

## 6 Times 871

### Chapter 871 Nurse Suzanne And Susan

Alan dragged himself along as he headed home. Not only was he mentally and physically exhausted from the very busy day at school, but he was also quite sleepy. He needed his daily nap badly, especially since he'd gone to bed late (thanks to Brenda) and woken up early (thanks to Xania).

Thinking about how much sex he needed to engage in each day to keep everyone happy made him that much more eager for a nap. Who would have known that having all my dreams come true could be so exhausting? The porn stories I read never mention that. I'd almost say that it's like work, except that it's so goddamned much fun. I'm more than happy to be this tired from too much sex every single day!

He was also very despondent over all the homework he knew he still had to do. Even though Heather had arranged for someone to do his 20-page essay, he still had a lot more to do for his other classes. He figured he'd be up late working, and that prospect depressed him. He used to stay up late doing homework around one or two nights every week, but it had been so long since he'd done that that he hardly knew what it was like anymore.

When he walked into the house, Suzanne and Susan were waiting for him in the living room, dressed in nothing but frilly French underwear and high heels. Katherine and Amy also had homework to do and were off studying together somewhere.

"Hi, Son!" Susan said as she slid a hand into her panties.

He gave them a small wave and a hello, and quipped, "What did I tell you two about not wearing underwear in the house?" But then he slumped right past them and started for the stairs.

Susan said, "Son, don't you need a good sperm draining? Suzanne just taught me some new cocksucking techniques we're keen to try out on you together."

Suzanne licked her lips and purred in her sultry scratchy voice, "Mmmm. Dual blowjob."

Susan added, "Mommy REALLY wants to suck your cock - even more than usual!" She held up a hand in front of her mouth and smiled as she made the motions of sucking and jacking him off.

As if that wasn't enough teasing, Suzanne said, "Sweetie, how would you like some ice cream?"

There were few things Alan loved more than a dual Susan-Suzanne blowjob. Between Suzanne's expert skill and his mother's sheer enthusiasm, they could take him to the highest pinnacles of pleasure. And he knew full well what the "ice cream" question meant, since they'd blown him together once before while he was eating a bowl of amaretto ice cream.

But this time not only was he tired, he'd just fucked Glory and Heather in rapid succession, so his penis needed time to rebound. All he could say was, "Thanks, both of you, but later, I hope. Actually, my balls are really well drained at the moment, but thanks for asking. I'm gonna crash."

He staggered up the stairs.

As soon as he had left, Suzanne said, "Look what the cat dragged in. He looks like a wreck! Especially with those bruises. And not even so much as a kiss on the cheek for either of us. Hrmph!" She was particularly annoyed that both she and Susan had dressed in their most provocative outfits, yet he seemed to have hardly noticed them.

Susan frowned with worry, but said encouragingly, "I'm sure he just needs his nap. He looks bad, it's true, but he told me last night those facial bruises don't really hurt at all. He'll be all right."

Suzanne had her tits both exposed and elevated by a black supporting underbra.

Susan was so delighted with the tempting sight of Suzanne's milky white skin contrasted by the black fabric that she reached up and pulled her friend down to where she was sitting so she could suckle on a nipple. "Did you hear what he said? His balls are well drained! That means he laid some pipe at school. Isn't that exciting? I hope he boned a cheerleader or two!"

"He could have just gotten a blowjob or titfuck or something like that," Suzanne pointed out, still feeling discouraged about his lack of sexual interest in her and Susan.

"No, even though he looks half-dead, he has that 'I just tamed me some fresh pussy' look on his face. I bet he was the center of a big orgy. That would explain why he's so tired. Oooh! Can't you just imagine a

dozen busty schoolgirls all begging for his big cock? I can!" She leaned in closer to suckle on her best friend.

But Suzanne wasn't in the mood. She pushed herself away, saying with determination, "No. Not now. I don't like how he looked. That boy needs serious help. I know just what he needs: inspiration. I'll be back soon."

The stunning redhead also was quite tired, since Xania had left not long before, after which she and Susan had waited around for Alan and talked about cocksucking techniques instead of taking naps themselves. But nonetheless she left the house without another word, leaving Susan quite puzzled.

Alan had a long, refreshing nap. When he woke up, he looked at the clock by his bed and groaned. "Five-thirty already and I haven't done a single thing. Ugh."

He thought, Well, a single academically useful thing, at any rate. My dick has sure been busy. Before long, it'll be dinner time. The way things are going, I might not get to my homework until eight. No; that's too late. I've got to open my books right now. Screw saying hello or even taking a shower. Greeting everyone around here is an extremely time-consuming activity lately! Hopefully the dual cocksucking mommies will hold their offer until later. That can be my reward for getting some work done.

For over an hour he applied himself diligently to his homework. He didn't even turn his light on when it got dark. Instead he just continued working by the light of his computer screen because he didn't want the others to know he was awake.

Finally, just short of seven, Susan knocked on his door. "Tiger? Are you up? It's almost dinner time." She giggled like a young teen, correcting herself, "Or, should I say, are you awake? I know you're always 'up.'"

"Yeah. I'm awake. Actually, I've been awake for a while, working on my homework. I've actually managed to get something done. But I am not 'up.'"

Susan continued speaking through the door. "Oh." There was a long pause while she considered what to say. "Tiger, do you know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking it's probably been hours and hours since you last unloaded one of your big sperm loads into or onto any sexy babe. I know you must have had a lot of

cheerleader porking fun at school today, but don't forget your daily target. You haven't even asked for any stealth stroking help, and that makes me sad. Do you think you want to, uh, take a load off before dinner?"

He laughed, both from her "take a load off" play on words and her endless sexual enthusiasm. "Thanks, Mom. I guess three hours is technically 'hours and hours,' but really, I'm fine. I don't think I could get it up again if I wanted to. I'm just going to take a shower and freshen up before dinner, but I'd love to have fun after dinner."

"Okay. Whatever you like. Do you need help with your shower? I could soap you up - all over!" Her voice was suddenly growing very excited. Then, realizing she might be coming on too strong, she added in a more neutral voice, "You know, in case your hands are tired. Or something."

He chuckled. "Thanks, but I'm afraid that would be too tempting for both of us."

He thought, Dang! I've got an incredibly gorgeous woman with a boner-popping, hard-body, hourglass shape standing on the other side of the door, all but begging to play with my dick! And she's my MOM! And I turn her down. Crazy days, man.

"Oh, poo! Shoot. Oh well. No problem. See ya." She tried to sound carefree with her "no problem" comment, but it was clear that she was quite disappointed.

He took his shower and then wandered downstairs in a shirt and shorts to see what was cooking and to finally greet them all properly. He felt a bit regretful that he'd had to blow off Susan and Suzanne before his nap. But to his surprise, no one was downstairs and there wasn't any sign of food. He went back upstairs and, hearing voices from within his mother's room, opened the door.

He was greeted with a very enjoyable surprise. Susan and Suzanne were both sitting on Susan's big bed, talking. But what surprised him was what they were wearing: nurses' uniforms. They looked exactly like nurses, with matching pink uniforms complete with the pillbox-styled hats some nurses wear. Susan even wore a Red Cross armband. The only false notes were their high heels and the immodestly-short lengths of their skirts.

It occurred to him, On second thought, they're not nurses, they're like porno film nurses. Sweet! Their tops seem normal enough and don't show any cleavage at all, but no real nurse would wear a micro miniskirt like that.

"It's about time you found us," Suzanne said testily, but there was a happy smile on her face. "Look, Susan, it's our favorite patient. Come over here, Sweetie, and let us diagnose you. And don't you say 'no' again. I made a special trip to the sex store just to get these costumes." She put on a sultry pout.

What she didn't mention was that she'd also stopped by Akami's office and picked up a prescription for some Reglan to help Susan start her lactation. She'd also bought a breast pump. They wanted to keep Susan's lactation a surprise for him.

His body responded to the outfits before he could even answer. He sniffed the air - it already smelled like pussy, and a mix of two of his favorite pussy flavors to boot. "Don't worry. How could I say no to that? Jesus. You two are really too much. Is it love or lust that makes you two so constantly helpful with my treatment?"

Susan replied, "Tiger, you know it's both. Anyway, I don't see much of a difference - isn't lust just a way to show and share love? When I swallow your cock and tongue it until you blow a big load down my throat, don't you know that that's another way for me to tell you that I love you?"

He felt his penis quickly growing to its full size. "Um, sure."

She continued with a big smile, "It's my favorite way too. Now, what are you hiding beneath your shorts? What's making that huge bulge, a telephone pole? Bring that thing over here so we nurses can diagnose you properly."

He pulled his shorts all the way off, exposing his suddenly painfully-hard erection. He walked over to where they sat on the edge of the bed. But rather than stopping, he kept walking into Suzanne until his stiff rod brushed against her right breast, which was still concealed by her uniform. Then he rubbed the area around her obvious nipple, moving in small circles with the end of his penis.

This caused no end of delight for both 'nurses'. Susan yelped with joy, "Look, Suzanne! I think we've just discovered a new, improved way for Tiger to get our attention!"

Suzanne wore a big smile just like Susan's, but she acted coy. Her top had a central front zipper, which she unzipped all the way to the bottom, causing her pale white tits to bounce free.

He immediately resumed pressing his erection into her right tit, only now he could rub her hard nipple without any impediment.

Suzanne said to Susan, "Hmmm, I wonder what you're talking about. You're acting as if he's touching me with his cock, but we know patients don't do that to nurses. That would be so improper." She winked at that.

Still playing the innocent, she added, "On a totally unrelated topic, I detect a certain swelling between his legs. What do you think it is, Nurse Susan?"

Susan reached for her son's hard-on and began jacking it towards the base, while the tip continued to poke into Suzanne's nipple. She snickered, "'A totally unrelated topic.' Ha! I like that. But you are right - I'm definitely feeling a swelling here. Maybe it's a bruise from the fight the other day. Tiger, did the big bullies hit you in the nuts?"

"As a matter of fact, they did. You should probably check my balls for damage." He grinned and used his hand to direct his rigid pole all over Suzanne's tit. Susan was still holding and stroking it, but doing so so loosely that he could move its tip even as she caressed it.

"Good idea!" she replied. She began fondling his balls, tugging on them a bit. "Tell me, patient, how does this feel?"

"Fantastic! Um, I mean, terrible." He faked a frown, badly. "You should probably do that a whole lot more to find out exactly where the damage is." He gave up trying to frown and grinned from ear to ear.

Suzanne said, "Susan, I mean Nurse Susan, you're so perceptive." She put her hand on his dick alongside Susan's, pushing Alan's hand out of the way, and the two mothers began to share stroking duties while Susan kept up her attention to his balls. "But I'm worried about a fever. With all this swelling, could he be getting a fever?"

Susan pretended concern. "I think so, Nurse Suzanne. Why don't you take over the swelling inspection duties while I investigate the 'damage' to his balls a little closer?"

"Mmmm. Good idea. Maybe I'll take his temperature while you do that. They say the oral technique gives excellent readings, though there's something to be said for anal."

Susan played along, "One can never be too sure. Maybe we should take an oral reading first, and then anal." Her excitement got the best of her and she added, "And then oral again! He can blow a spermy load down each of our throats!"

Suzanne teased back, "Speaking of oral, I hear licking is a great way to check the scrotum for damage."

"Mmmm!" Susan moaned lustily. "I luuuuve this 'checking for damage'. It reminds me of the abnormality checks that Akami used to make me do. Wasn't that fun? ... GOD, that was fun!"

He could see what was coming, so lay back on the bed to give them both better access to his crotch.

Suzanne bent over and gobbled up his penis, beginning an expert cocksucking job. Meanwhile, she reached underneath him and stuck a finger up his butt.

Susan spoke, "You know, I've heard that when it comes to medical advice, it's always good to get a second opinion. So I'll take his temperature too, and then we can compare." She leaned in and joined Suzanne with an aggressive licking and sucking effort, while any spare hands they had jacked him off at the same time.

Alan thought, That feels sooooo good! God! The two of them working together is pretty much the ultimate. Even a couple of weeks ago I would have exploded in a minute from this kind of double tongue lashing AND finger stroking. But now I can hold off and enjoy it for a good long while. How great is that?!

After a few minutes of loud and loving slurping, Suzanne asked Susan, "So, got a temperature reading yet?"

"Hot! Definitely hot! I'm feverish, for sure. My nipples are on fire!" She continued to lick.

Suzanne said with amusement and a bit of chagrin, "I meant HIS temperature."

"Oh." Susan smiled as she slathered her tongue all over her son's sweet spot some more.

Suzanne shook her head. "You're turning into a regular comedian. Let's try again: How is his temperature?"

Susan kept grinning. "Hmmm... Hard to say... Certainly quite hot and yummy, but I might have to check for another twenty minutes, just to be completely sure. Mmmm!" She was lapping up one side of his cockhead while Suzanne was on the other, leaving room for their hands to explore the shaft. "How 'bout you?"

Suzanne replied happily, "Sizzling! I can feel the heat all the way down to my pussy!"

"Oooh! Me too! My clit is all tingly and I'm not even touching it! Imagine feeling his boiling-hot sperm explode onto the back of your throat!" Somehow, Susan could talk freely without slowing her licking in any way. She'd certainly had a lot of practice in recent weeks.

"I can!" Suzanne replied with lusty excitement. She was in charge of his balls for the moment, and as she played with them she said, "I can feel these puppies beginning to swell with cum! Sweetie, you need to paint my tonsils before these poor guys turn blue."

Alan just moaned with pleasure.bender

Then Susan asked him while lapping at his sweet spot, "So, the big question we can't wait to ask is: How many hotties did you bone at school today? And who were they?"

He managed to grunt out, "Sorry, Mom, I don't kiss and tell."

Susan pouted even as she licked, "Oh, come on! Not that excuse again, please. Telling your busty cocksucking aunt and mommy isn't REALLY telling. Pleeeeease? I only wanna know 'cos it gets me hot!"



"Well..." His resolve was wavering, because he was so uncontrollably aroused.

The two voluptuous vixens had been giving him a great dual blowjob already, but they kicked their efforts into overdrive to help convince him to talk. They didn't really do anything different, but somehow what their four hands and two mouths were doing felt even better than before.

He closed his eyes and groaned as he strained not to cum. "Okay, okay! Just... tone it down! I don't want to blow just yet!"

They quickly went back to their previous pace, permitting him to narrowly avert his orgasmic crisis.

After about another minute, Susan asked, "Well? Spill the beans!"

Suzanne teased in her sexy and scratchy voice, "Yeah, spill something. Spill something all over our faces!"

"Jesus!" He was still panting a bit. "Hold on. I'm trying to recover, but you two don't make that easy." He was having trouble quenching the urge to blow, since they'd only slowed down, not stopped. Suzanne's long tongue was pressing hard against his sweet spot now, making it hard for him to even think. (If one of them wasn't lapping there then the other one was, or sometimes they both were at the same time.)

He paused a bit longer until finally they calmed down a bit more and he was able to return to normal breathing. "Well, if you must know, I fucked Glory during lunch. And then after school I banged Heather's ass pretty good, and then went back to Glory's classroom and fucked her some more. It was pretty busy for a school day, now that I think about it."

