter. "Thanks, Mom!" She planted another big kiss on her lips.

When that kiss ended, Susan kept right on smiling widely. "You're welcome. But don't just thank me; thank Suzanne. Earlier, she talked to me about this very issue. She found some passages in the Bible that helped convince me that it's time. You'd be amazed. There are passages in there that indicate brother-sister incest is perfectly acceptable in the eyes of God."

"Really?!" Katherine tried to sound interested, but secretly she was highly doubtful. She figured Suzanne was manipulating Biblical passages to get Susan to believe what she wanted her to believe.

Susan replied, "Really! I'll tell you more about it later. But more importantly was what I saw downstairs tonight. Even the idea of Tiger and Suzanne fucking made me worried."

"Why?!"

Susan looked away shyly, "Oh, you know. Suzanne is just so sexy and seductive. I worry he'll enjoy fucking her so much that I'll come in a distant second, if I even rank that high. I mean, when it comes to fucking I'm a virgin compared to her. But never mind about that, because when I saw Tiger actually fuck her all those worries went away. I could see the love, as well as the lust, flowing between them. It was just so right! He has enough love in him to love and fuck us all. How could I not cheer them on? He needs to fuck her a lot!"

Katherine was still running her hands over Susan's wet body as they talked. She brought a hand to her mother's pussy and plunged two fingers into it. "Just like he's going to fuck YOU all the time! And me! We're going to need to wear special diapers whenever we leave the house, because our pussies will be leaking hot sperm constantly!"

Susan giggled at that. "I hope that's true! Sadly, I suppose that's a wild exaggeration, but still, it's a fun idea. And he WILL be fucking all of us a lot. That's a fact! And why feel possessive or jealous, because there's so much love in this house, not to mention plenty of cock to go around."

Katherine asked, "So, now that you've agreed to the idea, do you want to see us fuck... for the first time?" She added that last after remembering that and her brother had supposedly not yet fucked.

Susan gave that serious consideration, then answered, "No, I shouldn't. I'm tempted, but I'm probably not ready to see that yet. Especially not before he fucks me too. It would probably drive me wild with frustration, if nothing else. But you two should go ahead. Your first time with him should be extra special, without witnesses, like it was between him and Amy."

Katherine smiled and gave Susan a heartfelt squeeze. "Thanks! You're the best! The best mom in the world!"

But that comment actually bothered Susan some, because she didn't feel that way. She put her hands back on Katherine's shoulders, and grew more serious. "Angel, sometimes I feel bad. So much of my life these days is focused on serving Tiger and his wonderful cock. It must seem terribly unfair to you, that I'm not treating my two children the same."

Katherine replied, "Ha! No way! Don't worry about that at all. Look, Mom, I know that you love me as much as it's possible to love another person. You've shown that over and over again, for my entire life. I couldn't feel any more loved or cared for by you. I don't even miss having a real father in my life these past years, because you've had enough love for two parents, and then some."

Susan got a bit misty-eyed hearing those words. "I'm so glad to hear you say that! The truth is, the two of you, plus Suzanne and Amy... that's pretty much the whole world to me! Family is everything! I love you so much!" She French kissed Katherine in a way that was both motherly and sexual. Their hands resumed roaming over each other too, while the shower water continued to spray on them.

When their necking ended, Katherine said, "I know you'd throw yourself in front of a bus to save me or Brother, and you wouldn't even hesitate. So don't feel bad. You couldn't be a better mom. Besides, letting me be his assistant in dominating you from time to time will go a long way towards evening things up in my book. You're still up with that idea, aren't you?"

"Of course!"

"Good!" Katherine unexpectedly reached around and gave Susan a hard smack on her ass. "I'm glad you said that, 'cos otherwise I might have had to give you a proper spanking."

Susan replied giddily, "I take it back!"

They both shared a good laugh.

Then Katherine resumed the serious talk. "But that's all, or even the most important thing. With Brother, he's not just your son now, he's your master too! I understand just how important that is, because I secretly consider him my master too. So of course you're going to have a special focus on sexually serving him. How could you not?"

