

6 Times 921

Chapter 921 All Plans Coming Together

Susan and Suzanne both talked at once, eagerly exclaiming their desires for permanent commitments.

Alan said, "Hold up! One at a time. Mom, you first." He tried to stuff his erection back in his pants so they could have a serious conversation free of distractions. However, Suzanne's hands prevented him from doing that. Then Suzanne licked his nearest ear with her long tongue, distracting him completely.

Susan said, "Son, I'm offended that you'd even have to ask me about commitments. I'm yours forever! Don't you see that? You and Katherine are the joy of my life, my reason for living. And now, Suzanne and Amy too. Anything you want, Tiger, I want to give it to you. Don't you know that you own my body and my very soul?" She nearly fainted with delirious joy as she imagined Alan sucking mother's milk from her boobs for ever and ever.

Then she remembered some words of advice Alan gave to her weeks ago, words that she'd repeated to herself nearly every day since: "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." She did thrust her enormous chest out. That act never failed to boost her confidence and happiness, thanks to those words he'd told her.

Alan just said, "Mom, I'm so lucky to have you." Then he and Susan kissed passionately and hugged some more.

Suzanne also resumed hugging him from the other side.

Before long, both MILFs were busy stroking his boner some more.

After a few moments, Alan stopped and turned his attention to her. "What about you, Aunt Suzy?" He knew that of the four, she would be the toughest one to convince to make a formal commitment.

But she surprised him by saying, as she rubbed his sweet spot, "What Susan says pretty much goes for me, too. I love you. You're my Sweetie. I'm here for the long haul. That means forever. You know what we were saying earlier, about not wanting any other men? I truly mean that. You're the only man I'd want. Why, even to sleep with my husband would feel like cheating on you. I'd never do it."

She looked over at Susan, who was standing proudly erect again. With a big smile on her face, Suzanne also thrust her bare chest forward.

Susan, Katherine, and Amy all spoke up too, nearly shouting all over each other to declare that they too wouldn't want to be with another man.

Alan had to stop them and clarify. "Wait a sec, wait a sec. Let's see what we've got here. We all agree that we're going to stick with each other forever, right? I want to make that same declaration too. I love you all so much that I could never see changing what we all have."

Susan urgently asked, "But Tiger, when you go off to college, won't you leave us all behind? What if you find some young filly there that's so amazing you completely forget about the rest of us, and marry her? What if she doesn't want to share? What if she thinks that the whole-

"Hold on, Mom! First off, we're a group now. A harem, if you will."

Katherine joked, "I will."

He grinned at that.

The hearts of all four women leapt when they heard him acknowledge that he had a harem. None of them wanted to make a big deal out of it, though, for fear that he'd change his mind.

He said, "I don't want to go off to college or anywhere unless we all discuss and agree on it first. We're a team now, aren't we? I couldn't possibly imagine going to another town and leaving you all behind, so either I'd go to college here or maybe we could all move together. But whatever we do, we'll do it together, as a family."

That got a great reaction. There were more high fives, hollers, and hugs. Alan felt naked tits rubbing against him from every direction, and it seemed there were more hands on his cock, balls, and ass than one could count.

Eventually, he had to order them to move out of contact so this important conversation could continue.

When the women all calmed down and stepped back, he continued, "Now, as for the second part, I'm obviously involved with other women, as you all know, and I'd obviously love to continue with that. Let's be brutally honest here. Does anyone have a problem with that? If you do, say something."

There was a long silence. Most eyes were on his long, untended pole. Susan firmly shook her head no.

Alan finally said, "Come on, you can't all be okay with that. I know some of you like to have these fantasies about me being some kind of super stud, but practically speaking, the more I'm with someone else, the less I'm with you."

Suzanne said, "I guess, as usual, I have to be the one to complain. Sweetie, right now things are okay. That could easily get out of hand, and maybe we'll get tired of that, or at least I would. But I'm not terribly worried. The way I figure, you can have such strong feelings for only a very limited number of women, and you're pretty much having sex with all of them already. So I think things are stabilizing, and I'm pretty okay with things. Your harem will probably settle down at about six permanent women, and since you're cumming more than six times a day these days, that's still plenty of cock to go around."

Susan nodded at that, and said, "Ultimately, I trust you, Son. I know you're going to do the right thing. You're not going to hurt me or the rest of us here. You love us. Actually, I think your harem will end up a little bigger than six, but I'm okay with that. Plus, if you want to go out and bang some hot chick from school or something like that, I love it! That's not only your privilege as man of the house; it's your right! I'm thrilled to lend a hand and help guide your cock into her, whoever she may be. But that's 'cos I know you're going to come home to me. To us. To the ones you really love." She looked around the room for confirmation.

The other women all nodded.

Alan thought about that, then said, "Good. That's how I feel too. No one else has the lifelong history with me that you four have. I can't see how I could ever meet another girl who would be so amazing that she could possibly take me away from any of you. I mean, the four of you are about the most amazing women imaginable, one by one, and together the whole is so much greater than the sum of the parts."

Katherine coughed up the word, "Christine."

"Oh. Yeah. Well, I really admire her, and I totally lust after her, but I don't truly love her."

Christine brought out Katherine's jealousy so she pointed out, "But that's only because you've never really spent that much time with her. You've stared at her honkin' hooters in class way more hours than you've actually talked to her."

"Um..." He looked around nervously. Now that the topic of Christine had been brought up, he realized that he still hadn't told Katherine about his make-out session with Christine, and he wondered if this was the right time to bring it up. He started to say, "Uh, ah... speaking of Christine... You know-"

But before he could say more, Suzanne could see what he was trying to say, and she didn't feel the time was right, especially since it would kill the mood. So she cut in, "Sweetie, please. Not now. Enough about Christine already."

He was going to protest that, but he caught her private, knowing look so just kept his mouth shut.

"Yeah, enough about her already!" Katherine griped. "But my point is, you could come to love her, easily. Maybe you already do and you just don't realize it."

"Maybe. But I've already vowed not to get involved with her, and that's for HER own good. I'm sticking to that from now on, one hundred percent."

Susan, Suzanne, Amy, and Katherine all smiled and snickered at that. Katherine, being the only one still not in the know about what had really happened on his last 'practice' date, didn't catch the import of his "from now on" caveat.

He said sincerely and forcefully, "Really! I mean it! So she's a non-issue. Anyway, she'd NEVER go for incest or a harem, so it's a moot point. And on top of all that, Sis, she could never get between me and you. Never. You're my sister!" He looked over to Amy. "The same goes for you, Aims. You're basically my sister too."

Katherine replied, "If you say so, Bro. I'm gonna have to trust you on that. Personally, when it comes to other women in general, I'm like Mom. I get so excited by seeing you take new conquests that I'm

actually happy about it. Really. I'm not just saying that. True, I feel a burning jealousy too, but the lust wins out. Seeing you happy makes me happy and hot."

Amy chimed in, "Totally! And it's cool to see him spread the joy, you know what I mean? When I see someone like Ms. Rhymer or Simone walking around at school, I feel a special bond with them. It's like, 'Yeah, she knows. She knows the deal. She's one of us now.' You know what I mean?"

Alan looked around and saw nothing but agreement with that sentiment. He said, "That's good, 'cos I'm completely addicted to the multiple-women lifestyle. There might come a woman I'd love so much that I'd want to make her a part of our close group. Maybe Glory, for instance, if she wanted it. Or Brenda or Xania. I have to admit I'd be tempted, if only for their perfect-ten bodies. But that woman would have to be completely okay with everything we've already got going with each other, and you all would have to agree with it too. And like Glory, I doubt if anyone will, because they don't share that history together that we all do. So I'm afraid that no matter what happens, I'm 'stuck' with the lot of you."

His words had him complaining about being stuck with them, but of course he didn't mean it. His face was beaming with happiness.

The others loved that speech. Again, all kinds of hugs, kisses, and talking broke out. The gist was that they all thoroughly approved.

He again had to quickly calm everyone down and resume the conversation, because he wanted to establish some things before the scouting van arrived, which could happen at any moment.

"What about Brenda?" Amy asked, as people were settling down. "She's not just a maybe. She's, like, reaaaaally into you."

Suzanne replied before Alan could. "Brenda's a whole different thing. She's in a unique situation because of her son. Your mom and I have plans for her that we're all going to like and that will allow Sweetie to fuck her at will, but now's not the time to discuss that."

Alan thought, Brenda. Shit, if my life isn't complicated enough already. He tried to push thoughts of her out of his mind to focus on more pressing issues.

He stood up, walked in front of the others, and said, "Hold on. What about the hypocrisy issue? I'm sleeping with all kinds of women, and you're saying that you don't want to sleep with any other man. I know that's hypocritical, but I can't help myself. If someone like Brenda shows up and throws herself at me, I can't say no. But at the same time, if something like that were to happen to one of you, I'd feel horribly jealous. Is that situation really right? Is that fair?"

Susan emphatically answered, "Of course it is! Son, it's your right and your privilege to sleep with any woman you want! I get so proud and so HOT to hear about your conquests, like your conquest of the entire cheerleading team! I'm going to be creaming for days about that one. I'm so proud of my children. My son is such a stud! And my daughter is turning into such a sexy, nympho vixen! Come here you two!"

Alan, Katherine, and Susan engaged in another tight hug.

Still in an embrace with two topless beauties, Alan asked, "Aunt Suzy, everyone knows you're smart and wise. What do you think about the hypocrisy issue?"

"Well, it is blatantly unfair," she admitted. "Normally, it would piss me off like you wouldn't believe. But for some weird reason I can't get angry about it at all. Maybe it has to do with the whole alpha male dragging his woman to his cave thing or something. I know it's not PC, but... I try not to think about it too much. That's just how things are now, and it feels good. It feels right. Frankly, it gets me excited too." She stepped up and joined in the group hug.

"Yeah!" Amy rushed forward and joined the hug too. Once again his boner was covered with stroking fingers.

"Okay," Alan said formally. "How are we doing on time?"

That broke up the five-way hug and made everyone a little bit anxious.

Suzanne stepped back and looked at her watch. "Seven-twenty. I'd guess we have another ten minutes at the very least."

"Excellent. All right. Let's get back to the 'sex slave' and 'fuck toy' issue. Now, those are colorful terms, but what do they mean? Sis? What do you mean when you call yourself stuff like that? Are you really serious, or what? I can't figure it out."

"Big Cutlass Brother, when I call myself your fuck toy, what I guess I mean is that I feel as if my top priority is to serve you sexually, and make you happy. Nothing else is as important. You can and should order me about, and I'm eager to agree. I'm basically your toy or slave to do with as you please. And not just any fuck toy, I want to be your number one fuck toy!"

Amy raised her hand (she had a habit of formally raising her hand in group settings). "Ooh! Ooh! Can I talk?"

Alan nodded at her.

"I think Kat loves the provocative language. But don't get hung up on the words; just think about the meaning. It's just another way for her to say that she totally loves you and totally wants to make you happy. So do I! Totally super duper ultraisticallyfantastigigantoriffically! Words are just words. Go with it. Have fun with it!"

Katherine stepped up to Amy and embraced her in a tight hug. "Best friends forever! Aims, you said that so perfectly. That's exactly what I feel!"

Alan watched the two of them kiss and rub their bare racks together. He momentarily wondered why he was keeping his erection free from eager female hands, but realized that he needed to focus on the discussion, not more sexual gratification. His stiff boner was bouncing around, but he hardly paid that any thought.

Then Susan spoke up, diverting his attention. "Tiger, I know you're probably going to ask me that kind of question too. It's a bit demeaning for your own mother to say this, but Alan, Tiger, that's exactly what I want too. Except, I think I'm probably even more serious about it. Nothing matters more to me than seeing you and Angel happy, and of course keeping you sexually satisfied is a huge part of that. I like to think of myself as your willing sex slave and fuck toy for you to do with exactly as you please. Let's say it once and for all: Son, I want to be your sex slave!"

His heart practically stopped.

Seeing his shock, she added, "If that upsets you I don't have to say it aloud, but I'll still feel it in my heart."bender

She didn't want to mention it to him just yet, but she'd recently found some Biblical quotes that justified sex slavery, at least in her interpretation. That discovery had given her the confidence to express feelings that had been building up in her for a long time.

"Angel..." Susan waited until Katherine stopped making out with Amy and looked her way. "Angel, you know that I love you as much as a mother can possibly love a daughter, don't you?"

"Of course, Mom, I don't doubt that for a second. It gives me so much confidence, knowing that you're there for me, heart and soul."

She walked up to her son and began rubbing her bare tits up and down his chest while continuing to look at Katherine. "Thanks, my sweet darling. But you're also aware that since Alan is a man, and a horse-cocked man with insatiable cum needs to boot, the situation is different. It's just a fact that, in order to be a good mommy, I need to spend a large part of my day, every day, with my Tiger's cock in between my lips. And soon, thrusting between my legs!"

She realized that she wasn't jacking him off, and she quickly rectified that oversight. She added very firmly, "Good mommies get FUCKED."

"Of course, Mom," Katherine said in a cheery voice. "I don't feel slighted in the least. As his sister, I have the same cock-pleasing 'duties' as you do." She made quote marks in the air as she said "duties." "We've discussed this before." She winked at both Susan and Alan and added, "Good sisters get fucked too."

Susan smiled as she lovingly stroked his rod. "I know, I just want things to be clear, Angel. Son, that's what I do, now. God obviously gave me this body so I can serve you with it." Her whole body was sliding up and down his. "Why else would he have burdened me with these huge tits that are quite literally such a pain in the back?"

She brought a second hand to pump on his shaft. "Alan Junior needs a lot of attention. A lot! And I love it when you order me about! All you have to do is say, 'Assume the position,' and I start to cream! So

yes. Call me a sex slave and a fuck toy! That's what I am, and what I want to be!" She stood proudly and stiffly, as if such names were badges of great honor.

Alan kissed her lips. "Thanks, Mom. I love you too. I hope that everything I do will make you happy and proud of me too. However, I have a little trouble hearing you call yourself my sex slave, even though I can see you mean it. Can you go light on saying that kind of thing, at least for a while?"

She nodded, and then tilted her head for another great kiss. She thought, YES! Victory! He didn't reject the "sex slave" idea altogether, which means he tacitly approves! "Go light" "at least for a while" is almost the same as saying, "I accept you as my sex slave, but give me time to adjust." That's SO HOT! I'm going to be my son's big-titted sex slave mommy, for real!

As they kissed, they kept their mouths an inch or so from each other so the others could see their tongue play.

She thought, I've gotta keep cool. Don't get too excited and bounce around the room. Give him time to adjust, just like he wants. I'll try not to mention it all again today, but I'll know the glorious, wonderful truth in my heart! "Master!" "Master Alan!" My son will be my master!

Susan added as their lips broke apart again, "Son, you're a special case requiring extra devotion due to the never-ending task of keeping your balls well drained." She looked down at her hands sloshing and sliding all over his cum-soaked boner. "But I love to serve. I admit it. I'm a submissive in all ways, and I've discovered that I'm bisexual. Seeing you all happy is what makes me happy. I aspire to be a fuck toy for everyone else here too."

Katherine and Amy immediately spoke up. "Ooh! Me too! Me too!"

