

6 Times 901

Chapter 901 Amy, You're The Best.

Alan mulled over his situation as he walked to the bicycle racks. Lately, more and more girls had been asking him out. He'd turned them all down, no matter how appealing they were; he simply had no choice. He was realizing that he wasn't good at "fuck and run" - he tended to get too involved, and there just wasn't enough of him to go around.

But he realized that at least that problem had temporarily kept his mind off more disturbing problems, like Glory breaking up with him or the football players being after him. However, thinking that thought reminded him of what had happened with Glory earlier in the day. That got him depressed all over again.bender

When he reached his bike, he was surprised to see Amy waiting there. "Hey, Beau!" she said, accompanying it with a big smile and a friendly wave.

Alan replied glumly, "Hey, Aims."

"What's up?"

"Not much." He started to unlock his bike. "I'm surprised to see you still here. What are you waiting for?" It went without saying that almost everyone else had left immediately after school let out.

He looked around for Simone again, and saw her walking away. Apparently, she figured he was safe enough if he was with Amy, especially since there was no sign that any of the football players were still hanging around. He thought to himself, Thanks, Simone!

Amy said, "I'm waiting for you, silly. That's the kinda stuff good girlfriends do, right?"

He looked up at her and forced himself to smile. "You're the best." Noticing that she was wearing her cheerleader outfit, he realized that meant it was a Friday game day, when the cheerleaders usually wore their uniforms all day to help raise school enthusiasm for the football game. He asked, "Don't you have to be at the game?"

"I'm going there in a minute. But first I wanted to make sure you're okay."

"Awww, Aims. You're so sweet. The thing is, I don't deserve it."

She frowned. "Uh-oh, Beau. You're looking and sounding super-bummedy. Did something bad happen to you today?"

"Yeah, you could say that." He finished unlocking his bike and pulled it out of the rack.

"Oh no! What?! Is there anything I can do to help?!"

He looked around and saw that a few other people were still getting their bicycles. "Can you walk with me out to the street? I kinda wanta talk in private."

"M'kay."

They reached the point where they both would normally have gotten on their bikes and started to ride home. But Alan just stood there next to his bike, since Amy obviously couldn't bike off with him. Deciding they were in a private enough spot, he said, "There's a lot of things on my mind right now." Thinking about the situation with Glory, he said, "I don't want to discuss the main thing that's bothering me right now. But don't worry; it has nothing to do with you, and it's nothing you should worry about. Instead, I'd like to talk about how I'm not worthy of having a great girlfriend like you."

He was going to add that he also wasn't worthy of all the love and sexual attention at home, but even saying that much seemed too dangerous, given the importance of keeping the incest secret. He figured it would be better if they were off school grounds, so he suggested, "Why don't we just walk a little bit while we talk?"

"M'kay. Cool."

They started doing just that, with Alan walking his bike along.

Alan sighed. "Aims, I'm such a cad. Do you know what that means?"

"What's that?"

"It's a guy who behaves irresponsibly or dishonorably with women. He just does whatever he feels like without regard for their feelings. That's how I'm feeling right now. I mean, I'm like a kid in a candy store. Girls, for some reason, are really into me these days. I can't say no. I've gotta eat all the candy until I'm sick."

"That's not true," Amy said. "Some girl tried to chat you up just now, and you totally shot her down. But in a nice, polite way, I'm sure, 'cos you're a nice guy."

Alan looked at her with surprise. "You saw that?"

"Yeah. I was behind you, 'cos I wanted to talk to you. I was about to catch up, but when I saw you two start to talk I kinda checked out the scene and then walked on."

He sighed. "Yeah, well..."

She cut in. "And she was a hottie too! True, not a super hot hottie, like..." She looked around, as she pondered mentioning Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine. Even though they were walking side by side down a deserted suburban street, she still felt the need to be vague. "You know, like certain people, who I don't think I even need to name."

He was relieved, but reinforced the need for discretion. "You don't. You definitely don't."

She continued, "If I were a dude, I'd wanna do her! What's her name?"

"Mindy. She's a friend of Heather's, I guess. And by the way, she's not the first cutie to ask me out lately. I've turned them all down." He was feeling down, and he wanted to get the conversation back to how he felt he was a cad. "But before you start giving me kudos for that, I should mention what happened last night."

"Uh-oh." Amy stopped walking, forcing him to stop too. "What happened? Was it when you went out to study with Christine?"

"Yeah. And we did study, at a pub. It was good and helpful, actually. But we kinda got a little flirty, and one thing led to another, and we kissed. On the lips." He hastened to add, "But that was it! It was just a little kissing, and then we both stopped and realized that wasn't a good idea. We vowed to stay platonic only."

Amy stared at him hard. The resulting silence was prolonged and painful. Clearly, she wasn't happy.

Finally, she asked, "Kissing, huh? Was it open-mouthed, tongue-dancing kind of kissing?"

He lowered his head shamefully. "Yeah. Kinda."

"And did your hands wander?"

He admitted, "Yeah. But just, like, for a minute." Curiosity got the best of him and he glanced up at Amy. He saw she was clenching her teeth.

"Did you feel her boobs? Her giganto-big wonder boobs?"

"Yeah, but super quick. And through her blouse." The 'super quick' part wasn't completely accurate, but he could see that Amy was pissed and he didn't want to throw more fuel on the fire at the moment.

There was more silence as Amy turned her back and took a few steps away from Alan. Then she let out a surprisingly loud, "GRRRR!"

Alan propped his bike up and went walking after her. "Aims, I'm sorry! This is what I was saying about how I'm a cad. Sometimes I can't control myself!" He put a hand on her shoulder, trying to be consoling.

But she squirmed and brushed his hand away. "Don't you 'Aims' me! I am NOT happy!"

He felt terrible, because he knew how rare it was for Amy to get upset about anything. "Oh, man! I'm really sorry!"

Amy suddenly turned around to face him. She spoke in clipped tones, because it was obvious that she was trying hard to control her emotions. "You know I'm totally cool with sharing you, but Christine... she's different. She's just so, well... awesome! She's too great at everything. And too beautiful. And, well, too darn busty! How am I supposed to compete?! She's better than me at everything!"

Suddenly her anger turned to insecurity and she looked on the verge of crying.

Alan swept her into her arms. She didn't resist his touch this time. As he hugged her tightly he said, "That's not true! There's one thing you're WAY better at than she is!"

"What's that?"

"Being Amy! You're the bestest, Amy-est Amy ever! I know that sounds silly, but it's true. Only you can be Amy. Nobody else can! You and me, we've been pals ever since we were in diapers. You have a special place in my heart that goes waaaaay back, long before we became boyfriend and girlfriend. You, Mom, Sis, and your mom, you all have special places in my heart that no one else could ever fill. Everyone else, they have to fight for whatever is left over."

Amy was encouraged by that, enough to keep her tears at bay. But she still needed more reassurance. "But Christine, she's-"

He interrupted, and gently held her face. "I don't care! She could fly and fart out gold bricks, and it doesn't matter! She's not you! You're so adorable and wonderful and kind and loving! Just thinking about your always smiling face makes me happy. You light up my life with joy. I love you! And now we've got this sexual thing too, and that makes everything else even better! Don't sell yourself short in the beauty department, by the way. You're a 'super hot hottie' too! And yeah, maybe you don't win awards and get good grades like she does, but so the fuck what? She couldn't hold a candle to your artistic skill. Everybody is good at different things. And what you're best at is being totally lovable! I love you, dammit, and don't you ever forget it!"

Amy was clearly feeling better. She stared up into his eyes adoringly. "Oh, Beau! I love you too!"

They kissed with tremendous passion.

Had they not been standing on a sidewalk on some random suburban street, the kissing undoubtedly would have led to more. But they remained mindful of their situation, so they made sure to keep their clothes on and their hands from wandering too much. Besides, it was more of a loving kiss than an all-out lusty kiss.

When the necking ended, Amy pulled back and said with obvious bitterness, "How does that compare with Miss Golden Boobs?"

Alan chided her, "Aims, please don't be like that. I'm telling you, what happened was a freak incident. I know I'm taking her out on these practice dates, but that's all they've been. I just want to be friends with her. Honestly! I wouldn't lie to you, not about something like this."

Amy pointed out, "Yeah, but you're tempted. Way, way, super-duper tempted. Aren't you?"

"Of course I am. I'm only human, and she is extremely tempting, in lots of ways. But I can't just say to her, 'Hey, come join the gang.' You know about her attitude and her sense of morality. No way would she be okay with everything that's happening in my life. If she learned the full truth, it would be like Chernobyl. Nuclear meltdown!"

He was careful to be discreet, since they were outside, but Amy easily understood he was referring to the incest, as well as the overall harem-like situation.

He continued, "That's why I'm keeping her at arm's length. I've made it clear to her that I'm not available. She understands, so that's why she's resisting too. I can't deny there's some sparks between us, and some flirting, and yeah, I made a mistake. But I can handle it. You have to trust me on this!"

Amy pondered that for a long moment while she rested in his embrace. Then she said, "I trust that you mean well. But the fact is, you two are on a slippery slope. Maybe you don't see it, but things are gonna happen. You've crossed a line already, and things can't un-happen, y'know? That's why I kinda got all upset just now, because I know she's gonna be one of your women from now on, and I've gotta live with that."

Her eyes narrowed dangerously. "But if she threatens my official-girlfriend status, I don't care who she is, or how well she fights! I'm not gonna take that lying down!"

Alan kissed Amy's nose and cheeks, hoping to calm her and reassure her. "That is NOT gonna happen. Trust me. It takes two to tango. To get physically involved with her... geez, it would be like signing my own death warrant. True, she might not literally kick my ass, but then again she might. She would certainly cause a lot of trouble, and throw this amazing sexual-paradise situation we've all got into danger. I'm not stupid. I know I've been a cad, but I do have SOME self control. Like I showed with Mindy just now. And in time I'll improve. It's just that right now I'm still the kid let loose in the candy store, running wild."

Amy gently kissed his lips. "Beau, I know you. You mean well; you really do. And generally speaking I do trust you. With girls like this Mindy, no problem. I wouldn't care if you'd fucked her or not, because I know she doesn't have a hold on your heart, and she never will. Heck, I'd even cheer you on with the likes of her, as long as you're careful about the whole disease-y thing."

She spoke with growing emotion, almost on the verge of tears again. "I know when the dust settles and you calm down, it'll just come down to the few of us you love the most. And I love them too, so it's all good! I'm totally cool with sharing you with everyone at home, and a few more besides. It's just that... I was hoping against hope that Christine wouldn't be in the picture. But that was always a super long shot at best."

"She's not! She's not!" he tried to say with determination. "Do you want me to stop my practice dates with her? Because I will, if that's what you want. Maybe that's for the best anyways, because that could be blurring the line between friendship and something more. The main thing is, I don't want you to be sad or worried. And I know your 'checking for bumps' partner has the exact same issues about Christine, so that's double the reason for me to stop those dates." (He was careful not to directly mention Katherine's name.)

Amy stared into Alan's eyes for a long time. Then she leaned forward and kissed him on the nose. Smiling, she said, "Beau, that's sweet, for you to make that offer. But no, I want you to keep going on those practice dates with her. And other fun stuff too, like that trip to the beach you took with her."

"Really? Why?"

She winked enigmatically. "Just trust me on this one, m'kay?"

"But why? Seriously. I was kind of thinking about canceling them already, after what happened last night."

"You two... have to find your own comfort zone. Those practice dates will help speed up the process. It's better to get it over with quickly."

He furrowed his brow. "You think? I don't know."

"Trust me. Us girls, we know these things. Don't worry. To be honest, I really like Christine. I wanna be good friends with her, especially since she means a lot to you. I can totally roll with... whatever happens."

He kissed her lips again, briefly. "Aims, you're the best! But I promise, she and I, we're headed to the friendship zone. Definitely! You have no reason to feel threatened by her. I don't care how beautiful and sexy she is. I know there's only so much of me to go around, and she can't compete with the long history I have with you and certain other people whom I can't name. Besides, it's a matter of self-preservation for me, since she simply seems incapable of understanding or accepting my unusual lifestyle. And I really want to prove to myself that I'm not a cad, and that I can control my libido at least somewhat."

"Uh huh." Amy nodded. "That's good."

He wrung his hands. "By the way, you know... I had sex with Simone today at school. Not that long ago, in fact. And, as you probably know already, it wasn't for the first time either. What do you think about that?"

"Are you taking precautions? You know, about disease-y stuff?"

"I definitely am." He briefly explained how he'd gotten her to agree to have sex only with her non-steady boyfriend plus Heather and possibly the other cheerleaders. He also mentioned how she'd agreed to be tested for STDs again.

She asked, "Do you love her? Or do you think you could love her?"

"No, and no. I mean, she's nice, beautiful, and a lot of fun. She's a big jokester, which I like. The race thing isn't an issue with me at all. But I'm so overextended that how am I ever going to have a chance to get to know her well, much less love her? Besides, I just don't feel a certain 'it' factor with her, and I don't get the impression that she'd want to get serious with me. Friends with benefits? Sure. That would be great. A serious lover? No. Maybe in some parallel universe where things hadn't developed with you and the others, but not in this one."

Amy broke into a wide smile. "Well then, cool! As long as you're careful and stuff, then I'm totally cool with you and her getting it on from time to time. I don't worry about her like I worry about Christine, and she's not a meanie like Heather. If I were in your shoes, I'd bang her!"

"Amy, you're the best. Seriously."

She gave him another long, intense kiss on the lips, effectively ending the conversation.

Afterwards, Amy had to return to school because she was expected to be a cheerleader at the football game, which was going to start in a matter of minutes. Alan walked with her most of the way back, then he finally got on his own bicycle and headed home in the other direction.

His mood was much better, since he felt relieved to get at least that much off his chest.

However, he had a nagging feeling that Amy wasn't convinced that he could avoid getting sexually involved with Christine. Deep down, he had his own doubts about it as well.

Chapter 903 Not In The Mood

When Christine arrived home from her martial arts practice, her plan was to sneak directly to her room and hide out there until dinner.

However that was not to be, because her mother Olga intercepted her, almost as if she'd been lying in wait. Olga, who was blonde, busty, and beautiful just like her daughter, said, "We need to talk. Let's go to the kitchen. Perhaps you'd like a drink or a snack?"

"No, I'm good," Christine replied, but she dutifully followed her mother to the kitchen.

The two of them ended up sitting at the kitchen table, after Olga poured a glass of water for herself. She put the water down, and said, "Okay, talk."

"Talk? Talk about what?"

Olga chided, "Don't play dumb with me. I know you went on a date with Alan again last night."

Christine protested, "We were just working on homework together."

"Homework? Fat chance! Maybe that was the ostensible excuse to get together, but I saw you when you came in, and you were walking on air! Then, this morning, all through breakfast, you couldn't stop smiling."

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"I probably was like that after my other dates with him," Christine pointed out, all but admitting that the night before had been a de facto date. She was bummed, because she thought she'd done a much better job of hiding her feelings.

"True, but this was different. You stared off into space dreamily the whole time, like you were on another planet. I would have asked you about it, but I didn't want to embarrass you in front of your father. Then you come home and you try to hide in your room, as if you still don't want me to see your face. Something was different about your date last night, wasn't it? Something special happened."

"Well..." Christine was stalling for time, trying to find a way to wiggle out of confessing anything.

But Olga wagged a finger at her. "I know you. You're trying to wiggle out of this. Don't, please! You're my one and only child. Don't I deserve to know what's going on? Unlike most parents, I don't have a problem with you dating. In fact, I celebrate it! Especially with a fine, upstanding young man like Alan."

Christine slumped in defeat. She couldn't resist her loving mother. "Ugh! Fine. As a matter of fact... to be honest... something did happen."

"Oh?"

Christine looked down shyly, since she found it very hard to discuss this sort of thing with anyone. "For the first time... the very first time... we... we... kissed." Now that she'd admitted that much, the rest was easier. "And not just a peck on the cheek kind of kiss. I mean a real kiss! A prolonged kiss! Several, in fact!" She smiled widely as she recalled the kissing.

"Oh, honey!" Olga beamed with delight. She stood up and opened her arms wide, causing Christine to stand up too. Then she smothered her in a big hug. "That's great news! That's fantastic!"

"Thanks." Christine was glad that her mother couldn't see her face during their hug, because it quickly went from smiling to chagrined. She knew that her parents had been concerned that she hadn't shown any interest in boys or dating, so they loved to hear this sort of news. But she wasn't being fully honest. She'd given them the impression that her "practice dates" were real dates, and with this latest revelation she knew they would be even more mistakenly convinced that she and Alan were boyfriend and girlfriend.

Christine resolved to be at least a little more honest about the situation. When the hug ended and they sat back in their chairs, she made sure to show a forced and obviously fake smile.

Olga noticed that right away, asking the obvious question. "Honey, what's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing. Well, actually, that's not entirely true. The thing is, of course I'm happy about how things are going with Alan. But... the only snag is, we're not going steady, or anything like that. You know, I can't stop him if he wants to date someone else too."

Olga was visibly relieved. "Oh, is that all? That's no problem. I've met Alan a couple of times, and of course you've told me all about him. He's one of the good ones. You've only been on a couple of dates with him. I'm sure it's just a matter of time before you'll be formally going steady. He'd be a fool to do otherwise. Look at you!" She waved her hands dramatically to highlight Christine's voluptuous body. "You can't tell me there's some other girl he's more attracted to. I wouldn't believe you. Besides, he's a smart boy and one of the few who can appreciate your intelligence instead of being intimidated by it. So there's no problem!"