Susan was emotionally swept away. She was beyond delighted to hear Katherine say this.

Katherine continued, "I know that everything is still up in the air as far as labels or names go. Brother doesn't even like us to use the word 'Master.' But that's what he is, and we all know it. He'll come around soon enough on that, I'm sure. As for you and me, are we his personal cocksuckers? His fuck toys? His sex pets? His sex slaves, even? I say 'yes' to ALL of the above! He's so much more than just my brother, or your son. Let's call ourselves his 'fuck toys' for now. I think that's fitting, since we're talking about fucking."

Susan smiled, and lovingly brushed Katherine's hair back to clear her front side. "I like that a lot. 'Fuck toy.' I love the sound of that. Obviously, I never imagined in a million years that I would be anyone's fuck toy, much less one of my very own son's MANY fuck toys! But it's so right, so perfect! How could I ever be anything else? I feel like I was born to serve him."

She looked down at her huge wet breasts and pushed them together.

Katherine grinned in return. "I know exactly how you feel." She stepped back, then ran a hand down her body as if advertising herself like a new product. "Look at me. Look at you." She waved her hand near Susan as if advertising her too. "Let's face it: we're hot! We basically won the genetic lottery. With bodies like these, it's like we WERE born to serve him!"

Susan sighed blissfully. "The Lord has truly blessed us. I thank Him every day for giving me these, to better coax that much more cum from my son's balls." She looked down at her enormous melons again, hefting them alternately.

Katherine stepped close, again wrapping her arms around her mother and then clutching at her ass cheeks. "You'd be amazed by what I wrote in my diary, since way back. I was calling myself his 'fuck toy' in my dreams and fantasies long before all of this started. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened had his six-times-a-day diagnosis not come up."

Susan frowned. "Please, don't go there. That's too scary to even mention!" She smiled again. "Let's focus on the joy of what is, and what will be. Are you SURE you don't have any problems with essentially being sexually enslaved to your brother? Possibly forever? To probably never have a 'real' boyfriend or husband? A lot of sisters would find that completely intolerable."

"I know, but I'm not most sisters. It's like you said: it feels so right, so perfect. How COULD I ever be anything else? Who cares about a boyfriend or husband when I can be fully enslaved to the only man I'll ever love? Mom, you and I, we're almost the same. We're both very submissive. True, I'm more of the 'uppity' submissive type, but the bottom line is that we both love to serve. And we live to serve! Sometimes I DO feel jealous or upset about the unfairness of the whole situation, but that just arouses me even more. It's really true. Does that make any sense?" Katherine bit her lip with uncertainty.

But Susan replied enthusiastically, "That makes TOTAL sense! To be honest, I feel that way pretty much all the time! For instance, I think about how he's become the man of the house and taken away so much of my parental authority, and it frustrates me to no end. But it makes me SO HOT! It's just like when I

burn with jealousy seeing him with other women. I actually LIKE that painful, burning feeling! Somehow, it makes me want to suck his cock even more than before!"

Katherine's eyes lit up. "Me too! I mean, I hate it, but I love it too! Just talking about it is making me salivate. He's such a STUD!"

"He IS! He's unstoppable!" Susan leaned forward so her nipples were pressed against her daughter's.

Katherine nodded with giddy glee. "So true. You and I, we really are very similar. We should talk about this kind of stuff more often."

Susan lovingly ran a hand along Katherine's wet jaw while also rubbing their racks together. "We should. You're such an excellent daughter, and a great fuck toy! You make me so proud. The Lord has truly blessed us all. I wish I could teach you how to get better at serving Tiger's cock, but I hardly need to since you're doing so well already. In fact, maybe I should be taking lessons from YOU."

Katherine looked away shyly, secretly delighted by the compliment. She was rubbing back, and making a point of making their nipples contact. "That's not true. I've got tons to learn from you. The truth is, we should share his cock more, and learn from each other."

