

## 6 Times 961

### Chapter 961 Milk Mom

About thirty or forty minutes later, he pushed his chair back and said, "Thanks, Big Breasticles Sis. That was really good."

She laughed at his breast lingo. She liked it more than the pussy lingo he'd tried to use before. "My pleasure. Hey, Mom. I think he's ready. You can come in now."

He was surprised at the "Hey, Mom" comment. He looked around quizzically, and didn't see any sign of his mother.

But a few moments passed and then Susan stepped in from the living room.

He broke out in happy laughter upon seeing the outfit Suzanne had given her, because it was a new sex cow suit. It covered very little except for her arms and legs.

Susan laughed too, because she could tell he was laughing with her, not at her.

"Hey, Mommy. You look great. What do you have to say to yourself?"

"Mooo! Mooo!" She'd been holding a big cowbell around her neck so it wouldn't jingle, but now she let go and jingled her way across the room, up next to him. She stretched and cavorted like some kind of cow-fixated, overeager go-go dancer.

Katherine slipped away to the stereo and hit play. Susan's new CD was already queued up, and the song "Master and Servant" began.

Alan was amazed at Susan's energy. When he'd said he felt like he'd run a marathon, that wasn't just a metaphor - he really felt exactly like he'd run a marathon. He knew she had gone through just as much (although she hadn't been hiking all day, she'd done more of the "work" in their fucking). Yet her energy seemed boundless.

Katherine came back to Alan and stood next to him for a few moments, watching her mother dance. Then she dropped to her knees between his legs.

He thought, No way! No fuckin' way! Am I charmed, or what?!

Sure enough, she started slurping away on his erection while he sat back and continued to watch his mother's erotic dance.

There were two thin strips of cloth rising up from Susan's crotch and just barely covering her nipples before continuing on up and disappearing on either side of her neck. The strips were taut and appeared taped to her nipples because they stayed in place despite all of her wild gyrations. That allowed her breasts to bounce, but not swing wildly in an almost dangerous manner.

As the song came to an end, she finished with a bow.

She did finally appear to be a bit winded. The cowbell slowly stopped its incessant ringing. She turned around as she remained bent over, showing off her bare ass with a cow's tail inserted with a butt plug.

Katherine stopped her sucking long enough to witness the end of the performance. Then both she and Alan heartily clapped and whistled.

Alan said, "Wow, you look a lot better. I see you've showered. I must stink something awful, although admittedly playing with the ice had to have helped some. Yuck."

Katherine disagreed, as she turned her face back into her brother's crotch and got busy lightly licking his stiffness. "Brother, normally it would be gross, yes, but tonight it just makes you smell so manly. Such a strong mix of sweat and cum. It's good to have you totally primal every once in a while. Don't you think, Mommy?"

She let out a "Mooo!" and nodded.

That got more laughs, but he said, "Okay, enough mooing. I like to talk to you. Come closer so I can feel your sexy cow ass."

She did. As soon as she was freed to talk, she said, "Angel, I just LOVED that last song. 'Master and Servant.' I didn't know they allow that kind of thing. And this next track - 'Under My Thumb.' That's even better!"

Katherine was too busy bobbing her head over her brother's shaft to reply, but she held a hand up making a thumbs up gesture, hoping her mother would see it.

As he explored her ass with both hands, he muttered, "Oooh. This feels good." His hand strayed into her butt crack. He discovered that the long cow tail she wore was actually attached to a tightly held butt plug, and nothing more. He liked that, too.

She enthused, "Tiger, I'm so hot! Dancing for you, and now this 'Under My Thumb' song - I need to be fucked so bad! Angel, can you at least move over so we can share?"

"Just a minute, Mommy," Alan replied. "Let me check out this outfit of yours."

He noticed that the rest of her outfit was quite curious, too. He turned her around and ran his hands over her front side.

