

6 Times 951

Chapter 951 I Expect No Less Than A Total Of Ten Big Loads From You Before The Night Is Done.-Susan

Since Susan was blindfolded, she had no idea what he was doing or where he was going. "Tiger? Tiger! Where are you! I'm scared! What are you doing? Please come back! I'll be good. I'll have so much more willpower. Please fuck me now!"

"Sorry, Mom." Alan spoke from elsewhere in the room, though Susan couldn't tell just where. "Why should I fuck you when you so clearly disobey orders? Especially since I have two very lovely fucks in the room to play with instead."

As soon as Katherine and Suzanne heard those words, they fell to the floor and began cocksucking. Suzanne tended to forget her dignity issues when she had a chance at Alan's penis. Katherine, of course, never needed any coaxing.

Susan didn't know what was happening, but she could guess something hot and heavy was transpiring nearby from the sound of bodies moving about. She cried, "No, wait! Tiger, you're being so cruel!"

Her pussy actually greatly appreciated the break, as it was extremely sensitive from being fucked so long. But the rest of her body wanted more, more, more.

Inwardly she thought, And it gets me so fucking hot! I love this! He's really taking charge and showing what a powerful MAN he is! He's showing how it's gonna be: if I don't completely obey him in all things, he'll just fuck someone else in his harem! He leaves me no choice but to SERVE his cock! Oh, I'm so very proud to be in his harem. He's taken total CONTROL of us all and TAMED us with that big, tasty, cum-filled COCK!

Oh dear! I can't think these thoughts or I'll cum without permission for sure! Why, even the idea of needing permission is so fucking hot! I'm already soooooooo close. So very, very close. If someone could just touch my clit, just the slightest touch, I'd go off like a firecracker!

I have to think of something else. Something unsexy. He said think of something unsexy. What's that game where the men all throw around that oval ball? My Tiger really loves that one team. The Chargers. Oh yeah. Football! I'll think about football. No, that involves big strong men. Not good. Think of something else. Come on, Susan. Come on. Let's see...

Taxes. I hate taxes. That's extremely unsexy. But the fact is, we probably won't have to worry about taxes ever again. Now that Alan's even tamed the super-busty Brenda with his cock and reduced her to an utter sex slave, she'll give him anything he wants, even her entire fortune. None of us need work ever again. We can just sit around all day and SUCK COCK! YES! And get fucked! Fucked by the mighty pussy tamer! Alan's going to make me his complete slave, too, just like Brenda! It'll be glorious!

No. Wait. Calm down. Calm down, Susan. I can't think of taxes. That sure didn't work. I have to think of something extremely unsexy. Unarousing. And fast. If I could just use my hands and reach my pussy or my tits or anything! What's Alan doing? More to the point, WHO is he doing?! I can hear the slurping and moaning. Maybe he's so busy fucking the other two that no one will notice if I have an orgasm over here. Just one teeny-weeny little orgasm to kind of take the edge off. Then I'll be good, I promise I'll be good! But everything I think of makes me think of Tiger and getting royally hammered by his-

He interrupted her thoughts. "Don't try anything, Mommy. I can see exactly what you're doing from over here."

Oh my God! He can READ MY MIND! He controls me and owns my body so thoroughly that he can actually read my mind now! Damn, that makes me so HOT! But I'm not going to let him down. I have to do my best! I can't let these exciting ideas make me cum... I know! I'll just count to ten. I'll count to ten over and over. Slowly. One, two, three...

Of course he couldn't read her mind, but he was only a few feet away and could see her clearly. When she started straining the ropes holding her arms and vigorously thrashing her bound legs around, he knew something was up and gave her a warning.

Seeing Susan's gorgeous naked body shake and tremble was arousing enough, but what Katherine and Suzanne were doing to him was even better. Still, he felt that this was his night to be with Susan alone, so he didn't want to fuck anyone else. But he wasn't adverse to getting a dual blowjob. He stood right next to the bed with Katherine and Suzanne kneeling before him, giving their cocksucking duties their all. No one spoke, but all the slurping and sucking made a lot of noise. They both loved to rub their naked tits up and down his thighs, and that made a different kind of noise as well.

Susan had managed to cool down a bit after counting to ten several times, but even counting got her excited. Whenever she got to six, she'd think about "six times a day," and drift off to fond memories. But if nothing else, the lack of touching and inability to even touch herself was having an effect. bender

Less frantic now, she started listening more intently to all the sexual sounds from a few feet away. Finally her curiosity got the best of her. "Um, Tiger? My love? I hate to bother you, but can I ask you who you're fucking right now?"

"No one, actually. Tonight I only fuck you. But it so happens that Mother and Sis are keeping my cock warm with their mouths and lips." He observed, "You have no idea how long and hard they've made my boner; even more so than usual. I think I'm getting really partial to the dual blowjob idea."

"Oh, Son! My mighty son! You deserve it. Even two sexy and talented mouths aren't enough to make you cum. Should I come over there and make it three?"

"Nice try, Mom, but you're my prisoner now. I won't let you out of those bindings so easily."

He thought to himself, Unbelievable AGAIN! Which of my friends could ever possibly believe I'd get a double cocksucking from my sister and mother number two, while waiting to get back to fucking my mother number one, who also happens to be tied up?

Lap, lap, lap. I can't even look down and see their sexy faces concentrating intensely, or I'm gonna blow. And Suzanne's long tongue! Jesus! She's got it doing that wrap-around-the-cock-like-a-fist thing again. Damn!

I wonder what kind of boring things my friends are doing on a typically boring Sunday evening. Probably homework... Wait. That's not entirely true. At least Sean is getting his balls fucked off by Xania up in L.A.

They must be done by now, but still it feels good to know I'm not alone in this. It's like proof that I'm not totally crazy. He's a lucky guy to get to be with the great Xania. I can't wait for him to tell us what happened.

Katherine sucked one of Alan's balls completely into her mouth, which took his breath away for a few moments. But he quickly recovered, and said to Susan, "You won't be getting out of those bonds until I say so, and I won't say so until you've paid for your crimes. As we know, the punishment is death by fucking. I think it's time for a little more punishment. But first, someone should clean up that cream pie positively covering your crotch and thighs. Do we have any volunteers?"

"Oh, me! Me! Me! Me!" Katherine volunteered while her tongue still flicked all over his dick.

Suzanne thought it too unbecoming to beg to clean up a cream pie. However, she had a strange idea of what her pride would tolerate, since "keeping his penis warm" in a dual blowjob was okay, but licking up a cream pie was somehow over the line.

But Suzanne's loss was Katherine's gain. Soon the beautiful teen was happily slurping away between her mother's legs. Between digging out gobs of spunk with her tongue, she jabbed her tongue in and out akin to her brother's strong fucking motion. She was frustrated at not being able to directly participate when Susan and Alan fucked, so this was the closest she could get to their remarkable lovemaking session. Katherine already loved both her brother's and mother's love juices, especially her brother's, but she thought their tastes perfectly complemented each other. She knew she was hooked for good and looked forward to many future tastes of their combined fluids.

Katherine's eager licking brought the tied up and blindfolded mother to the brink of orgasmic disaster yet again, but somehow Susan held out. She figured that if she was going to give in, she much preferred giving in while getting fucked by her son.

The cream pie left Suzanne and Alan in relative privacy. Suzanne switched from cocksucking to more of a hand job and anal finger probe with frequent long licks up and down his pole, so her mouth would be mostly free to talk.

Alan was a bit relieved, because he didn't want to cum tonight unless it was on or in his mother, but the Katherine-Suzanne dual cocksucking attack was hard to resist. Even with Katherine now gone, Suzanne's freakishly long tongue kept him constantly flexing his PC muscle control.

Suzanne said in a very quiet voice meant for only him to hear, "Sweetie, I've had a very tough weekend. I want you to know that I've been having some issues. Like, I've been thinking about The Pact and the idea of harems and sex slaves and fuck toys. I've made some peace with that, but I'm not crazy about it. So please tread lightly with me on that, for a while at least, okay? I have my pride, whether I like it or not, and I probably always will be bothered by undignified things. So that's all. I've made my peace with how much you love your mom. At least I think I have. Amy helped me see the light on that one."

He had a hard time talking, especially given the way her finger was poking at his prostate gland. He scrunched up his face and said, "Mother, anything you want. Just tell me... Tell me what I should say or do or shouldn't say or do... I only want to... to make you... happy and... to love you. Please... Please don't..."

Taking pity on his struggle to speak, she stopped her anal probing for the moment, although she kept up her licking and stroking.

He breathed a sigh of relief and swiped the sweat from his forehead. "Please don't... don't see this as a competition for love... I love all four of my women beyond any measure. With a... a love... a love that can't be measured... Phew!"

He paused again to gather his breath. "How about, if you feel slighted in any way, or I'm calling you the wrong name... Or, or whatever, give me a secret sign and... I'll... I'll know to stop."

"Good idea. I've got just the signal. If you're displeasing me, I'll tug on your cock." She gave his dick a few hard tugs to show just what she meant.

He laughed. Able to breathe easier now, he said without gasping for air, "Then I must be displeasing you all day long, because you tug on my cock constantly!"

She laughed too, and then raised her hefty tits up with both hands. She started sliding his boner through her cleavage. "Good point. I was thinking of an especially hard tug, but I guess that wouldn't be clear enough. Plus, your cock is in someone else's hole half the time these days. We'll think of a better, though maybe less fun, signal later. I think you should get back to fucking your mother. Looks like Angel is finishing up over there."

Alan winced at the pleasurable way Suzanne licked the tip of his cock while sliding his saliva-coated shaft through her spongy jugs. But he somehow managed to say, "Hey. You're my mother too. Be careful of your language so you don't slight yourself or others. We can make this crazy arrangement work; I know we can."

Suzanne nodded.

Susan was too out of it to hear what Suzanne and Alan were saying. Besides, insofar as she could focus on anything other than the way her daughter was licking her, she was concentrating on the squishy sounds to figure out what Suzanne was doing to her son. She asked, "What's going on over there now?"

Suzanne replied, "Oh, just a happy little titfuck."

"OH GOD! This sensory deprivation! I can picture his dick sliding through your huge pale white orbs so clearly. Are you licking the tip too? Tell me you're licking the tip!"

"I am now. Good idea." Suzanne morphed the titfuck into some last quick cocksucking. She knew his hard-on would soon be out of her reach for a while, and quite possibly for the rest of the evening. But she loved to have the smell of his cum on her breath. More than just licking the tip as it passed in range, she kept squeezing his dick in her cleavage but extended her head forward so she could swallow most of his cockhead at the same time. The trick was to keep his erection relatively still so she could keep his bulbous head between her lips.

Alan thought, I'm having too much fun! This much pleasure ought to be illegal! Well, hell, now that I think about it, motherfucking is illegal, but so what? Oh God! Speaking of which, I'm gonna blow before I can get it back in Mom! He looked over at his mother's sweaty, writhing body, and then down at Suzanne's bobbing mass of reddish-brown hair. Damn!

Suzanne was so skilled that he had to use the trick she'd taught him. He grabbed the base of his cock and squeezed right as he was on the verge of exploding all over the back of her throat. It worked again. He thought, This is beyond unreal! I can literally delay my climaxes forever now! This much pleasure is totally nuts!

He pulled away and went to the bed.

As soon as he'd departed, Suzanne sighed, but a silent sigh so she wouldn't disturb the others. Is that it? Fuck. I know it's Susan's special night and all, but it's almost worse to get so close to having a big load deposited on my face but not get one, than to have not sucked cock at all. Damn. I really am a case. I weightily ponder my dignity when Sweetie isn't around. But as soon as he waves that rock-hard, tasty erection in front of my face, all my thoughts and plans fly out the window and I become an unabashed cock whore until he shoots those beautiful streaks of white into the air and the very last drop of cum is licked up. I would be so embarrassed if Glory could see me now, just sitting around, waiting for the off chance that I might get to play with his cock for a few minutes when there are so many other men in the world I could be with and have as completely mine.

Actually, it's funny how he hasn't mentioned Glory once tonight. Is he forgetting about her already? No. That wouldn't be like him. He's got a special spot in his heart for her, and he's just keeping that spot locked up for now so he won't have thoughts that'll ruin this night with Susan.

Now that I think about it, Glory is almost like me, except she's me in an alternate universe where I chose to take a stand for my pride and dignity instead of happily slurping up another big load of cum off my fingers as soon as it dribbles out of my thoroughly fucked cunt. But we'll see who's happier in the long run. Sorry, Glory, but I have no doubt it's me. Alan may effectively be my master, but could anyone ask for a kinder, gentler, more loving, and sexually satisfying master? Listen to him just now: he loves me "beyond measure." He deeply cares about me. It's not just about the non-stop sex, he LOVES me. I could almost cry tears of joy, it all makes me so happy. I'm so in love with this kid.

Hey, Glory, I have a message for you. Dignity is way overrated! I'll bet dollars to donuts that you'll be happily slurping his cock within the week, anyway! I've been with dozens of men, hundreds even, and I can guarantee you'll never find another one like this special boy.

With another frustrated but silent sigh, she sat down in a chair to watch Susan and Alan go at it some more.

Alan meanwhile sat on the bed and did nothing but admire Susan for some moments. Then he said to his blindfolded and tied up sexpot, "Hey, Mommy, looks like you're all cleaned up. It's time to make another big cummy mess again."

Katherine had taken her time cleaning with her tongue, keeping Susan's erotic buzz going but also putting her in a mellow mood with the slower pace. So Susan replied with a lazy voice, "Mmmm, Son, that sounds sooooo goooooood..."

Alan playfully slapped Katherine's bare butt as he crawled back into bed and she crawled out of the way. "Wow, you even changed the sheets. Good work, my Big Fun Bag Sister."

It had been no easy task changing the sheets while Susan remained tied-up and blindfolded on top of them (and nearly comatose from so much pleasure), but Katherine was going all out to make sure it was a special evening for everybody.

He asked, "By the way, where's Amy? She's missing all the fun."

Amy had stayed in the basement, mainly to keep Brenda company, since it wasn't yet time for Brenda's "unveiling" to Alan. She hated to leave someone all alone like that. Katherine thought of that and the

odds that the two of them were probably having great lesbian sex at the moment, and answered, "Don't worry about her. She's having fun in the video monitor room. If she wants to join us up here, I'm sure she will."

"No, wait." He turned to one of the camera locations high up on the wall. "Hi, Aims! We miss you! Come on up anytime. The more the merrier."

He said to the others in the room, "At least for now, that is. I do want to be alone with Susan once this 'punishment' is over. Speaking of which, Mommy, I'm putting on my miner's cap and spelunking gear and going back in your lovely hole. How close are you to cumming?" He'd been positioning his body over hers as he talked, so pushed back into her pussy just as he said "Mommy."

"Very close, Tiger. You're a diabolical genius. You've kept me so close to the most tremendous peak for so long now. I AM dying of pleasure. When are you going to let me cum?"

"Not yet. The longer you hold out, the better it'll finally be. I can't promise something like the whole body orgasm again, but maybe we can repeat the great peak we shared our first time." He began sawing away with a steady fucking rhythm.

"Maybe we can, Son, maybe we can. Or an even better peak! I'm so keen to find out. And the night is so young. I expect no less than a total of ten big loads from you before the night is done."

He laughed. "Ten? Oh, is that all? You think I'm a superhuman fucking machine? Wait. Don't answer that, you'd probably say yes. But there's no way! I may have done ten in one day once, but not ten cums of this tremendous emotional and physical intensity. Anyways, I'm afraid that you're still my prisoner, and prisoners can't make demands. Death by fucking!"

He picked up the pace and started fucking her harder. He thought, Eight more times? Well, I'll have to try. This is going to be such a long, fun, and exhausting evening!

Chapter 952 Wild Fuck With Susan

As the pace and intensity of the fucking increased, Alan turned around and saw Suzanne and Katherine just sitting there, watching. "Hey you two, do you mind? On second thought, I think Mom and I need some alone time again."

Suzanne got up, quite embarrassed. She hadn't really meant to watch at all, but her pussy had gotten the better of her. It practically cried out to her with its insistent throbbing, demanding to be filled. She said sadly, "Sorry. We're out of here."

