

## 6 Times 881

### Chapter 881 Kissing Christine

Alan thought, Oh shit! Danger! Another kissing moment!

Their faces were already just inches apart, so the talk about passion instantly turned a non-sexual discussion into a very steamy one. He didn't know what to do. He was unwilling to kiss her, but her face looked so heart-breakingly gorgeous that he was captivated; he couldn't pull back or even look away.

He wanted to resist, to say something tactful and clever that would break the sexual tension. But all that happened was that he opened his mouth. And somehow, their heads drew still closer until their lips were touching.

They started to kiss, but it wasn't fiery or physical, at least not yet. Both felt an electric shock when their lips met, but lips touching was all that happened at first. They were tentative and even still disbelieving that this was actually happening.

Christine thought to herself, Watch out! This should NOT be happening!

However, it felt so nice that she couldn't muster up the resolve to break away. Instead, she found herself justifying it. Awww, what's the harm? This is a practice date, right? Well, it kinda is. And all we're doing is practice kissing. It doesn't count! Besides, it's not really a "real" kiss; we're just touching lips!

Time passed. It might have been a few seconds or a few hours, because they both lost track of real time. The emotional time was what mattered, and it was a seemingly endless moment neither would ever forget.

Christine managed to let out an erotic "Mmmm!" without moving her lips. She was in seventh heaven, even though their lips were doing nothing more than touching. She was extremely aroused, although she was trying hard not to admit that to herself.

Aaaaarrgh! Alan thought. I've been sexually teased beyond all reason! As if her lips don't feel amazing enough, she had to make that sexy "Mmmm" noise, exactly like Mom makes! I know I shouldn't be doing this, but I can't resist anymore!

He tilted his head slightly, stuck his tongue out and began kissing her in earnest.

Within seconds, she started actively kissing back. It was clear that she had no idea what she was doing, and she obviously regarded his tongue probing into her mouth as an unwelcome invasion at first. But she did her best to imitate what he was doing, and before long she was enjoying it greatly.

Time passed, and after another minute or two she even managed to probe his mouth with her tongue as eagerly as he was exploring hers.

But she hadn't yet learned how to breathe while kissing mouth-to-mouth, so eventually she had to pause to catch her breath.

He looked and felt stunned. "Wow! That was just... wow! But we really shouldn't-"

She said, "Shut up and kiss me, you fool!" But she didn't actually give him time to do that, because she resumed kissing him just as soon as she could get those words out.

Now that she had a better idea what she was doing, her second kiss was even more passionate than the first. Their heads tilted this way and that as they both strove to perfect their magical lip-lock.

Alan's arousal was rising and rising, like a rocket to the moon, but even so he was trying to control himself. Had he been kissing one of his women at home, he would have expected to have most of their clothes removed by this point as the woman jacked him off or blew him. He was determined to limit this to just a kiss, so he did his best to keep his hands from wandering. But there were limits to his resolve, and he somehow wound up with a hand caressing one of Christine's boobs.

He thought, Oh no! What am I doing?! Look where my hand is! I have to move it! But come on; this is Christine! I've been wanting to touch those babies for YEARS! And damn! Even through her top they feel FANTASTIC!

But no! I've got to control myself! I'm a bad person! Depraved, even! I have to keep my depravity from her. She's an angel. I can't, I just can't corrupt her. But this feels so good! Oh God, I'm caressing her tits, now. Both tits! Shit, how did that second hand get there?! And the kiss! The kiss! How can I let go with this nuclear kiss making me so hot?!

His fondling hands left him with no doubt that she was braless. But that fact only fired his lust even more. To his great joy, his fondling caused another of her buttons to come undone, exposing even more of her luscious curves. With her dress already cut so low, he knew he could slip his hands under the fabric and touch and play directly with her nipples. He was sorely tempted to do so, but he was aware of the slippery slope.

Christine had been trying hard not to think at all, because on some level she was worried that she'd talk herself out of continuing their passionate necking. However, the way he was fondling her boobs made it hard to remain in denial. At first she thought, Darn that Alan! He's such a boob fiend. It's kinda cute, actually. Heck, let him have his fun. I know he's been wanting to touch my breasts for years.

But then she started to realize that between the kissing and his touching, her lust was spiraling out of control. She didn't know what would happen if she completely "broke," but she felt like she was on the cusp of a breaking point, and that scared her. Even though she realized "breaking" probably just meant she'd have a really big orgasm, she was afraid of doing that in front of him, and in a restaurant no less.

Oh no! What's happening to me?! This feels too good! Way too good! Am I about to climax? Because this is NOTHING like masturbation! It's a million times better! Oh God, I'm losing my mind! His hands, his lips... too good!

Suddenly, she managed to disengage. She sat back, panting hard.

He'd also been having growing doubts about the wisdom of what they were doing. Once she pulled away, he was able to control himself, although just barely. It had felt fantastic, but he couldn't shake the nagging certainty that he was doing her wrong. So he also sat back, panting along with her.

They both were too embarrassed to look at each other or say anything, even after their breathing eased somewhat.

Finally, Christine said, while staring straight ahead to avoid eye contact, "That was, uh... You owed me, right?"

"Huh?" When he was this horny, he couldn't think very well. The fact that her perfect tits were threatening to spill out of her revealing top, thanks to all of her heavy breathing and the extra button

that had come undone, didn't exactly help his concentration. He loved the fact that he could manage to see all the way down to where the undersides of her boobs met the very top of her stomach.

She prodded, "Remember? You owed me for the math help. And you repaid me with a kiss. 'Cos I can use the practice. So it was a... fair deal. 'Cos, uh, I've never been... properly... I mean..." She blushed.

He could see she was struggling, so he tried to act like a polite gentleman, even a slightly theatrical version of one. "Glad to have been of service, ma'am. Is there anything else I can do for you, m'lady?"

She shook her head 'No'. Don't tempt me!

Hoping to ease the still intense sexual tension with laughter, he joked, "So am I off the hook, or am I stuck being your permanent sex slave?"

She smiled at that, but thought, He's tempting me! What I wouldn't give to be able to do that to him all the time. I'm so jealous of Amy. Oh, damn! Amy! What was I doing, kissing her boyfriend?! That's so WRONG!bender

She grinned. "You're off the hook. After all, I don't think Amy would like that idea."

He replied, "Actually, Amy's so easygoing about sharing me, I don't think she'd mind. She's kinda unusual that way."

His reminder that she didn't really have to feel guilty about Amy, due to Amy's remarkably generous attitude, redoubled her longing to kiss him some more. But then she turned serious and looked at him intently.

Trying to justify her guilty actions to herself as well as to him, she said, "But, uh... we didn't REALLY kiss just then, did we? I mean, this is a practice date, right? Or kind of one, anyway. So we're not really here, if you know what I mean, and if we're not here, how could we be really kissing?" She realized she was practically babbling, she was so nervous.

He laughed. "Blonde logic. Gotta love it!" He loved the fact that even though they'd disengaged and she'd obviously calmed down some, she still hadn't made any move to rebutton her buttons, or even cover the gaping chasm in her black dress that showed that her huge tits were braless.

She growled in annoyance at the "blonde logic" comment.

Trying to joke some more, he suggested, "If we're not here, and we didn't kiss, then we can't kiss again, even if we do."

Christine realized that she'd made a mistake to make eye contact with him again while her hormones were still running wild. Their eyes locked, and their heads started to move inexorably closer. Far from seeing his comment as a joke, she found it almost an excuse. If we just didn't kiss twice, then what's the harm in 'not kissing' again?!

Their hearts pounded wildly as their lips met again. If anything, this kiss was even more passionate than the previous two. Both of them thought it likely that they wouldn't be able to do this again for a long time, so they tried to make the most of the opportunity.

He tried his best not to fondle her breasts again, but that was as futile as falling and trying to will gravity to stop. His hands latched back on her as they resumed a rather gentle but insistent caressing and fondling.

The way she responded, with erotic moans of pleasure and even more fervent kisses, made him nearly cum in his pants. Although his erection was merely straining against fabric, he couldn't have been any more aroused, even if Susan and Suzanne had been jointly licking all over it at the same time.

Several minutes passed. They were starting to get to know each other's kissing styles, and getting better at necking by the moment.

Eventually, he remembered that they were in a public place. Although they were in an out-of-the-way booth in back and no one else had apparently seen Christine's near-scandalous attire, if they kept at it someone was going to notice them sooner or later. The fact that they were in such seclusion actually had become a detriment because it had increased his temptation to throw caution to the wind, yank her top down to her waist, and go to town exploring her unbelievably perfect body.

He could easily see that happening, and that's what actually scared him into behaving. Using all his resolve, he somehow managed to break the kiss and remove his hands from her wonderfully soft, huge breasts. Since he didn't trust his resolve, he stood up rapidly and moved away from the booth as if he were afraid to even get near her (which actually was the case at that moment).

Christine reached for him longingly until she realized that he had moved too far away. Her desire for a passionate kiss was more than satiated, leaving her deliriously happy. She sat back and closed her eyes to savor what had just happened while a blissful look filled her face.

She just stared at him as she slowly realized the enormity of what they had just done. She didn't know if she wanted to slug him or throw herself against him for yet another kiss. Actually, she wanted to do both at the same time.

The growing silence between them was very awkward. Neither knew what to say, or if they should even acknowledge the kissing had happened at all. Finally, he said rather lamely, "Uh, I'm going to go to the bathroom, okay? I'll be back in a minute."

She just nodded and then closed her eyes.

## Chapter 882 We Should Study Together More Often !

Alan didn't really have to go to the bathroom, but he needed the time away from her to compose himself. He was so aroused that his dick was threatening to rip a hole in his slacks, and for once that wasn't just hyperbole. He waddled to the bathroom (since his boner made normal walking impossible), found the nearest empty stall, closed the door, and sat on the toilet seat.

He closed his eyes, bowed his head, and tried to calm down. FUUUUUUCK! I just blew it, big time. I shouldn't have done that. But what could I do? I'm only human. If this were a court of law, I'd argue that I'm 'Innocent by Reason of Insanely Arousing Temptation.' How could anyone not go momentarily insane when tempted like that? What is it with me that amazing women like her would be so into ME?

I'm not that great. She's the great one. I guess I'm just the luckiest son of a bitch on the planet. That, plus success breeds success. The more some women want me, the more other women want me, and it becomes some kind of competitive thing that spirals out of control!

Well, I had a weak moment there, but I can still fix this. At least I restrained myself somewhat and didn't slip my hands inside her clothes... or more! She said one kiss only. I need to go back there right away and make sure we stick to that! She inspires me, and I have to do right by her!

Filled with new resolve, he willed his penis to go down.

Meanwhile, Christine was thinking, That did NOT happen! I refuse and refute it! It doesn't count because it just kind of snuck up on me. On both of us! Everything was fine, if maybe a little too cozy, and then... THAT!

I'd be super pissed at him except that I know that I'm as much to blame as he is. Hell, I'm a lot more to blame. Look at the way I dressed!

She felt shame as she stared down into her deep cleavage. She couldn't even pull her top together to cover up more fully, since there just wasn't the fabric to do it. All she could do was cross her arms over her still erect nipples. I've been a fool! A total fool! I thought I could control my emotions. But I don't know what I'm doing in this kind of situation, and I guess lust is a really powerful thing. Hell, it's like a runaway truck careening down a steep mountain road! Stupid hormones!

The problem is, kissing him feels way too good! Even now, I'd love to just neck with him for hours. But I can't. No way! Even if Amy wouldn't mind, even if he's not going steady with her or anyone else, I have my dignity. I'm not gonna be just another one of his girls. I can't fall for him. I can't! That's disaster waiting to happen; I just know it. He's a super nice and wonderful guy, but too many girls like him. He's an eighteen-year-old boy; of course he's gonna let his penis do his thinking for him.

I have to look at the bright side of this. I've learned a valuable lesson. Lust is dangerous! Kissing is too tempting and way too much fun! In the future, I'll be more aware of the danger and simply avoid putting myself into this kind of situation. I won't dress like some kind of common - well, Heather! - just to get a rise out of him. Most importantly, I know what kissing is really like now. My curiosity has been satisfied. Been there, done that, so I don't have to do it again!

He walked back to their booth and sat down, but this time he sat on the other side of the table, across from her, so he wouldn't be so tempted to kiss her again.

It was a good thing that he had done that, because as soon as he sat down it was as if he were discovering her beauty and especially her dramatic display of cleavage all over again. Even as it was, it was all he could do not to reach across the table and pull her in for another kiss - and fondle and grope.

Trying to play it cool, he asked, "So, how did you like your first real kiss?"

She answered, "Um, well, about that..." Her face suddenly turned red. "I, uh, I can't deny it was good. Great, even. But we shouldn't have! Don't even try to tell me otherwise, because you know it's true!"

He thought, It is true, but not because of what she thinks. If I told Amy about it, she'd probably just smile and say, "Cool beans!" But let Christine think something like that if she wants to, because it's a hell of a lot better than having to explain about harems and incest!

So he did his best to agree. "Yes. It kind of happened, and it can't unhappen. But we don't need to let it affect our friendship."

She replied earnestly, "No! Definitely not! It was just, like... a few little kisses, right? No big deal." She knew that was a lie. They'd made out for several very intense minutes. Even now, her body tingled all over and she felt strangely energized.