Christine forced another smile, but made it look sincere this time. "I guess you're right, Mom. Maybe I'm just a worry-wart. But can you do me a favor?"

"Sure thing. What's that?"

"Please don't tell Dad or anyone else about this kissing thing, okay? Not yet. I don't want him to get all worked up over this when, you know, who knows what could happen? Next week, Alan could be dating someone else."

Olga slid her fingers across her lips as if zipping them. "Don't worry; my lips are sealed." Then she broke into a big smile. "But don't worry; I'm sure everything will work out fine. If Alan is dating someone else next week, I'll eat my hat!"

The two of them continued to chat. But Christine, with her multi-track mind, was simultaneously thinking, If only she knew! What I told her is half right and all wrong. I wanted to tell her about Amy being his official girlfriend, I really did, but I'm too ashamed! A girl with my looks shouldn't be in this humbling situation. Not to mention all of his OTHER girls! Sheesh!

If Mom knew the truth, she wouldn't just eat her hat, she'd have to buy and eat a whole rack full of them, one for each of his other women! And he's not just "dating" them; I'm sure he's having sex with them. To be blunt, he's fucking them! He's fucking the likes of Heather, probably daily! Meanwhile, all we did was kiss, one time, kind of by accident. I know my mom. She's practically deciding on the font type for the wedding invitations already.

Damn! She thinks Alan is a "fine, upstanding young man." Which is true, on one level, but he's also got a "fine, upstanding stiff penis" pretty much 24-7! What would my mom or dad think about THAT?!

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Alan snuck into the house through the garage so he wouldn't have to deal with anyone. But Susan and Suzanne were waiting for him and hyper alert for his arrival. He didn't fool anyone. Still, they heard his tired, sad sighs and let him continue on up to his room without cornering him.

Susan waited about fifteen minutes, and then gently and quietly opened his bedroom door. She was wearing just a thin maroon piece of cloth that was meant to be worn as a strapless top as part of an ensemble. But that was all she was wearing, so it just barely covered her pussy and her nipples. She was hoping that, whatever trouble her son was having, he'd feel better after a nice long cocksucking. (She knew she would!)

She'd guessed that he'd be sleeping, but to her surprise he was laying on his bed staring at the ceiling. There were tears rolling down his cheeks.

This made Susan very distressed, and she instantly started to get teary eyed too. She didn't know what the problem was, but if it was upsetting her son, it upset her.

She opened the door a bit more and he saw her standing there. She said apologetically as she stifled the urge to cry, "Sorry, but I see something's bothering you. Can I come in?"

"Yeah," he sighed.

She sat on the edge of his bed, making sure her top didn't completely fall off in the process. Now wasn't the time for that. "What is it? What's upsetting my beautiful Tiger? My favorite son?"

"Mom, I'm your only son."

She smiled and ruffled his unruly hair. "That's why you're my favorite."

That was a little verbal game they'd played ever since he was a little boy, and it brought a wan smile to his face. But then he got serious as he recalled Glory. "Mom, you know how I've been involved with my teacher Glory for a while now, right?"

"Of course. I know I'm not supposed to talk about it much, but whenever I think about it, it makes me feel tingly inside. And proud, so proud. My big son! Taming your gorgeous teacher!" She ruffled his hair some more in a playful manner. She felt her nipples growing erect as she imagined her son's cum dousing his sexy teacher's face with his creamy seed.

"And you know how I had a crush on her for a couple of years before that, and how strongly I feel for her?"

"Yes, of course. That's why I fully approve of you turning her into one of your personal cocksuckers."

He sighed again. "Well, that's not exactly happening. Today, she found out that I've been involved with you and Sis. Sexually."

Susan gasped and held her hands over her mouth.

"Don't worry! She's not going to tell anyone. I'm sure of that. And it wasn't that anyone spilled the beans. She said something about figuring it out from the way Katherine looked at her. I didn't quite understand that; we'll have to ask Sis when she gets home from her cheerleading. But in any case, it's been a long time coming, and pretty much inevitable, I guess. She's so smart and perceptive, and she knows me so well. Too well."

"Oh dear!" For once, Susan's desire cooled.

"But that's not the worst part. She was so upset that she up and broke up with me! She said that wasn't the only thing. There were a whole bunch of things."

He went on to explain briefly more about what happened, including how he'd freely confessed to Glory that he was having sex with his own mother, since Glory knew about Katherine already.

When he was done venting, Susan said, "Well. I'll be. That's really something. I don't really know what to say. You know your father was pretty much the only man in my life before you, so I don't have much experience in the breaking up department. I'd better go ask Suzanne for her advice."

"Mom, can you please call him 'Ron' instead of 'father' or 'dad'? I don't even want to think of him as 'father' anymore. I haven't thought of him like that for years now." He felt relief admitting that. He briefly wondered if it was because he'd had some long-held and deeply buried Oedipal desire to replace his father as "the man of the house" or if it was simply because Ron was such a lousy father, especially in recent years. He decided it was the latter, though he conceded that maybe there was a touch of the former as well.

"Okay, fine. Whatever you say." She patted him on the head again.

There was a long pause, as she tried to figure out what to say to help console him. She noticed his gaze had dropped to her chest, at which point she realized that her top had slipped down, fully exposing both of her nipples.

She pulled her top back up and suggested, "You know, Tiger, I know you love Glory very much. I'm not blind. For these past two years, I've seen how your face lights up whenever her name is mentioned. And it's been too long and you spent too much time with her for it to just be some kind of puppy love crush."

"Thank you," he said. "I get the feeling she doesn't see that."

Susan continued, "In any case, maybe things will work out with her, maybe they won't. But... if they don't... would that really be so bad? I mean, you have a de facto harem of centerfold-worthy girls and women, if I can toot my own horn for one moment, and we're all dedicated to serving your cock! I mean, you've turned your own mother and sister into your willing fuck toys! You have five eager personal cocksuckers, counting her and me, plus Amy, Suzanne and Brenda. And then there's Heather, Xania, Akami, Kim, and who knows who else besides. So, if things don't work out with Ms. Rhymer, things will still be pretty great for you, won't they?"

He sighed heavily. "I know. When you list all those names, I feel like I must be the world's worst ingrate or something. I mean, how many women does one guy need? It's crazy! But the heart doesn't respond to logic, and I LOVE her. Sure, I won't be as crushed if it doesn't work out because I have you and all these other great women in my life, but it still hurts. A lot! I mean, I've never broken up with anyone before. And everyone thinks of me as this unstoppable super stud all of a sudden, but the fact is, I'm a really sensitive guy. My heart gets hurt easily."

She wrapped her arms around him and squeezed him tightly, but only in a supportive mother type of way. "I know it does. And I know better than anyone what a sensitive, kind boy you are, deep down. I'm not saying you don't deserve to feel hurt. You do! I'm just saying that, whatever happens with her, we'll be here for you. I'll be here for you. As your personal cocksucker, as one of your many big-titted fuck toys, or as just your caring, loving mom, I'll be here to support you."

He hugged her even tighter. "I know you will. Damn, you're gonna make me cry!" He sniffled, but managed to hold back his tears.

She just hugged him back, but she didn't mind that much when her top slipped down below her heavy globes.

After a while, he noted, "The thing is, that's the kind of person Glory is too. She's not just beautiful and smart, and my teacher, she has a giant heart. She's the kind of person who'd be there to help me in any way, even if it was just as a shoulder to cry on. She's special."

Susan ran a hand through Alan's unruly hair in a comforting way. "I know she is. It sounds like she'd make a great addition to your harem."

"MoooOOOOooooom! I keep telling you, I don't have a harem." He didn't exactly smile, but her words lightened his mood a little.

"So you keep saying. But then again, you'd have me believe your huge cock isn't ten inches long either."

"It's not! And it's not really huge."

"Whatever. But if you did have a harem, she should be a part of it."

He shook his head. Susan simply couldn't be convinced of certain things.

Seeing that she'd helped him a little bit, she concluded, "You obviously need to be alone for a while, even if you're too worried and upset to take your nap. Meanwhile Suzanne and I will put our heads together and figure out how to fix things. Remember though that we don't have much time this

afternoon. You have your appointment with Akami, then dinner, and then the Boy Scout van will be here before you know it. But we're going to do everything we can to help."

"Thanks, Mom. You're the best."

She stood to go, holding her top up - which had slipped down again - so her tits were mostly covered. Then she asked hesitantly, "I don't suppose a mellow, cuddly cocksucking might cheer you up? Just a tiny little nibble?"

"Nah. Thanks, but I'm not in the mood." He couldn't help but grin a little at the idea of a "cuddly cocksucking" though.

"Oh, poo. I thought not. But remember that if you ever are, you don't even need to ask. Just say something like 'Assume the position' or 'On your knees, Mommy,' or just 'Suck it.' Okay?"

"Sure. Thanks, Mom. You're the greatest." He managed a slight smile.

With a brief kiss on the lips, she left.

Chapter 904 Susan And Suzanne Making Alan Feel Good

Alan was left alone to ruminate, but not long. After about ten minutes, Susan and Suzanne both came knocking on his door. He let them in.

His eyes went wide and his penis grew erect in seconds, despite his sad mood. They'd dressed in his favorite clothing. Susan was in her "hole" T-shirt that had a large opening for her boobs to hang out, and Suzanne was dressed in her Daisy Duke outfit.

They both came to his bed and stood on the same side of him. Suzanne spoke first, saying enthusiastically, "How y'all doin', stranger?"

Alan groaned as they drew in closer and sat down right by his side. Oh, man! Goose bumps all over! Unfortunately, as great as this is, this is exactly the kind of thing I don't need to distract me from some very serious troubles. I have to think of Glory!

He exclaimed, "Dear God, don't talk like that, Aunt Suzy. Both of you together?! Are you trying to get me horny?"

Susan lifted up his ass and Suzanne swiftly pulled his pants clean off him. It was obviously a move they'd arranged in advance. Then Suzanne grabbed his newly erect dick and said cheekily, "No, we're not trying; we're succeeding."

He was conflicted, but even so he managed to push her hands away from his groin. "Well don't. I'm not in the mood. It would be disrespectful to Glory this soon after breaking up."

Susan held his hand kindly, and said, "Tiger, Suzanne and I discussed this, and we decided that based on what you were telling me, she didn't actually break up with you. You had an argument, but you're going to talk on Monday to see where things stand. Right?"

Suzanne brightly added, "And if I know you, and I do, you've become so suave that I'm sure you'll talk your way back into her panties."

He protested, "But I don't want to talk my way back into her panties, I want to talk my way back into her heart! I love her! It's not just a lust thing, not at all! It's the same as with you two. It's true that you're both jaw-dropping bombshells. But I'd still love you from the bottom of my heart even if you were ugly. I love you two so much, and I've deeply loved you all these years, long before anything sexual started."

Susan and Suzanne looked at each other and exchanged "awww" looks.

Susan thought, That's my son! Thank You, Lord for bringing this big bundle of joy into my life. He completes me and fills my heart with love! She reached for his balls and started fondling them. She figured, correctly, that he'd be less likely to push her hand away as long as she didn't touch his boner.

Suzanne thought, Is there any doubt why I love him so much and why he's the only man now that I could ever truly love? It's true; he would love me no matter what. And he's the only man who could ever

honestly say that. Glory's a fool! They need each other, for a lot of reasons. We have to help her as well as him.

She said to him, "That's so sweet, and that's the Alan we love so dearly. But I'll bet that if you get back into her pants in the process you won't exactly complain." She gently ribbed him with an elbow, and then Susan tickled his sides a bit with her free hand.

He laughed against his will, and said with a smile, "Okay, maybe I wouldn't completely mind. But it's like what I was telling her, and what I'm trying to say now. Physical love is just another expression of love. There's nothing wrong with me loving her, or either of you."

Suzanne clapped her hands and exclaimed happily, "I completely agree! Why don't you show me what this physical love thing is all about right now so we can all love each other a little better?!"

Susan turned to Suzanne, grinning widely while trying to play dumb. "Hmmm. Do you think this physical love thing could involve Tiger shoving his big, sperm-filled tree trunk down my throat?"

Susan's eyes twinkled with delight and her smile lit up the room. "Hmmm. Could be!" She playfully ran a finger up his shaft and then back down to his balls.

Alan laughed again, but then turned serious. "Will you two quit being so nice and cheery, not to mention sexy?" He found himself staring at their special outfits. Jesus H. Christ! What perfect racks! He reached to his crotch and gently pushed his mother's hand away. He continued, "I need to mourn. You know I hate saying no to my two favorite busty-"

Suzanne cut in before he could definitely turn them down. "The two of us agreed that wallowing in misery won't help you. We're going to cheer you up if it kills you. You'll have enough of a chance to wallow on the hiking trail, but in the meanwhile you have a lot to do before you go." She again reached for his stiff cock, and this time he didn't resist. She immediately started stroking him.

"You mean that I have some busy fucking duties to attend to. I'm just the family stud," he said resentfully, though part of him found the idea arousing.

Susan saw that he was hurt. "Yes, and no. Yes, you have some busy fucking duties. My period is finally over and I was thinking that maybe today would be the day that you and I would," - she giggled and blushed, still a bit overwhelmed by the idea of having wild sex with her handsome son - "would finally fuck. Would you like that?" She seductively clutched her big tits together. "Do you want to claim Mommy for your own and possess her in every possible way?"

He didn't answer. But all three of them looked at his dick as it reacted in Suzanne's hands. It was already fully erect, but it rose on its own from his lower abdomen and throbbed needfully.

Susan smiled as she watched Suzanne's hands stroke him much more vigorously now that he was too horny to resist. "I thought so. And that's how I feel about it too. I know that you've tamed me in many ways, even turning me into one of your personal cocksuckers, but I can't wait to get FULLY tamed by my very own son. That means you conquering the last part of me you don't already possess: my cunt! Then I will truly be your loving and devoted big-titted fuck-toy mommy in every possible way!"

He gulped at that, while his boner twitched some more in Suzanne's stroking hands. And when Susan put her hands on top of Suzanne's and helped her slip and slide them over his hot pole, he thought he'd shoot his load for sure. True, Susan's hands couldn't actually do much since Suzanne had gotten there first, but the mere fact that his hard-on was thoroughly covered by four female hands was so arousing that he thanked his lucky stars for his PC muscle control.

However, Susan added, "But I decided that it would be best to wait until when you come back from the scouting trip. I imagine you kind of figured out already that's how it should be, if we're going to do it right and not be rushed. And you being so upset about this thing with Glory confirms that now isn't the right time. We shouldn't have that cloud hanging over this joyous occasion."

As she spoke, she slowly shimmied out of her shorts and then tossed them aside. She still kept her T-shirt on though, because she knew how much he loved it.

"I'm sorry, Mom." He had pretty much come to that conclusion already. Nonetheless, he hung his head low, sad that he'd let her down.

Susan climbed up on his bed and lay on top of him, to further distract him from Glory, and also with the hopes that he'd fondle or lick her ass. She pretty much planted her bare ass in his face, but turned her torso toward his dick so she could reach it. "It's okay. Good things come to those who wait. Suzanne told me that studies show that ruminating is the worst thing a depressed person can do. You need a distraction. Isn't that right, Suzanne?"

Suzanne's hands were busy sliding up and down Alan's stiff dick. All grins, she replied, "It is. And I wonder what kind of distractions we can come up with around here."

Even Alan had to smile at that.

Susan added, "Besides, you need to get in the mood. You have other gorgeous babes to fuck today. For one thing, Akami will be expecting you soon. How is she going to get the proper sperm samples using her hands and mouth and pussy, what with the way you're carrying on and all?"

Suzanne jokingly added, "I think she's going to need at least two cum loads just to be on the safe side, if not three."

With a look to Susan, Suzanne removed her hands from his hard-on and let her best friend take over. Suzanne wanted her hands free to undress, because she didn't have any of her private parts on display while Susan had everything hanging out. Not only was Susan wearing the shirt that held up her incredible tits high and thrust them forward, but the shirt was all she wore (aside from her glasses and high heels, of course).

Alan groaned again as Susan leaned forward and her hands took over the stroking duties.

Susan added as she leaned in to lick the tip of his cock, "Mmmm. Then, when you come back from her office, I was hoping you could give the two of us and your two teen sex toys some wet and heavy facials. Bathe us in your loving, fertile seed! I have this vision of us saying goodbye to you with spermy cream streaming down our four faces. Mmmm!"

He just groaned erotically in response while he vividly pictured that image.

She added as she swirled her tongue around his cockhead, "I think we should take some photos of that, don't you?"

All he could do was groan again.

She paused in her story for some more prolonged licking. "Of course I doubt you'll have four loads left in you after Akami's cunt is done milking you, but I was thinking we could get into a naked line and you could spurt onto our faces all at once, shooting up and down the line. Mmmm... Or maybe you could do us two and two, if you can manage two loads."

He was floored by that, mostly because he knew that she really meant every word, and she was planning on how to make it happen. "MooooOOOOooooom! I'm trying to process what happened to Glory! How can I do that with the way you're jacking me off, licking me, and talking like that?" His hands explored Susan's ass cheeks as if they had a mind of their own.

Susan didn't answer, because she'd just engulfed his cockhead and was bobbing down to his sweet spot, using her favorite corkscrew technique. MMMM! So yummy! I love that, even now, I can barely fit it in my mouth!bender

He thought, I have to think about Glory! I can't get aroused now; that's like having a blowjob at a funeral. It's wrong! But his body didn't agree.

Suzanne asked him, "What am I, just chopped liver?" She'd just removed all her clothes and climbed back on his bed. Now she rubbed her soft orbs up against his upper arm while she nibbled on his ear.