"Good idea! A good fuck toy is a sharing fuck toy. We should have regular meetings to trade tips and 'talk shop.' Why, I could talk about my favorite cocksucking moves for hours and hours, and that's just for starters!"

Katherine giggled. "I know you could. But I'd love to hear it. The way I figure, every single time his fat cock squirts out another creamy load, we're all winners. Speaking of which, how do you think Alan Junior is hanging?"

Susan let up on the tit rubbing and stared off into space, pondering that. She actually deeply whiffed the air, trying to find out if she could smell his arousal from across the hall and through two closed doors. Unfortunately, she couldn't. "I don't know. It's only been a short time since he was having fun downstairs. And he says he wants to be serious about his studies, with no distractions."

Katherine replied with an impish grin. "That's true. But couldn't he study better with some stealth stroking or even stealth sucking? Maybe, maybe not, but I think you should find out!" She giggled.

Susan defensively brought a hand to her bare breast. "Me? Why me?"

"He'll freak if we go in there together. He'd be onto us and kick us out straight away. But you could go in there under one concerned mother pretext or another. And if his cock is hard, or you get it hard, well... you know what to do!" Katherine opened her mouth and made a full circle licking her lips.

Susan spaced out and licked her lips too. "Mmmm... I do... Mmmm... I do!" Then she snapped back to the here and now. "But what about you? You could go in there on some sisterly pretext too."

"True, but you're such an awesome mom. Giving me permission to get fucked by him? How cool is that?! You deserve a big, spermy reward for being the best mom ever!" She giggled.

Susan giggled in return. "Well, if you put it that way, how can I refuse? Now, let's both get serious about washing up. But not too serious. His cock can wait another five minutes, or ten." She wrapped her arms around Katherine again.

As Katherine leaned into for another kiss, she said, "I like the way you think!"

Chapter 780 Alan And His Mom

Alan had only been working on his homework for about ten minutes when Suzanne came in.

Before he could even get a good look at her, she held up her hands defensively. "Don't worry, Sweetie. I'm totally fucked out and I've just had a shower. This is purely a short and wholly platonic visit before I go home."

He swiveled his desk chair around. Sure enough, her clothes showed she wasn't there to titillate. He was secretly relieved, because his body was literally fucked out. "Oh, hey. What's up?"

"I just want to chat with you for a minute. About Heather."

"Sure." He pulled up his other chair for her, then waited until she was seated.

She said, "I heard all about your famous exploit today. One guy, four girls. Including Heather."

He smiled in fond memory. "How'd you hear about that already?"

Suzanne grinned. "You told Susan, and she can't stop talking about it." Her grin faded. "But that's not the point. Sure, that's a nice feather in your cap, and a boost to your ego, I'm sure. But I'm concerned. You're spreading your seed around too much. I told you recently I'd be patient regarding your relationship with Heather, due to the psychological benefit you say you get. Stress relief and all that. But I'm already beginning to doubt the wisdom of that."

She continued, "My main concern is sexual diseases. Heather is bad enough as a threat. But then you throw in three more girls? Including this new black girl, what's her name? How promiscuous is she?"

He replied, "Her name is Simone, Simone Hendrix. She's Heather's best friend. But she's nice, much nicer than Heather."

"I don't care much about that; how promiscuous is she? If she's Heather's best friend, that doesn't bode well."

"No, well, probably not," he admitted. "They're frequent lovers as well as friends, from what I understand. And Simone's got a boyfriend, but they're not going steady, so it's okay."

Suzanne glared at him. "No, it's not okay! If you're having sex with her, you're effectively having sex with all her sexual partners too. And all of THEIR sexual partners! Ditto with the two other cheerleader bimbos you were with, and whoever else they're having sex with, and so on. What are their names?"

"Janice and Joy. And they're not bimbos; they're nice."

"I don't care how nice they are. Will niceness stop you from getting mono? Or gonorrhea? Or syphilis or HIV? Did you know that about one in four teen girls has some kind of sexual disease? On average, that's one of the four you boinked today."

He looked down, feeling chastened. "Um, no." He didn't know that fact, and hearing it concerned him greatly.