"Right. Remember what you said? If I recall correctly, your exact words were, 'Just once. A one-time only thing.' And that's as it should be. After all, our agreement is that these are practice dates, not real dates. We can't get seriously intimate, right?"

She simmered unhappily at that. She was obviously searching for some kind of loophole. Finally she pretended to agree: "Of course. That's what I meant, that it was a one-time-only thing. Because, after all, you did owe me a big favor, and now you've paid it off. Darn! I guess that means you won't have to be my permanent sex slave after all." She smiled at that joke.

He joked back, "I know. Bummer! Believe me, I was looking forward to that too!"

That made her sad, as it obviously reminded her of a physical intimacy that could not be. However, she recovered quickly and said, "But then again, you know... If you were to owe me another favor... Next



time I might just have to ask you to kiss me again. After all, if it's just a practice date, what's wrong with a little practice kissing?"

Realizing what she'd just said, she tried to make a joke out of it. "Ha ha!"

He smiled and pretended to chuckle, but he could tell she hadn't meant it as a joke at first. "A little practice kissing?" If those kisses were any hotter we would have both melted through the floor like some kind of nuclear reactor meltdown! I can't let that happen again, ever! The problem is: will I have the willpower to resist her next time?

I hope so! At least I did kind of resist a little this time. I got carried away saying I'm depraved. I'm not depraved, but it can't be denied that I'm not right for her. I can't give up my incestuous harem, or whatever you call it, and she'd never accept that lifestyle in a million years. She's destined for bigger and better things. If I'm a true friend, well, showing her what kissing is like is okay I guess, since she wanted it so much, but that's IT!

He said, "Who knows? I'm just gonna have to make sure I'm not in your debt ever again."

"Definitely." She tried to joke about it again, making it more of an obvious joke this time. "By the way, do you need any more homework help? I'm sure we could come to some kind of... mutually satisfactory arrangement." She winked playfully, even though she was still nervous as hell.

He thought, Jesus H. Christ! For someone who's new to flirting, does she have any clue just how sexy that sounds, even for a joke? I'll bet she doesn't realize it, but her voice is positively dripping with lust! Good God, I have to get out of here before we end up fucking like minks! Maybe by tomorrow I'll be able to get back on an even keel with her. I hope!

He was glad she'd mentioned homework, because that gave him an excuse to make a quick escape. "Oh CRAP! Homework?! I've been having such a fun time with you that I forgot all about my three tests tomorrow. Damn! Even after your help, I'm still gonna be burning the midnight oil until late tonight. I've gotta run!"

That startled her. "What? Uh, okay. But, uh, are you sure you don't need any more help?" Remembering her "joke" about getting him in her debt again, she added, "No strings attached."

"Thanks for the offer, but there's stuff I've gotta do that only I can do, unfortunately. But this was nice. We should study together more often."

Her face lit up. "Definitely!"

She thought, Oh crap, crap, crap! Did I really just say that? More study sessions are probably gonna turn into more practice dates, and from there we could easily wind up practice kissing, and more! But I'm not going to lose control again. Period. I'm a **STRONG** woman! I have an iron will. I will not let my damn hormones rule me!

In a hurry to leave, he just smiled and said, "That would be nice. But if you'll excuse me, I've really gotta go." He thought about giving her a final hug and kiss goodbye, but then decided that wouldn't be smart.

So instead, he stood up and then performed a gallant bow. "Thanks again so much for being here for me tonight, when I needed your help the most. You're a great friend. I'll see you tomorrow!"

He rushed off as fast as politeness allowed, because he had to get away from her and her tempting lips and her even more tempting body before his resolve disappeared.

Christine was very disappointed with his sudden departure. "A great friend." Hrmph! Even after those passionate kisses, he still sees me as a friend. What more do I have to do? Strip naked and sneak into his bedroom one night? Maybe I should! That'll show him!

Dammit! What am I thinking? It's a good thing that he left. Frankly, my willpower is still out to lunch. Next time, I'll be able to prepare myself mentally so this doesn't happen again. If there's one thing I hate, it's being weak.

But another thing I hate is losing. However, I can't see myself in competition with Amy, Kim, or even Heather, or I'm likely to-

Her hatred of Heather interrupted her thoughts. GRRR! Heather! If she's kissed him like that, I swear I'll kick her ass to the moon and back, and then fold her like a pretzel!

She sighed with frustration, then tried to let go of her anger. Now I can see why all the girls are after him. I've never kissed anyone else, but I'm convinced that other guys don't kiss like that. If they did, people wouldn't do anything but kiss all day long!

Damn! Damn, damn, and damn some more! I want him even more now! He must have loved the kissing too. Heck, it's not like I didn't notice the way his hands latched onto my boobs like his life depended on it, or the way he was panting and his pulse was pounding. He was totally loving it! And yet he still tried to push me away. What is his PROBLEM?!

She sighed heavily. NO! I can't think that way. He's got Amy and others, and I can tell he's not willing to give them up for me. That's got to be why he keeps fighting his desire for me. He knows I expect monogamy, and he can't offer that. He and Amy in particular are really, really close. I could even see them getting married some day, just from the way they look at each other. I'm not going to try and steal him from her; that would compromise all my values. I am not a bad person.bender

The fact is, we shared a special moment tonight, but that's all it was - and all it can ever be, one special moment. From now on, I'm going to be extra careful around him. No more kissing, that's for damn sure! Not even a peck on the cheek. No more hugging! No more revealing outfits. I'm gonna go out of my way to be extra platonic from now on. We're friends, period. That's what he wants, and that's what I want too. Just because we got carried away for a few minutes, that doesn't mean anything, right?

Right?!

#### Chapter 883 My Body Is An Erotic Playground For YOUR Pleasure! - Susan

Alan left the Nut House pub with a raging hard-on. He was sorely tempted to masturbate to climax, maybe even before he got home. Even more tempting was the idea of letting Susan or Katherine "take care of it."

But he thought, No. I can't do that, and I especially can't let someone else get involved. That would cheapen the special moment that Christine and I just shared. Besides, if I climax over what happened, that will only fan the flames. I have to put out the fire instead! And that starts right now, by thinking unsexy thoughts.

Since he was driving in the car, he turned on the radio. Being politically liberal, he turned to a right wing talk radio station to get pissed off. It worked. In just a matter of minutes he went flaccid and was angrily talking back at the things the talk show host was saying.

He turned the radio off even before he got home because he didn't want to get too angry. Besides, he was growing increasingly depressed. The Christine situation was frustrating enough, because he couldn't see a solution there. He envisioned a lot of painful 'blue balls' situations with her in the future. But his homework worries also weighed heavily on his mind as he drove.

Overall, meeting with Christine was a good thing as far as my tests tomorrow go. She whipped me into shape in short order. That saved me a lot of time, even with all the ice cream and talking and kissing afterwards. But the kissing! Damn the kissing! I can't think about that. Not tonight, not ever. Let's hope that satisfied her kissing curiosity and she won't bring it up again.

Why do I have the sneaking feeling that that's a big fat lie? Life just got a lot more complicated. UGH!

He walked back into the house and straight to his room without anyone greeting him.

Susan came in to ask him about his study session a few minutes later, but she seemed keen on not distracting him from doing his homework, so it was an entirely non-sexual interaction. True, she was wearing nothing but the same short robe and high heels that she'd had on earlier, but all she did was ask him a few questions about his homework and how late he thought he'd be staying up.

He was both relieved and bummed by that, since he was still feeling a horny buzz from his time with Christine. But he hid it well. While he mentioned that he'd had a study session with Christine, he avoided mentioning that he'd met her in a cafe or the interesting things that had transpired there.

Ironically, the troubles arising from his necking with Christine helped his resolve to study, because it was easier for him to do his homework than to think about how to deal with Christine in the future. As a result, he put his nose to the grindstone and got a lot done.

Susan eventually came in before midnight to give him a goodnight kiss. It actually was just a relatively tame French kiss, at least by recent Plummer household standards.

She stood up and said, "Good night. I'm sure you don't want your mother to pester you about cocksucking every single minute of the day, so I'll let you be. That is... unless...?"

He grinned. "No. Sorry."

She nodded. "I didn't think so. Sweet dreams, and don't ever forget that I love you."

"Love you too, Mom. G'night." Thinking she was about to go, he picked up the book he'd been reading before she came in.

But she didn't leave immediately. She stood next to where he lay reading in bed, still wearing the same short robe and high heels she'd had on at dinner and when she'd visited his room after he'd returned home from the pub. She was fidgeting in a very distracting manner.

"Tiger, there's something I need to talk to you about." She shifted nervously as he put his book down and looked up. "It's about boundaries. Well, my boundaries actually." She blushed and lowered her gaze, unable to look her son in the eye as she worked up her courage.

He was caught completely unprepared for this kind of behavior and topic. "Huh?" he asked in a bewildered tone.

He put his book away completely and braced himself for a big lecture. She hadn't had any major 'boundary issues' since the therapy visit to Xania's office, but he figured that another prudish backlash was due.

He thought, What kind of boundaries is she going to put in place now? And just when we're ready to finally fuck, too. Is this going to be another backslide to her prudish ways?!

She plowed ahead before she could lose her nerve. "I want you to violate my boundaries more often! I'm one of your official personal cocksuckers, and more. That means I should NEVER tell you no! There should be NO boundaries! My body is an erotic playground for YOUR pleasure! Is that clear?"

He simply nodded, too shocked at her passionate outburst to speak.

"And don't feel guilty or worry about 'unfairness.' The more pleasure I give you, the more you give me. It's a positive feedback loop that has no end. So don't worry if I call myself your 'sex pet' or 'fuck toy' or the like. Thinking and talking like that helps get both of us worked up, and there's nothing bad in that. Is THAT clear?"

He nodded again.

"From now on, whenever you want to or need to really 'get my attention,' there's one way that's the best way to do it. Push your cock all the way into my ass and flex it around! Just like you did to me yesterday. Don't tell me you're going to do it or ask for my permission, just bend me over and stretch my asshole around your big, fat, hard, manly cock-meat any time you feel like it! You know my ass is always lubed and ready for you now, so there's no need for words whenever you stuff my butt with your humongous prick!"

He was trying to will his erection not to get hard, but not really succeeding. He smiled, but he rolled his eyes in frustration too. "Oh, is that all?"

She quickly corrected, "No. I mean, I know you're only human. I'm not talking about a serious assfuck every time, although that would be nice. It's just that intimate feeling of fullness back there is what I'm craving."

He noticed that her robe, which had been hanging loosely on her to begin with, was somehow magically opening up still further as she stood there, even though her hands had never moved to adjust it. Her erect nipples soon came into view.

She giggled, adding, "For starters. Of course, I'd love it even more if you want to give me an excellent bugging, but I know you have limits... Wouldn't it be great if you could surprise me with a fuck up the ass, then turn me over and fuck my hungry cunt? Then, after you've filled those holes to the brim so I'm leaking your sperm everywhere, you'd go for the hat trick and deposit another load in my talking cunt. You know, my mouth. Wouldn't that be nice if you could do that every time you see me?"bender

Her sash was slowly coming undone, bringing her dark brown bush into view. Her voice sped up as her enthusiasm grew. "Oh, and then you'd fuck my tits and leave a big load on my chest so I could rub it around and smear it in, leaving me all spermy smelling. Not to mention, I love it when you make my skin all shiny with your pearly elixir. And with the cum dripping off of my tits, plus another new load on my

face, the other three women could have such a tasty time cleaning me up! And then the milk would start squirting..."

She was staring off into space, fantasizing, but snapped back to reality as it occurred to her that she shouldn't be talking about her milking plans just yet. "Oh. Sorry. Did I get carried away there?"

"Just a bit." He rolled his eyes again, though he was more amused by her enthusiasm than anything else.

He thought, "My talking cunt?" She's calling her mouth "my talking cunt" and it goes by without mention? What's next? This used to be my prudish ol' mom!

But he was frustrated too. It seemed that none of his women truly understood that he had limits, as none of them could fully fathom what he did with his other women at other times of the day. He was very aware of the fact that her robe had slid off one shoulder and then the other, as if acting all on its own. Only the loose sash around her waist kept it from falling all the way to the floor, and it looked like the sash was about to come completely undone. He had a feeling his penis would be called on very soon, but it was totally wiped out from an extremely busy day.

She continued forcefully, "Okay, let's get back to the preferable attention getting greeting. This will henceforth be the PROPER" - he couldn't miss the strong emphasis she placed on that word - "way to 'get my attention' in the future and I will expect you to do it properly at each and every opportunity that presents itself, from now on. Do I make myself clear?"

"Uh... sure, I guess. I'll try. But I may not always be up for it."

She gave him a heartwarming and very motherly smile. "I know you'll do your best, Tiger."

"Mom, are you SURE that you want me to fill your ass every single time that I-"

She closed her eyes and cupped the undersides of her large tits with both hands. "Absolutely!"

"Then I'll work harder on, uh, violating your boundaries, um, the way you ... uh... want me to?" He was confused. For one thing, he couldn't tell just how serious she was about this. To simply walk up and thrust his dick into her ass every time he said hello or wanted her attention was completely impractical.