Katherine was less ready to go, but Suzanne dragged her with her. But still, she managed to say, "Thumbs up, Big Rocket Launcher Brother. But remember that tomorrow you have some other women to satisfy. I can't wait until you and I share our own whole body orgasm. Ta-ta!"

He turned back towards Susan, now that they were alone. He sighed heavily even as he merrily fucked. "Man, you just can't win. Now everybody's going to want one of those whole body orgasm things. I don't even know how it happened. And even if I did, doing that over and over will certainly kill me." He paused, panting, "You know, Mommy, there IS a limit to what a guy can do."

"I know. But let's push those limits tonight! Can't we?"

He laughed. "Mom, I love your enthusiasm, but please don't be disappointed if I give out."

"Okay. No pressure. Remember, this is all about having fun."

They just fucked for a minute or two. They were all talked out, anyway. But then she asked, "Can I cum yet?"

He didn't want to laugh because it would have messed up his rhythm, but he couldn't help himself. She sounded like the stereotypical kid on vacation in the back of the family car, asking, "Are we there yet?" He answered, "Not yet... Almost... But not yet."

He rode his mother for many long minutes as they slowly spiraled up to new erotic highs. He thought, Damn! I love this pussy! I've been fucking it for a while now and it still fits me just right!

She periodically asked, "Now?"

He always replied no.

After a while, she started shouting and demanding, "Now! Gotta be now!"

He would still reply no, except that he too was shouting by now. They were thrusting back and forth with such intensity that it was all they could do to say anything at all.

Finally, Alan felt the cum churning in his balls so insistently that he knew neither his PC muscle trick or even his squeezing at the base of his erection trick could stop the inevitable flood of cum any longer. As his balls tightened, he shouted, "NOW!"

Susan screamed, "YEEEESSSS!" and let herself go with a great cum. "YEEEEEEEESSSS!"

Her "yes" morphed into an incoherent scream. She felt fantastic, just screaming her joy with total abandon at the top of her lungs. Her powerful climax caused her pussy to convulse around Alan's cock in unpredictable and exciting ways that made his climax all the more intense.

He also found great pleasure in screaming his lungs out. His heart pounded, his emotions soared, and he felt truly alive. His hips kept on bucking even after his balls were spent.

They both heard loud squishing sounds as his cum was squeezed out of his mother's clenching pussy. Even though Susan's arms were bound tightly to the bed posts and her legs were tied up too, her hips twisted and bucked beneath her son as she let out a long, low moan of deep satisfaction while Alan continued to slowly and deliberately pump his softening cock into her depths.

Finally, mercifully, both lovers were totally drained of energy and just lay there on the bed.

As the two rested in post-orgasmic bliss, he thought, What a huge relief! I was worried that I wouldn't be up for it, or that the sex would be ordinary, and so on and so on. So many worries. But it's everything I expected and more. I'm just going to forget all my worries and inhibitions and fuck to my heart's content all night long.

"Oh darling?" It was Susan, still lying beneath him.

"Yeah?"

"That was so wild! So great." Her voice turned girlish and pouty. "But you're mean. Too mean. Do you have any idea how long you kept me from cumming? Not to mention keeping your poor mother blindfolded and tied up." Now her voice started to get excited. "I'm so helpless. Why, even now some unscrupulous eighteen year old, well-hung, muscular and handsome boy who lives in this house might come along and get the wrong impression. He might even do all kinds of unspeakable, naughty things to my hot, naked body."

"Mom, you're a little late. That boy happens to be lying on top of you right now with his dick in your cunt."

She giggled. "Oh. So THAT'S what that is." She wiggled around, as if testing his penis with her hips. "Unfortunately, I'm pretty pooped out. Can you untie me and take your fuck monster out of me for a while?"

"Sure." He pulled out, undid her blindfold, and started undoing the ropes. "But I thought you loved it when I keep it in there, even at times like this when I'm flaccid."

"I do, Tiger, I do. But Mommy's cunt is so very sore right now. She needs a little alone time. Can we take a rest?"

"You? You're sore? That's a first. I thought it's always the guy that has to stop first."

"I know, my love, But you fucked me so good and hard, and my cunt just isn't used to it. Even though Suzanne and the others have been helping to break me in - aren't they just the nicest? - I'm just not used to such a powerful filling. You on the other hand, fuck so many cunts in a day as your huge harem grows and grows that it's only natural you're unstoppable."

He finished undoing the ropes and she collapsed onto the bed. She was too tired to even massage her reddened skin where the ropes had been rubbing her, and he was too tired to do it either. In his current state, it was a huge effort just to get the ropes off.

"Well, I don't fuck THAT many every day..." he started to say, but he trailed off when he realized how silly that sounded. He also wanted to protest that his harem could hardly be called "huge," but again realized how absurd that would sound. The very idea that he even had a harem still boggled his mind.

As he lay on top of her and rested in her arms, he thought, I am simply the luckiest male ever. Period. Here I have the most beautiful mother in practically the whole universe naked underneath me, and I want to argue with her about the size of my harem! There may have been kings and sultans who had hundreds of concubines and whatnot, maybe even thousands of sex slaves. But I'd take this comparatively small group any day of the week. We have love, too. So much love!

She paused and waited for him to say something. But after he remained silent, she asked, "What are you thinking, Tiger?"

"Oh, nothing. Just how much I love you." He wiped the sweat from his forehead. There was sweat everywhere, covering both of them. He thought it just made his mother look even wilder and sexier. She'd lost her glasses when she'd taken them off for the blindfold, and he enjoyed her face without them too.

"Awww. Tiger, you're so sweet. I'm sure my cunt will recover soon enough. But more than that, I'm just completely wiped out! Those fucks, one after another, were so intense they were emotionally traumatic, reaching my very soul. It's like you ripped me apart and built me up again. My mind is still reeling." She closed her eyes. "My body just wants to shut down for a while. I'm too tired even to lick your cock and balls clean. Do you mind if I take a little nap?"bender

"No. That's cool. I'm wiped out too, so I know exactly what you mean. Mom-"

"Mommy," she corrected him.

He chuckled. "Mommy, I want to be totally honest with you from now on, no matter what. And my dirty little secret is that I'm not that great a lover. I've been kind of holding on tonight and going all out to impress you, but I'm so drained I don't think I can stand. I'm sorry, because I'm obviously not going to get anywhere NEAR ten times tonight. Fucking you is just too intense."

She smiled, and kept her eyes closed. "I know what you mean about intense. But you ARE that great. Think about it: for most men, a fuck is five minutes of in and out, and then bam, they're done and

snoring. No control. A woman is lucky to even get a single climax of her own out of that. Xania and Suzanne have been telling me all kinds of stuff. Did you know that when guys rent porno movies in hotels, the average length of time they watch is seven minutes? Once they get their climax they turn it off. But you..." Her voice trailed off and she smiled even more as she thought about all the things her son could do to her.

"I didn't know that. That is pretty sad. I've learned soooo much stuff lately. Aunt Suzy taught me lots of cool things on Thursday, and I'm going to show you some more later tonight."

"Ooh! I can't wait."

"But if I'm great, it's only in a relative sense. I can't help it if other guys don't realize there's a whole art to fucking and have no clue how to please women. You know, like, the PC muscle control trick is so basic, and I gather most guys never bother to learn it. But some guys out there, obviously, put me to shame. My dick size for one..."

Susan opened her eyes, even though she felt sleep overtaking her. She looked at him very sternly. "Son, your ten inches are perfect!"

"Mom, it's eight. Really."

"If anyone should know the length it should be me, given how much time it spends between my lips every day. But in any case, I've never heard you complain about your size before."

"No, I'm not saying I've an issue with it. I'm just pointing out that it's not really that big, but the way everyone carries on about it around here, you'd think it was God's gift to women."

"Son, your penis is perfection itself. There's such a thing as too big, you know. I imagine there are a few men out there with twelve or even thirteen-inch penises, but so what? If you were any bigger, I'm not sure I could take you in my ass so pleasurably. And that would be tragic. There may be one or two Don Juans out there more sexually talented than you, but screw them. Remember that you OWN my body, heart and soul, and all the ways in and out of it. You're my son. You're the only one for me." She closed her eyes again, content that her point had been made.

"Thanks, Mommy." He kissed her on the nose, causing another smile. Unconditional love. How intoxicating!

He thought with more concern, Now here's the point where I'm supposed to say, "And you're the only one for me, too." Except that isn't true. I love her so much, but she'll never be the "only one." We're a family of five, now. I have to be so careful with my compliments... Oh my God! The video! Anything I do is being recorded and possibly watched, so if I say, "Mommy, you're the greatest," I'm probably going to have some angry family members on my hands. That sucks. Dang. He rolled off of her and cuddled next to her.

Apparently she didn't mind that he only said thanks. She just mumbled, "My son."

Then something in her breathing changed, and he knew that she'd fallen asleep.

That was just fine with him, since he'd been struggling to keep his eyes open as well. He quickly gave up the fight. The last thing he recalled was thinking that he needed to find the alarm clock and set it so they wouldn't sleep the rest of the night away. But sleep overtook him before he could do anything about that.

— — —

Back in her room, Katherine took her diary from its usual hiding place.

Dear Diary,

BIG NEWS!!! IT has finally happened! By "IT," I mean that Brother finally fucked Mom! I got to see it with my own eyes, and it was amaaaaazing!

I'll get to all of the juicy details later. But first, Diary, I'm sure you're asking if I'm feeling jealous. I know I do burn with jealousy a lot, but not this time! You have to see it to know how much they belong with each other. The only problem I had is that it didn't happen a lot sooner!

And, you ask, if Alan fucks Mom, does that mean he'll fuck me less? No way! This means the floodgates are wide open! Ever since our own little sexual revolution began in this house, Mom has kind of dragged her feet, always trying to insist on boundaries and limitations. That limited all of us. But... NO MORE! Now, it's going to be an all out fuckfest! I'll admit that for the first little while they'll probably fuck each other half to death and that'll mean less fuck time for me. But that'll wear off eventually, and then we'll be in Total Sexual Utopia!!!

The truth is, we're already more than halfway to paradise. For instance, even though this was supposed to be a special night just for Brother and Mom, Aunt Suzy and I still got a chance to give him a nice long dual cocksucking. That's how it's going to be from now on, forever! He still has trouble admitting it, but the truth is, he's our master and we're his happy, obedient fuck toys! And you know what happens to fuck toys? They get FUCKED! Tonight was Mom's big night, obviously, and God knows she deserved it. But tomorrow night, and the night after, and on and on... He's going to fuck ALL of us into sweet oblivion!!!

Chapter 953 Susan's Dream

Alan came to with a start. It felt like he'd only closed his eyes for a few seconds, but he realized he must have been out for a while. He reflexively sat up in bed, worried that he'd let too much time pass and that this once-in-a-lifetime evening was already over.

Only after he'd started to bolt up did he realize that his body had been snuggled up against his mother's, and that he'd had an arm draped over her. He hoped he hadn't woken her up with his quick movement, but it was too late to do anything about that now. Wow! I'm in bed. With Mom. Naked! We fucked! We actually had sex! Real sex! God knows I love her blowjobs and titfucks, but... this... this is too cool!

He looked at the clock by her bed. It read ten o'clock. He couldn't figure out if that was early or late or what he should have expected. Huh. It's been about two hours since I got home. Is that all? And I must have slept for a while. Maybe half an hour? Did we do all that mind-shattering fucking in only an hour and a half?

He looked down at Susan and saw her stirring. She had the most contented smile on her face that he'd seen in a long time.

She opened her eyes, automatically looking for him. When her eyes met his, an even greater blissful peace overtook her.

They just stared at each other lovingly for a minute or two. Then she said, "Hi... Oh, look. It's my nasty motherfucker. Get back down here and cuddle me, Tiger."

The room was very dark, almost too dark to see, so he turned on a small lamp next to her bed. It was still dark overall, but now they could see each other much better. Then he handed her glasses to her. He gladly lay back down, and she rolled on her side so they could lie face to face. "We really did it, didn't we?"

"We sure did, Son." She put her arm around his shoulder, causing her huge bare tits to press into his chest delightfully.

He pulled her even closer and threw one of his legs over one of hers.

"Mmmm," she cooed and closed her eyes. "So much better, my love. Did you have a nice rest?"

"Yep. How 'bout you?"

"It was divine. You'll never guess what I dreamed about."

He chuckled, since there was no need to even ask. She had "sex with my son" on the brain. The only question was the details. However, he was disappointed that he was in contact with her body from head to toe and yet his dick was still flaccid. It was worn out from all the fucking.

She stretched her body and cooed as she sleepily recalled, "We were at church. The priest said that it was hard to find love in the world anymore, and could anyone show him an example of true love. He probably meant it rhetorically, but you and I walked hand in hand up the aisle and started doing the deed up on the pulpit. It was very scandalous."

"I'll bet," he chuckled.

In fact, that was not all of her dream. What she said was true enough, but she'd left out some things that she felt too embarrassed to confess to. It did start as their usual male preacher giving a sermon, but it turned into a wedding. Susan's modest church dress had transformed into a flowing white wedding gown while Alan's clothes similarly morphed into a tuxedo. The crowd changed, too, from mostly strangers to all friends and family.

Susan smiled as she remembered herself standing at the altar next to Alan. She recalled the priest's words as he'd said, "Do you, Susan Plummer, take your son, Alan Plummer, and agree to be not just his sex slave and big-titted fuck toy, but also his wife? To have and to hold, and to stroke and blow and serve in every way, until death do you part?"

"I do," she'd said solemnly.

The priest had then turned to Alan and asked, "And do you, Alan Plummer, take your sexy, loving mommy, Susan Plummer, and agree to crown her the head of your harem and your one and only official wife? To have and to fuck, to spank and to tame, until death do you part?"

"I do," he'd replied with equal seriousness.

"You may now fuck the bride," the priest had said, as Susan was already unzipping the fly to Alan's slacks and pulling his erection straight into her mouth.

She sighed contentedly as she recalled the way her son took her and drilled her up on a big table in front of a crowd of friends. But the details of the dream were slowly fading and the reality that she was lying naked with her son came to the fore of her consciousness.

She opened her eyes again, all smiles as she looked at her son. She thought, If only! If only I weren't such an old hag. If only I could give him children. Lots and lots and lots of children! And if it weren't for those stupid laws. That's one dream I can't even tell Suzanne. She'd think I'm even weirder than she already does.

She sighed again, this time in frustration. What doubly frustrated her was that she was already lubricating, even though her pussy was still sore from earlier. She quickly asked a question to force herself to change gears before she got completely carried away. "Oh, by the way, how was your hiking trip?"

"Ugh. Do you really have to ask?"

"I'm your mommy. Mommies live for that kind of stuff."

He sat up and leaned back against the headboard. "Torture. It was pure torture. I hardly knew where I was or what I was doing. I just plodded along, step after step, thinking of nothing but you. Actually, you and Glory. I have to admit she was on my mind a lot. I really have the feeling that I've lost her for sure. So I was one unhappy camper. Literally, in fact. The other scouts must have thought I'd lost my mind because I could hardly carry on a conversation."

Susan sat up, too. "Tiger, before you go on, let me just say a word or two about Glory. As your sexual powers continue to grow, I'm sure you'll find that you're able to go out and find any woman you want and add her to your collection. But I imagine that you don't want to do that, except as an occasional lark, because you'd rather be with the women you already love. Women like Glory."

"Exactly," he said sincerely, just managing to get a word in.

"It takes a lot of time and energy to give us all the attention, love, and heart-pounding, mind-blowing orgasms we so desperately crave."

"That's right. Even though you overstate my abilities with-"

Susan overrode his words as her determination increased. "Glory holds a special place in your heart as your first serious crush. As such, you **MUST** have her. She **WILL** obey you and love you, believe me. If you talk to her and fail to convince her, just let me know, because I'm ready to take extreme measures." She emphasized those last two words fiercely.

He was almost frightened by the determination in her eyes.

She said through clenched teeth, "She **WILL** come to understand that **NOTHING** can be denied my son. **NOTHING!**"

"Whoa, Mom, that's almost scary. What's up with that?"