"What are you doing about it? We've got a great thing going here, for all of us. Please don't ruin it! I've got a touch of Susan in me, in that I find it arousing when you bed someone new. But you can't just do that willy-nilly. I need to have them checked out first, especially for diseases. You need to cut back to just a few sexual partners outside of us here at home, and stick to those who aren't sleeping around. Try someone new only every once in a while, and only after they've been properly vetted. Is that too much to ask?"

"No," he admitted.

"So, what are you going to do about it?"

Over the next ten minutes or so, he and Suzanne worked on a plan to try to cut down on the risk of STDs. He wasn't happy about it, but he knew he had to do his best. The last thing he wanted to do was infect his loved ones. He would start tomorrow by having a discussion with Heather. Also, he told Suzanne everything he knew about all the girls he was having sex with so she could discreetly investigate them (or, in Heather's case, investigate some more).

With that issue taken care of, at least for the moment, Alan went back to working on his homework.

Susan came in almost immediately after Suzanne left. In fact, she'd waited impatiently for Suzanne to leave. After her talk with Katherine, not to mention their frisky shower, she was raring for some oral action.

One glance her way let Alan know what she was up to, since she was dressed in a light maroon see-through nightie and high heels. She walked into the room and gave him her best sultry look. "Son, I'm glad to see you're studying. But don't you think you could concentrate better if your mommy is sucking on your cock?" Worried that she was coming on too strong, she added, "In kind of a stealthy way?"

He chuckled. "Concentrate better?! How is that possible?"

Susan had said that without thinking, and now she tried to justify it. "Well, you know, if it's nice and stiff and throbbing with pleasure inside my mouth, you don't have to worry about will it get hard, or maybe it won't, and if it does should I get help, or what about committing the sin of Onan, and so many other issues. Instead, you know it's being properly taken care of by my swirling tongue and tightly sliding lips, so you don't have to think about it at all. Just enjoy!"

He chuckled some more. "You actually make that sound semi-plausible. But it's a moot point because my dick is totally dead to the world. Remember what happened downstairs just a short while ago?"

Susan spoke as she seductively ran her hands over her semi-nude body. "Yes, of course I do. But I have great confidence in you. You have an endless ability to make more cum. And of course that all needs to be sucked and stroked and even fucked out of you, also nearly endlessly! So why not start now?"

He laughed. "As if! There's no way I'm up for that. My dick is totally dead at the moment."

She raised her nightie to bring a hand near her pussy. She whispered in an extra sultry voice, "I have to admit, my pussy is kind of hot and throbbing right now. Would you like to finger it, or even lick it? Would that help get you hard?"

"Unfortunately, Mom, nothing is going to get me hard right now. Nothing. I've got the same limitations as every other guy. Give me at least an hour, please? More like two. And, to be honest, a blowjob or even a handjob is extremely distracting. Let me get some good studying time in while my dick is down, and then we'll see. Okay?"

She pouted. "Oh, poo!"

He grinned. "Mom, you're so adorable. I love everything about you. I love your enthusiasm, and of course I love your unbelievable body. I even love it when you say 'oh, poo.' Most of all, I love that you're just so... well, lovable! But later. Please?"

She sighed. "Oh, very well. Sorry if I'm being too pushy. It's just that Angel and I took a shower together a short time ago, and I got so excited."

He asked, "You took a shower together?! Oh, man!" He started to imagine how they looked, dripping wet and kissing and touching each other. He closed his eyes tightly. "Did you two rub your big tits together?"

Her eyes lit up. "Did we? Oh boy, did we! While we talked about pleasuring your cock. Let me tell you all about it."

He suddenly winced. "No! I can't allow myself to think about that. Too sexy! I have to focus here. Please, don't tempt me!"

"Sorry. I'll go now. But I'll see you later, okay? And if you need any help, any special big-titted mommy help, well, you know I'll be right down the hall."

He nodded. He held his breath as he watched her sexy ass sway on out of the room. Oh, mercy! I swear, she's gonna kill me with too much pleasure! But if I'm gonna die, that's gotta be the best way to go!