Alan noted, "So. It seems that 'sex slave' and 'fuck toy' isn't really so much a position thing as a dedication and devotion to aiming for complete sexual satisfaction. It's a commitment to everyone in the group, sexually. That seems right. I give all three of you the big thumbs up. You know I'm completely dedicated to keeping you all as sexually satisfied as I can, so in that sense I don't mind calling myself your sex slave too."

Susan was unhappy to hear him call himself a sex slave, but she let it slide, figuring it was just a poorly chosen metaphor. He doesn't get it, yet, obviously. But that's okay. He's right, he needs time to adjust. I

have to be patient. He could never ever be my slave in a million years, not even in some weird metaphorical way. I'm his slave, and he's my master, and that's how it's gonna be, forever!

Chapter 922 Alan And Suzanne

Then Alan turned to Suzanne. "So that leaves you. We should call you ... what? An independent woman. A nympho. That's a good word we all like. You know, Aunt Suzy, that I'll love you just as much as ever, no matter what I call you. I like Amy's take. Words are just words. Let's not get hung up on them."

Suzanne was feeling the heat now. She still wanted to be as close to Alan as everyone else, but now she felt like she was being put in a position with an asterisk next to her name. She felt the others were all establishing relationships that she couldn't be a part of because of her objection to terms like "fuck toy" and "sex slave." But she didn't want to be left out. Her mind frantically scrambled to think. She said, "Wait a minute. Hold on a second, here."

Alan stood silently and waited, but some moments passed and Suzanne didn't say anything more. He finally prompted her, "What is it, Aunt Suzy?"

She said, "I'm not crazy about your terms, but I hold a similar commitment in my heart. To all of you. For instance, I'm willing to say that starting from today, as long as I have you to love, I'll never touch another man. Not even my husband. I don't care! We're already sleeping in different beds and haven't had sex for years and years, but he'll have to understand that he's not even to touch me! Hell, I haven't touched another man since I got involved with you in any case."

Alan pressed, "Will you divorce him too, if I ask you to?"

She found her heart suddenly pounding wildly. "I will, but only if it's my SON who asks me. So I'll do it, if you're willing to really call me 'Mother.' Your second mother. If you'll agree to be my son, I'll be happy to be called 'fuck toy' or 'sex slave' or anything else."

Suzanne said these words resolutely, but she didn't know where they were coming from. It was as if they came straight from her subconscious. She was completely surprised. But in fact, this had been her secret deep desire for a long time. She hadn't allowed herself to consciously think such thoughts because of fears it might mean she was trying to usurp Susan's place. Yet now that she said them, it was

like a huge load was lifted from her heart, much like an emotionally tortured, closeted gay person feeling tremendous relief upon confessing his or her homosexuality.

She panted with relief and anticipation, and stared at Alan with hope and fear. There was nothing she wanted more in life than for him to agree to this idea. She held her breath.

Alan pondered the idea, and looked back and forth between Susan and Suzanne. Then he looked over at Katherine and Amy. All of them were very anxious to see what he would say, but he couldn't really make out their feelings on the matter from their facial expressions.

Finally he looked back to Susan. "Mom, Aunt Suzy's idea is in no way meant to be a replacement for you. She's talking about being a second mother. You're my number one mom and always will be. But Aunt Suzy has essentially been my second parent for years. Don't you agree?"

Susan thought about that. My goodness! Suzanne as his second mother? That would make her my sister, wouldn't it? ... YES! It's so right! We're all meant to be family! God must be shining His love upon all of us today!

She gave him a great big smile that lit up the room.

He turned his eyes back to Suzanne. "I think it's time that we formally recognize that fact... Don't you agree, Mother?"

Chills ran up and down Suzanne's spine to hear Alan call her "mother." She jumped at him and gave him a huge bear hug. "Yes! Oh, yes! Son! My son! Did you hear that? Did everyone hear that? He called me mother!" She showered him with kisses, and he kissed back.

Their lips locked in a barn burner of a kiss.

But he pulled away faster than he would have wanted to, because he had to confirm that this was okay with the others, especially Susan and Amy. With Suzanne still draped around him in a loose hug (and happily holding his erection), he asked, "What do you think, Mom? I won't agree with this unless you approve. Are you ready for Aunt Suzy to be your sister?"

Susan was looking uncertain, but her eyes lit up at that. "Sister? I was hoping it would mean that. Sister! I love the sound of that!" She turned to Suzanne and went forward and took Alan's place in an embrace with her best friend. "Suzanne, of course you have my permission. You're his second mother, now. And my sister!"

The two women hugged and giggled like overexcited schoolgirls. Alan was temporarily forgotten while both of them thought about taking their best friends and lovers relationship to an even deeper level.

As Susan ran her hands down Suzanne's bare back, she reached the top of Suzanne's skirt. Annoyed, she yanked it down and then clutched her ass cheeks with both hands while they continued to kiss and gab excitedly.

Suzanne looked over where Amy and Katherine were standing. "And that makes me Angel's second mother, too! Is that okay with you Angel?"

The topless teen girl walked up to the two nude mothers, and hugged them together. She said to Suzanne, "Of course! Call me 'Daughter' now, Mom!"

Katherine felt so euphoric that she had to fight back tears of joy. She wanted to whisper to Suzanne that she'd always felt like Suzanne was her second mother, even back when she was a little girl, but she felt a bit awkward doing that with Susan close enough to even hear a whisper.

Alan looked over at Amy who was feeling left out, and along with him the only ones not in on the hug. He said, "Aims, what are you waiting for? Join the hug. If your mother is our mother, then that makes our mom your mom too. And now Kat and I have a new sister!"

"Oh! Cool! M'kay! Wow!" She ran forward and hugged Alan, and then went and hugged Katherine.

Soon Amy and Katherine were jumping up and down about being sisters in the exact same way that Susan and Suzanne were a minute before.

But as she hugged, Amy asked Alan, "But if I'm kind of your sister, can I still be your official girlfriend, even though we're committing incest?"

"Of course, Aims. We'd have to kind of keep the sister thing secret from kids at school. But in my mind, you're not just kind of my sister, you really are my sister and Aunt Suzy is my mother. One of them, I mean. It's been that way all along, hasn't it? We're just making it official now."

"Oh Beau!" Amy gushed as she pulled Alan into the hug she was sharing with her new sister. She squeezed him so tight that he could hardly breathe. One of her hands naturally went to his stiff erection, but she discovered Katherine's hand had beat her to it. Happily, Katherine made room so they could both stroke it.

Everyone seemed to be bouncing between this and that hug, but finally all five of them merged into one great big embrace.

A big group hug went on for a minute or two. There was a lot of kissing going on, and a few more items of clothing fell by the wayside somehow. Now, all four women were buck naked except for their high heels, while Alan was still fully dressed in T-shirt and pants, except that his pants had slid down and his hard-on and balls were completely exposed. Or they would have been had it not been for all the hands. It seemed like a dozen different hands were trying to hold on to Alan's erection at the same time, and yet more were on his balls, that wasn't so far from the truth. But the hug slowly broke up.

Alan was the first to pull away. He looked around at the four women now standing happily before him. He chuckled as he realized that he was the only one wearing any clothes. He found it strangely empowering.

He was still conscious of the time, and gave another short speech as his four nude beauties stood right before him. "I'm so happy and in love with all of you. I can't tell how much it means to me to get this kind of support and love from all four of you after everything that's happened lately, especially considering what went down with Glory today. This just feels so right, doesn't it? We should have done this years ago, because this is really our natural family! Aunt Suzy, OF COURSE you're our second mother! That's why I was calling you Aunt Suzy all these years, because on some level I knew you were really family. But now I don't have to call you that anymore. Now you're just 'Mother.' Try it out, Sis."

Katherine smiled at Suzanne. "Hey Mother, how ya doing?"

Suzanne rushed at her and hugged her, then stretched her body out and pulled Alan into the hug. "Hi, daughter! You two are great!" She was too emotionally overwhelmed to say more, and fought back tears of joy.

Alan turned back to Susan to reassure her some more. "Remember, Mom, Aunt Suzy is in no way a replacement for you; she's a replacement for Ron. You're my number one mom and always will be. But every child should have two parents." He said with a big grin, "I'm just really lucky that they're both amazing, kind, and loving women who also love having sex with me."

Susan nodded in understanding.

Alan noticed that she was crying tears of joy, just like Suzanne was. In fact, he looked around and saw that everyone was crying now. He started to get choked up himself, when he realized how strong the love in the room was.

Suzanne happily thought to herself as she pulled back from the hug, I didn't know I was creating a monster when I started this whole scheme, but I'm so glad I did! I thought I was in control and directing events, but now I'm one of four women in his ... harem. That's right! I'm a fuck toy in his harem. In my son's harem! My son! I don't care if it sounds demeaning; words are just words... And frankly, 'fuck toy' kind of turns me on. Well, sometimes, anyway. The important thing is that my dream has come true! We're all one family now. It's actually happened! My dream of one giant, endless orgy of love and sex is really, truly here!

She felt so giddy with delight she thought she would faint. The tears of joy poured down her face.

Alan felt more than joyous; he felt full of love. Yet he also felt greatly aroused, and the whole thing was a big power trip too. Of course, he couldn't forget that his penis was stiff as a steel bar, and there were four naked women in the room eager to pleasure it. But that hardly mattered at all compared to the important words being spoken and decisions being made.

He thought, I'm going to have these four beauties in my life forever and ever! As my loves, my family, and my sex slaves! These perfect bombshells are totally sexually devoted to me, and yet I can still go out and fuck anybody I like. Hot damn! Does it get any better than that?! Just like Suzanne, he was so overwhelmed that he felt like he was on the verge of passing out.

Then he thought, But as great as that is, the even better thing is the love. It's true I'd love them all even if they were butt ugly. They're just all so lovable! I don't know what I'd do without them. I just couldn't take it if anything happened to any of them!

Now he started crying without restraint. He had to sit down to recover.

Katherine appeared by his side and leaned into him with a supporting hug. "What is it, Brother?"

"I'm not sad, not at all. I'm just so overwhelmed. This is the greatest day of my life!" He fought back the tears and then dried his face.

"I know what you mean. Hang in there though. You're doing great." She kissed the top of his head and stood back to give him space.

Speaking more generally to everyone as he remained sitting there with his dick poking out, he said, "Wow. I'm so overwhelmed. I don't think there's ever been anyone as lucky as me. I'm just glad to know how much you all love me."

Suzanne said, "It's not luck. Trust me. Some luck, yes, but you're more responsible for this than you'll ever know. You're just so damn handsome and lovable!"

What she meant was the fact that the six-times-a-day scheme wasn't a complete accident of fate, but brought about by her lust and love for him. But she couldn't say what she wanted to say any more directly than that without giving that secret away. She knew there was a lot of luck involved, but she also felt that he'd handled the cards he'd been dealt extremely well.

Chapter 923 I Just Love It When You Call Me 'Mother'!

Alan turned back to Amy. "Now, Amy, my new sister, how are you feeling about all this?"

"Great! Super! This is the greatest ever! It's like my family just doubled. How cool is that? And I love all these new titles! 'Sister.' 'Daughter.' 'Brother.' 'Mother.' They make me totally hot. I think this is my favoritest day of all time too! I can't wait until you come back from your trip! My own brother is going to fuck my ass for the first time! And I hope that's just for starters, 'cos my cunt is already feeling really super duper empty and lonely!"

Alan smiled at that, and then turned towards Suzanne. "There is one fly in the ointment about all of this. Everyone has declared their complete love and sexual devotion to everyone else, but Mother, what about you and Amy?"

Suzanne grinned. "I just love it when you call me 'Mother'! Can you do that again?"

He grinned too. "What would you like me to say, Mother?"

Suzanne was smiling from ear to ear. "Ooh! I love it!" She had to hold her breasts in place because she was bouncing up and down excitedly on her heels so much.

Alan said loudly, "Hey, everybody. I have a suggestion, by the way. It's going to get confusing with all these mothers and siblings. I suggest we call Susan nothing but her name or 'Mom' or 'Mommy', or 'Aunt Susan' for Amy, and we call Suzanne nothing but her name or 'Mother', or 'Aunt Suzy' for Kat and me. That way we can avoid confusion. And Katherine can still be 'Sis' while Amy can be 'Sister' and I can be 'Brother'. How does that sound?"

Everyone agreed, and they all were quite happy with it.

He stood up. His hard-on was still pointing straight out, unencumbered by his drooping pants. He continued, "Now, back to my point. What about Aunt Suzy and Amy? Are you two going to be sexually involved with each other? I think it's time. It's inevitable."

Suzanne replied tentatively, "I have serious objections to that idea. But in the spirit of group unity and I guess a reflection of my new sex slave status, I'll follow your orders. I'll do it to please you." To herself she thought, God, I'm starting to sound like Susan, with these comments where I don't even fool myself! As if I wouldn't love making love to Amy. The problem is, I'd love it too much!

"No you won't," Alan said, surprising everyone. "First off, it doesn't become you to call yourself a sex slave. I'm glad that you showed the flexibility to agree to that, but I know it still rankles you, so as far as I'm concerned you're still the same beautiful Aunt Suzy that I know and love. I'm not going to call you any term like that unless you find it arousing and pleasing if I do, and you shouldn't hide behind your supposed loss of freedom. There's been no loss of freedom here. Everybody's doing exactly what they want to do. If, for instance you wanted to sleep with your other son, Brad, I'd even be willing to agree to

that. It would pain me, but he is your son, so I think that's a special case. Of course I want you all to myself, but I'd feel guilty to hold you back from something you really want to do."

"I appreciate that, Son." Suzanne smiled at saying "son."

Susan clenched her fists and shouted out with dismay, "NO! NEVER!"

Suzanne held up a hand. "Hold on, hold on, I'm not done. I was saying that I appreciate the offer, but I most certainly am NOT going to get involved with Brad. We have such a perfect group here, and that would just ruin everything. Son, he'll never be anything like you; there's no place for him in any of this. He wouldn't be able to share and he'd turn the whole group into a disaster. That's just how it is."

Susan visibly relaxed at that, and everyone else did too.

Suzanne went on, "Each person is what they are. Frankly, I know mothers aren't supposed to say this, they're supposed to say they love all their children equally, but that isn't always true. The Petridge family is divided. Amy and I make up one group and we stick together, while Brad takes after his father and has drifted away from me just like Eric has. So forget him in this, and forget any other male."

Alan didn't want to admit it, but he felt a great relief at that. He didn't really like Brad and couldn't imagine sharing with him, but had made the offer in an effort to not be completely hypocritical.

She continued, "You're the only one I want, Sweetie. You're right. I'm not agreeing to anything I don't already want to do. There's a part of me that minds being called a sex slave, but there's another part that finds it a turn-on. I'm happy with that name so long as it's just a hat I can wear sometimes during sex, when I'm in the right mood, but otherwise keep off."

Alan nodded. "Of course! That goes for everyone! I want, no, I need, to be treated just like a normal teenager on all things outside of sex. I hope that's always been understood. Otherwise I'm going to become insufferable and spoiled. I fear that's already kind of happening. I mean, look at you all, standing there in just your high heels in order to-

Susan butted in, "But Tiger! How can you say that? You're so much more than a lover to me. I want to pamper and adore you in every way." She blushed and said with her head bowed down, "I want you to replace Ron and sleep with me in my master bed."

Katherine laughed. "Dr. Freud has just entered the building!"