He answered, "No. Of course not, Aunt Suzy. You're just as incredibly, delightfully, frustratingly distracting as Mom, but the point is still the same. I need to be alone and sit and think. This is serious!" He was already desperately clenching his PC muscle to prevent himself from cumming.

Susan pulled her lips off his cock so she could talk, but she continued enthusiastically pistoning both hands up and down it while also licking the tip some more. "You're just saying that. Son, you don't know yourself like we know you. You're such a kind, loving boy, and yet such a fucking, relentless sex stud too. Mmmm! With such a YUMMY cock! Mmmm... MMMM!"

His foxy mother got distracted with her licking and stroking for some long moments, especially when she engulfed his cockhead and resumed her bobbing. But just when it seemed she'd lost the thread of her explanation, she pulled her lips off with a satisfied smack, and continued, "If you were just the latter, Glory would feel used and drop you. If it was just the former, she'd probably say 'let's just be friends.' But the combination is absolutely unbeatable. There's no way she can say 'No.' Just give her time to come around." She concluded her comments with a concentrated "tongue attack" on his sweet spot.

He was forced to gasp for breath, especially since Suzanne was kissing his face at the same time. But he finally managed to say, "Mom, you're just saying that. You don't know her like I do. She's very independent. Very."

Susan took one hand off of his erection to wave in Suzanne's direction. Her one hand technique was possibly even more arousing than when she'd normally used two, because she used the five fingers technique Suzanne had taught her the day before. "Look at Suzanne. She's very independent. We've all heard the story by now about how you reduced Suzanne to her desperate crawl of insatiable fuck need. I'm very proud of you there, by the way. You've done the same to Xania without even a prolonged break-in time like you've had with your own auntie. Let's face it. No woman can resist you."

Susan's five fingers technique was working so well that she kept going with it and brought her other hand further down to fondle his balls. She also resumed licking his cockhead. "You just have a way about you that no woman can resist, and your cock... mmmm... so big... aaaah... so delicious!"

Alan's entire body was surging and tingling with arousal. Still, he protested, "But the incest! She can never abide by that. Never!"

Suzanne ignored his words and nodded in agreement with Susan. She cooed near his ear while licking his face, "Sweetie, it's really true. You're unstoppable. How did things go today at school with Heather? I'll bet you put her in her place with a good, hard FUCK!"

Suzanne still rubbed her heavy melons against him and caressed his chest, but she was slightly slipping from the goal of stimulating him because her other hand had wandered over to Susan's chest. She absentmindedly pulled at one of Susan's nipples. The ironic thing was that, although Suzanne was still opposed to Alan being with Heather, in the heat of the moment she'd truly hoped that he'd fucked Heather good and hard.

Alan couldn't help but confess, "Not exactly. Although... she did come up to me in a busy school hallway in her cute red cheerleader outfit and I gave her a fingerbang and ass fondle for a couple of minutes between classes."

Susan practically swooned. "Oh God! Jesus Christ my Lord! Suzanne, do you see what I mean? Do you see what I MEAN?! How can I NOT submit myself to my son's all-powerful cock?! It needs to be sucked so much!" She engulfed it all over again, and bobbed as far down as she could manage.

He couldn't help but groan quite loudly in response to that. Strangely, he felt like he might be able to hold off cumming for a long time, but the pleasure was so intense that he kept on squeezing his PC muscle anyway, just to be safe.

Susan still had her "hole-y" T-shirt on. She thought, This is just too exciting! I know Tiger loves this shirt, but I just HAVE to take it off! A true cocksucking expert HAS to suck with her big tits bouncing freely! She gleefully pulled her shirt over her head and resumed sucking with great vigor.

Suzanne was actually quite impressed about his exploits at school, but once again she felt obliged to play the role of the responsible one. She asked, "In the hallway? What about people seeing?"

"That was a problem," Alan admitted, "but six girls gathered 'round to create a human shield of sorts."

Susan pulled her hungry lips off his thickness again, because she had to shriek, "NOOOO! Too hot!" She panted breathlessly, "Suzanne, help! Cock in hand, son dicking girls at school, tongue on my cunt, six new pussies for the harem, oh, it's too much!" She immediately resumed bobbing down his sweet spot, while giving it a good licking inside her mouth as well.

Suzanne was tired of her responsible role. "Damn, that is pretty fuckin' hot," she admitted as she started panting too. "You gonna bone these other girls?"

Alan was panting hard, so he had to pause for air after nearly every word. He was distracted by Susan's wet and pungent pussy literally in his face, but he was determined to make himself understood. "No. They're all good looking, kind of like Heather clones, but no. I'd love to, but I'd rather be with the likes of you two. Seriously. And Mom, 'six new pussies for the harem' is way, way off, especially since I don't have a harem. I even turned one down later when she asked me for a date. And she was hot."

Just as he finished speaking, Susan shifted positions slightly, literally sitting on his face. He finally gave in and started licking the pussy that was planted right over his mouth.

"Oh, that's so sweet," Suzanne said, genuinely moved. "Between your relentless dick and your loving heart, trust me, Glory will be putty in your hands." She managed to get a hand on his boner, but she mostly just held it while Susan went to town on its upper half.

"That's not true," Alan complained between licks of his mother's pussy. Protest and resistance was becoming increasingly difficult while he was practically having an orgy with these two nymphomaniacal women. He actually had to speak up to be heard above all the passionate slurping. "Glory's different. Unlike you, Aunt Suzy, or Xania for that matter, she has old-fashioned values when it comes to this kind of thing. She absolutely abhors incest. You should have seen her face. It broke my heart!"

Susan was having the time of her life going to town on her son's stiffness. Currently, she was performing what she called the "Gusty Windmill." She would lick down his pole in circular swipes, then stop and swirl her tongue around and around in the other direction. She would change directions and progress up and down in unpredictable ways, like a windmill that could pivot to follow the strongest winds.

But she felt that, as important as slathering her son's dick with attention and love was, lessening his worries about Glory was even more important. She stopped her licking for a moment, and pointed out, "But Son, I was that way, but now I've changed. Look what you did to my old-fashioned values and my disgust of incest. Don't worry. Just shoot her with your sperm gun, and her resistance will crumble. That's the best way to secure her love."

Alan momentarily stopped licking and sighed. "But it's different, I'm telling you! I've been lucky and had some very special cases, very special women, around me. But I don't have that effect on everyone. Look at Akami. I've given her the full treatment, and she's still not all wowed."

Susan answered again while reverting to a simple handjob. "That's because you only have lust with her, not love too. With Glory you have both. I tell you, it's a lock with her. Just show her how much you love her. Not only that, but Akami has small breasts, so my Big Tits Theory doesn't hold for her. You can see from her tits that God didn't put her on this planet for your pleasure. Glory, on the other hand, has decent ones, though I don't know if they cross the threshold. So the big tits effect could go either way with her." She stared off into space, pondering the application of her theory.

"Mom! Your Big Tits Theory is absurd! Please don't mention it anymore right now because it gets me too horny. And you two have to stop what you're doing RIGHT NOW or I'm about to cum!" He grimaced and just managed to stave off blowing his load.

Susan finally stopped her dancing fingers, seeing that he needed a strategic break.

Susan and Suzanne sat back a bit and smiled at each other. Obviously their plan to stop him from feeling bad about the situation with Glory had worked like a charm.

Alan was so horny that he could barely think at all, much less ruminate about something sorrowful. In fact, even without touching him, Susan and Suzanne were so arousing just from the sight of their mouthwatering bodies and the memory of the sexy outfits they'd had on that he had to close his eyes for a few minutes while he tried to make sure he didn't accidentally shoot off.

Chapter 905 Getting Sucked And Titfucked At The Same Time

Alan kept his eyes closed during his rest, which led to a prolonged silence.

Susan and Suzanne backed off a bit more and wondered what he was thinking about.

In fact, he wasn't thinking about much at all, except trying to visualize extremely unarousing things so his dick, as well as his wildly beating heart, would calm down.

He eventually said, "Enough about my difficult day and my problems. What did you two do today?" As soon as the words left his mouth, he regretted asking the question because he remembered that their answer wouldn't be anything like a typical suburban housewives' answer.

Susan replied, "Thanks for asking. We had a busy day. Of course we had our usual morning exercises and nude sunbathing. We have to keep our bodies in tip-top shape for our man!" She paused and struck a sexy pose with both hands behind her head.

Suzanne saw that, and struck the exact same pose.

Alan just groaned helplessly. His boner still stood straight up.

Susan continued, while still keeping the pose, "But somehow we got so involved with vibrators and busy fingers that my ass was completely worn out even before noon! But then we were so excited that we spent most of the rest of the day naked. Suzanne played the role of you, my favorite son, and repeatedly banged my pussy with three fingers! That got me so HOT, thinking about how your dick is gonna be like TWELVE fingers, completely filling my mommy cunt! But then turnabout was fair play and I pretended I

was Amy and fucked her back just as good, sparing no holes at all! We did it everywhere. Upstairs, downstairs, inside, and out back. Luckily we took a nap just before you got home, or we wouldn't even be able to stand!"

Alan should have told her to stop as his hard-on was not getting any rest after that. He thought, Do these two ever do any work? All they do is sit around naked, exercise, tell sexy stories to each other, and play with dildos. Damn! I shouldn't think about that if I ever want to get my strategic break. I need to change the subject, and fast.

But curiosity got the best of him. He asked Suzanne, "Is that true? Did you really let Mom role-play as Amy?"

Suzanne, embarrassed by the admission, took her time coming up with an answer.

But before she was ready to speak, Susan burst back in with, "Oh! I almost forgot! I forgot to mention the news this morning that got us so excited and horny!"

With his eyes still closed, he said drolly, "What, the fact that the sun came up? Were you breathing? I noticed you tend to get horny pretty much whenever you're breathing."

She completely missed his humor. "Should I tell him or do you want to tell him, Suzanne?"

bender

Alan heard Suzanne say, "You should tell him. It's really your news."

"Oh. Right. Well, Tiger, I hope it doesn't come as a surprise to you, but I've been thinking more and more about divorcing Ron."

Alan opened his eyes at that. He could sense something big coming.

Susan stood up and started pacing around the room as she grew agitated. She clutched at his big breasts, simply to stop them from bouncing around too much as she moved. "You know all about how he's cheated on me, and with men, no less. But Suzanne's investigator has a new disturbing wrinkle: he sleeps with boys. Thank God they're teenagers at least, but still. It's outrageous! And criminal! I hope you're not too upset. I mean, he is, or maybe I should say he was, your father. He never tried to do anything with you, did he? Be honest. It's very important."

Alan was surprised at the news about teenage boys, but not all that surprised. He felt his penis go flaccid as he thought about that. "No, he never did. You gave me so many warnings about molesters that I don't think I would have stayed quiet, and I think it would have showed in my personality somehow. No. In fact, now that I look back, he seemed very careful not to hug me or be overly familiar with roughhousing and tickling and that kind of thing. I'm grateful for that. However, I do remember him eyeing some of my friends kind of strangely. So I'm not really surprised that his sexual focus is pretty much the exact opposite of a voluptuous, mature woman. I mean, how could he have one of the hottest and most lovable wives on the planet and not be fucking her every fifteen minutes?"

Susan smiled. She walked up to his bedside and squeezed his hand. "Oh thank God! That's such a relief. You know what? It didn't surprise me that much either. And you have such a flattering tongue. I expect you to keep to that fifteen minutes promise from now on."

"Mom! It's not a promise. I was just saying..." He looked at her standing there in just her high heels, with Suzanne standing bare naked in heels as well a few feet away, and he felt his dick start to rise again.

His mother giggled, and he found himself laughing along. "I know, Tiger. I'm just giving you a hard time. Now comes the good part. With this evidence, he should agree to an immediate and very favorable divorce. Suzanne thinks he'll hand over the house and just about everything, because he won't want any of that secret sex life to become known to his family, especially his parents. We may never even have to see him again if we don't want to. It seems he's extremely happy there in Thailand. We want to get this thing completely settled in a matter of days, just in case he gets the sense to get an investigator to pry into us."

Alan joked, "He's gonna have to get in line, then. I'm very busy prying into you."

"You are, and you will," Susan said cheerfully as she sat back down on the edge of the bed. "Over and over. You're especially going to be prying in that one special hole that'll make you a true motherfucker. When I think about what you're going to do to me, I'm so--"

Suzanne coughed, loudly and intentionally.

Susan realized she was getting off track, and refocused. "And with a good settlement, that means I'll be able to keep the house and continue to live the life I've been living for at least a few more years. I hope that means my days will be filled with son-fucking and son-sucking. What really excites me is that, after the divorce, there can be no doubt about my total devotion to you! I'll belong to you and you alone... heart, body, and soul." She beamed with joy.

She added, "Suzanne's so happy about the whole thing that today she hired the same investigator to look into Eric."

Suzanne realized with a start that she was standing with her hands behind her back and her legs spread wide, almost like she was some kind of soldier on parade, but a soldier in some kind of fantastical naked sex army.

She walked up to Alan and sat right next to where Susan was sitting. She clarified, "But I don't expect to find anything really scandalous. Let's not talk about that. Susan said that she's giving you a hard time, but I don't see you having a hard time at all." She nodded significantly at his lap.

"Oh! Right!" Susan was reminded of Alan's dick, which in fact was semi-flaccid at the moment. She pointed at it. "Suzanne, we need to do something about this."

Susan and Suzanne both reached for his erection with their hands at the same time. Their hands crashed in mid-air, which caused everyone to laugh. But four hands ended up on his boner even before the laughter was over.

It had been getting soft after this serious news, but it resumed its full hardness almost instantly, because Alan knew what great pleasures awaited him when the two women teamed up.

Susan asked her son, while her hands her struggling with Suzanne's for the best cock stroking real estate, "So isn't that good news about the divorce? That's why Suzanne and I were bouncing around like sex bunnies all over the house today."

Suzanne joked, "Not like we would have been doing that anyway. We probably would have played bridge or something."

Then, hoping that Susan was distracted with talking, Suzanne got down on the floor and swung Alan's legs off the side of the bed so she could get in between them for some cocksucking.

But Susan moved fast too. Not only did she start licking him around his cockhead, both of her hands were vigorously flying up and down the rest of prick, making satisfying slurping sounds with every pass, and it was downright dangerous for Suzanne to get within range of them. Suzanne had to resign herself to sucking his balls for a while instead.

Alan could scarcely believe that Susan was stroking and licking his boner while Suzanne was slurping on his balls. Even though they'd shared like this before, each time it happened made him feel like he'd just won a gold medal at the Olympics.

He just sighed with contentment while he luxuriated in the pleasure of having the two MILFs team up on his genitals.

But after a minute or two, Susan asked between licks, "So, what do you think?"

"Hot damn! It feels so good! So, so insanely good!"

Susan giggled. "No, about divorcing Ron."

"Oh. That is good news," he agreed. "Really good news."

Susan spoke enthusiastically while still licking, "I just get so excited thinking about how you're going to be the SOLE man of the house! No one will ever bother or interrupt us again. It'll just be you and your harem of big-titted beauties in the house, serving your cock 24 hours a day. Isn't that exciting?!"

He repeatedly winced, because the combination of Susan's words and Susan's and Suzanne's hand and tongue work was pushing him dangerously close to climax. However, he was getting remarkably good at talking through very erotic acts, as was everyone in the house. "That takes one big load off my mind.

Maybe this whole thing won't end in utter disaster after all. Though, given what happened today with Glory..."

He suddenly frowned. The reminder of Glory threatened to drop him back into a pit of despair, and it caused him start to lose his erection again too. He stood up and tried to push his way free of his naked beauties.

Susan got up too and stopped him with a hug. Once she was confident he wasn't going anywhere, she reached down and held his penis, only to feel it wilting in her hands. She immediately said something to steal back his attention. "Isn't it interesting that Suzanne had me role-play as Amy today? I find that very interesting. Don't you? Of course, it wasn't much of a stretch for me to play her, since her body is filling out so nicely lately. Have you seen how big her tits have grown? And you should have seen the things Suzanne did to me when she pretended to be you. She kept my vagina constantly filled with her fingers, but from now on I consider stuffing my cunt to be your job. I guess it'll be up to you to satisfy Mommy down there. Mommy's pussy is going to be stretched out with thick son-cock!"

While Susan was talking, Suzanne got on her knees and resumed sucking on his balls. She would have bobbed on his newly reengorged pole, except that Susan's hands were already busy stroking it.

"Um, uh, yeah." Alan was having a much harder time talking now, because the erotic pleasure he was feeling was simply out of this world. He wasn't even sure what he was agreeing to. Needless to say, he temporarily forgot about his sorrow over Glory.

Susan spoke while her fingers worked their magic, slipping and sliding up and down his stiff pole.

"Funnily enough, Suzanne and I were prepping for this very situation just a few hours ago. We were practicing on a life-like dildo, trying to figure out how to master the sharing thing, because we decided that sharing is caring. Don't you agree?"

"Um..." His ability to talk during sexual pleasure had its limits. He actually curled his toes, even though he was standing up.

Susan gaily continued, "One thing we agreed on was to keep up a 'triple attack' whenever possible: hands or mouth on the cock, balls, and asshole at all times. That's just absolutely ESSENTIAL to proper cock maintenance; don't you agree, Suzanne?"

"Mmmm hmmm." Suzanne didn't say more since she'd just stuffed all of one of Alan's balls in her mouth.

The two mothers were implementing their "triple attack" plan right now. Susan concentrated on his cock with two hands, and sometimes her tongue or lips, while Suzanne not only sucked on his balls, but also sawed at his asshole.