She was so aroused that she looked like she was on the verge of a great orgasm, so he didn't know if she was just describing an erotic fantasy or what. But at the same time he also felt rather overwhelmed by her love and desire.

"Yes!" she breathed happily. "Just violate me generally, in every way you can! Mommy's proper place is bent over and naked, getting violated by her son!" She was panting hard. "Tiger, you make your mommy so very happy!"

She bent far over and kissed him again on the cheek. That caused her dangling breasts to swing wildly underneath her.

She mentally shouted to herself, I'm going to be his butt slut! I had the guts to tell him my fantasy, and he's going to do it! Well, one of my fantasies. Butt Slut is going to have to compete with my desires to be Tonsil Tickling Tart and Vaginal Vixen, hee-hee! Not to mention my favorite, Milky Mooing Mammary Mommy!

Okay, I know he won't be able to really stick his cock in my ass all that much, or in my other orifices, since he has so many other busty babes keeping his cock well-tended, but I love dreaming about it just the same. I simply can't get enough of him. Oh, Tiger!

His head bobbed as he watched her heaving bare chest swing and sway in every direction.

Chapter 884 Susan

Susan winked at him, and then sat down on the edge of his bed. "Sorry to get carried away like that. Am I bothering you?"

"No. Definitely not. You're very entertaining, and your constant enthusiasm gives me energy. Unfortunately, I'd love to get aroused, and I am in my mind, but my dick isn't cooperating. It's had a busy day."



She pulled down his covers and reached out for his penis. It was twitching, but only half hard at best. "That's too bad, 'cos Mommy's all naked for you." (Technically, her robe was still clinging on her, but it wasn't covering much except some of her legs.)

Her chest heaved with desire as she continued, "Mommy needs a good reminder of who's in charge here. Mommy wants you to prove your total domination and control all over again by fucking her face! Are you thinking what I'm thinking? Would you like to paint my face white with your cocky paintbrush? Mommy would be so proud to wear your special spermy sauce all night long! Good Lord, Mommy would love that SO MUCH!"

"Mom! I swear! You get me so aroused! But really, we shouldn't. I made a solemn vow to have absolutely no more hanky-panky for the rest of the night. And even if I wanted to violate that, my dick doesn't feel up for it."

"I'm sorry. Your homework comes first. Let's talk about something else before I get carried away again... Oh! I know. I forgot to tell you, but Akami called a couple of times today. I haven't really been answering the phone much lately..."

She mentally recalled her morning with Suzanne and Xania, and then how Suzanne managed to squeeze in several hours of lactation-inducing nipple sucking before Alan got home and also while he was napping.

She shook the thoughts clear and tried to focus on the non-sexual things she had to say. "But I heard her on the answering machine a while ago. She said she wanted to talk to you about Dr. Fredrickson. There was something kind of funny about her voice. I dunno. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Weird, huh?"

"Yeah."

As she talked, she held both her massive melons and idly hefted one up and then the other, back and forth, like she was titfucking an invisible penis. "Anyway, it wasn't like an emergency, and she didn't really explain why she was calling at all, except that she really wanted to speak to you. I imagine you can't call her back tomorrow morning because you'll be in school, but I'm sure you'll figure it out when you go in for your appointment tomorrow afternoon. Or actually, already today, since it's past midnight by now. Is she a good fuck, by the way? Vaginally, I mean."

"Sure. Mom, there's no such thing as a bad fuck. Oh, I guess there probably is for some people, but I haven't had one yet. I don't know how there could be bad fucks, 'cos every time I stick my dick in a pussy and start thrusting, it feels beyond great."

She eyed his penis, but if anything it seemed more flaccid than it had been a minute before.

He was disappointed too. He thought, It's strange. Mom is giving me this full-on sex attack, and it's awesome, but I can't get it up. Meanwhile, just seeing a lot of Christine's cleavage had my dick hard enough to drill through rock! But also, it's been a couple hours since then and I'm really tired and weary. I'd go to sleep in a flash if I didn't have more homework to do first.

Instead of grasping his penis, Susan brought her hand down to her pussy lips. "Tell me more. What's it like?"

He laughed. "Mom, you sound like a virgin. But you've had real vaginal sex more often than I have."

Susan thought back to the times she'd had sex with her husband. "Technically that's true, though probably just barely. Most years, you could count the number of times Ron and I did the deed on one hand. Remember, Ron is gay. And believe me, he made love to his wife like a gay man, if you can imagine what I mean by that. Let's just say that, prior to the first time you shoved your cock down my throat, I had no idea what everyone was raving about with the whole sex thing. You're the first and only straight man who'll ever enter my cunt - or any of my other orifices - until the day I die."

She paused, and got more excited as she thought about that. "Oooh! That's true. In a way, I'm a virgin for my son! Ron doesn't really count. You'll be the only man to ever feel pleasure pounding my defenseless pussy!"

She began fingering her pussy lips more overtly. "I can't stop thinking about it! I mean, Son, imagine me with my legs up as I hold my ankles next to my ears, so you can nail me as deep as possible. Can you picture that? I want you to drill me so deep that your cock'll come up my throat and I'll be able to suck you off at the same time!"

He laughed at that physically impossible image.

She stood up, then bent over to pick up her robe, which somehow had managed to fall to the floor even though she'd been sitting in it on the edge of his bed the whole time. "Goodnight, my lovable, cuddly Tiger."

"Wait!" he complained. "You can't leave me like this."

She looked at his penis. It was still completely flaccid. "What? You're down for the count and you said you're going to stay that way."bender

"I know, but after all that sexy talk I'm really mentally aroused."

She dropped her robe. Then she stood back and stuck her arms straight out to either side while also spreading her legs wide. "What, then? Son, you own me, body and soul. I'm here to serve you in every way. That's what good mommies do. People say I'm fit and voluptuous, so think about owning this body and using it any way you desire! Just tell me what to do; I'm at your command."

He looked at her. Wow, man. I don't care that I've cum what feels like ten thousand times today already. If my dick was feeling the slightest flicker of life, I'd get up and fuck me some of that! I used to think having such a hot mom was a curse, but now it's the greatest thing ever! And she's all mine. All mine!

"Well, I don't know," he admitted. There were so many things he wanted to do her but couldn't. "The physical limits of the penis can be such a drag... Hey! I know, what if we make out a little while? After all, you're not going to forget to kiss and tuck me in, right? That kiss earlier hardly even counted. It didn't even last five minutes, so I call do overs."

Her eyes lit up and she practically leapt into his bed. Within seconds she was on top of him, engaged in a deep lip-lock and generally grinding her voluptuous body all over his.

For once, because his penis was out of it and he was generally exhausted, they focused almost entirely on kissing. Of course it didn't hurt that she was grinding her pussy against his thigh and smothering him in tit-flesh, but still, the kiss was the center of attention.

They had a lot of fun just making out for fifteen minutes or more at a relaxed pace. He couldn't help but compare this make-out session with the one he'd had with Christine earlier in the evening. He decided that both were equally great, but in different ways. With Christine, there was the excitement of the new and the fear of the unknown. Whereas with Susan, there was comforting familiarity and a profound deeply-shared love. Plus, of course, it went on a lot longer, so there was more of it to enjoy.

After a while, he attempted to finger her pussy but she pushed his hand away.

"What?" he grumped.

"Please, don't get me started. You know I'd love it, but we can't or I'll die of frustration. You can't get me THAT horny, when I don't have a fat, long cock to suck on. Hmmm, I wonder whose cock that would be."

"Okay, fair enough." After that, he didn't play with her pussy - much. He did "accidentally" brush against it quite a lot, and he had a habit of brushing across her clit.

He loved to stare into the pools of her brown eyes and run his hands through her long brown hair. He decided that he didn't stroke or appreciate her hair often enough.

When they'd had their fill, she remained on top of him. "Son, you know... I'm not dumb, but I'm not Mensa material, either. Most of that intellectual and high culture stuff Suzanne is always trying to interest me in just don't grab me that much. I used to spend far too much time watching those daytime soap operas. Putting all that time and energy into worrying about the fortunes of Charity and Tabitha and Cracked Connie was a total waste, and what's worse, an excuse not to put my blessings to more productive use."

He was tempted to roll his eyes at the mention of characters from Susan's favorite soap opera, Passions, but he restrained himself.

She continued, "I know my smarts are middle-of-the-road; we all know that the thing God really blessed me with is my body." She cupped her massive melons from below. "I feel so proud and fulfilled that I have a body like this to better serve you."

She went on, "But you! You're so clever. A big busty woman like me has no chance against you. If I'd never met you before but you and I were to have a public debate about, say, the merits of creationism versus evolution, you'd not only win the debate, but somehow you'd twist things around and defeat me so soundly that I'd wind up on my knees with your big fat cock in my mouth right there up on the stage!"

He shook his head with amusement. "What? How would that work?"

"Just trust me on this. My point is, I can't hope to resist your big cock and your smarts. My only option is to SERVE! To pleasure your cock each and every day and guzzle down gallons of your sperm! To totally devote myself to your pleasure! I know you've heard it before from me, but I just want you to know that I believe it so strongly that it's like religion for me. And once you tame my pussy, I will be that much more your eternally faithful sex toy."

"Hey, Mom, I don't think of you as a sex t-"

She lay a finger across his lips, silencing him before he could finish. "Don't fight it. Just let me think like that, okay? It makes me happy. But the reason I bring it up is that I worry so much that someday soon you'll up and go to college and forget all about me. Okay, maybe not forget ALL about me, but I'll only see you a couple of times a year. The rest of the time I'll be pining away, dreaming about you, wishing I could be one of those busty college coeds that you're nailing every night."

"Mom, that's soooo not true! Don't even think like that. Wherever I go, I want you to go too. Mom, you're my mom! Even before all this sex stuff started, we were so much closer than most mothers and sons. I can't even imagine living without you, and you don't have to act like a sex toy to keep me close. I LOVE you. I need you. No one will ever replace you. No one!"

"Oh Son! You make me so happy!" She kissed him again. Then she added, "Believe me, the sex toy thing is not an act, either. Call me submissive, but-"

"NOOOO!" he joked, pretending to be shocked.

She laughed but stood up. "All right Mr. Funny Guy, that's enough incestuous titty fun for you tonight." She acted all put out, but then she leaned forward gave him another hug and a kiss on the lips. Then she made a big production of tucking him in bed, which mostly consisted of her dangling her boobs within inches of his face while she took her sweet time pretending to fiddle with the sheets.

"I can't believe your penis never got hard again," she commented as she held his flaccid penis one last time, stroking it a little bit. "You must truly be worn out."

"I am. You always talk about draining my balls completely dry. Well, today that pretty much happened."

"Good!" She was absolutely delighted to hear that; she felt like her day was now well and truly complete.

She walked to his door and turned out the lights. "Good night, my love."

"Night, Mom."

As she walked back to her room holding her robe in her hands, she sang her own words to the chorus of Pat Benatar's "Heartbreaker":

"I'm a son fucker!

Bed tucker!

Cock sucker!

Won't you shoot your mess on me?

I'm a son fucker!

Bed tucker!

Cock sucker!

Tiger, won't you squirt a load or three?"

She giggled gleefully. I just love these goodnight tuck-ins! I've never felt happier or more loved in my entire life! I climaxed so many times today that my pussy actually can't take any more either. Heck, I even came once just kissing and cuddling. Oh! And then the lactating will start soon. Oh! And the proper fucking! Oh, oh, oh! Is my life perfect, or what?!

The downside of not being able to get hard and climax was that Alan was left still feeling horny.

He thought as he lay in his dark room, Mom's completely insatiable! She's right that she's not a complicated, intellectual person. She's always lived by a simple code and stuck to it like, well, like it was the Word of God. And in her mind it literally was the Word of God when she was in her super Christian mode. Now she's still into being religious, but her code has gotten all rearranged and somehow tending to my cock has become her number one mission. I don't quite understand it, but hell, I sure am loving it!

I love her so much! Kissing Christine tonight was incredible; any guy would be in heaven to have her. But there's just no way I'd give up all this sexy fun with Mom for Christine or for anyone else. Not to mention Sis, or Aims, or Aunt Suzy, or even Glory. I'm totally addicted to incestuous mom loving!

The only downside is that her intensity can get to be a little much. I think she'll mellow out in time, but will my dick fall off by then? Dang, I can't believe I couldn't get hard after all she did to me, and how good she looked. I don't think I'm getting jaded - it's just that my dick really is that tired!

He was feeling tired and considered going to sleep, but guilt got the best of him and he decided to stay up a little longer and get some more homework done. He got back out of bed, even though he'd just been "tucked in." Heck, probably my only chance of getting anything done around here is after the nymphos have gone to sleep.

## Chapter 885 Going Down On Kath

He did get some work done for about an hour or so, but then his mind began to wander. Just when he was thinking about packing it in and hitting the sack, he heard the sounds of Katherine using the bathroom. It was well past one in the morning by this time, and he correctly assumed she was doing her going to sleep rituals after doing some serious studying of her own. bender

He thought, One thing Amy reminded me about today is that the squeaky wheel gets the grease. Mom and Aunt Suzy have been all over me, and good ol' Aims and Sis have been getting a bit neglected lately. I need to be more proactive. I'll bet Sis'll love it if I sneak into her room and surprise her. Even though my dick is STILL flaccid, I think it'll make her happy, just spending time with her.