"Wow, that makes me SO HOT!"

Alan had his eyes closed, but he opened them and looked towards his crotch in momentary confusion because those were Susan's usual words, but it sounded like Suzanne's scratchy voice.

Susan frowned and momentarily stopped licking his balls. "Hey! That's what I was going to say."

"Gotcha both. Mmmm!" Suzanne said gleefully as she stuffed all of Alan's bulbous cockhead into her mouth.

Susan was miffed because she had been about to do that too, but then she relaxed and contented herself by licking his balls for a while.

Alan continued to look down at Susan and then at Suzanne. Although he saw little more than the backs of their heads and nurse hats bobbing up and down in his lap, he exclaimed, "You two are too damn sexy! How am I supposed to function like this?"

Susan rubbed his arm soothingly, "Oooh. Is it that bad? Nurse Suzanne, that swelling between his legs is so bad that he can't even function. We'll have to find some kind of way to get it to go down. I could take his temperature orally all day long, but it only seems to make his swelling harder and stickier and hotter."

She added with a giggle, "And that's a problem. If his temperature keeps changing, I might have to suck on it all night long and still not get a good reading! Not that I would mind." She laughed. "Do you have any ideas?"

Suzanne stopped her bobbing over his cockhead and pulled herself up from his lap. "Oh, I have some ideas, all right. My vaginal thermometer is very accurate. I haven't gotten my daily fucking from Sweetie today, and this is probably my only chance."

She leaned towards Alan's face for a kiss before conspiratorially saying to him, "Luckily, Susan has already given me permission to take your load." She plunged a finger up his asshole, as if daring him to give up his load to her immediately and blow his sticky goo all over her face. Her finger was well lubricated with her own pussy juices.

"Oh, MAN!" he gasped. Anal fingering practically doubled his pleasure, especially when his prostate got expertly stimulated, as Suzanne was doing to him at that instant.

Susan took advantage of Suzanne's talking and engulfed his momentarily unoccupied cockhead with her mouth. She managed to fit the entire thing between her lips before Suzanne got much past "Oh, I have

some ideas." It was true that Susan had given Suzanne that permission, but she wanted to at least help "warm him up" with some serious and prolonged cocksucking before it happened.

In the face of all this stimulation, he managed to say with deliberate understatement, "That was nice of her."

#### Chapter 872 Paint Me, Son! Paint Me!

Suzanne ran a hand up his chest as if she was amazed by his muscles and was checking them out for the first time. "Well, it's really for her benefit this time. You see, Sweetie, we all know that the big day for you and her could come as soon as tomorrow. We need to have her fully prepared to have the ultimate fuck, so right now I'm going to give you some tips and teach you some techniques on how to fuck her completely senseless."

She continued to saw a finger into his ass with her other hand.

It was a miracle he hadn't climaxed already. The only reason he hadn't was that he figured he might not get it up again, and he was desperate not to end the fun.

Susan listened in, and thought as she sucked and licked all over the top half of her son's dick, Yes! "Fuck her completely senseless!" That's what my Tiger's going to do to me, fuck me senseless! My very own son! Suzanne is so amazing, sharing her best secrets with me. Wow. And it's been so long, so very, very long since I've last felt the comforting taste of my son's magnificent cock between my lips! Mmmm! Hours and hours. Mmmm. Spermy goodness coming soon!

I feel so secure and intimate and loved whenever I'm like this: big tits swinging free, pussy wet, and mouth filled with sweet son cock! I could just LIVE with his fuck rod in my mouth, if he'd only let me. What a meanie, always banging all those teen twats at school instead of taking care of his mommy.

But soon I'll get a sperm protein shake of my own! And then when I get a refreshing drink from his semen fountain, it makes me wh- ... Oh no! I told Suzanne that she could have his load, didn't I? Darn. Well, accidents do happen, tee-hee-hee. Maybe if I speed up my technique here, he just might "accidentally" squirt my stomach full of spermy goodness!

Her tongue, lips, and fingers went into overdrive.

Suzanne was starting to take off more of her nurse uniform in anticipation of getting fucked. She somehow seemed incapable of taking off her clothes without performing a jaw-dropping striptease in the process.

Given opportunities like this, Suzanne loved to take full advantage and really go for broke. She actually buttoned her nurse's top back up so she could have more to take off. She started just swaying and hamming it up a bit, but seeing that Alan and Susan were having fun watching, she started to get increasingly active. Before long, she was dancing very actively even though there was no music playing.

Between watching Suzanne undress and Susan's tongue and lips vacuuming his erection clean of constantly drooling pre-cum, all Alan could manage to say was, "Tips?"

Suzanne pulled her miniskirt down past her high heels and kicked it away. "Yes. Tips. Techniques. Nurse Susan, please stop what you're doing there for a minute. I have a valuable medical lesson to impart that will help mend the wounds of this battered boy."

Susan was in cocksucking heaven, and very reluctant to stop. She pulled back just enough to blow on his erection instead of licking it. She pouted and muttered, "Oh, poo!" Then she blew on it some more.

Suzanne rolled her eyes as she tossed her top aside, leaving just the nurse's hat on her. "Very well. You've got to remove your mouth completely, but you can keep your hands going if you must."

Susan reluctantly pulled back out of blowing range. "Thanks, Nurse Suzanne." She savored the little amount of pre-cum left on her tongue, thinking she might not get any more for a while.

As Susan changed positions, she realized with surprise that she was still fully clothed. Normally, she found a way to bare her chest at the very least whenever her son was around, but she'd been so focused on handjob and blowjob that it had slipped her mind.

So she took advantage of the changing of positions to remove some clothes. First she took off her miniskirt, but the top of her uniform was designed in such a way that she could unzip flaps and expose her bountiful globes while leaving the rest of her top on, so she opened the flaps. She kept her hat and

armband on to maintain the nurse look, and kept her high heels on just because she knew Alan liked them.

Suzanne reached in with her free hand and held the top of Alan's wet and pulsing erection while Susan jacked off the lower half. "Now, Nurse Susan, stop stroking and pay full attention here. He needs a break, anyway."

Once she had Susan's full attention, Suzanne continued, "I haven't been as good to you lately as I should have been. I'll admit some jealousy and wanting to delay you and your son from fucking your tasty cunt in the past. Momentary lapses. Ancient history now. But here's one way I'm going to make it up to you. Instead of just jacking him off in any old herky jerky way, let's get medical. I've studied this stuff. I know you say pleasuring his cock is an art, and it is, but it's a science too. Since we're dressed as nurses, isn't it fitting if we use knowledge of anatomy to take cocksucking to a higher level?"

Susan purred, "Ooooh! I love the sound of that! Let's do it!"

All hands left Alan's groin, and there was a pause to prevent him from cumming.

Then Susan and Suzanne leaned in close to his throbbing erection. Both of them felt their heads drawn to it as if a powerful magnetic force was pulling them down and compelling them to suck it. If nothing else, both of them had developed a strong Pavlovian reaction to its smell and taste. For Susan especially, just looking at a bulge in her son's shorts could make her mouth water.

Susan knew she was supposed to just look, but she couldn't help herself. Her tongue lashed out towards his pole. But his stiffness bounced away, since it was standing up straight without any support. So she was "forced" to grab it to keep it still, and within seconds she was both jacking and sucking him off again.

Suzanne made tsk-tsk noises. "Come on, I'm trying to teach you some important things here, things you'll be doing to Alan Junior for decades to come. I know you have the enthusiasm, but you need to match that with skill."

As he overheard that, he thought, Mom's sheer enthusiasm plus Suzanne's years of practice and her limitless bag of tricks in one person? Scary!

Suzanne continued, "Are you really committed to dedicating your entire being to pleasuring his cock like you told me earlier, or was that just talk?"

"Oh, poo." Susan pulled away. "Of course that wasn't just talk. I take my official personal cocksucker responsibilities VERY seriously. Don't worry, I'll be good."

Suzanne joked, "Let me throw you a bone, literally. Don't worry, you can touch it in a second. You just have to restrain yourself when you do."

They both just sat there for some long moments, getting used to being so close to his stiffness without going wild all over it with their lips and tongues. Although Suzanne played the responsible one, as usual, it was almost as tough for her as it was for Susan. She was just better at hiding her feelings.

Even though both of them were deliberately breathing on Alan's shaft, he did manage to recover a bit, after a while. He let out a sigh of relief when he was able to stop fighting the urge to cum.

Finally, Suzanne said to Susan, a touch breathlessly, "Okay, I think we're ready. Did you hear that? That means he's come down from the edge. Our goal is to put him right back there and keep him there, constantly maxing out on erotic pleasure, forever and ever. Now, put your index finger here."

Susan felt a great flood of relief at being able to touch her object of adoration, and she let out a happy sigh. She placed her finger at its very tip.

Suzanne continued in an academic tone, "Let's review what I taught you before. You're touching the meatus. It's the opening of the urethra. As you know, it's where his piss and delicious cum come out. It's a sensitive spot. Keep rubbing the tip of your finger right on top of it, in little circles."

"Like this?" Susan started making the circles, and was rewarded with an extra loud groan from her son.

"Yes. Now, we come to the G-spot of the male, which is just under the crown of the cockhead, here on the side away from his stomach." Suzanne rubbed it adoringly with two fingers. "It's called the frenulum, and it's simply chock-a-block with nerves, so you know that'll make him feel great."

"I knew that already," Susan replied defensively. "The sweet spot! That's my favorite spot in the whole wide world!" She smiled lovingly up towards Alan's face.

She waited until Suzanne withdrew from the frenulum and began jacking off the lower part of his shaft instead. Then she said to Alan as she started rubbing it in a circular pattern, "Mommy just loves your frenulum, doesn't she, Tiger? The sweet spot brings me such sweet joy. How many minutes a day do I lick your sweet spot, hmmm?"

He groaned. "I dunno, Mom. A lot!" It was true - from the very first day, the vast majority of the time Susan was touching his dick she was stimulating that spot in some way. What she lacked in subtlety or experience she made up by going for the "jugular" of his penis nearly all the time.

At first glance, Suzanne was holding the lower half of his hard-on to help keep it in place for Susan, but she was really jacking it off at the same time with subtle rubbing motions. She continued in her officious tone, "There's a groove there called the sulcus, and it's good to stimulate that too. Keep going in that general area with your thumb and middle finger."

Susan followed her instructions, while her pointing finger kept working on his meatus.

"Good," Suzanne said. "Now, use your ring and pinky finger to vibrate the urethra and shaft skin farther down his erection. Like that. There you go. With one hand, you're hitting all the key spots at once. Scrape with the nails on the underside if you can, too. That leaves your other hand free to do all kinds of other things to please him."

Susan was intrigued. She already knew all the names of the parts of the penis, since stimulating Alan's cock had pretty much become her main reason to wake up each morning with a smile on her face, but she hadn't heard of this combined technique before.

Suzanne let go of Alan's shaft, turned to him, and kissed him on the lips while Susan was fully absorbed with his cock. With her upper body crushed against his, he worked on pulling and teasing her nipples.

After a minute or two of dueling tongues, she pulled back and chuckled. "Look at me, Sweetie, you've got me all hot and bothered. Susan, his magic hands have got me wanting to get fucked so badly!"

Susan giggled and replied, "Join the club!"

Suzanne then asked, "How do you like that, Sweetie? And I'm talking about what Susan's doing to you, not my ass." She had to clarify because he was aggressively kneading her ass cheeks now.

Panting, he answered, "It's great. Wow." He sat up so he could look down and see what was happening. The fingers on Susan's hand were still doing three separate things to his penis at once.

With Alan sitting up, Suzanne was able to disengage from him and then come at him from the other side. She had one of her hands trapped underneath his buttocks, with her middle finger penetrating his anus and stimulating his prostate some more. Her other hand appeared out of nowhere underneath Alan's balls, tickling and teasing them.

He asked between labored breaths, "But Aunt Suzy, how is it you're teaching this to Mom, and yet you've never touched me in all those ways with one hand before?"

Suzanne explained, "Two reasons. One, because I want to spread out new things for you instead of doing all I know in a week or two. I wanna keep surprising you for years to come. And two, I want Nurse Susan to have some of your first experiences."

Susan said as she stroked her son's throbbing erection, "Thanks a lot, Nurse Suzanne. You're the bestest best friend ever, as Amy would say. But what do I do with my other hand? I see we still haven't been able to reduce the swelling, and you've got his balls well in hand. I want him to paint me with sperm! When he paints my face with his yummy goo, I feel so owned. And loved!"

Suzanne smiled widely. "Ah. That does feel nice. But let's show him what we can do with our hands. And our tongues haven't even gotten warmed up, either," she pointed out. "Nurse, why don't you stick your fingers in his mouth, and play around in there like you're kissing tongues? Then lick his nipple."

"What?" She'd never done either thing before, although Suzanne had mentioned them during their lengthy cocksucking talk earlier in the day.

"Just do it. Trust me. The male nipple is a very overlooked erogenous zone. Fingers in the mouth are great too. Sweetie, you need to keep our mouths stuffed better. If your dick is otherwise temporarily



occupied by one of your cocksucking hotties, like it is now, fill our cock-hungry mouths with your fingers if you can. It's nearly as good."

So Alan did just that. But to Suzanne's chagrin, he put his fingers in Susan's mouth instead of hers. Mother and son both fingerfucked each other's mouths while everything else was going on. But in his defense, Susan was in easy reach right in front of him, while Suzanne was not.

He seemed completely absorbed in his pleasure for several long minutes, but as he spiraled up right to the brink of climax he managed to say, "Can't go on much longer. Gonna explode!"

"STOP!" Suzanne shrieked like a military captain. "Susan, disengage! Disengage!"

Susan did so, but she didn't see the need for screaming. "Okay, already. Geez. What's the big deal?"

Suzanne complained, "If he cums now, what's gonna happen to my daily fuck? I mean, he does have to do some homework later tonight, so we can't play for hours and hours."

"Oh poo," Susan pouted in a sexy manner. Remarkably, she still had most of her nurse's outfit on. But her boobs were exposed and she shook a bit, letting her huge breasts sway back and forth enticingly. "Tiger, don't think I didn't see what you did to Suzanne's nipples. My nipples are feeling envious and lonely! This big-titted mommy needs you to remind her that her tits are yours to play with!"

But Suzanne said to Susan, "I really hate to say this, but can you leave us be for a little while? I have an even better idea on how to reduce the swelling and I wanna try it out."

"Why? Can't I at least watch?" a pouting and very disappointed Susan asked. She'd been hoping to get him to cum while she could at least share in the eating of it.

"If you watch, it'll ruin the surprise." Suzanne was avoiding touching Alan until he signaled he was ready for more. She watched his whole groin area buck up and down like he was fucking air, that's how close he was to cumming.

Susan watched too, then said, "Oh. Drat. Okay. Is he gonna fuck you now?"

Suzanne looked at him. When he didn't reply, she said, "If he wants. He's the man of the house now."

Susan sighed with longing. "That's true. I guess I'll go check on dinner. My shitake and fenugreek lasagna is simmering in the oven, Tiger, so don't take too long. It's ready whenever you are, kind of like me." She giggled. "When you fill Suzanne's hot cunt full of your thick and tasty seed, think of your mother some of the time too, okay? Think about how you'll be drilling my cunt too before long."