Alan was surprised at how much of a difference the ball sucking made, not to mention the anal poking. It was a testament to his growing stamina that he wasn't spewing his load already. At times, his entire body tingled and surged so much that all he could do was close his eyes, clench his teeth, and hang on for dear life.

Still trying to divert Alan from thinking about Glory, Susan hastily added, "By the way, Tiger, you'll be glad to know your hiking pack is all packed, just the way you like it. That'll leave us more time to have fun. What do you think we should do with all that time, hmmm?" She giggled with glee.

Despite his thumping heart, he managed to say, "That's great, Mom, thanks a lot. I love both of you guys so much." He winced again, because one of Susan's hands was concentrating on the sweet spot just below his cockhead, and his PC muscle control could barely handle the reaction that caused in him.

Suzanne momentarily stopped her sucking on his scrotum to joke, "Susan, looks like we're not doing a good enough job here, because the poor boy still can't figure out if we're men or women." She liked to make fun of his occasional habit to call people "guys" regardless of gender. "I think we need to remind him that we have tits. And not just any tits, but his favorite kind."

Susan exclaimed, "BIG tits! What a great idea! Let's use our tits to take his pleasure to a higher level!" She got out of the way and pushed Alan forward so he found himself forced to sit on the edge of the bed.

Alan found himself thinking, There's a higher level than this? Nah. Not possible!

Suzanne, still on her knees, scooted forward so she was in titfuck position. She thrust out her weighty tits, cupped them, and stuck Alan's long pole in between them.

But before she could start, he practically screamed, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute!"

Susan helpfully explained to Suzanne, "Time for another strategic break."

"I gathered," Suzanne said with some chagrin, because that was so obvious.

The three of them rested for a minute or two. Alan's dick remained encased in Suzanne's soft orbs, but she mercifully refrained from any kind of movement.

He thought, God, I'm so blessed! I'm not a religious guy, but I can't help but think someone up there must love me. Both Mom and Aunt Suzy can hardly wait to titfuck me! How am I supposed to ever calm down for that?!

As they waited, a very energized Susan said excitedly, "Boy, I sure do love titfucks! Even though it's not my turn, I love just seeing how your hot cock is completely swallowed up by Suzanne's titty bounty. The only problem with titfucks is that it's hard to share. And Suzanne and I are going to be doing a LOT of sharing of your cock from now on!"

Suzanne knew they could have done a double titfuck, but she wasn't keen on sharing at the moment, since Susan had been monopolizing most of Alan's boner for quite a few minutes now. However, to help Susan feel more involved, she said, "Here's one way to share." While keeping Alan's dick loosely between her huge globes, she reached out to Susan's pussy and started fingering it.

Susan clenched her legs, and gasped. "Oooh! That feels... If you keep that up, I'm going to cum!"

But Suzanne immediately stopped, and brought her wet fingers back to her chest. "See?" As she wiped Susan's pussy juices in her own cleavage, she explained, "I could use some lubrication. And this way, he'll kind of be fucking my tits and your cunt at the same time."

"Oh my goodness!" Susan exclaimed. "What a great idea!" She was even happier when Suzanne brought a hand back to "collect" more lubrication.

Suzanne continued fingering Susan and bringing her copious wetness back to her rack until Susan had an orgasm. However, it wasn't a particularly powerful one, so she was able to remain standing.

Then, Suzanne couldn't hide her own eagerness as she asked, "What do you say, Sweetie? Are you ready yet?"

He thought, Are you kidding me?! I'm supposed to have recovered with all that going on? Dang. I should have closed my eyes at least. But I guess I'm no longer in imminent danger of a cum blast. Besides, I'm too worked up to wait! He nodded his head.

Susan moved in so she was facing Alan, but leaning to the side so Suzanne would have room. This allowed her to drag her bare globes up and down his chest as she kept up the tit talk. "Yes, Tiger, your favorite kind: big, soft, squeezable ones! 38Gs. Don't you like G-cups, or would you prefer them larger?" She was thinking about the possibility of her breasts growing larger if she started lactating.

"No, Mom, your 38Gs are perfect!"

Alan was being diplomatic and didn't realize Susan actually would have liked a "larger" answer due to her lactation plans, but his answer worked just as well for the endlessly horny mother. "Oh goody! Tiger, maybe you should call us your cocksucking, titfucking, G-cupped, milky mommies."

By this time, Suzanne was not only sliding her tits up and down either side of Alan's pole, but she began licking his cockhead too. Since her tongue was so very long, she could manage a lot of licking despite the fact that his dick was moving around a little bit, thanks to the way she was keeping her tits in constant motion.

Several wonderful minutes passed. Then, even though Suzanne had taken control of Alan's pole to the point where it could hardly be seen in her deep cleavage, Susan dropped down, keen to get in on the action. But Suzanne didn't want to give up her titfucking yet, so Susan's face just hovered nearby for now. After another minute or so of waiting, she tilted her head and managed to lick some drops of pre-cum off the tip of his bulbous cockhead.

Suzanne could see how eager Susan was, so she stopped her loving licking, at least. That allowed her to say something on her mind. "Sweetie, speaking of milky mommies, I think Susan would like it better if

you called her 'Mommy' sometimes. Especially when she's naked. She'd really, really like you to use that word. A lot."

Susan blushed. Her rosy face left no doubt that she emphatically agreed.

"Oh, really?" Alan asked, very turned on by that tidbit, and Susan's revealingly cute reaction. "Okay. I should have figured that out already. Sometimes I'm a bit thick. Thanks a lot for the tip, Aunt Suzy."

Suzanne teased, "You are thick. And long, too. And I also like tips." Her fingers briefly tickled and danced up a stretch of dick not sandwiched by her boobs to help point out what she meant.

Alan's eyes locked on Susan's. "And thank you, Mommy, for being such a lovely cocksucker."

Susan actually felt chills down her spine when he said "Mommy." She looked at Suzanne pleadingly. "Can I? Please?!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes, but she chuckled mirthfully too. She knew exactly what Susan wanted. "Sure. Just as long as you don't get in my way."

"Thank you!" Susan immediately bent over and started licking the part of Alan's cockhead that was poking out through the top of Suzanne's cleavage. Her usual "Mmmm" noises showed how much fun she was having.

Susan said between more licking, "Best. Son. Ever!"

She was so inspired by the "Mommy" comment that she managed to bob down to his sweet spot, despite the fact that Suzanne was titfucking him at the same time. At times, her lips actually reached all the way to Suzanne's skin, leaving literally every last inch of his boner either in Susan's mouth or in Suzanne's cleavage.

He thought, Holy shit! I'm getting sucked and titfucked from different women at the SAME TIME! I didn't even know that was possible. Why have I never seen porn showing this? This is AWESOME! Feels soooo fuckin' good!

Out of the blue, Suzanne said to him, "And... by the way... it's better if you call me Aunt Suzy more often, in the same situations." Surprisingly, she even blushed a bit herself.

Alan liked that too. Too cute! I love it when Suzanne gets all cute and shy, not that it happens much. Plus, it's interesting that she wants to be family, so we can make hot, incestuous love. That's not a bad idea, since she's basically family anyways. I'll have to think about that.

After a minute or so, Susan pulled her lips off his cockhead with a satisfying smacking sound, because she knew this was Suzanne's titfucking time and she didn't want to be a cock hog.

Alan breathed a sigh of relief. It had been a close thing, and he desperately needed a break.

His eyes went wide, because before he could even count to three, Suzanne tilted her head downward and licked all the way down to his sweet spot with her exceedingly long tongue, even while the vast majority of his shaft was out of sight, still buried deep in her cleavage. He was always amazed at the length of her tongue, especially when compared to Susan's ordinary sized one.

As if that wasn't enough mind-blowing stimulation, Susan joined in Suzanne's cockhead licking effort. In fact, for a few moments, their tongues were pressed together, working on his most sensitive spot.

He exclaimed, "Wow, you two have me so hot! I can't believe how kind and loving you both are. I just ask for anything, and you're always there for me!"

Susan sat up. She figured she'd leave his dick to Suzanne for a while, since it was obvious their tag team effort was overstimulating him. She chided him, "Now you know you should never ask me for anything, at least sexual. Just demand it! We're your personal nympho helpers, and we can't say no. I'm always ready to help, no matter how tired. If I'm asleep even, just wake me up. Tell us to drop to our knees and SUCK! Order us about any way you like. Isn't that right, Suzanne?"

Suzanne surprised herself by saying, "Yeah. I don't mind saying that I'm your sexual helper. Nympho is a good word. So the same goes for your Auntie. I'm always happy to help you." She also sat up as she said that, because she knew that even her licking or titfucking alone would probably push him over the edge. He needed a complete break. (Although she did keep her fingers wrapped around his shaft, if only to make sure Susan didn't go wild over it during the break time.)

Alan noticed that Suzanne's use of language was very different than Susan's, even if the end result of limitless help was still the same. "Nympho" was an uncommon term, but one that everyone could agree on and like. Suzanne had her moments of submissiveness, but she normally resisted terms like "slut," "sex slave," "fuck toy," and "harem girl."

Suzanne thought, This is NOT how I thought my plans would work out. The problem is, I love him too much, and my libido is too strong. I want to maintain control here, but the fact is, if he calls, I'm gonna come running, and it's useless to deny it. And if I play hard to get, then I'll just lose out to the others. Damn. But I'm so horny and having so much fun, that... fuck it! I'm gonna revel in the special thing we've got going on, and screw pride.

Suzanne switched to a Southern drawl, "Wouldn't you like to explore my outfit? I know you like these here rags 'cos they're made 'specially fer cocksuckin'."

He laughed. "I'd love to explore your outfit, except that you're not wearing one. You're buck naked!"

Suzanne looked down and giggled, her huge naked breasts jiggling with every little movement. She'd had a vague idea that she was at least wearing something. But then she remembered her feet, and pointed out in her normal voice with some indignation, "Now wait a minute. That's not true. I am wearing high heels."

Susan looked at her own feet and giggled. "I've got 'em on, too! Would you look at that? We even wear them in bed. That's how it should be for all of Alan's women. He doesn't want us barefoot and pregnant; he wants us high heeled, topless, and well fucked!"

Suzanne laughed. "I could think of worse fates."

Susan was momentarily diverted from her normal single-minded focus on pleasing Alan's cock, if only because they were in the middle of a short break anyway. She squatted next to his bed and touched her high heels. She made sure to do it far enough from the edge of the bed that he'd get a full view of her body. "What do you think, Suzanne? How do you like these? They're new."

Susan had gotten to be quite a high heel connoisseur lately, since she often wore little to nothing else. Just looking at any pair of high heels tended to get her aroused, since she'd come to associate them with

sex with her son. She let out a sensuous "Mmmm" as she ran her hands over what little leather the heels had.

Even though it was supposed to be break time, Suzanne couldn't resist tempting and arousing Alan, and using the sight of Susan to do it. In no small part it was because she was so aroused and inspired by Susan's pose herself.

She purred as she began furtively jacking him off, "Look, Sweetie! Look at your mother! Are you a lucky son of a gun or what? What a waste it was, when Susan was just a suburban housewife, and a severely underfucked one at that. But all's well that ends well, because she's discovered her true calling: serving your cock!"

Susan remained squatting, but she spread her knees wide, proudly showing off her wet pussy. She said, "It's true, Son, it's so true! Tiger, I love you so much! Every day, I thank the Lord that he blessed me with this body, because now I can express my love for you physically. Suzanne, I remember way back when, shortly after Tiger's diagnosis, you told me cum is like liquid love. Truer words were never spoken. A blowjob is so much more to me than merely a mutually pleasurable physical act - it's an expression of love! And soon I'll be able to show my love with my pussy too. My mommy pussy! You're going to be a true motherfucker!"

Suzanne had started furtively jacking Alan off, because this was still break time and she knew that she wasn't supposed to be doing that yet. But she was so inspired by Susan's words, not to mention her own, that she wantonly slid her fingers from the base of his shaft to the top of his cockhead and back down again, slowly, rhythmically, and over and over again, making a good show of it for Susan's point of view.

At the same time, she said, "Did you hear that, Sweetie? You, a true motherfucker! And an auntie fucker. And sister fucker. And cousin fucker. We love you! And we love you when you fuck us. You make us feel so extremely good that we go to great lengths to make your great length feel extremely good."

Suzanne took advantage of the fact that Susan was still squatting next to the bed to take undisputed control over all of Alan's cock. Suzanne immediately resumed her titfuck while she also breathed and licked on the tip with her extraordinarily long tongue.

Alan thought, SHIT! Anaconda tongue attack! Again! Damn! So fuckin' INTENSE! And the titfucking too! And Mom looking hot! I can't take any more. I'm gonna blow! Man, have they taken my thoughts off Glory, and how!

He would have blown his load right then too, except that his incidental mention of Glory's name brought her back into his thoughts and cooled his ardor just enough to stave off a cum explosion.

Susan was still squatting, lightly bouncing her whole body up and down as she caressed her heels. "How do you like 'em, Tiger?" She was supposedly talking about the heels, but she spread her legs even wider, displayed her pussy ever more blatantly. She was dying to get fucked by her son, NOW!

Alan answered in an increasingly ragged voice, "Mom, I don't know much about shoes; I just know you look super hot right now! God, you're so fuckin' HOT!" He was so far gone that it was an accomplishment to say anything at all. Even though Susan wasn't touching him in any way, Suzanne was making up for it with her dual titfuck/blowjob attack.

But even in mind-blowingly distracting times such as this, Alan remained a suave diplomat. He looked at his shaft sliding through Suzanne's rack and said, "And you too, Aunt Suzy! Jesus!" With her neck extended all the way down, she was able to reach his sweet spot with the tip of her tongue, and she was taking full advantage of that fact. He simply couldn't believe how good everything felt. The sweat was dripping down his forehead and his heart was racing.

Susan stood up and started walking away.

He was a bit puzzled, not to mention hurt, that Susan would leave at a time like this, but the mystery was solved when she headed to the bathroom. However, he appreciated the fact that even in going to the bathroom she sashayed away in an extremely arousing fashion, and then paused at the door and gave him a friendly wave. She told Suzanne, "Keep him stiff and throbbing with pleasure until I get back. I have big slurpy plans for that thing!"

Suzanne chuckled. "That goes without saying!"

She took advantage of the fact that she truly had his full attention, at least for a minute or two. She resumed her Southern drawl, and said to Alan while working the titfuck, "Hey there, partner, as far as outfits go, you just gotta use that imaginary-ation-omy, or whatever them city slickers call it. I ain't too good with them big words, seein's how it was hard to hear the teacher when there was always a cock in my mouth and them balls a-slappin' on my chin. They put me in the gifted class, which was for all the best cocksuckers."

As if to prove she was the best cocksucker around, she licked down to his sweet spot again, and also poked a fingertip into his anus, even while she somehow kept a tight titfuck going (she used her upper arms to keep her hefty melons pressed together).

It felt so good that he nearly screamed. His heart was racing fast and sweat poured down his face, even though he was hardly moving.

Suzanne just smiled, seeing the sweaty, desperate look on his face. She kept on talking and licking at the same time. "They gave us 'specially comfy fuckin' beds instead-a them normal chair thingies! But y'all gotta reckon that if I'd been wearin' a stitch of clothing, not that I really know what that's like, but supposin' that I was... Well, they did make me wear them handcuffs and ankle cuffs all the time, seein's how I's always thrashin' about from a good dickin' in the front of class..."

He moaned with desperate need.

She pretended to be confused by his erotic noises. "What is it, Sweetie? Is it that you want to rape your Aunt Suzy? I reckon she could use a good rapin'." She slid her tits up and down on either side of his dick just some more while she lashed the top of his cockhead with her freakishly long tongue.

However, even that wasn't enough. Suzanne knew he was perilously close to cumming, but she couldn't help herself: she engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing on it. She couldn't keep up the titfuck like before, but she somehow managed to keep a good portion of his shaft encased in her soft tit-pillows.

He screamed to himself, Oh man! Too much! Too fucking great! The strain of trying to hold back his orgasm was taking a toll on him, and he felt like his heart was going to give out from all the strain. But in the process, he'd completely forgotten about his problems with Glory. He'd even forgotten the latest news about Ron. And that had been the goal, to help him forget his worries. (Not to mention that it was great fun for everyone involved!)

Susan came back in the room and quickly realized that her son would be cumming soon.

Suzanne apologetically told her, "Sorry! Things somehow got out of hand. He's almost there!"

Susan hastily crawled up on the bed so she could help out in the end. While she was in the bathroom, she'd taken the time to lube up her finger. She said, "Quick, Tiger, stand up so I can get at your anus!"

Luckily, he was near the edge of the bed. He stood up, while Suzanne also repositioned.

Susan knelt behind him. She immediately plunged a finger up Alan's anus. She didn't just probe a little bit like Suzanne had just done; instead she pushed her finger in deep so she could massage his prostate.

That was the final straw for Alan. He suddenly cried out. "Aaaaah! JAAAIIRRRR! YAAAAIIIIII!" He didn't even know what he was trying to say, if anything, but that's what came out.

Susan and Suzanne both knew that he'd passed the point of no return, so there was no use in trying to hold back. Instead, they went all out, striving to make his orgasm as pleasurable as possible.

Suzanne had been sucking on the top inch or so of his cockhead, so when his cum started to fire, it blasted to the back of her throat like a supersonic rocket ship. And the blasts kept on coming and coming. She had to swallow all she could as quickly as possible in a frantic effort to stop his precious seed from spilling out of her mouth. But she was only partially successful, and streams of cum dribbled down her chin while she tried to ride out the cum explosion.