He waited until she was in bed with the lights off, then came in and roused her by whispering, "Sis?"

She immediately bolted up in her bed; she wasn't as asleep as he'd thought. "Brother! What are you doing here?"

He was a bit surprised to get a rare look at her without a hair band and her hair in a mess. He actually rather liked it.

She quickly warmed up to his presence though, and said in a sultry voice, "Soooo... Do Alan and Alan Junior want to play?" She wasn't sure of the condition of his penis given the darkness and the robe he was wearing, but she was hopeful.

He walked up next to where she sat up in bed. He replied while caressing her face with his hand, "Alan does, but Alan Junior is completely wiped out. I'm sorry."

"Grrr! I'm always at the bottom of your list."

"That's not true. I'm here now because I love you and I want to be with you. I can't help poor Alan Junior, but the rest of me is here right now."

Her mood changed. "Awww, that's so sweet. Sorry that I get so jealous, but I can't help it sometimes. And sorry if I make you feel like Alan Junior is more impor-"

He cut her off by bending over and kissing her on the lips. He was frustrated at his temporary impotence, but he'd had a lot of fun doing little more than kissing his mother a while earlier and thought he'd try it out on his sister too.

Katherine really liked that, and soon they were lying on her bed and madly kissing each other.



They kissed for a long while, but he didn't stop there. Just as he did with Susan, he stroked her hair and stared into her eyes. Eventually, they cuddled more than kissed, but she loved the intimacy they were sharing more than another wild sex act. She especially loved the way that he kept proclaiming his love for her. The way that he fingered her pussy was pretty nice too.

She was almost disappointed when he started scooting down to eat her out, because she'd been enjoying the kissing, cuddling, and sweet talk so much. She was practically ready to cry tears of joy. He loves me! He really, really loves me! He doesn't just love me as one of his fuck toys, it's so much MORE!

He began licking her belly button, and then kept on licking his way down from there.

But when he reached where her bush used to be, she gently but firmly stopped his head with both hands. "Wait. You don't have to do that, Big Sea Cucumber Brother. You don't have to feel like you owe me."

"Who said anything about owing you?"

"It's just that I know you're not big on going down on girls."

"That's not true. Sure, it's not my top priority, especially with blowjobs and titfucks being thrown my way at every turn, but I'm getting to like it, especially on bald pussies like yours. The thing I'm really not into is the hair pie. With my dick out of commission for the night, this is a great time to practice. Besides, I think your pussy tastes great. It's my favorite to eat."

"Really?" She let go of his head, allowing him to go lower. "You're just saying that."

"Nope. It's tangy but sweet. Maybe we're actually genetically related, 'cos it's kind of like how people go off about describing my cum - tangy and sweet. Or maybe it's 'cos we mostly eat the same things. Whatever it is, it makes a yummy midnight snack."

"Damn you and your charming ways." She couldn't help but smile. However, she protested, "Still, it's not right. I'm your fuck toy, well, one of them anyway, and it's my pleasure and my duty to serve and service your cock. To have you service me is all backwards!"

He didn't want to think of her as his fuck toy, but he decided that it would be easier to convince her using her logic instead of fighting against it. "I'm in charge of you, right?"

"Yep!"

"I can do anything I want with your body, right?"

"Yep!" She eagerly pinned her arms behind her back.

"Then I want to lick your pussy. It's what'll make me most happy right now. End of discussion."

"Damn you!" But she was all smiles, and the smiles only grew bigger when his tongue got to work on her clit and labia.

He did have fun eating her out, even though in all honesty he was doing it more for her than for himself. Cunnilingus still wasn't high up on his list of favorite sex acts, although he did enjoy her taste as much as he said he did.

When it was all over, he left her feeling very content and well loved. She didn't exactly mind the orgasms he gave her either.

He was also struck at how emotionally distraught she could get by going all day without having sex with him. He knew that he hadn't been spending as much time with her in the past few days as previously. He thanked his lucky stars that he'd had the idea for the surprise visit. He also made a mental vow to himself to spend more time with her in the near future.

He finally went to bed around two in the morning, satisfied that he'd actually accomplished quite a lot with his homework backlog. He looked forward to the weekend and beyond, with the prospect of a hiking trip and lots of sex next week, instead of the big pile of homework that had bedeviled him all during this week.

As he lay in his bed, some of the things Susan said during her "tuck-in" session reverberated around his mind. That was strange, what Mom said about Akami's phone call. It was especially odd how she said that there was something funny, but that she couldn't quite put her finger on it. That's exactly how I felt about my last appointment; like Akami was sending off bad vibes. Almost like she was afraid of something. And when Mom got back from her medical appointment on Monday, she seemed very weird about that too. She didn't want to talk about it, like something odd had happened to her.

Well, enough of this mystery. It's been nagging at me for far too long. My confidence has grown by leaps and bounds lately. I feel like I'm going from triumph to triumph, at least sexually speaking, and that makes me feel great all over about everything. I'm just going to walk into the doctor's office tomorrow and get this all straightened out. There's no need for pussyfooting around. I'm gonna take care of that and a lot of other things tomorrow. What with the weekend scouting trip finally coming up, I've got so much to do before I finally go.

Maybe tomorrow will be the big day with Mom. I just hope my dick will be feeling better when I wake up. Fucking Aunt Suzy was great, but I think I pushed it a little too far with that last orgasm with her and my dick basically cried uncle. I'd better get a good night's rest 'cos it's going to be quite a day, I can feel it. Mmmm. Sex with Mom!

#### Chapter 886 Fucking Katherine 4K

Alan had gone to sleep quite late, due to all his homework. It was two in the morning when he finally went to bed, and he fell asleep instantly.

Normally he was quite a deep sleeper, especially when he was so tired, so he was surprised to wake up a short time later. He was even more surprised to realize that he wasn't alone. He could tell it was Katherine merely by her smell, but he opened his eyes and looked at her body in the darkness just to be sure. He couldn't see any more than her head because the covers were pulled up, so he focused on her face. He realized she was awake. She also was a good distance from him across the bed, apparently because she didn't want to wake him up.

Seeing that he'd noticed her, she gave him a nervous smile. She whispered, "Howdy, Big Palm Tree Brother. Sorry I woke you. Pretend I'm not even here."

She gently scooted up to him, but then seemed content just to turn around and spoon up against him, not trying anything sexual. However, she was nude and he was nude, so the odds of them not getting sexual were pretty low.

He noticed that she'd turned so his arms and chest pressed into her back instead of her more tempting front. He whispered, "But you are here. What would Mom think? I don't want to have to deal with disappointing her. There's too much going on with me right now."

"Hey. My bed collapsed. What else can I do?"

He smirked at that. "I can feel that you're naked too. What happened; did your wardrobe burn up as well?"

She giggled. "Yeah. I had a little accident with some matches. No big deal."

He couldn't help but chuckle at that. But then he was determined to stay serious. "Sis, we really shouldn't. If Mom were to-"

Katherine turned over enough to caress his cheek with a finger. "Hey! Don't worry. She won't. I know you're worried that if she finds me here, that could open a can of worms, such as if you're sleeping with me, then why not with her, and what should be the policy of who gets to sleep with who anyway? That's a lot to deal with at such an early hour. But I'm on top of it. I've set the alarm clock to wake up a bit before she does."

She added in a more tender tone, "I've hardly seen you lately. What you did, coming into my room a little while ago, it should have contented me, but instead it made me miss you and want you even more! Can't I just enjoy a cuddle? We don't have to do anything at all, just sleep. I know you must be exhausted, so you won't hear another word from me. Goodnight, my loving big brother."

She closed her eyes and made a big show of turning back over and ignoring him. Within seconds she even began to pretend snoring, but then that made her giggle more, so she stopped.

From then on she was good to her word to stay quiet.

Alan lay there for a couple of minutes, but his sister didn't stir. He closed his eyes and felt the pleasant sensation of her soft, feminine body up against his from his shoulders down to his groin. His penis had

gotten a bit excited, expecting action, and he was quite pleased to feel it revive after many hours of not being able to.

But she seemed to act as if his erection resting between her ass cheeks wasn't there.

He thought, Boy. Sleeping with my sister. This is wild. For someone with so much sexual experience lately, it sure is strange how rarely I've slept the night in the same bed with a woman. There's only been that one night with Amy.

It sure feels good, though. Reassuring. It makes me feel loved. I know Sis loves me so much. How lucky am I to have possibly the best looking girl in the whole school as my sister? Not to mention the other best looking one as my girlfriend. And then the other best looking one, Heather, is my bitch! ... Of course, there's Christine, the one who got away. Still, not even my lucky butt can have everything.

He cuddled up closer. Mmmm. So cozy. I hope this is a taste of things to come. Wouldn't it be great if I could sleep with Sis or Mom every night? Or both! The only problem is, I don't think we'd get much sleeping done. He mentally chuckled.

As if reading his mind, she said, "Big Weather Vane Brother, I'm so happy. Just so happy to be near you, lying beside you. I know that sometimes everything seems sex, sex, sex these days, but forget all that. Even without that, I'm just so happy you're my brother."

"Little Sis, I love you so much."

"I feel the same," she replied. "I can really feel the love between us and our bond growing even closer. I can't tell you how much I loved the cuddling last night. It made me feel like I'm one of your girlfriends."

"You ARE one of my girlfriends."

"You know what I mean. Let's just lay here and enjoy the togetherness."

He didn't know what she meant, but he didn't press the issue.

She sighed happily, and then mumbled to herself, "Yes! Mmmm. Brother. My true love."

He was so tired that not even the sensation of his sexy sister lying there could keep him awake for long.

The next thing he knew, he heard his alarm ringing. He automatically reached over to slap it shut, as he always did, and his hand did manage to hit the off button. But then he realized there was something on top of him, impeding his movement. He directed his attention downwards, just as his eyes opened up.

His eyes went wide as he saw a very large lump under his covers and he felt incredible sensations coming from his stiff boner. A familiar tongue was working on the sensitive spot right below his cockhead. I'd know that technique anywhere! Sis always goes straight for the jugular and keeps working that one spot! What we in this house call the sweet spot. That really is the spot! It feels great!

He exclaimed, "Sis?!" But then he realized that he had to keep his voice down, so he repeated it in a whisper. "Sis!"

Katherine giggled. She pulled her mouth off his cock, and pouted, "I'm hurt." She swirled her tongue around his cockhead.

He rolled his eyes. "What now?"

"That you'd wake up from the alarm clock but not my mouth, your fuck toy 'alarm clock.' I guess I'm going to have to resort to stiffer measures to get you to wake. Mmmm. Stiff." Her body began moving.

"Uh-oh. I'm up already. Didn't you notice?"

"It's possible, but I'll just have to make sure." She threw back the covers and exposed the glory of her tanned, curvaceous, naked body to his eyes.

He looked at her ravishing teenage body, and quipped, "It is a tough life, but someone's got to live it. What time is it?" He looked over at the alarm clock and saw it read six o'clock. "Six? Why so damned early?"

Forced to talk, she resorted to jacking him off with both hands and licking his cockhead when she could. "Mom gets up way early. Do you realize how much time it takes a woman to get pretty in the morning? Sure, none of us use much make up, except for Suzanne, but there's all the anal lubing and butt flexing exercises we've got to do. Plus, I don't want to rush too much."

He smiled, but then something she said puzzled him. "'Butt flexing?' What are you talking about?"

"Oh, never you mind. Something we all learned from Xania recently. Though I have to say I'm upset with her."

"Who? Xania?"

She lapped on his sweet spot as she replied, "No, Mom. I know you call her your special alarm clock, but how often does she actually wake you up with a blowjob? Getting pretty is important so we can tempt you with our fuckable bodies and keep your fat cock stiff and throbbing all day long, but is it more important than waking up your cock properly? I don't think so! If she's unwilling to do her duty, I'm more than willing to wake you with my tongue and lips every morning!"

"But, uh..." He was having a hard time thinking while his sister's hands slid up and down on his prick. "Um, I think she wants to save my hard-ons for breakfast time fun."

"You need a wake up blowjob AND breakfast time fun. Why not both? It's an outrage you're not woken up with a blowjob every day! You're the man of the house, as Mom never ceases to remind us. We are your fuck toys, here to sexually serve you at all times, in every way!"

She lapped eagerly all over his cockhead, seemingly inspired by her own words. "But don't worry about such cocksucking politics. Mom and I'll work it out. One of us will suck you awake tomorrow, and we'll figure out a way to have one of us suck you into consciousness from now on, don't you worry. Just enjoy what your number one fuck toy is doing to you right now." She began slurping up the side of his pole as she finished saying that.

He thought, Man, this is nuts! Feels sooooo good! God, they spoil me so much! Waking up every morning with a blowjob from Mom or Sis? That must be sexy talk only, right? Not even the stars of porn stories get it that good! The thing is, I'm sure she really means it!

He tried to think of anything else before he overheated too much. He asked, "So what do you and Mom talk about during your butt flexing, or whatever it is?"

"Grrr!"

"What?"

"Every time I've got my tongue on your cock and I'm about to do some more serious sucking, you make me have to talk again. I'd totally punch you, except that I've mastered the art of licking and talking at the same time."