Suzanne commented drolly, "I think Freud permanently lives in this house. And now the incestuous relationships have just multiplied, because I take the second mother title dead seriously. Susan, it's fine that you feel that way, but let's face it. You've always spoiled Alan and Katherine, and only kept them in line with your unlimited love and their desire to please you. That's why it'll be so much better with you and me as mothers. We can be a 'good cop, bad cop' team."

Alan said, "Good point, Aunt Suzy, or should I say, Mother."

Suzanne felt a thrill of excitement run up and down her spine when he said that word. She liked being called "Aunt Suzy," but she loved being called "Mother."

He went on, "And Mom, you know I love you just the way you are, and I adore you too. But let's talk about these kind of things like sleeping arrangements later, and focus on the issue at hand, which is slipping away from me. Aunt Suzy and Amy. Aunt Suzy, about Amy - I'm not forcing you to get physical with her. I don't want you to do it if that's how you still feel about it. But I think you want it too. You're just having trouble admitting it. Are you really serious about this mother thing? If so, why would you have sex with one daughter but not the other?"

Suzanne could have pointed out it was because she and Amy had the only real genetic relationship in the whole group, but she didn't. Instead, she said, "You're right. I do want it. I want it so bad that I can barely stand it. I guess that's why I could never figure out a solution to the 'Amy problem' in the whole picture, because secretly I've wanted her in bed with the rest of us. Amy, come here to your mother."

Amy gladly walked forwards and stood before Suzanne. Then they hugged. It was like they were touching each other for the first time. They held each other hesitantly at first, and then made small, exploratory kisses on each other's cheeks. But within a minute they were fully French kissing. After another minute, they were kissing as if they'd been lovers for years.

As her daughter began to fondle her huge breasts, Suzanne gasped, then pulled back and complained, "The van! The van is coming! Coming soon!"

"Let it come! I don't care!" Amy said as she dropped her head down and buried it in Suzanne's chest. She kissed her mother's nipples, and licked her boobs all over. "Mmm, Mother, I love your big tits," she moaned as her whole face was smothered in them. "I've been waiting to really get my hands on these for so long!"

"Me too!" Suzanne exclaimed, as she also fondled her daughter's boobs. "I've been noticing your growth spurt lately, and it makes me so proud, and horny. But I've heard you have such a tight cunt! I can't wait to get in there with my tongue!"

"Oh Mom! That sounds so sexy!"

They ran their hands all over each other's bodies, especially their asses.

"All right," Alan barked suddenly. "That's enough for now. I would like nothing more than to sit around and watch you two go at it. But again, we have to remember the time! They could be here any second now. How much do you think they'd like to look in the window and see a mother and daughter totally naked and going at it with each other?"

He smiled at that naughty thought. Actually, they'd probably like it a whole lot, since they're a bunch of horny buggers. But we'd also get in a whole lot of trouble.

Suzanne nodded and disengaged herself from Amy. She was ready to completely abandon herself to her lust for her daughter; Alan's halt only delayed the moment when that was bound to happen.

But at the same time, Suzanne thought to herself, My God, what am I doing? That was close. This is real incest! Why am I willing to do anything for pleasure? I conceived her! She came out of my vagina, and now she'll be going back in with her tongue and fingers... Yet I love it!

Who am I kidding by resisting? Let's face it. As far as anyone here is concerned, it's a foregone conclusion that Amy and I will fuck each other. And you know what? They're right. That will complete the full circle, so it has to happen!

Amy and Suzanne stood back from each other, and walked backwards until they joined a line with Katherine and Susan. The four females now stood expectantly in front of Alan. They were waiting to see what he would do or say next.

He grabbed his dick with one hand since it was bouncing around too much. He thought to himself, They're waiting for orders! All four of them! It's like I'm their drill instructor or something. No, it's like I'm their master, because that's what I am: their master!

Spurred by these thoughts, he asked, "Another wording question. When it comes to sexual things, what do you think of the word 'master'?"

Not surprisingly, Katherine answered first. "Alan, Brother, I am SOOOO all over that word! I keep trying to call you that, but you won't let me! I propose that we all call Alan 'Master' and treat him as such. But only in sexual matters, of course." She was like Susan and didn't really see a distinction between the sexual and nonsexual in her treatment of him, and loved the idea of him running the house in every way. But she added that last part to make the idea more palatable for Suzanne and for him.

Amy raised her hand. "Oooh! Oooh! I second the motion! That sounds like fun."

Susan also raised her hand, as if they were suddenly following parliamentary rules of order. "Me too. We can't have a harem without a master. He is MY master, regardless of what anyone else says. I just hope we can all openly admit what he is."

That turned Alan on tremendously. He was having a really hard time not stroking his iron hard penis (he knew that if he did, Susan would have a big "sins of Onan" conniption fit). He turned to Suzanne to get her reaction before he said anything.

She smiled at him. "In sexual things only. In all other things I'm going to kick your ass if you're a bad kid." She winked. "Master."

Alan nodded sagely and acknowledged Suzanne's response without smiling back. He was calm on the outside aside from his shaking hands, but on the inside his heart was pounding intensely and his penis seemed to be about to spontaneously shoot out a big load. He reeled in the fact that even Suzanne was now freely calling him "Master."

He coughed, then announced. "We're all one big family now. I am now your master, I suppose."

Susan groaned. "You suppose?! Come on, Son! It's time to stop being so politically correct and take ownership of the women who love you. Look at us." She waved a hand in the general direction of herself and the other three buck naked voluptuous vixens standing next to her. "And look at you."

He secretly thrilled, even though a part of him still resisted. "Okay, I'm your master. But I'm a very unusual master, because I love you all so dearly, and I consider myself a slave to all of you. It's my duty to keep you all as happy and loved and sexually satisfied as I possibly can. And in return, you'll do the same for me, and we'll all simply die of joy, together. That means that for the four of you, there is now nothing more important sexually than pleasing me. If you agree, say, 'Yes, Master.'"

All four of them said, "Yes, Master," in unison. There was no more excited bouncing around because the mood had turned solemn. They all realized this was a crucial moment in all their lives.

Chapter 924 Mom And Sister Have A Heart To Heart

Again, Alan merely nodded. He felt as if he was some kind of military sergeant inspecting his troops. He didn't know what to do or say next, and just seemed frozen, staring at them. It was taking time for everything to sink in. He felt waves and waves of happiness as he realized that he really could be with these four for the rest of his life. It was nearly too much.

Then he said, "And there's nothing more important to me, sexually, than pleasing you. That's what makes this work. It's all about the joy of giving and receiving."

The others all nodded at that. The mood in the room was electric.

Then suddenly Susan rushed out of the room, holding her breasts from bouncing as she scurried away. She reappeared seconds later with pen and paper in her hand. "Tiger! Let's make this official!"

"Huh?"

"What we all agreed on is going to be the basis of all our lives. We should all sign a pact on it, right now, so we can mark this precious moment forever and make sure there's no backsliding. Here, let me write something up."

But Suzanne stepped up and snatched the pen away. "No you don't. Sorry, Susan, but if you write it, it'll end up being a two-page breathless description of Alan's big cock. Let me."

Susan saw that Suzanne had a point about that, but compromised. "We'll do it together."

There was a lot of whispering between the two mothers as they bent over the paper while the other three looked on.

Alan was mentally wiped out, so he kept his mind more or less blank. He focused on watching their two asses swaying back and forth as they stayed bent over a table. He noticed their pussies were dripping copiously. He asked, "Um, ladies, do you think maybe you'll regret what you're writing tomorrow when you look at it and you're not totally in heat? I mean, your thighs are flooded."

"Nope," Suzanne said firmly as she ran a finger through the rivulets on her thighs to see just how wet she was. Then she held her wet finger an inch in front of Susan's mouth, letting her suck it clean.

Alan gulped.

Suzanne smiled. "Not an issue. Besides, whenever are we NOT in heat lately?" She and Susan went back to whispering and writing something.

Alan was content to just watch their swaying asses, although he was tempted to walk up to one of them and slip his dick in. They were at just the right height. He especially eyed Susan's gushing slit. The forbidden pussy. My mom's pussy. Soon not to be forbidden anymore! Hell, my two moms' pussies. Whoa!

Susan and Suzanne finally sat down at a table, but the pen hadn't touched paper yet. Amy and Katherine also crowded around the table, and whispered to Susan and Suzanne. But sometimes they'd occasionally glance towards the front door.

At one point, Alan asked, "Can I pitch in with what you're about to write there?"

All four women turned to him, and said at once, "NO!" Suzanne added, "Sweetie, it's important that these words come entirely from us to you. Trust us on this."

The four women went back to their urgent whispering. Finally, it seemed consensus had been reached.

Suzanne eventually scribbled something on the paper and then she stood up.

The other three women stood up in a line, as if they were all about to make some kind of formal presentation to a big group. But their only audience was Alan, who was dying of curiosity.

"Ta-da!" Suzanne said triumphantly. "Here we go. Let me read it to you: The Plummer Family Pact. We hereby agree to start a new family, consisting of Alan, Amy, Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne. We may not have all been born as family, but we are truly family to each other in every way from today. Alan is the head of the family, and master of the family harem. We trust him to lead us in sexual matters, and we pledge to obey his every desire. Alan has the right to sleep with any other women he chooses, within reason, but his first priority is with his harem. The women of this harem pledge to avoid any physical intimacy with other men, without exception, and devote themselves fully to pleasing Alan and his insatiable cock. Any new women wanting to join our harem must be approved by us all. We are one family, united in love and sex and eternal friendship."

She paused, then said, "How does that sound? Does anyone have anything to add? ... No?"

Still, no one spoke. Finally, Susan said, "I like the sound of that: The Pact! Rules to live by!"

Suzanne asked, "Sweetie? What do you think?"

Alan looked blown away, because he was. Having the words on paper made everything seem more real somehow. "Me? To be honest, I can't really think right now. I feel so overwhelmed. I mean, I'm really just a kid. A very lucky kid. A harem? With all of you? I still can't believe it!"

Amy laughed. "Somebody just took a time machine back to last month, you silly willy. Get used to it, Brother. It is what it is."

Alan mulled that over. "'It is what it is.' Aims, you can be so wise. That's so simple, but so deep. I'll tell you guys what. I'll think it over while I'm gone and maybe I'll come up with some amendments later."

The others nodded.

After a pause, he added, "It's just... the thing is... it seems so unfair, ya know? I mean, it sounds like I practically have carte blanche to have sex with any woman I want, and you all can only be with me. Heck, that's not fair at all."

The four women shook their heads sadly. Amy spoke up. "O.B., it's cute how you keep trying to be fair and stuff, but this is what we want! What we all want. Can't you see that?"

Katherine added, "Yeah! Screw fairness!"

Susan stated with surprising firmness, "Son, we love that you're so considerate, but it's time to take your place as man of the house."

He replied, "I know, and I'm trying... It's just that... I don't want to take away your freedoms. I love you all so much, and I want you all to have limitless possibilities. Don't... I mean... This is just so..."

Suzanne sashayed her naked body over to him. She ran a finger up his neck and across his face. "Sweetie, it's so sweet, that you're so considerate and caring. But this is what we want. We want to belong to you. Think about any marriage. People give up certain freedoms so they can be deeply bonded to someone else."

"Yeah, I know, but it's just so... unbalanced."

Suzanne looked him deeply in his eyes. "Please. Just accept this. You're the master. You have the power. You can't be a master of a harem and have equality." She looked down at his crotch, and ran her finger up his shaft. "At least I can see Alan Junior likes the idea." She smirked.

He shook his head in disbelief, but he finally smiled and nodded.

One by one, all five of them signed the paper. The mood was solemn and serious as they all contemplated the long-term commitments they were making.

Alan watched the four naked women as they signed the paper, and then he looked down at his erection again. He said, "Okay. Now certainly it must be time for me to go. I say it's time for me to say my goodbyes. Then I should go wait with my pack by the curb."

Susan was the first one to give him a goodbye hug. She clung to him tightly, but she still managed to start jacking him off. "Son, you have no idea how much this means to me. I love you as my son, and I always will. You know that. But I need you as my master too! I need to serve you and pleasure your cock. It fulfills me and makes me so happy. I know it's weird to think of your mom as one of your sex slaves, but please try, okay?"

He nodded. In truth, he wasn't as reluctant as he seemed. His entire body was on fire with excitement and sexual desire.

She whispered in his ear as she stroked him, "Suzanne is such a meanie. I wanted the document to clearly state how you've tamed us all, but she wouldn't allow it. I wanted to call it 'The Terms of Total Surrender.' She's such a party-pooper. But you have no idea how hot blooded I am, knowing that your control over me, and all of us, is official!" Then she gave him a toe curling kiss.

It took a good five minutes of French kissing, groping, and a lot of cock stroking before the goodbyes were done.

Torn between the need to get presentable in case the scouts saw them and the desire to stay naked and frolic, the women eventually put the clothes they'd taken off back on, but slowly and reluctantly, and only after much cajoling.

Alan reluctantly stuffed his dick in his pants and zipped up his fly. Seeing the others were finishing up dressing, he exclaimed, "Jesus Christ, I'm only gonna be gone for the weekend! You'd think I was going away to Europe for a year or something, the way you're all carrying on!" He was exasperated but very pleased with all the affection and love.

Susan said, "Believe me, I'm extremely aware that you'll be coming back soon, though not soon enough! I'll be waiting for you. In case it isn't completely, 100% clear, I'll be waiting on my bed with my legs spread wide open." She grabbed him by the chin to ensure that she had his full and undivided attention. "I expect you to finally fuck my brains out. Is that understood?"

"Yes ma'am," he said with a bowed head as if he was being chewed out, but he was just playing.

Susan roughly grabbed him and began kissing him all over again. "I love you, Tiger. You know that. I'll be counting the hours!"

He laughed, once he finally managed to separate his lips from hers. "Me too, Mom. Me too. I hope you're ready the minute I get home on Sunday night."

"Oh I will be, you can be sure of that," she said confidently as she yanked her dress off and thrust her chest out. They she sat down on a nearby couch, happily preening and showing off her topless state by raising her arms above her head.

Alan chuckled, thinking, Her chest was covered for a good two minutes there. He looked at Amy and saw she'd somehow lost her clothes again too. He suddenly changed the topic. "I want to clear the air. I want us to become closer than ever before, and not have secrets. From now on, I pledge to be more honest about sexual matters. Mom, I'm sorry I hid that I was fucking Sis and then that I was fucking Aunt Suzy. Just to be sure, you're not still mad at me and Sis for lying about that, are you? I feel bad about sneaking around behind your back."

"Of course I'm not still mad at you. That's ancient history. I understand it was necessary. You have your insatiable needs, and at the time I wasn't ready to fully accept all the implications of that. But if we're going to make this unusual family work, we have to have complete honesty and trust moving forward. There have been too many schemes and scares. No more lies, okay?"

"Okay," said a chastised Alan.

Thinking about her own lactation secret, she quickly added, "Unless it's for a good cause, like a surprise birthday party or something." She still held her arms above her head, acting like she was fixing her hair.

"Of course."

She beamed a wicked smile. "From now on, the only time you're going to be going around my back is when you're stuffing your huge, throbbing cock up my asshole or taking me doggy style. I already have some ideas on how the two of you can make it up to me."

