

6 Times 781

Chapter 781 FUCK ME!

Taking advantage of Susan's briefly disengaging from him, Alan spun around in his desk chair. He turned to his computer and hit "save" for the document he was working on. As he spun back to face her again, he thought, Dang! "Resistance is futile" indeed.

His mind briefly flashed to the Star Trek character Seven of Nine and her impressive chest, but he proudly considered that even that actress couldn't match Susan's rack. Heh! Mom is way hotter! Just look at her kneeling there, with her big bare tits heaving with excitement. Unfuckingbelievable! And she says it's a must that I play with them!

Then he obliged her request by placing both hands on her mighty jugs. Aaaaah! So awesome! So soft, so welcoming. This is like going home!

Susan similarly felt a wave of contentment wash over her as she felt him caress and fondle her 38G breasts. That's it, Tiger! God gave me these big things just so you could enjoy them, my love!

One of her hands closed around his dick again, causing her to sigh blissfully. "Mmmm! Milk me, Tiger! Drink the milk right out of my nipples, or my tits will just swell bigger and bigger. So full of milk! Suck me every day, just like I suck you." She got on one knee so her tits would be level with his mouth.

He pressed forward and sucked at her nipples. Of course, no milk came out.

For once, Susan was able to talk while Alan wasn't, so she continued describing her fantasies as she stroked his throbbing hard-on, once again with both hands. "Tiger, don't you agree that we big-titted women are meant to be fucked? The bigger the woman's tits, the more she needs to be fucked and sucked and licked by a naturally dominant man like you. Fucked and CONTROLLED! That's God's way. That's why I'm so glad you and Brenda have found each other. You need to fuck her at the party tomorrow night. She wants and needs you so much that you wouldn't believe it! Heck, her tits are so big that she deserves to be fucked all day long. Us women are going to have to give you a lot of help kneading her tit-flesh, because you can only do so much as just one man. Don't you agree?"bender

"Mmmm," he mumbled. He was too intent on sucking Susan's left nipple to stop and talk. At the same time, he was caressing the underside of her other boob to increase her stimulation.

She brought one hand down to play with his balls while continuing to stroke his shaft relentlessly with the other. "I can't understand you, Love. If you agree with what I'm saying, make one 'mmmm,' and if you disagree, make two."

"Mmmm."

"Oh goody! So you finally agree that I'm a big-titted slut made for nothing but cocksucking, and getting titfucked, fucked, and groped by my handsome son? I can't believe it that you finally understand me!" She giggled, knowing she was trying to verbally trick him while he couldn't speak.

"Mmmm mmmm." He strongly disagreed with that, even though he found it highly arousing. He didn't want to disrespect his mother and think of her in such a shallow manner. He well and truly loved her heart and mind as well as her body.

She giggled some more as her fingers kept sliding up and down, up and down. "You can't believe it either? I know. Isn't it so amazing?"

She whispered, as if confessing a deep, thrilling secret, "God, I love this cock! I could run my fingers over it all day long. When I think about how you fucked Suzanne today, watching from so close up... HNNNG! And your balls! So full of yummy sperm! MMMM!" She fondled both his cock and balls in a way that was highly arousing, yet also somehow loving and motherly.

Then she resumed in her usual voice, "You've put me in my place with your monster cock, and now I feel so happy there. Continually naked, except for my high heels. I really should buy kneepads, since I practically live down here!" She giggled.

In fact, she truly had intended to buy kneepads for some time now, but she hadn't yet had a chance to get to a sporting goods store. She figured there were practical reasons, such as if she ever had to suck his cock on a gravel surface, but mostly she loved the symbolism.

She continued, "As one of your personal cocksuckers, my prime task is sucking cock, like a good buxom mommy-slut should. Your cock! Mmmm... Except when it's buried in my cow tits, or up my ass, or-"

He had to stop suckling because he was being misunderstood, even though he knew she was doing it deliberately and playfully. "You're not a slut, okay? Don't say that already! And don't say 'whore' either, like you did this morning. I LOVE you. I can't love a whore. And there's so much more to you than your sexual side. You're the kindest person I know, and not just because you're my mom."

Since he'd stopped suckling, she said, "Time out. Let's get on the bed, okay? We can have even more fun there."

He nodded in eager agreement. He loved her big smile and her endless enthusiasm. He was fully hooked, his homework totally forgotten.

She waited until he sat up in bed with his back against the headboard. Then she kicked off her high heels and climbed up after him.

She assumed the position between his knees, flicking her tongue at the tip of his cockhead. "Tiger, look who's talking. Every time you say something kind like that, I get weak in the knees. Although that's not a really big problem, since I'm usually already on my knees, between your legs like this!" She giggled with glee.

She resumed aggressively stroking his shaft, then continued, "I'm so in love with you. And it's not just motherly love, no siree! It's also that naughty, physical, erotic love that mommies aren't supposed to have for their sons. But they just don't know what they're missing! I love that I can express the depth of my love for you with my mouth!"

He groaned, because she slipped her lips halfway down his cockhead and gave it a powerful suck. He thought for sure she would start bobbing further down, but she just swirled her tongue all over the rest of his cockhead.

He grasped the top of her head and held on tight. Even that much tongue work felt like total ecstasy.

Then she continued, "What if my own son turns out to be my dreamboat one-in-a-million? Is such a thing possible?! Oh! Oh! Let this tit-woman make you feel so good!" She began sucking his cockhead in earnest, slipping her lips all the way down to his sweet spot.

He groaned particularly loudly. "Oh, man! So good! UGH!" He clenched his teeth as a wave of incredible pleasure raced through his body for at least sixty seconds, if not more. He also firmly clenched his PC muscle.

She just kept on bobbing and licking and slurping and stroking, like her life depended on it.

That lusty surge finally passed, somehow without him blowing his load. Although she kept right on steadily bobbing while performing dexterous feats with her tongue, he was able to calm down slightly. He thought about what she'd said, feeling that he had to respond. He brought his hands to her breasts and caressed them lovingly. "Mom, I practically worship you. So don't call yourself a tit-woman, okay?"

She stopped sucking and pulled away long enough to say, "Well, if I can't say that, then you have to stop groping me. But please don't stop! If you really worship me, then worship my tits in particular."

He grunted and groaned while he went from caressing her huge tits to aggressively kneading them. "With pleasure! As if I could stop even if I wanted to. I'm way too excited to stop!"

"A-ha!" she cackled gleefully. "That's how to treat your mommy. You're beginning to see the light. Just imagine: all these years as I was feeding you and raising you, I was raising my future master! If only I'd known!"

"Mom!" he complained, but not very well. The truth was, those words aroused him greatly.

She blew right past his rather feeble objections. "It's all the will of God. That's why God gave me this beautiful body and these big tits especially. Because I exist to serve you. That's what mommies are for. Mommy tongues are meant to slurp on son-sicles! Cock-sicles! Mommy lips are meant to wrap around... UGH! I can't hold back! Let me show you more of what this slutty mommy can do!" She slathered her tongue all over his sweet spot, in anticipation of sucking him some more.

Before she could get back to that, he asked, "But what about your talk earlier, about responsibilities?"

She lapped and lapped on his sweet spot, until he thought she wasn't going to remember to answer. Two minutes of erotic ecstasy passed, at least.

But finally she replied, in between even more licking and slurping, "True, responsibilities are important, and your responsibilities include getting your homework done. But MY greatest responsibility is keeping you sexually satisfied every time you get erect, if one of your other hotties isn't taking care of you already. MMMM! Keeping this big, fat, long, yummy cock THROBBING with delight! It's actually my religious duty. As that cute song put it the other day, 'every sperm is sacred.'" She swirled her tongue around and around.

With that, he remembered the CD he'd bought coming home from school. He'd meant to give it to Susan as a gift at some point, but he'd been so exhausted all day that it had slipped his mind. Luckily, the CD sat on his desk practically within Susan's reach. Just as she was about to dive forward and fill her mouth with his erection, he stopped her and said, "Wait! Mom, I have a gift for you. On the desk. Right there."

Trying to prevent Susan's mouth from reaching his cock was a difficult task, but the mention of the word "gift" piqued her curiosity just enough. She reached out and grabbed at the CD he was pointing at. She looked at it curiously. "What's this? 'Monty Python Sings'?"

He explained, "It's a collection of songs by the comedy group Monty Python. You know, from the movie the other night? You probably won't like most of it, but it's got the song you like so much, 'Every Sperm Is Sacred.'"

Her face suddenly lit up. "Oh! Tiger! You're so thoughtful!" Her eyes turned to his crotch. "So thoughtful and delicious! Oh, what a wonderful, loving, cum-filled boy! How can I ever thank you?"

She looked at his stiff erection, now drooling with pre-cum. "If only I could think of some way..." She giggled. "Somehow, something involving your cock... Your cock and my mouth... What could it be..." She giggled gleefully some more.

She finally lurched forward, swallowing nearly a third of his erection in one go. She wanted to show her love for him and appreciation for the gift in her favorite way. MMMM! Master cock! That's the very best kind! And the only kind for me!

She licked and licked and sucked and nibbled. Somehow, her cocksucking was better and more skilled than ever before. She was determined to show her thanks for his simple gift by giving him the best cocksucking he ever had.

All the while, the words in the catchy Monty Python song ran through her head: "Every sperm is sacred, every sperm is good. Every sperm is needed, in your neighborhood." That is just soooo true! Wouldn't it be wonderful if there was some way that every single last sperm in his balls right now ended up in my stomach? Millions and billions of them! Or on my face and tits. Then I'd be such a happy mommy. But I'm such a happy mommy already!

But that's impossible, because even if it were true for a second, he's always making more. The task of keeping his balls drained dry literally NEVER ends! Lucky me!

He grasped her head with both hands and attempted to hold on to her, as if riding a wild roller coaster and clinging to the railings of the car for dear life. Damn, even Glory and Aunt Suzy can't touch this intensity of cocksucking. It's like she's learned how to channel all her love through her lips and her tongue. And she knows my dick so damn well. She's figured out exactly what pleases me most, and can time my reactions so she knows just when to stop or change things up. And just when I get complacent, she does something totally unexpected, like how she's just switched to sucking my balls right now. Damn this woman! So damn good!

He clenched his teeth and shut his eyes tight as wave after wave of indescribable erotic joy washed over him. He couldn't hold out for long, despite all his PC muscle control.

Just as he was about to give up and blast his load into Susan's mouth, he cried out, "Oh, FUCK ME!"

Chapter 782 Over Aroused Alan

"Okay!"

Alan opened his eyes and looked around in surprise, because that loud voice didn't sound like it came from Susan. Besides, Susan's mouth was completely stuffed with cock, so she couldn't speak loudly and clearly anyway.

Susan also pulled her lips off his boner, momentarily frightened by someone else being in the room. Like Alan, she soon looked towards the door.

But there was no worry, because it was only Katherine. The naughty daughter giggled and waved her hand. "Hi!"

Alan was still in shock. Since he was right on the edge of climax, he was out of sorts. "Sis?! What are you doing here?"

Katherine was wearing a sexy see-through red nightie, mirroring how Susan had worn one in Alan's room earlier that evening. There was very little fabric to it. It didn't even cover all of her pussy.

She boldly walked to the bed. "What am I doing here? You should be asking, 'What took you so long to get here?' Think about my plight. I'm right across the hallway, tossing and turning in bed, when I keep hearing all these sexy, slurpy 'mmmm!' sounds. You know, that distinctive Mom 'mmmm' sound."

She looked towards Susan, who was still turned around and looking at her. "Sorry, Mom. I know when we were in the shower earlier I said you should have some special one-on-one time with him, but I just couldn't take it anymore. Hearing all that moaning and 'mmmm'-ing was driving me crazy!"

Susan smiled widely. "Don't worry about it. There's PLENTY of cock to go around."

While still looking Katherine's way, she slid her fingers from the base of Alan's shaft to the tip and then back down again to emphasize her point. "The more, the merrier. Besides, I'm starting to really get into sharing his cock, especially with you."

"Awww, Mom, that's so sweet. Thanks!" Katherine had been waiting to get on the bed, so she crawled up on it.

Alan took a longer look at Katherine's nightie, then said, "Nice outfit!"

Susan also took a longer look at it and commented, "Hear, hear! Now, that screams 'fuck toy.' I especially love how your cunt is peeking out down below."

Katherine quipped, "The damn fabric shrunk in the wash." She giggled gaily.

Susan turned back to Alan's crotch and resumed her stroking and licking. She said to Katherine behind her, "Lose the nightie. It looks very nice, but it's expensive. You don't want to ruin it with cum, and believe me, a lot of cum is going to be flying pretty soon!"

"Cool!" Katherine immediately took her nightie off. It only took a few seconds, since it was such an insubstantial thing to begin with. Then she got down on all fours and crawled across the bed in the most tantalizing manner she could manage.

However, Alan reacted by disengaging from Susan and quickly standing up by the bed. "Whoa! Hold on! Hold on!"

Susan asked, "What's wrong, dear?"

He was breathing hard. "Nothing's really wrong. It's just that... I was THIS CLOSE to cumming when you came in, Sis. This close!" He brought his index finger and thumb together so they were very nearly touching.

Susan and Katherine sat naked on the bed, waiting for him to recover his breath and explain himself some more.

He bent over slightly and waited about a minute. Then he said, "Sorry. Like I was saying, I really was about to cum. I mean, Sis, if you would have come in, like, ten seconds later, you would have seen and heard a big cum explosion."

He waited for a few more heavy breaths, and then continued, "Which is fine. But if you want to have more than a minute of fun too, I'm going to have to cool down in a big way."

He suddenly had a Eureka moment. "I know! A normal strategic break isn't going to cut it this time. Not with the way I'm feeling now, and what you two can do when you combine your sexy forces! So hang tight. I'm going to take a very quick cold shower - very quick and very cold. That'll revive me in more ways than one."

He walked briskly to the door, holding his still extremely erect cock to prevent it from bouncing lewdly. "Take it easy, okay? I'll be back in a few minutes."

Susan protested, "But Tiger..." She leaned back in and lovingly lapped all around his cockhead. In her current lusty state, "a few minutes" sounded way too long and she hoped to change his mind with her talented tongue.

However, he was determined. He disengaged, left the room, and closed the door without saying any more.

Katherine turned to Susan. "Sorry about that. I didn't know you were that close to getting a great big cum bath."

Susan shrugged. "Actually, I'm sad to see him go, but now that he's gone it's probably for the best. I was really craving that creamy load of his, and a great spermy shower on my face. But now, if he gets fully 'recharged,' I'll be able to enjoy so much more sucking and licking! And with you. Then, of course, we'll have our cum bath anyway! Together!"

She put a hand on Katherine's shoulder and smiled. "That really makes me happy, to share his cock with you. It's like what I was telling you in the shower earlier. Seeing you blossom into such a beautiful, dedicated, and talented fuck toy for your brother makes me so proud!"

Katherine smiled in return, but also bashfully looked away. "Thanks, Mom. But I'm not all that."

"No, you ARE! You're all that and more! Look at you." She brought her hands to the undersides of Katherine's tits. "Look at the beautiful, full-bodied woman you've turned into. You keep thinking that your breasts are small, but that's only because you compare yourself to Suzanne and me. You're one of the most stacked girls in school! In years to come, you'll grow into the perfect big-titted, cock-hungry, fuck-toy sister."

Again, Katherine looked bashful. "You think?" bender

"I know! You'll spend so many countless hours on your knees or on your back, serving your master, OUR master. I bet we'll end up sucking him off together every single day, because he loves both of us so very much."

Katherine grumbled, "I have no doubt about his love for me. It's the lust I wonder about."

Susan was indignant. "Young lady! Don't let me hear you say that again. Believe in yourself! Believe in his love AND his lust for you!"

"Oh, Mom!" The two of them kissed with great passion.

Alan did take a quick and very cold shower. He came back to his room about five minutes later, after thoroughly drying himself off. He felt like a million bucks, and his cock was primed and ready for action again. It had gone flaccid in the shower, but it had already fully engorged in anticipation of what he'd find in his bedroom.

He closed his bedroom door behind him and laughed, because he was greeted by the sight of Katherine and Susan entwined in a scorching kiss and rolling around on his bed.

Susan happened to be on top. When she heard Alan close the door, she sat up and looked at him. "Oh, look, Angel! Alan is back, and so is Alan Junior!"

Katherine licked her lips as her mouth watered in anticipation. "Cool! Hey Bro, bring that fat red pole over here. Have you ever heard of dual stealth sucking?"

He had a good laugh at that. "No. And you know that's impossible! The stealth part, that is. But hey, I was thinking in the shower. I don't want to just enjoy a dual blowjob. I mean, I love it, but I feel guilty, getting all this lavish attention. What if we try some kind of three-way, so I can go down on one of you while you two go down on me?"

Katherine and Susan looked at each other and reached a non-verbal understanding.

Susan looked back at him and said, "That could work, so long as Angel and I get to suck your cock together. That's very important for us tonight. We want to have a special bonding moment based on our shared love of you and your cock."

He considered the situation and came up with a position to try out. He laid face up on the bed, but with his ass near the bed's bottom edge and his feet on the floor. He had Susan kneel between his legs, since he knew she loved that pose so much. Then Katherine sat on top of him, with her pussy in his face. But she also leaned forward towards his legs so her mouth could reach his crotch.