"Ugh! Don't talk like that, Mom, or I'll never calm down." He was watching his boner twitch wildly even though no one was touching it.

"That's the point. We help each other out around here. Today you'll be taming Suzanne's cunt, but with any luck my period may end tomorrow and then you'll be taming mine! It goes without saying that you'll be the only man allowed in there from now on. Ron of course won't get anywhere near it. He won't be my husband for much longer, but there won't be any new man in my life either."

She started rubbing her breasts sensuously, imagining Alan's hands all over her. "My body belongs to you, and only you! Mmmm! That gets me SO HOT, knowing that you basically own me! I might as well hang a little sign above my cunt that says 'This Pussy Is The Property of Alan Plummer, Super Motherfucker.'"

"Jeeesus! Don't say that! Too sexy! Oh... shit! Too late! Too late!" Unexpectedly, he'd crossed the point of no return and he could feel his balls tightening.

Suzanne, if she'd been closer, had tricks to squeeze his cock at the base to stop his orgasmic surge. But she and Susan were standing (as Suzanne was trying to guide Susan out of the room), and by the time they both dropped to their knees and reached their hands out, he was already shooting out his first rope of cum.

Susan and Suzanne both lunged their heads forward at the same time to swallow his cockhead. But there was no room for both of them at the tip of his cock and their heads briefly knocked together.

Giggling at the accident, they pulled back and let him paint their faces and chests with cum.

Alan was having the time of his life, but it had become an ingrained habit for him not to play favorites, so even without consciously thinking about it he made sure to cover their faces with his cum more or less equally.

As his ropes started to lose their strength, Suzanne grabbed his wildly twitching pole with both hands and pumped on it, coaxing yet more cum out of it. She screamed, "Paint me, Son! Paint me!"

That managed to elicit another two ropes out of him before he ran out.

He was so caught up in the moment that he failed to notice Suzanne's use of the word "son." Suzanne didn't say it intentionally; it just bubbled up from her subconscious.

Susan didn't notice either. She was too busy gushing with wonder, "Tiger, that was NINE ROPES! I counted every single one, including the two you shot straight down my throat. I'm so PROUD of you! After all the pints of sperm you must have pumped into your teacher and the head cheerleader today, I'd have thought you'd be nearly out of the precious stuff. But no! Not you! Look at us. Just look what you did to our faces! You really showed us who's who and what's what, and just who rules the roost around here!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes at Susan's exuberance. But she loved her for that trait too. It was hard to remain jaded around Susan. She swirled Alan's cum around in her mouth like mouthwash. Damn, that's good stuff. That's one area where there's no hype to the hype. And the boy sure does have a lot of cum in him. Mmmm.

## Chapter 873 Alan X Suzanne

Alan fell back onto Susan's bed as his great climax came to an end. "Phew. Wow!"

He heard Suzanne say, "So, Nurse Susan, would you say the operation was a success?"

"Yes!" Susan answered, falling back into her pretend nurse role. "We've cured him of excesso-spermatosis, for I'd say... mmmm... maybe the next half hour or so." She giggled. "Then we'll have to 'operate' again."

Both of them giggled at that.

He lay there for a couple of minutes recovering from the intense experience. He winced at first when Susan began her usual cleaning of his flaccid penis and balls with her tongue, but, as usual, it quickly turned pleasurable.

Suzanne muttered, "Susan, you and your cock cleaning. As if that's really necessary. I think you leave his privates wetter after you're done."

Susan replied as she licked his balls, "Maybe so, but it's what good mommies do."

Suzanne rolled her eyes.

But eventually, Alan felt Susan stop her licking and withdraw from his crotch altogether. He was happy to keep his eyes closed and rest for a few more minutes.

However, curiosity finally got the best of him. He opened his eyes because he could still feel the presence of the two Amazon mothers in the room, but he didn't know what they were doing.

Once he looked up he almost regretted that he did, because the sight was too sexy for him to handle in his post-orgasmic state. Susan and Suzanne were standing right above him, alternately kissing and feeding each other his cum. One of them would scoop off a cum gob from the face or chest of the other, and then feed it into the other woman's mouth. Then they'd kiss on the lips.

He figured correctly there was a lot of cum swapping going on. He had a glimmer of what was happening inside their mouths by the way their cheeks were sucking in sometimes, and occasionally he could see bulges in cheeks caused by passing tongues. They seemed to be engaged in a friendly fight over his cum.

Occasionally, one or the other of them would peek over in his direction. They generally pretended that he wasn't there, but they were obviously making an extra effort to put on a sexy show for him. Not only were they licking and kissing, but there was a constant rubbing of tit against tit. Their breasts were sliding all over each other because they were lubed up with his semen.

Damn! he thought. Talk about a double-decker tit bus! It's like they're having trouble kissing 'cos there's just too much tit-flesh in the way! I wish I was hard again so I could stick my dick up through all that bouncy goodness and have a slippery ride from the fresh cum getting rubbed into their skin... I wonder if they'd be rubbing their nipples against each other like that even if I wasn't watching... Yeah, probably, knowing them.

Lately, he'd been focusing more on cumming on faces and less on chests, because he discovered that by aiming at faces he could usually effectively hit both, plus, gravity would make sure much of the cum would fall to the tits. Susan and Suzanne were so endowed that when the cum started to drip from their faces, it was difficult for it to fall anywhere else but onto the upper slopes of their great racks.

That was what was happening now. Once they ran out of cum gobs on their cheeks and chins, they started licking each other's boobs. Naturally this led to a lot of nipple suckling too.

After they had more or less run out of cum, he spoke up while remaining flat on his back. "That was fun to watch. Thanks for all the 'nursing.' But I'm sorry, Aunt Suzy. I didn't mean to cum just then. I'd dropped my guard since no one was touching me. By the time I thought to do the PC muscle thing, it was too late."

Susan looked down at his crotch. She looked to Suzanne and asked, "I think his cock is still a bit messy. Do you mind if I give him another thorough cleaning?"

Suzanne chuckled. "Sure. Knock yourself out." She figured that Susan was hoping some more oral attention there would get him stiff again, and that's what she wanted too.

So, as Susan resumed licking Alan's flaccid penis, Suzanne replied to him, "Don't worry about it, Sweetie. At first I was a bit frustrated that Susan said those arousing things and ruined my chance for a lovely fuck, but then I realized that was the selfish way of looking at it. The fact is, I was playing with fire getting you so worked up in the first place, and it was a miracle you lasted as long as you did. I guess we've started to assume you can last forever, but you are human after all. Neither you nor Susan did anything wrong. And it's no biggie. Maybe we can get together later tonight if you have a study break or something and you can nail me good then."

He nodded, but then said, "Wait a minute... Hold on here..." He concentrated on the feelings in his groin where Susan was licking him. "Eureka! Houston, we have lift off!"

Susan began licking more vigorously, not to clean, but to help his growing shaft get bigger.

Suzanne stood by and watched. "I don't believe it! Sweetie, you just had an amazing, prolonged dual blowjob session five minutes ago! And you're hard again?!"

"Hey, what can I say?" he said with more than a touch of pride in his voice. "You two inspire me, especially with that cum swapping kiss thing you were doing. Plus, I'm eighteen. This is supposed to be my sexual prime."

Suzanne brought her face close to his crotch. Wanting to confirm her suspicion, she asked Susan, "You weren't really trying to give him a second cleaning, were you? You figured with a little more stimulation, you could coax another boner out of him."

"Yep!" Susan admitted, feeling very proud of herself. "I know my son. I figured the way we were licking cum off each other would get him going for sure." She lovingly kissed her way all over his cockhead.

Suzanne happily joined in, and the two busty MILFs got busy with another dual cocksucking.

He just closed his eyes and enjoyed an endless erotic bliss, thanks mostly to their talented tongues. But they also took turns titfucking him. One would keep licking his cockhead while the other slid his shaft through a tight tunnel of flesh.

The three of them lost all track of time. It seemed they were content to keep at it all night long.

At one point, Susan thought, Does life get any better than this? Seriously! Here I am, bobbing on Tiger's cock while Suzanne laps on his balls, AND my face is soaked wet with his spermy seed! I can't imagine anything I'd rather be doing, except maybe if someone like Angel or Brenda was here helping out too. It's true that my jaw is sore and my tongue is tired, but that's just the way I like it. That's a "hurt so good" kind of thing.

When I think that this is how it's going to be for years and years to come, I get so giddy that I can hardly contain myself! Truly, the Lord has blessed me, and blessed us all!

Oh, shoot. I suppose I should pull off for a while, since I don't want to be a cock hog. But I'll get to slurp on his yummy cum-filled balls, so it's all good!

Sure enough, she pulled off, and let Suzanne take over bobbing down his shaft.

They kept switching back and forth, dozens of times, sometimes varying that up by licking him together, or switching to more titfucking fun. When it came to titfucking, they always came up with ways to have both of them involved, especially by having one of them suck or lick him from the top while the other one did all the titfucking squeezing.

Eventually, it became obvious that he would cum soon if they kept it up. Both women had had some nice climaxes, but if he came, that would probably spell the end of their fun.

Suzanne was still extremely keen on getting fucked. So, when Susan pulled back to take a break, since her mouth and even her hands were tired from all her long efforts, Suzanne saw that as a good time to strike. She looked hungrily at Alan as she spoke to Susan with a ravenous, sexy growl. "Thanks, Susan. I'll take it from here."

Susan decided that she was quite satiated and happy. They'd been at it so long that her mouth was pretty much too tired to go on, which was incredible for her. Plus, she'd fingered herself to climax quite a few times, and she still had his cum on her face.

She stood up and smiled benignly at the whole scene. "That's my son! Is there any wonder why he owns my big-titted body? I just can't WAIT until he tames my cunt! It's like when I was five years old and waiting for Christmas morning, only ten times more intense."

"Soon, Mom, soon." Alan could hardly wait too.

Susan bent over to give him a goodbye kiss, but with her big melons practically swaying in his face, he couldn't resist fondling them some more. Things heated up so much that Suzanne didn't want to be left out, and he traded turns making out with her too. Naturally, soft, feminine hands resumed jacking him off, although he was so busy kissing that he couldn't tell who was doing what.

He was mindful of Suzanne wanting to fuck, but it took him a few minutes to extricate himself from the hot double kissing session.bender

Bursting with pride, Susan smiled at him again and then left the room.

Suzanne turned to Alan, and as she did he felt her lust hit him like a high-powered searchlight suddenly blinding him.

She cooed in her scratchy, sensual voice, "Now Sweetie, let's see if I can't teach you a thing or two about the value of endurance when FUCKING a desperate and hungry CUNT."

Alan had stood up to see Susan go. But now Suzanne took him by the hand and sat him down on a small sofa near the door. He thought she was sitting him down there to have a short talk with him first, but in fact she just couldn't wait to make it all the way back to the bed.

Rather than sitting next to him, she sat right on top of him. She purred, "I don't know how long your weary Alan Junior can keep standing up like that, so I'm not gonna mess around."

Alan was wondering how he was expected not to cum, given that he was right at the edge, but Suzanne was so determined that he could see he didn't have much choice. He just prayed for strength and stamina.

Holding his erection with one hand, she slowly sat down on him until she was fully impaled. "Oh yeah! That's what I'm talking about! Mmmm, that's good."

She correctly figured Susan was out of the room but probably still within earshot, so as she started to bounce up and down she said, "Susan, you have no idea what you're missing. You're gonna have the best time of your LIFE! Better than titfucks, better than blowjobs, better than anal sex. THIS is the GREATEST! This is the ULTIMATE! Fuck me hard, Sweetie!"

Susan listened with her ear against the door for a minute or two, stroking her pussy lips as she intently tried to hear what was going on. The door was thick and so she couldn't hear much, but luckily Suzanne spoke quite loudly for her benefit.



Suddenly, Suzanne shouted out, "Oh my GOD! It's like a trampoline! Susan, I'm on a trampoline, bouncing up and down! But I'm bouncing on COCK! He's splitting me in TWO with every THRUST! Susan, it's so GOOD! So damn GOOD! Oh! OH! OOOOOH!"

Susan started to rub her clit frantically as she pictured herself as the one being impaled on her son's hard pole, over and over.

Then, after another minute or two, Suzanne shrieked, "Sweetie, please! Please! Please have mercy! No! I can't take it! Too good! Too fucking GOOD!" There was a pause, and then she shouted even louder, "No! No! Oh dear God, NO! I can't, I can't... Can't take it! Oh God I'm gonna cum again! No! No! Oh God, please! Stop! Please! Can't... AAAAIIIEE! I'm cumming!"

Susan fell to her knees, her naked body dripping with sweat. She didn't have to hold her ear to the door with Suzanne yelling so loud. She was close to cumming already, and willed herself to go over the edge, as she liked to cum at the same time as Suzanne. Even though they were in different rooms, she felt it brought them closer together and made her feel more like she was the one getting royally fucked.

Her eyes rolled into her head and she bit her lip to prevent herself from screaming out (since she wasn't really supposed to be there).

Right then, he quietly told Suzanne, "Aunt Suzy, we really have to stop! Need... a break! Too fuckin' good! I'm... gonna cum!" He was struggling mightily, squeezing his PC muscle desperately.

Suzanne understood. She wanted a nice long fucking, so she came to a complete halt to let him have one of his strategic breaks.

Just as Susan was recovering from her intense cum and about to stand up again, she heard Suzanne's voice, less loud but more incredulous: "What? Sweetie, no. No. You didn't cum and you want more? Sweetie, please. I'm so sensitive... What? You're not gonna rest? Sweetie, you're like an animal! ... SWEETIE! ... What... What are you doing? Oh my God! You're like a fucking MACHINE! Have, have, have mercy! Oh no! No! No more cock! Too much cock! Driving, driving cock! Stop! Stop, please!"

Susan fell to her knees again and resumed stroking her clit and pussy lips. Oh sweet Jesus! Can you hear that? He doesn't stop! He never stops! "Too much cock!" Wow! He IS a relentless fucking machine! I'd better get ready, because soon that's gonna be ME getting the jackhammer treatment all night long!

Alan looked at Suzanne and shook his head in wonder. "You know that you're evil, don't you?"

She grinned from ear to ear. "I do."

They were both amused because Suzanne was carrying on like she was getting fucked to death when in fact she was sitting still with his erection fully impaled in her. She was doing it for Susan's benefit, and succeeding wildly.

Susan was so aroused and excited that she simply couldn't listen any longer. She let out a silent scream while on her knees, cumming so hard that her entire body shook. She wanted and needed to get fucked by her son so badly that it physically hurt.

#### Chapter 874 Susan X Suzanne

About thirty minutes later, Alan and Suzanne stumbled down the stairs together. They were leaning into each other, holding the other upright. They both staggered into the kitchen as if dead drunk and wasted.bender

Suzanne wore a huge grin, positively radiating "just fucked!" in glowing neon letters. She slumped into a chair.

Alan staggered into the chair next to hers.

Both of them had glazed and glassy eyes.

Susan rushed over and eagerly asked, "Well? Don't just sit there, you two! Tiger, what did she teach you?" She was a bit disappointed to see that they were both dressed in robes instead of naked and ready for more fun, even though she was almost certain he'd be done for a good while in any case. Susan had just taken a shower to help revive her after masturbating quite a lot. So she looked and felt fresh.