He pretended confusion. "Hmmm. Could one of those ways have something to do with this spot?"

He walked up to where she was sitting on a couch. He grabbed her legs and pulled them up so her knees were at her chest. Then he grabbed at her crotch and poked through her panties with his finger. "Panties," he said, and chuckled.

She kicked her feet up around her head and squealed in delight. "Look everybody! Look how he just tosses me around! My son knows just how to treat his fuck toy mommy!"

Susan had put her panties on a couple of minutes earlier when Alan told them all to dress up like "normal women" in case the scout master or anyone else came to the door. But to Alan, the very notion of his mother wearing underwear now seemed laughable. He knew she'd take the underwear off as soon as the scout van left, even though he wouldn't be around for the rest of the weekend. She and the others had started going without underwear because he asked them to, but now they did it because they loved it.

He could easily see the wet spot around his finger growing before his eyes.

Susan grabbed his finger as it was pulling away and ground it back into her hole. With her other hand she tried to pull her panties off. She panted, "Tiger, you're making me hot! Too hot! I'm burning up!"

She gave up trying to remove her panties for the moment and grabbed him by the shoulders with both hands instead. Leaning in inches from his face, she said excitedly, "Son, just blow off your scouting trip. It's not too late. Screw the scouts! We'll just tell them you're sick. Stay here and fuck us all, all weekend long! My pussy is ready and waiting for you, right now!"

Alan was tempted, extremely tempted. As he stood there, he thought, Fuck yeah! Why not? He was going to say as much out loud. Screw the lack of time and everything else. Why should I abstain all weekend, even while my friend Sean spends the whole time in Los Angeles, fucking Xania's brains out? I need to screw Mom this very instant! He didn't say anything, but the others could tell what he was planning on doing by the possessed look on his face.

But then Suzanne spoke up. "Sweetie, don't even think about it! You know how important it is for you to carry on a semblance of a normal life. This is a big test for you. Will you completely give in to your sexual desires, or will you show some backbone? Don't disappoint me. You know that your first fuck will be so much better if you let your desire, and the amount of your cum, build up all weekend. Not to mention, your penis is going to up and fall off if you don't give it a rest. Seriously. Alan Junior is suffering. If you do it now, it won't be as great as it should be."

She cast a quick glance at Susan. "Sorry. I don't mean to contradict you, but I think it's important for our son to be his own master, first and foremost. That means mastering his desires, no matter how great or small they might be."

Susan grew a bit sober at that, and nodded. "Yes, Sister. You're perfectly right. I'm so glad you're here to help balance me out."

Although Alan was sincerely disappointed, he agreed with a nod and dropped his finger from Susan's panties. "How could my desire grow any more? It's just not possible! ... But I guess you're right, Mother. I can see what you mean now about the 'good cop, bad cop' thing."

He turned to Susan. "Sorry, Mom. It's better if we wait. When I come back I'm gonna be so hard, so ready! It'll be the greatest fuck in the history of humanity, you just wait and see!"

She smiled. "I know it will be. I'll be waiting. Counting the hours. But there's just one thing. You're not seriously planning on leaving with a bad case of blue balls, are you? What's Alan Junior doing tucked away? Bring him out to play!"

They kissed on the lips. Susan let him do all the hugging though, because she used both hands to unzip his fly and whip his erection back into the open. Then her two hands stayed right there to start stroking it.

bender

The look on her face was one of pure bliss.

Alan then kissed Katherine, and Katherine kissed Susan. Soon everybody was kissing everybody else. Suzanne and Amy even kissed each other some more, even though they still hadn't gotten used to it. The sexual tension was at an extreme high.

Whoever happened to be kissing Alan generally took over stroking his throbbing rod. Clothes that were put on a few minutes before were flying back off. Before long, Alan's T-shirt and pants were the only clothes anyone still had on (not counting the shoes and heels).

Alan looked down at his dick and saw both Susan and Katherine pumping it in rhythm, as if they had one mind.

But while their hands were sliding back and forth over his shaft, Susan had her other hand on Katherine's head and she was staring intently into her eyes. "Angel, I love you so much. I've been so distraught about you moving away, you and Tiger, leaving me all alone. But now, we can be together forever, can't we? We're bound together by our love for the same wonderful man!"

"Of course we can, Mom! We're sex slaves. We'll be doing this kind of thing for years and years and years!" She looked down at their hands and saw that she had a hand that wasn't doing anything and that Alan's balls were not being attended to. She quickly rectified that situation.

Susan asked over the sloshing sound of hands sliding through pre-cum, "You're not gonna get tired of me, of mothering you all the time? You probably don't want your ol' mother around."

"Mom, you're not like other mothers. I love having you near. True, you've always been mom-ish, but you've been my good friend, too. Maybe in the future, you could be less of a mom and more of a sister. And a lover. Not to mention a fellow slave and fuck toy. We have so many things to share together now. Gosh, it's so exciting! Isn't it?"

"It is!" Susan's hand pumped even faster.

Katherine's hand picked up the pace, so their hands still stroked as one. "I love you, Mom, and not just as a daughter, but as a lover. I don't want you to leave me."

"Oh! Angel! That makes me so happy. I get so worried about being old and unwanted!"

"Don't!"

The two of them began kissing each other so intently that they momentarily forgot about their stroking. In fact, with their hands and arms all over each other, Alan's dick was left untouched.

But all the stroking and talking had gotten Alan quite worked up. He knew it wasn't exactly commonplace for a mother and daughter to be talking matter-of-factly about being "sex slaves" while rubbing their busty racks together and sharing a handjob.

Giving in to the inevitable, he realized that he'd be cumming soon, whether he liked it or not. He thought, Shit, what am I holding out for, anyways? Mom's right. I need to cum before I go or I'll be hating life all weekend.

Chapter 925 All Tits Lined Up

He looked down at his erection poking through the fly of his pants and wondered why he still had pants on at all. He began fumbling with his belt in an effort to take them off. But he was so excited that his hands were shaking.

He barked, "Okay! That's it! I can't take it anymore! Fuck the scouts! I'll go on this trip, but not until I can unload this big cum I've got building up. I don't care who sees! Jesus Christ, we're all basically buck naked anyways!" He let his pants drop to the ground. Then he held his erection straight out, drawing even more attention to it than usual. It seemed to be longer and harder than ever before.

He looked around to the four of them and wondered what he was going to do to whom. "I think I need to celebrate my new mother and sister! You two get naked and assume the position!"

Suzanne and Amy rushed forward and dropped to their knees before him. Within seconds they were eagerly lapping their tongues on each side of his hard-on.

Alan was stunned at how fast even Suzanne obeyed his "assume the position" without any hesitation or resentment at being ordered around. He felt heady with power.

As Suzanne's long tongue practically wrapped itself all the way around Alan's trembling erection, she thought, I remember when I used to be such an ardent feminist. And I still am, generally speaking. Gender equality is a very important thing, and I proudly support that as much as ever. And yet, my daughter and I are sitting on our knees before our master and we're pleasuring his cock with our tongues. And I'm loving it! I know there's a contradiction there, but I don't care! I've never been so happy in my entire life!

Not only do I have a new son, a new daughter, AND a new sister, but Amy's looking at me like she's ready to throw me to the ground and do me all night long! And I'm sure I'm looking at her the same way. The sparks are flying between us and we're channeling all our passions into this dual blowjob. Sweetie is such a fuckin' lucky bastard, but I love him just the same.

Indeed, Alan was having a great time, and his PC muscle was working overtime. He saw Susan and Katherine standing there looking disappointed. Their kissing had ended and they both were sad to be missing out on all the cocksucking action. So he barked at them, "And you two. Assume the position too! Play with each other while I'm busy over here!"

He was surprised at how much they loved that. They fell to their knees and immediately began making out so passionately that they were rolling around on the floor before very long.

But the sexual heat in the room was so overwhelming that he figured he could have said just about anything and they would have gone off like firecrackers.

Suzanne and Amy were caught up in the excitement too. They excitedly fondled themselves while working on Alan's dick. One would take the end of his erection and periodically swallow it, while the other would take the base of his dick and his balls.

But they were also extremely hot for each other, so soon they alternated between jointly sucking and licking his cock, and then switching to jacking him off with many hands while their tongues danced madly in each other's mouths.

The only downside to the whole situation was that Alan was forced to remain standing and facing the front of the house to keep checking for the scout van. They had a big front yard with a lot of trees and greenery, so the odds of anyone even looking into the front rooms of the house was very low. But he stood in a strategic spot that allowed him to see if there was any passing traffic on the street while hiding all the women, since they were much closer to the floor than he was. bender

Alan wasn't worried about being seen. But he was worried about the van coming before he wanted to cum. He was on a trigger and could cum at any time, but he was having so much fun that he hoped he could hold out until the last possible second his body would allow. And an even bigger problem was getting ready quickly, when the scout van did finally come. It seemed certain Alan was going to look and smell like he'd just stepped out of an orgy, because he basically WAS in the middle of an orgy.

Then Susan had a great idea and rushed off to the phone.

She came back into the living room and saw that not only were Amy and Suzanne still busy with their dual blowjob, but Katherine was kneeling behind Alan with her tongue up his ass.

Susan said, "Angel, what a great idea! That looks like such fun. But listen, everybody! I have great news! It just occurred to me that Mr. McFadden might have a cell phone!" McFadden was the name of Alan's scoutmaster and was the one driving the van. "I called his wife at home and she gave me the number, and then I called him. He's still miles away from here! He's about to pick up the Delgado boy a good ten minutes to the east. I told him we didn't mind at all if he comes here last since you're running behind."

Alan's eyes lit up. "Mom! You're a fuckin' genius! Why didn't I think of calling him earlier?"

Susan looked at the three heads of hair bobbing up and down around his midsection. "I think you've been a bit distracted, dear." She giggled.

"Hmmm. Good point." He laughed.

He looked down at Amy and Suzanne hungrily slurping and licking on his Johnson. Just the sight was almost too arousing for him to take. The actual sensations felt so good he practically felt like passing out, especially since Katherine had an index finger up his asshole now and knew just how to stimulate his prostate gland. He knew he was going to cum soon, and he was eager for it to happen.

But then he realized that if he had more time, it would be a shame to blow his load right away. He wanted to enjoy every last minute he could, before he would be forced to go without sex for two whole days. An idea popped into his head and he liked it so much that he wanted to implement it immediately. Plus, it would give his dick a much needed strategic break.

"Wait a minute!" Alan practically screamed. He hopped out of range of Amy, Suzanne and Katherine and their hungry mouths. "One last idea! I want all four of you to get naked and stand next to each other so I can see four sets of huge, gorgeous tits all lined up in a row. Then that image will be in my mind all weekend, keeping me going."

That led to quick action. In less than a minute, all four females were buck naked and lined up for him.

Suzanne stood on the far left, then Katherine, Amy, and Susan. They all pressed into each other, creating one solid line of eight tits. He whistled appreciatively. "What an amazing sight! I wish I could have a picture of that. Too bad we haven't taken any pictures that I could take on the trip with me."

Susan muttered, "Camera's in the cabinet above the stereo just behind you."

So Alan rushed over and grabbed the camera, then quickly took a few pictures and threw the camera onto a couch. Even though he couldn't have pictures for the trip, if only for security reasons, he figured it was a moment worth saving for posterity nonetheless.

The others meanwhile were facing the front of the house, so all of them frequently looked out towards the windows to see if the scouting van or anyone else could see them. They rationally knew the van wasn't coming just yet due to Susan's phone call, but they all felt as if it could arrive at any second just the same.

Susan knew he hated to make comparisons amongst his lovers, but she was so proud of her big boobs that she couldn't help but ask, "Tiger, whose tits do you like the best?"

Alan walked back and forth in front of them, as if lost in consideration about who had the best chest. "I know which tits are the biggest, that much is obvious." He gave Suzanne's hooters a squeeze, and then Susan's. "We should really measure you two to see who is number one. Not that it really matters, since it's such a photo finish."

Knowing that breast size was a sore topic for Katherine, he added, "But size isn't everything. Everyone's tits here are big. But who has the best? There's shape and feel and taste and so much more to consider."

He walked back and forth, first grabbing one tit then another. He noticed that Amy, who was a couple of inches shorter than the rest, stood on her toes in her heels to better match the height of the others.

"Hurry up, Tiger!" Susan said in agitation. She playfully added, "Pick mine and be done with it! You know mine are the best." She shook her giant rack tantalizingly.

Suzanne didn't verbally respond to that, but she thrust her chest out even further than before, in the manner Susan loved to do.

He felt remarkably calm and assured as he continued to examine his four "sex slaves" while wearing just his T-shirt. "You know, to be honest, I like all your tits equally. I know you know how I'm always mindful of being diplomatic, but this time it's really true. I love how sensitive Mom's are, but then it's really great how firm Katherine's are or how pink Aunt Suzy's nipples are. I just wanna bury my face in all of 'em and play with you all the whole day long."

He noticed that Susan frowned a bit but Katherine had a great big smile. In truth, he did like Susan's breasts the best (mainly because he was well aware that touching them aroused her so much), but he was being diplomatic for Katherine's sake.

He looked down their bodies. "Boobs are great, but they aren't everything. One could argue that a nice pussy is much more important."

He reached out and began fingering Suzanne's pussy, and then Katherine's with his other hand. He slowly worked his hands up and down along the line of women, keeping both hands in different pussies at all times.

The women continued to stand ramrod straight with their boobs pressed against each other, almost as if they were taking part in a military inspection. They seemed not to react to his fingering, as if it was a part of a military hazing trick designed to get their guard down. His stiff boner dangled temptingly, which caused all the females to lick their lips repeatedly. But none dared reach out and touch it without knowing if that's what he wanted.

"Shaved vs. hairy. Now there's a very tough choice," he mused. He stroked Susan's hairy pussy and Amy's shaved one at the same time. "Variety is good, too. I like it both ways." Finally he concluded, "Katherine, I don't know what it is, but there's something extra special about your pussy."

She beamed.

"Of course, I talk about appearance. When it comes to feel, Amy's is so tight. And Aunt Suzy's vaginal muscles are so incredible. I can't even wait to see what Mom's will be like. But Katherine, yours is the best all around. It's so symmetrical and nice, and I love the taste."

He continued, "But I'm also an ass and legs man. Why don't you all turn around, reach down, and touch your toes."

Suzanne was getting worried too. "Sweetie, if someone looks in the window, they'll see four naked asses sticking up in the air!"

"Exactly," he pointed out. "Wouldn't that be fun?" he asked with an impish grin. "But they'd pretty much have to walk up to the front door first to see into this room of the house, so don't worry too much. I'll keep an eye out. We're actually safer with you bending over than standing."

All of them bent for him and froze with their butts sticking out at an outrageous angle. They vied with each other to stick and wiggle their asses as high as they could into the air.

Alan noted with approval that all four women were still wearing their high heeled shoes. I love it - they're dressing just for me! Or undressing, as the case may be, heh-heh. Their feet must get sore wearing heels all the time. It really shows just how strong their love is for me. I wonder what I could do to reciprocate for that near daily gesture.

Chapter 926 Alan Going On A Hike

bender

He picked up the camera and took a few more pictures. Then he put it back down so he could fondle with both hands. "Now, let's see. Who has the best ass? I need to study a picture of this scene, too." He began groping butts, even as he stuck his fingers and thumbs into their anuses and pussies. "Such a tough choice. Everyone is in perfect shape. No flab."