Her legs and arms were mostly covered with the cow patch pattern she loved so much. Her pussy and nipples were covered with the same kind of fabric, but only in the barest way technically possible. Thin straps not even as wide as her areola ran over each breast and merged down at her clit. Then one strap ran deep up her ass crack - butt floss, he liked to call it - before heading straight back up to the back of her neck.

As one of his hands slid under the strap and felt up her pussy, he said, "Tell me about these straps here."

"Isn't it the greatest?" Susan gushed. "Suzanne is so full of surprises. Every move I make rubs my nips and clit like you wouldn't believe, not to mention the butt plug for the tail, which feels so good! That's why I was jingling my bell and dancing back there. I practically got off, just from the bouncing! They pull SO TIGHT on all my favorite parts that it's unbelievable!"

Katherine stopped sucking and joked, "Mom, now you know what I want for Christmas." Since this was her mother's special night, she knew it was time for her to step aside, and she did.

"I know, Angel! If one is forced to wear clothes, this is the way to go."

"I would hardly call those clothes," he snickered while he played with her breasts. He discovered the straps were taped on, but he was able to pull them aside easily enough.

Susan protested, "Tiger! Don't! I'm on fire as it is. I'm 'under your thumb.' Fuck me!"

But even as she said that, she got on her knees in front of him and said, "You can't ignore a sex cow's udders." She brought her hands up and pressed her orbs together. "Just in case you missed them and their need for milking, I'm going to milk you for a while." She scooted forward and encased his penis in her cleavage.

He was pleasantly surprised to discover his mother's boobs were already slicked up with some kind of fragrant oil. But, as he started thrusting away into her giant pillows, there was one thing he felt needed correcting. "Mom, I love how you please me."

"Pot calls the kettle black. You're the one who makes me die and go to heaven every day."

"Okay, we please each other. But please, please don't call cocksucking or titfucking or anything else you do to me a milking, okay?"

"Sure, Tiger, but why?" She continued to slide her slicked up tits up and down on either side of his dick.

Katherine was standing behind him, running her hands through his hair, but mostly just observing the hot scene.

He replied, "I dunno. I guess one thing that came to my mind on the trail kind of bugs me. My balls got so filled up with cum that I began to feel like I was a cow needing to be milked. You know how if a cow goes a day without getting milked, it's in agony? I was like that. I had no idea I could get backed up that

quickly - practically half the food I eat must go into making more cum these days! But I don't get off on all the cow metaphor stuff like you do. It's kind of humiliating, like I'm a cum cow, and all the sexy attention lavished on me is just so women can milk me for my sweet semen."

"Awww, Tiger," Susan cooed as she happily slid her giant tits around his hard-on. "That's so not true. You know and I know that we'd love you just as much if your cum tasted something awful. Don't you remember both of us seduced you even before we knew what you tasted like? In fact, if your seed tasted like cod liver oil I'd swallow just as much as before, just to show my love for you. That's what we really want from you: we crave your love."

"Me too, Bro," Katherine agreed from behind. "The great taste of cum is just an unexpected bonus to all the other good stuff. I'd be in heaven from mere cuddling alone."

"Well, thanks, but I still feel funny. I mean, what if, God forbid, I went on a week's vacation instead of two days? Or a month? I know we talked about this on Friday already, but I didn't realize the situation is so extreme until I was gone for two days. The fact is, I need my dick milked or emptied or whatever you want to call it, every day."

Susan didn't seem too concerned. Her soft but firm orbs squished around his cock while she replied, "Tiger, I think that's fantastic. It's true you may be a sort of cow, but you're my cute, cuddly, tiger cow. At the same time, you're my big, studly bull. We have a mutual addiction, not of body fluids, but of great sexual joy, and love. You need us. We need you. We've all discovered that sex is just about the best possible way to enjoy ourselves, and to share our love."

She craned her head down and licked the tip of his cockhead as her titfuck continued. "Together we'll go through all of time helping each other out. We'll just have to make sure that you're never far from a willing and able sexy mouth, cunt, or ass. We'll never, ever let you go a week alone without us! I don't care what it takes and if you like it or not - I'm going to be by your side to help you."