Alan and Suzanne looked at each other, exchanging amused smiles at Susan's boundless sexual enthusiasm. Then he turned to Susan. "Mom, it's supposed to be a secret. If I tell you now, what kind of secret is that?"

"But can't you give me a hint? Just a hint?" She was just like a spoiled little kid with no self-control at all. In fact, she had listened at the door until she had so many orgasms that her pussy couldn't take it anymore.

She was frustrated that she hadn't overheard any secrets being revealed. Most of the time, she'd heard a lot of screaming and yelling. During their more quiet and restful moments when they presumably would have been talking about that kind of thing, they'd spoken in normal voices, and she couldn't make out their words. Eventually, things had grown so quiet that she'd suspected they'd fallen sleep. She'd had nothing left to do but take a shower, and then try to keep herself busy in the kitchen.

Suzanne said, "Actually, when it comes to teaching, I think it was Sweetie here who taught me a few things."

"Oh yeah?" Susan asked. "What did he teach you? I thought you knew everything."

Suzanne laughed. "Yeah. Right. But he taught me he really IS the man of the house, and what he says goes. Time and again I told him to stop fucking me, but he just wouldn't stop! I just couldn't take it anymore; I was on sensory overload. Finally, I just gave in, since he wasn't listening anyway. I let him ravage me. Not that I had much say in the matter since he was on top most of the time and hammering away like a madman."

Suzanne was going to say more, but Susan cut in. "That sounds wonderful! But Tiger, I have to admit that that doesn't sound like you." She giggled. "Well, the hammering part does, but not the rest. Normally, you're so considerate of others."

He explained, "Yeah, well, I've decided that sometimes you have to listen to a woman's body instead of her mouth. Aunt Suzy's mouth said no, but I could tell she really wanted more."

Suzanne exclaimed, "And did I ever! Susan, I didn't want to lose control. You know how that always frightens me. But I lost control. I totally lost control. I was nothing but Sweetie's fuck toy getting

FUCKED! And my God, was it glorious! 'Bad Alan' was really out in force. I hope you don't mind cleaning the lake of cum we left on the bed, because he fucked the heck out of me!"

Susan thought she was all sexed out for a while, but she felt her pussy moistening and her nipples hardening again. First she looked at Suzanne to make sure she was speaking metaphorically about the shitting. Then she stared at her son with an intense "fuck me now" look.

He grinned at her boundless enthusiasm. He was already within arm's length of her, so he reached out and pinched one of her nipples through her blouse. "So Mom. You think that's exciting? Hearing me fuck Aunt Suzy like that, and knowing that it'll be your turn soon?"

Susan just couldn't contain herself. She gasped, "Oh! Son!" And then she threw herself into his arms and kissed him on the mouth. They kissed frantically and passionately until they ran out of breath. She was fully dressed in typical "soccer mom" clothes, but he didn't let that slow him down much, and he slid his hands inside the back of her skirt to fully clench the flesh of her ass cheeks.

She brought her lips right up to his ear and whispered quietly, "Son, I know you know this already, but I just have to say it again: Mommy's ALWAYS gonna be here for you, no matter what! Mommy belongs to you now. I love you and I love serving you. In all ways, but especially sexually!"

He couldn't help but smile at the extent of her undying love. "I love you too, Mom." He moved his hands up and pawed at her breasts through her blouse. He asked, "Mom, what's with all the clothes? You expecting Ron to come home any minute or something?"

"Oh, sorry, Son. I thought you'd be all fucked out for sure." She disengaged so she could pull her blouse over her head. Naturally, she wasn't wearing a bra, so once she did that, she proudly thrust her bare rack forward and pushed it further up and forward with both hands from below.

"I am totally fucked out, as a matter of fact," he said. "But that doesn't mean I don't enjoy watching big bouncy mommy tits serve me dinner."

"Oh, Tiger!" Susan was so happy to hear that that she pulled her skirt off for good measure. She was sad that she wasn't wearing high heels and made a mental note to keep a pair stashed away in the kitchen for future "emergencies."

Eyeing Susan's posing, Suzanne asked Alan, "How does it feel to be hanging out with a couple of sexy MILFs?"

Susan was puzzled and didn't realize that was an acronym. "What's a 'milf?'"

Suzanne explained, "It's stands for 'mother I'd love to fuck'. It's pretty common slang."

"Wow, really? People really say that?"

"Yep," Suzanne nodded. "It generally refers to a sexy woman who's a mother or the age of a mother."

Susan was delighted. "Oh my goodness! That's so incestuous. Maybe there's more hope for this society than I'd realized!" She was still posing for her son, and as she struck another pose, she asked him with a sultry purr, "What do you think, Tiger? Am I a MILF?"

He looked her up and down appreciatively. "Totally! Actually, you're a MIGFS - Mother I'm Gonna Fuck Soon." He winked. Then he asked her, "By the way, how's the dinner coming?"

"Good. It's almost ready. Um, uh, SWOM." Luxuriating in his lingering look, she struck another sexy pose, folding her arms under her breasts to keep them thrust forward.

"SWOM?" Alan asked with a raised eyebrow.

Susan blushed a little bit, and bowed her head. "Son Who Owns Me."

Suzanne smiled benevolently at Susan. "I hope you still have some time before it's ready, because I have a nice, sweet snack for you to eat."

Susan switched into full mothering mode, not understanding Suzanne's innuendo. "Now Suzanne, do I have to chide you like I chide my own children? Everyone knows that you shouldn't eat sweets before dinner."

Suzanne was wearing her robe very loosely, so Alan could look into the deep canyon of her cleavage and all the way down to her belly button. But standing right in front of Susan, Suzanne parted her legs widely and dramatically dropped the robe altogether, revealing a goopy mess drooling from her pussy. It was a creamy cocktail of her own juices mixed with Alan's. "Are you sure about that? Because here's that snack I was talking about. And it IS sweet. You know how yummy this tastes."

"Oh... my..." Susan whispered breathlessly. She stood still for a few more seconds, but then quickly fell to the floor on her knees. She hungrily licked up the spillage smeared all around inside Suzanne's crotch, and then fastened her mouth around her best friend's flowing pussy and sucked Alan's cum straight from the source.

Suzanne held Susan's head in both her hands, softly caressing Susan's hair while the horny mother eagerly gobbled up and swallowed all of her son's tasty cum out of Suzanne's well-fucked pussy. "You see, Susan, I'm learning how to be a little more sexually generous. You must have been sorely disappointed at being shut out of your own bedroom, but I hope this'll make it up to you."

Susan gave an emphatic "Mmmm-hmm!" while her tongue remained otherwise occupied.

She just couldn't get over how incredibly good her son's cum tasted when mixed with the flavor of Suzanne's pussy juice. Sweet nectar of the gods, I could lick this all day and still not drink my fill!

Neither Susan nor Suzanne was expecting it, but Suzanne's sore, red, puffy pussy suddenly contracted in a surprise climax, thanks to Susan's tireless efforts to get every last drop of Alan's load out of her. Susan kept right on sucking right through the climax, drinking down and savoring Suzanne's orgasmic tribute to her efforts as though it were a fine wine.

Suzanne thought, Damn, that felt good. This just proves my new altruistic strategy is the right way to go. The more I give, the more I receive.

But eventually the fun came to an end. Suzanne left not long afterwards, feeling content and well-fucked.

Alan enjoyed the lesbian show a lot, but his penis remained flaccid, so the sexual fun came to an end.

Dinner soon followed. As had become her habit, Susan made a point of using "The Top Ten Foods that Increase Sperm Count" list in selecting the ingredients she used. Thus for this meal they had maca porridge with roasted asparagus and sesame orzo as a side dish.

Katherine had been busy studying, but appeared out of nowhere when the dinner call was heard.

Alan used the time to recover from the great fuck Suzanne had just put him through.

However, the dinner was hardly without its arousing moments. For instance, Susan's prayers had grown increasingly sexual as the weeks went on, and this one was no exception. With her head bowed, her eyes closed, and holding Alan's hand on one side and Katherine's hand on the other, she said, "Dear Lord, thank You yet again for all of the bounty that You give us. Tonight, I especially want to thank You for making my son such a virile young man! Not long ago, Suzanne and I sucked and bobbed and slurped on his organ for so very, very long, and it was the absolute BEST! He came all over our faces, but he got erect again almost right away, allowing us to keep sucking!"

She went on, "Lord, I've come to understand that there is no greater pleasure and even duty than to help others and share our love. With the way You have designed our bodies, I can share my love orally, bobbing on his thickness, and it makes me so happy that sometimes I just want to scream for joy! I enjoy the act so very much, and he enjoys it too, and then I get rewarded with his liquid love all over my face or chest, or both! Then, getting to share the joy with a loved one, like Suzanne or Angel here, it makes it even MORE of a pleasure for all of us! And then, when I think about how he still has enough cum in his organ to share the joy with others... oooh! Goose bumps all over!"

She took a moment to calm her suddenly ragged breathing. "In conclusion, thank You and bless You, because without Your divine wisdom and creation, none of this would be possible. I don't even have anything to wish for anymore, because my life is a living dream. Oh, except please Lord, guide and protect my children from any trouble caused by the school bullies, and please may our wonderful lifestyle never end. Amen!"

When the three of them lifted their heads and prepared to start eating, Katherine commented, "Mom, that sounded less like a prayer and more like a blowjob infomercial." She snickered.

Susan said defensively, "Yeah, well, blowjobs are very near and dear to my heart, as you know. Are you saying it's wrong to thank the Lord for that sort of thing?"

"No, of course not," Katherine replied. "It's just that it's kind of amusing, is all. I mean, what if someone else overheard us? One of your sisters, for instance."

Susan huffed, "Well, that's not going to happen. Ever! So please, don't mention such unpleasant things."

Katherine seemed to be in a rare non-erotic mood, and that was reflected in the relatively normal clothes she wore.

But Susan, mindful of Alan's comment that he enjoyed "watching big bouncy mommy tits" serve him dinner, wore a very short robe that showed off her legs nicely. She made sure it was always open to the sash around her waist and that all of her perfect orbs were hanging out in the open at all times. Plus, she made up for her earlier "error," and strutted around in red high heels.

Things had reached a point in the Plummer house where Katherine didn't even feel the need to ask what was going on or make a comment about her mother's nakedness. Susan serving and eating dinner bare-breasted seemed perfectly normal to all of them.

But due to all the adventures Alan Junior had been through all day long, Alan could do nothing but mentally appreciate the beauty of his sister and mother.

Still, it was a lot of fun for him to see Susan smirking with glee almost constantly. She could tell she was mentally titilating him, even if his penis didn't respond, and that delighted her to no end.

When dinner was over, he went back upstairs and got serious with his books. He avoided all offers for stealth stroking help because it was work that required intense concentration. He had to memorize all kinds of facts for three separate tests the next day.

Chapter 875 Simone, You're The Best!

"So... have you ever thought about... Barbies?" Heather was sitting at her desk in her room, staring into space.



Simone was lying on Heather's bed, reading a book. She looked over at Heather quizzically and asked, "Barbies? As in Barbie dolls?"

"Exactly. I mean, if someone calls you a Barbie doll, that's a compliment, right?"

Simone diplomatically said, "It definitely depends on the situation. Could be an insult, could be a compliment. What was the context? Who said something to you about Barbie dolls and when and how?"

Heather was thinking of Alan's comment to her earlier: "You're my Barbie Doll, and I'm taking total control over what you wear and what you don't." She turned her head, embarrassed. "Um... That's not important."

"So how am I supposed to judge, then?"

Heather growled impatiently, "Just be a friend and tell me it's a compliment already."

Simone put her book down and rolled her eyes. "Let me guess. You've got Alan on your mind."

Heather scoffed, "Wrong."

"I know you do. You've been moping around all afternoon. I've never seen you so contemplative in my life. You don't even want to have sex today, which is really weird, if you ask me. Something's eating you, and whenever I ask you what you're thinking about, you say 'Nothing'. That's bullshit! I'm your best friend. I think it's time you tell me what's going on."

Heather wavered. She longed to tell Simone everything, but her pride was getting in the way. "Well... No. It's complicated."

Simone snorted derisively. "Nice try, but no dice. I can handle complicated. I don't have to go home for another hour or two; we've got plenty of time."

Heather let a sad sigh slip out. "Nah. It's nothing."

Simone got up and walked over to where her friend was sitting. Surprisingly, they were both fully clothed. This was surprising because Simone couldn't remember the last time she'd hung out in Heather's room without them getting naked and having sex.

Simone pulled a chair up next to Heather's and put a hand on her knee. She said in a tender, comforting voice, "Hey, if you tell me one more time that 'It's nothing,' I'm going to bash your teeth in."

Heather couldn't help but laugh at that, due to the contrast between Simone's words and the love that was apparent in her voice and facial expression.

Simone grinned, happy to see that her joke had helped to break the ice. "Seriously, you need to let it all out, and that's what I'm here for. Don't worry; I know what you're thinking."

That raised Heather's defenses. She crossed her arms and said in a pouty tone, "No you don't!"

"Yes I do. Let me guess. You had sex with Alan today. Specifically, he fucked your ass."

Heather's eyes widened. "How did you know that?"

"Because of the way you've been rubbing your ass occasionally while staring off into space with a dreamy look. Besides, nothing affects you like when he fucks your ass. He's..." Simone wanted to say that Heather was in love, but she decided at the last second that would just make Heather more defensive. "He's special, isn't he?"

Heather sighed longingly. She could agree with the comment that Alan was special without her pride taking a hit. "Yeah, he is."

Simone nodded. "But... there's a problem, isn't there? You've been mulling something over all afternoon. It's not just that he's having sex with a bunch of other hotties, because you've known that for a while now. So he must have told you something new..."

Heather confessed, "Yeah... He doesn't want me to have sex with anyone else."

Simone bristled, since she loved Heather in her own way, and loved having sex with her. "What?!"

Heather lazily brushed off Simone's concern. "Don't worry. He explicitly exempted you and the cheerleaders. Mainly, he doesn't want me to have sex with other guys. He says it's because he's concerned about STDs. And that might be a minor reason, but I think it's mainly because he's possessive. He's made it pretty clear he doesn't want any other guy to enjoy my hot body."

Simone relaxed after hearing that her intimacy with Heather wasn't threatened. "Really? And how does that make you feel?"

"Well... good... and bad... I like that it shows his feelings for me are growing. Obviously, some jealousy is coming to the fore. That could give me some power over him." She smiled wolfishly at that prospect. "But at the same time, I get pissed off that he has the gall to tell me who I can and can't be with. I mean, who the fuck does he think he is?"

Before Heather could get herself in a big huff, Simone pointed out, "But does it really matter? In the past couple of weeks you pretty much stopped having sex with other guys anyway."

Heather sighed sadly. "I know. And that's a problem, a big problem. Other guys just don't do it for me anymore. And as much as it galls me to say this, I have to admit that Alan knows exactly how to push my buttons. If I were to have sex now with someone like, say, Rock, it would be like a really bad joke. I wouldn't be able to stop laughing at his pathetic little penis and his pathetic little thrusts. And it's not just him. When I look back at all the lovers I've had, none measure up."