The fire in her eyes dimmed and her whole demeanor softened. "I'm sorry, it's just... Even before all this sex started, I've never really lived for myself. My number one priority has been raising you and Angel. You two, and Suzanne and Amy, you're literally my whole world. I just want you to be happy."bender

"Mom, I really do appreciate that and I love you for it, but you should live for yourself too. Follow your own dreams."

She thought about her marriage dream and sighed sadly. But then she said sincerely, "But that's why I love my life so much nowadays. Keeping you happy and very sexually satisfied is a dream come true for me. You bring me so much joy. And as your harem grows, that means more family and more love. And of course, more sex for everybody. I AM living my dream."

She added to herself, Well, unless you count the marriage and babies part. But I shouldn't be greedy. The good Lord has given me so much.

"That's good to hear," he said as he cuddled her curvy body. "But you're spoiling me. I appreciate your help, but please, let me handle this Glory situation on my own. It's my problem, and her choice to make." He knew that his mother almost never showed this much determination, but when she did, she always got her way.

Susan just muttered with her same steely intensity, "We'll see, Son. We'll see." Then, in a happy, singsong voice, she said as she lazily ran her hands over his chest, "So. You were telling me about your hiking trip, you great, big, cuddly mommyfucker?"

"Yeah. What a drag." Sensing she was frisky, he brought a hand down to her pussy.

But as soon as he brushed up against her pussy lips with his fingers, she complained, "Not my cunt! Not there! Too sensitive." She gently took his hand and brought it up to her chest instead.

"Sorry." As he began to run his fingers over her hefty orbs, he said, "Mile after mile of plodding along, so it was hardly restful. I used to really enjoy scouting and hiking but I'm soooo not into it these days. I sure am going to sleep soundly tonight."

She thought to herself with naughty glee, That's what you think!

"But the worst part was my dick! Dang! My dick was very unhappy. I thought it would be grateful to have a break after many, many days of nonstop activity. There were times in weeks past when I would have practically killed for a weekend off to rest the little guy. And it was content to rest, for most of the first day. But by the end of that day, little Alan Junior started-"

She interrupted, "Correction. Not-so-little Alan Junior."

He grinned. "Not-so-little Alan Junior started to get very unhappy. If you think about it, I've been averaging six orgasms a day for the past two months-"

She interrupted again. "More than six, actually. At least these last few weeks. My son's marvelous cock shoots its sperm into any combination of his nympho harem sex slaves seven or eight times a day, if not more. And Alan Junior is always, always, always hard. In fact, how is he doing right now? Let me check."

Actually, she'd checked it quite a few times since they'd woken up, by rubbing various parts of her body across his groin as they changed positions, so she already knew it was flaccid. But she hoped that some fondling might change that. To her delight, it was half-hard, which was an improvement from a minute or so earlier.

Nevertheless, she frowned and pretended distress. "Oh dear. This will not do. Son, you keep talking, and I'll take care of this." She started jacking him off.

The bed sheets were still covering them, but she managed to kick them off as her fingers caused his penis to grow increasingly turgid. She said playfully, "Who knows, maybe some of your other slaves are down in the basement, naked and horny and eager to watch. We don't want to disappoint them."

"Um, Mom, can you kind of not talk about 'slaves' so much?"

She remembered the speech she'd given the other women of the family while he was gone for the weekend, telling them to cut down the use of terms like "master" and "fuck toy." But when it came down to it, she herself loved those terms, and her fingers had the evidence in hand that he loved it too.

She deliberately teased him while pretending to apologize. "I'm sorry. It's just that, when you fuck me so good, it makes me want to serve you even more, like a slave! Not in a bad way, mind you, like an unhappy, unwilling slave. I mean it in the very best way, the kind of slave who truly loves to serve you and even lives to serve you! I'll try to obey your every command, but if I forget, you should probably give me a good spanking. And then fuck my face!"

His dick had reached its full hardness, thanks in large part to her words, so she concentrated on stroking her fingers back and forth under the most sensitive spot just under his cockhead.

His face grew taught in determination, because it took concentration to talk while enjoying a hand job at the same time, especially when she did that. "Um. Yeah. As I was saying, my dick started to get very unhappy. For once I wasn't even thinking about anything sexual, and yet it suddenly got rock hard."

She teased, "Oh, really? What would that be like?" Then she looked down with a smirk at her fingers playing on his shaft.

He rolled his eyes, but loved her playfulness. "It got hard. Right in the middle of nowhere, with no stimulation at all. Then I deliberately tried to keep my mind on the most unsexy thoughts, because, believe you me, you don't want a raging boner on a deserted island with Boy Scouts all around you. If anyone had noticed, I never would have lived it down. But no matter what I thought about, my dick just got harder and harder... Kind of like now... Um..." His mind drifted briefly, thanks to the slippery sliding of her hands.

She teased some more, "Son, is there something on your mind?" He was lying still, trying to concentrate on the subject at hand while avoiding a climax. She took advantage of that and climbed over him a bit more so she could slide her heavenly boobs back and forth across his chest. "Is there something distracting you, perhaps? ... Making you lose your concentration?"

He laughed. "You know there is. Anyway, I was saying... What are you doing?"

He asked her that because she climbed off him and seemed to be getting off the bed altogether. But that wasn't her intention. She had placed a bottle of baby oil on her nightstand in preparation for this possibility. She explained as she poured a heaping amount all over her rack and especially down her cleavage, "Oh, Mommy just needs some more lubrication." She squirted yet more onto her hands.

"Jesus!" he muttered, awed by her sensuality.

She jiggled her chest a bit, but then brought her oiled-up hands back to his boner before her oiled-up breasts resumed sliding all over his chest. "So... You were saying?"

"Um. Yes. Where was I?"

"I believe you were talking about your big COCK and how it gets HARD. Thick and hard, and full of sperm. And then how you need to find a tight, eager cunt to FUCK, so you can blow a load in one of your hot pussy slaves!" She was close to orgasm herself as she wantonly rubbed her whole body over his. That was tiring, but she was so turned on that she didn't care.

He was so distracted from orgasmic pleasure that he didn't even note she'd used the word "slave" again. "Yeah. My, um, dick. It was hard. Painfully hard. It even started to drip pre-cum... Also like now... It was like my dick was saying, 'Okay, you've rested me for most of the day and thanks for that, but now let's get down to some hard-core fucking!'"

She was starting to really get into the "tit massage" she was giving him. She'd moved her body up his so her breasts were pressing up against his chin sometimes. But she still had both hands down at his crotch. She squeezed his ball sack and slid her soaked fingers all over his prick. She chuckled, "Tiger, I love the way your cock talks."

"Yeah, well, it wasn't very funny or fun at the time. By the time I got to camp, my balls were practically bursting. But it was surreal, because there was a part of me that just couldn't believe everything that has happened in my life lately." He grimaced and groaned, but in pleasure as she gave his balls a particularly tight squeeze. "Um... Did I, um, did I really make a pact to sexually satisfy my now two sisters and two mothers for the rest of our lives?"

"You did!" she squealed joyously.

He chuckled. "I know, I'm just trying to explain how I felt. With the other scouts talking about their X-Box games, the Chargers game, the latest rap song - some crap like 'Hot in Herre' - and that kind of stuff, I just couldn't wrap my head around my secret sexual life. It felt like an impossible and fading dream."

Her heavy tits were practically smothering his face now. But she suddenly lifted herself up. "This is wrong! This is so wrong!"

"What?" He was loving life and had no idea what she was talking about.

"All this talking, and nobody's sucking your cock! Mommy's gonna help. But don't mind me. I wanna hear the rest of your story."

She scooted her body down his, licking her way over and past his belly button as she went. She really did want him to continue his story, but she couldn't stand not having his stiff cock in her somehow. Since her pussy was still tender, she slipped it into her mouth. His penis was covered with a mixture of the baby oil, her own pussy juices, and his seed as she started to lick.

"Thanks, Mommy. You're such a perfect cocksucker. Anyways, even while I was having these thoughts, my dick was demanding release. It needed a hole, just like you said. I think I'm biologically addicted to lots of sex now. Seriously."

"MMMM!" she cried out. She was too busy bobbing her head farther and farther down his dick until she was practically reaching his balls with each pass, so she couldn't say more. But she was thinking, That makes me SO HOT! I'm addicted to him, and he's addicted to me!

"I just had to do something. I figured I'd go off and masturbate, but there was nowhere to go to. We were in the middle of the most fucking wind-swept, deserted island imaginable. There wasn't a tree on the whole island! ... Whoa, Mom, slow down there, okay? Actually, stop for a minute or I'm gonna blow."

She paused in her cocksucking, but her oiled-up hand wrapped around the lower half of his shaft continued to slide up and down. Since her mouth was temporarily freed to talk, she said, "Oh dear! I knew it. We all worried so much about your blue balls and we talked about how much we wished we could have been there to be your fuck receptacle. While you were gone, that was practically all we talked about."

""We,' or do you mean 'you?'"

"Actually, it was all of us, and even Brenda on the phone or in person. You have no idea what torture she put me through, since I'd vowed not to cum until you got back, the way she'd go off about all the things she'd do for you. I swear. As soon as she starts talking about titfucking, she starts cumming buckets-worth of sweaty pussy juice. And Angel-"

"Hey Mom, strategic break, here."

"Oh. Sorry." She paused to lick the tip of his throbbing rod for a bit, until he coughed. "Oops! Can't help myself. But seriously... You know my fear of public exposure, but in that situation I would have gladly laid down naked in the middle of your camp and spread my legs for you to fuck me in the dirt in front of all those other scouts if it would have prevented your horrible blue balls. I'll do anything to make my children happy. "

"Thanks, but I would never ask you to do something like that. I would do anything for you too, you know. In any case, so there I was-"

She interrupted again, very excited. She resumed slurping long strokes on the underside of his erection. She was being deliberately demanding and "uppity," hoping it would result in a spanking. Even if it didn't, she'd get to enjoy more of his cock.

Somehow, she managed to keep talking, despite her enthusiastic licks. "In fact... I'll bet... you have blue balls... even now... Mmmm... MMMM!" She stopped licking to suddenly swallow his entire cockhead. She bobbed her head up and down on it for some moments, happily "mmmm"-ing.

Then she stopped doing that, and said, "Let's see if they taste any different from non-blue balls." She buried her face deeper into his crotch and stuffed an entire testicle between her lips.

He completely forgot about his hiking trip and just groaned lustily.

But then, suddenly, she pulled away and raised her head out from under the sheets. "We have to do something more drastic about all that cum you've built up!" She threw the sheets off of them. "I think it's time for more fucking!" Her pussy still had sensitivity issues, but she was too horny to care.

She scooted all the way back up his body and kissed him on the mouth, inadvertently rolling some of his own cum into his mouth.

He didn't worry about that kind of thing anymore. Cum and pussy juice got on everything and ended up everywhere these days. Since everyone praised his cum so much, he didn't have any "gross bodily fluid" thoughts about cum, but thought of sexual juices to simply be a tasty treat, like honey. He even liked sweat now, since sweat was so frequently linked with incredible fun.

"Um, okay, Mommy. But, um, wasn't I in the middle of a story or something?"

"No!"

He laughed, because he knew that he was. "Yeah. Screw the story. I think I'd rather fuck you. Since you're so energetic, why don't you sit on me and ride me for a while? The woman on top is one of my favorite positions, so it's something you're going to be doing a LOT from now on. You can really put those pussy squeezing tricks Aunt Suzy taught you to good use."

"Okay! 'A lot from now on.' I love the sound of that! Aren't we going to be a big happy family, forever and ever?"

"You know it."

She smiled and then walked out of the room to use the bathroom.

Chapter 954 Massage For Brenda

bender

That gave Alan a much needed respite, a chance to get a real second wind. Phew! What a dynamo. Her enthusiasm - normally I'd say it's overpowering, but really it just gets me as lusty and raring to go as she is. I love it!

She came back in a couple of minutes later, turning the overhead light on along the way. Not only had she used the toilet, but she'd combed her hair, wiped her skin clean, and even added a little perfume.

She walked across the room, sashaying her hips in the exaggerated fashion Suzanne had recently taught her. She hopped up on the bed and continued talking right where she'd left off. "You know, one thing I think about a lot is that time when you told me how you fantasized going to school with your cock still in my cunt. I always imagine you and I walking everywhere like a giant, four-legged crab creature, as you keep your cock in my cunt forever."

He thought, I would have never, ever thought my mother would love sex so much. Does she maybe even love it a little too much? How can I keep up with her "fuck crab" fantasies? On the other hand, I'm just about as obsessed. What's the word for a male nympho?

She sat up over him and straddled his hips, before rising up to pull his raging boner into position. Once done, she lowered her pussy down onto his stiffness. "Mmmm. Like this. This is how good mommies should always be: getting royally reamed by their sons."

As soon as she was settled on his stiff prick, she wiggled her hips and squeezed her vaginal muscles a couple of times, and then said, "But don't stop your story just on account of little old me." She winked. "I hope you don't think I'm distracting you."

"Just a tad!" He thought back and remembered how he'd been talking about his sexual frustration during the hiking trip. "All right. I'm going to finish this story up reaaaaalllly quickly, just to prove that I can. Don't start bouncing yet."

"You mean you don't want your mommy to raise and lower her hips over your cock, causing you to drive deeper and deeper into her hot and needy insides?"

"Um, er, yeah."

"Okay." She giggled with glee. Any reminder that she was having sex with her son made her feel like she was on cloud nine. "But what if I do this?" She began her pussy squeezing again.

He chose not to verbally respond to that, but just try to get through the rest of his story as fast as possible. "I was in the middle of camp, and unfortunately didn't have any loving mommy to spread her legs for me. My dick was seriously starting to hurt and my balls were expanding like balloons. But more than that, I was practically having an existential crisis. Had I gone mad? How could an ordinary teenager like me have my own harem right in the middle of boring Orange County? Was it really possible that I was about to fuck my own mother?"

She raised up on his erection and answered, "Tiger, we're very real. I'm real. Here. Put your hand here and feel your penis sliding in and out of me. Isn't that real?" She lowered back down. And then back up. Soon she wasn't squeezing anymore, but just flat out fucking.

He started talking even faster, eager to end the story. "Yeah, of course. I love you so much, and I love what we're doing. I'm just saying sometimes it's hard to fathom all these changes. I wondered: how could I be so different from all these other scouts? Why did the fates pick me, of all people? Even now I don't understand and usually I try not to think about it, and just accept it."

She bounced up and down on his "mommy-splitter" as she listened. Her tits started flying around wildly, periodically crashing into each other.

He loved to watch freely swinging boobs so much that the sight almost distracted him from his story as much as the fucking did.

While frantically bouncing, she managed to blurt out, "Remember ... the Big Tits ... Theory!"

He closed his eyes and suddenly had visions of an endless series of heartbreakingly beautiful big-titted nymphos bouncing up and down on his dick. His mother morphed into Xania, then Suzanne, then Heather, then Brenda, then someone he didn't know, and more and more bodies and faces, changing faster and faster. Tits flew around in circles with bewildering speed. He felt strongly tempted by Susan's Big Tits Theory, the idea that he was a naturally superior master and such women existed only to please him. The "Bad Alan" was rising within him.

But he opened his eyes and shook it off. There was "only" his mother fucking him after all. He fought against the desire to be controlling, demanding, and abusive, and focused on how much he loved and adored her as a person and not just a sex object. It wasn't easy, because she was acting like a creature of pure lust who craved to be treated like a sex object. She happened to be in the middle of a sexual frenzy since she was doing all the work while he just lay there and enjoyed it.

He said in the calmest voice he could conjure, "Mom, your theory is absurd. You know that. It brings out my worst tendencies..." His voice trailed off because he was overcome by the sight of her bouncing on his hard shaft like a pogo stick. He thought, Screw the story. Screw Mom instead!

After a couple of minutes, she grew increasingly hot and bothered. She concentrated on her pleasurable bouncing and didn't say a thing, until she cried out all of a sudden, "Fucking! ... It's so good! ... I'm going to cum!"

That set off his alarm bells. He commanded, "STOP!"