This arrangement worked out great for all three of them. Since Susan was scooted up so much, his cock was practically in her cleavage, so she squeezed her massive tits around his shaft and started a titfuck. But she was still able to tilt her head down and lick all over his cockhead. Katherine leaned in at different angles and helped with the licking. She could reach his sweet spot more easily, so she concentrated most of her efforts on that.

After a few minutes of joyous licking and titfucking, Susan said, "You know what? This is brilliant! There are just so many sexual positions to learn and enjoy. I feel like a kid in a candy store who just discovered what candy even is!"

Katherine replied, "That's so true. Mom, just think about all the thousands of different ways you and I will serve and pleasure his cock together in the years to come. It'll never, ever get boring."

Susan replied with wide-eyed delight, "I know! And that's just the two of us! Imagine if we include one, two, three, or even more of his other fuck toys! The possible combinations and sex positions grow exponentially, I'll bet! Thinking of so many tongues on his cock makes me too happy and horny to even breathe! By the way, Angel, speaking of tongues, how are things on your end?"

"Very, very excellent, Mom! Thanks for asking! Brother is lapping my cunt like he really enjoys doing it."

Despite the fact that he was busy licking his sister's wet slit, he replied, "I do! I really do! The smell alone is intoxicating!" He really meant that. He was growing to love the sweet ambrosia of his sister's pussy juices.

Susan smiled widely. "Mmmm. That's so true!" She still had her head craned down and she was busy licking around the top of his cockhead. But she paused long enough to take a big whiff. "MMMM! I love the aroma as well! Angel, you should have seen how wet his cock was when you came in. Then, Tiger, you had to go and wash off all that yummy goodness in the shower. You meanie!"

She giggled. "But now we've got it soaked in pre-cum and saliva again. As it always should be! I'm so happy, spending this quality time together!" She actually shuddered with delight.

Katherine licked along the top of Susan's enormous globes, where a few dribbles of Alan's cum had landed. "Aaaah. Even your tits are starting to flood with his cum, Mom. More yummy midnight snack for me!" She giggled. "But you think you're happy? Brother is licking me good. I'm right on the edge of cumming! Do you want to swap positions, Mom? Maybe after I cum?"

Susan considered that idea. "I don't know about that. I mean, when you think about it, this whole thing seems so very improper."

Katherine had gone back to licking Alan's sweet spot, but when she heard that she pulled her head back to see from Susan's face if she was serious.

To her great relief, she discovered Susan was just teasing. In fact, Susan smiled from ear to ear, and said, "Since you asked, okay! Let's switch!"

About a minute later, after Katherine had her orgasm, Katherine was the one kneeling between Alan's legs with his cock buried in her cleavage, while Susan got her cunt licked by him while she leaned over and focused mainly on his sweet spot.

As the bombshell mother did so, she said, "You know what I really love about this, Angel?"

"What's that?"

"Well, everything! But one thing I'm particularly loving is that we all sleep so close to each other. He has many personal cocksuckers, with more to come, but we have the advantage of geography. Just think how many nights we'll wind up on our knees, side by side, worshiping our master's cock! Sometimes maybe for hours and hours!"

Alan was too preoccupied licking Susan's cunt to speak, but he groaned unhappily.

Susan corrected herself, "Sorry. I suppose 'hours and hours' is a bit unrealistic. Especially since we all need our sleep."

He was forced to speak to clarify the meaning of his groan. "Not that. I mean using words like 'worship' or 'master.' I'm just a guy. We're all family, so we're all equal."

Susan replied, "Whatever you say."

He couldn't see her smirking, but he could tell that she was.

Then she said, "Excuse me, Angel, but here's what I think of that!" She suddenly swallowed all of his cockhead and then some. She vigorously bobbed and licked down to his sweet spot, and tried to use all of her most effective moves, one after another, to really wow him. The reason she said "Excuse me, Angel" was because she felt bad that she was selfishly monopolizing all the most sensitive parts of his cock.

But Katherine didn't mind much. She knew it was just temporary, so Susan could physically express her love of cocksucking. Besides, most of his shaft was still trapped in her tight tit-tunnel, so she concentrated her efforts on sliding her tits up and down on either side of his long pole.

"AAAAAH!" he cried out, because their combined efforts were pushing him dangerously close to the orgasmic edge. He couldn't even begin to think about doing a good job licking his mother's slit when the two vixens were "ganging up" on him like that.

Katherine giggled. "Uh-oh! Mom, we'd better take it down a notch, if we want the fun to last. Actually, I have an idea for an entirely different position."

Susan pulled her lips off his cockhead and went back to mere licking. "Okay! What's that?"

Katherine said, "Actually, I'd like for it to be a surprise. Do you trust me?"

"Of course! With my life. You lead the way."

Katherine waited while everyone disengaged. She started feeling secretly nervous, because she didn't know how her plan would go over. But she was determined to give it a try.

Alan was dangerously over-aroused. He didn't really need to use the bathroom, but he pretended he did, to give himself a short break. He figured there was no way he could calm down as long as he was in the same room as Katherine and Susan, at least not when they were like this.

Chapter 783 Moment Of Truth, Fucking Sister In Front Of Mom

When Alan came back after a suspiciously long bathroom break, Katherine took charge. "Okay, Bro. I want you to just lie back on the bed. Like you were before, except you don't need to hang your legs over the side. Get comfy."

He laid in the middle of his bed, with his head on his pillow.

Katherine looked at Susan anxiously. "Okay, Mom. This is going to start out with just Brother and me at first. So hold onto your hat, okay?"

Susan sat on the edge of the bed. She nodded.

Acting quickly, Katherine took Alan's cock in hand and then straddled herself right over his privates. Then, in just a matter of seconds, she suddenly impaled herself all the way onto Alan's cock until he was fully sheathed in her!

Susan screamed and stood up in shock and surprise. "ANGEL!" She was stunned, because she was under the impression that this was the very first time he children were fucking each other.

Alan was equally shocked, if not even more so. Nobody had informed him yet that Susan had agreed that Katherine and he were allowed to fuck. He'd heard Susan say something to that effect earlier in the day, but he'd thought that was just sexy talk, since Susan had been insanely aroused at the time. So he didn't understand why Katherine would be so disrespectful in front of their loving mother.

He cried out, "Sis! What the hell are you doing?!"

But Katherine yelled back, "It's okay! Mom and I talked in the shower! That sexy talk earlier? It wasn't just sexy talk! She totally agrees! We're allowed to fuck! We have permission! So let's do it!"

Susan had somewhat recovered by this point, although she clutched at her chest defensively like she often did when she felt threatened. She pointed out, "But Angel! I also told you that I wasn't ready to see you two do it yet! It's one thing to agree in theory; it's another to actually watch, for real!"

Katherine was still just sitting with Alan's cock buried deep inside her, waiting until this got sorted out. If Susan was truly upset, Katherine could always back out on her plan, and back up off her brother's cock, thus at least minimizing the damage. But she wasn't ready to give up just yet.

She pointed out, "That's true, but consider this as 'tough love.' If I don't push you, it might take you a week or more before you feel ready. And I can't wait that long! I want you to be here and see our very first time together!"

Of course, that last comment was a lie, since Alan and Katherine had already fucked several times. But Katherine knew that Susan didn't know that, so it was important to maintain the fiction. Besides, she figured this could be a second first time, in a way. It would be an extra special thing to have Susan watch for the first time, at least.

Luckily, that comment melted Susan's reservations. The loving mother cried out, "Oh, Angel!" She scooted close and wrapped her arms around her daughter. They would have kissed except that she hadn't gotten quite close enough for that.

Katherine hugged her mother tightly. "Mom, remember how much you loved watching Brother and Aunt Suzy fuck today? Why not enjoy that again, except with him and me instead?"

Susan laughed heartily as she realized the reason for her reluctance. She explained, "The problem isn't that I'll hate it; it's that I'll love it too much! Seeing you with his wonderfully thick cock all the way in you... Oh Angel! Do you know what that does to me? I haven't been able to get the image of him fucking Suzanne out of my mind since it happened. It's keeping me so hot all the time, and not just to suck, but to get royally fucked too!"

She went on, increasingly breathless, "If he's fucking his own sister, then it's just a matter of time before he fucks his own mother too. I know that on some level, but this makes it really hit home! It's gonna drive me crazy! Oh God! All that hot, sweaty, incestuous thrusting! I think I might just DIE of envy and fuck lust!"

Katherine giggled, then pulled her mother in still closer, and up higher, so they could kiss each other. "Don't die, please. At least not before you and Bro do what he and I are doing now!"

She grew serious, and looked Susan right in her eyes. She spoke quietly. "Mom, is this okay? I decided to just go for it and see what happens. I guess I'm kind of uppity that way. I want you to be here for this. It means a lot to me, like we're his fuck toys forever, united in our servitude to the man we love. But if you're really bothered by this, I can stop right now."

Susan looked at Katherine intently, and realized that she really meant it. As she pondered the situation, she looked down at where the crotches of her two children met. With the way Katherine was sitting on him while he was balls-deep inside her, she couldn't see much direct visual evidence of any fucking; Katherine could just as easily have been sitting on his flaccid penis.

She felt greatly relieved by that, because she was having a very difficult and emotional time with this situation. The three of them were all extremely excited, with their hearts racing, but hers was racing the fastest of all. She seriously doubted whether she could handle seeing Alan's cock inside Katherine - she might pass out altogether!

She finally spoke, in a tender voice. "This is your first time. With your brother! Your master! OUR master! Of course I don't want to stop you now. This is a beautiful moment I hope you'll treasure forever. I'm just so touched that you... that you decided to share it with me!"

Susan suddenly teared up. It came out of the blue. One moment she was smiling, and the next moment she was crying her eyes out. Somehow, saying "you decided to share it with me" made her extremely emotional.

As soon as Susan started crying, Katherine couldn't help but cry too. Within moments, the two of them were bawling like they'd just been told a close mutual friend had died. Except their tears were those of joy, love, and general emotional intensity.

Somehow, Susan managed to choke out the words, "Angel, you're all grown up now! A real big-titted fuck toy, getting fucked!"

That only made the two of them cry twice as hard.

Katherine was conflicted. She was well aware that she was lying about this being her first time, and she felt very guilty about that. But at the same time, the emotion of the moment had a life of its own and it felt to her as if it really was her first time! Somehow, those earlier times didn't seem to count the same, not if Susan didn't know about them or wasn't there to approve and hold her. She felt this so strongly that soon her guilt was nearly forgotten, and it really did seem to be her first time.

She even shifted around on her brother's stiff cock inside her as if experimentally testing her feeling of exquisite fullness. That truly felt brand new, somehow. Logically, she knew his boner was the same size as always when it was completely stiff, but it felt like it was filling her twice as much as ever before, and it felt incredible.

So it was completely sincere when she surprised even herself by crying out, "Mom! Brother's cock is all the way in me! So thick! So full! SO BIG! Ungh! We're joined together! Forever!" At the same time, her tears continued to stream down her face.

Susan was crying her heart out as she replied, "You are! You are! Oh, Angel! It's so beautiful!" After gathering herself together a bit, she managed to briefly wipe her eyes clear, exclaiming, "Thank you for sharing this magical moment with me! My two children, joined together! Brother and sister! Master and slave! I'm so... so... HAPPY!" She burst into a fresh round of sobbing.

Katherine did too. Their faces were touching as they cried and cried.

Alan felt very strange through all of this. Since Katherine was facing towards his feet, he couldn't make eye contact with either one of them at the moment. Susan might have looked over Katherine's shoulder and down at him, but tears were flooding her eyes so much that she couldn't really see him even if she tried. So he felt like he was forgotten.

But at the same time, his cock was fully sheathed in Katherine's tight cunt! And even though his sexy sister wasn't paying much attention to that, she was inadvertently bouncing lightly on it and sometimes

clenching at it as her entire body shook from sobbing, as well as from clutching Susan in slightly different poses.

So, while the other two were having an intense and moving emotional experience with each other, he was enjoying a very pleasurable fuck, almost by accident! It was an odd experience indeed.

He also felt extremely emotionally moved. Although he felt guilty as well by the fact that this wasn't really his first time with Katherine and they'd kept that fact a secret from their trusting mother, he knew this was still a very pivotal moment in the lives of all three of them. This perfectly symbolized how they were now all joined together sexually, in addition to being a very loving family in other ways.

He would have bawled like a baby too, except that he'd deeply internalized the idea that men weren't supposed to cry. Even so, some tears came to his eyes. He repeatedly tried to wipe away the evidence, but it seemed to be a losing battle, due to all the fresh tears.

Susan suddenly seemed to realize that he was being left out. She let go of Katherine and moved slightly to the side of her daughter's torso. Then she dropped down, squashing her gigantic tits on her son's chest. That brought her face right up to his. She tried to hug him as best she could, considering that he was lying in bed. "Son! You're fucking your sister! How does that make you feel?"

It was a simple question, but he choked up and his tears really started to flow. "Oh, Mom! It's so good! I love her so much! I love you so much! I love this whole family." He exclaimed in a louder voice, "Sister, I love you!"

Katherine cried out while sobbing, "I love you too! Brother! You're in me! You're IN me! My God!" With Susan on one side of her, Katherine managed to turn around, spinning in a half circle with Alan's stiff cock still balls-deep in her.

Now she could make eye contact with him, in theory. In reality it didn't work out that way, at least not yet, because Susan's face was over his and Katherine was too teary to see clearly anyway. But still, she felt more of a connection with him facing this way.

With tears gushing down her face, Susan kissed up Alan's neck, jaw line, and chin, until her lips came to his mouth. But before she kissed him there, she whispered, but still loud enough for her daughter to

hear, "Son, you've taken your sister's virginity! She belongs to you now! No other man will ever fuck her. EVER! You've tamed her; now you own her!"

Susan followed up by planting a scorching kiss on his lips.

Since Katherine heard all that, she cried out between heartfelt sobbing, "Forever! No other man will EVER fuck this cunt! Brother! Master! I'm yours forever!"

Remembering that she was in fact fully impaled in him, she started bouncing up and down on him in an intentional and highly mutually-pleasurable manner. "I'm your fuck toy, your slut, your bitch, your slave! Your sister! Your lover! Whatever it is you want me to be, I am! I'm yours and yours alone, because I love you so much!"

Alan was sobbing as much as the other two were now. He broke his kiss with Susan to complain, "Awww, Sis, why do you have to say all that? Now you've got me crying like a baby too! It's damn embarrassing!"

Katherine giggled through her tears. She said proudly, "That's because you love me! As much as I love you! And now I've got a brand new way to show it and share it. Like THIS!"

She'd already started bouncing rhythmically on him, and it felt fantastic for both of them. But when she said "Like THIS," she lifted herself up until she'd actually pulled all the way off his pulsing, hot pole. But she still held it with a hand, and she ably and almost violently sat back down on it, skewering herself in the process.

She screamed with all her might as a massive orgasm smacked her like a freight train. "AAAAIIIIIEEEE!" She brought her hands to the sides of her head because she felt like her brain was splitting from the intensity of it all.

Susan tried to turn her head around, startled by the shrill scream. "What's that?!"

Alan held his mother's chin and had her turn back. He knew she wouldn't be able to see any of the action in her current position anyway. He explained, "She just impaled herself on me again. All the way! Oh God, Mom! You wouldn't believe it. It feels so fucking good!"

Susan's flowing tears dripped down onto his equally wet face. "Son! Fuck her good! Fuck her so good! Fuck her into the next century! Fuck her and love her with all your might!" Then she planted another scorching kiss on his lips.

So far, Alan had been lying there, nearly entirely immobile. Because Katherine was riding him cowgirl-style, it hadn't occurred that there was anything he could do to make things even more pleasurable for her. Besides, there'd had been a lot of crying but not much actual fucking. But after hearing Susan's inspirational words, he decided he needed to at least try to do all he could. He began thrusting his hips up as much as possible.

Katherine was still shaking and crying her way through her Earth-shattering and very prolonged orgasm. Part of the way through, she'd slapped her hands down onto Susan's back to remain sitting up, and it was a near thing that she didn't collapse onto her (and Alan underneath) altogether. But, feeling his thrusts, she was just as inspired and determined to make the most of the moment. Despite feeling like her bones had just turned to jelly, she resumed bouncing up and down in perfect time with his upward thrusts.

That felt so very fantastic that she discovered a new surge of energy. That in turn allowed her to bounce on him with greater passion and vigor. Once she got going with a steady rhythm, she yelled, "Mom! Look! We're fucking! We're really fucking!"

In that moment, at least, Katherine was completely convinced that this was the very first fuck of her life. It certainly had all of the emotional intensity of that. In fact, it was even more emotional than their real first time. Having Susan there and approving made a big difference. It wasn't just two of them fucking, it was the three of them bonding as a family.

Alan's energy level was rising and rising. He felt trapped between both Susan and Katherine, because he wanted to do much more than his relatively ineffectual upwards thrusts. So, after necking with his mother for another minute or two, he said, "Um, Sis? Mom? Could we switch positions again? I'm ready for some serious thrusting!"

Susan sat up on him, but only just enough so her great tits were dangling down and lightly resting on his bare chest in an extremely visually tempting manner. She said, "Son, don't ask, take! You're the man of the house now. You've spermed us into submission! If you want to fuck your sister, fuck her good and hard! Show me what you've got, and what you're going to do to me. Angel, you were so right in making me witness this! I'll never forget this! I'll treasure this memory for the rest of my life!"