She went on, "Yet Alan doesn't have time for me. Since he's so damn good, he's in high demand. I can understand that, even though it pisses me off. But, no offense Simone, I need real cock! Making love to you and other girls is great. I love it. But I need variety. I'm bisexual, not lesbian. I can't make do with lesbian love plus a little bit of Alan every once in a blue moon. I confessed to him today that I just don't think that'll work for me for very long. And yet... what's my alternative? Other guys don't do it for me. So I'm stuck!"

Simone asked, "And that's what's bothering you so much?"

Heather looked away in embarrassment again. She thought about how Alan was bossing her around and even claiming the power to decide what clothes she wore. She both hated it and loved it at the same time. But that was something her wounded pride wouldn't let her discuss with Simone, at least not yet. So she said, "That, and some other things. But let's focus on that for now, okay?"

Simone said, "Okay, fine." Since this was a very, very rare instance of Heather opening up emotionally, Simone was trying hard not to revert to her usual joking self. She realized that at the moment she needed to be fully supportive. "It sounds to me like what we need to do is find some other guy. Or, better, a couple other guys. I'm sure there are plenty of other guys out there with the talent and the equipment to rock your world just as much as he does, if not better. The problem is, you've been limiting yourself to just the guys in our high school. What if you open up to, say, guys at some of the nearby colleges? You're of legal age, and you've got the looks to crash any party you want."

Heather held up a hand. She spoke with a pained expression. "Simone, I appreciate your effort to help, but you don't understand. I'm sure that, in theory, you're right. We could find some stud with a ten-inch cock who knows how to fuck all night long. Great. Whoop de do."

Simone was puzzled at the lack of enthusiasm in Heather's voice. "Huh? I thought that's what you're looking for. But you seem downright annoyed at the idea."

Heather raised her hands up in frustration. "I am! And that, in and of itself, is annoying! It's not just the 'size of the wave' or the 'motion in the ocean.' There's something going on with Alan that's so much more than energy or equipment or skill. There's... I don't know how to put it. When I'm with him... it's just..." She gestured with her hands some more, frustrated at her inability to express herself.

Simone grinned. "Let me guess. There's something special with Alan. It's hard to define, but when you're with him you feel different. Special. Happy. Excited. No other guy can make you feel that way. It's not just the sex. It's the things he says, the way he looks at you. His smile. When he's near you, your heart beats fast and when he's not around, you find yourself thinking about him."

Heather found herself nodding to Simone's words. "Yes! Yes, yes, yes! How do you KNOW all that?! It's like you can read my mind!"

It took a lot of willpower for Simone not to make some kind of wisecrack, or even say the obvious... that Heather was in love. Simone found it amusing that Heather was so unfamiliar with the experience of being in love that she still didn't recognize it for what it was. Simone did know that if she mentioned "love," Heather would get all defensive and clam up.

So instead she said, "That's because he's something special to you. It all fits. If another guy fucked you the exact same way Alan did, it just wouldn't be the same."

Luckily, "special" was vague enough for Heather not to recoil or get angry. She stared off into space dreamily. "Yeah, you're right. Every time I'm with him, he surprises me and confounds me. Take today. At one point, he had me look at myself in a full length mirror while he crammed his big dick into my butt and kept it lodged all the way up my ass. And it felt so fucking GOOD! I don't know why, but when he was in me like that, I could see myself in a way I've never seen myself before. All the pretense, all the bullshit, all the selfishness and bitchiness, it just fell away and I could see the real me. And I LIKED me! Can you imagine that? I could see this good person, this loving person. I got chills and goose bumps all over, and not simply from the fact that his thick dick was deep inside me. It's like I had an... an epiphany. And it was good!"

Simone thought, Wow! Just... wow! That's heavy. I had no idea something like that was going on. Nobody has ever been able to get that side of her to come out but me, and even then it's as rare as sighting a UFO. Sometimes I doubt that she even has that side to her. Damn! This is good. This is key. This is major! I thought it was just a case of her experiencing a real crush for the first time, thanks to the fact that he's been able to rock her world like no one before. But it looks like this could be much more important and serious!

You know what? I approve! I heartily approve! Maybe I should be jealous of him. And if he were a girl, I probably would be. But the fact that he can make her see her inner, pure self trumps everything else. I'm all for her spending a lot more time with him if he can have that kind of effect on her!

There had been a long pause while Simone was thinking about Heather's words. Finally, Simone smiled kindly and brushed some blonde bangs off Heather's forehead. "That's great. Like I said, he's a special guy. I'm really glad that he's able to make you feel that way."

Heather looked at her uncertainly. "Really? You're not just saying that? You're not jealous?"

Simone said honestly, "You and I, we're best friends with benefits. That's never gonna change, not if I can help it. If he wants to get in the way of that, he's got another thing coming. But if he doesn't see me as a threat - and I don't get any impression that he does - then I don't see him as a threat. A bisexual girl like you, you need at least one male lover AND at least one female lover. So it's all good. Right?"

"Right." Heather was very relieved to hear that. She didn't want Simone and Alan to fight, even though it would be rather flattering to her, in a way, if they did.

Once again, Simone wondered if she could mention her guess that Heather had fallen in love with Alan. But she again decided that wouldn't be wise. Heather loved to mock people who were in love, and even the very concept of love. So Simone figured that even if Heather realized that she herself was in love, she would deny it vehemently.

Instead, Simone purred, "It's all good." Then she leaned in and kissed Heather on the lips.

Heather had been missing her usual afternoon sex with Simone. She'd been feeling too uncertain and introspective to get in the mood. But once their kissing started, it was like a switch had been flipped: she went after Simone with a ravenous hunger.

Simone had also missed having sex with Heather. Sometimes she wondered why she was best friends with such a bitchy and often unpleasant girl, but she knew that on some level she was in love with her, and Heather loved her in return. That almost always made their sexual encounters passionate, and after having such an unusually emotionally naked discussion, Simone's passion for Heather was at a peak.

In fact, Simone got so carried away from just French-kissing Heather that she surprised even herself by picking Heather up and carrying her to the bed. Then she jumped on top of her and resumed necking while also working frantically to get them both naked.

Heather squealed with uncharacteristic child-like glee at being carried. She was just as keen to kiss back and get Simone's clothes off.

But there was something nagging at the back of her mind, some reason not to have sex with Simone today aside from her moodiness. It was only when they were both completely naked and Simone put her hands on Heather's butt that the reason became evident.

Simone froze. "Eww... What the hell?! What's this on your ass?!" Simone's hands had come across a cold, crusty substance caked here and there on Heather's bare ass cheeks.

Heather blushed, realizing she'd been busted. She closed her eyes, too embarrassed to explain.

Simone brought a hand with some of the crusty material on it to her nose and sniffed it. "This is... cum, isn't it? Alan's cum, I'll bet. Heather! What on Earth...?! I know he fucked your ass, and who cares if he came all over your tanned ass cheeks, but don't tell me you just plain forgot to clean up afterwards?! That's gross!"

Heather explained with her eyes still shut tight, "Ah... Not exactly. You see... he kind of told me to keep it like that until I went to bed."

Simone exploded, "What?! And you did it?! Have you gone mental?! Who are you and what happened to Heather?"

But then Simone realized, No, wait. She hasn't gone mental; she's in love. Which basically is the same thing. Being in love means you lose your fucking mind! Damn. Now I am feeling a little jealous. She'd never do something that weird for me. Oh, she might say she would, but she'd just lie and secretly clean herself up. The fact that she went through with it when there was no way Alan could possibly know if she did or not shows that she must really have a thing for him. Damn!

As a result of such thoughts, Simone immediately reversed her stated position. "No, wait, I take it back. I think it's nice if you made a promise to keep his cum and you actually stuck with it. Good for you. How has it felt?"

Heather was pleasantly surprised at Simone's change of attitude. She relaxed and opened her eyes. She even smiled as she admitted, "Wild! I've been thinking about it, like, every minute all day!"

Simone suggested, "And I'll bet it keeps you horny, thinking about how he fucked you and came all over your ass, and forced you to keep it there."

"Totally! Not out-of-control horny, but I've been on a low boil all day."bender

Simone got up. "Good. Keep boiling. Meanwhile, I'm going to go get a washcloth. Just because YOU can't clean up, that doesn't mean I can't either."

Heather chuckled at that. She wasn't going to oppose that idea because the novelty of it had worn off and this was a face-saving way to get her butt cleaned. She loved the idea of keeping Alan's cum on her, but it wasn't very practical in reality. (Ironically, Alan would have been flabbergasted to find out she'd actually followed through on his suggestion. It had just been something he'd thought up on the spur of the moment that fitted the mood and hadn't been meant seriously.)

It occurred to her that Alan had only said she could wear his cum on her ass until she went to bed, and what she and Simone were about to do certainly qualified as "going to bed" by anyone's standard. That made her feel better, though she wasn't entirely sure why.

Simone came back to bed a minute later with a wet washcloth in one hand and a strap-on dildo in the other. "Look what I've got!"

Heather stretched her nude body out on her bed and smiled. "Simone, you're the best! I don't deserve a friend like you."

Simone grinned. "No, you don't, but you're stuck with me, so you just gotta live with it." She crawled back on the bed, a feral look in her eyes.

#### Chapter 876 Alan X Amy

Alan took occasional breaks to snack or hang out, but he only violated his 'no sex' policy once that evening. On a break from his studies at around eight o'clock, he went looking to hang out with Amy and found her in the basement laundry room. She was there doing a load of laundry.

He got her attention by singing the tune "Baby Face," but changing the lyric slightly:

"Amy face, you've got the cutest little Amy face

There ain't nobody can ever take your place, Amy face

My poor heart's a-jumping, you sure have started something



Amy face, well I'm in heaven when I'm in your fond embrace

Yeah I never need no shove, 'cos I just fell, I fell in love with your pretty pretty Amy face"

Amy loved it, and she giggled all the way through. "Cool! That's so sweet!"

"Hey Aims," he said casually, regarding her activity with mild curiosity. "What are you up to, doing laundry at our house?"

"I like it so much better over here, and I don't want to miss out on being around all the fun, even for a minute. Although, from what I hear, it sounds like I missed out on most of the excitement earlier. The word is you really laid the pipe into my mom."

He smiled, confirming it.

"Wow, that's so cool! I think I have the most studliest boyfriend in school. Beau, is it okay if I do my laundry here?"

bender

"Sure. I was just wondering, that's all. You and your mom have been over here so much lately it's like you might as well get it over with and start eating and sleeping here too."

Her eyes lit up. "Oh, can we? Can we, please? Gosh, that would be so great!" She put her hands together, as if begging him.

He chuckled. "I wasn't putting that forth as a suggestion; I was just trying to say you're here a lot. I mean, I'd love it, but I'm sure your dad would mind more than just a little if you and your mom never came home. Not to mention Brad."

"Oh." She pouted, but in a playful way. "Oh well." She went back to doing her laundry.

He just stood there, admiring her body as she bent over the washing machine. Naturally, the position drew his eyes to her full ass.

"So, were you looking for me?" she finally asked.

"Yeah. I was just taking a break and wanted to shoot the shit for a little while, to see what you were up to."

"M'kay. Let me just finish starting this load. I need more clean clothes in a big way. Look! I'm all out of bras."

She was wearing a sleeveless cutoff T-shirt and a short skirt. This was supposed to be unsexy clothing worn during Alan's study session, but it was only unsexy relative to the highly-sexy clothing that had become her usual attire. She took her shirt in her hands and pulled it up over her tits. "You see? No bras left."

He knew that Amy explaining her supposed bra shortage was just an excuse for her to expose herself, since she wasn't wearing any underwear anyway.

"Oh, and look. I'm all out of panties too!" She pulled her skirt up and rubbed her hand over her big, fine ass.

She went on, "Oh no, whatever am I going to do, if I run out of clean clothes? Tomorrow I might have to go to school naked!"

She was really hamming it up, bending farther forward, thrusting her tits out while cupping one with a hand. "When I'm done with this load, do you have a load to give me? You don't have to wait; you can give me your load right now!"

He was really impressed at how sexy and provocative she had become in recent weeks. He figured that all his women must be sharing information with each other. For one thing, all of them had suddenly started walking in the ultra-sexy sashaying style that Suzanne had perfected literally before Alan was even born. Even Amy was getting the hang of it and could turn it on or off at will.

But more than being impressed by her, he was just plain aroused. With a look of lust in his eyes, he dropped his shorts, stepped out of them, and walked towards her.

She stepped up to the washing machine and bent over it at a perfect 90 degree angle. Spreading her legs wide and pulling her pussy lips open with a hand, she cried out in mock-distress, "Oh no, Beau, what are you doing? Are you going to fuck me doggy style right on the washing machine? Please don't! It seems so very... improper!"

Both of them snickered at this joking reference to Susan's tag line for past futile protests.

He placed his hands on Amy's hips and thrust his stiff dick right into her fuck hole. He thought, Fuck! I can never get over just how TIGHT she is! Damn, that's one wonderfully squeezezy tight slit!

Or at least he tried. She was so tight that it took a lot of pushing on his part and wiggling on her part, before he could even thrust half-way in.

She cried out, "Beau, no! Please don't! Your studies! Remember your studies!" As he began thrusting deeper into her, he noticed she had a look of anguish on her face. "No! Stop! What if someone hears? It's so wrong!"

She seemed so genuinely tortured that he stopped and asked, "Is there something wrong, Aims? I thought you wanted this?" He worried that he'd gone too far too fast into her super-tight tunnel, and she was in pain.

She turned her head around to look him in the eye, and Alan saw she was all smiles. "Oh, I do!" she said blissfully. "I was just pretending to mind, 'cos I thought it might turn you on. You know, like you're forcing me and stuff. I thought that was a real turn-on for guys."

He was really pleasantly surprised. "You're some girlfriend! Cool. It may not be a turn-on for all guys, but it works for me, right now." He pushed in another inch.

She grunted with joy. Then she added, "Oh, and I heard about how you slipped some serious dick into my mom earlier and you kept going even after she told you to stop. So I wanted you to try that out with me."

"Okay, sure." He pushed in another inch.

"Aaaaah!" she sighed happily. "Soooo... super duper full!"

Inspired, he drove into her even further, until he was finally all the way in. Then he rested from his effort, plus he hoped her pussy would relax and open up a bit more. As he waited, another thought came to him, and he asked, "But what if you really do mean 'stop'?"

"Beau, I'm totally sure you'll know a real 'no' when you hear one."

He wasn't so sure. After all, just moments ago he couldn't tell if she was faking or not. But he nodded anyway. He was about to start up again, so he pulled back and slowly thrust all the way into her again.

But then another thought came to him, and he paused. "Hold on. I know this is a weird time to talk about this, but you did mention hearing about me fucking your mom. Are you really, really okay with that? Don't just say that you are and pretend to be all happy about it. Aren't you at least somewhat jealous? I wanna know your real honest-to-God feelings."

She asked, "Is it fair to ask me when you've totally skewered me with your big, fat cock?" She clenched her pussy muscles around his boner to emphasize that point.

He felt abashed. "Oops. Sorry."