Susan's finger was still impaled in his ass, as she kept on pumping it, knowing that would take his orgasm to another level. She thought, Cum, Son. Cum! Cum hard for your mommy! I love it so much when you shoot your spermy love!

If he'd never understood what people meant when they talked about seeing stars during an intense experience, he understood now. It was a near thing that he didn't pass out altogether.

He spasmodically jerked forward, because his body was no longer entirely under his control. But just as quickly, he fell backwards onto his bed.

Suzanne joked, "Sweetie, what the heck does 'jair yai' mean? Is that some kind of pirate thing?" She spoke in a mock pirate voice, "Yarr! Shiver me timbers. Jair yai!" She laughed at her own comments.

Susan didn't laugh though, because she only had eyes for the cum dripping down Suzanne's chin. She asked Suzanne shyly, "Could I help you clean up... with my tongue?"

Suzanne was flying high, so she gaily laughed at that too. "Sure thing. It's the least I can do, since I was being a bit of a cock hog. I shouldn't have made him cum while you were out of the room."

Susan didn't have anything to say to that though, because she was in her own erotic nirvana, licking Suzanne's skin.

He kept his eyes shut tight because he couldn't take any more visual stimulation. Oh man! I can't look; I know what I'll see. Even so, I can hear the lapping sound, like a cat at a milk bowl. Mom is consuming my cum, straight off Aunt Suzy's face! It's too much!

He needed to shut down for a while.

Chapter 906 Alan X Susan X Suzanne

Alan just panted and recovered with his eyes closed for some minutes. He thought about Glory, but he wasn't as nearly pained about it, if for no other reason that his entire body was still pulsing with extreme pleasure. He'd reach such a high orgasmic peak that even the afterglow was a wonderful and seemingly endless buzz of arousal throughout his body.

In fact, he felt so good that it made him feel guilty. I'm sorry Glory, I really feel bad getting excited when I should be crying, but I'm helpless in the face of these naked perfect-ten nymphos. No, beyond ten. They break the scale! It's not just that they look so incredible; they work as a team to make me feel better than any human being probably has ever felt, ever! Jesus! Sure feels like it, at least. If they want me to do something, I can't stop them.

Dammit, that just makes me feel even more guilty. I should be lusting after Glory, if I'm gonna be lusting. I need to think of something disgusting. But I can't. I'm still too hyped up!

Susan and Suzanne were still panting too, even after resting for a while.

He paid close attention to their breathing, because he found it arousing to hear just how worked up they'd both gotten. But as he listened closely, he heard their panting subside and then Susan whisper, "I have just the idea to really get his balls boiling!"

He thought, Oh no! Not again. Haven't they drained me dry already? He sensed the state of his body and was surprised to realize that he could get erect again quite easily if he wanted to. Even though that orgasm had wiped him out, he was somehow still tingling with energy and anticipation. He knew that the mere thought of more fun with his two favorite MILFs would have probably been enough to make his dick stand up and salute.

He couldn't hear Suzanne's response, but then Susan said, "You stay here and hold the fort, and I'll be right back."

Suzanne whispered back mirthfully, "And can I hold the cock too?"

There was muffled giggling, but then Susan said, "If he opens his eyes, then of course. But let him rest if he needs it, okay? The poor boy has had a tough day."

Then there was nothing but silence for a good two minutes or more. He was very grateful to get a genuine break.

He heard some more whispering and he knew that Susan was back in the room. He started to stir, letting them know he was about to open his eyes.

That set off more giggles and muffled whispers.

He finally opened his eye and looked up from where he'd been laying. He immediately closed his eyes again, because Susan was simply too arousing to look at. Damn! I should have known better than to look.

Susan heard him gasp but didn't know he'd closed his eyes again because her back was turned to him. She wanted to give him a view of her ass. She purred, "Master, do you like your harem Mommy?"

"Gah!" He opened his eyes again because he couldn't resist looking. His mother was decked out in a colorful and expensive harem girl outfit. Her arms and hips and legs were covered, but everything else was bare. She had her back to him, showing off her spectacular and almost entirely exposed ass.

"Gah?" Susan asked, suddenly worried. She turned her head around to look at him while keeping her ass on display.

Suzanne chuckled.

Alan looked Suzanne's way, half-hoping to see her in a harem outfit too, but she was still as buck naked as ever. She was letting Susan bask in the spotlight of Alan's attention for a while.

And Susan certainly basked. She stretched and preened, justifiably proud of her hard body.

Suzanne sat on the bed near Alan, and said, "Susan, let me translate. 'Gah' means I'm so aroused that I'm unable to talk. Isn't that right, Sweetie?"

"Gah!" Alan said, more purposefully this time.

That cracked all three of them up.

Susan joked, "I think that's from the same language as 'jair yai.'"

Suzanne joked back, "Yes, he's starting to speak fluent orgasmish."

Susan was very pleased to see her son's dick pointing straight up in the air. For one thing, it meant that her outfit had been a smashing success, since neither of them had touched his penis since his climax. And for another, it meant they'd be able to have another long round of sexual fun.

She continued to preen and pose. This is so exciting! I know these are just clothes, but they make me feel like Tiger really is my master, and I'm one of his big-titted harem slaves! Soon, he's going to FUCK

me, then I'll be that much more enslaved to his magnificent cock! Thank You, Lord, for making me the happiest mommy on Earth!

She turned to face him, showing off her front side and confirming for him that her outfit completely failed to cover her tits or pussy. "Tiger, you like? I'm so glad! Angel was telling me earlier that you had a dream last night about being the master of a big harem. I think that's the greatest! How can your harem slave mommy serve you?"

Alan wanted to tell her that he didn't have a harem and especially that she wasn't a slave, but his heart wasn't in it. He saw pure joy in his mother's eyes and didn't want to disappoint her. So instead he tried to change the topic, at least for a little bit while his heart still recovered from an orgasm that seemingly almost killed him. "Mom, you're so awesome. I love you. But when do I have to go to Akami's? Isn't it around now?"

Susan answered, "You can go to her at any time. It's past four, and I told her that you needed to be flexible due to your trip. So you can show up any time between four and five."

"Jesus! It's past four already? There's so much to do before the van gets here, and it's coming in just a couple of hours! Let's go!" He attempted to rise.

But Susan put her hand on his chest, stopping him from getting all the way up.

He ended up sitting on the edge of his bed instead.

Susan brought a hand to his face and caressed it. "Now hold on a minute. We've been working so hard here. Don't you think we deserve a little reward? Or should I say, not so little reward?"

He pointed out, "I just came down Aunt Suzanne's throat."

"I know. But what about your poor mommy? I'd love to have a big ol' lake of sperm in my tummy. Speaking of which, I noticed that your cum loads have been getting so bountiful lately. I'm so proud of you."

Alan laughed, and then looked down at his rampant erection. "By the way, Mom, I did pretty well on my three tests today. I also got my big twenty page paper turned in. These are the kind of things mothers are normally proud about."

Suzanne laughed, seeing his point. "That's good, Sweetie, but if you really want to make your mommy and your Aunt Suzy proud, we'd like to see six ounce cum loads."

"Six? That's impossible! What's the average? Isn't it two?"

Susan dropped to the floor right in front of her son, kneeling before his dick almost as if she was worshipping it.

Suzanne also dropped to the floor and knelt right next to her, since Alan was sitting on the edge of his bed. She held his erection and resumed stroking it, more as a gesture of love and admiration than an attempt to arouse. Her mouth was in close range, so she also lightly blew on it as well. "Sweetie, with you we don't expect the average with anything."

She paused to puff air. "Six ounces may sound like a lot, but I think you've been getting close to four recently." She puffed on it some more. "You're already about double what I was used to when I slept around." She blew on it again, sending shivers down his spine. "In the past few days you've been especially potent. Don't you think so, Susan?"

"Definitely! Thanks in no small part, Suzanne, to the sperm boosting foods you've been having me buy. No, wait, I have a better answer: I don't know. Let's find out!" Susan was already busy fondling his balls, since Suzanne had taken charge of the rest.

Suzanne looked up from her spot on the floor right next to Susan. She winked at Alan and asked him, "And how exactly do we do that? It would be great to find another cum load, but where would we find such a thing?" She blew on exactly all the most arousing spots at the top of his cock, one after another.

Alan laughed, and then said to Suzanne, "I don't know, but if you keep your talking as breathy as that, I have a feeling we're going to find out soon!"

Suzanne thought, Okay, if he doesn't want me to breathe like that, then I'll just have to do this! Hee-hee-hee! She scooted forward and took most of Alan's rod in her mouth.

Sitting up on her heels with her chest thrust forward, Susan said, "Suck it, Aunt Suzy! Suck it! Tiger, the master of our harem, demands it!"

Suzanne thought, I don't know if I really like all this "master" and "harem" talk. On the other hand, I basically created this monster by encouraging Susan's wildest fantasies at every opportunity. I really should say something to at least rein her in a bit. But... later. Right now, this just feels so nice and tastes really good. I love teasing the underside of his shaft with fluttery tongue moves... Mmmm. Yum! And reining Susan in makes me think of having her on a leash. Hot! ... Mmmm. I should, too. That would be fun... Mmmm... I love slathering his cock with my long tongue. I could do this all day!

But then Susan nudged Suzanne's shoulder, hard. "Okay, my turn!"

Suzanne pulled her lips off and handed over Alan's stiffness.

Seconds later, Susan's lips were bobbing over Alan's sweet spot, using tremendous suction. She also did her patented corkscrew move, and let out a non-stop series of sexy "Mmmm!" moans. Susan let Suzanne continue to hold and stroke the majority of his shaft, though.

The horny mother thought, Aaaaah! Bliss! I missed out earlier, but I'm getting my time now. Nothing beats a good long cocksuck, with my mouth completely filled with my son's thick cock-meat! I wonder if getting fucked by him will be even BETTER than this?! It's hard to believe such a thing is possible. But then again, it's pretty incredible when he fucks my ass too. And titfucks are divine. Heck, I love it all!

MMMM! That's it, Son! Fuck your mommy's mouth! You want more suction? Here it comes! And more corkscrew action, in the opposite direction. MMMM! I could do this all day. And it's even BETTER with Suzanne stroking his cock, because I can fully luxuriate in sliding lips and tongue-dancing fun!

A minute later, Suzanne gave Susan a nudge, and took over (giving Susan the consolation prize of playing with his shaft and balls, since Susan had just done the same for her). She too bobbed in the same way, even using corkscrew motions as well. The big difference was that she could do more with her long tongue inside her mouth.

Alan gritted his teeth. Jesus fucking Christ! They're gonna kill me with too much stimulation! Is it possible to die from an awesome double blowjob? My heart is racing too fast!

As Susan watched Suzanne's mass of curly reddish-brown hair bobbing back and forth in Alan's lap, she hefted his balls up and down, and said, "Son, let's hear some more about this dream of yours, and how we can make it a reality."

Somehow, he managed to speak coherently. "Mom, we'd better not. This is well on the way to being one of my most memorable sexual experiences, so let's not end it just yet. I'm having a blast, but since I just came a little while ago, hopefully it'll take time before I'm ready to have a real blast, if you know what I mean."

Susan cooed, while pumping a fist up and down his long shaft, "Mmmm. I do! We're gonna suck and stroke you for such a long, long time. And then... A cum shower. Hose down your naughty harem mommy and then give her a firm spanking and then a firm-

"Wait, Mom! Please cool it for a minute, okay? No more harem references today, please. And Aunt Suzy, please! Not with the tongue tickling. I can't handle that!" He was referring to the seemingly impossible things Suzanne was doing with her tongue inside her mouth. Amongst other things, she could practically jack him off with it, curling most of the way around his thickness like a pinky finger.

After recovering some of his breath, he suggested, "What if you guys just rub me really slow and gentle for a while?" He didn't want either of them to feel left out, so he added, "You could do it together."

Within seconds, Suzanne pulled her mouth off, but his wet dick was soon covered with four excited hands. All those hands began to stroke. Pretty much every last inch of his dick and balls was being stimulated in some way.

"Wait! Wait!" he cried. "That's no better than before. Fewer hands for now, please. All the way down to just one hand each, in fact, if you can believe such a crazy thing. Meanwhile, I'll help you two."

He thought, Nuts! Absolutely freakin' nuts! Too many hands stroking my cock? Who'da ever think it?

The pace changed in response to his request. Suzanne resumed lightly blowing air onto his pole and fondling his balls when he could handle it. At the same time, Susan rubbed her fingers just a fraction of an inch over his skin, causing him to tingle wherever she went. Sometimes she would graze it, but usually not.

While they were doing that, Susan said to Suzanne, "Gosh! I thought sucking and stroking my son's cock was the absolute best, but doing it with you makes it even BETTER! Sometimes I feel frustrated because I can only do so much with one mouth and two hands, but then I see what you're doing to him, and it's perfect!"

Suzanne smiled at that. "I agree. And just think: if fate is kind to us, we'll be doing this together for years and years to come!"

"Mmmm! What a delightfully spermy future!" She added more thoughtfully, "You know, I've kinda been getting into rock and roll lately, and I'm thinking, this is probably what it's like to be in a band and having all the different instruments playing together just right."

Suzanne replied, "I'm sure you're right. That's when the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. For instance, when I blow right here, on his sweet spot" - she paused to blow - "and you bring your fingers up his shaft, sliding your fingernails against his super sensitized skin all the way. I wouldn't have thought to do that myself, but when I see you do it, I think: YES!"

Susan leaned in and started lovingly licking the spot Suzanne was still blowing on. "Mmmm! Yes!"

"Oh, and by the way, if you think this is fun, wait until he starts fucking you!"

"MMMM!" Susan licked faster, trying her hardest to coax his cum out.

And so they continued like that, improving their coordination all the while.

A few minutes passed, and even though the two centerfold-worthy mothers were no longer holding back, Alan decided he could handle even more stimulation. So he reached out to play with them both. He focused on Suzanne's tits since he couldn't reach much more of her, because she was kneeling on the floor.

When the next strategic break came around, Susan stood up right next to him, at his direction, and that allowed him to use his other hand on Susan's clit and her pussy. (Even though he was taking a break, he still wanted to keep her hot and bothered.) He was getting pretty good at finding her G-spot, and he worked it as much as possible.

She raised her hands above her head and struck such an arousing pose in her revealing harem outfit that he wondered how he wasn't cumming like a fountain already. She was obviously experiencing so much joy and arousal that her body almost couldn't take it. She kept rising up on her tip-toes in her high heels as if trying to escape his reach, which he found very cute.

Chapter 907 Susan- I Think We Need To Teach Amy How To Fuck!

After a while, Susan and Suzanne resumed their sexy bantering, although they avoided the harem topic for the moment. "You know, Aunt Suzy," Susan said to Suzanne, deliberately using that term for Alan's benefit, "it really is quite a big cock, isn't it?"

"It is, Mommy, it sure is!" she said back. She also wanted to make a point, from then on, to call Susan "Mommy" to encourage Alan to do the same.

Still standing, Susan spread her legs wider to give her son's fingers better access. She still had her arms over her head, but she was coping with his pussy explorations a little better as she grew more accustomed to what he was doing. She asked, "Do you think it would fit in me?"

"Where? In your ass or your pussy?"

"Well, I already know how well it fits in my ass. Such a tight, tight fit! But it hurts so good! Tiger owns my ass already, and I don't care if the whole world knows!" She winked and smiled at him. "What I want to know though, is how it would feel in my pussy. My CUNT." She looked down with wide eyes at the sight of two of Alan's fingers slipping deeper into her slit right after she said that.

"Hmmm." Suzanne replied, pretending to ponder that. "I think it would really stretch it out wide, at first. But then I think it would slide in just like butter. That's how it feels in my cunt, at any rate. It's such a tight fit, and yet so perfect, like it belongs there. Such an exquisite feeling of fullness! I'm sure it'll feel the same for you."

"Yeah, but then what would happen, Aunt Suzy?" Susan asked breathlessly.

She and Suzanne were spontaneously staging this conversation for Alan's benefit, but also for themselves. This was a familiar pattern - it seemed like they were doing everything for Alan, but in reality they always ended up having as much fun as he did, if not more (if only because women can climax more often).

Alan simply couldn't take any more of this talk or stimulation. He stood up and rushed off to the bathroom. He did have a bit of a urge to pee, but mostly he needed to clear his head for another minute or two. He felt bad about it, because he'd just had a longer strategic break, and they weren't even touching him at the time, but the two of them together talking like that was simply too much for any man to handle for long.

When he came back, he saw that Susan was sitting on the bed. She'd spread her legs wide in the hopes that Alan could rub her pussy more vigorously.

He walked right up to where Suzanne was still kneeling. As soon as his boner got in range, she resumed licking and stroking it. She particularly liked to lick it from top to bottom, over and over. She'd put the extreme length of her tongue to good use and covered a remarkable amount of area.

Once he had a handle on that, he reached out and fingered Susan's clit and pussy lips some more.

But once again, he couldn't handle such an arousing situation for very long. After a couple of minutes, Suzanne had to practically stop licking him altogether so he could keep going. He hadn't cleaned his dick in the bathroom, and it was soaked with saliva and a copious amount of pre-cum. He'd already expended more pre-cum than most men could actually cum.

Alan looked down at Suzanne and saw juices dripping off of his erection, drooling out of her mouth, and rolling down her neck. The three of them were all very sweaty and sticky. In fact, Susan had just taken off what there was of her harem outfit so she wouldn't ruin it.