Alan made good progress with his homework for the next hour and a half. It seemed completely surreal to go from such a devastating sexual experience to reading boring chapters out of a history book, but he was getting used to the surreal. He was finding that he was getting better at switching gears all the time.

It was nearly midnight when Susan came in again, dressed in just a robe and high heels this time. She'd used a lot of willpower to hold off as long as she had. She wore the robe so she could get completely naked in a flash.

"Hi Mom, I'm burning the midnight oil."

"Yes. I can see you are. Mommy just took another long hot bath, and she's feeling much better."

"That's good." He definitely noticed that she was calling herself "mommy." That inevitably meant that she was quite horny. "I'm really jamming on my homework, here."

"Glad to hear it, Son. I'm so proud of you. But you still haven't utilized our stealth stroking help today. Is there a reason for that?"

"Well, as you could see earlier with Aunt Suzy in the living room, sometimes when I get started on having sexy fun, I get a bit carried away."

Susan put on a very innocent and confused expression. "And this is some kind of bad thing?" Then she laughed heartily.

"Yes, Mom. A bad thing. That's not really good for getting work done. Frankly, I don't trust myself with the stealth stroking."

She walked closer and pulled on the sash of her robe, opening it completely in the front. A light tug could pull it off her shoulders, but she kept it on for the moment. "That depends on what kind of work you're doing though, doesn't it? I mean, if you're just doing some light reading then it's no big deal to have a soft female hand or two yanking on Alan Junior, is it? Or even a mouth?"

He rolled his eyes. "Come on, Mom. Let's be realistic. I'm not going to get anything done that way. At some point I have to do some actual homework. This is getting to be a serious problem!"

She replied, "Even so, let's not forget your medical needs. You have to work to keep your balls empty so you can reach your six-times-a-day goal, don't you? Is it not just as important to drain Alan Junior there first, so you can fully concentrate? I mean, it's been a few hours since you blew your load into Suzanne."

"Well, maybe nearly two," he admitted.

She slinked closer. "And by the way, I'm very proud of you there, Son. Suzanne's my best friend, but she can be so stubborn. You really put her in her place tonight. And that place is on her back, naked and with her legs wrapped around your back!"

He felt his penis threatening to grow erect. He looked over to her and saw her robe opening up all the way in the front.

He gulped in anticipation. "Mom, wait! Don't take off that robe. I'm cruising here on my homework. Really cruising. I want to have fun with you, but maybe you could come back when I'm done."

"Oh, poo." She seemed to give up seducing him for the moment (although she left the robe wide open), but then she looked down and saw a bulge rising in his shorts. That inspired her to keep pressing.

She sauntered closer. "But Tiger, you've been working so HARD today. Everything about you is so HARD lately."

She reached out and stroked his engorging penis through his shorts. "It was so inspirational the way you completely TAMED Suzanne's pussy!"

He asked with genuine curiosity, "Did my fucking her bother you at all?"

"Are you kidding me? God, it made me SO HOT! I just can't get over it. All I could do for the last hour is sit in my bathtub thinking about what you did to her. The way you had her squealing like a stuck pig in front of us all! The way you made the proud and mighty Suzanne crawl on her knees!"

She continued to stroke his suddenly fully-erect dick through his shorts. "Of course I played with myself some. I just love lying there naked in the tub, thinking about how you've turned me into one of your many personal fuck toys. But then, the more I thought about your FAT COCK sliding deep into Suzanne's tight cunt, the more I thought about how you could and SHOULD be painting my face with your yummy sperm! I'm sorry for bothering your important work, but that's why I finally had to come in here."

Her words aroused him so much that he felt his body tingling all over, and of course her stroking hand made his dick felt even better and more stimulated than that. Still, he was puzzled. "But don't you feel jealousy or something?"

"Well, sure, but the burning pain of jealousy just turns me on all the more. It reminds me of my complete helplessness and your total domination over me, and that-"

He cut in. "Wait. Let me guess: it gets you 'so hot.'" He smiled, despite himself.