She giggled. "No, it's cool. I'm just joshin'."

He said more earnestly, "I wanna be close to you, way closer than the typical boyfriend and girlfriend."

"I do too! That would be cool. So yes, to be super honest, I'm really, really, really, really, really super double duper okay with that. In fact, it totally gets me hot, thinking about you boning my mom." She started churning her ass around on his erection, showing just how hot she was feeling.

By this point he was used to talking while fucking, so his cock responded to her churning motions with its own thrusting motions while at the same time he asked, "It does? But why?"

"I dunno. It just does. I guess all of your mom's talk is rubbing off on me. You know, how she's always going off about you fucking other girls, and she gets 'so hot' about it."

They both snickered at that.

Her ass-churning slowed, because he was thrusting into her with increased speed and purpose and she was happy to let him take charge. Her pussy had loosened just enough to allow him to get a good rhythm going.

But even as he steadily drilled her, she went on, "But I liked the idea even before she started into that. If my mom's all happy, and you're all happy, that makes me happy, too! It just seems right. I mean, if it was somebody who threatened my official-girlfriend status, that would be totally different. WAY different! But with you doing my mom, and Kat and your mom, it just brings us all closer together. Besides, you know I like girls too, and a threesome with you and my mom is way great in my book."

"Wow, Aims, you're the coolest girlfriend ever." He was seriously laying pipe now, bottoming out in the depths of her vagina with each thrust. He watched her face turn to agony and reluctance again.

"Oh no, Beau, no! Please don't do it! Stop fucking me so deep and so hard! No, I can't take it! So intense! You're hurting my tight little pussy! Please! I'm going to call for help ... in a quiet voice ... in a few minutes ... when you're done ... after the second time."

They both laughed at that.

He originally intended to just have a quickie and then get back to studying. But lately he'd developed such great endurance that he could hardly have a five-minute quick fuck even when he wanted to. Of course he could will himself to cum most any time, but it just seemed wrong to give up a load too quickly when there was lots more fun to be had. He always wanted his women to have lots of nice climaxes first.

While he was drilling her, she said out of the blue, "Mmmm, bareback. I love bareback. Thank goodness Heather had all us cheerleaders get on the pill and Mom helped me get a cervical cap, so we don't need those silly condoms!"

He was doing all of the work this time, so wasn't much into talking. He just grunted as he thrust forward, "Mmmm. Yeah."

## Chapter 877 Fucking Amy

"Speaking of bareback," Amy continued, surprisingly, "the word around town is that you did both Heather and Ms. Rhymer bareback in school today."

Alan froze, freaked out by her comment. "'The word around town'?! What do you mean by that?!"

She giggled. "Oh, I don't mean 'town' town; I just meant around your harem. Kat said you were talking about it at dinner."

Relieved, he resumed thrusting, but at a slower pace. "Well, yeah, we did. Don't scare me like that, though. No one can know about me and Glory. Nobody."

"Oh, I know that, you silly willy."

"Please be careful," he chided. "The only reason we talked about it at dinner was because Susan mentioned it, after I foolishly mentioned something sexual about Glory to her and your mom earlier."

Amy assured him, "Don't worry, your secret is safe with me. It's true that I told Kat about you and Glory a while back, but that's 'cos I figured it was something she needed to know. I'm happy now that everyone here in our little harem-y gang knows about it, but I TOTALLY agree it shouldn't go beyond that."

He stopped his thrusting. "Now, hold on just a minute. First off, this is just a gang, not a 'harem-y' one. But more importantly, you told Sis about my relationship with Glory on purpose?! I thought you did that by accident!"

Amy stared off into space for a suspiciously long moment. But then she said, "Ummm... well, it wasn't like 'intentional' intentional, if you know what I mean. But I guess I was kind of lax 'cos I was only talking to Kat, ya know?! I figured she'd find out before long anyway, and I was right. The fact is, we're a pretty tight bunch, the five of us here, so it's pretty hard to keep a secret of any kind."

He sighed. "Ain't that the truth? Heck, it's hard to have five minutes of sexual privacy without someone of you four eavesdropping or peeking."

She grinned widely. "Then let's get on with it!" She made some humping motions with her hips to spur him into resuming his thrusting.

He was plenty horny, so he eagerly accepted the invitation and resumed his thrusting.

However, Amy wasn't quite done talking. "Hey, as long as we're speaking about Glory, I was just wondering: is it fun to pole your teacher bareback? How come she doesn't make you wear condoms?"

"Like you, she's got the double protection thing going on: diaphragm and birth control pills. And hell yeah, it's fun!" He was starting to thrust a little faster as the talk about Glory got him even more aroused than he already had been.

"That sounds totally cool. I dig Ms. Rhymer, and she's sexy too. I'm totally cool with you fucking her. Sometimes I think about you bending her over her desk and doing her right in her classroom and I get all hot and bothered."

He laughed. "Sounds like you've really drunk the Susan Kool-Aid."bender

She giggled. "I guess so. But do you think there's any way I could watch you and Glory get it on?"

"Sadly, no; I think she'd freak out at the very idea. And I don't want to fool her because that's not very nice. Besides, if she found out, she'd never forgive me."

"M'kay. Big-time bummer. Maybe later though, when she joins the harem." Amy seemed to get carried away with her erotic fantasies, no doubt due to the fact that she was in the middle of getting fucked. "Who knows what might happen then?! She might even be up for a threesome someday!"

He was having a harder and harder time keeping up his end of the conversation, especially since it was such a mind-blowing topic. He wanted to stop talking already and just fuck Amy's brains out, but felt obliged to say, "Hold your horses. Like I said before, I don't have a harem. And whatever this group is, Glory ain't gonna join it. She's not wired like that. Now, can we just fuck for a while?"

"M'kay! But you know, you're wrong about not having a harem. That's what it's called when a guy has a stable of women who fuck only him. I looked it up in a bunch of dictionaries and one of them included a definition that applies here: 'a group of women associated with one man'. How can you deny that's what this is?"

He said, "Whatever." Then they resumed fucking.

However, after a minute or so, Amy said, "Hey, lying on this washing machine is fun, but it's kinda ouchy. Can we move?"

So he helped her to the floor, then they did it on the floor of the laundry room with him on top. They had fun with that for a few minutes. Then she sat on him and they did it cowgirl style.

A few minutes later, he was back on top. They just kept going and going at an intense pace. Since he was considering this a "quickie" compared to his usual standards, he wasn't trying to slow his pace or take strategic breaks. He was going all out.

She continued to cry out and shriek in her high-pitched way so loudly that he was fairly surprised Susan or Katherine hadn't come running to join in, or at least to watch.

Alan was normally fairly restrained about making noise during sex, but this time he wasn't holding back at all. (In addition to just wanting to let it all out, he wanted to make sure Susan heard them, no matter where she was in the house.)



As they both reached their climaxes together, he joined Amy in vying to see who could make the loudest screams. It felt absolutely fantastic. Her pussy was so tight that fucking it actually hurt him a bit sometimes, but in a "hurts so good" kind of way.

Before long they were all done. He had a long, satisfying release while fully sheathed inside her. They were sticky, sweaty, and panting for breath.

Amy lay on the floor under him, completely wiped out but satiated and deeply satisfied. "I'm so glad we did that! Mmmm. I love it when you get all bareback-y on me. It's totally great when you're all deep, deep inside me and then you let loose and spray the walls of my tight little pussy. It just feels so good! I can't explain it."

He replied with a vague "Mmmm." He figured that was one feeling he'd never be able to relate to.

She continued, "It's like, even though you couldn't really make me pregnant, what with the pill and everything, you kinda could have. You know?"

"Sounds like you're drinking the Kat Kool-Aid, too."

"Kinda, but not really. I think she really wants to have your baby, like, last week already. I just find the idea hot in the moment. But I know I'm not ready to have kids yet. Like, waaaay not ready."

"Good! Don't let her change your mind about that. I'm not ready either. No way."

She went on more wistfully, "I was beginning to think you weren't ever going to fuck me again. It's been days and days! I know I'm not as good a lay as the others, but could you please fuck me more often?"

Alan felt bad. He thought to himself, If Amy were my girlfriend and she was all I had, we'd be fucking like bunnies every day. And it's so good. She's definitely right about having a "tight little pussy." She's just soooo fucking tight! There are just too many women I have to split myself between. How can I possibly keep up with the demand? I'm only one guy! I mean, it's been how many days since I last fucked her? Let's see...

He scanned his memory, and then said in protest, "Hey! We fucked on Tuesday afternoon. It's Thursday night. That's not so bad."

She pointed out in a very serious tone, "Yes, but that's more than 48 hours ago. If you count the first 24 hours as one day and the second as another, then it's been days and days!"

He thought she was dead serious, but then her face broke and she giggled loudly.

He laughed a little too. "Okay. It's been 'day and day.' Technically. Very technically, by a couple of hours. I'm trying my best. And you're lots of fun to have sex with, so don't put yourself down. By the way, I've noticed your boobs seem bigger lately. Is it just my imagination, or are you taller, too? Are you having a growth spurt?"

She broke into a pearly white smile. "Oh yeah! Totally! I'm so happy you noticed. I've grown half an inch taller and my bust size grew an inch bigger in just the last four weeks! Isn't that the most amazingest thing? My boobies are only two inches smaller than Mom's now. I do daily exercises to encourage them to grow. I think all the sex helps, since this spurt started around the same time that we started 'checking for bumps.' Wouldn't it be great if drinking your cum makes tits grow bigger?"

He laughed out loud, because he had a vision of his mother having to use two wheelbarrows to carry her tits around, based on the amount of his cum that she drank pretty much daily.

She bubbled along, "I'm going to overtake Aunt Susan and Mom with my next growth spurt, just you wait and see! If we keep fucking enough, who knows what I'll look like in a couple of months! Isn't that cool?" She thrust her chest forward proudly.

He knew the spurt must have been a coincidence with the onset of all her sexual activity, but still his mind boggled at the thought of Amy looking as stacked as Brenda, yet as tall as Suzanne.

He was happy about her growth spurt, but he also worried about the impact. Sis in particular is not going to be happy about this. Now Amy's even more stacked relative to Sis than before. Sis is really, really sensitive about the whole breast size thing, even though she's actually quite endowed. Why can't SHE have a growth spurt? It would make her so happy.

As they continued to rest, she asked, "By the way, since we were talking about Glory, I've got another question or two before I totally zip my lips shut about her."

"Go ahead. I might or might not answer, depending on the question. I'm trying damn hard not to kiss and tell."

"Oh, don't worry; I don't want that kind of details. I'm just curious that you seem so sure she wouldn't join your harem, or whatever non-harem-y word you want to use. Why are you so sure about that?"

"I can just tell. Obviously I've never talked to her about it since I don't have a real harem to get her to join in the first place" - he gave Amy a determined look about that - "but I don't have to. I've known her for more than two years now, and we've talked about everything under the sun. She'd never go for it in a million years. She knows I have some other lovers, including you, and believe me, she can baaaaarely tolerate that."

"Bummer!" There was a long pause from Amy. But then she put on her usual optimistic face. "Then again, you never know, right? I mean, with sex, weird things can happen and they often do. Look at your mom Susan. Heck, look at all of us now. Who would'a ever figured things would come to this? Even I-"

She suddenly stopped herself and frowned. But then she resumed, "Even I'm pretty surprised at how bisexual it's all gotten - for us ladies, I mean - and I'm pretty open about that kind of thing. Speaking of which, have you ever gotten a sense that Glory might be bisexual? Maybe even just a little bit?"

He replied, "No. Definitely not."

"Bummer!" Amy stared up at the ceiling in a thoughtful mode. "But, then again... why would you? It's not like she'd admit it to you, right? Heck, she might not even know it herself. Again, look at what happened to Aunt Susan and how she's getting into kissing and playing with all of us. I'll bet you didn't see THAT coming!" She grinned widely.

He rolled his eyes. "Amy! Where are you going with this? I've got the feeling that you've got the hots for Glory, and it's like you're trying to wish her into being bisexual and even wish her into the harem."

"A-ha! See? You just called it a harem!" She giggled.

"That's just 'cos you've been calling it that. You're infecting me."

"No, you're infecting me!"

The conversation about Glory came to an end, because Amy reached out and started tickling his sides.

He responded in kind, and a "tickle war" broke out, with a lot of joking around about who was infecting whom.

As a result, Alan didn't get a chance to probe Amy more about her thoughts and feelings over Glory. But he didn't consider that important anyway, because he figured that if she did have some hopes about Glory, they were obviously going to stay nothing but wild fantasies.

#### Chapter 878 Did You Forget About Christine?

After sex with Amy, Alan was able to return to his homework with no significant worries on his mind. His increasingly insatiable sexual appetite was temporarily sated, which allowed him to focus on his work better than before.

However, he was having a lot of trouble understanding his math homework. He simply didn't understand some of the concepts, and he couldn't figure it out no matter what he did. I know: I'll call Christine! She's friggin' brilliant with everything, and she's a good explainer. Plus, it's not yet nine o'clock, so it's okay to call.

He picked up the phone and dialed Christine's number. She answered, "Hello?"

"Hey, Christine. It's Alan. So... a blonde woman is sitting in a meadow in a boat trying to row, but she's not getting anywhere. A blonde lady cop sees her and stops along the side of the road. She yells at the woman in the boat: 'You're the reason us blondes have to deal with all the dumb blonde jokes. If I could swim, I'd come over and kick your ass!'"

Christine couldn't resist laughing at that, but she caught herself quickly and tried to sound indignant. "UGH! You called me just to tell me that?"

"Not just for that. But I just came across that one and I thought you'd appreciate how it's kind of a meta dumb blonde joke, about all dumb blonde jokes. Anyway, what's up?"

"Ugh. The usual. Homework, and stupid guys calling me up to tell me dumb jokes. How 'bout you?"

He chuckled at that. "The same, minus the 'stupid guys calling' part. In fact, I've got homework coming out of my ears. I've got THREE tests tomorrow. Actually, that's why I'm calling you, 'cos I could really use your help. You know the calculus test we have coming up tomorrow?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you get that stuff?"

"I do. I see it as logic problems, and I'm good with logic."

"I knew you'd get it! But I'm totally lost at sea. I know you're busy, and it's getting late, but could you please try to explain some of these concepts to me? I'd be soooo grateful. I'd do anything in return!"

Christine thought, Anything, huh? Why does that make me so excited?

She teased, "I'm not sure. This is what is commonly known as 'blonde math.' I doubt a mere brunette could understand it."

"Cute. I know I deserve that, from all my blonde jokes. But if I could take a few minutes of your time..."

"Sorry, that's not gonna cut it; it'll take longer than that. Besides, we would need to both be looking at the same piece of paper. I can't begin to explain over the phone; I have to write the equations down and show you what I've written, and why. Can we meet in person?"

"Okay. I suppose I can do that." He thought about his constantly horny and frequently naked mother, the sex smells wafting through the house, and other issues. "But, uh, where? My house isn't good."

"I suppose we can do it at my house. Or at a restaurant or cafe or something. Hey! I just had an idea. You said we can't go on one of our practice dates this weekend 'cos of your hiking trip. But what if we turn this into a kind of practice date?"