She looked at him with shock, and slowly bounced to a halt. She remained impaled on his member and asked, "What?" Sweat poured down her everywhere while he remained relatively calm. However, he was still sweaty from before, since he hadn't cleaned up like she had.

He stated firmly, "Remember, you can only cum when I tell you. When you're ready to start fucking again, tell me, and you can."

"I'm ready."

"Are you sure?" He noticed she hadn't even caught her breath yet.

"Very. I was bad there... but I'm in control now."

"Okay. But warn me like that if you're getting close. Meanwhile, take it slow and I'll finish my story. If I have to stop my story, that means you're fucking too much."

"Yes, sir!" She saluted him, and then giggled. Her bouncing was in fact slower now as she hung right on the edge of another climax.

So he gamely soldiered on with his story, mostly to keep her in check so he could have a comparative break and hold back from cumming. "I was having this crisis of doubting reality, like I said. I went to my backpack after dinner. I figured you'd buried some extra special yummy treats in there, like you always

do. And you did, of course. You're the best mom ever, even in those rare moments lately when you aren't giving me your body to enjoy. But what else did I find down there, but a really good drawing of Amy, obviously drawn by her! I was totally blown away. It made me so happy."

Susan just "mmmm"-ed and bounced. She loved riding him in a sitting position.

He paused, then said, "Wait. Did you hear that?"

"What?" She was too busy impaling her pussy on his thick cock to pay much mind to anything else, though she caught that he'd enjoyed the snacks she'd packed. She was riding him slowly just as he'd asked, but she was also taking the time to go as deep as possible. She twisted and ground her hips each time, making sure his penis always hit her cervix as she fucked him. She was only half-listening to his story.

But he was thinking about the sound he'd heard. "It sounded like a distant scream. A really loud, high-pitched scream... Specifically, an Amy scream." He paused. "Yeah, that's Amy, all right. I hear her coming now."

Ever since Alan and Susan started fucking a couple of hours earlier, Brenda and Amy had stayed in the basement video monitoring room. First Katherine had gone upstairs, and then after a great threesome where Amy and Suzanne mostly focused on pleasuring Brenda, Suzanne had gone upstairs too.

Brenda and Amy were left to themselves. Nothing was happening on the video monitor since Alan and Susan were sleeping. Brenda couldn't go upstairs because Alan wasn't supposed to know she was in the house, so Amy felt obliged to keep the new house-maid company.

But they hardly knew each other. They'd played strip poker games together, but hadn't really talked one on one much. So there was an awkward silence right after Suzanne left. Brenda took her maid duties very seriously, and even though she was drenched in pussy juice and sweat, she started cleaning up from the three-way orgy. They'd fucked with such abandon that they'd knocked over a bowl of pretzels, some drinks, and a few other things. She put her maid uniform back on over all her cum stains (which she wore like a badge of honor) and started picking things up.

Amy just watched Brenda cleaning for a minute or two and then flopped down nude on a nearby sofa. She said, "I don't get it."

Brenda assumed an attention position, now that she was being addressed. Since she'd been kneeling, she chose what she called the "tits thrust out, on my knees" position, her personal favorite. "You don't get what, Mistress Amy?"

"Awww, you can relax. Don't get all stiff-backed and extra-busty on my account. And you don't have to call me that. I like Amy. Or Aims. That's cool, now that Alan calls me that in front of Susan."

"Yes, Mist... Yes, Amy." Brenda reluctantly resumed cleaning instead of staying at attention, because her mistress told her to.

Amy furrowed her brow. "I don't get your whole attitude. I mean, what's with this whole slave thing? Practically everyone here seems into it except my mother Suzanne. And even she gets into the swing of it a little bit sometimes." She kicked up her legs and lay stretched out on the sofa.

"You get into it too, don't you?" Brenda asked while she picked up items on the floor.

"Yeah, I guess. But, I mean, I'm just playing around. I just like to go with the flow and have fun, and that stuff makes everybody happy. It's funny, though. I wasn't that big on him cumming on my face at first, and I wasn't crazy about high-heeled shoes either. But now I really like both those things, especially when he shoots all over my face. It just feels kinda... naughty. But I don't really know how much of a natural master Alan is, though everyone seems so convinced... Is this slave-y stuff just a game to you?"

"No, my Mist... Amy. It's not my role to convince you about these things. But I'm sure you'll find out on your own exactly what he means to you. I know where I stand - or maybe I should say kneel - and I love it!"

"But what about some explanation for why everyone digs that kind of stuff? Since you're the most into it, maybe you can best explain it to me."

Brenda paused, and thought. "It's hard to explain in words. I think either you're that way or you aren't. It's like tomatoes. I really hate them, and I can't possibly understand why anyone else would like them."

"I'm like that with smelly cheese. Oh, and Brussels sprouts. But I totally love mangos!"

"Yeah, well how can you explain why you like something or you don't? Sometimes you just feel that way. It just is. And recently I discovered my true nature. It just is, and I have to accept it. My role is to serve. To serve the Plummer family."

"But how can I relate to that? I want to, like, get to know you, now that we're so intimate. But I totally can't relate when you're all slave-y."

Brenda thought some more, then said, "That's true, but you can relate to physical pleasure, can't you? You and I have a great love of sex, so we can share that. For instance, didn't you like spanking my butt earlier today?" She bent over as she said this to pick up some pretzels, deliberately exposing most of her ass cheeks underneath her skimpy maid uniform. That also drew Amy's attention to just how red her ass was.

Amy said, "Yeah, but speaking of that spanking, wow! Your butt is on fire! Here. Take off that silly maid uniform and lie down on the bed." (They had brought a mattress down to the basement earlier in the day in anticipation of having comfortable sex while watching Alan and Susan on video.) She sat up. "I'll give you a massage."

Brenda's butt was hurting, but she said, "No, you don't really have to do that. After all, I'm just the maid now."

"Pshaw! Maid schmaid. Your ass hurts. Get on the bed, silly." Amy treated people as individuals of equal inherent worth, without giving much weight to their status or rank.

Brenda allowed herself to be talked into it. "Well, I did get four spankings in one day, one from each of you. I would be a better and more useful slave if I could sit down... So maybe I could use just a little massage."

Chapter 955 Amy And Brenda

In fact, deep down, Brenda adored the idea. She really loved her own ass. When she was growing up, her mother Anna would spank her naked behind and then tenderly fondle it to "make it better" afterwards. It was the start of Brenda's love of spanking, incest, lesbianism, and more. While everyone loved Brenda's tits the most, and she did love them too, she felt her ass was just as spectacular and was annoyed that it was so often ignored in favor of her assets up front.

They muted the sound coming from the video monitor. Then Brenda took off what little clothes she still wore, except for her very high-heeled "fuck me pumps." Alan had generally banned that kind of shoe for his women, since they were painful to walk around in and could damage feet, but Brenda didn't know that.

In any case, Brenda actually got off on wearing such difficult shoes. It wasn't just the way she knew they improved the look of her calf muscles, thighs, and buttocks - she enjoyed having her movement restrained. She fantasized that she wasn't just wearing shoes, but that she had her feet bound and imprisoned, with a short chain connecting them together. She was the only one of Alan's women to carry her submissiveness that far, although the idea could have some appeal to Susan too.

Amy sat to the side of Brenda and started kneading Brenda's butt cheeks. "Does that hurt?"

"Well, in a way, but it's a good kind of hurt. By the way, that's a good way for you to relate to our submissive attitudes. You know how after you exercise for a long time, your body hurts, but it's a good kind of hurt?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, that's how it is with submissives sometimes. Other people might find spankings painful, but I love it! It gets me hot and wet. It makes my whole body come alive! But more than the physical feeling, I love the position. I love being lorded over by others. It's hard to explain, but maybe it's like a feeling of belonging. My master and mistresses are looking after me, and taking care of me. Does that make any sense? And having to do what I'm told! Having a strong, manly voice bark commands at me, telling me to, er, uh..." Her voice trailed off as she realized she was getting too carried away. "You get the idea."

"Yeah. I guess. It's kind of weird, though... Hey! Maybe you can spank me, and show me what it's like?"

"Sorry, Mistress Amy."

"Just 'Amy' is cool."

"Well, if you insist, I'll try to say that. Just for tonight, though. Unfortunately, part of being a submissive is that I can't do things like spank others. Even if you ordered me to do it, I just wouldn't do it right, because I don't have the right attitude. Suzanne was very wise about the spanking attitude lesson she gave this afternoon."

"Bummer."

"What's wrong?"

"It's just that I'm so excited about finally getting my butt fucked tomorrow. I've been reading up on the web so I'll know what to do. But I kinda wanted to try some things out first."

Brenda sat up, suddenly very interested. She not only loved her own ass, she loved all asses. Her shift in positions forced Amy to stop her massage. "What kind of things, Amy?"

"I don't know, I just kinda wanna figure out about stuff back there. I've had lots of fingers go in my asshole lately, but that's it."

"So you've never even tried an anal dildo?"

"No. Is that bad? Oh, I have been lubing my asshole up every morning this past week and wearing butt plugs to, you know, kind of widen up back there. But it's difficult for me. It seems my hole is on the small side, although you'd never know it by looking at just my big butt cheeks."

"Amy! We're in the same boat! The truth is, I've been discovering what I really get off on these past couple of years by reading porn. I've read all kind of wild stories: incest stories, bondage and dominance stories, 'damsel in distress' stories... but I never EVER thought those kinds of things could happen to ME! But since I've met you all, my fantasies are really coming true! So I've started lubing up and secretly wearing butt plugs sometimes too, dreaming of the day when Alan's hard cock will be what's plugging me back there. I've got such strong anal desires, but no one's taken my anal cherry yet!"

"Hey! Me too!"

"That's what I'm saying! We're both a couple of horny anal virgins! I think we should have some more practice."

"M'kay! But like what?"

"Let's get some anal dildos and use them on each other! I've been waiting and dreaming..." She grabbed Amy by the shoulders and looked at her with fiery excitement in her eyes. "You and I are going to have so much fun, Mistress Amy!"

Amy clapped and giggled, but then suddenly frowned. "Wait a minute. We can't use any dildo. I want Beau's stiff meat to be the first thing in there."

"Good point," Brenda agreed, also frowning. "Oh well. We still have each other's fingers. Let's play with each other's asses and tell good stories!"

"M'kay! Let me start soothing your butt, 'cos that looks so painful."

Amy and Brenda lay on the floor face down next to each other, but pointing in opposite directions, so they could both have access to the other's ass.

Amy gently stroked and massaged Brenda's red ass. Amy spread her legs a little, enabling Brenda to play with both Amy's pussy and her ass.

Brenda said, "Let's share each other's anal fantasies! Come on, you go first!"

"Fantasies?" Amy asked, frowning again. "I don't know. I kinda feel a little bit embarrassed about that. And who wants to hear about my silly little fantasies, anyways? I'm sure it would be really boring. I don't have good ones like, say, Aunt Susan. She's always fantasizing about the wildest stuff. Like this morning, she was telling us about a dream she had last night where she was brought into Alan's biology class naked and in a cage! A big ol' cage on wheels, with iron bars and everything. For some reason, Alan was the only male there, and he ended up fucking her face through the cage bars in front of everybody, but I kinda forget why. I think it was some kind of biology lesson."

"OH! Jesus!"

"What?"

Brenda was a bit abashed. "Nothing. I just, er, I really like that dream. Well, if you're not used to sharing your wild ideas, why not just tell me your fantasies about what you want to have happen tomorrow? How would you like Alan to take your butt?"

"Oooh! Gosh! I've been thinking about that A LOT! Actually, I do have kind of a fun fantasy about that one. I was thinking: you know what would be really great? What if Alan starts fucking my ass tomorrow afternoon, and he just can't get his penis out, because my anus is so tight? What would happen then?"

"You tell me," Brenda said calmly. She shifted around slightly until she gently bit on Amy's clit to help inspire her. Brenda also liked firmly grasping Amy's butt cheeks, and was doing that with both hands at the same time.bender

"M'kay! If you insist!" Amy giggled. "Boy, you're really wet already. What if he can move his thingy around inside me easily enough, but can't get it out, because his knob is too thick? Wouldn't that be delicious? He'd just fuck and fuck and fuck, until it was time for dinner. But we still can't get it out! The only way to get his cockhead back out is when he gets flaccid, but in my dream he never gets flaccid, even after he cums!"

"Sounds a lot like real life," Brenda noted wryly. Meanwhile, she was still thinking, God, I love Susan's dreams. She's a genius!

"Totally! So we walk together to the dining room, with his dick up my butt and his hands on my hips the whole time! Of course, I'd sit on his lap as we both try to eat, but we can't really eat much because we're too busy fucking! And in my dream, he loves my tight ass, and can't get enough."

"I'm sure he will in real life, Mistress Amy. You're not lying when you say it's tight! Why, I can barely get my pinky in there!" Brenda pistoned one finger in and out of Amy's asshole, while two fingers on her other hand pistoned in and out of Amy's pussy. She pushed in one hole while she pulled out of the other, and continued alternating like that, a sensation that Amy loved.

"Really? You think so?"

"Tight is good. I'll bet your ass is going to be the tightest hole he's fucked yet, on anybody!"

"Coooo! Super cool beans. Anyways, we eat dinner, but it's not just the Plummers there; it's a formal dinner, and there are more than a dozen strangers there too!" She paused, and said, "You did say it's a fantasy, right? Is that okay, to have other people at the table?"

Brenda laughed. "It's fine. Please go on." She blew lightly on Amy's ass, which sent shivers down the girl's spine.

"Goody! The strangers are both men and women, all formally dressed. Alan's just wearing a T-shirt, like he always does, and I'm buck naked. But still, nobody knows what we're doing except Mother, Susan, and Katherine. The three of them make up all kinds of excuses about us to the confused guests, like saying that I'm nude because I have a skin rash. But Alan really starts plowing into me! I'm just bouncing all over the place. He's practically tossing me around, knocking over glasses, crashing into chairs, as his thingy plunges deep into my butt, over and over! The guests are really starting to notice!"

"I can imagine!" Brenda laughed.

"But Alan's cool as a cucumber - and as big as one, too! Hee-hee! He just keeps on talking to the guests about totally boring stuff in the most normal voice, even while he has a totally naked girl - ME! - sitting on his lap, getting rammed up the butt, over and over! Now the guests are getting reaaaaally suspicious that something sexual is going on between us."

Brenda laughed again at how clueless Amy's imaginary guests were, even as she was getting increasingly aroused. She was starting to like this dream almost as much as Susan's. "You don't say! Mistress Amy, this is really turning me on. Let's reposition ourselves, because I want to fully devote myself to servicing your ass. That is my role here, to serve my master and mistresses."

"M'kay, if you insist!" Amy giggled as she sat up on her knees. "But just call me Amy already."

Brenda immediately planted her face deep into Amy's butt crack. "Mmmm! Amy, you smell so lovely! It's all clean and lubed. I just can't resist!" She licked all around Amy's asshole, causing Amy to repeatedly gasp and moan.

Amy finally said, "Sister does that to me sometimes when we shave our pussies and check for bumps. It's called rimming, right?"

"Right. But does she do this? And don't stop your story!" Brenda plunged her tongue as far into Amy's asshole as it could go.

Amy cried and squealed even more. "Good! Oh, that's really good! Katherine's never done it like THAT! Oooh!"

"Amy, my mistress, I've dreamed about this for so long! It's so good! I dream of the day someone will do it to me, but I'm not worthy."

"Brenda, I am SOOO gonna do that to you, but let me finish my story first, okay? ... Oooh! ... Where was I? ... It's so hard to think. Wait, I know. Yeah, I'm bouncing up and down in Alan's lap. His massive manhood is filling up my teeny tiny asshole, just like one of those oil well machine thingies that never stop. Since I'm naked, pretty soon he's totally fondling my tits, too! You know how much he loves big tits and mine are starting to get to be a good size."

Amy fondled her breasts as she continued, "Finally, some strange guy asks him why he's holding my boobies, and he says it's so they don't bounce around too much. But then the guy asks, 'But why is he bouncing like that?' I'm sure Alan is about to come up with some kind of clever reply, but I don't let him! I shout out, 'He's fucking my ass, that's why!' There's this huge silence only broken by the sound of people dropping silverware. Everyone stares at me in complete shock, but I don't care! He's my brother and he's fucking me, and I want the whole world to know!"