Her tears had finally stopped because she was so delightfully distracted by kissing her son. But she still spoke with great emotion as she said, "Son, I only hope that when you fuck me - and SOON! - it'll be half as special as this. I love BOTH of you more than life itself!"

She sat up and then moved to the side. "Now, Son, give it to her! Hard and fast and deep! Just like you're going to fuck your mommy!"

He certainly didn't need any more inspiration. He was about as aroused as any man could possibly be. But Susan's "fuck your mommy" comments raised his energy level even higher. He felt like some kind of rabid and insane animal, totally given over to carnal desire.bender

Chapter 784 Alan With Mom And Sis Continued

Katherine quickly pulled off him and then laid down right next to him, with her head next to his.

It would have been easy for them to kiss like that, but he wanted to fuck some more, and right away! He sat up and straddled himself over her crotch, in the exact same way she'd just been over him. He growled, "Cowgirl time is over! Now, it's time to ride 'em cowboy!"

Not only did Katherine spread her legs for him, she raised them high up, so her feet were up above either side of his head. She figured, correctly, that he could penetrate her even deeper than way.

He clutched at her legs with his hands to keep her in that obscene pose. Then he thrust his hips forward and drove into her with one mighty push.

Katherine screamed out, "MOM! HELP ME!" with her eyes still closed, she reached for Susan, knowing where she was. Their hands quickly clasped together.

Susan squeezed Katherine's hand tightly. She leaned in over her, and said with total love, "Angel, I'm here for you! Hang on tight!"

Katherine looked up to her mother and nodded with grim determination. She'd stopped crying new tears, but her cheeks were still wet.

He had paused with his thrusting. He was still raring to go, but he figured he should give her a chance to recover and adjust after that initial thrust. He'd noticed that he was able to go even deeper in this position, with her legs elevated, but he wanted to be sure she was physically ready.

Katherine was panting hard, trying to cope with the enormity of what was about to happen. Even though she'd just been riding him cowgirl style, and it was been beyond amazing, right now that felt merely like the appetizer for the "real" power fuck she was about to experience.

Susan asked her tenderly, "How does it feel?"

Katherine was bug-eyed from sheer disbelief. "So deep! So FULL! Ohmigod! It's like I've truly been skewered on a stake! But SO FUCKING GOOD! Oh GOD! Mom! Help me!"

Susan leaned in closer. "What can I do? What can I do?! I'm here for you!"

"I don't know!" Katherine admitted. She certainly didn't want the fucking to stop, but it was almost more sexual pleasure than her body could handle. "Just... be here! Give me strength!"

Susan closed her eyes to pray. "Dear Lord, give my sweet darling daughter strength! The strength to get TRULY FUCKED by her brother, and to love it! And to fuck back with all her heart and soul, showing now and forever that she IS his number one fuck toy! Amen!"

Alan quietly snickered to himself. I'll bet there aren't a lot of prayers like that one! I love it! But enough already. It's time to fucking DO IT!

He'd been holding back and holding back for what seemed like forever. His entire body was vibrating with anticipation and lusty energy. True, he'd fucked his sister before, but he already knew this time would blow those other great times away in comparison, due to the extra emotional intensity. And, although his arousal level was sky high, and he'd enjoyed a double blowjob and much more even before it began, the urge to cum wasn't even an issue for him at this point. It was like his body was locked into

some kind of super turbo fucking mode. Cumming part way through and then quitting early wasn't even an option.

Just a couple of seconds after Susan finished her erotic prayer, he pulled back, until most of his cockhead was out, and then he steadily and forcefully thrust back forward.

Katherine shrieked, and squeezed Susan's hand painfully hard. She looked at her, and said, "Good God, Mom! So fucking GREAT! It's even better than blowjobs!"

That hit Susan like several sharp slaps to the face. It was almost inconceivable to her that anything could be better than a blowjob. But clearly, Katherine was sincere about it. Her desire to get fucked by her son soared higher than ever before.

Like a powerful construction worker raising an axe up high to swing it down, Alan pulled his erection very nearly all the way out of his sister again. Then, again, he plowed forward, just like that axe crashing down with tremendous force.

Once again, Katherine cried out with a piercing scream because the physical and mental sensations were so very intense. It was all too much to bear, so much so that she resumed crying, this time partly from a feeling of sheer helplessness.

But he was just getting started. He pulled back and slammed forward again. And again. And again. Like a locomotive train leaving a station, he steadily gathered speed. Again and again and again, he thrust forward.

And each time, Katherine screamed with all her might. She still had her legs way up high, held in place by his hands. She had never felt so vulnerable, exposed, and deeply penetrated. She loved this position more than any other she'd tried yet. She was extremely grateful that Susan was there for her. She was practically squeezing Susan's hand right off.

Yet Susan was not about to let go. She was willing her daughter strength and energy with all her might, trying to channel that through their grip. She continued to pray to God to help Katherine with these things, fully convinced that He was hearing and responding to her loving prayers.

In truth, Katherine couldn't do much except "endure" this powerful fucking. Before long, Alan was rhythmically pounding into her so deep and so hard that her entire body was actually slowly slipping away from him towards the headboard.

She kept right on screaming and crying. At some point, and she was too far gone to even tell when, she started cumming. Once she started, she never really stopped. She was sweating profusely, living life to the fullest.

Alan was determined. He instinctively knew this wasn't the time for a lot of pauses and strategic breaks. This was an all-out power fuck. He just kept on fucking his sister harder and faster and deeper, like he couldn't slow down even if he'd wanted to. The sweat was flying off his face and his heart pounded like a drum, but he hardly noticed. Frankly, he was surprised by his own stamina and relentless determination.

As he pistoned in and out, he thought, I'm gonna show her! I'm gonna give Sis the fuck to end all fucks! This isn't our real first fuck, but it kind of is! I'm fucking her like it's our first, and our last, and everything in between! I'm gonna fucking slay her with my cock, until the cum shoots out of her nose and ears! This is gonna be God damned fucking EPIC!

And not just for Sis, but for Sis and Mom! Fuck! It's like I'm fucking them both! And I will! I will! Mom, you're next! Coming soon! But not before I make Sis cum like a motherfucker, until she sees stars! Here it comes!

Sure enough, it wasn't long before he sensed it was time to cum. He could have gone on longer, actually. He felt absolutely invincible and unstoppable. But he sensed that his sister was reaching a physical peak that couldn't be topped, and he'd built up such a frantic pace that if he kept going, he could only go slower before long. It was time. He let go, unleashing his cum load deep in his sister's cunt!

He let out something like a war cry, a scream of triumph and total abandon.

As previously mentioned, Katherine was cumming non-stop by this time. But when she felt him blast into her, it was like she had an even greater orgasm on top of her ongoing orgasms. She simply couldn't believe how intense and joyous it all felt. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head and she screamed wordlessly, her wail merging with her brother's. She actually did see stars!

Susan still sat there, still getting her hand practically crushed into pulp by her daughter's tight grip. She was simply watching the rapturous expressions on her daughter's face, and she wasn't touching herself at all. But she had a significant orgasm too, in sympathy with her children climaxing together. It wasn't one for the ages, like Katherine's had been, but it helped her feel like she was an intimate part of the moment.

Alan had felt like a rampaging, dinosaur-sized beast. But suddenly it seemed like he'd been turned into a hand puppet and someone had cut the strings. He collapsed onto his sister. As his orgasm petered out, all of his energy and drive seemed to depart at the same time, leaving him totally limp.

He remained on top of her, lying like a dead man for at least five minutes. Just breathing. Plus, he was basking in the glory of his love for his sister and mother, and their love for him.

Katherine hadn't quite passed out, but it was close. She lay underneath him as if she were in a deep sleep, with her eyes closed and a beatific smile on her face. Her face was soaked with sweat and tears, and her hair was bedraggled since even her hair band had fallen off, but all that just made her look even more beautiful.

Susan was in much better shape than either of her children. But she rested on top of them with her arms around both of them so she could share in the afterglow of this priceless time together.

By this time, it was well past midnight. Alan's sexual drive had energized him to a surprising degree, but now that it was all over, his body seemed to realize that it was way past his bedtime. He could tell that it was going to take him until the next morning, at least, to recover from the experience. The only reason he hadn't already fallen asleep was because he had Katherine beneath him and Susan partly on top of him. Still, he was so out of it that he maintained consciousness only by the thinnest thread.

As a result, he didn't notice when Susan finally shifted off him. He also didn't notice at first when she put her head between his legs and started to lick his penis and balls. His penis had slipped out of Katherine right after their mutual climax, so Susan was taking full advantage of its availability.

Finally, the tingles of pleasure coming from his groin felt too good to be ignored, and his body stirred some more to figure out what was going on. Oh, man! It's Mom! She's doing her "cleaning" thing again. Fuck me, I'm so damn lucky! Mom and Sis; I could cry all over again!

Susan systematically licked every inch of his privates while making her happy "mmmm" noises. She was loving this cleaning even more than usual, since Alan's penis and even his balls were thoroughly soaked with Katherine's pussy juices. She couldn't get enough of the delicious taste.

She thought, This is so thrilling! I'm not just cleaning his cum, like usual. I'm cleaning some of the cum that was inside my sweet Angel! Wow! It's all so wonderfully wicked. If anyone in my extended family knew what I was doing, they would literally die of shock. But it's just that they don't understand. Suzanne has shown me the light, and Xania has taught me more. This is how true love is truly expressed!

Will they be closer than ever before because they fuck? Yes! Will they be even closer than that because Angel dedicates herself to being one of his personal cocksuckers and fuck toys? Definitely yes! The result will be a lot more love and joy in the world for everyone involved. So how can it be bad or a sin? It can't be!

And that's not all! The love overflows, just like all this cum flowing out of his magnificent cock. This is binding me even closer to both of my children at once. I'm so honored to be a part of this. It's going to make me cry tears of joy all over again!

She loved the cleaning so much that she truly wanted it to never end. As a result, when she finished "cleaning" every last hint of any cum from his penis and balls, she decided she wanted more of that sweet nectar, and she realized she could get it by "cleaning" Katherine's pussy too, only a short distance away.

The feel of a tongue lapping at her soaked pussy eventually brought Katherine back from her semi-comatose state. She muttered sleepily, "Mom? What are you doing to me?"

Susan brought her hand to Katherine's crotch and playfully tweaked her clit while she continued to lick her wet slit. "Just doing what good mommies do. Big-titted mommies aren't just about serving well-hung son-cock, you know. We also take care of tight, wet, daughter-cunt! How do you like that?"

bender

Katherine moaned, "Oh Mom, I love the idea, but it's too much for my pussy to take. Really. It's in a super, super-sensitive state, after that all-out cunt pillaging. I can't take any more right now! Sorry." To make her point clear, she rolled on her side and out from under Alan, bringing Susan's licking to an end.

But Susan wasn't entirely done. Now that Katherine had moved, Alan wound up lying face up in the middle of his bed. Susan immediately scooted up his body and looked down on his face from a few inches above it. She smiled at him and said, "Time for your goodnight kiss."

She tongued him deeply. Her mouth tasted like Katherine's pussy juices, but at this point Alan didn't mind that at all. In fact, he liked the taste quite a lot. (He didn't realize it, but because Katherine ate much the same fruity and non-bitter diet that he did, her cum was unusually sweet, just like his.)

However, knowing that he was nearly dead to the world, she kept the kiss relatively brief.

Then she rested her head on his chest, delighted beyond words to cuddle her naked body against his. She gushed, "Tiger, my life is so wonderful. So joyous, every single minute of the day. The more I let myself go, the more I give myself to serving you, the better it gets. You're such an endless, sperm-filled joy, yet still such a gentleman and respectful of my wishes. I just want to lie around naked all day, getting fucked by you and the rest of this wonderful family. It feels great to place all my trust in a big, strong man like you, and know that you'll always protect me and control me. Mmmm..."

She added, "Sorry I interrupted your homework, by the way, but I just couldn't help myself. I had to have you in my mouth. I needed to suck your cock so bad! It was selfish of me."

"No, that's okay. It was a nice break, to say the least."

Susan had been speaking just to Alan, because she thought Katherine was totally out of it.

But Katherine managed to say, "Mom, thank the Lord that you started this, and then you let me join you. I can't tell you how much this means to me!"

Susan slid off Alan and slid on top of Katherine, since she was lying right next to him. She looked into her eyes from above, just like she'd done to her son, and said to her, "Angel, my love, you're a woman now! Plus, you literally are his fuck toy! How does it feel to serve your brother-master with your cunt?"

He made a mental note that he was supposed to be bothered by language like "brother-master," but he was too wiped out to care.

Katherine's eyes had been closed since her last great orgasm, but Susan's comment caused her to open them and smile. "Mom, it's unbelievable! A dream come true! That's all I want to do, get fucked by my brother every day, until he fucks a whole bunch of babies into me!"

She giggled as something occurred to her. "By the way, Mom, what was that you said in the middle of that pussy pounding? 'Fuck her into the next century.' How the heck does that work?" She giggled again.

Susan giggled too. "I don't know. It sounded good at the time."

Katherine said, "Somebody check the calendar. After that fuck, it must be the year 2102!" She giggled some more, and Susan did too.

However, the mention of time caused Katherine's smile to morph into a frown. "I can't believe I have to go to school tomorrow. Crap! I wish I could lie here all day and all night, getting endlessly fucked into oblivion!"

Susan said, "That sounds nice, but we know you can't. In fact, I think it's time everyone goes to sleep."

Alan didn't mind that, since he was barely alive.

Katherine, however, groaned unhappily. She wanted to cuddle with her brother for a long time, at the very least. Or, better yet, spend the night in his bed.

Susan said to her, "Sorry. Time for some tough love. Here, let me help you up."

Katherine mumbled, "One last sibling kiss."

Susan let Katherine French kiss her brother. Both kids were so tired that it wasn't much of a kiss, but it was a loving affirmation just the same.

Then Susan managed to get Katherine to stand up.

Katherine was still out of it, so all she could do was mutter some goodbyes to her brother while Susan helped her out of her room and across the hallway to her bed.

Alan had been about to drop off to sleep, but when Susan returned he opened his eyes and smiled at seeing his ridiculously stacked and beautiful mother standing naked next to his bed.

She pulled his sheets up so it covered his chest. "There. Now, I've tucked you in. That's a very important mommy duty, as part of our kiss-and-tuck tradition. But I have one more mommy duty." She pulled his sheets completely off him again, then again laid down on top of him.

She sighed with contentment as she snuggled up to him. "I know, I know. You're exhausted. I am too. But I want to give you one more kiss, to remind you that your sister isn't your only willing and eager fuck toy living in this house."

She pecked and licked her way across his face towards one of his ears. Then, licking in and around that ear, she whispered into it, "I love how you fucked your sister tonight! It was so right, so perfect! You'll never hear me object to that again. A fuck-toy sister is there to be fucked. I can't wait until you fuck ME like that! Soon! So soon! Then I'll be your fuck toy too, in every possible way. Your mommy sex pet. Your mommy slave!"

She knew he'd object to that kind of language, so she quickly brought her mouth back to his and French kissed him until he forgot to complain.

She finally left, after both of them had their longest "goodnight kiss" session yet. She made sure to take the Monty Python CD with her.

Finally alone in his bed with the lights off and his eyes closed, he thought, Phew! What a day! Today's definitely going to go down as the day I fucked Mom up the ass for the first time, long after this homework drag is forgotten. Holy cow, that was great. I gotta find a way to do that again tomorrow, if her ass is up for it. And fucking Aunt Suzy in front of everybody was pretty epic. And then, fucking Sis tonight with Mom there was just as great.

Wow, man. Three totally epic fucks in a single day! What a great day! This is one for the record books, if anyone is keeping track of the best days ever in the friggin' history of the world! And the attitude Mom

and Sis have about "serving" my dick... I can't even think about it or my brain will explode, 'cos it's literally mind-blowing. Damn!

Speaking of my dick... Jesus H. Christ! It almost feels numb. And I feel a weird kind of pain in my ass even though no one's really touched it. I wonder what's up with that? It's like my body is finally crying "uncle."

But the ironic thing is that today, even though I came a good number of times, often in a very intense manner, I actually got some homework done, and I had a big nap too. I haven't made any progress on school work in ages, but I did today! AND I had quite a fuck-fest. Now that's what I call a productive day!

If I could do a little better than this tomorrow on the homework front, I just might muddle through the week. Except for that twenty-page paper. Ugh! What am I going to do about that? I really should cancel the poker game for tomorrow, but how can I do that? With Xania AND Brenda there, it's going to be the most impressive collection of tits and firm bodies I've ever seen in my life. I'd rather fail all my classes than miss out on that unique chance. Dang!

Mere seconds later, he dropped off in a deep and very contented sleep.

Chapter 785 Does Life Get Better Than This Or What !

Alan used to get up as late as he possibly could and then rush madly through breakfast and a shower, just barely making it to school in time. But for days, everyone in the house had been getting up as much as an hour earlier than in the past, just so they could have plenty of time to play with each other's bodies.

This morning Alan wanted to wake up at the same late time that he used to, but his body had other ideas and he woke up early with everyone else. Giving in to the inevitable, he stood up and put on a robe.