"Are you serious?" His heart started racing, just as the possibility of seeing her again so soon. He looked at a clock. "It's already after eight-thirty."

"I know. I don't mean a full-on practice date, especially since we've both eaten dinner. But I'm thinking we could make it fun. You know, dress up kinda nice and sexy, and go to a place where we could get a big fat ice cream sundae! Then, after we've made enough progress with the calculus, we can celebrate with a sinful dessert."

He pondered that, even as his penis started to engorge. Dang! That sounds tempting. It's true I need every minute to study tonight, but I'll bet she can explain what I don't understand in a fraction of the time it would take for me to figure it out on my own, and I can use that saved time to have some fun. Actually, the truth is, I probably won't figure it out without her help no matter how long I try, so it's not like I have a choice.

He said, "Okay, sounds good. Except I've gotta warn you that I'm short on time, with those three tests tomorrow and everything."

"That's cool. I haven't seen you much lately, and you've got this trip coming up. So I'll take half a practice date over none at all. But remember, you'll still owe me one! What did you say? 'I'd do anything in return.'"

"Uh-oh! Did I really say that?"

He thought, Man, I just hope I don't get all horny with her. Even thinking about that 'anything' promise is kinda making me horny. What if she "forces" me to do all kinds of sexual things to her? Yeah, right. I wish! But if there ever was a time I could actually not get all aroused and stay focused on homework, now is it. My dick has died and gone to heaven.

"You did. I smell another trip to the beach in our near future."

He jokingly pretended to be horrified. "Oh no! Not that! Anything but that!"

That got a good laugh, but in fact he really was trying to avoid going to the beach with her again. He was determined to keep their relationship platonic, and their beach trip had given him almost more temptation than he could handle. He was actually afraid to see her in a bikini, which she'd hinted she'd wear if they went again, for fear that his resolve would crumble completely.

They made plans to meet immediately at the Nut House. It was a local pub known for its unlimited supply of free peanuts. It served alcohol, but also dinner and dessert, including some excellent ice cream sundaes. It also had booths where people could sit for hours without being pressured to leave, so it was ideal for their purpose.

Alan decided not to tell anyone that he was going to study with Christine. In particular, he could imagine his mother getting all excited and aroused imagining that he was going to "tame" his incredibly beautiful blonde friend. It was just easier to say that he was going to a quiet cafe to study without all the sexual distractions at home, so that's what he told Susan.

He was a bit concerned that Christine seemed to want to turn this into the practice date they wouldn't be able to have over the weekend. Normally he would have loved the idea, but he was feeling the pressure of time with his tests coming up. Plus, he was feeling both mentally and physically exhausted from everything that had happened over the course of his extremely busy, sex-filled day.

Yet, despite that exhaustion, he remained erect and aroused for quite a few minutes after the phone call ended. He wondered how much "worse" his arousal would get seeing Christine in person.

He wondered what she meant by her request to "dress up kinda nice and sexy." In the end, he wore slacks and a very nice dress shirt, but he wore a sweater over the shirt and even over the collar until he was out of the house, just in case Susan decided to see him off and wondered about his attire. As it was, he left the house without being seen, but the night had gotten a bit cold so he decided to keep wearing the sweater.

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As Christine sat in a booth waiting for him, she thought, What am I DOING here? I keep telling myself that I'm just a friend helping a friend out, but that's not the whole story, is it? I mean, look at me!

She looked down at herself, and in particular at the dress she'd chosen to wear. Like the outfit she'd worn on her previous practice date with him, she'd borrowed it from her aunt Kirsten.

I feel like some kind of, of... streetwalker! I NEVER dress like this! I'm showing off so much cleavage that he'll practically be able to see down to my belly button! This is even more outrageous than what I wore at our last practice date. And this isn't even a practice date! I'm kinda making it one in my mind, but we're supposed to be here just to talk about homework.

This is nuts! What am I hoping to accomplish? Okay, I want him to want me. But to what end? What if he does want me? He's already dating Amy and probably Kim, and most likely others. Hell, I know there are others. Getting him to agree to date me exclusively is unlikely, to say the least. This is NOT a good idea! I just have to play it cool and really treat it like nothing other than helping him with homework.

But I really liked our practice dates, not to mention our trip to the beach! I... I want to kiss him! No, I want him to kiss me! On the lips! But that's just got to remain an idle wish, 'cos I'm not going to let my hormones rule me.

A mere ten minutes after the phone call, Alan walked into the Nut House carrying his backpack with his math textbook and notebook. The pub was fairly empty since it was a weeknight. He quickly spotted Christine sitting in a booth near the back, where he joined her. He already had an erection from the anticipation, but he was determined to hide it.

WHOA! Be still my beating heart! There were high walls between the booths, so it was only when he was practically right next to Christine that he saw what she was wearing. God, she's so fucking sexy! Look at all that cleavage she's showing. How the hell am I supposed to think about math or anything else now?!bender

She smiled when she looked up and saw him. "Hey!" She stood up and gave him a friendly hug. "How's it going?"



"It just got a hell of a lot better, now that you're hugging me while wearing that!" He belatedly realized, "Oh shit! Did I just say that out loud?!" Then he belatedly realized again, "And I just said THAT out loud too, didn't I? Damn!"

She laughed heartily while continuing to hold him in an embrace. "You're funny. But don't sweat it; a girl likes to be admired and appreciated. Speaking of which, where's my hello kiss?"

He thought, We have a hello kiss tradition? That's news to me. The only times we've kissed before were brief goodbye kisses at the end of our practice dates. Not that I'm complaining, though!

Since he was taller, he bent down some and kissed her nose. But he decided that was too casual so he kissed her again on her cheek.

She closed her eyes, smiled, and let out a surprisingly erotic, "Mmmm!" Only then did she break the hug.

She told herself, Behave! Where did that request for a kiss come from?! We're just doing some math, for chrissakes! Still, it felt really, really nice!

He quickly sat down across the booth from her, in order to hide his stiff erection. He thought, Christine is a miracle worker. I thought there was no way in hell I could get hard again today, but BAM! Just THINKING about her got me stiff as a board. Plus everything else. Jesus H. Christ, that top! Just look at her!

He took his own advice and gave her a long look.

She sensed his eyes on her. Embarrassed, she quickly returned to her seat.

However, she moved a little too fast. Her dress was already showing a great deal of cleavage and it was exceptionally tight. As she bent forward to get to her seat, the button that was holding the fabric stretched across her great globes couldn't take the tension anymore; it popped free.

Mortified, she covered her chest with her hands and arms, completely concealing her cleavage. "Oh, great," she muttered unhappily. "I knew I shouldn't have worn this!"

The problem was that the dress was fitted for her young Aunt Kirsten, not her. And while Kirsten was similarly curvaceous and beautiful, Christine's breasts were about one size larger. As it turned out, that was just a bit too much.

## Chapter 879 Christine

Not surprisingly Alan was delighted beyond belief at this lucky turn of events from his point of view. But he was determined not to let his lust get the best of him. He wanted to be gentlemanly and do the right thing.

So he tried his best to placate her. "Hey, it's cool. I can, uh... I can help find the button?" He looked around but didn't see it anywhere. Chances were it had fallen to the floor below the table, but it was hard to see down there, especially since the pub wasn't that well lit.

She sighed heavily. "No, that's okay. What good would that do?" She asked sarcastically, "Do you have a sewing kit on you and know how to sew?"

He couldn't resist joking, "No, but I'll tell you what. Take that dress off right now and I'll take it home and my mom can sew a new button on. Then I can give it back to you in a few days."

She shot him an amused yet chagrined look. She used to be annoyed by his undisguised lust for her body and her bust in particular, but now she actually enjoyed it. He had a way of making it fun, like this joke, instead of creepy. "Gee, thanks. And I suppose I should just go without any clothes for a few days until you can return this particular dress?"

He deadpanned, "Yes, that would be best. I'm not sure, uh... I can't really think of a good reason why you can't wear some other dress until then, but believe me, there are very good reasons!"

She laughed and shook her head. "You're too much. But still, I really blew it." She was still covering up, but she knew she couldn't do that all evening.

He thought, Hold your horses! Stay calm! Keep "Bad Alan" In check! He tried to sound calm as he asked, "Why do you keep saying that?"

"The thing is, I don't really go out much. Pretty much ever, in fact, except for our recent practice dates. And even though this isn't really a practice date, I still wanted to wear something fun, you know? Something I wouldn't normally wear. But all my clothes are lame! Really lame. So I borrowed this from my Aunt Kirsten, like I told you before. Only she's not quite as... endowed as I am."

He couldn't resist asking, "You mean, in the chesty area?"

"Yes." Christine's embarrassment grew. "So I thought, 'Close enough for horseshoes.' After all, I wore her outfits on our last couple of practice dates and that worked out fine. But then THIS happens!"

He wanted to put her at ease, and he figured the best way to do that was with humor. He leaned forward, acting extra earnest and serious. "Don't be upset. Thanks to this little accident of yours, I've had a profound spiritual moment. No, make that a life-changing religious epiphany!"

She narrowed her eyes. "Oh, what? And why do I get the feeling that another joke is coming on?"

"I realized not one but two things. First, there IS a god. And second, he really, really likes me!"

She laughed, despite herself. How can I stay upset? He's just so much fun! So what if I lost a button? I was showing a lot already, and it's not much more than what I showed at our last practice date, or the bathing suit I wore at the beach. I sure wish I'd worn a bra, though! He's totally gonna notice that now. I'll just have to bite the bullet.

He quickly glanced at her even greater cleavage display. Then he sang, "Aaaah, aaaah, aaaah, ahhhh..." He improvised a tune that was supposed to sound like a medieval Gregorian chant, showing religious rapture. At the same time, he held his hands up and stared at the ceiling, as if a beam of light from a choir of angels was shining down on him.

She couldn't help but chuckle some more. "Stop it! What's it with you and cleavage, anyway? They're just boobs."

He stopped his religious act, but pretended to be aghast. "JUST boobs? That's like saying Alexander the Great was just a guy who wore a funny helmet. Or Einstein was just a guy with a bad haircut. Just boobs?! Why, haven't you heard the saying 'boobliness is next to godliness?'"

She laughed still more. "No, I haven't."

All his joking had put her at ease, even though most of it was sexual in nature.

The unmentioned elephant in the room was that both of them were incredibly aroused. They both knew how much he longed to see her breasts unbared, and here was a very real chance. Neither could fully admit the possibility, not even to themselves, but it hung in the air and made their hearts race just the same.

She realized, If it were anyone else, I'd be out of here! But with him, I actually kind of like when he stares at me. With him, he doesn't just see me as a piece of meat. Sure, there's lust in his eyes, big time, and that's actually flattering when it comes to him. But still, he never stops being a friend, someone who respects me.

She sighed. "I suppose we should just move on and get started with the math. I sure hope no one else is going to see me like this though." She looked to the side, scanning what she could see of the rest of the pub.

She held that pose for a surprisingly long time.

Finally, it dawned on Alan, Damn! Double damn! She's doing that to let me check her out! That's making me even MORE horny. It's totally cleavage-o-rama!

He was amazed at just how far down her neckline plunged, even if it had not been for her button accident. But thanks to that, he figured that she couldn't be wearing a bra, since it probably would have been visible in the gap between her huge globes.

God, I'm so fucking horny now. Christine? Not wearing a bra?! I swear, there IS a god! How will I be able to think about boring old calculus? The funny thing is, I get more aroused just looking at her tits like this than actually fucking even Mom's or Aunt Suzy's fully exposed tits! Well, just about. Except when they

stick out their tongues and start licking the tip of my dick while they keep on sliding their... Oh man, what am I doing? I can't think about that now! I'm way too horny already!

Meanwhile, Christine was so thrilled yet frightened that she practically felt like she would pass out from the moment. She found this strange, because her martial arts training had taught her how to control her body and her emotions. But in a sexual situation like this, it seemed all that training was utterly useless.

She knew exactly what she was showing, on purpose. She could see just out of the corner of her eye how he was gawking in awe, and that aroused her even more. She was tempted to lunge across the table to kiss him hard on the lips, and maybe even more. It took all her willpower to focus on her breathing to prevent her huge tits from heaving on her chest in a blatantly obvious manner.

He gathered his wits and said, "Christine, I must say, you look stunning! Not even counting your little button incident, you're just absolutely stunning! And I don't just mean your regular, everyday 'Christine is awesomely beautiful' kind of stunning; I mean even more stunning than that!"

She turned back and looked at him. Realizing that he was being sincere, she looked away again in embarrassment. "Alan, really. You're just saying that!" She blushed, but at the same time she loved the compliment so much that she was practically glowing.

"No, I'm not. In fact, I'm kind of amazed this place is relatively normal."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I would expect some kind of reverse Medusa affect, with all the guys and most of the girls just STUNNED by your beauty." His eyes bugged out in imitation of the stunned effect he was trying to explain. "You know, everybody just frozen with their mouths gaping open upon seeing you."

She admitted, "Well, nobody's really seen me yet, except for you. And I'd kind of like to keep it that way. That's why I picked this booth, way in back." She looked down and frowned at all the cleavage she was showing. "And thank God I did, too!"

He thought with growing excitement, Man oh man! This is just for me! Dude! She's giving me all kinds of signals. Being eager to meet, wanting to turn the meeting into a quasi-practice date, dressing like THAT, the hug, the kiss, the sexy pose... Jesus H. Christ! She really wants me!

But he tried not to show his arousal. "That's cool. Your secret's safe with me. I just wish this could be a real practice date, instead of some kind of math lesson."bender

She grinned at that. "Well... make it up to me when you get back from your trip, okay? Why don't we have a real date early next week?" She realized what she'd said, and blushed a little. "A real practice date, I mean."

"Sure. Let's plan on it."

He thought, MAN! Even the way she gets all embarrassed about saying "real date" totally shows that she wants to really date me. Dang! If she only knew the kind of depraved, non-stop, incestuous sexual life I live, she'd kill me!

That thought cooled his ardor somewhat. Despite his boner threatening to rip through his pants, he managed to bring up the math again. "Let's see how fast we can get this calculus crap out of the way, and then we can enjoy that ice cream sundae."

"Good idea."

She thought, Whoa, Nelly! I'm sending out all the wrong signals. It's just that my competitive nature gets the best of me. If he's gonna lust after anybody, he should be lusting after me! The rumor is that he's involved with Heather. Am I supposed to just sit by and let THAT BITCH have him?! No way! What's wrong with having another practice date? They are just for practice, after all. Okay, I've made my point, whatever it was exactly; now it's time to focus!

Just like that, she was all business. Her expression turned serious as she brought out her math book and papers and put them on the table. "To be honest, I don't think it'll take long. The nice thing about math is that you can have these Eureka moments where it suddenly all makes sense. Now, tell me what you need explained."

He brought out his material and placed it on his side of the table. He forced himself to stare at his material instead of at her deep cleavage or her breath-taking face. "I guess the problem for me is figuring out how to use integration to solve problems. Here's one: 'If a used car has a 10% probability of needing major repairs within the first year, and that doubles for every succeeding year, what is the expected probability that it will need major repairs within the first 30 months?' I understand how to do averages, but the percentage increase isn't a straight line; otherwise it would be 30 percent. I know it must be a little bit less than that, because most of the third year increase has to occur near the end of the third year, because it increases so much more the fourth year. But I don't know how to figure out what it is."