She showed off her licking skills on his sweet spot before continuing. "But, in short, we've been chatting and getting up together for about a week. Mom usually does most of the talking. She usually goes on and on about what an extremely important day it is for you, sexually speaking, and how we need to do our best to make you cum a lot. Mmmm!"

He asked, "Which day is an important day?"

"All of them!" She giggled. "Seriously! In her mind, she's always got reasons why this day is even more important than the last when it comes to pleasuring your cock. I know she's just psyching herself up for the difficult work of more prolonged sucking sessions, and getting me psyched up too, but she really means it."

"Whoa." He could never get used to Susan's submissive passion.

Katherine paused to work on a tricky swirling motion with her tongue. Then she continued, "She used to talk a lot about your six-times-a-day target, but now she's pretty much keen on getting you to cum as many times as you humanly can. Of course, she reminds me, and herself, that it's not just a matter of how many times you cum, but how long and satisfying each orgasmic session is."

Reminding herself about the importance of giving his cock prolonged joy, she stopped talking for a minute and just lapped against his sweet spot, and jacked off the rest.



He put his hands behind his head and relaxed. He figured they'd be here for a while.

Katherine continued, "She usually gives me dire warnings about the dangers of blue balls, chafing, and the sins of Onan. She always reminds me that, as family fuck toys and sex pets, our role is to serve. Sometimes, we speculate who you're gonna fuck at school, or reminisce about some orgasmically amazing thing you did to one of us the day before."

Her fingers fondled his balls as well while she went on, talking and licking, "It sounds a bit corny, and it gets annoying when she goes over her precious Big Tits Theory again and again, but all in all it's a lot of fun. It gets me psyched up to perform my fuck toy duties. Both of us get really hot, especially when we spend a lot of time lubing each other's asses up. So by the time you come downstairs for breakfast our pussies are usually already wet and dripping, and we're hot for cock. Your cock!"

Figuring that she was done talking, she dropped her mouth back over his hard-on and got busy bobbing on him.

"Jesus!" he muttered.

"Whad?" She spoke while continuing to bob.

"Oh, nothing. It's just..."

"Whah ahreahy?" Since was talking through her cocksucking and stroking, she wasn't very clear.

"It's just... I had no idea that you two do all that, and every morning, no less. That's really wild. I can't believe the extremes you two go to in order to please me. You really don't need to do all that."

She sighed, because she was forced to pull off and talk again. "But I love you. Mom loves you. It makes us happy just to make YOU happy. Besides, it's way fun for US, not just for you! I used to hate waking up and dragging my tired ass off to school, but now I practically leap out of bed, 'cos I know there's going to be all kinds of sexy fun and games before we even leave the house. If I'm lucky, I might get lots of quality time up close and personal with your big boner, like right now."

She happily licked his sweet spot like a lollipop to help show her genuine enthusiasm. Then she continued, "I've never been so content as I am being your fuck toy. And I love that I'm just one of your many conquests, because the sharing of the experience is half the fun, like all the stuff Mom and I do together. I guess I'm just submissive that way."

He pondered that, at least as much as he could, given that she kept on slathering his sweet spot with her busy tongue. What if she really, truly means it? How awesome would that be?! Damn, I'm so horny right now!

As long as she wasn't busy bobbing on him, she wanted to take the opportunity to get him more involved. One of her hands stopped her stroking long enough to pick up one of his hands and bring it to her chest. "Do I have to remind you what these round things hanging off my rib cage are?" She quickly brought that hand back for more double-pumping action on his stiff pole.

He laughed. "No. But geez! Give me a second. My dick might have woken up already, but the rest of me takes longer."

"Actually, Alan Junior was up long before you were. How could I sleep when your morning woody wanted to get going even before you woke up? He was insistently poking around my butt, trying to find my pussy."

He laughed again. "Figures. He's been like that lately."

"Did you have pleasant dreams? I hope you did, because I've been practicing my handjob and cocksucking technique for most of the last hour on your morning wood."

"Now that you mention it, I was having the best erotic dream. But the reality is so much better."

His thoughts drifted back as he tried to recall his dream in more detail. He'd been the sultan of an ancient kingdom. He had his harem gathered around him in his ornate throne room, all dressed in skimpy and usually transparent outfits. His dream harem consisted of Susan, Suzanne, Amy, Katherine, Glory, Brenda, Heather, Simone, Christine, Akami, Xania, Kim, Janice, and Joy. But there were others too, including some more hotties from school that he'd lusted after at one time or another, like Donna and the school principal Mrs. Napoleoni. But what really surprised him was there some famous women there as well, including Elle Macpherson, Petra Verkaik, and Elizabeth Hurley.

He did a mental count and realized there were 22 women there in all. One thing that pleased him was that the famous women were no more beautiful than the others. In fact, in his opinion, Susan and Suzanne were the most physically impressive of them all, although Xania, Brenda, and Christine were very close.

Generally, three or four of the gorgeous women were servicing him at any one time, while others were performing erotic dances right in front of him. Some were having sex in twos or threes or more with each other elsewhere in the room. The smell of incense hung heavy in the air. He found it exciting to watch Elizabeth Hurley and Suzanne rub their tremendous racks together. (He was proud of the fact that Suzanne's was much larger.) He was surprised and amused to see Britney Spears in there as well, in a sixty-nine with Heather. He didn't even consciously realize that pop star was on his fantasy list, and he felt a bit abashed about it.

But what took up most of his attention was the way Glory was dancing for him. He could hardly recognize her, with a shawl over her hair and a veil over much of her face. But she looked ravishing as she gyrated with the skills of a professional belly dancer, especially because her body was oiled up and all of her privates were exposed.

He sighed in fond remembrance of the dream and thought, Now, THAT is the life. No, wait. What am I talking about? My life is just about as perfect as that already! Seriously! Any more women in my life and it would be too much, even Liz Hurley.bender

He laughed inside and added, Okay, I think I still have room for her!

Still, I AM living the dream! Geez, just to think that Sis was sucking and stroking me even while I was dreaming all that!

Katherine could see a big smile on his face and a faraway look in his eyes, and somehow she could tell he wasn't just basking in the glorious sensations of her talented blowjob. She asked while still polishing his knob with her lips and tongue, "Wha ah you thinging abou?"

He replied, "Oh, I'm just thinking what an amazing, beautiful, and all around wonderful sister I have."

She mock-sighed and pulled her lips off his throbbing boner yet again. She pulled his hand massaging her breasts up to her mouth and kissed it. "Such a flatterer. If you keep it up, I'm just going to have to suck and fuck you all day long. Of course, that's my duty in any case, being your number one fuck toy and all."

She let out another mock sigh. "But you're hopeless. I give up on trying to suck you right now, 'cos you're too much of a chatterbox. I have a better idea." She pulled his hand back into her mouth and sexily sucked on his fingers, one by one.

He thought she was talking about the finger sucking and closed his eyes to enjoy the sensation.

But that was just a feint. She straddled herself over his midsection and sat down on his erection before he could fully figure out what was going on.

"Unh!" he grunted, as she slowly impaled herself on him. "Hey! I was kind of enjoying that blowjob. It was over before I even knew it was happening."

She giggled. "I'm afraid you're just going to have to suffer though a sister fuck instead. Besides, my jaw and hands are tired. Remember, I was sucking you a long time before you even woke up. Maybe it wasn't really a full hour like I said, but it was a good while."

She was in a gentle and playful mood, and slowly raised and lowered her hips over him, while his mind was still playing catch up.

Between that and the way she was slowly rising and falling on his dick, all he could think was, Dang! As much as he enjoyed blowjobs, he had to admit that fucking was slightly better. Katherine's pussy was hot and tight, although not nearly as tight as Amy's. The all-over friction blast felt incredible.

She asked while she bounced on his cock, her tits flying about in a slow circular motion, "I know you love me and all, but what were you REALLY thinking about?"

"Oh, just my dream. In it, I had a big harem and I was living the life of Riley, having nonstop sex with the most beautiful women in the world."

She laughed. "Are you sure that was a dream, and not, say, yesterday?"

He said, "That's what I was thinking too. Thus the big smile on my face. Everyone was all dressed up in sexy little harem outfits. Or I should say dressed down. It was totally great."

"Ah."

After some more bouncing, she asked, "Who was there?"

He told her all the names.

She laughed at hearing the likes of Britney Spears. But her jealousy flared when she heard Christine was in his dream harem. Still, she was having such a great time getting fucked that she didn't let it bother her too much. Besides, she figured that if even Joy and Janice were in his dream, it would have been more surprising if Christine wasn't there.

They continued quietly and slowly for a while, with all of Katherine's body bouncing up and down on him like a pogo stick, over and over. The pleasure seemed endless, for both of them.

He was too horny to pace himself and take occasional breaks like he usually did. He impaled her with increased energy and aggression.

Soon, he flooded her pussy with his cum while she orgasmed on top of him, delightfully clenching her pussy around his cock with every orgasmic tremor that ran through her.

Katherine snuck back to her room very satisfied. Her thighs dripped with cum. She'd loved merely sleeping with her brother almost as much as fucking him, and eagerly hoped it would happen again, and not just for part of the night.

Alan, though, was exhausted. He changed his sheets to avoid getting caught when his mother did laundry later, and then reset his alarm clock and went back to sleep. He figured he'd wake up a little later than usual and rush through his morning routine.

## Chapter 887 Alan X Susan X Katherine

The next thing Alan knew, he was waking, but not because of an alarm clock. He felt a mouth on his dick again.

His first instinct was to gently gibe Katherine for her recklessness in getting caught by Susan, until he realized that the mouth in question actually was his mother's. There was a difference in the smell (Susan favored apricot flavored shampoo recently), the way the long hair brushed across his legs, and the blowjob technique itself.

Susan's blowjobs never lacked passion and energy. But lately, Susan had become more "professional" and technically accomplished as well, no doubt due to the practical advice Suzanne and Xania had given her.

He recognized her current move as something she liked to call "The Pole Dance." She enjoyed cocksucking so much that she gave creative names to just about every little technique she knew, and she loved to refer to them by name in her mind as she did them. In this one, she had his entire knob in her mouth and slumped up and down on it in corkscrew fashion, while her tongue danced all over it inside her mouth. She did a lot of different types of corkscrew moves, but what made this unique was the "dancing" of her tongue. It flickered against his sweet spot so quickly that it was nearly a blur.

He thought, Wow, TWO alarm clock blowjobs in one morning. Too cool for school. I really am getting pampered beyond all reason. This is ridiculous. I'll give them, hmmm, a couple of years to stop. He chuckled silently.

She didn't realize he was awake until he opened his eyes, and said, "Hmmm. It seems someone let a pole dancer into the room. Or is it Playboy's Miss December? I swear that was you."

She giggled. She briefly pulled her lips off his shaft to say, "Good morning, Son! I would say rise and shine, but you clearly have the 'rise' part taken care of already." She kissed his cock affectionately all over. "I hope you don't mind me coming in here, but I just couldn't wait to taste your manhood. I just love morning wood! Mmmm. And the smell of hard son-cock. It positively reeks of sex in here this morning! MMMM!"

She engulfed his cockhead again.

He laughed inwardly. Like mother, like daughter.

Even with the highly arousing distraction of her sucking skills, he realized that his mother was now sucking his cock only a short time after it had been inside his sister's pussy. If she only knew the reason for the strong sex smell! It's a good thing Sis gave my dick a very thorough tongue cleaning after we'd finished, or I'm sure Mom would have suspected something. Phew! Close call!

He quickly changed the subject to be on the safe side and distract her from thinking further about sex smells. "You know, Mom, we should install a real pole in the living room for some real pole dancing."

She pulled off again to respond, "What, you want your Mommy to get naked and dance around like a slutty, big-titted whore in the living room just for your amusement? What a great idea!"

They both laughed.

But he chided her, "Remember what I said about calling yourself a whore."

She smiled as she licked. "That's right. I'm only a slut for my son!" That made her very happy. I love how he still respects me despite my obvious total addiction to his cock. Yet he still finds a way to repeatedly sexually humiliate me in the most wonderfully arousing manner, even as I'm constantly bathed in his deep love for me. It's the perfect combination!

Thinking about his pole-dancing comment some more, she added, "But we don't need another big pole in this house when we've got this one between your legs. Oh by the way, I was hoping to wake you up with this move. It's a new one."

She slipped his cockhead into her mouth again and took him as far as she could go, which was just over a third of his whole erection. It wasn't quite deep throating, but it was deep enough for her to loudly choke and gag as she flirted with triggering her gag reflex.

The two of them loved that technique, both for the tactile sensations and the lewd noises it created. They got off on the same things.

Then, with her lips firmly sealed all around and sucking up and down, her tongue started a frantic dance inside her mouth, as if she was trying to imitate the blur of a hummingbird's wings. The tip of her wildly flapping tongue was right on the side of his shaft and her tongue covered most of one side with its crazy motions while her lips kept sliding up and down.

It was similar to her "Pole Dance" technique, but different because there was a lot more suction and sliding of lips. It actually was a very difficult technique to do, and she was proud of herself for accomplishing it for the first time.

After that elicited some pleasant grunts, she popped off and said, "You like? I just thought that up last night as I was going to sleep. I call it the 'Alarm Cock' 'cos it's sure to get your attention."

They both laughed as she went down on him again.