Katherine chirped in, "Brother, it may be true that you could lose a little freedom and mobility, but isn't that a small price to pay, to always be surrounded by sexy bombshells? I know I'll never tire of you. Never. Expect to have your penis pumped at breakfast, lunch, and dinner for the rest of your life, if you want it, for starters. If Mom won't help that much, I certainly will. Not that that would ever happen, right Mom?"

She snickered and giggled. "I want to have my own career, but I don't mind limiting my options to be near you. If you think you can live in a different town than me, you've got another thing coming!"

He laughed. "Thanks. I can't imagine living away from either of you. That's a given. I hope Amy and Aunt Suzy feel the same way."

Susan said, "I'm sure they do. So we won't call you a cow, because if you look around the room, I think we can all agree on who the sex cow is, no? And she doesn't just metaphorically need milking, she's got real milk starting to gush out of her udders." She winked. "Now, big bad Tiger, go ahead and ravage your defenseless moo cow mommy!"bender

"I think that can be arranged," he said, high on life. "Rrragrrr!" He attacked her like a tiger, pretending to claw and bite her.

They played around with each other. After a big tickle fight, they ended up on the floor.

Alan was increasingly tired, so he just lay on the floor while Susan resumed titfucking. All this talk of milking got him thinking about her breasts and so he focused on playing with those even when she took occasional breaks from titfucking him. He knew that all he had to do was tweak her nipples and she'd be over the moon, so he kept that up.

Katherine meanwhile, sat on the other side of the table in her apron, watching the incestuous lovers go at it on the floor. She'd started the evening as nothing but excited for her mother and brother. But jealousy had started to well up in her as she watched Alan give Susan one incredible fucking for the ages after another, all evening long, and now resentful feelings were overwhelming her selfless ones.

But she contained her jealousy from boiling over by thinking, Let Mom have her fun tonight. Tomorrow is MY day! From the moment Big Brother wakes up until the moment he falls asleep, I'm going to be there for him. Okay, maybe Amy and Suzanne will need their turns, too, but if Mom gets anywhere near touching him, she's going to feel my wrath!

There was only one problem titfucking in their new lying down position: the cowbell around Susan's neck. It kept banging into his cock with each upthrust, and it irritated him with its constant clanging.

But Susan loved it, and she said to Katherine, "Angel, you have to try wearing a collar like this! It really makes me feel like Tiger owns me! From now on, I'm going to wear it aaaaall the time!"

He frowned at that, and said, "Mom, sometimes you say submissive stuff that crosses the line from sexy to a bit scary. This ownership talk is just sexy talk, but sometimes you seem to be taking it seriously. Anyways, please don't wear that because you'll drive me mad with the bell."

"Oh. Sorry. It's just that I get so excited sometimes!"

"I noticed!" He shook his head in wonder.

They all laughed.

But Susan really did love the idea of being owned by her son. She wanted to treat him with a love, devotion, and loyalty beyond that of any relationship that had ever gone before.

They continued titfucking on the floor for some time until Susan had him teetering on the edge of a great climax. Meanwhile, her new mix CD kept playing and she seemingly loved each song even more than the last.

However, she wanted the next load inside her vagina. "This titfucking is wonderful for both of us, but what about my needy hole? It's ready for more fun. Remember, being master around here entails responsibilities as well as many, many, MANY sexual benefits. And your responsibility and benefit is to fuck me tonight until we both collapse from exhaustion. Obviously we can't go on with this intensity all the time, but tonight we'll do our best."

He stood up. "Agreed! Quick, let's find a bed! I wanna fuck my sex cow, and do it in a bed, 'cos I'll probably go straight to sleep afterwards. I could use a nap. I'm soooo worn out I can't even believe it."