He waited for her reply, but when she didn't respond he looked up at her. He found her staring at him with a curious smile on her face. "What is it?"

"Oh, nothing. But I should mention that you're looking pretty yummy right now. I love the sweater."

"Uh, thanks."

He thought, "Yummy?" Did Christine the friggin' Ice Queen just call me "yummy?" Schwing! Instant boner, and just when it was getting flaccid too. I swear, it's like some kind of conspiracy. She's dressed like that and acting all flirty so I'll never figure this math stuff out. Ugh!

She similarly thought, "Yummy?!" Am I mentally retarded?! I can't believe I said that. Just because he does look yummy doesn't mean I should say it out loud! IDIOT! Ugh. I'm such a total idiot! Those damn stupid hormones are getting to me again. Showing off so much of my chest. Dumb! I feel naked and completely exposed, like I'm not wearing any clothes at all. But instead of that making me feel scared and withdrawn, it's making me, well... tingle in weird places! Screw that. We're not going out, and we're not gonna go out. Period! So no more mixed signals!

After that, thanks to her renewed resolve, they really did buckle down. She started explaining how to use integrals, and she did it much better than their teacher ever had. He actually able to concentrate and understand, even with her dramatically exposed cleavage as a near-constant distraction.

The only arousing thing to happen was that after a while Christine suggested that he sit on her side of the booth, so he could read her worksheets right-side up as she showed him how to work out the problems. Thanks to sitting in a booth instead of individual seats, he soon found himself hip to hip with Christine. Things got very cozy with a lot of side-to-side contact as they remained bent over and focused on the same piece of paper.

In a matter of minutes, Alan had his Eureka moment about using integrals. However, he still had a number of other concepts he didn't understand, so he went to get their drinks. In this particular pub one had to chase down the employees to get any food or drink, even when they weren't busy.

## Chapter 880 Almost Kissing Christine

He would have bought beer, but both of them were too young to drink alcohol legally, so he bought two root beers instead.

Then they went back to his math tutoring. Christine worked through all of his issues with lightning speed. In fact, in less than half an hour he was all out of questions. She'd even explained some concepts he was having trouble with in his other two classes that had tests the next day.

By the time they were done, he'd somehow wound up with his arm around her.

At first, she'd been worried and alarmed by that. But he felt so nice and friendly that she didn't have the heart to object. In fact, after a while she cuddled up even closer to him. He could even feel the side of one of her great boobs pressing into him.

Plus, with his face practically next to hers, he was in an ideal position to look down her chest. He correctly figured that she didn't realize just how much she was showing, but he couldn't resist. The upper part of her dress was gaping open since that key button had taken flight. As a result, at times he could even catch glimpses of her nipples. True, they were only brief glimpses and he couldn't see much due to shadows, but just the fact that he was finally viewing her nipples directly in any way at all was so thrilling that his penis remained solidly erect all the time.

Although they were only drinking root beer, he felt a bit tipsy just the same. He was relaxed, happy, and even slightly giddy. It somehow seemed completely natural to be loosely hugging her like this, even though they'd never been that physically close before.

He said, "Wow. Christine, you amaze me. I mean, I consider myself one of the top students in our classes. I don't think I'm being boastful because the grades and test results show that. But you! You're in a whole different league! We both get the same grades, but that's a joke. There should be another grade three notches above 'A' just called 'Christine.'"



She laughed happily at the big compliment, but she was embarrassed too. "Yeah, right. What about you? You're a smart guy - for a brunette."

He groaned at the reminder of all his dumb-blondie jokes. "You know, now I understand why there are all these dumb blondes. With brunettes and other hair colors, intelligence is more or less evenly spread around. But with blondes, so much of the smarts went to you that there was none left for all the other blondes."

"Boy, you're really piling on the compliments, aren't you? What will it take to get you to shut up?"

That sounded harsh, but she was feeling very conflicted. On the one hand, she loved the compliments, but on the other hand she was so innately modest that she didn't know how to handle them. She really did want him to shut up.

He said, "Sorry. You can't get rid of me that easily. To be perfectly honest, I've never met anyone with such an impressive combination of beauty and brains. And I doubt I ever will again."

She blushed furiously at that. She meant to chide him, but what came out was, "It's a good thing I know we're just practice dating, or I'd think you were trying to seduce me."

He found himself staring into her eyes from mere inches away. Man! Man oh man oh man! What I wouldn't give to kiss her lips right now! But I can't. We ARE just practice dating, and I'm a horrible cad who doesn't deserve her. A fucking awesome girl like her needs to stay away from the likes of me. Damn! It's so depressing.

He said, "That's another thing. I say it's just downright unfair that you're this smart AND this beautiful. There oughta be a law. Like you have to spread the wealth around a little."

She chuckled at that, even as she squirmed around as if she were trying to escape the booth to get away from all the embarrassing words. Her arousal was rising and rising, and she didn't know how to handle that.

He asked, "Seriously, how do you do it? How do you understand something like calculus so easily, just like snapping your fingers? Not to mention your skill at sports and martial arts and who knows what else! You probably write symphonies in your sleep."

She held up a hand and said, "Hold on. I've gotta go to the ladies room. I'll answer that when I get back."

After he got up to let her out of the booth, she headed straight to the bathroom.

In truth, she didn't need to go to the bathroom so much as she had to get away from his compliment "attack." She loved it, but she also couldn't stop blushing and squirming in discomfort and arousal. She didn't know how to deal with the arousal in particular except to escape and try to calm down.

When she came walking back, Alan was grateful for the opportunity to admire her body from head to toe. Even though she was mostly covered, with the very notable exception of her cleavage, he couldn't help but whistle in appreciation as she walked towards him.

She immediately resumed blushing. She stood there for a moment, like a deer frozen in the headlights. But then she hurried the rest of the way to the booth and growled, "If you say one more nice thing, I'm gonna twist your head off!"

He laughed at that. "Okay. I'm pretty attached to my head. Christine, you're so lame. You're the lamest of the lame lame-o's."

She laughed some more. Even when she was feeling embarrassed like this, she still felt remarkably at ease with him at the same time.

"Okay, spill the beans. The secret to your success." But then, pretending fear, he lifted his hands and held them around his neck, as if protecting himself from decapitation. "Or, as I should say, the secret to your supreme lameness."

She smiled at that and explained, "I suppose I'm blessed with some natural ability, but a lot of it is hard work. It's not a matter of getting something that fast. It's taken years of serious effort to get to that point. It's partly a matter of knowing how to learn. You know what I mean? Everything is a skill that gets better with practice. For instance, taking tests is a skill. A person could know the material but suck at

test taking, so they get a bad score. The more tests you take, the more relaxed you get about taking tests and the better you get at taking them. You even develop strategies for test taking, like rapidly deciding which questions to answer right away and which to go back to. In the same way, the more you push yourself to learn new things, the easier it gets. That's why I seem to understand things so easily."

"Damn." He sighed. "Even explaining that is impressive, 'cos you did it so well. This is kind of random, but have you figured out what you want to do with your life?"

She sat back and gave him a good look. "Whoa! That's a big question. What brought that on?"

"I dunno. I guess it's that you helping with this math stuff in your usual impressive way reminded me all over again of just how awesome you are, all around. I'm curious what you're going to do with all that awesomeness. I mean, you're not like other people."

She protested strongly, "I am like other people! I'm exactly like other people! I resent people treating me so differently. That's one reason I like you so much. You're just about the only one not overawed by my looks or my smarts. With smarts, you ARE my intellectual peer, even though you may not think so, and even if you have trouble with calculus. But with looks, since you're such an ugly runt, you're lucky I hang with you at all."

His eyes showed total surprise at that unexpectedly harsh insult.

Then her expression turned mirthful. "Ha! Gotcha! You should have seen your face. But seriously, you are a pretty handsome guy--"

He interrupted. "Nah. If you want to know the truth, I'll tell you the real reason why I can hang with you without the reverse Medusa effect I mentioned earlier kicking in. It's the fact that I've grown up with my mom, my sister, and the likes of Amy Pestridge and her mother next door. I'm used to stunning, ravishingly beautiful women. Honestly, that's the explanation. Other guys, they can't handle it; it's like staring into the sun. You have to look away from such perfection."

"Damn! Alan, you keep saying the nicest things. It's a good thing this is a practice date. If it were a real one, I'd totally be kissing you right now!"

Suddenly, Alan's heart was pounding hard. He brought his head closer to Christine's as she brought hers closer to his, as if powerful magnets were pulling them together. It seemed inevitable that they would kiss. But just as suddenly, he managed to break the magical spell and pull back.bender

He even broke their embrace and started to get up. "I'm hungry. What say we get that ice cream sundae now?"

"Okay. Great idea!" Her face was a contradiction, smiling but with eyes that were sad because they hadn't actually kissed, for at the same time she was both scared and relieved.

He nodded, got up, and walked away.

He was confused and shaken too. Crap! I can't. I just can't. I'm no good for her. This reminder tonight of her genius-level intelligence makes it all the more imperative that I steer clear. I mean, look at me! I have this bunch of gorgeous, busty women who practically live just to play with my dick. And most of them are my family, or almost my family. I couldn't give them up for anything, not even for Christine. Hell, Mom and Aunt Suzy sucked me off for ages before dinner, and that was just one crazy thing that happened to me today. Too much craziness!

It's not just the sex, but all the love! I can't give that up. Christine doesn't fit into that. She needs to be out there winning Nobel Prizes and saving the world and shit. For once, I have to stop thinking with just my dick!

While he was gone, Christine thought, What the hell just happened there?! It seemed like he was about to kiss me, and I was gonna let him! NO! No way! Getting cozy, all the compliments, the fun banter, his masculine aroma, his intense looks, this damn blouse and the lost button - it's like some kind of perfect storm. I can't let anything like that happen; that way lies disaster! He's dating Amy, for crying out loud! I can't forget that, no matter how much I want him to kiss me.

Oops, did I say that? I don't really want to be kissed. I just want... Hell, I don't even know what I want!

He returned a few minutes later with an extra-large banana split, as well as more root beer. He resumed sitting next to her, and soon found his arm back around her. But they didn't say much for a while, because they were competing to eat the ice cream fast before it melted.

When they had finished their desert, they slouched back in the booth seat and relaxed even more.

Christine's resolve not to encourage anything amorous was almost entirely forgotten. Because she'd never even kissed a boy before, this was just about the most exciting situation she'd ever been in, and her hormones were taking over. Without thinking, she put her arm around him too. The simple act of maintaining their embrace felt so good to her that she had an urge to jump up and run around - except that she didn't want to break the hug for anything. She wore a huge, blissed-out smile on her face.

She leaned in and kissed his cheek. "Mmmm. That hit the spot. Thanks!"

He replied, "No. Thank you. You've been a lifesaver tonight. I'm gonna be up late regardless because I have so many facts to memorize. But at least now I have the concepts down, so I shouldn't completely crash and burn tomorrow."

She smiled even wider, if that was possible. "That's what friends are for. They help each other. But remember, now I own your SOUL!" She said "SOUL" in an exaggerated, theatrical fashion while poking him in the chest. Then she chuckled mirthfully, as if she were an evil villain in a play.

But she was partially serious too, so she added, "Remember your words, 'I'd do anything in return.' Emphasis on 'anything!' I'm gonna hold you to that some day."

"Uh-oh," he said with mock horror. "I really stepped in it. What are you going to have me do?"

"Hmmm... Options, options, so many options... But you know what? I think I'll just go for the traditional, popular choice: permanent sex slave."

He chuckled, because he knew she was joking. But still, it was extremely arousing. Man! I swear, she's trying to kill me tonight with all these untended boners! If she only knew what she's saying. She thinks 'permanent sex slave' is a joke, but for me it's practically my life! I mean, the very notion of 'untended boners' is absurd; I've gotten to the point where I half expect someone to step up and stroke or blow me any time I get hard. And boy, am I hard right now!

He pretended disappointment. "Damn. You got me. Such is my fate. So when do I start?" He wiggled his eyebrows in an exaggerated, Groucho Marx fashion.

She laughed. She knew on some level that her body was getting "dangerously" horny, but she told herself that she could handle it. After all, she ruled her body, not the other way around.

He continued, "Hey, I have a better idea. What if you take the 'permanent sex slave' duties? I think that would work out better, don't you?"

"Yeah. You WOULD like that, wouldn't you?!" She laughed some more. "Alan, you're so much fun! This is nice. I've got a ton of homework for tomorrow too, but I'm so glad I came here to help you. I wish we could just stay like this forever."

She leaned into him even more and rested her head against his neck and the side of his head. Uh-oh! I probably shouldn't be doing this! But this is just a platonic thing, right? The great thing about Alan is that I can trust him to be the perfect, platonic gentleman. So I can let go a little. That's what a practice date is all about, right? I just wish my damn nipples would go down. They've been hard as rocks all evening, and this stupid top shows way too much.

He thought, Fuuuuuck! Dang. If Christine is trying to seduce me, she's doing a damn good job of it. She's right: this does feel great. In a weird way, I'm enjoying this as much as a typically awesome blowjob from Mom. But that's the thing; normal guys don't have moms who give blowjobs! I have to stay strong and not cross the line into intimacy. This is nice, but any more would be wrong; it wouldn't be fair to her. I have to focus on her awesomeness, and how she needs a future without me in it.

With that in mind, he said, "By the way, you never did answer my earlier question - about what you want to do with your life. Have you given that any thought?"

With her head still resting against his she replied, "Sure. Everyone has. But nothing serious yet. I can't wait to get to college and just DIVE into every subject. You know what I mean?" She suddenly sat up straight so she could make eye contact, while remaining in a loose embrace. "I love knowledge. I love learning. I want to push the boundaries of what is known. So I'm probably headed to something using science and math. That's what I'm best at anyway. But I'm in no hurry to figure out what I want to specialize in. What about you?"

He thought, What about me? Would you believe it if I told you that I see my future as basically one glorious, endless orgasm? 'Cos that's what's happening in my life: sex, sex, and lots more sex! And I have to admit that I love it. Even when I'm run ragged and too wiped out to keep my eyes open, I'm still

happy to get more. It feels so fucking great! And not just the sexual pleasure, but the love too. That's the killer. I'm enveloped in love and sexual bliss pretty much constantly. So where's the room for some kind of professional career? Do I even need one, or could I just be a full-time sex stud or something?

I probably could, but I don't want to go down that path. I don't want to be a lazy mooch. I too feel the drive to achieve. But how?

He finally spoke. "Sorry, I'm just thinking of what to say. I honestly don't know yet. But I'm like you in that I love knowledge and want to push the boundaries of what's known. But I pretty much hate science and math, even though I get A's in those subjects. What excites me most is history, anthropology, and archeology. I'm fascinated by the past. When I was a little kid I got into dinosaurs in a big way and I guess I never outgrew that. Except now human history interests me even more. So I hope I can find some kind of career related to that."

She replied, "I figured. Once you get started talking about something historical, I can't get you to shut up."

"Hey!"

She giggled. "Sorry, I mean that in the kindest way. I love your passion."

"I love your passion too."