He flexed his PC muscle rhythmically, because his arousal level was already so high. Dang! Getting blown in bed by Sis and then Mom! What a way to start the day!

After a long pause, he recovered enough to remember his manners and say, "That was great! Inventive. Mom, I seriously think you're going to become the Leonardo da Vinci of cocksuckers."

"Thanths!"

She spent the next few minutes sucking him, including repeating the "Alarm Clock" move a couple more times to make sure she had it down.

As she bobbed, she thought, This is the absolute best! What a way to start the day, with my lips repeatedly caving in from all the intense suction I'm making. Mmmm! Although... I must admit... it would be even better if I could share the experience. Like the way Suzanne and I shared sucking and licking him yesterday. It would be so nice to feel her cheek pressed up against mine as both of our tongues meet and touch right on his sweet spot!

But that can't happen every time. His cock is stiff and needy so very often! I need to better appreciate the joy of solo sucking.



She was on a cocksucking roll, bursting with energy and oral creativity. She was tripping on an endless erotic high, especially since she had him constantly and loudly moaning with arousal. That was truly music to her ears.

Wanting to impress him still more, she muttered as she bobbed, "How bou thith?"

"Ack!" His body jerked in surprise.

Her switch to "The Tongue Bath and Tooth Scrape" technique took him by surprise.

He exclaimed, "Whoa! Nice. That's one of my faves, as you know."

He put a hand on her head and petted and stroked her hair.

That made her mewl and purr with delight.

Eventually, he got around to asking, "So what's the occasion for the special wake up call?"

She popped her lips off his pole again. "Reason? No reason. Your 'special alarm clock' should try to wake you up like this every morning, but usually I'm too busy getting ready myself. But today I was thinking we could get this out of the way early so you could focus on your upcoming tests. Well, either that, or I could blow you some more during breakfast." She smiled and winked at him.

He thought, Whoa! Better and better! How much do you wanna bet that's going to happen too?! Fuck me, this is awesome!

But then she got back to serious business. "Now stop making your mommy talk when she's got some very important cocksucking to do."

"Ugh! Mom, why did you have to remind me of the tests? Talk about a turn-off! Dang. What a downer." He frowned as he remembered everything he'd have to do in school.

But he also thought, It's as if she could hear Sis talking earlier, saying that Mom didn't give me a good morning cocksucking nearly often enough. I wonder if Mom did hear, or if this is spontaneous? But if she heard, then she would have known we fucked too, and she's giving no sign of that. They probably talk about this kind of stuff when they're doing their "anal flexing," whatever the heck that is.

Susan resumed an intermittent combination of licking, talking, fondling, and cock kissing.

As she did so, she thought, I was just thinking earlier how pleasuring Tiger's cock is even more fun when I can share the experience with someone else. I wonder what Angel is doing right about now. I bet she'll have some time to help out!

His dick was just as stiff as ever, but she seemed overly concerned by his casual comment about tests being a turn-off. "Oh dear. If there's one thing I dread happening, it's turning you off." She cupped her hands in front of her mouth and yelled, "KATHERINE! ANGEL?"

Katherine was getting ready in her room. She came hustling over to Alan's room immediately, completely naked. She smiled widely at what had obviously been going on. "Wow, Mom! You go, girl!"

Alan stood up and he shared a brief good morning French kiss with his sister.

Susan waited impatiently, cocksucking air, pretending that she simply couldn't stop her mouth from sucking.

As soon the kissing ended, Susan crawled to the edge of the bed where he stood and went back to happily stroking and licking his erection while staying up on his bed on all fours.

But she also said, "Angel dear, Tiger here was just saying that he was in danger of going flaccid. I think you'll agree there can be no bigger disaster in this house. I might be forced to get all lesbian on you to make sure that doesn't happen." She opened her mouth quite wide and plunged it down over his bulbous head as far as she could go once she'd finished talking.

Katherine put her hands up to her large "O" shaped mouth, as if she was doing her best Macaulay Culkin "Home Alone" impression. "Oh no! Why, we'll both have to get totally dyke-y! It pains me to say this,

Mom, but as Brother's new official assistant in your domination, it looks like I'm going to have to lick your muff while you keep sucking on him, to make sure you're sufficiently motivated. Then we'll be forced to suck him off together!"

He laughed and said sarcastically, "Forgive me for bringing such suffering upon this house."

Everyone laughed at that, even Susan with her oral cavity totally stuffed with cock-meat. She knew she didn't need any additional help to make sure she was "sufficiently motivated," but she was having fun with the idea of her daughter helping to dominate her, just the same.

She said, "Daughter, I'm afraid that you're right! Lash my naughty pussy with your tongue until I learn my lesson!"

Katherine giggled. "It's a tough job, but someone's gotta do it!" She giggled some more.

He asked, "You two sure have fun with sex, don't you?"

Susan managed an enthusiastic "Mmmm hmmm!" while she continued to suck him with her favorite corkscrew move.

But Katherine protested, "I don't know what you're talking about, Big Snow Shovel Brother! Suffering, I tells ya! This is suffering. Pure torture!" Then her giggles quieted down as she got in position on the bed to lick her mother's pussy.

He stood near the foot of his bed and watched Susan on all fours sucking him while Katherine licked her mother's ass further on down the bed. He was in awe at just how inspiring that sight was.

He thought, Mom positively lives for sex now. There's never been a better time than today for her to get fucked in the hole that most needs fucking! She's so ripe! I just hope we'll do it this afternoon and not have to wait any more.bender

Susan was thinking, My pussy... tingling! Angel's lips... fantastic! Ass is... quivering! My tits... swaying free! My lips... sucking! Tongue... fellating! My two wonderful children are dominating my body at both

ends at once! Somebody kill me now 'cos this is how I want to die! I'm in heaven already! My children love me!

They continued like that for a couple of minutes until Katherine's rim job made Susan cum.

At that time, Susan had her lips as far down her son's cock as she could get them, given that she had yet to master the art of deep throating. She was in the middle of more loud choking and gagging.

He could actually feel her scream around his hard-on as the waves of orgasmic ecstasy passed through her.

But she still had lots of energy. In fact, she hopped off the bed and sat on her heels on the floor next to her son. She immediately squeezed his iron-hard pole between her soft tits, and started a wonderful titfuck. Lubrication was not a worry since his dick was so wet already with pre-cum and saliva, and beads of sweat were all over her chest.

She said to Katherine, who was resting on the bed, "This is no time for lollygagging, Angel. You need to go to the bathroom and rinse your mouth out, because your tongue is needed over here. It's a scientific fact that a superior cock like Tiger's has trouble cumming from just one pair of lips at a time."

He had no idea where she'd come up with that "scientific fact" but he wasn't about to question the point. His mind reeled from looking down and seeing his boner enveloped in his mother's huge, soft tits.

Katherine stood up and scurried to get clean.

#### Chapter 888 Susan - I NEED You To Paint My Face!

Susan still wasn't nearly as practiced with titfucking as she was with cocksucking, but she was developing various special strategies for that as well. She liked it a lot when her son used her rack as a pussy and thrust back and forth into it, but now he was just standing still and letting her do all the work. She had some different techniques to deal with such occasions. Right now, she was alternately rubbing her tits up and down, meaning when one stroked up, the other stroked down.

She said, "Tiger, the reason I'm switching to titfucking is so we can talk. Well, that, plus I love doing it." She looked up at him with a great big smile. "Don't you love it too?"

He exclaimed, "Oh, so much!"

Her enormous tits kept on moving around his hot, wet pole. "Do you love it as much as I do?"

"I think so. But, uh... something about talking?"

"Oh, yes. I have some bad news. This morning, I still have my, well, my flow. You know what that means."

"Oh drat! That sucks."

"I know, I know! You're telling me! Last night I could hardly get to sleep. All I could think about was how you'll be taking complete possession of your mommy. How you'll be filling me, drilling me, flooding me with sperm! You know, I used to hold back from even thinking about you nailing my cunt, even though I knew it was inevitable, deep down. It doesn't really matter how immoral it may be, a real man like you, he takes what he wants!"

"That's not true!" he protested while watching her boobs rise up and slide down on either side of his pole. His hands were kneading her ass cheeks in time to her titfucking rhythm so he was giving her ass cheeks a good workout.

"It is!" she protested back. "Big-titted vixens just have no defense, no prayer of resisting your well-hung cock! Look at me! Look at me, kneeling naked, serving your cock with such dedication. Do I look like a woman who would say 'No' to you?"

She craned her head down and licked the tip of his cockhead for added effect.

"Um..." He was too aroused to think quickly. He was staggered by the sight of her flawless body, and he could never forget she was his mother.

"You could have taken my cunt weeks ago and made me your willing fuck slave! But you were just so nice. I dare say too nice, even though I love you for it."

Katherine walked back into the room, since cleaning her mouth and hands had only taken a minute.

Before Alan could respond, Susan asked, "Angel, what do you think? Don't you agree that Tiger turning us into his personal fuck toys is just the way of the world? How could it be any other way?" She deliberately used the term 'fuck toy,' knowing how much her daughter liked that.

Katherine tried to sound like the voice of reason instead of imitating Susan's hyperactive, over the top style. "She's got a point, Bro," she intoned sagely while sliding serenely to her knees next to her mother.. "Um, can I get in on the action, here? Or am I going to spank you first?"

Susan's eyes lit up. "I think you're going to have to spank me!"

Both Katherine and Alan laughed heartily at that, since they knew Susan was just angling for a sexual spanking.

Katherine reached back and gave Susan's bare ass cheeks a few hard smacks.

Susan loved in. She humped her ass outwards and upwards to encourage more.

But then Katherine said, "That'll have to hold you for now, naughty girl. I'd love to do more, but I'm looking at Brother's big, fat, juicy cock in your hands, and I'm positively drooling."

Susan chuckled. "Shoot. But that's okay, I understand. Tiger, why don't you lie back down on the bed so she can sit on your face?" She half joked to him, "Before you start complaining about being too spoiled or something like that, please give your modest protests a rest this time. Listen to two wise women who know what they're talking about."

As the three of them repositioned on the bed, Katherine continued, "Sure, the six-times-a-day diagnosis was perfectly fitting for you, Brother, it really broke down all the barriers. But I was in love with you, big time, even before then. So was Aunt Suzy. So was Amy. Aunt Suzy would have had her way with you in

any case, because what she wants, she gets. And as we can see, she's not at all averse to sharing you; in fact, she encourages it."

She went on, "Plus, we've seen that Amy can be a lot trickier than we all realized. Once you started getting into sex, it'd be inevitable that you'd start nailing both of them, and a few girls at school, besides."

Alan wanted to protest, but his mouth was already full of his sister's pussy.

Susan was hanging over him on all fours, but still giving him a good titfuck while licking his cockhead whenever it came close to her mouth.

Katherine warmed to the subject. "Naturally, before long you would have been slippin' the sausage with the Pestrige gals all over this house, due to Eric and Brad next door. I would have given in pretty quickly, I'm sure. I was primed to go. If you don't believe that, just check out my old diary entries!"

She went on, "So Mom would have been the only hold out, and I admit that would have taken longer. But come on! Look at her! She's so submissive and downright hot, and you're so dominant, well-hung, and handsome, it was just a matter of time before you would have added her to your harem. So the bottom line is, it is only natural that a man like you take possession of all of us!"

Susan wholeheartedly agreed. "Angel! That is SO darn brilliant! It makes me feel so much better to know I wasn't almost doomed to a lonely, sexless life, chained in a loveless marriage to a gay man. What a relief! I should have known that it wasn't just a fluke and that my son would come to own me and take control of my busty body, no matter what! Oh thank you, God!"

Trembling with joy, she engulfed her son's shaft again, taking it so far down that she choked and gagged on it for a little while yet again. She was going all out on it now, and she'd really come to love her choking and gagging.

Alan strongly disagreed with Katherine's assessment; he felt it was revisionist history. He suspected, Maybe it's true that I would have gotten involved with Aunt Suzy eventually, but things would have ended there. No way would she have allowed me to get involved with Aims without all the strange circumstances we've experienced. In fact, she still has issues with Amy's sexuality even now.

Oh God! Sweet Jesus! He had to take a moment to cope with all the pleasure he was feeling, especially the feeling and sound of Susan's choking and gagging.

But soon he pressed on with his thoughts. Probably I'd have ended up with Aunt Suzy. If she'd wanted me, I was hers for the taking. My God! What if she and I had gotten married? That could have happened; it might even have been likely. Wow!

Well, that certainly would have been a pretty cool fate. She's an amazing woman, and as smart as she is beautiful. And there's so much love within her, once she allows herself to express it. God knows I totally love her. But I prefer having her AND the rest of my harem too!

However, he had to stop thinking altogether because Susan was staging an all-out assault on his boner, using her lips, tongue, and two hands, plus every trick she knew. She kept on salivating copiously due her continued choking and gagging.

On top of all that, Katherine was grinding her dripping pussy down into his mouth, and it took a certain amount of concentration on his part to deal with tonguing it properly.

As the only one with a free mouth at the moment, Katherine kept talking. "Big Racquetball Racquet Brother, I know what you're thinking. 'No way! I was a virgin until two months ago! Blah blah blah.' But you're wrong like usual, you big doofus!" She giggled at that playful tease.