Susan stood too. She could see Katherine was a bit peeved, so she brought up the sleeping arrangements issue in an attempt to please her. She spoke to her son, but her message was to her daughter: "None of this going back to your bed alone stuff, either, Tiger. From now on you'll never sleep alone again. I think it's only fair that your naked mothers and sisters take turns sharing your bed each night fucking and sucking you to sleep, but tonight you're all mine."

Katherine raised an intrigued eyebrow as she heard that.

He nodded. "Agreed, Mom. Mommy, actually - sorry that I keep using 'Mom.' It's such a hard habit to break. Agreed, Big Bumpers Sister?"

"Oh. Definitely!" She'd been worried that Susan would want to monopolize him and that she'd end up getting less than half of the "sleeping rights," so that was a relief to hear. She wondered how often all three of them could sleep in the same bed, or even four or five, but figured they'd work that out later.

Chapter 962 Fucking Mom !

Mother and son scurried back upstairs to Susan's master bed. It was soaked with cum stains, but they didn't mind, because it was a night for bodily fluids to flow without concern.

Alan planted her in the middle of the bed, and said, "Okay, how would you like it?"

She put her hands in front of her like a dog begging with his paws up, and barked, "Woof! Woof!"

He laughed. "Talk about mixed animal metaphor messages, but okay." As he got into the doggy style position, for some reason he clearly recalled how Susan used to be prior to everyone's recent sexual transformations. He contrasted her former prudishness with her now barking "woof" while dressed in a sex cow outfit, and laughed out loud some more.

He commented, "God, Mom, don't you ever get tired?"

"Not to toot my own horn, but I've been doing my daily workouts for years. You do things like tennis, but you don't have an organized exercise regimen like I do."

"Good point. You could probably kick my ass."

She laughed, although they both knew there was some truth to that, simply because she was in incredible shape. "You should have Suzanne work up an exercise program for you. Suzanne knows all." She laughed at that. "Now, less talking, more fucking!"



The plan was to take it nice and slow, and they did, for a while. But both of them were too worked up to keep it slow.

He got an unexpected surge of energy. They changed positions so he could get above her and really slam into her hard. He couldn't believe how much she inspired his lust. He ravaged her almost with the same vigor as the first time they'd done it that evening.

Before long, she was screaming, "Fucking split me in two! Fucking destroy me! Fuck your mother like you've never fucked anybody in your life! Oh, God! SO GOOD! Jesus Christ, this boy knows how to fuck his mommy!"

She still had the butt plug in her (although not the actual tail), and was amazed how different and delightful that made the fucking feel.

All their earlier sex had taken its toll, and his energy surge passed before either of them came. After a while, he was too exhausted to pound his mother's pussy very forcefully at all, and they switched to a slower, gentler style of lovemaking, with him again behind her. But that too was good. He marveled to himself that everything seemed to just get better and better as the evening went on.

He felt like the "little engine that couldn't." His energy was flagging more and more with each passing moment, especially compared to hers. I've never realized just how fit she is. And Suzanne does the exact same routine. They both look so curvy and feminine that you'd never figure on their hidden strength. Although I did hike all day today and yesterday, so I do have some excuse. Still, I don't want any imperfection on Mom's dream night.

What can I do that'll get her off while using no energy on my part? I'd say another titfuck or blowjob, but heck, I don't even have the energy to hold back from cumming... Oh, I know!

He unexpectedly pulled out of her and said, "Sorry, Mom. Fun's over."

She was confused, but said, "Oh. Well, thanks for-"

"No, listen to me. You've been a bad mommy. A very, very bad mommy. And you know what happens to bad mommies?"

"They get spanked!" There was a fiery excitement in her eyes as she suddenly flipped herself over and got on all fours. She presented her ass to him, waving it as high up as she could manage.

He chuckled. "Hmmm. I think somebody here likes spanking a little bit too much. It's not exactly a punishment if you want it that bad, is it?"

"No, it's just that I've been so bad, so terribly naughty, and I'm eager to atone for my sins."