Susan was writhing around on the bed with her eyes closed, enjoying Alan's fingerbanging while fantasizing that he was using more than his fingers. She was having minor orgasms from time to time, but not even she knew how many because she was in a state of constant erotic euphoria.

She asked Suzanne, "Can you tell me more about what my son's big fat cock is going to do with my pussy?"

Alan groaned with near agony. As if I'm not aroused enough already! Geez!

Suzanne replied, "Well, we've already talked about how he'd all but split you in two as he spears and skewers your tight mommy pussy with it, over and over and over again! You'll feel so full that you'll have to scream out, but you'll need to scream anyway because it feels that fantastic! Can you just imagine being skewered like a shish-ka-bob by your son's Mommy-tamer? Is that any way a proper mommy should behave?"

Susan squealed with glee. "No! Not a proper mommy. But a good mommy, yes! All the BEST big-titted mommies live to get skewered by their sons' huge horse-cocks!" She opened her eyes and sat up on the edge of the bed so she could reach out and hold the base of his shaft. Just doing that made her ridiculously happy. She grew even happier as she got busy stroking it, just below Suzanne's lapping tongue.

Alan thought, Jeeesus! It's like some kind of conspiracy. No man could resist this. No one! I need to think about Glory. Feel sad. Guilty. Shit, I can't even bring up any guilty feelings right now. I just feel SO FUCKING HORNY!

Suzanne resumed her description. "Of course, he'd keep pushing it in until every last inch of his ridiculously fat cock was inside you."

Susan shrieked, like she'd just been impaled. It helped that Alan was still tweaking her clit.

Suzanne went on, "I think he would probably start sliding it in and out of you, Mommy. In and out. In and out. Mmmm. So good! In and out. Getting fucked by your son! Before long he'd be hammering you, just like a big hammer hammering a nail. Hammering his own mommy to the wall!"

"OH MY! Wouldn't that hurt, Auntie?" Susan asked in mock ignorance. "Especially since he's so thick."

"Oh, goodness no! No siree! He's been fucking me in the cunt a lot these past few days - though certainly not nearly enough, hint, hint - and his thickness feels really, really good. It feels incredible! If I had any strength to stand and Sweetie didn't have to go to his appointment in a few minutes, I'd get up and bend over the table so he could pound my sexy body into submission, doggy style, right this very minute! In fact, maybe I will anyway. Aunt Suzy really needs it. She always needs it... But what about your pussy? He already fucks mine good. We should spread the wealth. Wouldn't it be better if he just spears it into you and gives you the same treatment?"

Susan's big melons bounced wildly, since she was breathing heavily. "Oh no, Aunt Suzy! Don't suggest that! As great as that would feel, and as much as I would love him to fuck me in every room in the house, and out back, and in the pool, and in the car, and on the roof, ... and in his classes... and on the front lawn... Oh wait. Where was I?"

She chuckled, and gave him a great smile. "Oh yeah. As much as I would love him to do that, that's totally against the rules! Mommy would be very hurt and sad if he did that, so we just have to play pretend, like we're doing right now. I'll pretend that Tiger doesn't have two fingers in my cunt, and I'll pretend that I'm not jacking off his tree trunk Mommy-tamer!" She squealed with orgasmic glee.

Then she added, "Plus I can take it in the ass, and the mouth, and everywhere else. That should hold us until we can make our first fuck a special occasion."

She looked at Suzanne lapping on Alan's sweet spot, and her own hand sloshing through all the wetness just below that. "So hot! So darn hot! This is how a manly cock deserves to be treated!"

Unfortunately, he had to stop fingering Susan's pussy, because simply "enduring" what was happening to his erection was taking all of his concentration and stamina.

Susan hardly minded though, since she was as hot as an oven anyway. Winking at Alan, she suggested, "Monday's too far off. I'm thinking Sunday night, the instant you get home from your trip. I want you to fuck me! Does that work for you, Tiger?"

Alan groaned. "Oh God!" he cried out. "Sunday?! I'm losing it!" Pinning a specific time on when he would turn into a motherfucker was too exciting for him to handle.

"Hold on, Tiger, hold on!" Susan encouraged. She grabbed his hand and held it tightly.

He somehow held on, even though Suzanne now had both her hands and her tongue back on his tool, thanks to his PC muscle clenching.

Susan exclaimed, "Hold on! Hang in there for your mommy and auntie! So we can suck and stroke you that much more! So VERY much more!"

While those words were heartfelt, they didn't exactly help. Seconds passed, with Alan lingering right on the edge. His hips wildly humped up into Suzanne's hands as he struggled desperately with all of his clenching skills. However, it looked like he was losing the battle.

Suzanne could see what was happening, and took quick action. She tightly squeezed the base of his shaft, which blocked his cum.

That technique worked, just as it had that morning when Suzanne had used it during Brenda's personal cocksucker ceremony. However, it took a lot out of Alan, and he needed a couple of minutes to recover. So she just cradled his cock in her hands and waited for him to give the signal they could continue.

Susan clapped her hands as she saw the result. "Oooh! Nice!"

Suzanne didn't let up with the verbal teasing though, even as Alan frantically panted for air. "But Mommy," she asked, "if you won't let Alan fuck you, at least today, what about Angel? Don't you think your son and daughter need to fuck each other like little bunny rabbits?"

Since Alan was no longer fingering Susan's pussy, Susan got back on her knees between his legs, right next to Suzanne. But she refrained from touching it at the moment, since he was obviously recovering. Instead, she grew more talkative. "Hmmm. Tough question."

Actually, it wasn't a tough question, because she'd already given permission for her children to fuck, and she'd even seen it happen. Furthermore, she was aware that Suzanne already knew that. But Susan hammed it up just the same, sucking on her pinky in a sexy manner, pretending to be uncertain. "I don't know... Perhaps if you showed me what you mean, I could decide better. If you take three fingers and fuck me in the cunt, and the ass, and even the mouth, that might help me understand your question better. Especially if you could somehow fill all my holes at once. That's probably how intense getting fucked by my son must feel!"

Her massive breasts heaved up and down even more than they had before. "And if you grind your cunt against mine, mash our boobs together, and go down on me, that might help me focus on an answer. In other words, pretty much all the stuff we did all day today! If we do that all weekend, then maybe I could have an answer for Angel by the time he comes back."

Susan laughed at her answer, just because she was feeling so good, and then she licked her lips. Oh, Tiger, please forgive me. I know I'm not supposed to be doing anything to your lovely cock just yet, but it's been lying there so long and stiff and mouthwateringly yummy that I can't resist! She leaned in to his crotch until her mouth was close to his cockhead, allowing her to breath heavily on it.

Alan felt delightful shivers all over due to her tantalizing breathing. But such sensations didn't stop him from thinking about how great life would be after the hiking trip, when he'd be able to fuck Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine freely at any time.

However, a question came to him, as he thought about Suzanne's continued reluctance to get sexually involved with Amy, or be in sexual situations with her. "But what about Amy?"

Susan held his boner so it would be sure to stay in place for her continued breathing. "Hmmm. Good point. Aunt Suzy, if we're all so busy fucking him and each other, won't she be missing out? We can't let that happen!"

"Oh yeah. Amy." Suzanne still didn't know what to do about her own daughter's involvement in things, and she didn't want to talk about it right now. Avoiding sex with her daughter was getting harder and harder to do. In just the past few hours, her deeply buried, secret fantasy of having sex with Amy had suddenly become a lot more real, thanks to the role-playing she'd done with Susan. When Suzanne hadn't been busy using a dildo pretending to be Alan fucking his mother, Susan had been busy saying "Gosh," "Wow," and "M'kay" as she pretended to be Amy licking her mother.

Now that Susan had her fingers around Alan's shaft, she couldn't resist stroking it a little, even though it was still his break time. "I think we need to teach Amy LOTS of things, don't you? She's way too inexperienced. If we teach her how to fuck really well, then and only then, maaaaayybe, could she be a worthy enough girlfriend for my cutie Tiger. Any pretty girl has to be able to fuck really well to even know him, much less be his girlfriend! And they have to prove their fuck skills to him on a regular basis. There's a standardized test. It's an oral exam."

The two women giggled at that.

Suzanne joked, "I can imagine what kind of oral exam. I think I've noticed there's a strict minimum boob size too."

They giggled again.

Susan continued, "I think we need to teach Amy how to fuck until she's too tired and sore to get out of bed. Then all she'll be able to do is lay there and get fucked some more. Maybe we can bring her some food and water from time to time. Or maybe she'll just survive off my Tiger's cum." She was trying to hide her "illegal" hand movements from Suzanne, but she was basically jacking her son off now, while still breathing heavily on his cockhead.

"That sounds very good," Suzanne said, as she pictured her daughter spread-eagled and tied up. "Actually, is that position open for me? And when I talk about open positions, I do mean that literally."

Everyone laughed.

Chapter 908 Alan X Susan X Suzanne Ctd

Alan was fairly amazed that he hadn't cum yet, but that squeezing trick really gave him a second wind. However, he felt he still needed to rest some more, so he decided this was a time to talk about a serious issue (even though Susan continued breathing on his sweet spot and "secretly" stroking the rest of his pole).

He said, "By the way, ladies, I have something to confess. You know the practice date I had with Christine last night?"

They nodded expectantly.

"Well, it didn't end up totally platonic. We kind of kissed a little bit."

Both Susan and Suzanne, grinned and said in a teasing, sing-song voice, "Ooooh!"

Susan wasn't surprised by that news at all.

That lack of reaction surprised Suzanne. Wow. Sweetie's been handed everything in this house on a silver platter. But it looks like he's turning into quite the pussy tamer in his own right. Maybe I should be concerned, but I'm not. Christine needs a good, solid fucking!

He responded defensively, "Hey! This isn't something to be happy about. It's a serious problem. Luckily, both of us realized our mistake quickly and vowed not to do it ever again."

As she kept on stroking his pole, Susan asked, "What kind of a kiss are we talking about? Did it have a lot of tongue?" As she said "tongue" she leaned in and licked his sweet spot a few times.

He felt shivers run down his spine as she did that, making it hard for him to reply. "Um... yeah, an open-mouth kiss."

Susan asked, "Was it just the one time? Or did it happen over and over?" She was genuinely curious, but that also gave her an excuse to lick his sweet spot a whole lot more. Naturally, she took full advantage.

He felt goose bumps all over. "Ah... kind of more than one."

Suzanne smirked, in part due to Susan's increasingly obvious violation of the strategic break. "Hmmm. Sounds serious. But just so we're sure what we're talking about here, why don't you demonstrate it to me, and then to Susan?"

So he necked with the two gorgeous mothers for a while. and Susan continued her increasingly obvious handjob the whole time. In truth, the "demonstration" kissing and fondling went a lot farther than what he'd done with Christine, because the busty MILFs were too sexy to resist, but they got the general idea of what happened.

Then he attempt to give a general description of what happened during the entire practice date with Christine, as well as express his concerns as to why he had to keep his relationship with her strictly platonic.

However, the three of them were getting increasingly heated up. Before long, Suzanne was jacking him off along with Susan, and the fact that they were restraining themselves from licking or sucking him too was all that was left of his supposed break.

He wanted to get their feedback about Christine, and especially Suzanne's wise advice on how best to proceed. But he realized that everyone was far too horny, and that fact would color their opinions.

Susan in particular was so thrilled with his "success" with Christine that her entire body was fidgeting, eager to get her lips back on his cock to help celebrate this "victory." When it was Suzanne's turn to French kiss him, she would whisper comments in his ear, like, "Tiger, yesterday, Christine had her lips on your lips. But in a matter of days, she'll have her lips tightly wrapped around your thick shaft! And that's only right and proper, if she knows what's good for her!"

He wasn't getting a reprieve anymore anyway, and a serious and sober talk about this matter would have to wait for another time. As a result, he nodded to his two MILFs and then down to his crotch, indicating the break was over.

Suzanne was so hot and bothered at the moment that she loved the news about his evolving relationship with Christine. But she also knew that she would have serious concerns that needed to be discussed. This was not the time or place to discuss them, since everyone was far too horny. So she held her tongue, for now.

Once Alan gave the nod, his two stacked beauties immediately dropped back down to his crotch and resumed licking his erection. Both of them soon had their tongues on his sweet spot, and they even licked it together. But they tried to take it slow and easy, relatively speaking, since they were aware he was highly worked up by now, trick or not. They also continued to talk as sexily as they could, as if they were seeing if they could get him to cum just from their words.

At first, Christine remained on everyone's minds. As she licked, Susan moaned erotically, "Mmmm! Christine! Son, soon she's gonna be the one slurping on your cocksicle... Mmmm! She's so hot! I want you to tame her... Tame her good! Then she'll be able to lick your cock with me!"

He thought, Mom AND Christine, together?! Are you fucking kidding me?! That's too fucking thrilling to even contemplate!

However, Suzanne wanted to direct the conversation away from horny thoughts about Christine, because a part of her remembered they needed to be very careful about this. She knew that Susan was only thinking about Christine's curvaceous looks, and Christine's moralistic personality was the real problem.

So, to divert attention, Suzanne said, "Let's continue with what we were talking about before. Keeping Amy in a bed prison. Remember that?"

"Ooooh!" Susan said with her usual erotic joy. "Good idea!"

Suzanne continued, "I wish I could help with Amy's bed prison, I reaaaally do, especially, Mommy, after you pretended to be Amy when you tongue-fucked me today. But I'll have to leave it up to you and Angel since I'm not allowed to fuck my daughter. You'll just have to lick her sweet pussy without me. I would suggest though that when you keep her locked up, you only feed her Sweetie's sweet cum. I'd like to know for myself if it's possible to exist solely on that for my diet. I think if she holds the prestigious title of his official girlfriend, she has to be willing to be tied naked to his bed at all times and be fucked all day, don't you?"

Susan gushed while pinching her left nipple, "Oh, certainly, Aunt Suzy! I know I'm willing to hold that open position, as you put it. Open, wide open, puffy and drooling and ready to get rammed up into my womb! My son got me so HOT when he brought out the rope the other night, but then he used it on Xania of all people! Meanie. MMMM!"

She paused, lapping against his sweet spot. Then she swirled all around his cock, as if painting candy stripes on it.

At the same time, Suzanne somehow found room to swirl her long tongue around his cock in the opposite direction.

"OHMYGOD!" Alan practically screamed. Another great surge of arousal ran through him, just like an electric shock.

Susan squealed, "He likes it!" She high-fived Suzanne, and then they did it some more.

But the conversation continued, eventually. Susan asked while slathering his sweet spot some more, "We can't let Amy have ALL the fun. Why doesn't he tie up his mommy and leave her with her legs spread wide and her asshole puckered open?"

She suddenly looked up into his eyes. "Son, do you know how burning HOT I get, thinking about you tying me up and spanking me, even while I'm allowed to lick all my favorite places? Maybe there should always be one tied up, big-titted, naked hottie in every room of the house!" She winked at him. She scooted up even closer and put her hands and mouth back on his hard-on.

That didn't leave much room for Suzanne, and Suzanne looked over at her, slightly annoyed. But nonetheless, she conceded most of the vital upper penis territory to Susan, for now, and she licked and fondled the lower half of his pole, plus his balls.

But she was not about to be outdone by anyone, and she "fought back" by taking Susan's ideas even further. "Oh, me too, Mommy! I like your every room on the house idea. But that means we're gonna need more big-titted mommies, 'cos there's so many rooms. I think all the sexy mothers in this neighborhood, at least those who pass the cocksucking exam - sorry, I mean the oral exam - should tie themselves to their beds naked and wait for Sweetie to come around and fuck them!"

Susan replied, "Oooh! I love it! But I've got an even better idea! Tiger shouldn't even wait until he gets home for some prime fucking! Since Amy's his girlfriend, she should be bound naked in one of those wooden things, you know where your hands are trapped between two pieces of wood? What do they call that? Manacles?"

"No, not manacles, but I know what you mean," Suzanne replied. She wasn't too worried about being verbally precise, since she was busy fondling Alan's shaft and slathering his balls with her exceptionally long tongue.

Susan lapped excitedly, still monopolizing his sweet spot. "Yeah, well, whatever they're called, Amy should be in one of those, with her tits dangling straight down and her ass sticking high up in the air. Then, when my cutie Tiger comes home from school, he can do her right there, in the middle of the front lawn, with everyone watching!"

"OOOH!" Susan's eyes lit up, as she added to her own fantasy. "Or even better! That could be ME! We really should get one of those things!"

"Oh, I remember," Suzanne belatedly said, licking Alan's balls like a hungry cat at a milk bowl. "They're called stocks."

"Stocks! Tiger, you need to do me in stocks! Take me deep! Bone your mommy in public so that everyone can see! Everyone can know! I want them to know how you've enslaved me with your BIG COCK!" Susan was still monopolizing the top of Alan's dick, but she'd been so carried away by her talk that she wasn't doing much with it. However, now she engulfed his entire cockhead. Her lips slid relentlessly while maintaining a tight lock, and her tongue inside her mouth lapped wildly at his most sensitive regions.

Suzanne was slightly annoyed, but she "fought back" by redoubling her efforts on whatever Susan left untended.

Alan groaned lustily. He had a vague idea that he was starting to be late for his meeting with Akami, but he didn't care. He'd totally given in to letting them do whatever they wanted to him for as long as they wanted.

He realized their talk was getting really implausibly over the top, but the wilder their talk got, the more it turned him on. He mused, So many amazing things have been happening to me lately that I'm starting to think anything is possible. Hell, when two of the most beautiful women on the planet are fighting with each other to lick my cock and balls the best, anything IS possible! Fuuuuuck! They're both going at it like their lives depend on it!