Brenda was too busy licking and tonguing Amy's asshole to say anything, but she moaned some very approving noises.

"But everyone's cool with it, and the conversation continues like before. Except now everyone is openly watching us, sometimes out of the corners of their eyes, and people say things from time to time, like, 'Look, she came. Again!' Eventually the party winds down and people start to go. Alan shows them to

the front door while still pumping my ass full of sperm! He's still totally connected to my ass and can't get his thingy out. He could if he could get flaccid, but he cums and cums and always stays hard."

Amy smiled widely as she went on, "Isn't that cool? My legs are dripping from all the sperm that has drooled out, all the way to my feet! He just keeps going all evening long, late into the night! Katherine and Suzanne are really jealous because he's supposed to fuck them on Monday, too, but he can't, because he's too busy fucking me!"

Suddenly Amy stopped and asked in a concerned voice, "Is that mean? I don't want to be mean and be all hoggy with Brother's thingy. So scratch that last part, m'kay?"

Brenda laughed. "Amy, you're so cute." She resumed her tonguing and ass fondling until both of them came at once.

Chapter 956 Spanking Brenda

Amy and Brenda were so excited that they only paused briefly to recover. Amy said, "Now it's your turn!"

Brenda asked with mild dismay, "You want to hear one of my dreams?"

"Sure! Maybe that way I can understand your slave-y thinking a little bit better."

"Hmmm." Brenda chose to lie down on Amy's lap with her ass pointing up. She liked how vulnerable that made her, as if she was a bad girl getting spanked.

But instead of spanking, Amy massaged and fondled her ass cheeks while also probing her pussy.

Brenda began telling her fantasy in that position. "Let's see. I have some pretty extreme fantasies, and I don't think you'd like them much... Oh, I know one you might find okay. In this dream, I'm in a very prudish, conservative town way back in the past. Think Salem, Massachusetts, hundreds of years ago, back when they had the witch trials. I'm on trial, but not for being a witch, I'm on trial for being an

uppity slave. Alan is my master, but I haven't been fucking and sucking him with sufficient devotion. It's so hard to constantly live up to the standards set by Susan!"

"Ain't that the truth?" Amy nodded. "How is it her jaws never get tired?"

"I dunno. Anyway, in my dream, Alan forgives me for my sub-par performance, because he's such a gentle soul, and a kind master. He believes me when I tell him my jaw gets sore after an hour or two of constant, intense cocksucking. There's only so much my weary body can take! But the town elders aren't as understanding. I stand in front of all the judges and magistrates buck naked and my hands and ankles in irons. They make me crawl on all fours, which is as it should be. And they find me guilty! Guilty of insufficiently talented cocksucking! Insufficiently arousing busty teasing! Insufficiently orgasmic fucking! But worst of all, I'm guilty of all around uppitiness!"

"Oh no!" Amy sympathized.

"I know! It's my worst nightmare! I've let my master down and shamed him publicly. The town elders make me crawl naked to this big public square in the middle of town. There's a huge crowd there. And right in the middle of a high platform, there are the stocks. You know those wooden racks they used to have back in the Puritan days where you'd stick your head and arms through and then they'd lock you in that position? It's one of those. They lock me in the stocks and keep my legs chained together, too, just to drive home the fact that I have no hope of escape. I can't possibly feel any more helpless, or naked!"

"So then what happens?"

"Alan comes up behind me. As my master and owner, only he can administer any punishment. Even though he doesn't want to, he's been ordered to spank my ass one hundred times, then whip it by the same number. Hundreds crowd around closely to watch."

"Oooh! I dig it! A big crowd!" Amy enthused.

It was dawning on Brenda that Amy enjoyed public exposure. She was getting even more excited than before due to telling her story, but paused to ask, "Amy, is it safe to say that you like sex in public?"

"Yeah! Totally! ... Actually, well, I don't really know. I've never done it. But I think it would be cool. I don't think I'd get so excited by the thought of getting caught; I just like the idea of being totally sexually free and doing it with Alan anywhere and everywhere! Who cares who sees? Let 'em all see! I want everyone to know that my super awesome boyfriend is making love to me! I want to scream it to the world! I wanna get everyone else excited too, so everyone can have fun with their partners in one big, happy orgy!"

Amy calmed down a bit and added seriously, "Don't tell Alan, though. I accidentally got some rumors started about him that have caused all kinds of problems. I don't want to add to his troubles by encouraging him to do crazy stuff in public."

Brenda chuckled, and thought, Obviously Amy isn't going to like my darker fantasies. Oh well. I'm sure we'll still find lots in common, and she does seem to love asses, just like I do.

She said, "Okay, Amy. But back to the fantasy. So there I am, completely ashamed and humiliated for my failures. I should have been worshipping Alan's penis with every waking breath, but no! I'm too soft and weak. I must pay! I deserve it. I deserve all the punishment they give me, and more!"

Her voice became increasingly ragged as she got to her favorite part of her dream. "Alan starts spanking me, really hard! The crowd points and laughs at me. My big boobs are dangling down like two full milk jugs - it's so humiliating! Many of them seem to find the sight of my boobs jiggling and swinging and my ass shaking after every slap to be both amusing and arousing. Some proper ladies with their parasols and formal hoop skirts come right up to me and experimentally squeeze them and say rude things to me, even as Alan continues his spanking. Before long, I'm covered in sweat. The sun is beating down in the middle of a hot day, and my fair skin is starting to burn. I'm severely dehydrated."

Amy bent down and began tonguing Brenda's anus, just as she'd promised.bender

This made it hard for Brenda to continue her story, especially since Amy was shoving her tongue up Brenda's hole so deeply. She shuddered and climaxed, releasing a new flood of pussy juices.

But Brenda considered it her duty to please her mistress with her story, so she steeled her resolve and went on. "But Alan! Bless his soul, he's such a kind master! He takes pity on his most pathetic, lowliest slave, and comes to my rescue! He sticks his cock in my ass, and starts fucking my butt, hard! It feels so good that the spansks don't feel that bad at all. In fact, I love them! But I'm still suffering from thirst. So, when he's finally ready to cum - and you know how long that can take - he walks around the stockade to my front side, and makes me suck him off. Oh GOD!"

Brenda had to pause while her body shuddered in ecstasy. If Amy's tongue feels this good, how much better would Alan's cock feel in me right now? God, what if my dream could really happen one day? Not with total strangers, but what if we did it just with the rest of Master's harem? That would still be really great!

She gasped out slowly, "I'm so desperate for a drink that I give him the best blowjob of his life! Just the feel of his huge cock filling my mouth is a reward in and of itself, but that's just the start of my pleasure. I'm rewarded not just with any liquid, but with his life-giving, potent, sweet, creamy nectar! He coats my whole mouth with his heavenly goo, and shoots more ropes all over my face and tits. He's marking me, marking his territory, like a dog pissing on a fire hydrant!"

"OH NO!" Brenda suddenly shrieked, because not only was Amy thoroughly rimming her now, but the thoughtful teen, inspired by the story, scooped up Brenda's copious pussy juices from the puddles forming on the sofa covers and started smearing them all over Brenda's ass. It seemed so much like Alan coating her with his seed that Brenda nearly fainted with delight.

In fact, Brenda was so excited that she had to pause and recover for some time. She was afraid to go on, because she knew her own fantasy and knew the rest was only going to get her even more excited. She said, "Amy, we both seem to have such sensitive asses. Isn't it ironic that he's fucked everyone else's butt but ours?"

"Yeah. I don't know how I'll be able to sleep tonight. Tomorrow could be even better than when he took my other virginity! Tell me more about what happened to you trapped there in the wooden stocks. Did you feel trapped?"

Brenda worried that she would pass out if Amy kept rimming her, but she did her best to answer. "Completely! My only hope is Master Alan! If he were to leave me, the entire town could and would have their way with me, raping me relentlessly. But even my kind master knows that it's time to teach his insolent slave a stern lesson. So he walks back behind me and starts whipping my already burning ass! So many times! It stings! It burns! It feels sooooo good!" Brenda shivered all over, just from the thought of what that would actually feel like.

Amy, responding to the story, gave Brenda's ass a tentative smack as if to imitate the whipping, and was rewarded with a huge sigh of satisfaction from her overly busty friend. But Amy focused mostly on smearing Brenda's cum on her hot ass cheeks. She would rub the cum in until it couldn't be seen

anymore, then get a fresh batch (and play with Brenda's pussy some in the process) then work that cum in.

Brenda continued as best she could, "But Master Alan - God bless him! - he takes pity on me again, and alternates his whipping with fucking me in the ass some more. He fucks my ass over and over, beyond what anyone had thought was humanly possible. But to my eternal shame, I let everyone know just how much I love it. No one can mistake my lusty cries for protests, or fail to see how I fuck my hips back at him to take his mastering cock into my asshole over and over and over again. After all, I'm his anal fuckslut, and I must maximize his pleasure!"

She shuddered in ecstasy. "Never again will I be able to walk naked through the town - it goes without saying that the only way someone of my lowly rank should bear herself amongst the town's upstanding citizens is by going naked - without people whispering things like, 'Look Mom, there goes that sinful anal slut,' or 'Isn't she the tramp who loves to get fucked up her dirty bunghole?'"

Brenda paused to savor these insults, then continued, "But Master Alan is fucking me not just for his own satisfaction, since of course he could fuck any of his other many slaves instead, away from the burning sun and public spectacle. He's anally violating me to save me! Each time he cums, he shoots all over my backside, dousing me in his love juice! He slams me hard into the stocks with each thrust, far, far into my anal depths, as his cock slowly overwhelms me and takes total possession of my body and my soul."

She had to pause to catch her breath. But she soon resumed, "Eventually, my entire body ends up completely covered in his white jism! I can't get a sunburn because I'm soaked in his seed from head to toe! Sadly, my punishment finally comes to an end, but Alan keeps me covered in his glossy, sticky love for days afterwards as a reminder of my sinful ways. After all, he is kind but he is a just and good master."

"Is that the end of the fantasy?" Amy asked, as she pulled Brenda's butt cheeks apart with both hands and blew lightly up and down Brenda's ass crack.

"Yeah," Brenda panted. "Weird, huh?"

Amy lightly ran her fingers over Brenda's ass cheeks, exploring the boundary between touching and not touching. She generally just grazed the fine and nearly invisible hairs of Brenda's skin, creating exquisite tingles wherever her hands strayed. That, together with her continued light blowing, was just as arousing to Brenda in its own way as the most intense fingering of any hole.

Amy commented, "That was weird. Way weird. My fantasies are so boring in comparison. That even out-weirds Susan's dreams."

"Keep in mind I have years of reading some pretty unusual pornography to base my ideas on," Brenda pointed out.

"That's a good point. But I wanted to hear more about the crowd. Like, did the people get off on it all? I'd like to see the crowd totally get off, and everyone start masturbating right there because they can't contain themselves. Before long, all those fuddy-duddy town elders are totally letting it rip in a big orgy celebration, and you're the star! Everyone loves it, because of you! You're playing the crowd like a fiddle, causing dozens of ejaculations every time you sway your big bubble butt!"

Brenda said, chagrined, "Well, in my dream, the crowd is actually very disapproving and people are shouting rude things at me. Things like 'butt slut' and 'back door whore.'"

Amy frowned. "Hmmm. I don't like that. Not at all. I'm afraid you're going to have to be punished for having too much of a bummerish dream. You need to be more positive. I hate to judge you based on your secret fantasies, but maybe you should have a good talk with the psychologist Xania. You keep putting yourself down, but really, I think you're a total winner!"

Brenda tingled with excitement all over. "Punishment?" She was too excited by that prospect to pay attention to the rest of Amy's comments.

"Yep! I think twenty spankings will do. Actually, I'm not REALLY punishing you, it's just that you seem to get off on spankings so much, so I want to make you happy. I'm going to try to stick three fingers into your ass at once. Imagine my fingers are Alan's thick thingy. His cock, I mean. Then imagine that you're back there in Salem or wherever, and my hand slapping you is really Alan's hand."

"Oh my God! Thank you, thank you, thank you! Mistress Amy! You're the best!"

Brenda came hard with the first spanking, and kept cumming more often than not all throughout her "punishment."

Of course, the spanking completely undid all of Amy's soothing of Brenda's ass, but Brenda didn't mind at all. She was proud to display her red ass as a badge of pride and a sign of how well her new master and mistresses were treating her.

Amy could hardly believe that she was spanking someone who had such a red butt already, but she'd been surprisingly aroused by Brenda's fantasy (mostly from her own fantasies about how the crowd would react) and had found herself incredibly tempted to spank the perfect round butt lying across her lap. Besides, Brenda wanted and needed it so badly that it was almost cruel NOT to spank her.

However, Amy's goal of fitting three fingers into Brenda's ass wasn't realized. Getting merely two in was such a tight squeeze that she stopped there. Both of them excitedly discussed that if two fingers could barely get in, what it might feel like to have Alan's much bigger penis in the same hole.

Amy said, "I still totally don't understand your way of thinking, but your dream was pretty hot."

"Thanks."

Half an hour later, Amy and Brenda lay next to each other, lazily sawing their fingers in and out of each other's asses. Alan and Susan had woken up a while earlier, so Amy and Brenda were also looking up and watching mother and son talking and fucking on the video monitor.

Amy turned to Brenda and said for at least the fifth time in the last five minutes, "I can't wait until Monday after school! This is gonna be so great!"

Brenda just smiled tolerantly and said, "I know." She thought to herself, At least you know when Master Alan is going to fuck your ass. Who knows when he'll get to mine, if he does at all. I don't even get to SEE him until Wednesday! But I suppose that is the lot of a lowly slave.

Suddenly, Amy said to her with great enthusiasm and energy, "Hey Brenda! Since you and I are both so into asses, why don't we become official anal pals?"

"Okay, sure. But what does that mean?"

"I don't know, but since we're Alan's last two anal virgins and very anally sensitive and tight, it's like we share a special bond. We can make it up as we go along. I imagine it would mean doing more stuff like this. We can rim each other while we shave each other's cunts and stuff."

Brenda responded, "Okay, sounds good!"

They kissed to seal the idea, and then went back to their lazy anal groping and watching the video.

But their happy anal repose came to an end when Amy heard Alan mention the picture she'd drawn for him and put in his backpack. She screamed like she'd just won the lottery, and jumped up.

Brenda, naturally, was completely confused by that.

Amy quickly removed her high heels so she could move fast. She saw Brenda's confused face and said, "My brother just made me so happy! I gotta go!" Then she ran up the stairs, closing the door to the basement behind her.

Brenda shrugged, and went back to watching the video monitor. She figured she'd find out on the monitor what Amy was talking about soon enough. She grabbed some potato chips and sipped on a beer. Then she felt back to her ass and started idly pumping a pair of fingers in and out of her butt. Life as a Plummer maid and sex slave certainly wasn't dull or boring.

Chapter 957 Alan X Susan X Amy

Amy ran through the house as fast as she could. She just had to show Alan how happy she was that he'd found and liked the drawing she'd put in his backpack.

She came running into Susan's bedroom at a full tear not that many seconds later. As she threw open the door, she cried, "Alan! Brother!" and jumped on the bed.

Had Susan not been all over the middle of Alan, bouncing up and down on his extremely pleased penis, Amy would have leapt directly onto him. But as it was, Amy leapt onto an empty portion of the bed next to him and then ricocheted onto him, planting a big kiss on his lips before her body motion from the running had even subsided.

The bed shook from her great leap, and Susan found herself wobbling precariously on top of her son. She stuck her arms out and braced for a short fall. But, although she fell, she was careful not to put undue pressure on Alan's penis, which she managed to keep in her as she went down.

She ended up lying on top of him. Within seconds, she resumed fucking, with her hips and vaginal muscles doing almost all the work.

Amy's body though, now rested over a good portion of Alan's left side. She realized her face was close to his and planted her lips right on his, even as he was still trying to figure out what was happening.

Susan couldn't get her face near her son's because of the way Amy and Alan were frantically necking.