Then she went on more seriously, "You have no idea how much I wanted you before this all began, for starters. Like I said, my diary is the proof. Anyways, it's a moot point. You're cock of the walk now. You've turned me into one of your fuck toys, and not only do I not hate it, I totally love it! And I'm so happy for Mom, too. Just listen to her choking on your cock! That's one happy big-titted mommy slut, that's for sure."

"MMMM!" Susan loudly agreed, as her tits kept slipping and sliding around his shaft.

Katherine added, "I can't wait until you have the two of us in a fuck sandwich, taking turns slipping in and out of our pussies!"



"Mppffh!" Susan shrieked with delight upon hearing that, even though her mouth was still stuffed full with cock.

As Susan pumped her lips up and down his boner, she thought, Oh my God, I just have to swallow his load right now, I just HAVE to! I need his sperm in my tummy like I need air to breathe! Cum, dammit, cum! His sperm is love, and I want to guzzle his love straight down my throat!

Her tongue flicked at his sweet spot, and her suction created an airtight seal, but even that wasn't enough. Cum, Son! Cum, cum, cum! What more can I possibly do?! Why won't this gorgeous fuck-meat cum already?!

She pulled off in order to express her desire for immediate assistance. She panted excitedly, "Quick, Angel, we have an emergency! He's too stubborn and studly, and I just can't get him to cum, no matter what I do! It's like I feared; we need two cock licking tongues at the very least!"

Actually, he was right on the verge of cumming, but once again he felt no burning need to correct his mother's excellent suggestion.

Katherine was greatly enjoying what Alan was doing to her pussy, but she immediately got up and repositioned herself to the side of his reclining body so she could get a piece of the action. She squealed happily, "Mom, let's share our mouths with him just like we'll be sharing our cunts!"

That set Susan off into another cock-frenzy, but she was mindful enough to work her way up one side with her flickering tongue and hungry lips so her daughter could do the same on the other side.

Once both mother and daughter were going at it full bore, there was no way for him to hold out, no matter what tricks he used. He was right on the verge as it was, anyway. However, using his great self-control, he suddenly shouted, "Break! Strategic break!"

The two relentlessly-horny women pretended they didn't hear him, so he was forced to completely disengage.

They both groaned and moaned in frustration.

"Come on, Son!" Susan cried. "Not NOW! I NEED you to paint my face!"

"You can't be serious!" Katherine complained. "I could almost taste the sperm bath!"

He panted, "Just a sec." After some moments, he started again, "You see..." But he was still too winded. He had to wait nearly a minute before he could continue. "You see, it's not every day that I get a double blowjob. I absolutely LOVE these! So I want to treasure each and every one. The way things were going, I wouldn't have lasted even a minute."

Susan and Katherine shared a scandalized look.

Katherine beat Susan to the punch to ask the obvious question: "Why is he NOT enjoying a double blowjob every day? That just seems wrong to me."

Susan emphatically agreed. "Me too! It IS wrong!" She looked up at him. "I'm sorry, Son. I had no idea. You poor thing! Take all the time you want to rest and recover. Then Angel and I will give you a niiiice, loooooong tongue bath."

He shook his head in disbelief. Man! Life is GOOD!

Susan thought, I was such a fool! For weeks, I resisted double blowjobs. I kept saying it could lead down a slippery slope to full-on orgies. Now, I say: bring on the orgies! What's wrong with that? That's one of the best benefits of a harem, all the sharing. And God knows how much I love sucking my son's cock one on one, but two mouths is twice as good! Sharing has so many advantages. I really appreciate that Angel is here with me; it heightens the joy for us all. Double and even triple blowjobs should become the new normal!

Katherine had similar thoughts. Thank God Mom is finally starting to come around. We're his personal cocksuckers. It's what we do, and we're damn good at it! Two mouths are better than one, obviously. I have no problem sharing with Mom. In fact, I much prefer that to going alone!

After a few more minutes, he announced, "Okay, I'm ready for more action." He spread his legs where he lay on the bed, inviting them back to his crotch.

Susan and Katherine had been whispering urgently while waiting for him. Once they resumed pleasuring his cock, it became apparent that they had been talking cocksucking sharing "strategy." They both took things slowly to prolong his pleasure, and they worked as one to keep him highly stimulated.

For a good ten minutes, mother and daughter couldn't have been more cooperative with each other, or better at keeping him riding an endless peak of pure ecstasy. As usual, the focus was his sweet spot, and it seemed that most of the time there were either two tongues lapping on it or tight lips sliding up and down it. There was an endless blur of stroking fingers on his balls and lower shaft too.

He soon lost track of who was doing what to him, and he just reveled in the non-stop joy.

It seemed to him as if everything was occurring in slow motion, and that helped him "endure" all the stimulation. But it felt so good that not even he could last forever. The two women seemed to have forgotten about the need to get ready for school. But he remained aware of the time pressure, and so he finally decided to stop fighting his orgasmic urge and quit clenching his PC muscle.

The funny thing was, once he started to blow his load, Susan immediately stopping being so generous in sharing with Katherine. She had no control over the matter because her mouth simply took control of her son's cockhead, swallowing it whole and going deeper and deeper down, impaling her face on his meaty pole as much as she could. Her brain could lament the greediness, but her mouth refused to listen to any arguments.

The first of his ropes shot straight down her throat, but she couldn't really taste that, so she pulled up enough for him to paint the back of her mouth instead. She tried to keep as much cum in her mouth as possible, to fully savor it.

By the time he was done blasting his load into her mouth, Susan was already beginning to feel bad about her greediness. She pulled her lips off his shaft and said, "Sorry, Angel, I know I'm a cock hog. I can't help myself sometimes. I'm awful! In the heat of the moment, I felt I needed his cum like I needed air to breathe!"

Katherine said, "Mom, you love to quote the Bible to us. Remember what the Good Book says about being a 'cheerful giver?' Have you forgotten your own advice?"

Susan felt bad as she recalled the Biblical passage out loud: "'Each of you should give what you have decided in your heart to give, not reluctantly or under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver.' You're so right, Angel, so right! That proves that not only is it a must that we share Tiger's cock as much as possible, but that we do so with joy in our hearts, not to mention joy in our dancing tongues and sliding lips! Thank you for the reminder. I've been thoughtless, but let me make it up to you. I've got almost all of his cum in my mouth still; let me snowball it to you."

Katherine had been miffed, but that changed matters. "Well, if you put it that way, I'm not so upset," she replied with a giggle.

Alan continued to lie on the bed while his mother and sister embraced and kissed right above him. Man! I didn't even know my mom knew the word 'snowball.' Hell, I didn't even know the word, though I can guess what it means from what they're doing. Must be a term Aunt Suzy taught her.

He lay there and enjoyed the sexy scene for a couple of minutes, until he thought, Oh shit! School! Oh yeah. I actually have to get up and go to school?! That sucks! It's a good thing Sis had us start on the sex fun early, but the downside of that is how many hours sleep did I get last night? Three? Man, I'm gonna be so screwed later, 'cos when I don't get my sleep I'm a basket case.

Sigh. I wish I could just stay in bed all day with a big harem, just like in my dream... Hell, who am I kidding, I HAVE a harem! Why do I keep denying that? How much clearer do Mom and Sis at least have to be about how much they completely adore the idea? So what if it's not a politically correct term? I need to fully embrace my wonderful life. Maybe it's time I do something to formalize the weird dynamic we've got going. Maybe like a club or something. No, it's way more than a club, that's all wrong. A ritual, that's what we need.

But I'll have to think about that later. Right now, I've got to get ready for school.

He started to get up.

"Wait! Where are you going?" Susan asked. "I haven't licked your cock and balls clean yet."

"Mom, we're in kind of a hurry to get to school. Maybe we should skip that this one time."

"Pshaw! These kinds of traditions are very important. I just wouldn't be a good loving mommy if I didn't lick you completely clean. Please let me do this."

He was a bit chagrined, but he closed his eyes and let her go at it.bender

Susan said to Katherine, "Since time is short, I suppose you can help with the cleaning."

Katherine got busy licking his balls. "Yes, time is short. Very short." She giggled.

He wondered about her curious, giggly attitude. That also got him wondering what the exact time was. He looked around for his real alarm clock, but failed to see it on his table next to his bed. That was curious. He naturally asked, "Hey, where'd my clock go?"

Susan replied, "I took it away, because you won't need it anymore. After all, you have your special mommy alarm clock to wake you from now on." She kissed her way up his penis and sucked his cockhead into her mouth, even though it was small and flaccid. She was making a symbolic point.

Katherine chimed in, "Yeah. Besides, you've got a special sister alarm clock too. Two alarm clocks are plenty, don't you think?"

"Well, yeah, but..." He was going to say that that was just sexy talk and they didn't really mean it, except he realized that they probably did.

He was still curious what time it was exactly, but with his sister and mother both slobbering all over his balls, he was too distracted to worry much about it. He figured Susan would make sure he wouldn't be late to school.

## Chapter 889 Brenda

After a while, although Alan remained uncertain about the time, he could sense his penis was on the verge of getting erect again, and he figured there was no way they could spare the time for another round of fun. So he managed to disengage from his sexy helpers and get dressed.

Susan and Katherine seemed strangely unconcerned about the time, but they acquiesced to his wishes. The two hotties quickly returned to their respective bedrooms, put on normal and not particularly sexy clothes, and then returned to his room. They were just in time to meet him and walk downstairs together.

He was halfway down the stairs when he took a whiff of the air and frowned. He spoke his thoughts. "Huh. That's odd. It's like I can smell food cooking in the kitchen. What is that...? It smells like shakshouka, of all things. Is it?" He looked to Susan in confusion. (Shakshouka is eggs poached in a sauce of tomatoes, chili peppers, and onions.)

Susan's head was turned away as she sheepishly and cryptically replied, "Maybe... maybe it is."

He furrowed his brow, even as he kept walking with them through the living room. He was moving faster, in order to get to the source of the smell. "'Maybe it is?' Mom, what are you talking about? If you don't know, who does?"

Katherine giggled with glee, parodying Susan's response, "Maybe... maybe SHE does!" Just as she said "she," the three of them passed from the living room into the dining room, which gave them a view into the kitchen. She pointed dramatically towards the stove.

Standing there, in nothing but an erotic apron, was Brenda. She was in the middle of cooking waffles, but she twisted in place to smile back at Alan. "Good morning, Master!"

He stopped walking and smacked his own face as he stood next to the kitchen counter. His surprise was total. "Brenda?! What are YOU doing there?"

Susan happily explained, "Knowing that your time this morning is limited, she offered to help. After all, if Angel and I are busy playing with your cock, who is there to cook?"

He lowered his hand, but shook his head. "Whaaat? That doesn't make any sense. For one thing, how did she just materialize here? You two were too busy with me to give her a call."

Katherine joked, "A Star Trek transporter beam, obviously. 'Beam me up, Mommy!'" She giggled.

Susan seriously explained, "Actually, the whole thing was planned out by her and me yesterday. Angel and I talked about it before you woke up, and I called Brenda to make some last minute arrangements. Do you approve?"

There was a long pause while he thought that over. His heart was racing at the possibilities. "Geez, I don't know. It seems very, very unnecessary. You spoil me. All of you do. Besides, Brenda, what about your son Adrian? Don't you need to get him ready for school at this hour?"

Brenda alternated between looking over her shoulder at Alan and keeping an eye on the waffles she was cooking. She relished the fact that he was gawking at her bare ass cheeks. "Normally, I do, kind of. The thing is, though, my maid Anika really does everything, including most of the cooking. Heck, all of it, usually. Basically, I just sit with my son and eat breakfast with him. So it's not like I have to be there. I told him that I had to leave early today due to some important business, and that is technically true."

She briefly turned to face him, to make sure he understood the importance and sincerity of her words through direct eye contact. "Master, taking care of you and your cock is VERY important to me. VERY!" She turned back around to show off her fantastic bubble butt some more. She made sure to keep her legs straight while spreading them dramatically.

Her desire for Alan was so great, and her body lubricated so easily, that her pussy was starting to get wet already. Her heart raced, knowing her master was looking her over.

He grunted at her comment while very much enjoying the view. He could see a glistening sheen on her pussy lips. "Huh. That seems... extreme. Brenda, like I told you already, I'm not this great 'sex god' you think I am. I'm just a normal guy. Besides, I also told you not to call me 'master' except in sexual situations."

Brenda grinned mischievously. "That's true, you did say that. Except look at how I'm dressed." She twisted in place and ran a hand down her nearly naked body. "For me, this is a sexual situation."

Alan had already been looking at her, but he took his time to closely examine her from head to toe. Starting at her feet, he noticed that she was wearing shiny red high heels, probably five inches. His gaze moved up her sleek, firm legs, until he stopped to enjoy her completely bare ass. Then his gaze slid up her wonderfully bare back, except for a large bow just above her ass that was practically begging to be untied. But even untied he knew it wouldn't make much difference, because with the way her upper body was twisted towards him, it was obvious that she was completely naked from the belly button on up, and the apron barely reached down enough to cover all of her pussy.

He could feel his flaccid penis start to stir due to the stunning and provocative sight. My God, man! Brenda is so stacked! So curvy! So fucking sexy! I know that's as obvious as saying 'The Sun is big,' but still, it gets me every time.