Then he put a hand on his erection and began stroking it over their butts, moving up and down the line, dragging his hardness across ass cheeks, pussy lips, and sliding it up and down ass cracks. He thought, It's strange how I love these four women so much, yet I'm also treating them like meat, as if I was inspecting thoroughbred horses to buy. The thing is, they really like it. Even Suzanne's all hot and bothered.

Susan was getting nervous that she couldn't see if the van was coming or not. She complained, "Son, I love it, but I'm so scared! The van! What about the van?"

Alan just ignored that. He recalled a sexual fantasy Katherine had once shared with him of eight or so of his harem girls in a line, all panting and begging him to fuck them next. He thought, That crazy fantasy is actually a reality! The number is just a little off, that's all.

He stopped for a moment before Amy. "You know, Aims, you have an exceptionally fine ass."

"Thank you, Brother! I'm so glad you like it!" She nearly turned red with embarrassment and delight. "Can I really call you brother?"

"Of course you can, Sister."

She giggled with glee.

He pushed his penis into her pussy and fucked her with a few strokes while he went on to calmly describe her ass. "It's so wide and soft and plump, yet somehow firm and unflabby, too. I can't wait until I get to fuck your tiny back door. We'll get it right next time."

"M'kay!"

He pulled out and walked down the line a bit.

Then he came to Katherine, and stuck his penis in her pussy.

Susan turned her head to watch. She was mesmerized by the sight of her son fucking his sister openly, right next to her.

Alan noticed his mother's stunned look and winked at her playfully. He silently mouthed "Sunday" at her, causing her to blush and smile.

She winked back, but said, "The time, Son, the time!"

"No need to worry," he said confidently. "We'll hear the van pull up, and I'll be out the door and in the van with my pack in seconds." He found that he'd entered some kind of erotic zone that made him not really care about the van and if anyone saw.

He didn't miss the fact that, in some small way, Heather's lust for danger had somehow rubbed off on him. He was beginning to realize that a life having some risks was one more worth living.

He renewed his focus on fucking. He'd almost forgotten whose pussy his dick was in, as all four women were still obediently bent over in a line. He thought, This feels great, but I won't last much longer at any rate. Too much sexiness! Besides, maybe I don't want to struggle until the bitter end. For once I feel like just letting it fly. I'm in Sis now, but I gave her my last load, so that wouldn't be fair. And there's something else I'd really like to do...

He pulled away and started cumming on all four of their asses. It was a bit tricky to do - he had to shuffle down the line a bit to make sure they were all adequately covered. He noted that he didn't have much cum left, so his orgasm was over pretty quickly in any case.

However, as was more and more the case with him, perception was more important than the reality. All four women went on about his cumming on them as if he'd splashed buckets of cum on their butts instead of the mere six middling ropes he'd really shot out. He didn't understand it, but he saw no need to correct them on it either.

Still standing with just a T-shirt on, he commanded, "All right everyone, stand up and face front." They all got up and turned around quickly and efficiently as any military unit. Without needing to be asked, they pressed all of their boobs together in a line again.

"Excellent. I think I'd better go now, 'cos it doesn't get any better than this." As he stood, he could feel a few last dribbles of cum dripping off his shrinking penis onto the carpet. In a commanding tone, he barked, "At ease!"

They all relaxed their posture, just as if he was an officer ordering his troops. He noticed that everyone was checking the window for the scouting van every couple of seconds, now that they could look in that direction again.

Still naked from the waist down, he went down the line of women, affectionately hugging and kissing them goodbye again. He made sure to avoid running his hands over their cummy asses. He was in awe at just how much power he had over them, and they were all in awe of it too. He thought to himself, I've been the nice guy all along, but dammit, it's my responsibility to embrace my master role. Suzanne's fully independent, but the others NEED a master! They're going to need a firm hand and direction from me from now on. Of course, it won't be like this in the future, what with the lining up and everything, but somehow this seems important. It almost like we've just gone through a ceremony that's necessary to get to the other side. Whatever that is!

His penis was still wet from fucking, and semi-turgid. Each female that hugged him couldn't resist sliding a hand or two over his penis, scooping up the cum on their hands and then licking their palms and fingers clean. They also got busy swiping up the gobs he'd left on their rear ends.

He watched each of them luxuriating in consuming the sex fluids, and thought, Wow. It seems that every time they have my cum, it binds them to me more than before. Look at their faces! You'd think they

were savoring the world's finest caviar. I wish I could shoot out gallons of cum with every load and drench them as they deserve to be drenched.

He said, "I'd love to do this forever, but it's been ten minutes, just about. I really need to get dressed."

Amy pointed out, "They're gonna be so late that they'll just grab you and go, right? It's not like the scoutmaster is gonna come in and chat, right? He'll probably just honk from the street."

"That's true," Alan admitted. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, can't I stay naked? It's a bummer enough that I have to see you go; it'll be a super double bummer if I have to do it all dressed up."

Alan kissed the top of her head. "Amy, you're so cute. Stay naked if you like. All of you, in fact. You're right that it's safer if I just wait outside. Hell, we need to keep everyone out of the house just 'cos of the smell alone."

"Oh goodness!" Susan didn't make any attempt to put on her clothes, but she grabbed a can of air freshener and began spraying it all over the front of the house, just to be on the safe side.

The cum feast and hug-fest over, he went to the bathroom and washed up with a wet towel. Then he finally put his jeans and shoes back on and made himself presentable to the outside world.

He opened the front door and looked outside, but no one was there yet.

Had someone been standing on the street and staring down the long driveway directly into the open front door, they would have seen four stunningly beautiful and naked women all standing around one young man dressed in casual street clothes and holding a backpack (he didn't have to put the scout uniform on until the hike began the next day).

Amy and Katherine began to cry. Their mothers hugged and consoled them from behind, barely able to prevent their own tears from flowing, though they were tears of joy more than sad tears of departure.

Looking his sister in the eye, he asked her, "Sis, how am I ever going to be normal again? I'm in such a weird place right now, mentally. I've been living out this ultimate sexual fantasy but now I've got to go out there into the real world."

She replied sagely, despite her cascading tears, "You won't ever be normal like that again. That's the new reality. Just do your best to fake your old normal and enjoy the hike. Then we'll help you figure things out when you get back."

"Thanks, Sis. That's good advice. Thank you, everybody. It's a good thing I'm going now 'cos I need time to process everything that just happened. I love you. All of you. As much as I possibly can."

"Uh-oh," Suzanne said. She jested, "Don't get started with the 'L' word or everybody's gonna be blubbering up here and then we'll have more goodbye hugs and kisses and we'll never get rid of you."

He grinned at that, but turned away because it was true. He felt like crying, kissing, and hugging. He had to force himself to walk out the door instead.

Alan walked to the street corner without looking back, and heard the door close. He was intensely glad that the scout van was so late.

He thought, No doubt, this has been the worst day of my life, with what happened with Glory, but it's the greatest day of my life now, too.

Against his better instinct, he turned back towards the house, and saw Katherine at the large bay window, tears rolling down her cheeks. Amy was standing nearby, head in hands.

What the heck is wrong with these women? he thought in frustration. I'm leaving for two days. Two friggin' days! It's a completely harmless trip - not like I'm going off to war. Stop crying already! He waved, and Katherine waved back enthusiastically.

He thought for a few moments. Do I really mean this much to my sister and the rest of them? What did I do to earn such love and affection? Maybe sex unleashes some kind of deep natural bonding instinct. I dunno. I wish I could understand this, or really anything in my new life. It's too much!

And then, as if that isn't freaky enough, I have to wrap my head around the concept that the next time I see Mom, she'll be lying in her bed with her legs spread, waiting for me to fuck her cunt. Wow. Words just can't describe what that does to me. What a day! Again!

He sat there waiting for a minute or so. Already, he regretted going on the trip and felt a great desire to go back in the house. I feel like I've just been thrown out of a flying airplane. Man, I wanna go back in there and get smothered in boobs and blowjobs and savor the smell of pussy. But I really need to buck up and handle the real world or I'm gonna totally lose my mind eventually. I need to do this. Besides, it'll give me time to think. And boy, do I need a lot of time to think!

Finally, after another minute or two, the van came and he was gone.

Chapter 927 Pact Extended To Brenda !

Once Alan left, the mood at the house completely changed. It was as if all the air had been let out of a balloon. All the women suddenly felt emotionally and physically exhausted. Suzanne and Amy soon went home to take naps, and Susan and Katherine went upstairs and napped in their respective bedrooms.

Even after all the napping, the mood remained very mellow for a while. Each woman mainly kept to herself, to ruminate over the momentous Pact they'd agreed to, and to just chill out and recover some more. Susan took a long bath.

Eventually, the need to eat dinner brought Susan and Katherine back together. Once they sat at the dining table together, while picking unenthusiastically at their aloo matar curry, Katherine commented, "Boy, it sure feels lonely and strange without Brother here."

"I know what you mean," Susan replied sadly. "Two whole long days! I don't know how I'll be able to stand it." She asked guardedly, "Do you have any regrets? About signing The Pact, I mean?"

Katherine passionately replied, "Are you kidding me?! No way! This is what I've wanted for such a long time, to be my brother's fuck toy. It's my dream! AND I get to share him with you and my other very most favorite people in the world. The Pact kind of enshrines all of that into law. What could be better?! What about you?"

Susan smiled with relief, her guard down after hearing that. "I feel exactly the same! To me, there's nothing more important in life than love and family. With The Pact, I get to love my family in a very tangible, enjoyable way. Nothing could possibly be better for me either."

They held hands across the table, giving each other a supportive squeeze.

"Amen to that!" Katherine agreed. "The only bummer is that he's going to be gone all weekend. Just think about all the celebrating we could be doing, if it weren't for that stupid hiking trip. You and I, we could be naked and kneeling between his legs at this very moment! Slurping on hot and throbbing cock!"

Susan sighed. "I know. There's just so much cock to slurp and bob on, if only he were here. But I have an idea. After I say grace, why don't we recite The Pact together? That'll kind of, I dunno... It'll comfort me, at least. Do you have it memorized yet?"

"I think so, but I'm not sure. There just hasn't been time. But that sounds like a great idea just the same."

Susan replied, "I'm in the same boat. I think I have it memorized already, but I might miss something. Why don't we take it out and read it together?"

Katherine's face lit up. "Sounds great!"

So that's what they did.

When the recitation was over, they were left contemplating The Pact all over again. Katherine commented, "Geez, Mom, can you imagine? Just a couple of months ago, we were a completely normal family, at least on the surface. And now it's come to this! Alan is our master! We didn't put those exact words in The Pact, I suppose out of his sensitivity to such things, but that's the truth. And that means that you and I now are his de-facto sex slaves. Don't you agree?"

Susan nodded with a twinkle of excitement in her eyes. "Oh, definitely! That's been the main thought on my mind ever since he walked out the door. The reality of that keeps hitting me over and over again, like

giant waves, so that I'm nearly drowning in the surf. It's one thing to talk about it. Before, we could act like it was just a sexy thing to say to get everyone horny. But now that it's been written down and signed just like a legal agreement, well, it's just so... official! You know what I mean? So final!"

Katherine nodded, eyes wide. "I know! I keep thinking about the future. There's no expiration date for The Pact. That means it's forever. And that in turn means I'm going to be enslaved to my brother for the rest of my life! The same goes for you. You've been bested and tamed by your own son!"

Susan was wide-eyed too, to express her strong feelings. "I know! Believe me, I know!" She tried not to let on, but she was getting aroused just from talking about it.

Katherine asked, "So... how do you feel? I mean, I know that part of you loves it, but at the same time it must be frustrating and humiliating to have the tables turned where your own son becomes your master. Are you okay with that?"

Susan spoke solemnly. "I am. As usual, I look to the Bible for guidance. Let me quote the Book of Ephesians, 6:5-6, for you. 'Slaves, obey your earthly masters with respect and fear, and with sincerity of heart, just as you would obey Christ. Obey them not only to win their favor when their eye is on you, but like slaves of Christ, doing the will of God from your heart.'"

Katherine's jaw dropped. After a long pause, she exhaled and exclaimed, "Wow! Just... wow!"

"I know!" Susan was similarly flabbergasted. "And that's only the tip of the iceberg. There are many more similar verses. Like Colossians 3:22. 'Slaves, obey your earthly masters in everything; and do it, not only when their eye is on you and to win their favor, but with sincerity of heart and reverence for the Lord.' Or this one, which is probably my favorite. Titus 2:9: 'Teach slaves to be submissive to their masters, to be pleasing and give satisfaction in every way.'"

Katherine was even more astounded to hear that. "Oh my goodness! That's amaaaazing! It's like... being a sex slave is encouraged by the Bible! By God!"

Susan nodded triumphantly.

"I can see why that Titus one is your favorite. Now it's my favorite too! Why haven't I heard about any of this before?!"

"Well, to be honest, there are some things in the Bible that people would just as soon forget about, and these are classic examples, since slavery has been outlawed. I didn't know about those passages, and I assume Suzanne doesn't either since she's never mentioned them to me, but I recently found them on the Google."

Katherine rolled her eyes. "Mom, we don't say 'the Google.' Say you found it using Google."

"Whatever. Slavery is mentioned frequently in the Bible, both Old Testament and New. Up until now, that had bothered me. Why would God approve of such an abominable institution? But now it all makes sense: those are references to SEXUAL slavery! Obviously, every generation has at least a few naturally superior men like Alan who inevitably require a handful of sex slaves at the very least, so there need to be rules about that. Think about it: not only do we have to 'obey our earthly master in everything,' we need to do it with 'sincerity of heart.'"

Katherine exclaimed with newfound excitement, "That means that whenever we're serving his cock, we have to put all of our heart and soul into it!"

Susan smiled with satisfaction. "Exactly. And whenever you do, you'll actually be 'doing the will of God.' That makes perfect sense to me, because why would God make men like Tiger with enormous sexual appetites without having a way for those appetites to be satisfied? In a way, each time he blows a spermy load on our faces or tits, or into any of our orifices, we're actually doing our tiny part in fulfilling the Lord's master plan."

Katherine wasn't nearly as religious as Susan, but she was impressed nonetheless because this further justified what she already loved doing. "That's incredible! Have you discussed this with Suzanne yet?" When Susan shook her head no, Katherine asked, "Or Brother! We definitely need to tell him! Heck, we need to tell everybody!"

Susan shook her head again. "No, just you so far. I think it's better if we keep this to ourselves for now."

"Really?! Why?!"

"Well, remember, we're not really official sex slaves yet. It's more like a de facto thing. Tiger doesn't like us using that terminology, as you know. I think Suzanne would have issues with that, and Amy might too. Plus, you know me: I fervently believe in the Lord, but I don't like pushing my beliefs onto others. Each person needs to take their own spiritual journey. It's more meaningful if they come to Him in their own way."

Katherine knew that Susan could be pushy with religion sometimes at least when it came to family, such as the way she tried to drag the whole family to church every Sunday, but she wisely kept quiet about that.

Susan then added, "Oh, I forgot to mention that Brenda does know though. I know she's not religious, so I try hard not to quote Scripture to her. I don't want her to think I'm some sort of religious nut out to convert her to my way of thinking. However, it so happens she helped me with the Googly search, so she found out that way. And of course she approves." Susan smiled from ear to ear.