He had a big smile on his face as he recalled key events from yesterday. Wow! What a day! Everything has changed, yet again. I fucked Mom's ass, and fucked Aunt Suzy AND Sis right in front of Mom! Things have really opened up. I don't have to sneak around anymore. And that's just at home. Who knows what great sexy events I'll experience at school?!

He was even more excited thinking about the fact that he'd woken up early. But unfortunately, his penis felt strange. It wasn't a painful feeling, but he figured any kind of strange difference was almost certainly a bad thing. He resolved to take it easy on the sex before leaving for school. That hopefully would give his penis a few hours to recover.

Once he was down in the kitchen, after brief but pleasant attention-getting groping rituals and welcome French kissing, he announced to his sister and mother, "I'm sure you could see this coming, but I'm gonna have to take it easy on the sex again today. I need a total focus on work except for the card game tonight. I'll be saving up all my fun time and energy for that. Furthermore, my penis is feeling sore, so that's two good reasons to lay off for a while. Okay?"

Susan and Katherine agreed without any complaining, which surprised him. However, after Susan served Alan breakfast, she then took off her erotic apron, leaving her completely nude.

Alan expected more teasing and hanky-panky from her, but surprisingly, he wasn't the target of his mother's considerable lust. Instead, Susan said to Katherine, "Take off your robe, Angel. Come sit on my lap."

Katherine did so. Susan began stroking her daughter's body in a way that was a combination of motherly tenderness and all-out eroticism.

It dawned on Alan that a big reason his mother and sister didn't mind when he told them to take it easy playing with him was because they were keen on playing with each other.

With one hand tenderly stroking Katherine's hair and the other pinching Katherine's nipples, Susan said, "Angel, I really have to apologize."

"Why?"

She looked to Alan. "No offense, Tiger, but Angel, I've been spending so much time with your brother, paying so much attention to him."

She turned to her daughter. "I know we talked about this yesterday, but I've been thinking about it some more, and I still worry that maybe you feel like I've been favoring him, and neglecting you."

Katherine thought about that. "It's okay, believe me. I've been doing the same. I'm focusing lots of my energy and attention on him too. We all are. Aunt Suzy and Amy too. After all, it's our shared duty to pleasure his cock at all times, and that's what we've been doing. So what's wrong with that?"

Susan ran her hands lightly over her daughter's naked body, mostly caressing her tummy. "I know. You're so right about that, and I'm so glad that you fully understand your duties. But I have two children, and I want you to know that I love you both so very much. It's just that, since Tiger is a male, the situation is different. I can do things with him that I can't with you, and we can love each other in special ways. It's like comparing apples and oranges."

Katherine said bluntly, "Basically, I don't have a cock." But she was mirthful about it.

Susan blushed. "Well, there is that. I can't compare my love for the two of you. Such things can't be measured, and it would be wrong to even try. But I still love you so much, my special Angel. That's why I'm so happy about what happened between you and me in my bed yesterday afternoon. I was thinking last night when I went to bed how great it is that I can love Tiger in a physical way, and now I can do that with you as well." She moved her fingers into Katherine's pussy to emphasize her point.

Katherine grasped Susan's huge melons, and gushed, "Oh, Mom, that makes me so happy. I love you!" She kissed Susan's lips for a minute or so.

After the kiss, Susan went on as she pumped her daughter's gash, "I'm Tiger's toy to play with now, and since he's a man and I'm the woman of the house, that pretty much makes him the man of the house. It's as if he's my husband and your father-"

Katherine interrupted "Hot damn! Alan as my father? I love it!" She shot her brother a look so intense and scorching it nearly knocked him out of his chair. "Daddy Alan, are you going to come into your little girl's room tonight? Mommy says it's okay."

His penis had grown semi-hard from seeing Susan and Katherine in the nude, but it suddenly shot up to full attention. However, he kept quiet and kept his shorts zipped up. He wanted to see what would develop between the two hotties before getting involved.

Susan looked at him and smiled. "Yes, Mommy does say it's okay." She turned back to her daughter, and kept on fingering her pussy. "You might as well treat him like your father, because he IS the man of this house. I know that's a big shift of power, but he's earned it."

Katherine nodded.

"Remember, Angel darling, he IS young, but having a big fat cock and knowing exactly how to use it has its privileges. We have to treat him with the respect and adoration due the man who so thoroughly and sexually dominates us. But now I can be your toy too, and that will make things more equal."

"Mom, I'm so psyched to be Brother's official helper in dominating you that I can hardly express it. But remember I love being his sex toy too, so we're kind of on an equal plane there. Besides, it's not about status or the whole notion of equality. We can just make each other happy and not worry about what it all means."

They were fingering each other's pussies now as their excitement grew. "Good idea."bender

"Although..."

"What?"

"You remember your spanking that Amy and I gave you the day before yesterday?"

"How could I forget, Angel? It was wonderful." She was licking her daughter's neck as she spoke.

"Well, the way I see it, that makes Amy and me your natural mistresses. And of course it goes without saying that we all follow what Suzanne tells us to do." Katherine twisted one of Susan's nipples possessively.

"Oh, dear, I was hoping you wouldn't bring that spanking up. But you noticed. Next time I'm a bad girl you'll have to promise that you'll forget I'm your mommy and give me a good spanking, okay?"

"Okay, Mom, except that I'll give you a good spanking as I very much remember that you are my mommy." She felt up Susan's nearest ass cheek as she said this, and then ended her comment with a firm slap.

"Angel, you're making me so squishy! But since I'm always on my knees in front of Tiger, let me do the same for you." She looked over at Alan. "Son, you don't mind eating breakfast without getting stroked or blown?"

He laughed. "Mom, I think I'll live eating like a normal human being for once. You two have your special time and don't mind me. This is plenty arousing just to watch and listen. Believe me, PLENTY arousing!"

Katherine giggled. "I guess it's true what they say about guys enjoying the sight of lesbian sex."

"Oh, it's true!" he agreed.

Susan had Katherine get off of her, and then got down in front of her standing daughter and sucked on her clit. Then she tongued her pussy. Using her fingers and tongue, she stayed busy on both her daughter's clit and pussy.

Once they were busy with each other, Alan took his erection out to give it some air. But he was content just to watch. Also, he didn't want to upset Susan with her "sins of Onan" worries by masturbating himself.

Susan kept pleasuring Katherine until her daughter was too overwhelmed by orgasms to stay standing. They continued with Katherine sitting on the floor, her legs wide apart for easy access.

Once Alan finished eating his scrambled eggs and lentils, he was so turned on by the sex scene in front of him that he found himself masturbating. His penis was still sore, but he didn't care - there was no way to resist.

Katherine was the only one in a position to notice, and she was highly distracted. But after a while she said, "Uh-oh. Mom, don't panic, but Big Roman Candle Brother is masturbating."

This distressed Susan greatly. She brought herself and her daughter off with a nice climax and then disengaged. "Look, Angel," she complained while staring at her son's erection and his hand around it. She gathered her wits and wiped the pussy juice off of her face so she could take care of her son's needs.

She started crawling over to him, with her huge tits dangling down. "Look what happens when we leave him alone for even a minute. He's so insatiable! Tiger, if there's one thing that upsets me, it's seeing you have to tend to your own penis when there are so many women you should be fucking or filling their mouths. Here, let me take care of that."

Staying on her knees, she finished crawling across the dining room floor to his exposed hard-on. She made sure to bend over slightly as she went so her hefty breasts could sway enticingly.

"You DO need someone helping you all the time," she said huskily as she took his rock-hard pole in hand. "Every second of the day, someone has to suck you off."

"Well, maybe not every single second," Katherine said, trying to bring some realism back into the picture.

"Mfff! Wheh, juss about!" Susan was already happily sucking away.

The other two correctly interpreted her comment to mean, "Well, just about."

He thought with amused chagrin, So much for my worry about my dick being sore. It still feels strange, but there's no stopping Mom when she's in a cock hungry mood! Since it's not actually painful, I'll just go with it and see what happens. It's probably good if I don't cum though.

There still was a lot of time left, due to everyone rising early, and Susan looked forward to a nice long cocksucking of the warm meat throbbing in her hands and between her lips. Despite all her recent lesbian adventures, cocksucking was still what she loved the most.

But Katherine spoke up. "Um, Mom? Before you really get going there, could I ask a favor?"

Susan's head was bobbing back and forth already, so she merely replied, "Mmmm!"

Katherine correctly took that for a yes. "Well, I was just thinking how you and Brother had such a special morning yesterday. In fact, most mornings you and he do something really special while I just sit and watch. I was thinking, can I take care of that? Maybe while he and I shower together?"

Susan smiled and relented. She popped the cock out of her mouth. "Sure, Angel. I guess that's part of loving you; making sure you get fair access to the family cock. It pains me to say it, but I've probably been something of a cock hog lately. Remember, you're his official assistant when it comes to dominating me. If I fail to properly share, you must spank me. I tend to get a little carried away sometimes."

Katherine giggled. "You could say that again!"

However, Susan engulfed his cock again. Then she kept right on bobbing and licking.

Katherine thought maybe Susan was giving it an extended good-bye, so she waited patiently. But after more than a minute passed, she tapped her on the shoulder. "Um, Mom..."

Susan pulled back a bit, but said, "Tell you what. I'll make you a deal. We've still got a lot of time. What if you and I suck him off together for five minutes or thereabouts, and THEN you can have him?"

"Okay!" Katherine readily agreed, since that sounded like lots of fun too.

The two of them took care of his throbbing erection while kneeling side by side, as he sat in a chair. Sometimes one or the other would bob on his cock a few times while the other licked his shaft and/or balls further below. At other times, they would lick together, with their tongues often meeting at his sweet spot. But there was no order or organization, such as taking turns. They just did whatever they felt like while being careful not to be a "cock hog."

Five minutes passed, and then another five. Slurpy sounds and moans filled the room.

Alan just kicked back and enjoyed their combined efforts. At times, he pinned his hands behind his head to luxuriate in blissful splendor. At other times, he had to clench his hands into fists and frantically squeeze his PC muscle as the pleasure threatened to get too intense.

All was silent except for the constant moaning and slurping sounds. At one point, he noted, "'Five minutes or thereabouts?' We're definitely well past 'five minutes' and stretching the definition of 'thereabouts.' It's been more like fifteen, I'd guess. Sis, remember the 'shower together' plan?"

However, Katherine didn't reply. Although she was keen to shower with him eventually., she was having such a great time servicing his cock with Susan that she never wanted the joy to end. She decided yet again that sharing was more fun than going solo on him

Bit by bit, he found himself losing the battle not to orgasm. His mother and sister were simply too talented, especially when they seamlessly worked together. Finally, he said, "Um, if we don't stop, like, right now, I'm gonna cum hard! What happened to the... uh... bathroom plan?!"

The two horny bombshells finally relented. After they both pulled their heads away, Susan told Katherine while she continued to hold and stroke Alan's shaft, "Angel, thanks so much for that. Slurping on Tiger's thickness while we're both naked and kneeling, as he kicks back and basks in the joy like a lord... a 'lord and master!' Mmmm! These are my very favorite times!"

"Me too, Mom." The two vixens shared a prolonged kiss while they continued to jointly fondle his cock and balls.

Then Susan told Katherine, "Now, you go upstairs and treat right! Both of you need a morning shower, sure, but never forgot that you're a fuck toy, HIS fuck toy!"

"Don't worry, Mom. I'm going to keep him teetering on the brink of orgasm the whole time."

"Good!" Susan suddenly grew shy. "Before you go, Is it okay if I give him one last good-bye suck?"

Katherine laughed. "Sure. But not too long, okay?"

Susan nodded. She had never stopped stroking his shaft, but she engulfed him yet again and furiously bobbed as far down as she could. She began loudly choking and gagging as she pushed herself to try to deep throat him.

Katherine realized that Alan was still on the brink, and Susan's latest burst of enthusiasm might be too much for him. So she reached over and diddled Susan's clit.

Within seconds, Susan had such a great orgasm that she had to pull her mouth all the way off to scream out loud.

Katherine and Alan retired to the bathroom and left Susan to clean up the kitchen. But Susan had climaxed three times during the prolonged sucking session, and the last one had left her almost too weak to stand, she wasn't so upset about it.

Alan had trouble standing too, because he was so overwhelmed by intense arousal. He was glad to have to walk through the house, in hopes that could give him a bit of a breather to return to semi-normality.

Katherine walked hand in hand with her brother. She was tempted to hold and stroke his boner the whole time, but she realized he needed some recovery time.

By the time they reached the middle of the stairs, he was starting to feel more like his usual self. He came to a stop and muttered his thoughts out loud, "I was worried about my dick being too sore. But for the last ten minutes or so, I totally forgot about it. It doesn't feel sore at all anymore. All I feel is... horny!"

Katherine giggled. "Good! Let that be a lesson to you. The cure for soreness is more cocksucking!"

He chuckled. "Yeah, right. But I guess it's okay if I cum before I leave for school. It's not like I was going to get any homework done before school. I might as well drain the snake. Right?"

She leaned into him, and also reached down and held his still very erect cock. "Mmmm. The snake. You know what this is like? It's like having a deep crush on the hottest guy in school and then finding out he lives right across the hall and has a massive SNAKE in his shorts. A king cobra! And all I have to do is

wander ten feet from my room and I can have that snake slithering between my boobs or my lips or diving deep into my pussy. Does life get any better than that or what?"

Alan's hands wandered down her back, resting on her butt. He grasped her taut ass cheeks tightly. "Yes it does. Believe me, life can get pretty dang good."

The two of them laughed with joy as they fondled the rest of the way up the stairs. Alan's robe fell to the floor when they reached the top.

Chapter 786 Ass Fucking His Sister

Normally, Katherine would have preferred to stay downstairs sucking his cock with Susan, because she loved sharing him with her mother so much. But she had an agenda for getting him alone, and it had nothing to do with showering. She wasted no time in letting him know what she wanted.

Once the two of them were in the bathroom, she cooed, "Big Supersized Soft Drink Brother, I believe you owe me an apology." She moved in for a hug.

"What, Little Velvet Vice Sister? What did I do this time?"

"It's not what you did, it's what you didn't do. You've buttfucked Suzanne and Mom and all kinds of other women, but not me! I'm hurt. I'm beginning to think you don't like your tiny-titted sister at all." She dramatically pushed away from their hug as if she was mortally wounded with grief.

"Look. Wait. First off, you're not 'tiny-titted.' Your tits are great. Secondly, I don't know how everyone seems to have gotten the impression, but I don't judge women solely on breast size. For instance, look at your legs. You have incredible, muscular legs. God damn, what you did with your feet Monday night still gets my motor running. Third, the reason I haven't fucked your ass yet is just that the occasion hasn't..."

His voice trailed off as he watched her crawl up onto the bathtub.

She put her knees on the edge of the tub closest to him and her hands on the other edge, so she was hanging over the empty tub. Then she wiggled her butt provocatively.

"Hey, Sis," he exclaimed, "what are you doing? That's dangerous. You could seriously slip."

She positioned herself better so her butt was high up towards her brother. "Bro, don't you like my butt? I know it's not the Intercontinentus Buttucks that Amy has" - that was a reference from a Monty Python movie they'd recently watched - "but it's got to at least compare favorably with the other cheerleaders' asses, right? I mean, between all the cheerleaders you fuck, who has the nicest ass? Besides Aims, I mean?"

Alan normally ignored making comparisons, but this time he said, "Yours." He made the exception because he figured Katherine's ego needed a boost. Plus, it was true, at least in his opinion. Heather had a nicer ass, if he'd been able to be completely objective about it, but it had the disadvantage of being connected to the rest of Heather's bitchy self.

Katherine was only slightly mollified as she continued to wiggle her butt. "I think you're ignoring me. Can't you at least fuck my cunt a little, if you're not going to take my virgin asshole?" With her legs spread out, both holes were in full view.

He stepped up to his sister's butt and put his hands on it. "Sis, you have a lovely ass. Much better than the other cheerleaders' asses. In fact, I like it so much that I'm going to give it some special attention, if you promise to be very quiet." He rubbed his hands more intently all over her ass cheeks.

She whispered, "I'll be so quiet, you won't even know I'm here."

"Oh, I think I realize you're here," he replied, suddenly whispering too. "Now, I'm going to do something to you I've never done to anyone before, just to show how much I adore you. I pray to God you're clean down there."

"I am. Squeaky clean. I lube myself up first thing each morning, just like Mom does. A fuck toy must be ready to be taken at any time."

"That gets me so turned on, just to hear that you and Mom do that."

He was still so very aroused that he didn't realize what a big admission that was. He generally tried to act like he was only tolerating "fuck toy" styled talk, and that's even what he told himself most of the time. But his resistance to such language was wearing down.

Katherine was secretly delighted at his inadvertent confession, but she decided not to highlight it, lest he change his mind.

Instead, she said, "You know, it turns me on a lot too. The last few days, Mom and I have been doing it together before you even wake up. Why do you think we're so hot to trot before you come downstairs? We finger each other's asses with lube and talk about all the things you're going to do to us with your cock. Mom is soooo over having any qualms about you fucking me, in the mouth and chest, at least. In fact, I think she'll be mortally offended if I didn't suck you off at the drop of a hat. She practically thinks it's a religious duty! Good thing you have a fuck toy for a sister." She giggled.