Amy just wanted to kiss and kiss her brother forever, but she also wanted to talk. So she eventually managed to pull her lips away from him long enough to say, "Beau, I'm so happy! Did you like my picture?"

But Alan didn't have a chance to verbally respond because she planted her lips back on his and French kissed him a lot more.

She seemed completely unfazed that he happened to be fucking his mother at the time. In fact, she wanted his penis too, and was not about to let anything stop her from getting it. Even though Susan was now lying on the other side of him, still fucking away, Amy reached down, grabbed what portion of his erection that she could, and started stroking it. She tried her best to augment Susan's fucking with hand strokes whenever his shaft came out of her.

Susan didn't mind the intrusion much, as she knew that Amy was just being Amy. She slowed her hip motions a bit and didn't go in as deep as before, so Amy wouldn't have to let go of his cum-soaked hard-on each time she pushed herself down onto her son. She figured her son's cock was big and long enough for both a hand and a pussy.

After a while, Amy stopped kissing long enough to not only ask, "So tell me about the picture," but also to give him a chance to respond.

He gasped as he struggled just to breathe, "Why... do people... always think... I can talk... under these... kinds of conditions? ... Ugh! ... Nrrgh!" He'd never been jacked off while fucking a vagina, and hadn't even realized such a thing was possible.

Susan actually loved the situation, now that she'd had a chance to adjust. She started gyrating her hips in circles so she could keep her son's dick in a constant state of bliss while giving Amy enough of the shaft to play with.

Amy, though, wasn't fazed by his difficulty in speaking, either. While her hand continued to jack off the slick hard-on as best she could, she exclaimed, "Come on, Mom! Let's squeeze the answer out of him, just like we're gonna squeeze another big load out of his hot cock! It's so hot, I can hardly hold it! Come on, Aunt Susan, Fuck! Fuck! Fuck him good!"

Since Amy had only recently joined in the fun, she didn't have much problem talking, but Susan was like Alan and pretty much past the point of talking. The best she could do was croak out, "I'm trying!"

"Well, fuck him harder!" Amy cheered. "You know how tough his thingy is to please! I don't know if even a hand and cunt will do it... Are you doing the cunty squeezey thing?"

"Yes!" Susan gasped. All of Alan's concentration was on his PC muscle and trying to stave off a climax, so most of the thrusting was up to his mother.

After more fucking, Amy cried out, "I know! The tits! Mom, we have four tits here just going to waste! You do the stretchy catty thing I saw you doing earlier, and I'll put my tits in his face!"bender

Susan was nearly insensate with fuck joy, but she concentrated some mental energy on swishing her huge globes up and down her son's chest, just like a stretching cat rubbing against a post.

Amy meanwhile rubbed her big tits all over Alan's face. She was very proud that her twin orbs were nearly as big as Susan's mighty pair, and loved rubbing them all over Alan so he could better sense just how nice they were. She tried feeding a nipple into his mouth, but he was having too much trouble breathing to suck.

He cried out, "You two... Too much!" and began shooting off another load inside his nearly exhausted mother.

Amy could see, from the way his faced scrunched up even more than before, what was about to happen, so she rather forcibly pushed Susan's vulva away from him.

But Susan wasn't that bothered by that, because Amy yelled, "I want to see him shoot all over you!"

Amy had let go of his erection because she needed both hands to really get into her boob rubbing, but she quickly grabbed it again and directed it so he could shoot ropes at Susan's stomach.

Susan pulled away from Alan a bit more so Amy could "paint" her better, and hit all of her favorite spots. Or spot, as the case was, because she wanted his cum on her wobbly double-deckers more than anywhere else. "My tits! Aim for my tits!"

Amy didn't need to be told of Susan's tit love, and happily directed most of Alan's cum there. But she also hit Susan's face with a few ropes, and even tried to spell out "HI" on Susan's chest. Unfortunately the ropes came out too unpredictably for her short word to be readable as such, but she had a lot of fun trying.

As soon as the last rope was expended, Amy turned a bit bashful. "Um, Mom, I hope you don't mind me butting in like that..."

Susan was genuine when she said, "Mind?! Amy, give me five! That was great!"

"YEAH!" Amy shouted as the two of them high-fived each other over Alan.

Susan asked, "Tiger, did you like that?"

"Good God," was all he had to say. He could scarcely believe how pleasurable that had been.

Amy and Susan giggled at his stunned and weary, yet obviously approving, response. They looked deeply into each other's eyes and that quickly turned into passionate French kissing.

He watched his cum being smeared between the four tremendous tits and muttered, "Jesus!" He thought, Why is it that I see stuff on a daily basis better than any scenes I've ever seen in porn flicks? Man, those suck, or maybe I'm just watching the wrong ones. Damn!

Eventually, the lesbian kiss ended and Amy dropped her face to Susan's chest, where most of the cum still was. She began licking up some of the cum gobs that had survived the tit mashing.

Susan said, "Thanks Amy, but I've got my own cleaning job to do! This is a very important good mommy responsibility." She scooted down and began excitedly cleaning up her son's messy groin with her tongue.

Amy said chirpily, "M'kay. Cool." She turned to Alan, whose eyes were still practically popping out of his head from the intense experience. She said in her usual carefree way, "Hey, Brother! How ya doin'? Did it work? Did we squeeze the answer out of you?"

A thoroughly blown away Alan finally looked into her smiling eyes. "Answer? What answer?"

"About the picture, silly! Oopsie! Looks like we squeezed something out of you, but it wasn't an answer. It looks like oceans and oceans of tasty cum instead. My bad!" She laughed heartily at her own comment.

She slid down his sweaty body until she was in reach to scoop a big cum gob off of Susan's forehead. "Mmmm. Yum! Just as yum yum as ever! And so much! You must still be backed up from the trip." Her face grew sad. "I heard about your blue balls on the video as you kinda told that story to Mom. It broke my heart. Did it get any better on Sunday?"

"No! It only got ten times worse! And the worst part of it was I couldn't find any chance to go off and masturbate. I tossed and turned in my sleeping bag that night until I finally sneaked out after midnight and masturbated in the middle of a field of tall grass. It was so embarrassing. I felt like a heroin junkie or something."

Amy and Susan both stopped what they were doing and stared at him with stunned expressions. Susan in particular seemed shocked, and completely forgot about licking his crotch clean.

"What?" He was thoroughly confused.

Susan said slowly, as if trying to understand the death of a close relative, "Did you... spill your seed... on the ground?" She strongly emphasized the last three words in an almost ominous tone.

"Well, of course I did. Where else was it going to go?"

Susan gasped with dismay. "Oh no!" The thought of all that cum gone to waste seriously disturbed her. "Tiger, I don't mind if you shoot your sperm into or onto another woman, because that's where it belongs. You have a special gift that's meant to bring joy to females everywhere, at least the ones that are sufficiently busty and beautiful. But to just spill your seed onto the ground! Oh dear. You know what the Bible says about that!"

"Mom, you have to understand. I was completely dying! What else could I do? And then, like I said, it got way worse on Sunday. I don't know if you saw when I first came in tonight, but I swear my balls were actually much bigger than normal."

Amy said firmly, "Beau, I have to agree with Susan. It's so **WRONG** for you to suffer like that! I say you shouldn't be allowed to go on any more trips with nothing but guys. You need at least one beautiful fuckable woman with you at all times. And since there are so many horny holes begging to be filled, it's a double tragedy if you have to masturbate."

Susan said, "Hear, hear. Frankly I'm appalled at the whole Boy Scouts organization, having only all-male trips like that. That's what the Girl Scouts should be for, to provide relief to horny teen penises. At the very least, the mothers should go along to jack off their sons. Geez. What is this world coming to?" She shook her head in disbelief.

Alan nearly laughed out loud at his mother's increasingly skewed view of the world. He also noted that even Amy seemed to be buying into Susan's "sins of Onan" thinking. He wasn't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

Amy suddenly changed gears to her favorite topic. "But tell me about the picture! I'm so glad it helped. But wait! Before that, take a look at your mother. You can't see her from where you are like I can. It's a beautiful sight."

Susan withdrew her mouth from cleaning his spent penis and sat up so the others could admire her new pearl necklace. She blushed with glee. As she sat there, a gob of her son's spent semen dripped obscenely from a nipple onto her thigh.

Quick as a cat, Amy automatically reached out to scoop up the freshly fallen cum gob from Susan's thigh with her fingers and sucked it into her mouth. "Mmmm! Tasty!"

Amy enthused as she smacked her lips happily. "That is what I call one huge load, and that's even after the first rope or two that went into Susan's cunt and she rubbed a bunch onto my chest. Can I call dibs on cleaning that up?"

Chapter 958 The Whole Family

A familiar voice behind them said, "Hey, Aims, you had your fun just now. I think I should get dibs."

It was Katherine. The three fuck-weary bodies on the bed looked all over and found her sitting in a chair by the bed, naked and masturbating.

Katherine sat in the cum puddle she'd created a short while earlier, but didn't seem to care.

Alan was still slow on the uptake and recovering, and merely asked, "Sis? What are you doing here?"

"What do you think? Enjoying the best entertainment in town. I was watching you all on video, but I figured that if Amy could come in here, why couldn't I?"

"Now, wait a minute," he said, frowning. "It's great that you're all so into this, but this is Mom's and my special night together. In fact, Amy, you really shouldn't have barged in like that."

Amy frowned, and made a heartbreakingly sad face. "Oh? Did I do wrong? Did you not like how I helped with the fucking?"

"I loved it, actually. You did good. But let's not make a practice of doing it without asking, okay? A closed door means privacy. And that's what the video monitors are for."

Susan kissed Amy. "I don't mind, sweetheart. You did great, Daughter. But he's right. You have to ask first, especially when you just go around grabbing penises, especially penises that are actively fucking!"

"Oh. Sorry." Amy looked chastened, but that only lasted a second, because she brightened and said to Katherine, "Hey, Sis! Check out Mom! She's totally soaked in the super hugest cum soaking!"

Susan now turned a bit so she could proudly model her pearl necklace to Katherine. She got some appreciative whistles.

Katherine said, "You know Aims, what they say about facials and pearl necklaces."

bender

"No. What?" Amy was busy dismantling her creation by scooping up more cum gobs with her tongue.

Susan joined in, licking up those in range of her tongue. She even hefted her large breasts up to her mouth and began sucking up the cum that still clung to her rock-hard nipples.

Katherine confidently explained, "They're a mark of ownership. Every time he cums on one of us, he shows how much he completely owns and dominates our helpless bodies."

Susan mmmm'ed lustily and said, "Angel, you are SO welcome to join us! Tell me more!"

But he sat up and groaned. "Will you all stop it with this stuff for just one minute, already? You're getting me aroused again, and my penis is too sore. It almost hurts to touch. So no more sexy talk until it's ready again."

Amy said with her usual excitement, "M'kay! That means you can finally tell me all about how you found my picture!"

He grinned at her. God, I love Amy. Such pure love. But then, I love all of them.

He began, "Well, Aims, there isn't much to tell. I think you overheard me through the video monitor telling Mommy how I found it in the bottom of my backpack. I have to say, it was exactly what I needed. I was practically freaking out about being separated and thinking that the love from all of you couldn't even be real, and then I saw your face in the drawing. It's such a lovely picture."

He explained to Susan and Katherine, "It's just a quickly done charcoal sketch, but it captures Amy's character so well and shows so much talent."

They nodded in agreement.

He turned back to Amy. "It gave me a sense of peace and love. I knew then that everything would be okay."

Amy threw her arms around him. "Beau!" She gave him a tight squeeze and kissed him on the lips so hard that she pushed him back down onto the bed.

She was getting so amorous that he had to push her away. "Amy, Amy. Hold on. Special Mom night, remember? Sore dick? And remember about asking first? So take your hand off of my defeated member, please."

"Oh. M'kay. Sorry." But her downcast look didn't last past the word "sorry." She enthused, "I knew it! I just knew it! I knew you'd be feeling all - what did you say - existential-y - after being on your own for a while. That's why I violated your security rules to put that in there. I'm so ecstatic it worked!" Just as suddenly, she bowed her head in a subservient manner, sad again. "But I'm really sorry I violated your privacy that way."

He was impressed. "Hey, Aims. That's alright. You were very perceptive. You're always full of surprises. But no more violations of security. I know you had the best intentions, but that won't help when we finally get caught. That was a naked picture of you, and we shouldn't get in the habit of having naked pictures floating around outside the house, even if you are my official girlfriend. You've been very, very naughty."

Suddenly, one could hear a pin drop. All the females looked at each other with very significant looks.

But he was clueless. He asked, "What now?"

Katherine spoke for the group. "It's just that you said Amy was 'very, very naughty.' And there's only one thing you can do to very, very naughty, big-titted, sexy harem girls."

"What's that?"

"Well, two things, actually, One is, you can forcibly spread their legs and fuck them hard. But the other is that you can spank them. In fact, you really should spank them a lot, or they'll just get more uppity." The women were all a little spank-happy after the Brenda spankings earlier in the day.

Amy hung her head. "Yes, Brother. I'm afraid I've been far too uppity. You're just going to have to spank me really hard. And then, since you'll already be there with your stiff thingy rubbing my ass, you're probably going to have to fuck my butt really, really deep." She looked up into his eyes with a desperate hope. "Take my anal cherry!"

He both sighed and laughed. "What did I say about not saying any more sexy stuff?"

Amy protested, "You said you didn't want to hear that for 'just one minute' and it's been over a minute already."

He laughed some more. "Okay, okay. Geez, you guys! Aims, you do deserve a spanking, but not tonight. Tonight is just about me and Susan, and I think we've had our last intrusion. I love you all, but on the way out please close the door, and keep it closed. Okay?"

Susan joked, "Don't say that. I'm very ready for another intrusion." She gave her son a heartwarming smile. She could hardly wait until that door was closed and Alan's penis was recovered, because she was ready for more action. Her pussy felt somewhat sore, especially thanks to their latest round, but she figured that if her pussy wasn't up for it, he could fuck her in the ass, or maybe she could finally deep throat him.

The important thing was that she had the energy for more. Much more. This was the night her dreams were coming true, and she was eager to savor every single moment.

Katherine stood up, causing the pussy juice that had pooled between her thighs to slosh down her legs and new flows to drip down from the seat of the chair. "Okay, we'll go. But there's just one tiny thing I want to do first. I'll be back in a second. Amy, don't go just yet."

She rushed off to her bedroom. Since it was only a little ways down the hall, she was back in a flash. She held something behind her back, and then walked up next to the bed.

"Hey, Mom. I have a gift for you. I figure this day is many times more important for you than your birthday. In fact, you'll probably celebrate November Twenty-fourth as a holiday for years to come. So I figured I'd give you a gift to help make it a bit more special. Here it is." She brought a CD case from behind her back and gave it to her sweaty and still very cum-drenched mother.

Susan took a look at the CD cover, and found to her surprise that it was a picture of her. She appeared to be screaming at the top of her lungs in sexual ecstasy when the picture was taken. Above her face were the words, "Sex Slave Mix, Volume One."

She turned to Katherine. "Thanks. But how on Earth did you do this cover? Why, it looks like me from earlier in the evening!"

Katherine replied proudly, "It is, Mom. It's from when you were at the height of your whole-body orgasm. We've gone high tech now. In a matter of minutes, I was able to use our monitoring system to find the image I wanted, capture a still photo of it, then save and print it. But the main thing is the music inside. I've been working on a mix CD of all my favorite songs about sexual subjugation. Stuff like Depeche Mode's 'Master and Servant,' Bryan Ferry's 'Slave to Love,' Britney Spears' 'I'm A Slave 4 U,' Devo's 'Whip It'... It's got all styles from different eras. Why, there's even a Beatles song in there."

Susan held the CD case and looked at it curiously. She loved the idea and was excited to hear the mix. "The Beatles? I like the Beatles, but I never figured..."

"Yeah. You know the song 'Chains'?" She sang, "Chains, / my baby's got me locked up in chains..."

"Wow! I love it! Now that you mention it, I'll bet each Beatle probably had their own whole giant harem of groupies to tie up and spank."

Alan had been a huge Beatles fan all throughout his younger years, so took offense at that. "They did not! In fact, they didn't even write that one. The song talks about 'chains of love,' not real chains."