Katherine considered all that. She wanted to smack her forehead in response to Susan's use of the word "Googly," but she kept quiet about that too. "Oh. Well, bummer, except for the Brenda part. But that makes sense, I guess. We do need to keep this sex slave talk on the down low for the time being. The main problem is Alan, of course. I'm sure he loves The Pact, but I don't think he fully understands the implications."

"No, I doubt he does. Not yet. He's so busy having fun with all of his busty sex pets that I doubt he has much time for contemplation. So we definitely don't want to shock him by quoting those Biblical verses at him. Not yet, at any rate. Besides, I suspect he's deliberately not thinking much about the future."

"Oh, totally!" Katherine agreed strongly. "In fact, I've noticed that pretty much all along. He's been reactive, not proactive. Things have been going so swimmingly that he hasn't needed to plan much, especially with Aunt Suzy doing a lot of the scheming for him. I suspect he thinks that if he looks to the future too much he'll jinx himself or get a big head. 'Cos it's a pretty darn amazing future, from his point of view!"

Susan responded, "Yes, I agree with all that. But what that means is that he doesn't really fully understand what he's getting into. However, I think he'll catch on soon enough, don't you? We're not tricking him or anything, do you think?"

"Oh, definitely not. Come on, Mom, how can he not totally love this? Sure, he's got lingering issues about being called 'Master' and having a harem of his personal sex slaves and all that, but we'll wear him down with one prolonged and incredible blowjob after another."

Susan giggled at that. "Great idea! I couldn't agree more. Make that one prolonged and incredible DOUBLE blowjob after another, especially of the mother - sister variety." She winked. "And not just one or two, but thousands! Literally countless thousands of times!" She envisioned staring lovingly into Katherine's eyes, so close that the tips of their noses touched, while both of them were lapping on Alan's thick pole.

"Indeed!" Katherine smiled widely. "And lots of fucking too! I love that he took my virginity. I hope that when I die, I'll be able to look back and recall that he was the only man to ever fuck my pussy, my ass, my tits, and my mouth, but he fucked me in each place countless thousands of times!"

Susan sighed wistfully. "I wish I could say the same. You're so lucky. At least I'll be able to say that for three out of four."

"That's true," Katherine agreed. "Besides, there's just no way you could have been a total virgin at your age, with your body."

"I suppose not." Susan grew more serious. "This is our life now, Angel. Especially sucking cock - that's going to be a very, very big part of your life from now on. Sure, there's fucking and ass fucking and the like, but that requires a lot of exertion on his part, and he has many women to satisfy, so you and I, we'll probably get fucked less than once a day, on average. But blowjobs, there's really no limit to that except for OUR energy and enthusiasm. That's how I see it, at any rate. How do you see it?"

"Oh, I definitely agree, Mom. Especially since you and I live with him. I'd like to see him wake up with his cock already getting sucked by you or me. Then we pretty much continue serving his cock in one way or another until he's dropped off at school. And that's just the morning, just the first hour of his day! It'll get even better from there. All of us, we'll keep on cumming all day long!"

Susan nodded. "Wow! It's all so thrilling when you put it like that!" She was salivating and her heart was racing.

Katherine nodded too. "He's our master. We've just agreed to 'obey his every desire' and 'devote ourselves fully to pleasing Alan and his insatiable cock.' I take those words very literally. And of course we can't forget that we're both his official personal cocksuckers, and we always will be. So yes, of course cocksucking is going to be a very, very important part of my life. And yours too."

Susan grinned broadly. She was staring off into space, fantasizing about performing her next blowjob. She unthinkingly licked her lips. I wish I had Tiger's cock in my mouth right now. I wish that so very, very much!

Katherine added, "The way I figure, it's as if I'm taking up a sport and practicing it for hours every day with the goal of getting to the Olympics, or World Cup, or something like that. Except instead of tennis or gymnastics or whatever, my 'thing' happens to be serving my brother's cock, with an emphasis on cocksucking."

Susan smiled approvingly. "That's a very good way of looking at it. That's basically my approach too. But how do you feel about that? Do you think it could mess with the rest of your life? I'm just as concerned about your happiness as his, you know. I want to be sure you reach your full potential and find the joy you so truly deserve."

"Mom, this IS my life. What, do you think I'm going to date some other guy and eventually marry him? No way! Being enslaved to my brother is going to be one of the central aspects of my life from now on, and I couldn't be happier about it. But that doesn't mean I can't have a career and good friends and stuff like that. Think about those girls who've practiced tennis for hours every day since they were little kids. They still go to college, get married, have kids, and all the rest. It's just that they have to be more careful than most in managing their time."

Katherine continued, "It's the same with me. For instance, while my friends are aimlessly wandering the mall, window shopping and talking about boys, I'll be naked and kneeling between my brother's legs, probably with you by my side slurping on his sweet spot with me. That's what we DO now! We're sex slaves! But I don't feel like I'm gonna miss out as a result. I would have just been wasting my time on stupid stuff anyway. And doesn't the Bible itself say something about abandoning pointless worldly things?"

Susan replied, "Indeed it does. For instance, according to Luke, Jesus once said, 'Be on your guard against all kinds of greed; life does not consist in an abundance of possessions.' I'm impressed. You're taking a very thoughtful and mature attitude about all this."

Katherine grinned. "Yeah, well it helps that I've been thinking and dreaming about this for a couple of years now. You should see my diary. I had my perfect fairy-tale fuck-toy life all planned out long before I ever actually touched his cock, but I never thought it would actually become real. And now, incredibly, it's actually happening!" She gesticulated to express her wonder. "And what's even better is that I always envisioned it kind of being a solo thing. But I get to share it with you! And Amy and Aunt Suzy too!"

Mother and daughter reached across the table and again held hands.

Susan beamed. "I'm so happy for you. And PROUD of you! You're going to be the perfect fuck-toy sister. Actually, you've already proved that, and you keep proving it every day. I'm impressed by that as well!"

"Thanks." Katherine smiled bashfully and bowed her head. "The same goes for you. He couldn't ask for a better big-titted mommy slave." She suddenly looked up as something else occurred to her. "Hey! Speaking of 'big-titted mommy slaves,' has anybody told Brenda about The Pact yet?"

Susan looked at her daughter in wide-eyed alarm. "Oh dear! I don't think so, unless Suzanne did it without telling me. But I doubt that. She trusts me to keep Brenda informed."

"Well, you should call her then, right away. I'm sure she's gonna be really bummed out that she missed out. She's so into this lifestyle that it's not even funny. I'll bet she'd sign The Pact in a heartbeat!"

Susan frowned. "You're probably right about that. But that could create a problem, because The Pact is a family thing. Yes, part of it is about formalizing our servitude to our master, but it's just as much about formalizing our new family. While she's become a good friend, she's far from family!"

"I know that, and I agree, but you need to break that to her diplomatically, the sooner the better. Otherwise, she'll feel like she wasn't even important enough to be told."

"Good point. I'll give her a call as soon as dinner is over."

Sure enough, as soon as dinner was done and the dishes were cleaned, Susan went to the kitchen phone and gave Brenda a call. She told Brenda some brief generalities about The Pact, but she figured it would be better to discuss the details in person. So she invited Brenda to come over for a chat.

Brenda readily agreed. She'd already finished her own dinner, so she said she'd be over right away.

Then Susan called Suzanne. Susan didn't want to accidentally offend Brenda about The Pact, so she figured she could use Suzanne's smarts and savvy.

Suzanne agreed to come over. She also thought it would be good to have Amy join the discussion as well, since these were matters that affected them all.

By the time Brenda arrived about fifteen minutes later, Suzanne and Amy were already there. Brenda was greeted at the front foyer by the four Plummer and Pestridge women.

All five women were dressed in ordinary clothes, including ordinary shoes.

However, as soon as Brenda walked in and the door closed behind her, Suzanne gave her a narrow, annoyed look. "And just what do you think you're doing?!"

Brenda was thrown for a loop. "What do you mean?!"

"Dressing like THAT!" She pointed accusingly at Brenda's torso. "Like a common, normal woman!"

Brenda looked at each of the others in turn. "What's wrong with that?! Alan's far, far away. And all of you are dressed the same way I am."

Suzanne put her hands on her hips as if put out by Brenda's ignorance. "Because it's not just that Alan is your master now; we're your mistresses too! You should behave accordingly! Since you aren't wearing clothes suited for a sex pet, just take it all off. I'll let you go without high heels this time since Alan isn't here."

Brenda stammered, "Bu-b-b-but..." She wanted to explain that she was only planning a brief visit, to discuss serious issues, so she needed to stay calm and collected. However, she decided that resistance was futile. Her face was cherry red as she hurriedly stripped while the others watched in silence. On one level she was upset, but on a deeper level she secretly craved this kind of attention and treatment.

Once she was completely naked, she assumed a stiff military-style stance, only with her legs spread apart and her wrists crossed behind her back. "Mistress Suzanne, and my other mistresses, permission to read The Pact?"

"Permission granted," Suzanne replied. "Let's move to the living room. Susan, can you go get it?"

A minute later, the five of them were in the living room. Everyone sat except for Brenda, who stood in front of the others with a clipboard containing The Pact in her hands.

Brenda read it as if she'd just discovered a great archeological treasure, like a newly discovered Gospel.

The others were surprised, because by the time Brenda finished the very short document, tears were freely flowing down her face.

Susan stood up and put a hand on Brenda's bare back, trying to be supportive. "Brenda, dear, what's wrong?! Are you upset?"

Brenda waved the clipboard holding The Pact, and wailed, "No! Yes! Uh, both things at once! I don't know what to feel. I'm crying tears of regret and tears of joy at the same time!"

bender

She tried to wipe the tears from her face, but without success, because she was crying even more. Knowing the others expected more of an explanation, she continued, "It's just that... this Pact is so beautiful! It's like a dream come true! Everything I've come to believe about big-titted beauties submitting to well-hung, naturally superior master types is contained right here! So I couldn't be happier for you. But it's a dream for you, not for me. I've been left out! And that breaks my heart!"

Susan guided Brenda to a sofa and sat down next to her. She kept an arm around her, giving her a brief hug. "There, there. Let it all out; you'll feel better. But remember, this Pact is about family. I've never heard you say you wanted to be a member of the Plummer family, so this isn't for you. But don't worry; you can come to some separate agreement that will be just as good, I'm sure."

Brenda was practically bawling, but that made her feel a lot better. She looked to Susan with renewed hope. "Really?!"

"Really." Susan nodded and smiled encouragingly.

Brenda looked to Suzanne for confirmation. When Suzanne nodded as well, Brenda let out a great sigh of relief. "Oh! That makes me feel SO much better!"

Susan ran her hand up and down Brenda's back. "Relax. Don't try to talk just yet. Have a good cry. Then we'll sort it out."

Brenda took a couple of minutes to compose herself. Amy got her a handkerchief to wipe away the tears, and that helped. Finally, she sat there with her eyes dry. "Okay. I'm ready. Please let me try to explain myself."

The others nodded supportively.

"About a month and a half ago, my life was drastically changed forever. I used to be just like everyone else, and reasonably content with my lot in life. I've been very fortunate in many ways. But then... then! I had a private chat with Alan during our second poker party, and in just a few minutes he totally rocked my world!"

Suzanne clarified, "The 'lord and master' conversation."

"Exactly. It was scary! Beyond scary, it was absolutely terrifying! He matter-of-factly told me that I was a submissive who needed a master to be truly content. And then, when he made that passing reference to how he could be my 'lord and master'... Oh God! I'll never forget that moment for as long as I live!"

Brenda stood up, swept away by her passion. "At first, I tried to fight it, tried to deny that my world had just been turned upside down. But I was like a fly caught in a spider's web: it was already too late for me. There was no turning back! Mistress Susan and Mistress Suzanne, you two have been essential in helping me see the light, in helping me understand that I'm meant to be one of Alan's many busty and beautiful sex pets. It took me weeks to accept that. It was a long, difficult road, learning to totally submit and love serving his cock with all my heart and soul. I mean, who could possibly imagine such a thing?! It's so damn humiliating! I mean, NOBODY should be ANYBODY'S pet! It's an outrage! It's wrong!"

She shook her fist in anger, like she was a priest preaching against sin, except she was completely naked and her giant breasts wobbled in time to her fist. Then her mood shifted to triumphant. "Except it's so right too! The right and wrong mixed together is an irresistible combination, and the never-ending submission somehow makes it even better. The way I feel when he's standing tall above me, fully clothed and impassive, with just his fly unzipped and his big cock poking out... The way he makes me kneel naked and choke and gag on his cock for what seems like hours... GAAWWWD! I can't even begin to explain how thrilling that is!"

A lusty Susan cut in, "You don't have to! We've all been there. We know EXACTLY how you feel!"

Brenda nodded, trying to calm herself but without much success. She went on, "I never want to go back. I CAN'T go back! I feel like someone who discovers as an adult that they're gay. They finally admit to themselves who they really are and what they really want, and screw society if that's not acceptable! Except for me, it's submission instead of homosexuality. I could never be satisfied with a 'normal' relationship again. Hell, I think I've fallen in love with Alan so much that I can't imagine enslaving myself to anyone else!"

She looked to Suzanne shyly, and finally lowered her fist. "Is that... is that okay? I remember that the original point of you helping me was so I could find a permanent master like Alan, but not actually him."

Suzanne smiled with understanding. "Yes, but we have to admit that things have evolved. Originally, we were worried about having to share him with another woman, but now that we've gotten to know you, we're happy to make a special exception in your case. You need to follow your heart. If that means enslaving yourself to Alan, then so be it."

"Oh, THANK YOU!" Brenda let out a huge sigh of relief, as if she'd been restraining herself for weeks and could finally let go.

Suzanne couldn't help but smirk a wee bit, since what Brenda now wanted had been Suzanne's real intention all along.

Brenda still stood in a dramatic stance in front of the others, her expression visibly oscillating between joy and sorrow. She sighed heavily. "So you can see why I'm so torn up about this Pact. I know I'm not part of your family here, so it's not right for me to add my signature to it. But this is exactly the kind of thing I want. In fact, I want to go even FURTHER! I've been thinking about this, and now I'm going to screw my courage to the sticking plate and confess my true feelings: I want my submission to Master Alan to be total! I want to be enslaved to him in every possible way, as much as one person can be enslaved to another!"

The others were startled.

Suzanne asked, "What does that mean, exactly? In practical terms?"

"I don't know yet, to be honest," Brenda admitted. "But I feel I have to follow my dream. I'm not a 'normal' person anymore, that much is clear. Rather than continuing to fear the depth and intensity of my submissive nature, I want to fully embrace it! I want to go all the way! In a perfect world, I'd like to live here at the Plummer house for many, many hours a day, every day, during all the times Adrian isn't home and doesn't need me. I would be the 'house slave' to all of you, my one true master and my four beautiful and loving mistresses." She smiled at each one of them in turn.

Suzanne leaned forward with rapt interest. "And what does THAT mean?"