"There's a lot more to me than just my dick, you know." He dropped down on his knees, and put his mouth to Katherine's ass. He held one of her ankles firmly with one hand, and felt more assured that she wouldn't fall into the tub. He led the way with the fingers of the other hand, poking a tiny bit into her anus, and then licking her all around her ass crack.

Katherine held her breath in surprise, then suddenly let all the air out.

He said, "I believe this is called 'rimming.'" He licked her anus, even sticking his tongue into it a small amount. He was relieved that her ass was pleasantly fragrant, probably due to some perfume applied there after her morning anal lubing.

Katherine had been licked there by Amy before. In fact, it was now a frequent part of their daily mutual pussy shavings. But it was something else entirely for her brother to do it. She shuddered with pleasure, even more pleased in realizing that he really didn't want to do that, but was doing it for her.

However, she also suddenly worried about how secure her position hanging over the bathtub was. She'd been up there for visual affect, not for serious sexual play. "Just a minute, Bro. I love it, but let me do this."

She scooted down the bathtub edges until she was on all fours inside it. Then she grasped some fixtures with both hands. "Now I'm ready," she announced. "You could even fuck me up the ass now. Nudge, nudge, wink, wink."

"Really?! You want me to fuck you there?"

She wiggled her ass seductively. "Sure! I'm your number one fuck toy. That means all of my holes are here for your pleasure."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," he whispered. "Very glad. And you know that any part of me is here for your pleasure. But hold on a sec. This is going to take a little bit of prep work."

While she was changing positions, he got up and ran across the hall to his bedroom. He found a condom and quickly put it on. Then he ran back.

Katherine was eagerly looking at the door as he came in, so she immediately noticed the condom. "Awww! What's that? I thought we were way beyond using that."

"We are, for regular sex. But anal is a whole different story. If we mess this up, you could wind up in a hospital with anal tearing. Seriously!"

She protested, "But your dick was all sticky and soaked from the dual blowjob. Isn't that good enough?"

"Maybe, but I'd rather be safe than sorry. Don't worry, it's just until we both get used to sex this way. Especially you. Once you learn to relax your anal sphincter muscles fully until I get inside, then we can toss the condoms away."

She made a big production of shaking her body to demonstrate how loose she was. "Hey, check it out. I'm totally relaxed already. I'm like a blob."

He chuckled. "No you're not. And you can't relax well in the pose you're in anyway. Trust me on this, okay?"

She sighed. "Okaaaaay." She had to admit to herself that she wasn't as relaxed as she was pretending to be. She was worried and excited, since she'd never been fucked in the ass before.

He knelt right behind her and rubbed the tip of his boner all around her ass cheeks and crack.

She moaned with pleasure, and thrust her ass back at him, hoping for more.

Without warning, he suddenly grabbed her butt cheeks with both hands and clenched tight. Then he pushed his erection towards her asshole. It seemed to open up for him, and the tip slid in with surprisingly little resistance.

Katherine gasped and blushed. She was pleasantly surprised that she didn't mind the condom. The thick anal invasion literally took her breath away, making her forget about everything else. "Oh. My. God. Brother!"

He asked, "So, who's going to be my little anal sister slave?"

She grunted lustily. "Oh, Big Brother! I am! You make me so happy!" She just about swooned from the "little anal sister slave" talk, especially his rare use of the word "slave."

He pushed a little further inside her, and found more resistance. "Should I continue? It's gonna hurt."

"Brother, I'm insulted with your question," she snapped back. "If you stop now, I'm going to seriously beat you up. Fuck my ass!"

"Now that's not a very good attitude for a slave or fuck toy, which you so proudly claim to be."

"Just fuck me!"

"Okay, but you have to remember to keep it down. Don't scream your head off and wake up the whole neighborhood."

"Just fuck my ASS already!" she whispered as loudly as someone can whisper. She thought back to her morning ass lubing rituals with Susan and wished that Susan could be with her right now, witnessing what they'd talked about so much.

With one massive push, he pressed hard against her, driving her head into the tile wall before her and impaling his thick erection all the way deep into her butt. She opened up her mouth and cried out, but it was a silent scream. She suddenly felt faint and nearly passed out.

But Alan gave no quarter. He pulled backwards, then pressed forwards again. Like a locomotive picking up steam, his thrusts steadily quickened their pace. He was surprised that her ass wasn't nearly as tight as some others he'd been sampling lately, although she felt warmer inside than he'd been expecting. He found that he enjoyed both tight and relatively loose, for variety's sake.

He could hear her very quietly whisper, "Yes... Brother... Fuck... Oh. Oh yes... My ass... Brother... taking... my ass... Pop my cherry ass..."

There was a tension in her voice though that betrayed the meager words slipping through her clenched teeth. He knew she was using all her willpower not to scream out at the top of her lungs. Certainly that would draw Susan's attention, and he wanted this to be a private experience, a special bonding time. Ironically, he used to worry about Susan overhearing such things for fear that she would catch them, but now he worried because he feared she would join them.

However, he knew his sister could only take so much before she'd scream. Besides, they didn't have that much time left, considering they both had to get ready for school. So he didn't try to prolong his orgasms for once, and just went with the flow.

Even so, his stamina had built up so much lately that it took him a while to get to the brink, even when he wasn't fighting it. He thrust in and out for several minutes, with his sister gasping and groaning all the while.

Katherine enjoyed it, but not as much as she had hoped. It was good, but not great. She didn't feel much pain, but she didn't feel nearly as much pleasure as when he fucked her pussy. However, the mere fact that her brother was actually fucking her ass mentally aroused her so much that she still was having a great time.

When he finally let loose into her hotly throbbing asshole, it felt like his balls were churning out more than their usual amount of sperm. He felt rope after rope of thick cum pumping from his dick. Unfortunately for Katherine, all that cum wound up filling the condom instead of being forcefully injected into the deeper reaches of her trembling butt.

When they were all done, he disengaged and pulled her up and whispered closely to her face, "Now, who says I don't take care of my little sister? Still think I don't love you enough?"

She replied, "Yes!" But her mood was joyous and playful now, not jealous and insecure as before. She stood up out of the tub and twirled around and around, like Julie Andrews cavorting through mountain meadows in the Sound of Music.

When she came to a stop, she turned to him and said excitedly, "Now you've taken ALL my holes. My mouth, my cunt, and my ass were all virgin until they were opened by you, the only man who will EVER know them! Think about that: my body will belong to you and only you, until the day I die!"

"Whoa!" That hit him like a gut punch, but in a good way. He could have pointed out that she was still going to have lots of sex with other women, but he knew that wasn't the point. He also could have pointed out that it was impossible to know the future and a lot could happen. But he wisely stayed silent. He understood that she truly meant her words, and that was the main thing.

She went on. "I finally feel complete, like NOW I can really say I'm a sister slut. A TRUE fuck toy! I wish I could wear a little sign around my neck: 'Sister Slut and Number One Fuck Toy. Three holes open for Alan 24 hours a day. Closed on Christmas.'" She giggled and rubbed her butt.

He joked, "'Closed on Christmas'? I'm hurt." But seeing her rub her butt, he asked, "How did it feel?"

She was careful with her words, wanting to be honest but not wanting to sound disappointed. "It was... strange. It's like having a log shoved up your ass. It really is. Such a FULL feeling. I guess I didn't see stars, at least not like Mom did when you took her ass yesterday. She was telling me ALL about that, by the way. But it was good. Maybe I'll like it better once I get more used to it."

"Maybe." But he wasn't so sure. That was another reason why he'd finished quickly, because it was obvious she wasn't having an incredible time, just a good time. He noted that she seemed a lot happier

about the idea of anal sex than with the actual act itself. But it was a very enjoyable fuck for him, all the same.

As if confirming his thoughts, she said, "I can't wait to tell everyone that my brother's taken my ass! I feel so wonderfully naughty. I just LOVE that my ass has been taken. Maybe your cum will be dribbling out of my butt all through first period. A girl can hope! Katherine Anne Plummer: incestuous ass slut. Hee!"

He laughed. "Hey, we used a condom, remember?" That reminded him to remove the condom and toss it in a trash can.

"Of course I remember, but a girl can dream, can't she? And next time, NO CONDOM!" She stabbed a finger in the air in his direction. "And that's an order! I'm asserting my uppity privileges."

He laughed some more. "Maybe. We'll see."

Then something occurred to him. "Wait. You 'can't wait to tell everyone' that I fucked your ass?! Just who is everyone?!"

She waved a hand dismissively. "Don't worry. I've learned my lesson. I just mean people in the know. Aims, obviously. Mom, of course, Aunt Suzy. Oh, and Brenda. People like that."

He breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay."

She twirled around to look him in the eyes and said, "Oh, and maybe these legs'll be open, wide open, on Christmas. But only for you, my loving Santa Claus brother. And only if you're naughty AND nice." She giggled some more.

He teased while running a hand down the small of her back, "So, since I've taken your ass, does that mean I can take it again, at any time? Like say, what if I slip my hands down your dress during school today, like this?" One hand went down to fully cup one of her ass cheeks while he brought his other hand around her and fingered at the entrance to her asshole.

"Good GOD! Don't even joke about that, Brother! You're getting me so SEXED UP! If you could just take me right in the middle of school... God! You can't say sexy things like that when you're all flaccid and I don't have a cock to suck on. No fair!"

As he continued to caress her back, he said, "You know, this could be a good time for a kind of serious discussion, since we are sexually satiated. Mom was her usual overexcited self earlier, but she said some pretty important things. She said she wants me as the de facto 'man of the house.' She pointed out that's a pretty big power shift. Are you really okay with that?"

"Brother, did you hear me complain at all? No! And I'm not gonna stay silent if I've got issues. I know full well that things have changed in a big way. You'll never just be my brother anymore. You're kind of like my master, and Mom's too."

He started to protest that, but she stopped him. "Okay, okay, I know you don't like the 'M' word. Whatever you want to call it, you know what I mean. You're in charge. We're reduced to serving you, and keeping your cock hard and happy. I'm TOTALLY good with that! In fact, it's like a dream come true for me."

He asked, "But 'reduced.' That doesn't sound good."

She exhaled heavily in frustration. "Brother, you just don't get it. Mom and I are submissive, okay? We think differently about this kind of stuff than you do. We LIKE you lording your new power over us."

"I kind of get that. I'm trying. But look. You're still my sister. Whenever you want to step out of this role-play and kick my ass for saying or doing something stupid, I want you to do that. I'm worried about all this new power going to my head, and I need you to help keep me grounded."

She sighed. "Of course! I may be your fuck toy, but I'm an UPPITY fuck toy, and I'm damn proud of that fact. I will NEVER be a pushover. I've got your back. But the reason I'm sighing is 'cos you talk about 'stepping out of this role-play.' Hel-looo! This is not a role-play; this is our life! We ARE your fuck toys, your playthings, your sexual servants, willing slaves to your cock. Whatever you want to call it. The bottom line is, we love what's happening and we want it to keep going."

He asked, "'We?'"

"Mom and me, first and foremost. But ditto with Aims and Aunt Suzy. And Brenda's coming along nicely. That gives you FIVE busty and beautiful sex pets right there, with more on the way. So accept that and deal with it!" She forcefully poked him in the chest several times.

He held his hands up in surrender. "Okay, okay, okay! I'm dealing with it!"

She wrapped her arms around him. "Good. Now deal with this!" She planted a scorching kiss on his lips.

After some playful kissing, she left him alone.

He finally got around to brushing his teeth.

When he made it downstairs again, he wasn't surprised to see Susan and Katherine in deep conversation, with Katherine giving a blow by blow account of what had just happened.

He was mildly frustrated that he couldn't get erect again, but it didn't matter much since time was running out and they needed to leave for school soon anyway. That was particularly true since he wanted to get to school early so he could talk to a friend.

Chapter 787 Suzanne And Xania Have Their Own Fun ?

Susan and Suzanne didn't see each other much on Wednesday morning. Both of them had sore pussies, and furthermore Susan had begun her period, so they mutually decided to take some sexual rest.

They only did their usual hour of working out together. Furthermore, they had other things to do, so they were efficient about it and really just exercised instead of masturbating all over the exercise machines.bender

Susan didn't even share any sex stories, for once. She especially wanted to share the big news that Alan had fucked Katherine's ass, but she knew that talking about that would make her "so hot" at a time when her pussy needed a break. Besides, she figured it was Katherine's news to tell.

After Suzanne left, Susan set about to fulfill her recent vow with Alan to be more responsible, and took care of some errands for a change.

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Suzanne took care of errands too, but one "errand" was very sexual in nature.

Xania came down in the middle of the day to receive her "victory fuck" from Suzanne. The soft porn actress was between projects, so she had a lot of time on her hands and got there hours earlier than Suzanne expected.

Xania rang up Suzanne as she neared her house and asked where they should meet.

Suzanne was stumped. She obviously couldn't use her own home, as she had a ban on sexual scheming there, especially since Brad would be back from school in a couple of hours. She also couldn't use the Plummer house, since Susan still thought Xania was a real psychologist and not a lusty bisexual actress. Suzanne planned to reveal the truth about Xania eventually, but only after Susan had vaginal intercourse with her son.

Suzanne had an unusual idea, so she had Xania meet her at a local restaurant.

Xania met Suzanne at one of the restaurant's tables. After hello kisses and hugs, she asked while sitting down, "So. Why this restaurant, of all places? You have to admit it's pretty unusual. This restaurant is inside a day care center, of all places!"

Suzanne agreed. "That's true, but look around. I had two reasons for picking this spot. My logic is that I wanted a place where you and I could engage in a little public flirting with each other, to warm up. But when I was thinking about that, I found the idea of exposing myself to the eyes of men so revolting. I'm Alan's woman now. The idea of any other guy looking at my privates just seems wrong. It's strange, isn't it?"

"It is for you especially. You used to be the biggest flirt alive." Xania thought, "Alan's woman?" Wow, that kid has really gotten under her skin. I never thought I'd hear Suzanne call herself anyone's woman.

"Well, I'm in love now. I finally know what that really means. But anyway, I thought, 'Where could we go that would be completely free of men?' And this place popped into my mind. Check it out. Everyone here is female. Most of them are young, married, and pretty good looking. Even the employees are all female - there must be some unwritten rule. This would be the perfect pick up spot for a guy except for the fact that all the women are married with children."

"Wow, Suzanne, you really must love this kid. You know you're more than twice his age. Not to mention you're married. And there's the fact he's got a de facto harem going."

"Love conquers all," Suzanne said confidently.

Xania raised an eyebrow. "I've never heard of you going on like this. I mean, not even wanting to flirt with other guys. You were born to flirt."

"I still do, I'm just more selective about my audience these days. I figure I can channel whatever wandering energies I might have onto other women exclusively. Like you. Or the cuties all around us here."

Xania nodded as if she understood, though in fact she was still skeptical.

Suzanne had been carrying a bag, and now put it up on their table. "Here. I've brought a change of clothes. Something more risqué for both you and me. I figure we're the same sizes, just like Susan and I are." She teased, "Unless you've put on some pounds where you shouldn't have?"

"You wish!" Xania and Suzanne both had competitive streaks in them. "I work out everyday, instead of gorging on Ben and Jerry's ice cream, like SOME people here."

Suzanne rolled her eyes. While it was true that she liked ice cream a lot, she still wore the same dress size as when she was in college, and she knew Xania could see that. "Yeah, right. If you think you're so hot, try wearing this." She nodded at the bag.

Xania looked into the bag and pulled out a top. She held it up. "This? You want me to wear this? In public? We'll get arrested."

"No worries. That's the other reason we're here, because I have it on good authority that they're very tolerant here. Remember women come in here wearing all kinds of skimpy workout clothes." She taunted, "Or are you afraid you won't fit into my size anymore?"

Just then, an attractive blonde waitress came up to their table. "Good day. My name is Ginger. Can I take your order?"

Suzanne responded, "I'm Suzanne, and this is my friend Xania. We're not quite ready. Why don't you leave the menus?"

"Okay." Ginger walked off.

But Xania suspected something. Hmmm. It seems as if the waitress and Suzanne aren't complete strangers. It's just a vibe I get. I wouldn't be surprised if Suzanne's been here before and is up to one of her schemes. On the other hand, her schemes are always lots of fun so there's no harm in just seeing what happens.

The two of them retired to the ladies' room. Suzanne had Xania wear a miniskirt, without panties, and a revealing top that hung very loosely.

Xania tested her outfit out while still in the bathroom. Sitting back, all of Xania's considerable cleavage was exposed. If she leaned forward, one could see all of her ample tits and even clear down to her stomach. The two thin straps ostensibly holding up the top didn't provide any support at all.

Suzanne wore a similar outfit except hers was a one piece black leather dress. But it too completely failed to cover her crotch when she sat and exposed miles of cleavage and even some nipple when she bent forward. She wanted them to be on a level playing field for any flirtation games.

Xania considered herself equal in sexual bravado with Suzanne, but when she returned to her table, she couldn't help but blush. Her miniskirt was so short and tight that when she sat down, it was nearly as if she wasn't wearing any skirt at all. Her entire bush and then some was on display, no matter how much she tugged on the skirt. Her only hope at some decency was keeping her legs together.

Worse, their table could hardly be called a table. They both sat on stools with a small, round table between them. But the table was no impediment at all if she wanted to look at Suzanne's crotch and vice versa. The high stools put them even more easily on display for the other customers. She only had two consolations: one, she could keep her legs closed and keep some decency; and two, Suzanne was in the exact same predicament she was.