She smiled too. "You know me too well. I'm sorry I'm not more expressive with my words, but 'so hot' just says it so well, don't you think? I get this burning sensation in my pussy and up in my nipples." She ran her hands from her pussy to her nipples as she said that, and ended by twisting her nipples a little bit. "My whole body literally heats up. It gets to the point where I have to rip my clothes off if they're not off me already!"

He snickered to himself, Which they usually are.

While still standing next to where he sat, she reached under the band of his loose shorts to directly grab and stroke his erection. "Son, I think we really need to seriously give this whole stealth idea another try. I'll admit that it's as much or more for me as it is for you. The thing is, I just... I love playing with your cock so very, very much! Lord, help me, but it's true!"

He was silent, but slowly weakening. Of course he was aware of her fingers closing around his erection inside his shorts and resuming her stroking, but he didn't say or do anything about it.

He thought, Oh, man! Mom is just too orgasmically arousing to resist. I swear, she has one of those classic movie-star bodies, like Marilyn Monroe or Jayne Mansfield, back when actresses had serious curves. Huh. I wonder if Marilyn Monroe had any sons. If so, how did those boys deal with their mother's tempting body?!

Susan stood even closer to him, so that if he were to look up his face would be just inches from her bare tits and pointy nipples. Or if he looked straight ahead, her exposed pussy would be right there. If he somehow managed to avoid looking at that tempting sight, she was also exuding a delicious aroused-pussy smell, with all the pungency of a pizza fresh from the oven.

Her hand busily jacked him off as she said, "I know I made a promise earlier that I would take it easy on you, even though it's a Tuesday. And I've been so good most of the day, haven't I? But it is a Tuesday, after all. I was going to wait longer before disturbing you, I really was, but I realized it's minutes to midnight and I haven't sucked your cock AT ALL today! And that's just plain wrong on a Tuesday, don't you agree? I mean, what kind of tradition would that set?"

He pointed out, "That's not true. For instance, remember this afternoon, when you sucked me on your knees while wearing just an apron?"

"Oh yeah." She smiled from ear to ear as she recalled that. "Mmmm. That was fun! Especially with Angel watching and making me burn in humiliation. You really put me in my place! Another big-titted mommy in suburbia, forced to service her son! AGAIN! But still, that didn't last long, so it hardly counts. I say that if it's not at least half an hour of keeping you right on the edge of climax, it's not a REAL cocksucking."

He chuckled at that absurdly high standard.

She added, "Besides, do you realize I had to watch you fuck Amy and then fuck Suzanne twice? Have a little mercy on me, please!"

She thought she was done, but since he didn't respond to that, she went on, "I think the stealth stroking idea is good, but stealth sucking is even better. Please? Just let me suck it a little bit?"

She unzipped his fly with her free hand, so his stiffness pointed up and out. She never stopped stroking with her other hand, focusing like usual on his super sensitive sweet spot.

He still didn't reply. However, his failure to verbally protest was a reply in and of itself. Plus, his face showed that his resolve was weakening by the second.

She got down on her knees, causing her robe to finally slide off and fall to the floor. All the while, she never let go of his hardness or stopped stroking it. "Tiger, let's look at this cock of yours. It's so long and hard and stiff and hot! How can you concentrate on your homework when it's all angry and red like this?"

He laughed. "That's because you made it that way!"

She giggled with guilty glee. "Maybe so. Then isn't it my responsibility to suck it back to normal?" bender

He groaned in frustration. "I don't like that logic."

She was undeterred. "If you're really cruising on your work, just let me do a little bit of stealth sucking. You just keep studying. You won't even notice I'm here." She pulled his shorts down his legs for better

access, again without meeting any resistance. He even lifted his ass up a little bit to help her. Then she brought her hand back and resumed stroking his erect rod.

He was about to agree, when it fully dawned on him that she was talking about "stealth sucking" and not "stealth stroking." He complained, "Mom, there may be stealth stroking, but you know there's no such thing as stealth sucking. Especially considering the way you suck my dick. You're getting so dang good at it! It takes all my willpower and focus just to squeeze my PC muscle constantly to keep from cumming. There's no way I can work on anything else through that! Anyhow, I thought you were all tired and sore."