Brenda stretched her arms out high and wide, as if nearly rapturous to simply be in the Plummer house. "I'd sleep at my home every night, since I love my Adrian dearly and don't want to neglect him. But almost any time that Adrian is at school or elsewhere, I'd be here, in this incredible house where dreams come true! If you'd let me, I'd love to dress in a French maid outfit or something similar to symbolize my place. To me, that would be ideal. I must admit that I've developed a really big fetish lately for French maid outfits. I've been buying so many of those outfits that I'm ashamed to admit it. It seems that every time I get frustrated because I don't have Master's cock in front of me to suck or fuck, I order another one! It's getting to be kind of a problem, actually."

Susan said supportively, "Hey, there's no shame in that. You've got the money, so why not spend a little on what you want the most?"

"Thanks. When I think of my ideal future, it involves me wearing a French maid outfit in this house. That's very important to me somehow. Then I'd spend all my time obeying every command, from Master Alan first and foremost, of course, but from all of you as well. Sexual or non-sexual, I don't care! In fact, I figure most of the time it will be non-sexual in nature, probably just cleaning the house and other menial chores. But that's just fine by me."

Amy scrunched up her face in confusion. "Really?! That's kind of weird. I could understand the sexual part, but not the other part."

Katherine chimed in. "Yeah. Please explain. I consider myself pretty submissive, but I don't get that either."

Brenda said, "Of course, sexual commands are better, much better. But I've come to realize that I enjoy being dominated, period. And I'm sure I'd be a very good helper. The funny thing is, I'm lazy and spoiled, due to being raised in wealth and then marrying into even more of it as an adult. Having to do any work at my own house is like going to the dentist - I hate it! But if I were to do the exact same job here, it would thrill me to no end! I couldn't wait to get started!"

Amy frowned. "I still don't get it."

Brenda replied, "I don't fully understand it either. But put it this way. For me, my transformation has been about more than just sexual pleasure, as incredible as that has been. When I'm feeling owned, tamed, and controlled, it's as if all is right in the world. When I'm not, I feel empty, like my life has no meaning. I know that makes me a freak compared to most people, but I've given up trying to fight my true nature! To quote Jimi Hendrix, 'I want to let my freak flag fly!'"

Susan continued being supportive. "I don't know who Jimi Hendrix is, but you've come to the right place. You're not a freak here."

Brenda smiled gratefully. "Thanks, Susan. You're the best. Anyway, all I want to do is serve my master. His happiness is my happiness. I know that's extremely humiliating, but I embrace the humiliation and even revel in it. And now there's the four of you. Each of you has close connections to him, so when I'm serving any of you, it's like I'm serving him too, in absentia. So I'll have that same happy, contented feeling with my mistresses." She smiled warmly at each of them in turn.

Susan said, "Don't feel ashamed about your lifestyle choice. You know what I say to myself whenever I feel that way? I remember Tiger's wise words: 'Thrust your chest out-'"

Brenda cut her off, and continued the quote: "...and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." She struck that pose, pinning her hands behind her back and arching her back to thrust her enormous tits forward. "I know. Believe me, I know. I take great comfort in those words. Even posing like this makes me feel good. Don't worry; I'm not feeling bad about this. Like I said, I embrace the humiliation and even revel in it. To be honest, I hope Alan never stops putting me in my place in that embarrassing but oh-so-arousing way that he does so well."

"Amen to that!" Susan thrust her ample chest forward too. She wished she could be naked like Brenda, but she knew that Suzanne wanted everyone but Brenda to stay clothed.

Suzanne asked, "What about Adrian? That's the tricky part that I still don't understand. How does he fit into this exactly?"

Brenda relaxed her pose. She replied carefully, in a more sober mood. "I feel good helping him, but in a different way, like a loving mother. That's a big part of my life, but I believe I have the time and energy both to be a good mother to Adrian AND be a good slave to Master Alan and all of you, his sexy family. After all, I'm independently wealthy. I don't have to hold any kind of job at all. So I could work here as your house slave in the hours Adrian is at school, and be there for him in the mornings and evenings. The truth is, he doesn't need me that much."

Amy pointed out, "But those are exactly the hours that Alan is gone too."

"True. Of course, it would be an even greater thrill for me if he were here and I could serve him directly, both sexually and otherwise. I'm sure there will be a good amount of that, on the weekends and other times I can get free. But I don't want to be underfoot and get in the way of you being with him that much. Just being with any of my mistresses and serving them is more than enough for me. Susan and I can help pass those frustrating hours when he's gone by sharing them together."

Susan smiled and nodded in approval.

Brenda saw that and smiled back.

Amy said, "Huh. Weird. But if you have all that money, why work as a maid? Why not hire someone else to do all the maid-y stuff?"

"That's what I do at home. I have an old maid named Anika who's been with my family all my life, who does basically everything. But for me, this is about the act of serving. No amount of money is a substitute for that. It's all about the symbolism! It's not about getting the work done; it's about the serving. That's why it's completely different cleaning for my master instead of cleaning for myself. Do you see what I mean?"

Amy spoke hesitantly. "Um... kinda..."

Brenda pressed on enthusiastically, "This is how I want to spend my time. With my money, I could be riding on a yacht in the French Riviera or skiing in the Alps or doing a million other things. I don't care much about any of that. I feel like I've found my true calling, the one thing that makes me as happy as I can be. Maybe for someone else it would be painting or playing tennis or working in a soup kitchen or whatever. Good for them, but this is MY calling! I'm a submissive, big-titted sex pet, period! I want to be the very best I can possibly be at that, every hour of the day!"

She was clenching her fist again with emotion. "I know almost anyone from the outside world would think I'm deluded, if not downright insane. But I don't care! They're not me. They can't understand how I feel!"

Chapter 929 Brenda To The Mix

Suzanne thought, Wow! I've kind of created a monster! Way back when, when I selected her to join us, I could tell she was submissive, but I never thought she'd be THIS submissive! But hey, if it makes her happy, why not roll with it? I'll bet Susan will love spending her days working with Brenda instead of alone. We could all exercise together, tan together, and make love together. And that's all before Sweetie even gets home! Yeah, this could be an excellent development, as long as she doesn't hog too much of his time.

That's why I need to make sure she's busy with Adrian most of the time Alan is home. Also, that'll help burn up a lot of her sexual energy. She can be really overwhelming if taken in large doses.

Brenda struck a more provocative pose, with her arms stretched out, and then looked down on herself. "Look at me! Look at my body. I love being naked like this in front of all of you, even though it's constantly humiliating for me. This is who I am. It's damn obvious to me that I was never meant to live a

normal life. By chance or fate or whatever, I have a body that's built for sex! And I have a mindset made for total submission. I can try to fight that, like I did for most of my life, and suffer for it, or I can give in and live a life of total bliss! It's not even a close contest. My only worry is that my master and the four of you won't understand, won't want me, and won't let me live my dream."

Suzanne wanted some clarification. "So what are you saying, exactly? Are you making a proposal?"

"Yes, I guess I am. Now that you've signed The Pact, I crave a pact of my own. Something without the family part, but with even MORE of the enslavement part! I want my enslavement to Master Alan to be permanent and irrevocable. I know I can't be true family like you four are, but I hope I can kind of become part of the family by being the house slave."

Susan asked, "But what about your seduction of Adrian? I've had my doubts about that plan, but I've come to believe that he has a vital psychological need for that, or else he'll just keep on spiraling down and down. He's not my son, but you've talked a lot about him and I worry about him."

Brenda said, "True, that's a concern. Obviously, I'm highly conflicted. My devotion for my master grows by the day, it seems, but I also love my son and would do absolutely anything for him. The key for me is that Master Alan approves of me having sex with Adrian and has kind of ordered me to do it. So, in that way, even as I fuck Adrian I'll be obeying the wishes of my true master. Besides, the way I look at it, sex with Adrian is a kind of therapy for him. Eventually, he'll develop the skills and confidence to be with a girl close to his own age. Then they'll fall in love, allowing me to move on."

Suzanne said, "That sounds good, in theory, but I'm sure it's going to be a lot trickier than that in practice. For instance, what if Adrian gets so hooked on you that he refuses to show any interest in anyone else? Or what will happen when Alan goes to college next year, probably in the Bay Area?"

Suzanne was going to ask more hypothetical questions, but before she could, Brenda responded, "Regarding your first question, we'll just have to work hard to help him see the light. It's a must, because I won't be able to split my sexual energies between two men for long. It's not natural. A slave cannot serve two masters! Even though Aidy isn't the master type, you know what I mean, I'm sure. As for your second question, time will tell. We'll need to see if we can come to an arrangement that will benefit and fulfill all of us. I'm confident that we will, and that I'll find a way to become a part of your group without actually being a part of your immediate family."

Amy prodded, "And?"

"And what?"

Amy asked, "And if everything is hunky dory, then what'll you do when Alan moves to Berkeley? 'Cos we both know the odds are pretty good he'll end up going there."

Katherine said heatedly, "He's not going alone, that's for sure! What about me?! If he's moving, I'm moving too!"

Amy continued, "M'kay, point taken, Kat. Me too." She shared a loving smile with her best friend. "But still, Brenda, what about you?"

Brenda responded carefully, with great consideration. "I'll admit that's a difficult situation, since Aidy still has school here. But he doesn't have any good friends, and a change of scene would do him good. He could start all over, with a blank slate, free from the bullies and his reputation as a wimp. I'd have to talk it over with him, but in my mind at least, it's a no-brainer that we'd move. How could I not follow my master wherever he may go?!"

Suzanne narrowed her gaze and stared intently at Brenda. Hrm. Interesting. She acts sincere, and I believe she really is. She hasn't been devoted to Sweetie for long, but her feelings for him are strong, very strong. The submissive urge can be a very powerful force, I'm starting to realize. She's not just a flash in the pan in his life, that's for sure!

Suzanne pointed out, "You know, those are just a couple of questions. What you're asking is fraught with difficulty. We still don't know you that well, and you don't know us that well."

Brenda said, "That's not exactly true. You're right that I don't know most of you well... yet. I'm sure that'll change soon. But Susan and I have gotten VERY close. We talk on the phone every day, and they're not short calls. Because of the sexual intimacy we share, we talk about everything. We discuss all our deepest desires and greatest secrets. Already, I feel closer to her than any other friend I've ever had, by far, and we're getting closer all the time!"

Suzanne knew that Susan and Brenda had been bonding with their phone calls, but she hadn't been keeping close track of how often or for how long they talked, or what they talked about. She looked to Susan. "Is that true?"

Susan replied, "It is. Suzanne, you're my very best friend, and you always will be. But aside from you, I've never felt as close to any other woman around my age than Brenda since, well... ever! We think alike on so many levels that it's almost uncanny. It's true that most of the time, heck, probably 90 percent or more of the time, Brenda and I talk about extremely sexual things. But even so, we talk so much that I already know more about her than any of my other friends except for you."

Suzanne was somewhat surprised, but not that surprised. She knew that Susan and Brenda did make for natural friends due to all their similarities, especially their shared submissive lust and love for Alan. That had been one reason why she'd encouraged their friendship from the very beginning. She just hadn't realized how fast things had developed. I'm a bit jealous, but that's a good thing and a healthy thing if they've become really close friends. They can relate on submissive matters in a way I simply cannot. Susan really needs someone to support and validate her lifestyle by living the same way. Angel comes close, but it's different having an outsider feel like you do.

Suzanne asked Susan, "So, would you want her here with you much of the day, nearly every single day? Think about what a massive change that would be for you. For all of us!"

Susan nodded gravely. "I know. Brenda and I haven't talked about this before, so I'm as shocked by her proposal as the rest of you. But, frankly, I would welcome this with open arms. Remember that I grew up with five sisters, one brother, two parents, and other various extended family members coming and going. I love a house full of loved ones. I've hated being alone while the kids are at school. Now, with Tiger's growing harem, I feel that things are moving back to the hustle and bustle of a house full of love and family. I couldn't be happier about it!"

She concluded, "I think Brenda will fit right in with that. If we have trouble, well, that's when I can use my authority as her mistress and tell her 'not today' or whatever the case may be. So, although this is a bold experiment, I think it has a high likelihood of success."

Katherine asked, "Mom, what about your boob size jealousy? Everybody knows about that."

Susan responded, "True, that's still there, but I'm not a petty person, or at least I don't think I am. That's a pretty small issue in the grand scheme of things. The more Brenda and I get to know each other and bond about all sorts of other things, the more that'll fade into the background. To be honest, I hardly think about that anymore."

Susan added, "I know Brenda has only been a part of what we're doing for about a month. That's not long. But she knows about our incest secrets and totally approves. In fact, she knows all our secrets and is in complete agreement with everything! How amazing is that? The truth is, she's already faced every major challenge with us due to our harem lifestyle, and she's just grown closer every step of the way. Frankly, I don't see how things can go wrong at this point, after we overcame all those major hurdles."

Katherine commented to Suzanne and Amy, "She makes a pretty strong argument. What are the odds of finding someone else who fits into our world as well as Brenda does? Physically, mentally, emotionally... it all fits."

Suzanne asked Katherine with an intense gaze, "So, you're in favor of her having a big daily presence in our lives? And even having her submit herself fully to Alan and call him 'Master?'"

"I am." Katherine looked to Brenda. "I don't know you well yet, but I like what I do know, and I trust Mom's judgment about you. Plus, you've impressed me with your dedication and passion for serving Brother's cock. And yeah, I get jealous too, but that's petty stuff, just like Mom says. Besides, I'm hoping you can lead the way."

Seeing the others didn't understand what she meant by that last statement, she explained, "Brenda, if you call Alan 'Master' and he comes to accept it, then it'll be much, much easier for us to call him 'Master' and have him accept that too. With you pushing the submissiveness envelope, it won't be long before he REALLY accepts me as his fuck toy. Not just as a sexy term or a prolonged game, like he thinks it is, but as a way of life! That's my great hope, anyway."

Suzanne looked to Amy. "What about you, Honey Pie? You've been pretty quiet."

Amy replied, "Well, I'm in favor, pretty much. It's kind of a weird thing. Brenda, I never saw you in my overall... Well, just, you know... You're kinda all unexpected-y. None of us really knew you a couple of months ago, and Alan still doesn't really love you. But... I think he will. And that's the key thing. We do have a genuine harem here, I think, and the only way that kind of thing is gonna work is if we're all bound together by love."

She continued, while staring deeply into Brenda's eyes, "Do you fit in with us? I don't know. I don't really understand you yet. There just hasn't been time for me to get to know you well. But, that said, I have a good feeling. I think it's worth a try." She smiled her usual winning Amy smile. "It would be cool to have one more in our gang. Not just anybody, mind you, but a special kind of person, someone we can have

sexy fun with, someone we can all love like family, whether we call it 'family' or not. I really hope it'll work out and that you do find your special place with us!"

Brenda beamed. "Thanks a lot, Amy. That means a lot. Believe me, there's nothing I would love more! Right now, my true family is basically Adrian, Anika, and me. But that's a small family. In a couple of years, Adrian will become a man and go off to college. Anika's already reaching her retirement years. I still love them both more than words can say, but there's plenty of room for more love in my life, more special friends and loved ones. I can't think of a better group of people than you all right here - plus Master Alan, of course. It would be a dream come true for me to become 'one of the gang!' And to have that, AND be sexually enslaved to Master Alan? That would be like Heaven on Earth for me, for real!"