He had mostly been avoiding looking at what they were doing to him so he wouldn't get even more aroused. But he finally looked down to where they were sitting before him. He saw both women with their hands all over his dick and balls. Susan was finally sharing the cockhead area with Suzanne. At times, their cheeks were literally pressed against each other as they took turns blowing on his penis tip while the other one spoke. Their mouths were always within licking range, but sometimes they kissed his shaft or slid their lips against it.

Susan looked up and made eye contact with him again, then briefly flicked her tongue around the tip of his erection. She panted, "Good idea. But that's too many busty mommies! Especially since Tiger has to spend all his time fucking ME!"

Susan looked to Suzanne, with the tips of their tongues nearly touching on Alan's cockhead. "And you, too, I guess," she added to Suzanne with a playful pout and a smile.

Suzanne nodded in agreement from only inches away. Then the tips of their tongues did touch as they bathed his cockhead in their saliva, feasting together on his sweet spot.

Alan groaned helplessly with sheer pleasure. Oh, man! Sorry Akami, but nothing can beat this! He was astounded that he didn't need to cum yet. This isn't normal. It's like they've trained me, trained my dick, to handle extreme levels of stimulation for really long amounts of time. I'm not complaining, that's for sure!

Susan went on, "After all, I'm forced to admit that you are another cocksucking, titfucking, pussy muscle flexing, 38G milky mommy." She playfully stuck a tongue out at her friend, and since Suzanne's face was so close she ended up licking it for a few seconds.

Then Suzanne stuck her much longer tongue out too, and the two sex bombs had a bit of a tongue battle just beyond Alan's cockhead for a few seconds before they went back to lapping all over it.

"Well, that is a problem," Suzanne teased, talking about the "surplus" of busty mothers even she avidly focused on Alan's sweet spot. "He won't be able to keep them satisfied if he's fucking us on a daily basis. But all the times Sweetie can't come around, they can get fucked by their own sons and daughters instead."

Susan's eyes went wide with delight. "Oh! GREAT idea! I know some sexy women who would like that very much. I'll make some calls."

Of course Susan was going to do no such thing, but she would have very much liked to. Some erotic thoughts involving some of her friends briefly flashed through her head. It occurred to her that perhaps it wasn't such a wild fantasy after all to "spread the incest joy," because something like that appeared to be in the works with Brenda and her son Adrian.

She thought, as she stroked and licked in tandem with Suzanne, I'll bet most mommies want to fuck their sons, if they really get in touch with their feelings. Look at me and Brenda. We should definitely start with her. I can't wait until I get to see her fuck her own natural-born son with my own eyes!

Wouldn't it be fun to turn some other mommies onto the joys of son fucking? Mmmm! And son licking! And son SUCKING! MMMM! Dear Lord, I love slurping with Suzanne!

Oooh! Our tongues just touched again, right over his sweet spot. I get a shot of tingly joy right in my pussy whenever that happens. Mmmm!

Maybe those busty mommies would be so eternally grateful for our help in breaking that taboo that they'd become our sex slaves, just like Brenda pretty much has. Naturally, their first duty should be serving Tiger, if they're really hot and stacked. Of course I can't just do it with some calls, but in time maybe I could start an incest club!

The only problem is that there aren't enough beautiful, big-titted women in this neighborhood, and that's even in a rich neighborhood full of young trophy wives. I'm sure we could find a few who are Alan-worthy, though. I still like Tiger's idea made in jest to start some kind of neighborhood son fucking club. And I suppose even merely good looking women without breasts like ours shouldn't miss out on the joys of fucking their own children. I should try to help as many mothers as I can!

She frowned (though that certainly didn't slow her licking efforts). Of course, if the mommy is really hot, then she needs to get personally fucked by Tiger! He should get to cull the best from the herd, then the rest can fuck their sons. Oooh! A herd! A sex cow herd of big-titted mommies with their legs spread for my Tiger! MMMM!

She imagined a line of naked women looking somewhat like her, all of them on all fours, with cow bells around their necks and cow tails held into place by butt plugs. The image inspired her so much that she redoubled her efforts on her son's pulsing boner. No longer pacing herself, she plunged her mouth down on it over and over, while her hands slid over and squeezed whatever her lips wasn't reaching.

That miffed Suzanne a bit, since she'd been sharing it equally up until then, but she hoped that meant she could get the next load. She quietly sighed to herself. This is the one downside to sharing with Susan. She gets so inspired that she just HAS to swallow his entire cockhead and then bob frantically on it until she practically gags. But I can't really complain, because I get her going with the sexy talk at the same time.

Since Suzanne was just kneeling there, waiting for her next turn, she asked Alan, "So... are you still upset about the situation with Glory Rhymer?"

He thought, You're fucking joking, right? There's no way I can talk now! Jesus! Mom Is about to suck my dick clean off with her powerful suction! Look at her hair flying around as she does her famous corkscrew move with her entire head! I swear, I can feel the joy down to my toes!

Still, he managed to gasp out a "Yes!"

Suzanne frowned. "Yes?"

He waved his hands in the air in frustration. There was no way he could explain the complexity of his feelings with so much intense cocksucking going on. He could manage one word answers between his heavy breathing, at best.

Suzanne helpfully suggested, "Let me guess: you're still upset about her, but not as upset as before, right? This fun with your mom and me has put your problems into perspective, hasn't it?"

He nodded.

Susan suddenly pulled her mouth off his pole because she wanted to say something.

Suzanne engulfed his cockhead about a second later, causing him to moan like he was seriously wounded. She figured that if you wanted it, you had to act fast.

Susan wasn't miffed though. In fact, she looked with delight at how well Suzanne's lips were sliding up and down his sweet spot. Yes! You go, girl! Tiger doesn't even have three seconds before another pair of hot lips is making a tight seal and going to town! Mmmm! Suzanne acts all high and mighty sometimes, like she's not one of his sex slaves, but her eager lips don't lie! She's as addicted to it as I am!

Seeing that things were well in hand, she said to Suzanne, "I was talking to Tiger about this earlier. We know that he loves Glory dearly, and he'll be really hurt if things don't work out with her. But he'll still have us, and the rest of his harem, to keep his cock in a warm place at night. And heck, in a nice warm place most of the day too."bender

She winked at Suzanne and her sucking efforts, and Suzanne winked back.

She added, "Besides, Son, your cock is such an unstoppable force of nature that I'm sure Glory will come around in a couple of days."

He thought, For the last time, I don't have a damn harem. Awww, fuck, who am I kidding? I DO have a harem! Fuck! How can I deny it? WHY should I deny it?! UNGH! That's hot!

Suzanne was diving down his dick a little further with each pass, until it became clear that she was deep throating him.

Susan stopped and stared from very close up as Suzanne finally went all the way down to the very base of his shaft. She was beyond envious. Dammit! I want to do that so badly, but I gag every time. How can I be a good big-titted cocksucking mommy when I can't even deep throat him?! I HAVE to fix that!

"My goodness!" Susan squealed. "Tiger, she's going so deep! Does that feel good?"

He nodded his head. He almost forgot to breathe, he was so taken by the sensation of his cockhead fucking its way down her throat.

But all too soon, Suzanne pulled off and handed his boner back to Susan.

Susan immediately engulfed him and dove down as far as she could, but once again she gagged and choked when she reached her gag reflex. There was no way she could deep throat him, at least not yet. She had to content herself with going wild on his sweet spot.

What Suzanne didn't know was that if she'd stayed on him just a few moments longer, he would have shot his load in her mouth. Being deep-throated on top of everything else finally broke the last shreds of his stamina. Hearing Susan fervently gagging and choking was even more fuel on the fire.

Alan had crossed the point of no return, but his PC muscle squeezes allowed him to last another few seconds of pure pleasure. Finally, he shot off into his mother's mouth while grunting and groaning incoherently.

Suzanne stared lustily at the guzzling and swallowing motions in Susan's neck while Alan kept on shooting more and more cum down her throat. She remembered that she was the one who'd consumed his last load. However, she wasn't being rational about it: she wanted all of his cum so bad that she felt like pushing Susan out of the way. Happily, instead of doing that, she fingered herself to her own nice climax, and that was a satisfying consolation prize.

Susan kept up her relentless bobbing all throughout his climax, and didn't slow down even after the last drop of cum dribbled out of his piss hole and onto her tongue.

Chapter 909 Luckiest Guy In The World.

Alan fell back onto the bed yet again, closed his eyes, and relaxed. Even after all the indescribably wonderful sexual experiences he'd had lately, he could barely imagine it was possible to feel so good for so long. It wasn't just that Susan and Suzanne knew how to arouse him so well; they also were so infectiously happy, enthusiastic, and loving that he couldn't help but feel the same and want to return the love.

He again thought of his troubles with Glory, but he could hardly feel sorrowful at the moment. Life just felt too good.

As usual, Susan got busy licking Alan's cock and balls clean. (In fact, her mouth never really broke contact with his dick.) She looked up at Suzanne. "Hey, wanna help me clean?"

"No. I'm good. I could use a break. I'm sure you've got that covered. I had the first load and you got the second, so it worked out nicely." Now that she'd climaxed and the cocky fun was over, Suzanne wasn't feeling so jealous about missing out on the cum blast.

"Mmmm," Susan agreed.

Suzanne didn't share Susan's love of "cleaning" afterwards. Seeing her best friend still licking so ardently, she asked, "By the way, doesn't your tongue ever get tired?"

Susan replied as she lapped, "Sure. All the time, in fact. The first weeks, sometimes it was a trial to keep going. Same with my jaw, and even my hands at times. But the more I do it, the longer I can go! Isn't that great? I have fantasies about literally sucking my cutie Tiger's cock for hours at a time!"

Suzanne just rolled her eyes. She loved cocksucking too, but she wasn't nearly that dedicated about it. Fucking would always be her favorite.

Once Susan was done a couple of minutes later, Alan sat up, opened his eyes, and spoke. "Wow, that orgasm was crazy great. Thank you."

"No, thank YOU," Susan replied emphatically.

He thought that was weird, but he chose to ignore it, especially since Suzanne rolled her eyes again. Instead, he continued, "The way you two talk dirty, it's totally out of control! I have no idea what's real and what's fantasy, and I don't care. It's all so good. That's gonna keep me at least mentally hard all weekend, and beyond."

Susan spoke. "I think I've noticed! You're permanently hard these days, it seems. That was some undefeatable boner you had there! It's getting to be the point where you'll be able to fuck our mouths, cunts, and asses twenty-four hours a day."

He wanted to say something modest, but the truth was, even he was shocked at how much dual "tongue lashing" his penis had just "endured," and it would have sounded false to try to downplay it. He knew that even a week ago he couldn't have lasted half that long in the face of that much incredible and nearly non-stop arousal.

Suzanne asked teasingly, "But if he's fucking twenty-four hours a day, then how can the poor, cum-filled boy ever get any sleep, with some pretty woman always bouncing up and down on him? Imagine the line outside his bedroom - a long line of sexy, busty women standing there in nothing but their high heels, waiting to have just one ride on the world-famous Alan Plummer Experience."

"Would you two stop, please?!" He had no doubt they could have him hard again in minutes if they put their minds to it.

Susan pouted, "But it's sooooo much fun! We talk like this most mornings while you're away at school, but it's so much better with you actually listening in."

He sighed, because he felt so completely exhausted. "I really have to go. Akami must be waiting for me by now. Mom, do you mind if I use the other car?" He immediately amended, "I mean the Beemer, your idiotic, gay, soon-to-be ex-husband's car."

Susan answered matter-of-factly, "Call it YOUR car, Son. You're the man of the house now, since you've tamed us all with your big, thick cock." She wasn't just saying that to arouse him; she really meant it. She went to her purse and gave him the keys.

Alan thought, Wow! She just gave me a friggin' car! But I can hardly even say "yeay" in response, because they just cocksucked me half to death. Still, I need to say something, to show my appreciation. "Geez! Thanks! That's too cool."

Susan brushed it off. "It's nothing." She leered with unabashed desire, "Being man of the house around here comes with many, many rewards and privileges."

The knowing, husky way she said that gave him goose bumps all over again. Oh, man! I'm one reward away from having to go to the hospital. And yet I'm supposed to get up and drive a car. Uh-uh. Ain't gonna happen.

He rested there for a few minutes. Knowing that his two voluptuous women were still there and still buck naked, he made sure to keep his eyes closed. He knew that they were tired too, especially since they'd been doing all of the work, but he also knew they'd be up for more if his dick engorged.

But eventually he gathered his energy, stood up, and staggered to the bedroom door. He felt overwhelmed. "My God! This is out of control! I've never felt so aroused in all my life, the way you two carry on. Thank you AGAIN for that epic session."

He propped himself against the door frame, since standing was a challenge. "By the way, Mom, are you really serious about the car?"

"Of course, Tiger. Forget Ron. He's gone. Out of the picture for good. I don't know about you, but I won't even miss him. I want to put aside my old life like some kind of bad nightmare, minus the few good bits, like raising you and Angel. Calling you the man of the house isn't just an expression anymore, it's a fact. And it DOES come with many rewards and privileges. You'll see." She winked.

He considered moving from his spot resting against the door frame. "Oh, man. I gotta somehow take a shower."

Susan said emphatically, "No shower!"

"But I'm all stinky and sweaty. Even though I just sat or laid there for the most part, my heart was pounding hard the whole time."

Susan said, "Sweaty is good. That means a manly smell and lots of pheromones. Akami will love it, trust me. Now, don't dawdle."

Suzanne added, "That's right. I'm sure Akami is getting all wet and juicy waiting for you. She's probably sitting up on one of those examination chairs with her legs splayed out, rubbing her little kitty right now and thinking about you. She'll love that you're a little... pungent."

She raised her arms over her naked body, just to wow him with a sexy pose. Then she flopped out on the bed, because all the sex had tired her out, and she could crash now that Alan was leaving.

"That's right," Susan agreed as she rested next to her best friend. "But don't drill her TOO long. And don't give her too many sperm samples. Save some more for your two cum-thirsty mommies."

He thought it very interesting that Susan referred to Suzanne as a fellow mommy. He thought, Akami? Waiting to have sex with me? What have I done to deserve this? Honestly, I'm just a guy. I'm not THAT great in bed. Is it just pure luck, or what?

He still was oblivious about Suzanne's six-times-a-day scheme.

Susan chided him, sounding very motherly, "If you're very late, you won't have time for dinner before the scouts come pick you up. All this teasing and sucking and stroking is exhausting, so I'm gonna take a nap in the meantime. That way, I'll have some strength so we can play some more when you get back. Speaking for myself, I know I'd like a good buttfuck or titfuck to tide me over for the weekend, and I imagine Suzanne wouldn't mind a good ol' pussy fuck. So that's even more reason not to be a minute late!"

"Okay." He looked at his two insanely voluptuous women sprawled out on the bed, resting, and his eyes bugged out. They lay across the top of the sheets with their asses pointed in his direction.

Holy Toledo, they're so amazing. I'm the luckiest guy in the world. Maybe there's some truth to their claims to me being so good at sex, but I swear that it's all practice. Any guy locked in a room for a few days with these two would turn into an incredible fucker before they opened the door to let him out. Actually, they'd probably find him fucked to death.

He walked to his dresser and put a new set of clothes on, but he keep on thinking about his situation while occasionally glancing at the two sex bombs flopped all over his bed. This really puts the whole thing with Glory into perspective. Mom's right: no matter what happens to her, I still have others who love me deeply. I just can't go wrong no matter what I do, with these two and Sis and Aims standing behind me. Wow. I am so mind-bogglingly, jaw-droppingly lucky.

And it never would have happened without Dr. Fredrickson, Akami, and their awesome six-times-a-day treatment plan for my energy problem. Speaking of which, I really have to go. So much to do, and so little time. Or should I say, so many people to do, and so little time! HA! Greatness!

He was surprised to sense his energy returning already. Man, it's great to be eighteen and in good shape. He tossed the car keys up, snatched them out of the air victoriously, took a look at the clock reading four-fifteen, and rushed downstairs to the car.

After he'd been gone a minute or two, Suzanne and Susan both tentatively opened their eyes. "Is he gone?" Susan asked. "For sure?"

Suzanne wore a devilish smile. "Hmmm. Yeah. I can just make out the sound of the car starting."

"Goody! Quick! Get the breast pump! I want to be bursting with milk before Tiger returns from his scouting trip! He's going to suckle his Mommy!"

Suzanne was excited to do just that, but then she felt a twinge of responsibility. "Okay, but don't you think we should chill out a bit? I mean, we can't just think 'cock, cock, cock' all day long. I don't know about you, but all that cocksucking really wiped me out."

"Why not push ourselves? It's not like we have jobs. Heck, if I fall behind with things around the house, I'll just hire a sexy maid and have her join our sex games too. Besides, Tiger's gonna be gone all weekend on the hiking trip. We can chill out and sleep to our heart's content then."

Suzanne thought about that, and then said, "Good point."

She remained surprised at just what an enthusiastic convert to the sex life Susan had become. Lately, it seemed everything both she and Susan did was sex-related in some manner. She tried to remember what she used to do with all her time before the six-times-a-day scheme began.

Looking back, I've wasted most of my time with useless busy work. I used to spend hours and hours studying the stock market and buying and selling stocks. I hardly do that anymore, yet ironically I'm still making just as much money. Let's see, would I rather suck Sweetie's cock with Susan or sit in front of a computer studying P/E ratios and risk graphs? Ha! It's no contest!