Suzanne, however, looked around without a care in the world. She even seemed to be smirking.

Xania wasn't so confident. She and Suzanne were so gorgeous that even when they first came in, both wearing as much clothing as anyone else, they were public spectacles for everyone else in the restaurant. It was as if two famous Hollywood starlets happened to come into an obscure, suburban restaurant and tried to act casual. The vast majority of the other women weren't at all sexually interested in the two buxom beauties (since, after all, virtually every single one was married with children), but few could resist sizing themselves up with the top competition.

But when the two women returned with their skimpy outfits, it was as if a record had been playing and someone jerkily pulled the needle away, leaving only dead silence. Conversations stopped, and then slowly restarted, but now everyone was discussing the two daring bombshell beauties in their midst. As if the table Suzanne and Xania sat at wasn't exposed enough already, it didn't help that it was right in the middle of the restaurant, open from every direction. There was nowhere to hide.

Xania was uncomfortable and blushing, but also terribly turned on. The public exposure thrilled her to the bone. But she was annoyed at how blasé Suzanne was. She groused, "Happy now, Thunder Thighs?"

Suzanne's eyes lit up with anger briefly as she remembered the name Xania used to tease her with back in college. But then she realized it was just more teasing, since the two of them were almost absurdly fit and sexy. She teased back with her own old nickname for Xania, "Actually, no, Hippo Hips. I've got one more thing in mind."

"Whatever it is, hurry it up," Xania said, looking around at all the gawkers. "Talk about a public spectacle." Lowering her voice, she added as she tried to tug on her far-too-short skirt, "Actually, make that a PUBIC spectacle. I mean, Jesus, everyone can see the pinkness of my slit, unless I lock my knees together. Let's get out of here already and have some fun in private!"

"Not so fast." Suzanne reached back into her bag and pulled out two vibrators and openly placed them on the table. They were shaped like life-sized penises, but with clit stimulators attached. She winked, and said, "Got cock?"

Xania's eyes bugged out. She was very grateful that the music in fact continued to play (a typical top forty radio station was, playing "Soak Up the Sun" by Sheryl Crow), and other conversations created a steady hum of noise, making it difficult for even those in adjacent tables to hear what Suzanne said. She said, "Suzanne, I thought I was wild, but come on. This is too much!" Her pussy was starting to leak in a very visible way, making her predicament all the worse. But she was so aroused she couldn't help herself. In fact, she wasn't trying all that hard to keep her knees together, because she got off on exposure, even if she was reluctant to consciously admit it.

Suzanne, in full-on competitive mode, said, "Should we get the waitress to come here and serve us?"

"NO!" I mean, "No. Shit. This is crazy!"

Suzanne crowed, "You don't need the waitress to serve you, 'cos you just got served!"

"I did not! Whatever you can do, I can do better." But Xania was still looking around the room frantically. She tried to make eye contact with people, painful as that was to do, to shame them into looking away. But she was so turned on that she was spending a lot of her brain power thinking about how sexy so many other women in the room were. It was a very fit crowd, perhaps because there was a fitness center right next door and a lot of the women used that while their kids were in the day care facility.

Trying to regain some position with Suzanne, she pushed her chair back about six inches for more public exposure of her privates, then removed her hands from her crotch, fully exposing her dark bush to public view. "There. Happy? I'm not chicken." Her whole body was trembling and she was in danger of soaking her chair. Glistening rivulets of cum could be seen rolling down her thighs, even by distant viewers.

Suzanne was impressed. Xania's daring inspired her to go even further, so she pushed her chair back and spread her legs wide. That caused Xania to gasp, as well as many other young women who were sitting nearby, who then began to murmur. Then Suzanne made a show of grabbing a double-ended vibrator and turning it on.

Xania whispered in near horror, "No! You wouldn't! You could get arrested!"

With a sultry smile, Suzanne brought the now quivering vibrator underneath the table.

With the way the two of them sat on stools around a high table, Xania had no trouble at all seeing what happened next. Neither did anyone else in the room, she noticed. She found her own legs opening up some more, as if anticipating the vibrator was about to go into her instead of her friend.

Suzanne's hips wiggled as she was trying to stuff the entire vibrator in, and then she let out a sigh of contentment. She gave Xania a direct, challenging look, and said, "You mean WE could get arrested. Your turn."

Xania again looked all around the room. At least half the mothers were staring intently at their table. She didn't see any children or babies, and she at least was grateful about that. But still, stalling for time, she asked Suzanne, "What about the kids? Aren't you corrupting them?"

Suzanne pointed out, "What kids? There are no kids. By some unspoken rule, this is the place to get away from the kids in the rest of the building. It's a kid free zone, probably 'cos they've got a snack bar for the kids who get hungry downstairs. So you've got no excuse. There's no one here but us and a lot of hot MILFs. Maybe you're afraid of them seeing your Hippo Hips?"

"I am NOT!" Xania hissed. She quit trying to furtively hold her skirt down as far as it could go and watched her entire bush come into view as she spread her legs still wider. "There! See?"

Xania grabbed the remaining vibrator off the table and brought it into her lap. But then she looked around the room again and saw all the prying eyes. She kept the dildo in her lap but couldn't bring herself to put it inside her drooling slit. Struggling between public humiliation and the desire never to be outdone by Suzanne, she muttered, "This is insanity!"

Chapter 788 Waitress Ginger !

Just then, the waitress Ginger came back. She stood by the table and asked, "Are you two ready to order?"

Xania leaned forward and grabbed the menu with the hand not holding the dildo. Then she looked up at the waitress and saw Ginger's wide eyes. Xania realized that Ginger was clearly staring down her

cleavage, and, just as clearly, was getting quite an eyeful. About the only thing Xania's top covered was her nipples, but that hardly mattered because they were so erect that their shape was clearly outlined through the loosely-hanging fabric.

Xania leaned back in an attempt to reduce her show of deep cleavage, but that just exposed her pussy all the more. There was no fabric anywhere below her belt. That embarrassed her even more than displaying her cleavage and nipples, so she leaned forward again, going so far forward that the fabric of her top came away, exposing her down to her belly button, nipples and all. Blushing more furiously than ever, she leaned back a bit, trying to find an unhappy medium between the two positions of exposure, but that only left her almost naked at both ends.

At that point Suzanne leaned forward, saying with an unabashed straight face to the waitress, "Nice view here today, isn't it?"

Ginger smiled and replied, "Nice view." Ginger was like a kid in a candy store - she wished she had more eyes so she could fully examine both of the incredibly voluptuous women at the same time. She had no shame in blatantly staring as she waited.

Suzanne reveled in the fact that miles and miles of her cleavage was on display. She found herself thinking, This is SOO much fun! The only thing that would be better is if Sweetie was here to watch and Alan Junior was sliding through all this sweaty tit-flesh! ... Hmmm. I wonder why I'm not more nervous, though. I'd never have the guts to do this on my own. Even though I'm psyching out Xania, at the same time I'm psyching out myself. By taunting her to go further, I go even further than I want to! It IS a bit scary, but it's too much fun to stop now.

One unstated reason Suzanne wasn't so nervous was because she knew Ginger was serving as their protector, by prearranged plan.

Xania didn't know that for sure, but she strongly suspected it because of Ginger's lack of surprise and easy-going manner (not to mention Suzanne's history of scheming). But suspecting that Ginger was involved somehow didn't help her nervousness much. Even if Ginger was in on it, there were a lot of ways they could get in trouble with so many strangers in the room. Anyone could call the police and get them arrested for public exposure.

Xania looked around and realized, with relief, that at least there weren't any windows. After all, they were in part of a large day care complex. She'd half-expected to see crowds forming and noses pressed up against the glass with the kind of show she and Suzanne were putting on. She noticed how brazenly

Ginger stared down Suzanne's chest, not to mention her own, even with many of the other patrons continuing to stare at their table. She decided that Ginger had to be at least bisexual, if not completely lesbian.

Ginger indeed was brazen. Breaking a long silence, she asked, "So. Are you here for something to eat, or just social intercourse?"

Suzanne smiled with amusement. "Both, actually." Leering at Xania's exposed crotch, she said, "But what I want to eat isn't on the menu." Then she said to Ginger, "We haven't looked at the menu yet because my friend Xania here hasn't put her vibrator in yet. At least I don't think she has. Can you check?"

Ginger smiled back with an ordinary smile and said, "Certainly." She put down the tray she was holding on the table.

Then she bent down a bit and reached into Xania's lap. She looked at one of Xania's hands resting between her thighs and tightly clutching the vibrator. But acting as if she could only discover things through touch instead of sight, she felt all over Xania's hand and the vibrator. She was careful not to touch Xania's thighs or pussy - for now.

Pulling her hand back, she said to Suzanne, "Unfortunately, it's still not in." She said this with the same neutral tone as if she'd said, "Unfortunately, we're all out of ketchup."

Suzanne replied with equal aplomb, "I think it must be because she's dry. Can you check?"

Xania was already quite shocked, but she was doubly shocked when Ginger bent even lower and reached under the table again, this time aiming directly for Xania's pussy.

Xania had been so taken aback by recent events that she'd forgotten to keep her legs tightly closed, so two of Ginger's fingers easily found their way directly inside her soaking slit.

Ginger frowned and said as her fingers pumped, "Hmmm. No, it seems she's quite wet. Very wet indeed."

Xania couldn't take it anymore. She looked around at the couple dozen surprised faces looking back at her, and then tightly shut her eyes as if she could will herself away from the scene. She was so freaked out that she was practically having an out of body experience. She simply couldn't believe in the reality of what was happening. But at the same time she was so aroused that she could feel her heart pounding like a hammer, even down in her pussy.

Suddenly, she nearly jumped out of her chair, because through a thick erotic fog it finally dawned on her that Ginger hadn't pulled her fingers away and in fact she was actually stroking them in and out. Even if Ginger is in on some kind of scheme, we're still in a very public place!

She hissed, "This is unreal! I mean, I consider myself a very experienced woman of the world, but, but..." Her voice trailed off as she was at a loss for words.

With her eyes closed, her mind focused on the intense pleasure of Ginger's fingerfucking all the more. She was so aroused that she feared she'd pass out altogether. Though she couldn't see, she could clearly picture all the sexy MILFs in the room staring at her pussy being fondled. She felt she still needed to hold back from cumming, because she worried that if she came she'd scream in ecstasy at the top of her lungs.

She needed to do something and fast. She exclaimed in a frantic but quiet voice, "What's going on here?! Who are you, Ginger, and what are you and Suzanne up to?!"

Suzanne laughed while she watched the finger bang. "I guess I couldn't keep it a secret forever. I met Ginger a couple of weeks ago at a sex shop. She works there. We had a bit of fun after the shop closed. Last time I went back, Ginger told me that she works here too. She's bi, and finds it a good place to pick up hot, lonely, neglected housewives. And, as you can see, she's in with the owners and so doesn't have to worry about getting fired. On top of that, with two jobs she's paying off those student loans faster than you can say 'spread your legs.'"

Xania heard the command and inadvertently spread her legs wider again. But then she recalled all the strangers staring, and closed them up again, or at least tried to. She couldn't close all the way because Ginger was now on one knee between Xania's knees, and still had three fingers busily working up inside Xania's pussy.

Xania's face was very red and her eyes were shut tight, but she was a daring woman and a hard one to shock. Relieved that at least they weren't going to be thrown out, she let out a good laugh.

Ginger and Suzanne laughed too. It greatly eased the tension. For some reason, that caused some of the strangers staring to lose interest, as if it had been announced the show was over. Also, with Ginger between Xania's knees the view was blocked, though there was absolutely no doubt in anyone's minds what she was doing there. However, while some of the crowd turned away, at least half did not.

Xania immediately fought back. Even though she was shaking like a leaf, she was determined not to be outdone. She opened her eyes and, staring intently into Suzanne's green eyes, she said to Ginger, "Waitress, I'm not sure if Suzanne's vibrator is properly inserted. And without it in, how can we order anything? Can you check? Thoroughly? ... And you, Suzanne. Spread your Thunder Thighs so this woman can make a proper inspection."

Suzanne accepted the challenge and spread her legs. All the while, she returned Xania's challenging stare with one of her own. Ironically, while Xania was coming to grips with the situation, Suzanne was getting more nervous, uncertain of what Xania would now try to make her do in revenge.

Now it was her turn to look around the room nervously at all the people staring. One way she'd been so calm before was because she didn't allow herself to do that. As soon as she did she regretted it, because there were plenty of women still interested. But she was a good judge of character and she could quickly discern at least that there wasn't an angry face in the crowd. In fact, most all of the ladies were tremendously turned on by their blatant display. There was no shortage of fidgety legs, nipples poking through fabric, and cheeks glowing crimson from blushes and arousal. It seemed like a giant lesbian orgy was about to break out at any second, especially in the circle of tables immediately around their own.

Ginger now got down on both knees and inserted the fingers of one hand into Suzanne's groin while keeping the fingers of the other hand in Xania's pussy. She encountered a large vibrator blocking access to Suzanne's pussy, so she couldn't put her fingers in. But she grabbed hold of the vibrator and pushed it in and out.

Ginger said, "Xania, looks like the vibrator is very much in. Though I'm taking my time to handle it to be absolutely sure. That's more than I can say for your vibrator."

Xania would not be outdone. She pulled Ginger's fingers away and put her vibrator deep inside her. It felt so good that she nearly screamed. As it was, the situation was driving her to a climax to end all climaxes. With the big vibrator filling her all the way up, she finally let herself go and was hit with a powerful orgasm.

She slumped down in her seat and inadvertently spread her legs wide yet again. She was amazed at how sweaty and out of breath she was, especially considering it was an air-conditioned room. She was so emotionally and physically drained that she could barely lift a finger.

Ginger took advantage and brought her hand back to Xania's defenseless pussy. She worked on Xania's clit.

That caused Xania to only spread her legs even further, as wide as they could go. She gave up all attempts to be discreet and sat back in her chair, moaning in extreme lust. At this point, she wouldn't have minded in the least to tear off whatever few clothes that still barely covered parts of her. As it was, her loose and flimsy top did nothing to support her big breasts and they bounced around wildly just as if she was bare breasted anyway.

Finally, after a minute or two of sitting in a very exposed position, Xania came to her senses enough to look around and see that there were still at least two dozen mothers staring intently at their table. She was too frazzled to realize just how many of them were panting.

She adjusted her top because one of her shoulder straps had slid down, causing a boob to spring completely free during her orgasmic overload. But now she felt too good to stop the fun altogether. And seeing Suzanne's knees still wide, she realized that the two of them were filling up the room with the smell of pussy, but she refused to even close her legs up and lose the game of face Suzanne was playing.

Xania was barely holding on. Between looking at Suzanne's wet inner thighs, all the women staring at them, and Ginger panting between her legs, not to mention feeling what Ginger was doing to her clit, she felt like she was completely losing her free will to uncontrollable lust.

But she couldn't take it anymore - she needed more contact, more arousal. She suddenly hissed, "Suzanne, if this was your idea of getting me warmed up, it worked! Good GOD did it ever work! Let's go fuck! Take me somewhere and do me with a strap-on. Now!"

Suzanne didn't really have a private place away from home, but she hoped Ginger would provide one. She stood up and asked, "Ginger, do you have like a storage closet or something we can use?"

Suzanne was so excited she couldn't even keep her hands off of herself as she impatiently waited for a place to go. She found herself sensually caressing her buxom chest.

Ginger pulled her fingers away from Xania's crotch and pointed with a juiced up index finger towards a door. "We certainly have just the thing. A storage closet. I'll lead the way."

Xania suggested, "Great! You should join us!"

Suzanne gave Xania a disapproving look.

Ginger didn't see that, and replied, "I'd love to join you! But unfortunately I can't partake, because I am at my job after all, and all these people want to eat. I can't just leave the register and everything unattended. Next time let's do this when I'm at the end of my shift. Okay?"

Suzanne said guardedly, "Perhaps. To be honest, we're not usually this bold." She was wary about Ginger because she knew so little about her. She didn't want to make rash promises.

Ginger nodded. She was disappointed, but still hopeful that something might happen with them in the future.

Xania and Suzanne didn't stick around to chat. Both were so worked up that they practically flew to the private room Ginger pointed out. However, when they got to the door, they stopped because the rest of the women in the room started clapping.

The two of them turned around to see that they were now being given a standing ovation by nearly everyone in the room.

One woman who was close to them walked even closer. As the clapping died down, she said, "Wow. I'm not a lesbian, but wow. As just a sheer display of sexually brazen, lusty... Wow. I'm speechless. Bravo." She clapped, and the others started clapping again.

Blushing still more, and with a mixture of pride and shame, the two of them opened the closet door, took a slight bow, rushed inside, and closed it behind them. They were instantly plunged into complete darkness, but they didn't care. They both burst into hysterical laughter.

As they frantically undressed, Xania deadpanned, "You think anyone out there doesn't know what we're about to do?"

"What's that, Hippo Hips?"

"Shut up, Thunder Thighs!"

They shut each other up with an electrifying mouth to mouth kiss.

Then they fucked each other absolutely silly in the complete darkness of the small closet. The vibrators came in handy. They tried to keep their voices down so the mothers outside wouldn't pay them any mind anymore, but that only added to the intensity of their illicit fuck. Both of them half expected the police to come and open the door at any moment, but it never happened.