The five of them continued to discuss the issue more, much more. They went at it for two solid hours. It was clear from the start that all of them were in favor of Brenda's general idea, but there were a lot of factors and possible problems to consider. Additionally, Brenda explained her dream lifestyle to them in much more detail, that of spending as much time as possible as the Plummer house slave. From there, she wound up explaining her motivations and way of thinking. That led to her explaining much more about her life, personality, and background for those who didn't know yet, which was basically everyone other than Susan.

All the while, Brenda stayed naked. She preferred it that way. She explained that was exactly the sort of thing she craved in her life, being treated in a manner that Alan and Suzanne especially seemed to have a natural knack for.

Ultimately, they decided to give Brenda's proposal to be the "house slave" a try. However, they agreed she should start slowly and take things day by day before making any firm commitment. As a result, they chose not to attempt to codify anything into a signed document like The Pact. The situation was still evolving, so such a codification was premature. It would be much safer to wait a few weeks and see if Susan especially was happy with having Brenda around so much.

Furthermore, it was decided not to tell Alan about this development yet. That was a heated debate amongst the four women (with Brenda sitting it out). However, in the end, they felt that the group was steadily and inexorably heading towards becoming a true harem, with Alan as master and the women as sex slaves, even though he was still in denial most of the time. They figured it was best to keep moving in that direction and make it a fait accompli instead of trying to argue with him about it. Bringing up the issue of Brenda as "house slave" might cause him to address the whole master and slave issue prematurely, before he had come to accept what everyone else wanted in that regard.

Brenda left the house in time to have a late dinner back at her own house. Curiously, there had been no sexual activity in Chez Plummer, even though Brenda stayed naked the entire time. She didn't mind though, because she was mentally and emotionally exhausted after the extensive, serious discussion. Besides, nobody was in a very frisky mood with Alan gone.

Brenda was very satisfied. As she drove home, she thought, That went much better than I had any right to hope for! I'm not completely surprised, since those women are such wonderful people. Gaawwwd, I think I'm falling in love with all of them! Seriously! I love absolutely everything about that house and all the people in it, especially Master Alan! I've been hanging on by my fingernails, hoping against hope that I could become part of Alan's sexy world, and now it's happening, for real!

God! I can't even breathe, it's all so exciting! Sure, there are going to be problems, big problems, but I'm confident we'll overcome them all. I think those ladies, as wonderful as they are, don't understand the depth of my commitment to this lifestyle and to my master. This is my foot in the door to live the life of my greatest dream. I'm not going to screw it up for anything! bender

Chapter 930 Susan And Suzanne

Saturday morning after breakfast, Katherine sat at her desk, got her diary from its very secret hiding place, and unlocked it.

Dear Diary,

Brother's gone and I'm so bummed! But I'll write about that later. First, I want to get caught up on what Amy told me last night, a few hours after he left. Turns out that he and Christine have kissed! And not just some innocent little peck either - it was full-on, serious smooching! Aims said he even fondled her big boobs. Damn those boobs!!! I was totally pissed off, but at the same time I was seriously jealous, wishing I could have been doing the fondling.

But anyway, this is BIG news! It's like my worst fears come true. Okay, maybe not my worst fear. Having our incestuous fun publicly exposed would be a million times worse, for one. But still, it's pretty bad! Christine isn't human! I swear, she must be some kind of robot, with flesh and blood on the outside but steel muscle and a supercomputer brain on the inside. How am I supposed to compete with her?! God hands out great beauty OR great intelligence. Nobody ever gets heaping helpings of BOTH!!! Sheesh. It seriously pisses me off.

Diary, I love being my brother's fuck toy. It's the greatest thing ever! Just writing the words "fuck toy" right now is getting my pussy all tingly. Fuck toy, fuck toy, number one fuck toy! God, I love it! Oops, one more: FUCK TOY!!! 😊 Brother's gonna rip my clothes off and fuck my pussy good and hard right now, and I can't say no because fuck toys NEVER say no!

Sometimes I think I must be Mom's real daughter, because we both share such a submissive streak. Hell, I love the fact that I'm not his only fuck toy and I'm forced to share. Thinking about licking and sucking his cock with Mom or Suzanne or Aims - or all three of them at once! Wow! Is there anything better than that? No way!

That said, I must admit that proudly calling myself his fuck toy is also a defensive kind of thing. I just don't have a lot of confidence in myself. I think that on some level I figure: how can he reject me if I'm his willing slave in everything? Who would turn that down? Nobody! Sure, I get a kick out of being his "uppity" fuck toy, but he knows as well as I do that all he has to do is snap his fingers and I'll be naked and on my knees, choking and slobbering on his fat cock! Or, better, lying underneath his driving thick man meat, kicking my legs in the air and screaming his name!

Yes, being Brother's fuck toy is the life! I'm writing this one-handed now, if you know what I mean, while I think about how good he fucks me! But still, underneath it all, there's this lack of confidence. Luckily, I know how much he loves me, so everything is peachy. Plus, at least I have enough confidence to know I'm worthy of being one of his busty, beautiful sex slaves. That means a lot to me, fitting into the harem well.

EXCEPT! Except for Christine. Or, as I'd prefer to call her, Robo-C. I mean, if there's one person who could steal his heart, it's her. Right now, thankfully, she doesn't know sex from a hole in the ground. But just wait and see. Her robot brain is probably downloading sex goddess programming from her space alien masters, even as we speak. Then she'll kiss and suck and fuck as well as everything else she does, which is way too good!

I know I'm sharing Bro's heart with Mom and Aims and Suzanne, not to mention Glory. And Brenda, Heather, and others are trying to muscle in. It's true that I still get jealous a lot, especially when he's with someone who isn't part of our real family here (including Aims and Aunt Suzy, of course). But he has such a BIG heart that I could handle it. (Special note, Diary: he must be all heart and cock, with a few more vital organs thrown in!) 😊 I may not have all of his heart, but the part I've got is MINE. When he's with, say, Mom, he's 100 percent with Mom. But when he's with me, he's 100 percent with me. That's what makes the sharing work: the fact that whenever he's with one of us he gives us all the love and

attention we can handle. If he was with me and thinking about Mom half the time, my fragile ego couldn't handle it.bender

The one danger to this is Christine! I've definitely noticed the "Christine Effect." Whenever he's flaccid - Diary, it's super rare, but it happens! I swear! 😊 - all I have to do is mention Christine's name, and... boooooiiiiing! Instant boner! Aaaaah, and such a thick and cum-filled boner too. All throbbing and hot, driving deep into my hot box! But wait. I'm not gonna get distracted. My point is, she's so extraordinary in so many ways that he could love her too much, throwing everything out of whack! Plus, there's the fact that she's so hung up on her square morality that she'd never accept harems or incest, much less a big ol' happy incestuous harem.

Some day it might come down to him having to pick her or me!

Diary, I'm freaking out!!! Arrrrgh!!!! 😞 😞 😞

I talked to Amy about this last night. She said that could "never ever happen in a million billion gazilla-quintillion years." She pointed out that nobody, not even Christine, could compare to having an entire harem of busty, beautiful women. The problem is, I know in my head that's true, but my heart isn't rational.

Actually, Amy's attitude bugs me. She, like me, doesn't buy this whole "practice date" pretense. We both think that it's inevitable that he'll be boning Christine before long, especially now that they've kissed. Brother, bless his heart, is trying his best to hold out, and I gather she's trying to hold out too. But you can just tell from the way they look at each other: their feelings are too strong! And Brother's had so much sexual success with so many stunning women, with practically no setbacks at all. I'm sure he sees the danger with her, but by now on some deeper level he must think he's invincible. Hell, I would, if I were in his shoes.

So Amy and I are on the same page with that. But what bugs me is she seems to think that there's nothing we can do. I beg to differ! Sure, we know what's going to happen if things continue the way they're going, but what if we were to nudge things onto a different path? For instance, what if I were to clue Christine in about the harem? (Minus the incest part, obviously; I don't wanna get killed!) That probably would shock her enough to wake her from her never-ending wet dream.

True, I realize she must know something about his many partners, but if she knew that she'd have to share him with the likes of Suzanne, Brenda, Xania, Glory, Heather and the rest, she'd freak out! Heck,

maybe I'd even tell her that she HAS to regularly take part in threesomes and moresomes with Heather there. "If you don't lick Heather's pussy first, you don't get to suck his cock with her. Rules are rules! Oh, what's that? You want to suck his cock all by yourself? Sorry, girl; in this house we have a two-tongue minimum! If you can't handle it, there's the door."

Sigh! I can fantasize, but the fact is, I'm just not that conniving. I could never say that kind of thing. Alan is my brother, and my love for him is as big as the world! Aims is too nice to go there too.

But still, there must be SOMETHING we can do! For instance, what if we were to get Christine interested in some other handsome guy? I think half the problem is that she's a total virgin, and she's dying to get it on with somebody, anybody! I actually brought that idea up with Aims last night, but she shot it down, saying that Christine was "too far gone." Then I suggested we go to Suzanne. If anyone could come up with a good scheme to get Christine squarely back in Alan's "friend zone" and away from his bed, it's gotta be Aunt Suzy. But Aims shot that down too! She said she's "working on it," but I don't think she has any plan at all.

I don't get it. Aims shares the exact same concerns I do about Robo-C, but she's fatalistic. At one point she even told me that we have to accept it as a done deal and try to work out the "best deal for ourselves," whatever that means. I agree with her that Christine is a nice person, and it would be cool to be better friends with her. But that's the problem! She's TOO nice! TOO good! And if she can't be a full-on bisexual harem slave, what's the fun in that? It would be torture to be just friends, with a body like hers so close and yet so far away. I swear, her tempting, giant boobs are the bane of my existence.

I love Aims so very much. She's my best friend, and my sister, AND my lover! (Yeay! Go Amy! 😊) But sometimes, there's no getting through to her. It's like she's on some other wavelength and nobody else can tune in to her station. If she and I could work together, especially with Suzanne's help, we could solve this Christine problem. And we have to act fast, before Bro kisses her again!

Hey, I know! Brilliant idea! Next time that Alan, Robo-C, and I are together, I'll bring a super-powerful magnet. Then I'll point it at her and she'll fly to the magnet and stick! Her robot nature will be exposed and he'll lose all interest!

Sigh. I wish. If only she WERE a robot. The fact that she's a real human being and kicks as much ass as she does is what's so depressing for us mere normal girls.

The bottom line is, I'm not gonna give up just yet. Maybe if I learn more about her, and about how she and Bro are getting along, I can find the chink in her armor?

--

Susan lay on a towel by her backyard pool beneath a clear blue sky, reveling in the joy of living. Suzanne sat above her, rubbing suntan lotion into her back. They were nude, as usual, and had both just eaten lunch.

Although Alan had left for a weekend hiking trip with the Boy Scouts, his final words had completely shaken up the order of things in the Plummer household. The fallout was still sorting itself out a day later.

"You know, Suzanne," said Susan, "I'm so happy I could die. Aren't you?"

"Definitely. I'm not as thrilled with The Pact as you are, but having Alan become my son has made me happier than I've ever been in my life. The question is, what happens now?"

"I'm glad you asked. Obviously, there are going to have to be some changes around here. Big changes. First of all, of course, my frisky Tiger is going to give me the thorough fucking I've been denying myself for so long. The very minute he gets back!"

"Finally!" Suzanne said emphatically. "You're way, way overdue." She was genuinely happy for her friend.

"I know. I've been torturing him for so long, and he's been so good and patient. I'll have to make it up to him in a big way. Having him fuck me is just the start. I want him to use my busty body in any way he sees fit for as long as he likes. Maybe that'll start to rectify the balance."

"But you'd want him to do that to you in any case," Suzanne pointed out, chuckling a little.

"Good point." Susan laughed. "But nonetheless, that's the first and most important thing on my mind. The next thing is that we have to throw what's left of my old rules and boundaries out the window."

"Now you're talking," Suzanne agreed.

"But everybody needs rules to live by, so we have to have some rules. We'll start from scratch. Actually, we should build on The Pact that Tiger forced us to agree to yesterday."

"Now, hold on," Suzanne said. "He didn't force us to agree to anything. We all freely-"

Susan interrupted with a sigh. "I know. But can't you at least let me pretend? You're no fun."

Suzanne grinned. "Sorry."

"Anyway, the new rules will be what he said before he left. We are all a family now. Now he has two mothers and two sisters to fuck and control, anywhere and everywhere he wants. It's gonna be heaven on Earth for him, but also for all of us. We should take that one step further. He's our master, and our top priority is to serve!" She sat up and turned around to make sure her best friend understood fully.

She continued, "If he insists on something, then we must obey! And if we don't, then we have to get spanked. And fingered! And fucked! If he says, 'Mommy, come to the next cheerleading squad practice and give some hands-on-dick demonstrations of how to blow me so MY squad can get better learning how to serve me, then I'll have no choice but to obey his every command. Even if it means that he fucks my cunt in front of Heather and the rest, that's what I'll have to do, 'cos good mommies get fucked by their sons."

Suzanne rolled her eyes, knowing that her best friend was mostly just fantasizing now. "Yes, dear."

"And now that you're his mommy too, you know the same applies to you. I know you're normally an independent and even domineering woman, but if you're serious about being his mother, you can't take The Pact halfheartedly. You may not like the words 'sex slave', but that's what you are." Susan was panting with arousal. Merely saying the words "sex slave" nearly gave her a small orgasm.

"I know," Suzanne said both jokingly and seriously. "I've made my bed and I'm ready to lie in it, and then get royally fucked in it."

Susan said with annoyance, "Please, don't make a joke about it. This is dead serious. Now that he's gone and you've had a night to sleep on it, are you still okay with everything? Can a woman like you truly be happy as a sex slave in a harem?"

Suzanne pondered that sincerely. "Honestly? Yes. I must say that it grates on me sometimes, like fingers on chalkboard. But I understand that's how things are meant to be in this family. My love for him makes it all worthwhile. And I'm sure I'll warm up to it more and more as time goes on."

"Good." Susan went back to her previous position so Suzanne could continue the suntan lotion application. But then Susan turned surprisingly serious. "However, Suzanne, you have to realize that I still need to be the number one mother. I'm happy to consult with you and I want to consult with you, but I still have to have final say over what happens around here, is that understood? I need to have some control in my life. You're strong and a natural leader, but I'm not, so I need a kind of title of authority."

"It's understood." Suzanne resumed the lotion application on Susan's ass, although the way Suzanne was doing it, it also doubled as an all-over massage. She was surprised to see Susan veering from her usual sex obsessions and even calming down a bit. "I'm just honored to be part of the Plummer family, even if it's just in spirit." She really meant that.

"I have a feeling that eventually it will be more than just in spirit. If he marries Amy, then you'll legally become his mother, even if it's really just his mother-in-law. Then Amy will be both his wife AND his sister! Won't that be great? It gets me so excited and hot!"

"Me too. I can't wait." Suzanne meant that too. Just talking like this while running lotion into Susan's bare ass cheeks was getting her extremely worked up. She dug into her ass crack, liberally applying lotion there.

"You can't wait? God, think about me! I'm so ready for Sunday night that I'm about to die! I'm literally ready to die. I hope he's not all tired out from the hike, because he needs to fuck me in every room of the house before I'm gonna let him get any sleep. I get so hot just thinking about it! Then I'll be fully tamed and owned by my own son! Dear Lord! Just the idea practically makes me cum."