Then he remembered the need to get to school on time, and looked to the kitchen clock, only to discover that it was missing too. "Hey! Where'd this clock go as well?!"

Katherine wrapped an arm around him and led him away from Brenda, towards the dining room table. She knew there was a digital clock above the oven, and she didn't want him to think of looking at that. "Don't worry your handsome head about it, Bro. Consider it an experiment. Now that you're the man of the house, we want you to fully enjoy yourself in the mornings without getting all stressed out about the time."

He let her guide him to a chair, and he sat down on it, but he wasn't happy. "Well, thanks, I guess. But that's not going to work. If I don't know the exact time, I'll get MORE stressed out about it. I'll be constantly worried that I'm late for school already."

Katherine looked back to Susan who was still standing near the kitchen counter, and the two of them shared a significant look.

Susan asked him, "Do you really mean that?"

"I do."

"Oh, poo. Very well. We'll put the clock back then. And don't you worry. There's still over half an hour to go. Plenty of time for you to enjoy your breakfast... to the fullest."

He frowned. There was something about the ebullient way she said "to the fullest" that made him suspicious. "And just what do you mean by that?"

Instead of answering, Susan looked to Brenda and asked, "How are those waffles coming?"



"Oh, everything's ready to go, including the eggs and muffins. I'm just keeping things warm and waiting on your word."

"Excellent. I'll take over then. And thanks for your help."

Brenda bowed. "It's my pleasure, Mistress."

Alan frowned at that too. He muttered to Katherine, "This is weird."bender

She replied, "Hey, things change. You're Mr. Roll with the Punches, aren't you? So roll with these punches. You're the head of a harem now, or whatever lame-ass word you want to use if you're still not ready to call it what it really is. Brenda wants to help you and serve you. It's what makes her happy."

"That's nice and all." Knowing that Brenda was close enough to hear every word, he said, "And I thank you for it, Brenda." Then he continued to Katherine, "But it hardly seems necessary for her to come all this way just to cook me some waffles and eggs."

Katherine just smirked knowingly.

He frowned yet again. "Uh-oh. What does THAT mean?"

Katherine was relishing being mysterious. "She's not here JUST to help cook. In fact, that's hardly the main reason she came here today."

He suddenly sensed a presence near him, and turned his head around to see what it was. To his surprise, he discovered Brenda standing just a couple of feet away.

She bowed her head. "Master, if I may..." She turned her back to him and bent over, so her bare ass was practically in his face. She wiggled her ass impatiently.

He didn't know what to think about that. But he definitely noticed the large bow just above her ass. It seemed to be calling to him, demanding that he untie it. So that's what he did. It was tied very loosely, so it came apart easily. Her scanty erotic apron fell to the floor.

## Chapter 890 Brenda Blowing Alan

Brenda quickly dropped to her knees and disappeared under the table.

Mere seconds later, Alan felt her pressing her way in between his legs. A few seconds after that, the fly of his shorts was unzipped and his dick was in her hands.

He was still only half-erect, since he hadn't been expecting this and had been starting to go flaccid after moving to the dining room table. But, knowing that she was completely naked under the table and eager to service him, he began to fully engorge again.

The fact that her fingers were already slipping and sliding all over his shaft certainly helped. Her lusty moans didn't hurt either.

He complained, "Okay, could somebody tell me what the heck is going on here?"

"Isn't it obvious?" That voice belonged to Susan.

It startled Alan, because it turned out she was standing right behind him.

Susan placed his breakfast plate in front of him, and then did the same with Katherine and her breakfast plate. With that done, she walked to the side of the table opposite of Katherine so she could make eye contact with both of her children. "Son, I thought that we could treat you with a special cocksucky surprise this morning."

Even as he felt Brenda's tongue start to directly lick his sweet spot, he thought, Man! I never thought I'd think this, but maybe there's such a thing as too much cocksucking! This is starting to get ridiculous. I feel guilty. But the pleasure is so good! I'm already feeling it again. So friggin' awesome!

He felt obliged to resist. "That's, uh, nice, Mom. But I already got treated like a king by you AND Sis upstairs. To have Brenda help me too, in the same morning, that's just... You really do spoil me!"

Susan grinned. "Maybe we do. But, to be honest, this is more for Brenda than for you." She unexpectedly reached out and lifted him up by slipping an arm under his nearest arm.

Katherine did the exact same thing at the same time on his other side.

The result was that his ass was lifted a few inches off the chair for a few seconds.

Brenda took advantage of that to yank his shorts all the way down his legs and then off him altogether. Then she scooted back up and quickly engulfed his now very erect cock into her mouth.

His eyes nearly crossed as he was walloped by too much arousal to handle. He clenched his teeth and grasped the edge of the table with both hands. AAAAAH! Fuck! Too intense! Hot damn, that feels AWESOME!

Both Susan and Katherine let go of him, but they also leaned over and smirk-smiled as they saw the reaction on his face. They looked into his lap and saw Brenda's head start to bob, and were even more triumphant.

Susan said, "That's better. Much better. It's much more comfy that way, don't you think, Son? And she has full access to your balls now too."

Clearly, Brenda was listening, because she immediately started fondling his balls, on top of all the other highly stimulating things she was doing to him already.

He grumbled, "Great." He was somewhat annoyed, but the pleasure he was experiencing was too great for him to actually put a stop to it. In fact, now that Brenda had started bobbing, he was in the middle of such a surge of arousal that it really did curl his toes.

He thought, Brenda?! I could kind of handle Mom and Sis doing crazy great things to me before school, but Brenda too?! Gaawwwd, she's so fucking sexy and stacked, and submissive as hell! A part of me still

kind of refuses to believe that she's real, or at least that she's like she is and seems to think I'm her "master!" Fuuuuuck!

Susan put a hand on the table and leaned towards him, knowing that would cause her huge boobs to visibly sway and jiggle, despite her normal clothes. "Anyway, as I was saying, this is more for her than for you. Brenda is painfully aware that you still haven't made her one of your official personal cocksuckers. You have no idea how much that title means to her. And you said you couldn't do that unless she had her lips wrapped around your cock at the time."

Katherine playfully wiggled her eyebrows at her brother, and leaned over to peer into his lap again. "Hmmm. Curiously, that seems to be happening at this very moment. What an astounding coincidence!" She giggled. "Why, what an ideal time for you to make that official pronouncement!" She giggled some more.

Brenda reveled in her humiliation. Not only was she bobbing and sucking with gusto, she was flirting with triggering her gag reflex, deliberately making the lewd and loud choking and gagging sounds so the other two women wouldn't have to peek to know full well that she was slurping all over Alan's fat cock.

Susan felt goose bumps and shivers all over, because she absolutely adored those very noises. Just hearing them made her salivate, especially since it reminded her of how she'd been doing that to him a little while earlier. So hot! This is the morning for choking and gagging! That's the sound of a busty woman being TAMED by too much cock! First me, then Brenda. Who will choke on him next?!

But she knew this official pronouncement idea was very important for Brenda, so she forced herself to stay focused. "Tiger, we're all very aware of how you'll be gone all weekend. It seems downright cruel to have to make her wait until you come back before you make her status official, don't you think? Especially since I hope you're going to be pretty darn busy with your big-titted mommy once you do, nudge, nudge, wink, wink." She used her upper arms to dramatically push her large globes forward and together, to emphasize the "big-titted" part of that statement.bender

Katherine happily clarified, "In other words, you're going to be too busy fucking Mom's cunt to have time to fuck Brenda's face!"

Susan beamed at that. "Well put, Angel!" She told her son, "Furthermore, we have some special plans for you, family plans, to kind of give you a proper send off before you leave later today. So when else can Brenda give you the kind of blowjob to show she deserves that special title, if not right now, before school? That's why Angel and I aren't wearing anything special, or joining in, because we want all the

focus to be on Brenda for her special time where she can prove her loving adoration and total devotion to your cock!"

Brenda was inspired by those words. "Loving adoration and total devotion!" Well put! She tilted her head this way and that as she performed some of her most effective moves. I hope Master can feel how strongly I agree by the pleasure I'm giving him with my fingers and mouth!

His mind was reeling. It was just like he was trying to see through a thick fog, except this fog was caused by Brenda's cocksucking talent. "Make her status official?" ... "Special title?" ... What does this all mean?! ... I think... I think I'm supposed to official pronounce that she's one of my official personal cocksuckers now, as if that's some kind of reward for HER, not me! Jesus H. Christ!

Katherine picked up her fork and knife, and nodded towards Alan's breakfast plate, encouraging him to do the same. "So eat up, Big Bro! Time IS still ticking until the school bell, you know. If you're not happy with what Brenda's doing to you, just try to ignore it."

He snorted at that. "'Ignore it?' Ha! Fat chance!"

Susan walked back to the kitchen to get herself a breakfast plate. She wanted to enjoy eating breakfast with her children.

That left it to Katherine to ask him, "What's the problem?"

He replied, "There's no problem. I have to admit that although I believe there need to be limits on how much you all spoil me, what she's doing to me under the table feels really damn great!" He groaned lustily.

He immediately regretted saying that, because Brenda felt emboldened, and she somehow stepped up her already very impressive cocksucking efforts another notch.

He still hadn't started eating. He put a hand on the top of Brenda's head and spoke to her without seeing her face. "Man! You're a fast learner!"

Brenda was so elated that she could hardly contain herself. He likes it! He really likes it! Gaawwwd! My mouth is crammed full of my master's cock, and I'm loudly choking and gagging on it while he just sits there casually eating breakfast like some kind of lord. Oh God! "Lord and master!" UNGH! OH GOD!

Thinking about that phrase reminded her of the very first time she'd had a private conversation with him, and he'd made the pivotal suggestion that he could be her "lord and master." That sent her lusty desire into overdrive, just like it did every time she recalled that powerful memory. She was close to spontaneously cumming, even though she wasn't touching her privates.

Susan came back and sat down with her own plate full of waffles. Alan was at the head of the table and Katherine and Susan sat on either side of him. It was a tight squeeze for Brenda underneath, with Katherine's and Susan's knees brushing against her naked body. Susan was very pleased, almost smug. "This is perfectly fitting, isn't it, Angel? The man of the house sits at the head of the table, with one of his sex pets UNDER the table. It fills my heart with so much joy!"

Katherine said, "Yep! Me too! Just hearing her go at it like that keeps my entire body buzzing with arousal."

Brenda couldn't keep up the difficult choking and gagging technique forever, so she'd stopped that for now. But she was still making a point of being extra noisy with her sucking. She'd started fingering her pussy from time to time, which meant she was having the occasional orgasm. That helped keep her moaning loudly too.

Alan actually had to speak up to be heard as he explained to both his sister and mother, "Brenda hasn't blown me that many times, relatively speaking, and at first I must admit that her inexperience showed. But... dang! Like I said, she's really learning fast!"

Susan leaned towards him eagerly, "Son, please, paint a picture. What's she doing to you right now?" She licked her lips and salivated repeatedly.

There was a pause as he savored what Brenda's mouth was doing to him. "She's using her lips, tongue, and fingers all in one coordinated attack! She's relentlessly lapping against my sweet spot even as her tightly sealed lips slide back and forth with tremendous suction! And she's constantly surprising me with different rhythms and techniques! It's like... it's like... she learned from the two of you!"

Susan was all smiles. "As a matter of fact, she did. Mostly from me, actually. I've been giving her cocksucking lessons, and she's been practicing daily on dildos and such. Now I know how it feels to be a teacher and see your star pupil excel. It's quite... rewarding. And invigorating!"

He thought, Dang! They're all so friggin' obsessed with sucking my cock! It's crazy! "Practicing daily?!" What did I ever do to deserve this?! Aunt Suzy really was the genius who selected Brenda from the crowd and told me how to seduce her, but I'm the one reaping all the benefits!

He finally picked up his knife and fork, knowing that his food was getting cold. He was determined to at least pretend to act normal, despite the seemingly endless intense arousal. But he asked plaintively, "How am I supposed to eat, with all that going on?" He paused briefly, letting Brenda's loud slurping and moaning explain what he was referring to. "And Mom, what about your jealousy over her boob size and all that?"

Susan replied, "I'll admit that still bothers me a little bit from time to time. But Brenda's one of us now. You said it yourself the night before last, after you fucked her. If she's going to be one of your official personal cocksuckers, then she has to be the best of the best. Of course your other lovers are going to be busty and beautiful, so I just have to get used to that. We're a unified team, aren't we, Angel?"

Unlike the others, Katherine was busy eating. But she stopped to reply, "That's right. I've got my jealousy issues with Brenda too, as you probably know. Even as we speak, I'm feeling that familiar mix of hot lust and burning jealousy, especially since she's being unusually loud and slurpy. But I've gotta admit that she's totally earned her spot under the table. She's learning from us, but we're learning from her too. To be honest, she inspires me to be a better fuck toy."

Brenda was very pleased to hear that, especially since she knew that Katherine had jealousy issues. Right back at ya! Katherine, you inspire me to be a better sex pet. We're all in this together!

Susan smiled proudly at her daughter. "I'm glad to hear you say that, Angel. That's a very mature attitude." She picked up her utensils. "Now, I say it really is time to eat. Son, I know you're distracted, but please try your best. We can't have you go to school hungry." She finally took a bite of food.

He grumbled, "Very well." He started to eat too.