Katherine winked conspiratorially and made quote marks in the air with her fingers. "Yeah. 'Chains of love.' We know what they were really talking about; that's just how they got around the censors. In any case, Mom, I figure this is just the kind of thing for you to listen to while you're hanging around the house when we're at school. While you're waiting for Big Fire Extinguisher Brother to come back home and bang you really good, you can get off a little bit on the songs."

"Why, thanks, Angel. That's so thoughtful, and such a perfect gift. You know the old Susan wasn't into rock and roll, but I think the new Susan is going to love this." Still looking at the song list, she asked hopefully, "'Hit Me with Your Best Shot.' Is that a song about spanking?"

"I doubt it, but you can certainly take it that way. But the really cool thing about that song is the lyric: 'Before I put another notch in my lipstick case. You better make sure you put me in my place.'"

Susan's eyes went wide at that. "Oh! Wow! I love it already!"

Katherine added, "Exactly. And you'll be glad to know that I added that Monty Python song you love so much, 'Every Sperm Is Sacred.' Now you won't have to wear out the repeat button with that CD he got you."

Susan's face brightened. "Oh! Now I KNOW I'm going to love this! Thanks!" She'd memorized that song by now, and sang, "Hindu, Taoist, Mormon, spill theirs just anywhere, / But God loves those who treat their son's semen with more care."

Susan commented on those lyrics, "That's soooo true!" (She'd added the word "son's" and made a few other similar changes in the version she liked to sing around the house.)

Susan puckered her lips, and Katherine bent forward, careful not to smear the uneaten cum gobs and streaks on her mother's face and chest. They French kissed for quite some time.

Half way through, Katherine started to scoop up cum gobs off of Susan and feed them to her. Then they passed the cum back and forth with their tongues until one of them swallowed. That was the second "snowball" they'd shared.

Alan and Amy just looked at each other and smiled. They remained sitting on the bed and patiently let Katherine and Susan share a special moment.

But before the kisses ended, Amy suddenly got up and rushed out of the room. She held up a hand as she left, making it clear to Alan that she planned on coming right back.

Katherine pulled away and said, "You're going to especially need the music to get you through tomorrow, Mom. Because, as we discussed before, tonight is your night, and tomorrow he has a lot of catching up to do with me, Amy, and Suzanne. That is, if there's anything left of him after you're done with him."

Alan said confidently, "Nah. Sis, the question you should ask is will there be anything left of Mom after I'm done fucking her!" His energy had waxed and waned all evening, but now he was reviving and feeling good (even if his penis was still flaccid).

Katherine nodded, as did Susan. "You're probably right. Don't worry, Mom. We'll all help nurse you back to health after Brother fucks you within an inch of your life."

Susan replied, "Thanks, Angel. I think we're all going to have to do a lot of that for each other from now on as Tiger fucks us senseless, one after another. He's done things to me tonight that you wouldn't believe! I've never seriously been fucked before now. Heck, I was basically a vaginal virgin, thanks to your limp-dicked gay father."

Alan corrected, "We don't call him 'father' anymore. He's just Ron."

"Right. But even with my inexperience, I gather Tiger here has reached a whole new level of fucking prowess. My own son has essentially deflowered me. Isn't that delicious? So watch out, Daughter. And thanks for the great gift. But speaking of helplessly writhing beneath our insatiable family fucking machine, don't you have somewhere else to go, Angel? Like, oh, right about now? We have certain things to do here." Susan smiled a warm smile as she said this, but she nonetheless did mean it most insistently.

"Sorry, Mom. I'll get going in a sec. But I think Amy is getting something. And I hear her running up the stairs right now."

They all waited a few more moments until Amy came bounding back into the room. Meanwhile, Katherine and Susan's mouths and fingers worked on cleaning the rest of the cum off of Susan's face and chest.

Amy was breathless when she arrived, and was initially unable to do anything other than double over and recover for a bit. But the others could see that she carefully hid something behind her.

"M'kay," she said, as soon as she could talk. "I loved the gift from Sis... I hope she makes me a copy... But... I didn't think to have a gift of my own..." She paused longer to breathe, and shot a frown at Katherine. She wished her new sister had shared the gift idea.

She continued, "However, I thought and thought just now, and came up with an idea. Actually, it's just some boring old stuff I just stole from the kitchen, so I'm really a thief giving you back your own stuff!" She giggled. "But remember that it's the thought that counts. Are you ready?"

The others nodded and spoke in the affirmative.

"M'kay. But don't get mad if this is silly or not good enough. It's just kind of an idea. Two ideas, actually."

She pulled one hand around. It held a bowl of ice.

The others all looked extremely confused about that.

"Don't you see?" she said, worrying that her gift wouldn't go over well. "I figure you still have the blindfold in here somewhere. Beau, Brother, imagine what would happen if you blindfold Mom and put an ice cube on her in some strategic spot? You slowly slide the ice around, bring it to a new spot, and then another... I think you're gonna make her really, really, really happy. Don't you think?" She looked even more worried, doubting her idea.

Alan smiled broadly. He got it now. "Aims, that's a great idea! Very impressive! That's what I call thinking on your feet. I never even thought of using ice for sex before, even after that great chocolate incident with Mom. You remember that, Mommy?"

"Of course, Tiger. How could I ever forget? Whenever I see any chocolate product now, I get hot thinking about it. And this ice idea is great. We should act on this before those ice cubes all melt. Hint, hint."

"M'kay, Mom," Amy said, greatly relieved that her idea was a success. "But I have another gift, too. Here it is. In fact, it was the chocolate frosting thingy that made me think of both of these things." She pulled her other hand from behind her back, and revealed that she was holding a can of whipped cream. She had no doubts about this idea, especially since the first one went over well, and beamed with happiness.

That got a lot of appreciative "oooh"s and "aaah"s while they all thought how Alan and Susan could decorate each other's bodies with the cream.

Alan took charge of the conversation. "Great gifts, Amy. And equally great gift, Sis." He was careful to parse out praise equally.

Then he said, "Oh, but about that CD cover art. Since I'm the so-called 'man of the house' now, I'm going to lay down a rule. The videos and pictures from the video monitor STAY on the computer that runs that system, period. No more printed photographs of any kind, until I say so. Is that clear? It's like what I was saying about Amy's drawing earlier. Great idea, a lot of love behind it, but it's just too risky. Do you want to ruin the perfect world we've created with one security breach?"

The others all shook their heads 'No,' chastened.

Then Susan said, "Tiger, I agree completely, and I love how you're taking the bull by the horns and telling us all what's what and who the big-cocked boss is around here. But can I please just keep this CD cover? Pleeeeaase? It was made by Katherine with so much love, and it'll remind me of that perfect moment we shared. I promise I won't take it outside of the house."

He grumbled. "Well... Okay. But just that. Nothing more! And that's final!" He thought to himself, I have a real bad feeling about this. If someone sees that CD, we're screwed, big time. "Sex Slave Mix" with a picture of Mom on it? Not good! I really should put my foot down...

Susan attacked him with a series of kisses.

He stood still, trying to act stern, like he thought a "man of the house" should. But her affection quickly got to him, and he felt his penis start to rise yet again. The timing was perfect, as his penis was only now coming out of its overly sensitive stage.

However, Amy and Katherine just stood there, watching the kisses.

Then, a cough came from the door. All heads turned, and they discovered Suzanne standing there, naked. She was more sweaty and drenched in love juices than anyone, and that was saying a lot at this point. Her crotch was especially drenched.

Alan exclaimed, "Jesus H. Christ, Mother! What happened to you?! You've been all alone, haven't you? Talk about an exciting masturbation session! You're a goopy work of art."

Suzanne thought about that. In fact, she'd just come from playing with the extremely leaky Brenda, and specifically, she and Brenda had been practicing what Suzanne liked to call the "nether lips kiss" - rubbing their pussies together. Brenda gushed so much pussy juice that rubbing up against her was like rubbing up against an almost totally melted ice cream bar. But Alan's assumption that she'd been alone reminded her not to mention anything about their new, overly busty maid.

She gamely lied, "Ah, well, that's what the video monitor will do to you. It's better than real life. I can go back and relive all of today's best moments even while we're recording new ones." She hoped Alan wouldn't notice that the cum on her was thick and juicy, nearly like male cum, since that was another unusual thing about Brenda.

Alan looked at the others, but no one seemed puzzled by Suzanne's appearance (since they all assumed she'd been with Brenda). But he couldn't help but say to her, "But Mother, that's just not possible, all that cum. I mean... For crying out loud..."

Thinking on her feet, Suzanne came up with the explanation, "I have an evening's worth of several women's cum on me."

That quieted Alan, although he was still amazed.

"But that's not what brings me here," she quickly continued. "I've come to collect these two naughty teens. I'm beginning to think they're not ever going to leave unless I drag them out on their asses."

Amy replied saucily, "You can do anything you want to my ass, Mother." She was still in a very anally focused mood after what she'd done with Brenda.

Suzanne just smiled enigmatically. "We'll see about that. Now, scoot, you two. Git!" She made shooing motions with her arms.

The two teen girls finally walked out of the room, blowing friendly kisses to Alan and Susan along the way. As Amy walked out the door, she said to Katherine, "You see, Sis? I told you he'd love my drawing! I just knew it."

Suzanne still stood there, looking at Alan and Susan. "They sure gave you some nice gifts, didn't they?"

Alan replied, "They did, but don't worry that you didn't get us anything, because you already brought us the best gifts of all: your great sexy advice. It's really all your special tips and techniques that have pushed the sex to another level tonight. So thanks."

Suzanne flashed an extra sexy and knowing smile. "Oh, but you're wrong to assume. I did get you a gift. Actually, it's something I'd been waiting to give Susan when the right moment came up, but this seems as good as any. And you'll get a kick of it too, Sweetie, I'm sure. I've left it downstairs on one of the living room sofas so Susan can surprise you with it."

"Excellent!" he said, rubbing his hands together. "Aunt Suzy, Mother, you blow me away. I'm going to have to do something really special for you."

Suzanne bounced up and down a little in excitement. In fact, her bouncing had more to do with her desire to show off her jiggling boobs than any excitement over her "gift." There seemed to be a part of her brain dedicated to the sole task of scheming how to show her body off sexily, twenty-four hours a day. She said, "Oh, goody. Does that mean I get to stay? That would be special. Whipped cream. Mmmm! I could use some of that."

He laughed. "No. You're just as bad as Aims and Kat! But there's more whipped cream where that came from. You and I can check it out tomorrow. But now, please. The ice is really starting to melt."

"Okay. Poo." Suzanne was really enjoying herself, even if she couldn't take part. It does feel better to give than to receive, sometimes. This is the scene, this no holds barred sex between everyone, which I've been working for and dreaming about so long. I should enjoy it and revel in my victory, instead of fretting about my dignity all the time.

He turned to Susan. "I wonder what this gift is? What do you think, Mommy?"

"Oh, I think I have an idea. She's been dropping some hints." She smiled enigmatically.

"Dang. I'm almost tempted to go downstairs right now and find out. Actually, I haven't had dinner yet, now that I think about it. I'm starving!"

"Tiger!" Susan exclaimed with shock. "I'm so sorry! I completely forgot. Needless to say, I've had some other things on my mind."

"Mommy, if it's fucking you vs. eating, I choose to starve to death."

That got a very happy smile from Susan. She felt warm and fuzzy inside, and it wasn't just from the feeling of her son's cum sloshing around inside her belly.

Suzanne started towards the door, so Alan looked up and said, "Mother, I love you." He knew she loved her new "mother" name.

"I love you too, both of you! Amy and I are going to go home now because it's a school night. Don't stay up too late!"

Suzanne winked and sauntered off. She made sure to give an extra swish to her bare, sweaty, pussy-juice-soaked butt. She dripped with every step, which was just one more thing helping to spread the smell of sex throughout the whole house. She closed the door behind her.

Alan and Susan were finally alone again.

Chapter 959 Teasing Mom

Susan exclaimed, "I love them all, but thank goodness!" She ostentatiously licked her lips. "Mmmm. Just me and my handsome 'man of the house' Tiger. Finally!"

Alan said, "I know what you mean."

Her hands reached for his growing penis. She said, "I was afraid to get this big boy started while they were here, or they would never have left. But now it's just you and me and..." she looked down at his erect penis and smiled. Her hands flew up and down its wetness, making sexy squishy noises.

But then she remembered he hadn't eaten. "Should we do this later? I could cook up something quickly."

He motioned to Amy's gifts that had been left within arm's reach. "For now, I'd love to just subsist on ice cubes and whipped cream. And cum, of course."

"Oh, yes! Tiger! Me too! You have to fuck me so good now! I'm so ready! I'll get the blindfold." She reached for the blindfold on the floor at the edge of the bed with one hand, and kept her other hand pumping her son's erection.

"Okay, but this ice is just the perfect thing for driving you mad while delaying your orgasms. Remember that you can't cum until I say so."

"Oh dear. I forgot that already. Okay! That'll be painfully fun. But only if you fuck me... Let's see... You still have six more times to go tonight to reach ten!"

He groaned, but in a good way. "Six more? Dear mother of God! Someone give me strength!"

He dove back into the bounty of his mother's body. His penis was very erect, but still too sensitive for him to want anything more than gentle touching and fondling. So they just played around some more for a while.

He looked at her hand pumping up and down, and asked, "Don't you ever get tired? I get tired just watching you. You've been like an Energizer bunny all night, not counting the one nap."

"Of course I get tired. But I don't care! Tiger, you don't understand! This is my night, my one big night. Since I'm never going to marry again, this is probably the closest thing I'll have to a honeymoon. I know you and I, we'll have many, many incredible days and nights in the years to come. I'm sure we'll top our sex with both quality and quantity as our bodies become more attuned to each other. But there's only one first time. When I'm old and grey on my death bed, I'll bet I'll look back on this as my fondest memory."

"Wow. I don't know what to say. That's a lot of pressure."

She stopped her stroking so she could look him in the eyes with her full concentration. "No, no, no. Don't take it like that. It's not the specific things you say or do that make me so happy. You can fart and belch and burp and I'll still think it's great, because I'm in love! I didn't know it's possible for a mother to fall heads-over-heels in love with her own son, but I have. The fact that we did it, that our joining is complete in every possible way, that's what I'm going to treasure always."

"God, Mom. Wow. I've been waiting for this for a long time, too. I'm heads-over-heels in love with you, too, and I know I'm also never going to forget this night. I know that everything about our lives lately has been so crazy. Totally wild, in and out of bed. But I can handle it, because whatever happens, I know

that you're my rock. My strength. I know that you're always going to be there for me, caring and loving. You're the wind that fills my sails and keeps me going, you really are."

He knew that some of the others were probably listening through the video and might get jealous, but at the moment he didn't care. He had to express how he felt.

Tears started to roll down her cheeks, as they had earlier in the evening. "Oh, Tiger! You're making me cry again. You're so mean." But she was grinning from ear to ear.

"Tears of joy, I hope?"

"Of course! Quick, distract me before I completely go to pieces."

He pretended to twirl a waxed mustache. "Hmmm. You're giving me all kinds of evil ideas. I think I can think of something suitably distracting." His dick, though erect, was still sore, and he knew her pussy was sore too. So he scooted down her body, planning to eat her out by focusing on the outside parts that were in better shape.

A couple of minutes later, Alan was in the middle of happily eating out Susan's pussy when Katherine knocked on the door.

He growled, "Sorry, we don't want any!"

But Katherine was persistent. She said through the door, "I know, sorry to bug you. But it's your friend Sean on the phone. He says he absolutely has to talk to you. It's a matter of life or death!"

With a heavy sigh, Alan said, "Okay, fine. This had better be good, though." He pulled his face out of his mother's crotch, wiped it (mostly) clean of pussy juices with a towel, and then sat up on the edge of the bed and picked up the phone there.

Katherine remained outside the door, trying to listen.

"Hey, Sean. What is it?"

His friend said through the phone, "Alan! Dude! You'll never believe it! The most fucking incredible, amazing, gob-smackingly, mind-blowing experience has happened to ME! I just got back from Xania's place in L.A., and holy shit! What a woman! I just had to call and say thanks! A million thanks!"