When they were all done, they waited a very long time in the darkness. They just talked, hoping most of the customers who'd seen them run off together would be gone. They were mostly successful, but not everyone had left.

In fact, one attractive woman had apparently waited for their return. She walked up to them and handed them a piece of paper with a name and phone number on it, and then walked off without saying anything.

Suzanne walked out of the restaurant and into the parking lot. She examined the piece of paper and tried to remember the face and body of the woman who handed it to her.

Xania asked her, "So, you think we should introduce her to Alan?"

Suzanne replied, "What you mean in the lingo of our little group is, is she Alan-worthy? I say... nah. Technically, yes she'd qualify except maybe a bit lacking in the breast department, but he's got his hands full enough now. And anyway, you can't just say yes. One has to look into her background first. We don't want any problems. I have a whole system for checking people out."

Xania belatedly remembered some of their earlier conversation, when she'd invited Ginger to join them and Suzanne showed more reluctance. "Sorry for jumping the gun back there, by the way. I guess that's that with her, then."

"Not necessarily. It's just that I have to check her out first. It's different than you being a solo flyer in L.A. If there's a screw-up and, say, a disease gets passed on, that could adversely affect a whole bunch of people."

"I see what you mean. Maybe later then," Xania suggested, "when things calm down and, most importantly, when I'm back in town, we could revisit such opportunities. Nudge, nudge."

"Maybe. I'll keep her number." That resolved, Suzanne said to Xania, "So, welcome to my world. This is a fairly typical event since things began with Alan. Now can you see why I'm slowly losing my self-control?"

"You come to this restaurant often?"

"No. It was a bit of a trial run to see if I could bring Alan, Katherine, or Susan here. I don't really know Ginger that well, as I've only seen her at the other store a few times, and I don't think we'd get along that great sexually since she's a dom and I'm a dom. Unlike me though, she's way into S and M. She uses this job and her other job to find subs she can use. She's a great multitasker in that respect. It's not really a job for employment's sake so much as a way for her to prowl."

Suzanne added, "By the way, that's why we didn't have to worry about being caught. The owner of this whole complex is a woman about our age who's one of her subs. Ginger told me all this so I could take advantage of this spot sometime. Ginger's really the one in charge despite her low position, in the same way that Alan is in charge of his entire family now despite just being the son."

"I wish you would have told me earlier! I wouldn't have been so nervous."

"But the nervousness is part of the fun. By the way, you notice how wholesome she looks? All Miss America Midwestern coffee-shop waitress?"

"Yeah?"

"Don't believe it. From the very limited experience I've had with her, I'd say she's about the wildest and most insatiable sexaholic I've ever seen. I could hardly recognize her today. You should see her over at the sex shop, all dressed up like a dominatrix. Alan still doesn't know about her. I'm afraid to get her near him for fear that she'll whip him black and blue or something. And she can go the other way and beg to be whipped and spanked too. That's the last thing he needs right now, more weirdness and exhausting sex with someone other than me. I really need to have her investigated, but other things keep coming up."

"So, have you done this public sex kind of thing lately? Maybe with your Sweetie?"

"Oh. Sorry I didn't really answer your question. No, all the fun takes place at the Plummer house so far, but it's of that kind of intensity that we experienced today. With Alan there's always something new and exciting, and highly orgasmic. You'll find out tonight at the card game." She clutched the air in front of her, as if pretending to be Alan grabbing her breasts.

"I can't wait. Wow. You've got an amazing thing going on down here, Suzanne. But the game isn't until this evening. We've got hours and hours before I have to don my "professional psychologist" glasses. Why don't we do a little shopping and catch up on old times? I'm so glad we're back in touch. It's been too long."

"It has. As you know, I pretty much gave up lesbian lovemaking years ago. I started working my way up the social hierarchy and I guess I was afraid of what other people would think if I got found out. Cheating on husbands was okay, in the sense that it was expected, but a lesbian relationship was somehow beyond the pale in the gossip circles I hung out with. Mostly, I worried that word would get back to Susan, and then she'd be appalled, and maybe even afraid that I would try to seduce her. I didn't want to lose that friendship for anything, and I still don't. Remember that this was back in her prudish days, when I was doing my best NOT to seduce her. Even though God knows how much I wanted to."

"But now, everything's changed," Xania noted.

"Yep. I couldn't give a flying fuck what anyone else thinks anymore, as you can see. Besides, I lost most of my local friends over the years anyway. It's just all out sex and fun every single day of the week, and I'm loving it."bender

"Damn." Xania pondered the situation in silence while they walked across the parking lot together. The sky was sunny and cars honked in busy traffic somewhere in the distance. She could still barely comprehend what they just did in front of dozens of witnesses at the restaurant. She had a feeling that as intense as that experience was, the card game would be even better.

Chapter 789 The Secret Is Out !

Alan made it a point to get to school ten minutes early. He figured his friend Sean usually got to school with time to spare, so that would be a good time to catch him and talk about a proposal he'd come up with the night before.

Alan found his Korean-American friend locking up his bike at the bicycle racks. He immediately guided him away to a remote corner where Heather wasn't likely to find them. He was still doing his best to avoid talking to Heather whenever possible.

Finally alone, Alan asked, "So, Sean. What are you up to?"

"I'm on my way to contact the Weekly World News." That was the infamous, over-the-top tabloid newspaper.

"Why?"

"So I can give them their next headline: 'Rare Alan Sighting in Orange County, California. His friends Bat Boy and Elvis are believed to have stayed behind in their secret Bermuda Triangle underwater base.'"

Alan found that amusing, but played it straight. "I'll have you know that while Elvis and I are casual acquaintances, I have NEVER met Bat Boy. We only talk on the phone sometimes."

They both laughed. Sean commented, "Very funny."

"Not too bad yourself. But I need to be serious with you for a moment." He pondered how to begin, and then started with, "Sean, have you heard any strange rumors about me lately?"

"Actually, now that you mention it, I haven't really heard anything but people have been asking me strange questions. Just yesterday this big football linebacker type came up to me - you know I never talk to anyone like that - and he asks all gruff-like, 'Hey, you're a friend of Alan's, right?' I told him yeah and he starts asking me a couple of questions about your sex life, of all things! Isn't that bizarre? And then another guy did nearly the same thing. Peter said it happened to him, too. I was going to tell you about it, but finding you lately is like trying to find the Loch Ness Monster or something."

"What did they ask?"

"Mostly who you were sleeping with. I told them Amy, of course. Since she's your girlfriend. I mean, it's none of my business, but I guessed that maybe you and her, were, you know... That if you did it with anyone, it would have to be..."

bender

Alan smiled at his friend's awkwardness in discussing anything sexual. Although Sean was good looking and was in great shape thanks to his love of tennis and other sports, he was an even bigger nerd than Alan used to be. Worse for Alan's purposes, Sean was below zero in sexual experience. His family was about as prudish as Alan's used to be, which was saying something. Like Alan, he focused all of his sexual and romantic longing on someone unobtainable. Just as many boys in the school did, Sean worshiped the ground Heather walked on.

Alan thought, Man, Sean, your whole world is about to change. Get ready to hold on to your hat! Or maybe I should say hold on to your pants.

He said, "Look, I know I haven't been the best of friends lately. These last couple months you've hardly even seen me - none of my friends have. I want to make it up to you. Can you keep a secret? Absolute secrecy? You especially won't tell those guys snooping around?"

Sean nodded.

"The truth is, I've discovered sex in a big way. And Amy being my girlfriend is just the latest chapter in a wild ride. I've been living a bit of a double life and having loads of sex without anyone knowing. Some of the women in this school are really wild. Heather, for instance."

"Heather? You mean head cheerleader and goddess sent to Earth Heather? That Heather? You expect me to believe that you've been having sex with her? No way!"

"I do, and I have. Have you noticed how she actually says hello and even talks to me? Why do you think that is? That's why those guys are snooping around. They're worried that I'm sleeping with their girlfriends."

"Wait a minute. Back up. I'm still getting my head wrapped around this Heather thing. You're saying that YOU have had sex with HEATHER?!"

Alan belatedly realized that trying to get Sean to believe that could be dangerous. After all, Sean thought of Heather as his dream object, so it would be a big blow for him to know that Alan had slept with her. Instead, he said, "Never mind about Heather. The point is—"

"Whoa, not so fast." Using a classic "I Love Lucy" line, he said in a Cuban accent, "You've got a lotta 'splainin' to do, Lucy."

"Okay, let's put it this way. Have I flirted with her? Yes. Have I kissed her on the lips? Yes. I've done all kinds of things with all kinds of women lately. I'm getting to be a regular Don Juan."

"Noooo... No shit. Wow. But wait a minute. If you kissed Heather on the lips, what about her boyfriend? He'd kill you."

"So don't tell anyone, for God's sake! Can we get off the Heather topic already? In some social circles pretty far removed from the ones you know, I'm getting notorious. Some guy practically attacked me in the hallway yesterday."

"I know. I thought maybe that's what you wanted to talk about."

"You heard about that already? ... Gossip spreads fast, I guess. So you see? The snooping? The bullying? It's happening because they think I'm this sexual stud. And I don't mean to toot my own horn, but there's a certain truth to that!"

Sean was extremely skeptical. "Alan, two months ago we had a major D&D Lord of the Rings simulation. It lasted all weekend. You were acting, like, king of the geeks."

Actually, Sean was king of the geeks much more than Alan was, and had for instance been the one to think up and arrange the game he referred to, but Alan let that point slide.

"And now you're telling me that this same guy, namely you, is having sex with all kinds of women? And even kissing Heather on the lips?! And you expect me to believe that?"

Alan was amused that kissing Heather was a bigger deal to Sean than all the rest, but he hid his smile. "It's true! I swear to God. Things have changed. Why, speaking of Tolkien, a couple of weeks ago I was rereading the Lord of the Rings and just fizzled out in the middle of the Two Towers. Can you believe that? Me! Without getting too graphic, as much as I love Tolkien, I'd rather be caressing a young lady's thigh than read about Frodo climbing Mt. Doom yet again. I'd even take it over the movies."

Sean gasped as if Alan had uttered a heresy. "Look, man, I know you're not a lying kind of guy, but..."

Alan couldn't help smiling at his friend's pre-sexual priorities, but he stifled a smile again and pressed on. "It's true. Reserve judgment for the moment and let me explain why I'm telling you all this. First off, I've had to be extremely secretive, and it's been driving me crazy, living a double life. I need to tell someone. Frankly - and I know you're gonna choke with laughter on this, but it's true - frankly, I'm having sex with too many girls. Too many! Isn't that bizarre? I've set expectations I can't meet, and I need to cut back. And there's where you come in. You're a reasonably attractive guy, probably the same as me in the looks department. That's good. You've got some nerdy glasses that are a big turn-off, but we'll take care of that. I basically want to hand off some of the girls to you."

Sean's mouth gaped wide open and he replied, "What? Did I hear that correctly? There's just enough evidence to make me think you're serious. Some kind of weird talk around school. You've changed, man. Changed. You've been acting so different lately and of course you're never around; there must be something going on with you. Are you serious?!"

"I am, already. Geez. I'm hoping you can kind of be my apprentice. I talked to a girl on the phone yesterday. Her name is Kim. She's on the cheerleading squad. She's-"

"Kim?" Sean exclaimed. "The cheerleader Kim? She's definitely doable. I'd TOTALLY do her. You're fucking HER? But what about Amy? Amy is awesome. I would never cheat on her if she was my girl! Man, that's fucked up. I thought you're Mister Moral Guy."

"I know she's great, but she'll let me sleep with other girls, and variety is the spice of life."

"Dude! Get real. Is this whole thing some kind of joke?"

"Believe me, man. You couldn't imagine how active my sex life is, which is why I need your help with Kim. And others, but she'll be a good start."

"Others? This IS some kind of joke, right? Where's Candid Camera?"

"It's no joke. My ultimate goal is to get you and Heather together."

"HEATHER?! All right, you had me going there for a while. I was totally falling for it. But you crossed the line with that one. Come on, man, the joke is over."

"Look, I'm not asking you to believe me. In fact, the truth is so amazing that I wouldn't believe it if you told it to me. I mean, I'm sleeping with women that practically make Heather look ugly. You know that woman on Star Trek: Voyager with the big tits and funny name?" Alan knew that she was another unobtainable lust object for Sean.

"You mean Jeri Ryan? The Seven of Nine character?" Sean was a huge Star Trek fan and had no trouble recalling the name.

"Yeah. I'm fucking women who look hotter and are even more stacked than she is. I know that sounds impossible, but you don't have to believe that right now. All you have to do is, when Kim asks you back to her place for help with homework after school today, just say 'Yes.' There's no risk to you. Worst case scenario, you hang out with a cute cheerleader. Best case scenario, she takes your virginity and teaches you all about fucking."

"But wait. I thought she was a lesbian. Everybody knows that."

"She is, kind of. Not so much anymore, actually. The thing is, she doesn't like men, and doesn't want to be with them or have a boyfriend; she just likes having sex with them. That's why I thought of her. She wants sex without any attachments, and so do you. Don't fall in love with her or anything. I know you're mad for Heather, and it's good that you stay that way."

Alan had been eying Kim standing a ways away for the last minute or so. Done with his talk, he made a nudge in her direction and said to Sean, "Don't look now, but look who's over there."

Sean looked over, and his face registered in complete fear as if he saw a freight train barreling down on him and not a teenager walking his way. But there was no doubt about it. Kim was getting nearer. Curiosity had gotten the better of her, and she wanted to see what Sean was like right away, instead of after school as she and Alan had discussed.

She walked up to Alan and said, "Hey, Alan. You gonna introduce me to your cute friend here?" Knowing that Sean would be shy, she made sure to put on a friendly, smiling face.

"Sure. Kim, this is Sean. Sean, Kim."

The two of them shook hands.

Sean appeared to be recovering from his initial shock, though he was still tongue-tied. He actually suffered from a new wave of shock as it dawned on him that merely having Kim here speaking with him greatly increased the odds that his friend wasn't completely full of hot air.

Alan said to the cute cheerleader, "Kim, I was just telling Sean here my secret that I've been involved with quite a few girls. He finds that hard to believe."

Kim looked around. They were in a remote alcove and no one was looking their way. With a devilish grin, she grabbed Alan's crotch. "Whatever are you talking about?" she asked facetiously.

Then, as if that wasn't bold enough, she reached into his shorts and started ostentatiously jacking his dick up and down. Although his penis wasn't fully erect when she started, that changed very quickly, spurred on by the dangerous thrill of their public location.

Sean couldn't see Alan's dick still trapped in his shorts, but there was no doubt what Kim's hands were doing. His totally stunned facial expression was back with a vengeance.

Kim leaned towards him and whispered conspiratorially, "Alan's penis is quite popular right now, I'll have to admit. Usually, I practically have to stand in line for a chance to do this."

Sean had a chance to respond, but he merely stammered and finally gave up on attempting to form any words. His eyes remained glued on what Kim's hands were doing, even though he couldn't actually see much.

Kim, still as casual as ever, said to Sean, "I hear you're really smart. Would you like to come over to my house after school today and help me out with my homework ... and stuff? Alan suggested it would be good if we could work together for a little while."

Her hand still flew wildly up and down Alan's boner. She was careful though to keep all the action inside his shorts as she figured Sean would have a hang-up about seeing his friend's penis, especially when it was erect.

Sean remained quiet and completely stunned until Alan gave him a little kick. Then he squeaked out, "Um. Yeah. Homework. And stuff." There was no doubt that the "and stuff" was the main thing on his mind, as he imagined Kim doing to him what she was in the middle of doing to Alan.

Sean was particularly blown away by the fact that a steady stream of students walked by not ten feet away. Had Kim and Alan been facing opposite directions so the front side of Alan's shorts could be seen, all hell would have broken loose.

But apparently that wasn't enough for Kim. Her resolve not to allow Sean to see Alan's dick broke down with startling speed.

Sean held his breath as he saw Kim reach for Alan's zipper.

With an assenting nod from a very aroused Alan, Kim pulled the zipper down. Alan no longer wore underwear anywhere, so she faced no obstruction as she pulled his stiff erection out.

She winked at Sean and said, "I like to help Alan out with 'stuff' as much as he'll let me." She jacked Alan off in full view of Sean.

She found herself strangely proud to show Alan's penis off to another man. She spoke only in her mind to his crotch, Alan, you can loan me to your friend, and I'll have sex with him for you, but you've got the cock that I really adore.

Alan seemed to take the blatant handjob in stride, almost as if he didn't notice.

But Sean was still trying to breathe and get his heart going again. He gasped, "There are people everywhere! Right behind you!"

He tore his eyes away from Kim's hand on Alan's stiffness long enough to stare at two boys who appeared to be coming particularly close. But they passed less than ten feet behind Alan and Kim and kept walking without suspecting a thing. If they would have noticed something, probably the only reason would have been if they'd seen Sean's flabbergasted face and stopped to see what was causing the look.

Kim said huskily, "He's right. Maybe if I get down on my knees and stuff it in my mouth things won't be so obvious." But she moved a little so she stood slightly behind him and blocked things a little bit, now reaching around to stroke.

Alan replied, "Are you kidding? As much as I'd love that, that would give everything away instantly. No way."

Kim frowned. "Awww, shucks. Maybe we could go somewhere more private?"

Alan didn't reply to her, but winked at Sean. "Still don't believe me now?"