"Son, your mommy's cunt is very sore, mostly thanks to Suzanne and her dildos. Plus a couple hours of diddling myself as you had your way with my best friend's pussy, and then Angel fingering me in the shower, and more fingering of myself in the bathtub. Not to mention the fact that my period has started and the cramps are killing me. And Mommy's asshole is very sore, thanks to your wonderful, glorious assfuck this morning. But Mommy's mouth is never too sore for her son's big cock. I've been practicing, so very, very much! Working on my endurance with phallic objects. I think I could suck non-stop for hours. I'd like to try right now on you."

He was about to suggest that she just stick with the stealth stroking.

But she could read his face, and as her hand slid up and down his shaft, she added even more urgently, "Please, Son. Please don't make me beg!" Her words were ironic because she was already begging. "A handjob is nice, but you know what I really want."

She licked all the way around her lips, slowly and seductively.

He was fairly helpless to resist, but he still kept his legs closed enough that she wouldn't be able to get her head in between them. He thought, The irony! Mom's begging me to suck my cock and I'm actually resisting? Who'da ever thunk it?

She continued to talk and stroke while she wore down his resolve, while slowly drawing her face ever closer to his cockhead. "I must say, Tiger, I can't get over how turned I got watching you fuck Suzanne right in front of everyone. It wasn't enough for you to fuck her, but you did it in public, in front of all of us, making an example of her!"

She stroked faster as her excitement grew. "I can't wait until you do that to me! Total mommy domination! Show the whole family that you're a real motherfucker! It was so clever for you to break the news that you two had been fucking already the way you did right then. Who could object right then? Not me, that's for sure."

By the time she finished saying that, she was blowing warm air on his sweet spot. "Clearly it goes to show that you're much too clever for me, and resistance is futile! It's probably not right for you to fuck your own mother, but you're going to do it anyway, aren't you? You're just too clever and well-hung, and I'm far too busty to resist. Look at me!"

She pulled back some, so he could get a good look at her, but she kept on stroking his boner with one hand. She arched her back and put her free arm under her massive rack, trying to emphasize the size of her breasts even more than usual. "Look at how you made me kneel before you in just my high heels! If it weren't for my period and my soreness, I might just give up and spread my legs to officially make you a motherfucker right now!"

He groaned. Mentally, he snapped. Her comment "I'm far too busty to resist" particularly got to him. Fuuucck! I don't care how much sex I've had already, there's no man on Earth who can turn down this woman! And she talks about making me a motherfucker... Fuck homework! I got a couple of good hours in, and that's better than usual these days. I was going to finish soon anyway. Close enough for horseshoes!

But Susan didn't realize his change in attitude yet. She began to nibble and lick the tip of his boner, while still breathing on it. She cooed, "I especially loved to see you play with Suzanne's big hooters. Us big-titted women, we need our tits groped every day, just like you need your cock sucked or fucked all day long. Thankfully you know my daily tit milking needs now, but you should understand Suzanne's tits are just as needy. She hides her tit-need well, but in fact I'm learning firsthand that her tits are quite sensitive, nearly as much as mine."

She alternately breathed heavily on his cockhead and licked it while stroking the rest of his shaft. "Do you understand what I'm trying to say? You should fuck her tits a lot! Fondle them! Knead them, vigorously! And suck on her nipples!"

He groaned with lusty need. He was getting close to cumming already.

She started licking his sweet spot nearly non-stop, while still managing to talk. "I'm so glad that you've put her and me in our proper place, because that's what should happen to all us big-titted women."

We're not like other women. Oh no! We need to be controlled by naturally superior men such as yourself! Milk our big tits every day, Tiger, just like you'd drain a cow! It doesn't matter if there's milk in them or not; they need your hands and lips!"

She suddenly pulled back, sat up, and thrust out her chest. "Here, play with mine right now. Please!"