He chortled, "Yeah. Right." She was lying, badly, and both of them knew it. But that was all part of their fun game. "Okay, I'll take you at your word. Name some sins and I'll give you a swat for each one."bender

He thought she would name some minor transgressions. But to his surprise, she started with, "I've committed incest with my son."

That won her a hard slap.

"I let my son fuck my mouth on a daily basis. No, worse, I seek it out. I crave it. I need it!"

That got another slap.

She continued describing all her sexual "misdeeds" in terms that were halfway between a Catholic confessional and an X-rated novel. It was weird, but it got both her and her son increasingly excited.

He felt his strength coming back. The swats took energy, but the harder he spanked her, paradoxically the more energized and lusty he felt.

After about twenty swats, both of them were climbing the walls with the need to fuck and practically attacked each other with an animalistic heat.

Before long, he was nailing her hard. He drew upon reserves of energy that he didn't even know he possessed and went all out.

Susan too was clawing and scratching and screaming and generally loving life as he thrust into her, deeper and deeper.

Finally, he felt his balls tighten once more. He knew he couldn't keep up this frantic pace for long and simply gave in to his desire to cum. He knew she was so excited that she'd cum right with him, and indeed she did.

His cum load was smaller than it had been at the start of the evening, and more like a load from a typical male. But the remarkable thing was that he still had so much cum to give.

He slumped down over her back and breathed heavily into her neck, too exhausted to move or disengage himself from between her legs. Within a few moments, his penis was completely soft and fell out of the folds of her well-fucked hole.

They again just lay on the bed, panting.

She seemed too tired to say anything, so he admired her backside for a while. She looked completely wiped out, and she was. Finally, her reserves of energy were completely depleted too. Her hair was a disheveled mess, drool rolled down her chin, and somewhere along the way she'd lost her glasses.

"Damn, Son. Definitely the night of my life."

"Me too, Mom. Me too."

After a while, he looked around and asked, "Hey, Mommy, where did your glasses go?"

She sat up in bed and tried to collect her wits a bit. She felt her forehead and exclaimed, "Why, I do believe you fucked them right off my head!"

They laughed some at that.

"Hmmm. I can't see them. Oh, here they are." He picked them up off of the floor. "First I fucked your pants off, and now I've fucked your glasses off. What'll I do next?"

He handed them back, and she put them on. "That's why I'm going to have to stay naked all the time, because you'll just fuck all my clothes off, anyway. But seriously, I think I'm going to need contacts from now on. This is like a full-on contact sport! The way Ron used to do me, I could have read a book at the same time."

"Mommy, please. Never mention that name again if you can help it. It's just you and me, now. Well, you and me, and the rest of our new family."

"Yes. But for the rest of the night, just you and me." She paused, and then looked deep into his eyes. "My love."

He looked back, awed by the intensity of her love. He thought for some moments, and then said, "Mommy, I have kind of a strange question."

"Yes, dear?"

"Why is it that you love me so much? Wait. I know what you're going to say, that I'm your son and it's only natural and so forth, but the intensity of love from you is so great, it's like the heat of the sun. Maybe my question should be: why do you love so incredibly much, in general? How is it you have so much love to give?"

She was lost in thought for a while, recovering from her solid nailing while considering the question.

Then she sat up, looking him right in the eyes, and said, "Son, I was raised a very simple girl with very simple values back there on our small Nebraska farm. I believed in dreams, or you might even call them fairy tales. I loved all that corny stuff, like Cinderella and Prince Charming, and I still do. I completely fell for the dream of finding Mr. Right and living the perfect life with the white picket fence. But the few romantic relationships I had were complete disasters."

She winced as she went on, "Just look at your ... Ron, the biggest and most prolonged disaster of them all. I'd been so deeply unhappy with him for so many years that I'd resigned myself to the way things were, and given up on my dreams. I'd forgotten what real happiness was. Suzanne tried her best to help, but really, seeing you and Angel grow up was the only thing that inspired me."