Alan was happy for his friend, and would have been a whole lot happier if they'd talked at a different time, but now he was more chagrined to be interrupted. "No problem. But this is the emergency?"

He looked over at Susan, who was patiently waiting for him, mostly. However, her hands were getting increasingly frisky. He thought, "Sean, I'd love to talk, but I'm in the middle of fucking my mother right now. Can I call you later?" As if I could ever say that!

Sean exclaimed, "Sorry, dude, I know it's late and everything, but I just had to tell somebody, and you're the only one I can tell! I'm so wiped out, but so HIGH ON LIFE! DUDE!"

Alan laughed a little and thought, I know EXACTLY how you feel. One of his hands lazily drifted from Susan's tits down to her clit and bush, while her hands explored all over his chest. "That's great, Sean, I can relate. But let's talk tomorrow. I'm really busy." Fucking my mom! I can't get over even thinking that! "Let's talk tomorrow at school. I've got even more plans for you. Goodnight."

Before Alan could disconnect, Sean raved, "Even more? No way! You're beyond god-like! Tell me they involve Heather! I'm doing all of this for Heather, you know. I have to be worthy for her."

Alan thought, And that's exactly the "please let me lick your feet" attitude that completely bores her, my friend. She shouldn't even question whether you're worthy of HER; you have to keep her scrambling to remain worthy of YOU. But you're so far from that that you wouldn't even understand it if I were to explain it to you. I hope Xania was able to at least make some headway on changing your approach to Heather, but I fear not.

Susan nibbled on Alan's ear right next to the phone. She knew it would make him nervous, and enjoyed seeing him squirm a little.

Alan wanted to get off the line right away, before he made some sensual moans that would make Sean wonder. He said, "Relax, Dude. Tomorrow. Get some rest. Bye." He hung up before Sean could go on even more enthusiastically.

He looked at Susan while smiling from ear to ear for his friend. "That's Sean for ya. It's so much better to give than to receive, don't you think, Mommy?"

Susan wasn't in much mood to talk.

His hand that had drifted to her clit stayed there, and was really working her.

She made a loud "MMMM!" through clenched teeth, but Alan doubted it had anything to do with what he'd been saying about Sean. Her mouth drifted down from his ear and nibbled gently along his neck.

Alan was worked up and he had a great big hard-on, but his penis still wasn't ready for fucking. So he suggested, "I think it's time for the ice, Mommy. Don't you?"

"Yes! So good!" She was practically climaxing already, and they'd hardly even started.

He had her put her blindfold back on, so she wouldn't have any idea what he'd do next. He said, "Lie down and keep still. Don't move an inch unless I explicitly tell you to."

She gladly got into position. "Yes! What kind of naughty things will you force your mother to do now?"

He picked up the bowl of ice cubes and set them on the bed right next to Susan's hips. The top ice cubes were mostly melted by now, but he was able to dig deeper into the bowl and find some that were wet but hadn't lost much of their shape. He just held one over Susan's left breast.

Almost immediately, a drop of the ice-cold water fell from the cube down to her enormous boob. He'd been hoping to hit her nipple, but just missed. But that didn't matter much.

Susan arched her back and groaned with tremendous lust. "Good Lord! Soooo so cold! Oh! Chills! You give me chills!"

He didn't respond. He figured the silent treatment would help her focus all her senses on the ice. He waited until she'd mostly recovered then held the ice cube over her chest again.

A few seconds passed, and another drop fell down, this time a perfect bulls eye right on the middle of her nipple.

"OH! AARGH! Jesus! Tiger, my love, what are you doing to me? So cold, but so good!" Her hands repeatedly started to go to her cold breasts, but she stopped them each time and forced her hands to cling to the bed sheets.

He smiled, and thought, This is too much fun, and I'm barely getting started. Why ARE most guys such horrible lovers? It's not like an ice cube costs any money or takes any effort. But let's see what else this can do. He picked up another cube with his other hand and held it over his mother's well-fucked pussy.

Another icy drop fell onto her left tit, causing a great shriek. But almost immediately afterwards, a drop from the other cube fell onto her pussy lips. He'd been aiming for her clit, but figured the lips were nearly as good.

bender

"AAAAIIIIIEEE! Oh no! I'm cumming! CUUUUMMMIIIIINNNNNNGGGGGG! OOOOOHHHHH!" She screamed and screamed.

He took the ice cubes away, amused that a few drops of cold water could cause so much pleasure. He was intrigued to notice that his hard-on felt pleasure coursing through it even though it was untouched at the moment. Just enjoying her cum was a great thrill for him.

Once she'd finished her climax and more or less calmed down, he said, "Do you remember what I told you about warning me when you're going to cum. You've been bad again." He said the last part in a playfully taunting voice.

"I'm sorry! It's just that you control my body so well and so completely... I can't resist. Will you forgive me?"

He held a cube just over her right nipple now, and said, "No. Not until you've paid with a spanking." He watched a drop form, and timed the word "spanking" with the fall of the drop. That caused another great scream.

He thought, This is SOOO easy! Ice is awesome. Even better than chocolate frosting. Look at the way her whole body arches forward to eagerly meet the next drop, even while a part of her can't take it.

He said in his most commanding voice, "Mommy, raise your arms. Now. Pin your hands behind your head."

"Yes, Son. Mommy must obey. She just has to obey her well-hung son and service him or she gets a long, hard, naughty spanking!" It seemed that the mere idea of getting a spanking practically caused her to go off again.

He said, "Mommy, what if you service me great with long cocksucks and fucks as I use your busty body any way I like, but then I spank you anyway? Not because you deserve it, but just because I feel like it?"

"Oh! TIGER!" She loved that idea, and chills of excitement ran up and down her spine.

With her arms now locked behind her head, he placed an ice cube on her underarm and rubbed it along her skin. He knew that was one of her most sensitive areas.

She gritted her teeth and tried not to scream, but couldn't hold it in. She gave out a sort of panting scream as continued to struggle to control herself. Her chest was heaving mightily now, which was always a very impressive and arousing sight.

He picked up an ice cube in each hand and began rubbing them all over. He tried to always do the unexpected, and touch her anywhere and everywhere. It seemed that he could do no wrong; it was as if her whole body was one giant erogenous zone. More than once, she arched her back at an almost painful angle and screamed in delight.

But the process of her arousal took time, because she was careful now to warn him about her need to cum. So whenever she got too close, he'd have to stop and wait. He periodically changed ice cubes when the ones in his hands melted away to nothingness.

Meanwhile, his cock was throbbing so hard that it was practically bouncing around on its own. It also seemed unusually hot. He got up and sat in between his mother's stretched out legs. He pressed his erection against her wet inner thighs, causing her yet more delirious delight.

Then, while pressing his hot pole up against one thigh, he pressed an icy cube against the same spot on the other thigh. Then he had the ice cube and his penis switch sides.

This was almost too much for her. Her whole body trembled, but she just managed to stave off another great orgasm. She mumbled, "Hot and cold, cold and hot, too much! Too much!"

While he silently waited for her to recover from that, he held an ice cube in one hand and his penis in the other, and thought, What the heck? He drew the ice along the length of his cock and was shocked at the unpleasant yet very arousing sensation that caused. His boner was so hot that he half-seriously expected to see steam rising from the clash of temperatures.

This ice is too much! To think that I've masturbated for years, and never tried this out. Though I guess it is a lot more arousing when you're sitting inches from your own mother's steaming and hungry pussy. He snickered to himself.

While Susan was still recovering, he repeatedly lathered his dick with ice until it was quite cold. Then, sensing she was ready, without warning he held her mouth open with one hand and put an ice cube inside it with the other. That seemed to turn her on a lot, so he rubbed another one all over her lips then put it in.

She shuddered. "Ice chills! Ice chills! My whole insides! Freezing!"

That gave him an idea. He pried open her pussy lips and pressed an ice cube inside it. He had no idea if that was going too far, but he figured that if some women could fit a Coke bottle inside, one ice cube wouldn't do any harm.

Her hips writhed and her rack heaved and wobbled even more than before. "NOOOOOO! Cold! Cold, cold, COLD! Oooh!"

But he was feeling very naughty. He pressed his cold penis up against her nether lips and shoved it in deep. He briefly felt the rapidly melting ice cube on the inside as his penis shoved it deeper within her body, sliding it right past the entrance of her cervix and then into her fornix deep within her vagina. At the same time, he took another ice cube and pressed it down on her clit.

The resulting scream as her climax hit was something to hear and behold.

He had only started stroking his penis in her, but her seemingly never-ending climax gripped his penis so hard and kept rhythmically squeezing it that he lost control before he could think to use his PC muscle trick. But he didn't mind that much, as his penis badly needed the release and a lot of friction would have just made it feel even worse, as raw as it was.

After some time passed, he took her blindfold off. He rather tenderly ran an ice cube around her lips.

She loved it, but whimpered, "No more, please, no more. Uh! Rest. Mommy needs rest!"

So he merely ran the cube around her ear and neck a little, causing her to shudder yet again, but then left her alone.

She looked up at him after a minute or two of rest, and said, "Son? Just one question. Let's not joke about death by fucking. Is it possible to kill someone through really, really excellent fucking? Because even though I'm only thirty-seven, I'm seriously frightened about a heart attack. You had me SO HIGH! My heart is still pounding like a drum. Each fuck is practically better than the last, though nothing beats that whole body orgasm. Wow. I had no idea. No idea! How can two people make each other feel so good? Why doesn't everybody fuck and suck all day long?"

"Mom, you have to realize I'm giving this my complete all, and throwing in every trick in the book. Later, we'll have more ordinary fucks. This is super intense. I don't think I could take much more of this, either. It's like running an emotional and physical marathon, and then running another one, and another. Although, I have to admit these last couple of fucks have been much easier on me than on you. I think the next one should be nice, slow, and romantic. Don't you think?"

"Mmmm. Yummy. That sounds like paradise. But can it wait a while? My pussy's doing better since you haven't been pounding it like a frenzied madman for a good while, but my whole body is weary. I'm like a wet noodle. I can barely move my arms."

"No problem. Even though I didn't get much sleep last night on the trail, I don't think I'm going to get much tonight, either. Tonight you and I are going to sleep in the same bed for the first time." He gave her a very loving kiss on the lips.

He looked at her face and was surprised to see tears falling yet again.

"What? Did I say something wrong?"

"No. You said something so right. Ron is gone from my life, and now you're going to share my bed and take his place. I don't care about the Freud crap; I know what's right. It makes me so happy, even though I know you'll be sleeping with and fucking your sisters probably half the nights or more. It's almost like we're husband and wife. My own son!"

For some reason, that particularly aroused Alan. His dick twitched, struggling between extreme mental arousal and the biological necessity to occasionally recover.

He thought, This may be a peak evening, and doing things for the first time is always extra special, but I will never, ever get bored with this. I thought that after seeing so many women naked so many times a day, it would start to get a little boring after a while. But no! I even get hard seeing Kim or Joy bending over to pick something up. If anything, I just get more aroused than ever before! And no wonder, with the sexy stuff everyone is always telling me! Wow!

"Any thoughts?" Susan asked, rather curious.

He shook free of his train of thought and said, "A couple. One, you're so sexy and lovable that I'll never get tired of you. Don't ever worry about that. Two, there's only one thing marring my evening. I'm ready to eat a horse, and man cannot live on pussy juice and ice cubes alone. Why don't I go downstairs and fix myself a snack while you have a little rest?"

She gave him a loving look, even though she was a bit disappointed. She was fishing for a reaction with her "husband and wife" comment, but he didn't bite. Defeated on that point, she closed her eyes, and said, "Okay."

He stood up and picked up the bowl of now mostly melted ice cubes. He was struck by how wet Susan and the sheets were, from just a couple of cubes. It looked like someone had poured several glasses of water all over her.

He belatedly realized how sweaty he was and ran one of the few remaining cubes across his forehead. That felt good. He experimentally ran one across one of his nipples. That felt even better. Hmmm. It'll be interesting to turn the tables and be the blindfolded ice victim one of these days. Why not? He ran the cube all around his upper torso, more as a sort of cleansing standing shower than anything.

But as he started to walk out of the room, she opened her eyes and bolted up. "Wait! The outfit!"

He froze and turned back. "Outfit? What outfit?"

"Um, never you mind... Well, I guess I have to tell you. Truth be told, Suzanne's gift is an outfit. But you don't need to know what kind just yet. You can't go downstairs because you'll see it and ruin the surprise! Just cuddle with me for a little while until I have the strength to join you."

"Tell you what. I'm starving to death. Aunt Suzy said she left that in the living room, so I'll just close my eyes as I go down the stairs and go around the other hallway to the kitchen. I promise I won't peek. You trust me completely, don't you?"

Susan lay back down. "Of course. I trust you completely. Whatever you say. You're the man of the house, now."

"You keep saying that but I don't really know what it means. In any case, I'll be back in a little bit. Okay?"

"Okay. I don't want to go to sleep and miss much. I'll probably pretty myself up a little bit and join you down there in a while."

"Okay."

Alan dutifully kept his eyes closed once he got close to the "surprise," and felt his way along the walls to the kitchen. He knew he wasn't alone by the smell of cooking before he got there. When he opened his eyes, he saw his sister standing in front of the stove, wearing nothing but an apron, just like Susan frequently did lately.

"Hey, Bro. How's the motherfucking going? Are you motherfucking hungry?"

He grinned. "Yep. I am motherfucking hungry, as a matter of fact. It's pretty motherfucking late. Are you cooking something for me? How did you know?" Smoky barbecue aromas filled his nostrils.

"Well, Big Steel Rebar Brother, I could have known from watching the video monitor. But in fact that wasn't necessary because Suzanne told me on the way out. She was going to stay and cook if I wouldn't. But it's just you, me, and Mom now."

Brenda had left with Amy and Suzanne, though she couldn't tell him that.

"Wow. Thanks. You're cooking my favorite stuff, too. Looks like you're making a whole feast."

"It is your night. And Mom's, too, of course. We were very forgetful not giving you food earlier."bender

He sat at the kitchen counter. "That's okay. I wouldn't change a thing. It's been non-stop greatness."

"I noticed."

He thought he detected more than a little jealousy in her tone of voice, but he let it slide. "I love your cooking outfit, by the way."

"Thanks. Mom always gets to wear these. I get a little envious seeing her like this each morning."

Katherine had nearly finished cooking, so they soon sat down to eat. She laid out sautéed fish, potatoes, and green vegetables. She knew he needed some down time, so they just talked about inconsequential, pleasant things and she didn't touch his penis. (Although, she couldn't help teasing him with her sexy body at every turn.)

It was the first time Alan could contemplate what had happened this evening, away from Susan's intoxicating presence. As he made idle chatter with Katherine, inside he was repeatedly struck by the magnitude of what he'd done this evening. I've fucked my mother. I've really gone and done it. Fucked. My. Mother... Wild! That's just too wild! ... Hell, thanks to The Pact on Friday, I've now technically fucked my TWO mothers... Things will never be the same. For one thing, I'll always be different from everyone else now, a social deviant of sorts. And that's not to mention my sister fucking, and everything else I've done!

Even if my secrets stay secret, I'll always know that I'm different. Jesus! If people only knew... I can't even tell Sean, much less Peter or my other friends. Some of the other cheerleaders know about Katherine and me, but that's different. They just think we're playing around with a kind of "any port in a storm" attitude, when in fact, it's so much more.

It's so profound. Sex has allowed Sis and me to connect on a deep level, and now, after tonight, my feelings for my mother have gone to an even deeper level that's beyond description. I feel like crying for joy just thinking about the way Mom feels for me. Such total, unconditional love! And not just from her, but from FOUR women! I'm so blessed. I'm not ashamed about any of it!

Katherine noticed a euphoric yet distant stare on her brother's face. She took one of his hands in hers and asked tenderly, "What are you thinking about, Bro?"

He smiled at her blissfully. "I'm just thinking about how happy I am. And it's not just about sex with Mom. I'm so happy that you're my sister that I'm afraid I'm going to get all choked up and blubber like a baby."

She smiled, and tingles of pure happiness shot down her spine. "Wow! I'm going to have to cook you dinner more often!"

They both laughed, and he resumed eating.