He felt strange to have his erection shown off in front of a male friend, but he figured the drastic action would help Sean understand just how crazy the situation had become for him.

He twisted his head around so he could look towards Kim's face. "That feels great, as usual, but class is about to begin. There's no time. You two have fun later."

Kim smiled. "Oh, we will. And I think you and I need to meet more often like this. Whenever you get a stiffy, just ask any of us girls to lend a hand. We can do a lot in a five-minute break. Imagine two or three of us cheerleaders sucking your cock at the same time in the stinky bathroom. Wouldn't that be fun?"

She winked and finally withdrew her hand from his shorts. She zipped him up then hurried off.

Sean was still too stunned to talk. But then a light bulb went off. "Wait a minute. 'We'? More than one cheerleader?! Is that for real? You're, like, doing it with more than one girl at a time? More than one fucking CHEERLEADER?! They're all so hot. They're just about the hottest girls in school!"

"Hey man. You're the one who said I'm honest. I wouldn't lie to you. But keep it under your hat, okay?"

Another light bulb went off in Sean's head. He nearly shouted, "Wait! If this is for real, then maybe you really did sleep with Heather! She's a cheerleader too!"

"Shhhh! Not so loud." Alan could detect Sean would be jealous about Heather as soon as he got over the shock. "Yes, I did. I hate to break it to you like this because I know how highly you think of her, but she sleeps with lots of guys. Lots. That's the bad news. The good news is that soon you'll likely be one of them. If we play this right, maybe you can even become her special guy. Her boyfriend."

That silenced Sean. In fact, it seemed to return him to a completely shocked state. "But, but, Heather... She's not that kind of girl... She..." He seemed on the verge of tears.

Alan tried to divert Sean's attention. "Don't worry about that right now. We'll talk about that later. Think about Kim. You're going to meet her after school. You're gonna do 'stuff.' Believe me, 'stuff' will definitely involve her putting your dick in her mouth. She loves doing that, as you just saw. Think about THAT!"

"Hoooooly crapola..." Sean was still completely floored, and looked it.

As Alan started to walk off, he emphasized again, "Remember: mum's the word. Seriously."

Sean managed a nod.

Alan looked back and saw Sean still standing there staring off into space in dull incomprehension. Sean has such a long way to go. But then again I was exactly like him not two months ago. He's a smart guy. I trust he'll keep quiet and figure this sex stuff out by and by. The problem is there's no time to wait. I've got to bring him up to speed even quicker than the process I went through so he can help immediately with Heather. I'm still reeling from the shock.

He's gonna need more help than just Kim before he graduates to Heather. No way am I going to let him touch any of my family four or Glory, so who does that leave? Brenda, maybe? No, I'm getting too attached to her. Janice or Joy? Hmmm. I'll have to think about that.

I like what Kim did with her hands. It said to him, "Get ready to fuck, Sean, and by the way, I'm first and foremost one of Alan's girls. This is the cock I love and don't you forget it." Very clever of her.

He let out a big sigh of relief. There's something about unburdening this secret sexual life of mine to another male. I don't know what it is, but it makes it that much more real. It's not so much an ego thing - the last thing I need is more ego stroking!

He joked to himself as he thought of what Kim did to his penis, Cock stroking good; ego stroking bad. Though she had to leave me with a big unsatisfied woody for class. UGH!

But getting back to Sean, it's the sharing of the burden, having a compadre, an amigo, in all this craziness. And my friendship with him was slipping away. I mean, I don't care about sitting around and discussing Red Dwarf or The Prisoner anymore. Maybe now it can roar back with a vengeance. Awesome! I should have started this apprentice idea weeks ago.

I just hope it works out with Sean and Heather. That's going to be a real challenge, getting her to wanna be with him. The ace in the hole is that I've stumbled onto what excites her, and that's degradation. And I know Sean has a dark side because I've seen glimpses of it. But can he be trained to treat Heather like I treat her, and quickly? As it is, he's the exact kind of pushover guy that Heather hates the most. The last time I was with Sean and Heather at the beach, he couldn't even get up the nerve to say "Boo" to her. We've got a loooong way to go with him.

Chapter 790 Alan Hurt Be Jealous Ex-Bf

Alan's conversation with Sean didn't take as long as expected, After Kim left, he felt it was good to leave soon thereafter, for maximum dramatic effect. As a result, he got to his first-period class a few minutes before the bell was due to ring.

Christine had also just arrived. As soon as they were both seated and they said their usual hellos to each other, she just sat there and stared at him for some long moments.

Finally, he asked, "What?"

She asked cryptically, "You tell me."

"What does that mean?" He spoke in hushed tones typical for their private talk in class, so the others around them wouldn't hear.

She gave him a sour face, and waved a hand in his direction. "You! You're, well... you're weird. You've got this slap-happy expression on your face, which has become the new normal, only it's even more pronounced today."

He teased, "Maybe I'm just happy to see you. Both of you." He stared obviously at her breasts. They were thoroughly covered, as usual, but his mind ran free imagining them fully bared, also as usual.

She sighed in frustration. "Nice try, but you can't distract me with your usual offensive breast talk. What is going on in your mind?! What are you thinking about all the time that puts that look on your face? That blissed out, dreamy look?"

He forced himself to maintain a straight face as he thought as if he was talking out loud to her, If you only knew! I just fucked Sis in the ass for the first time, less than half an hour ago. And before that, Mom AND Sis sucked me off together. And let's not forget how Kim was giving me a handjob in front of Sean, like, three minutes ago! Plus, that's just for starters! My sex life is so insane that it... well, let's just say it

would totally blow your mind. So yeah, I am blissed out all the time. You would be too if it happened to you!

Since he obviously couldn't really say any of that, he tried another attempt at distraction. "Okay, you got me. The truth is... I've been thinking about this... problem."

"Problem?" She frowned in concern.

"Yes. It involves this dumb blonde girl I know and her many futile efforts to screw in a light bulb. Why?! Why does she keep trying?! And how many blonde friends would it take to successfully help her?!"

Christine sighed again. "Ugh! You had me going there for a minute. Come on, I'm kind of a friend, aren't I?"

"You definitely are," he said.

"Okay, then why won't you tell me what's really going on?"

He winced. "I wish I could, I really do. But it's private stuff. I can't kiss and tell. And yes, it involves kissing and stuff like that, if you didn't know already. But... if I was sexually intimate with you, and you didn't want anyone else to know that, wouldn't you want me to respect that and not tell a soul, not even good friends?"

She was frustrated, because she had no choice but to say, "Obviously." Furthermore, his answer made it pointless for her to ask who he was intimate with.

While she was still thinking over what else to say, he muttered, "By the way, the best answer I could come up with is two."

"Excuse me?"

"Two. You know, when it comes to how many blondes it takes to screw in a lightbulb. One to hold the light bulb, and the other one to spin the ladder around."

Christine couldn't resist but snicker at that. Then, grinning, she joked right back, "A-ha! That proves blonde girls are much smarter than dumb brunette boys like yourself, because you know how many brunette boys it takes to screw in a light bulb?"

"How many?"

"One hundred! One to hold the light bulb, and the other 99 to rotate the house!"

He had a good but quiet laugh at that.

Just then, the bell rang. So he leaned forward and quietly muttered, 'You win this round. but the blonde vs. brunette war has just begun!'

She put her hands on her hips and sat up straight in a defiant pose. "Bring it on!" Not by accident, the pose caused her huge tits to thrust forward enticingly.

He looked her over, and nearly gasped. Holy fuck! She's so sexy! And stacked! He turned in place to face the front of the class. He was grateful that he'd been "saved by the bell" from having to say anything, because he didn't know what to say.

Christine smirked. She'd seen the lusty and astonished look on his face just from her brief change of pose, and that made her very glad. She thought, I didn't learn anything new here. He has lots of lovers, obviously. I've known that a long time now. And it's just as obvious that's what keeps that silly grin on his face all the time. But I'm going to wear him down and get some real answers one of these days. Meanwhile, let him think about MY body for the rest of class! That'll serve him right for all those dumb jokes!

— — —

Alan walked out of his first-period class feeling wary. He worried about Heather ambushing him because he felt certain she'd have some new demands.

But he hadn't gone far when he was ambushed by someone else: Heather's old boyfriend, Rockwell. Just like the unnamed football player who harassed him yesterday, the star quarterback Rockwell was surrounded by several flunkies. And just like yesterday, Alan was pushed back into a locker before he even knew what was happening. Except Rockwell seemed far angrier than Alan's tormentors had been yesterday.

"Hey, you little fuck," Rockwell started. He looked around to see if others in the busy hallway were watching, but his friends created a tight seal around Alan. No one could see past the big football players.

"What?" Alan asked dumbly. "What are you doing?"

"This!" Rockwell punched Alan in the chest, hard.

Alan fell to his knees, clutching at the blow.

"Get him up!" Rockwell ordered, and a couple of his flunkies roughly pulled Alan back to his feet and then held him with his arms behind his back.

Alan was now helpless to do anything. "What the hell?" he said in great confusion. He looked around frantically for a way out, and briefly noticed that his chief tormentor from the day before was now leering at him, a couple of bodies away from Rockwell.

"You shit, acting all innocent; I know what you've been doing! You've been fucking my girlfriend Heather! And don't play stupid. Everybody's been talking about it since yesterday afternoon. Apparently you were doing her again, and treating her like shit, I might add!" As if to emphasize that point, Rockwell pulled a fist back and swung into Alan's face, hitting him on the chin.

Alan reeled, but was only able to squirm. He futilely tried to break free from the two flunkies holding his arms behind his back. "What are you talking about?" he cried with great indignation. "Anyway, Heather isn't your girlfriend anymore! I heard you broke up over the weekend. The word has been all over the school."

"Yeah, thanks to you, you fuck! You played me for a fool, but who's laughing now?"

Rockwell was accurate in a way he didn't realize. Heather had broke up with him because Alan had asked her to. She'd done it right as Alan's deadline for her to do so ran out. It was ironic that Alan was being attacked after the breakup, because Alan wanted her to break up with Rock precisely because he was afraid of being attacked by the quarterback for cheating with Heather behind his back.

Rockwell swung again, and his muscular fist connected with Alan's nose (although Alan luckily turned his head at the last minute and managed to deflect much of the force). Then he hit his face with two more short jabs.

The only reason Alan still stood was because he was being held up by the goons. He cried out, "You don't know what you're talking about! Heather must be telling lies about me, framing me! She does that! Find out. Ask around. She's the one playing you for a fool, not me!" Alan thought that was pretty good thinking on his feet, considering everything.

But Rockwell wasn't impressed. "How would you know? Why would she even talk to some loser nerd like you, unless the rumors about you fucking everybody are true? Well, here's what I think about your prick!" He looked both ways, but even though the hallway was full of students, no one could see what was happening inside the circle of seven or eight big football players. Seeing that it was safe, he kicked Alan right in the nuts.

Alan cried out a gut-wrenching scream. It went on and on, filling the hallway like a police siren. He saw Rockwell looking about nervously, and he got some minor satisfaction from that. But that was the last thing he saw as he fell to the floor and passed out.

When Alan woke up, he found himself in what appeared to be a hospital bed. He slowly opened his eyes and saw Mrs. Haggerty, the old school nurse, and Mr. Mifflin, the vice principal. He realized he was still in school, in the infirmary. The nurse was looking at him with kind concern, while Mr. Mifflin sat farther back, more detached from the scene.

"How are you feeling, Alan?" the kindly, white-haired, bespectacled nurse asked him.

"Ugh," Alan groaned. He rubbed his head and felt a pounding headache.

He heard some sounds coming from the other direction and turned. To his delight, he saw Katherine and Amy getting up from where they'd been sitting. They moved to his side.

Katherine grasped his hand tightly.

He felt greatly reassured to have them there, and almost cried for joy to see their friendly faces. Amy's hand joined Katherine's, so now his hand nearest to them was shared with both girls.

Their reactions were telling. Katherine looked despondent, as if Alan was on a life-support system, hovering between life and death. Amy, on the other hand, was maintaining a positive attitude. While not actually smiling, she had a hopeful look on her face. Their difference in clothing was telling as well. Katherine wore a plain and heavy T-shirt, typical of the clothing she wore outside the house and designed to prevent attention from other males. Amy wore a shirt that showed off her shoulders and a bit more of her chest, almost reaching down to her cleavage. She just couldn't bear to go about so fully covered as Katherine.

Mr. Mifflin coughed, and Alan turned back in that direction. "You feeling all right?" he asked.

"Yeah, I guess. Nothing broken, if that's what you mean."

bender

"Good. Strictly speaking I shouldn't have let your sister and girlfriend in here and have them miss class, but they were very insistent."

Alan turned back to the two girls briefly, and was warmed by their loving smiles.

Mr. Mifflin continued. "Alan, before the nurse takes over, let me be brief. You obviously were beaten up in the hallway by that gang of football players who were yelling rude things at you. That much we know from witnesses, according to the teacher first on the scene. I won't stand for that kind of behavior here at this school. I want to know who's responsible right now and get to work on them. Can you tell me who they were now, or do you want me to come back later?" The vice-principal was obviously antsy to do something right away.

Alan replied, "Well, the main guy is named Rockwell. He usually goes by 'Rock.' He's the one who did all the punching. He even kicked me in the nuts! God, that still hurts. Oops, pardon my language. How long have I been out?"

The nurse looked at her watch and answered, "Oh, about fifteen minutes."

"Is that all? Anyways, I don't know Rockwell's last name, but I'm sure you know him. He's the star quarterback and all. He really did everything and the other guys just stood around and blocked my way. I don't know the other guys at all, but if you show me some pictures, maybe I could recognize a few of them."

"I'll do that," Mr. Mifflin said firmly. "I'll go get some pictures and be back shortly. And rest assured that this Rockwell is going to be expelled. I don't care if he is the star of the team, and I don't care what he or his friends have to say. Your wounds speak for themselves, and this school has a zero-tolerance policy for violence. This is not the first time we've seen this kind of behavior from Rock, so he's definitely gone. We've covered up some of his transgressions in the past, I must admit, but no more free passes. May I ask though what this is about?"

"He accused me of sleeping with his girlfriend. Only they already broke up over the weekend! She can do whatever she wants now and he should just butt out." Alan figured that was basically true, even if he was sleeping with Heather before she and Rockwell broke up.

In actual fact, Rockwell had good reason to complain. Heather had broken up with him just hours after Alan fucked her in the ass on Friday, and she did it as a direct result of Alan's disdain over her going out with the obviously lumberheaded, sexually inadequate, self-centered boy. Alan hadn't talked to Heather about it, but he'd noticed the timing and suspected a connection.

The vice-principal patted Alan on the knee. "Typical jock. Those guys think they own the school and unfortunately too often we've let things slide. I've never agreed with that but sometimes my hands are tied. Don't worry though, I'll get this all sorted out. You just get better."

Mr. Mifflin left, after which Mrs. Haggerty tended to Alan's wounds. Alan's groin surprisingly wasn't too bad once the effects of the kick wore off. But his face looked horrible. His left eye was threatening to turn into a black eye, and his cheeks and nose were red and swollen. The nurse kept an ice pack on him while Katherine and Amy commiserated and held his hands as if holding on for dear life.

After a while the nurse left, and Alan was free to voice his thoughts to the two girls. He said, "I'll be okay. My biggest wound is gonna be on my butt where I'll be kicking myself. That and the wound to my ego. I kind of feel like I deserve this."

"No!" Amy gasped. "Totally not! Don't say that."

"No, it's true. I've been too cocky. This was pretty much inevitable, because I wasn't keeping my ear to the ground and listening to what people were saying. And my security standards grew lax. Amy, I should never have let you speak so freely about sexual stuff."

Amy was going to say something.

But Alan preempted. "Don't worry, Aims. It's all right. If not for you, it would have come out anyways. Heather and a couple of other cheerleaders were talking too, I'm sure. You know how it is: you tell just one best friend in top secrecy, but then that person tells just one, and so on. It gets around if it's interesting enough, and my case is too interesting."

That was true, but he also felt Amy exacerbated things by talking so freely. He didn't want her to feel bad about it though. He also suspected Simone of starting a whole new round of rumors about his sexual prowess after he fucked her yesterday. He cursed himself as well for getting drawn in to Simone and the others the afternoon before.

He continued, "The question is, what am I going to do now? They may expel Rock - I imagine he'll get bounced to some other high school - but the other guys will still be around after whatever punishments they get, and madder than ever. Plus, now I'm considered a rat for naming names. AND, if the football team loses, everyone's gonna blame me for the loss of the school's best quarterback. I have enemies, and I'll be getting more." He sighed.

Katherine caressed his upper arm lovingly. "Don't worry, Bro. It'll be all right. I have one idea, though you're not gonna like it. I even don't like it."

"What?"

"Get Heather to help. Have her do the tricky, backstabbing stuff she does so well. She knows and fucks most of those football players. I'm sure she can do something to keep them in line and away from you. They act like they own the school, especially since the football jocks are generally the basketball jocks in winter and the baseball jocks in the spring. If they back off, everyone else will."

Alan thought about it and sighed some more. "Maybe. But then I'll be beholden to Heather. And that sucks."

Amy and Katherine both nodded in agreement to that thought.

He thought to himself, Besides, I don't like the idea of her fucking random jocks. Not only is there a huge sexual disease risk there, but I feel like I own her ass!