However, there were some things she wanted to make clear first. She half-asked, half-commented, "I think we helped Sweetie handle his sorrow about Glory, don't you?"

"Definitely. We sucked and licked and stroked his great big cock for so long, that I'll bet there were times he even forgot HIS name, much less her name." Susan chuckled. "Besides, I really think that situation with her will work out. I mean, how can anyone resist his cock for long? Seriously!" bender

Suzanne replied, "I know what you mean, but I'm less optimistic. The incest taboo is a very powerful thing. Try putting yourself back in your shoes as of a couple of months ago."

Susan frowned as she tried to mentally do that. "I see what you mean, but Ms. Rhymer is not involved with incest; she just knows about him having incest with someone else. She'll get over that, right?"

"We'll see." Suzanne pondered that in silence for a few moments. Then she added, "Oh, and you do know that those fantasies we were talking about are just fantasies, right? We are NOT going to go around recruiting busty mothers, or any of the rest of it."

"Oh, poo!" Susan pouted. "Not even one or two?"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "You're too much. But you do know those are fantasies. Content yourself with merely further corrupting Brenda, okay?"

"Yeah. I suppose. But in a better world EVERY mother would learn the joy of physically expressing her motherly love through endless cocksucking, plus all of the other wonderful ways to pleasure a cock. I understand now why the good Lord made male and female bodies the way they are."

Suzanne responded, "Hey, this is still a pretty damn great world, and not just for our lucky Sweetie. I honestly feel like I'm living a dream every day. In fact, I think it's time for some more lactation practice."

Susan's face lit up, and she roused herself enough to sit up. She pumped a fist. "Yes!"

Suzanne groaned, but she managed to get up too. She sashayed her sexy, bare ass out of the room as she went to get the pump.

Chapter 910 Nurse Akami Revealing The Truth? 4K

Alan's euphoric mood began to change on the drive over to Dr. Fredrickson's office. With Susan and Suzanne out of his sight, his thoughts began to drift back to Glory and all the troubles there. Not only did that make him feel bad, but his great time with the 38G duo made him feel guilty that he had somehow ignored Glory's feelings, and that made him feel even worse. He felt as if he'd cheated on her.

Man, I suck. It's only been, like, an hour! Geez! Just an hour or so since I heard the bad news from Glory. And I'm already having sex with other women. Everyone wants me to say life will go on without her, and of course that's true, but dammit, I really love her! She's probably at home crying and feeling shitty, and meanwhile I get to enjoy a totally brain melting double blowjob.

I'm not just some hedonistic sex stud. I don't see myself that way at all. I know people looking at me might not believe it, but what I really want is love! But how could I have resisted their efforts to cheer me up? I'm only human.

He couldn't really get excited for Akami's visit, either. There was something in the last visit that gave him a bad vibe, and that vibe returned from the very moment he saw Akami. Plus, his burst of energy didn't last long, and he practically dragged his feet from the car to the doctor's office.

She greeted him in the waiting room and seemed friendly enough on the outside, but there was a strange underlying feeling. It was almost like she didn't want to see him, as if she wanted to whisper, "Go away!"

When he got into the waiting room, that feeling only increased. He noticed she seemed nervous and unhappy. He had a vague intuition that something was wrong but he didn't have any clue what it really was.

In truth, she was on edge because of Dr. Fredrickson's continuing secret monitoring of all of Alan's visits. The doctor still had the same sound and video equipment broadcasting everything that happened in the waiting room directly onto a monitor in his office where he now sat.

Although Akami didn't know it, the doctor had installed some extra equipment this time. He wasn't happy merely to keep his promise to Akami to watch the event as it happened and leave no permanent recording that could implicate them all. This time, he'd hooked up a video recorder in his office to capture the live feed coming in and save it as a personal keepsake.

His main goal in this recording was his unsatisfied lust for Susan. So far he'd been frustrated in his hopes that she'd show up with Alan for another visit, but he wanted to be ready to record it if it happened. The sight of Alan and Akami fucking was good for a satisfying wank in the office, but really no big deal since Akami was still his mistress and he could fuck her any time he wanted. The thrill of secret, voyeuristic watching and breaking the law (and all his medical ethics in the process) did give it all a big extra illicit thrill, but he didn't necessarily have any plans for the recording he was making. He figured that at the very least it might serve as good blackmail material in case he ever needed something against Akami or Alan.

Akami had grown increasingly despondent about her role in condoning all of this, let alone taking part in it all. Dr. Fredrickson however, as her boss, lover, and co-conspirator in the six-times-a-day scheme, had her backed into a corner. So she'd agreed to the videotaping (not knowing that it was being recorded too). But lately she'd been having difficulty sleeping at night, and her respect and desire for him continued to erode on a daily basis.

She'd tried calling Alan several times during the week to discuss her fears, and meet him outside the office to talk about it, but she'd repeatedly dialed the Plummer phone number only to hang up before the first ring. Then, later in the week she'd gained the courage to wait for someone to answer, but she'd only gotten the answering machine.

Susan was so absorbed with her sex life that she could hardly be bothered to answer the phone anymore unless she knew it was Brenda, and she usually knew the hours when Brenda would call (almost always between noon and three, after Susan's morning exercises and nude "sun tanning" and before Adrian returned to Brenda's house and Alan and Katherine to Susan's). She and Brenda would get each other worked up while she would usually detail her sexual adventures that morning. Susan had heard a couple of Akami's messages, but they sounded bland so she forgot to call back or tell Alan about them until it was too late to call back.

Akami had assumed that she'd be able to cancel the meeting, but now that it was happening and Alan was in the room she didn't know what to do. She'd grown to hate the idea of Dr. Fredrickson masturbating over her having sex with Alan. But Alan's similarly strange mood puzzled her, so she asked him, "You seem down. I've never seen you like this. What's up?"

He let out a great sigh. He'd been a big on sighs in the last few hours, ever since his talk with Glory. He wanted to talk to Akami about his problems with Glory without mentioning her name or the fact that she was his teacher. "Ah, it's romance woes. You know my sex partners as well as anyone. Well, the thing I have with my... well, this woman ... it isn't just a sexual thing. I really love her. But she found out about the incest and broke up with me. I've never been dumped by anyone before, and it really hurts. I'm sorry."

She replied, "Oh, that's unfortunate. I'm sorry too. She doesn't know what she's missing. I think you're a great guy and not just a great lover. But you can't feel that bad, can you? She's not even your official girlfriend. Who's that? The girl next door, Amy, right? You have so many loves, I'm sure they'll soon make you forget all about her."

"I know. I got home and everyone cheered me up, but then as soon as I left the house again I got all bummed. I know it's insane for me to complain, but I can't help the feelings in my heart. I think I'd feel

the same amount of pain if she were the only woman I'd ever known. Or nearly as much, anyways. You see, she was my first true love, long before your whole treatment thing started. I was totally mooned for her for two years. I guess I still am."

"Sorry. I'm really sorry. But we'll just have to press on today. I have some bad news, too. I'm not feeling well at all. I think I ate something that doesn't agree with me. I don't think I can get in a very erotic mood." That was her cover story so as to not do anything Dr. Fredrickson would want to see. She hoped to leave her boss frustrated, with his penis hanging limp. They'd had an argument earlier that left her particularly pissed off. She'd tried to convince him to end his voyeuristic watching, and he'd tried to force her to ask Alan questions about Susan and get him to make sure his mother would come to the next appointment. They ended in a standoff.

Alan sighed again. "Eh. That's probably for the best. I don't think I could get it up, anyways." That wasn't exactly true, but he doubted he could have fun with Akami and then more fun back at home.

So Akami went about her medical duties. Even though she knew the original diagnosis was a sham, she had a tradition to maintain that involved her taking certain measurements whenever he came in, so she went through the motions. She took his blood pressure and so forth while both of them acted glum and didn't talk much.

Then she got to the last measurement, which was getting a semen sample. As the mood was more distant and clinical, she put on gloves and said, "We've got one last thing to do. You know what it is. Do you want to go through with it?"

Alan looked at her gloves and said, "It's all right. Whatever. But do you really have to use the gloves? You hardly did that last time."

"Sorry. No, I don't." So they sat silently while she fished his penis out of his pants.

Not surprisingly given the atmosphere, he wasn't aroused. He said, "Sorry about that too. It's not you, but I think about Glory and... Oops. You probably don't know that name, and it's best if you don't mention it to anyone else. She's the woman I've been talking about, the one who dumped me."

He belatedly realized that he shouldn't have mentioned Glory's name, but he figured it wouldn't be a problem since she didn't know Glory was one of his teachers. He thought the odds of her ever mentioning the name to someone else were extremely low, since the name meant nothing to her.

Akami felt pity. She said, "I wish I could take your mind off of that. Here. How about if I take my clothes off?" Despite her acute awareness of Dr. Fredrickson, she stood and stripped before Alan. She leaned back on the unused examination chair and struck a sexy pose. She gave Alan a pouty look, which matched her mood better than outright smiling.

He watched her intently and thought, I've been overlooking Akami lately compared to all my giant, buxom Amazon women back home, but she's really got a great body. She could easily be a centerfold, especially with the way she's posing there.

But his penis wasn't moved. "Sorry, Akami. This isn't your fault, either. The more I have a chance to think, the more bummed I get. My mom thinks that Glory will want to get back with me if I can talk to her, but I really don't think so... Oh. Sorry. I really shouldn't be going off like this with you standing there naked and trying to help and everything. I'm really, really sorry."

Akami actually felt a bit relieved, since she couldn't get her mind off her boss in the other room. She went to Alan, still completely naked, and sat at his side. She tenderly placed her hand on his thigh and said, "Don't worry about it. We can skip the semen sample this time. Why don't you get one at home when you have a chance and then drop it by, or have someone drop it by? We obviously can't force it right now. I can run the tests on that sample. And here's a prescription if you have any further problems with getting an erection. Knowing you, I don't think it'll be a problem, but it never can hurt to have something as a standby. It's an all natural herbal remedy. I know some people who swear by it."

He mumbled "Sorry" again. But he thought to himself, This Glory thing is really bumming me out, because I'm not even close to hard. It's not that Mom and Suzanne are that much more physically arousing. True, her body is kind of slim and isn't that curvy, but she has a mouthwateringly sultry and sexy face. And I'm not jaded; I'm not even close to jaded. Akami's just as fuckable as ever. I think it's the fact that they kept up a constant banter which kept me from concentrating on the break up, but Akami is far too silent. I have too much of a chance to think.

He picked up the note without reading it and then said his goodbyes. On the way out, she said, "I really recommend that you pick up that medicine on your way home. You'll be really glad you did. It may come in handy sooner than you think."

He thought that somewhat strange, but figured she knew best, so he stopped by a pharmacy on the way home.

It wasn't until he got inside the pharmacy that he took a close look at the note. It wasn't a prescription at all. Instead, it read, "Alan, There's something very wrong in this office, but I can't speak about it here. Please give me a call on my cell phone immediately. Whatever you do, DON'T COME BACK until you call me first!" Then there was a phone number and her name.

Alan felt a chill run down his spine. Fuuuuucck. What now? First I get beat up at school, then Glory finds out about the incest and dumps me, and now some kind of intrigue at Akami's office? What next? What could it be? I knew there was some kind of bad vibe there. I should trust my instincts more. Dang!

There was a public phone just outside the pharmacy, so he went there and called the number. "Hi. Akami? It's Alan."

She was tremendously relieved. "Alan! Thank goodness you called. I'm on my cell phone in the car on my way home, so we can talk freely. Listen. I don't know how to say this, but I've really done you wrong. I've made a devil's bargain, and caught you up in it. I felt too ashamed to say or do anything about it and just ignored the whole thing for a while and pretended it didn't exist, but it's really eating away at me and I have to say something... But it's so tough. I'm so sorry."

"Please say! What is it? I won't blame you as long as you're completely honest and just tell me what it is!"

"How do I put this? It has to do with Dr. Fredrickson. He has a thing for your mother, Susan. He wants to see her in the nude, and even have sex with her. I mean, she is quite an extraordinary woman, you have to admit. I can hardly blame his lust, but his methods, well... You know how she came into the office the first couple of times you came in?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, he's been hoping to get her back in ever since. He was figuring that she was so freewheeling, having sex with you and everything, that it would be no problem for him to have sex with her. When she came in for her check-up on Monday he tried to get me to introduce him into the picture, but as soon as

I mentioned another man she was very resolute and said a firm 'No! Don't get any man near me!' Then she practically fled. She's really dedicated to you."

Alan breathed a huge sigh of relief at that. Despite his sleeping with so many women, he couldn't imagine his mother sleeping with another man. He couldn't even stand the thought of her sleeping with the man who was still her husband. He saw the hypocrisy in that, but he couldn't help his feelings. He'd already grown accustomed to her complete sexual devotion to him. "Is that it? I'll bet there's more to this. Isn't there?"

"Err... Yes. He's been hoping to watch her have sex, if he couldn't do it with her himself. He's been secretly watching and listening to all the Plummer visits that take place in the examination room from within his private office down the hall."

"What?! But that's totally unethical! How can he do that? I've never heard of such a thing!"

"I know, I know. And I shouldn't have allowed it, but he blackmailed me. It's a long story. I made one condition though, and maybe it'll be our saving grace - I said he could watch events live, but he couldn't have the equipment to record anything for posterity. So hopefully there's nothing incriminating. You'll just have to stop coming into the office and maybe this can come to an end. From now on I could do the exams at your house. Call it outpatient therapy."

"So wait. You mean I was being recorded today? That's scary! How long has this been going on?"

Akami said incorrectly, not knowing the doctor was tricking her, "You weren't being recorded, actually, I've made sure of that. But he was watching from the other room through a monitor. But take heart that nothing much really happened between you and me that would have interested him. I couldn't get in the mood, knowing he was watching. It was worse last time, when Susan came in and she and I got pretty hot and heavy. I'm sure he really got off on that one."

"Oh, man! Fuck. How long has this been happening?"

"He started with your third appointment."

"My third appointment?! Fuck! He must have recorded all kinds of things!"

"No. Remember that he doesn't have the ability to record."

"Are you sure? Men are pretty slimy. I should know; I'm one. I constantly have to battle my darker urges, and unfortunately, recently, they've usually been winning. If he's gone that far, why would he stop there? Have you really checked out the equipment lately? I mean, fuck! From today's appointment alone he could have gotten all kinds of really damning blackmail material. You're naked and trying to jack me off, I'm talking about sex with my mother, not to mention my relationship with my... - fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

He'd almost mentioned that Glory was his teacher, but caught himself at the last second.

"I'm really sorry, Alan. I'm so sorry. It's just that, basically, I'm his mistress, and he's married, but he and I... Oh, it's a long story. And there's the fact that he and I are really co-conspirators on your whole medical treatment. What we've done with you is so unorthodox that we both could be thrown in jail."

"So wait. Is my diagnosis not valid?" He had a very frightening sinking feeling.

"No! I didn't say that. But I got a little too, what shall I say? Enthusiastic. No nurse should be jacking off and even fucking her patients, no matter what the diagnosis. So he really has me there." Although she knew the six-times-a-day treatment was essentially a sham, or at best an extremely unusual treatment, she'd sworn to Suzanne never to tell him, and she wanted to keep to that. Besides, telling would have destroyed his remaining trust in her and probably put an end to their biweekly meetings.

"Oh." Alan was relieved to hear his diagnosis wasn't a sham. His whole world would have been thrown upside down had that been revealed to be the lie that it really was. In his current state, with all his other problems, that would have been the last thing he wanted to hear.

"Like I said, Alan, I'm so very sorry about all this. This is really all my fault. I should have never gone along. I don't know what I saw in him, but he..."

He cut in, "Akami, I said it was all right. Really! I mean, sure the whole thing pisses me off, but you told me now, hopefully before any serious damage, and that's the main thing. And when I say that I'm pissed off, of course I mean at him, not you. God. Scary. What if he had a private appointment with Mom and took advantage of her?"

"That's what he's been talking about. Just today, in fact. We had an argument not long before you arrived, and he said either I talk you into bringing her along on your next appointment, or he would, quote, 'take matters into his own hands,' unquote. I don't know what that means, but I assume it's something like a private meeting or something. I'd already been leaving messages on your machine to end this charade, but that really made it urgent."

"Well... Yeah! Fucking hell! Thanks. God, Akami. Wow. Well, he sure isn't going to get away with anything now. I'm going to go home and sort this all out. Can I call you later?"

"Sure. You can call me about this anytime. I really do quite like you and I feel so bad for betraying your trust. Please don't think too badly about me, okay? It was my very enthusiasm for you that gave him the sexual material to blackmail me and force me to take part in this."

"Akami, don't even think about that. What's done is done. But you're going to help me get him, right? Together we can take him down!" He punched his fist in the air with enthusiasm, which caused a few curious looks from people walking past.

There was a pause. "I'll help. But take him down? I don't know. If he gets arrested or something then I'll lose my job just like that, and I'll be out on the street looking for employment somewhere. I'm deeply in debt and still paying off my student loans, amongst other things. So can we talk about what that would mean? Maybe there's some kind of way to end this and get revenge without destroying his entire practice in the process. I wouldn't be the only one to lose my job, either. There's the receptionist and another nurse for starters. It's complicated."

"Okay. I forgot about that kind of stuff. Damn. Double damn. What a huge fucking... damn. But a man like that shouldn't be practicing medicine! ... But on the other hand... Argh. This is tough. Well, thanks for calling, anyways. I really appreciate that. Let me talk this over with the rest of my family and think about it. Then I'll call you."

With fire in his belly and anger in his heart, he drove back home as fast as he could to break the news there.