She continued, "Then you became my lover, and close to forty years of longing, frustration, and a sense of tremendous ... emptiness ... ended when that little Nebraska girl finally found a man who was worthy of all her dreams. I'm still a simple gal, and all I really want to do is to love and care for my dream lover, and have him love and care for me too. That's all that matters to me in life, that and loving and caring for my family. I guess I still am a hopeless romantic, and a dreamer, deep down."

A loving smile returned to her face. "But now, tonight, my life is a dream come true! The two things that really matter to me, having a lover and having a family, now they're exactly one and the same! I can love my whole family in the way lovers do, and my lover is a part of my family! So my feelings are doubly strong. Then, when you made Suzanne and Amy part of my family? Oh my goodness! I'm on cloud nine every minute of the day!"

He replied, "That's so beautiful. I'm going to work twice as hard as before to live up to your high expectations. I love you so much. But ... sometimes you say things that are kind of scary, like a short while ago when you said you wanted a collar to help show how I own you. Being owned like a piece of property, it just seems so... I dunno, unromantic, for starters. I don't want that for you! How does that fit with what you're saying just now?"

"Tiger, I'm a sexual submissive, in case you haven't noticed already!"

They laughed at that, since it was so obvious by now.

"That doesn't mean I want to be tortured, I'm not like that. Sometimes in our phone chats, Brenda will have some fantasies that don't work for me at all. But the more I feel possessed by another, the more it makes me feel loved and bonded together to them. It gives me a sense of belonging. I get so much joy from serving others. I don't know why; that's just how I am and how I've always been. I've never really wanted things for myself, like big luxuries. That's not what makes me happy. Seeing you happy makes me happy. So happy! You have no idea what an emotional high it is when I see you cum and I see that expression of pure ecstasy on your face, knowing that I was the one who made you feel that good."

He smiled. He'd never felt so deeply satisfied and so in love. But he was also frisky, so he said playfully and facetiously, "No, I have no idea what you mean about that whole orgasmic ecstasy thing. I think we'll just have to fuck some more so I can cum again and we can test it out."

She lightly punched him. "Oh, you!"

They both laughed and delighted in being so close to each other.

It had been a few minutes since he'd climaxed, and she was feeling antsy to perform her ritual cleaning duties. She just didn't feel right if she didn't lick his penis and balls completely clean after each and every orgasm he had with her.

So she bent her head down into his crotch and happily licked him for a few minutes, making her usual "Mmmm!" noises all the while.

Finally, she sat back up. Her brown eyes twinkled with mischief. "All right, mister, you asked for it. Let me see. You've shot your sperm in or on me six times already. Very impressive for so few hours, I must admit. But you still have four more times to go to make ten."

He looked at her incredulously. "You can't be serious! How can I possibly get aroused again? It'll take hours. I can barely raise my arm, and I know you feel the same."

She looked past him and pointed to something near the foot of the bed. "I know. But you see that?"

He looked to where she was pointing and saw a can of whipped cream, the gift from Amy that they hadn't used yet. He cursed, "Good God! Fuck. I swear, there's a conspiracy afoot to keep me hard and fucking twenty-four hours a day."

"Could be," she winked conspiratorially. "Let's cover your cock completely in that tasty cream. Then I want to eat it all off and try a little bit of deep throating. I still have never done that right, but Suzanne has been teaching me with dildos."

"Geez! What a night! It never ends!" He felt his penis already start to stir. "Okay. But can I take a shower first? Maybe that'll revive me for one last go-round."

"Okay. Actually, we could shower together. It's good to save water."

He guffawed. "Save water, my ass! You just want to have your way with me some more."

Susan just smiled, fantasizing about how good she'd soon be feeling. She could almost feel the pistoning and pounding already. As much as she'd been hopelessly devoted to her son before this night, she was twice as devoted to him now. She was so wiped out that she could barely move, but she knew they had all night. She looked forward to an alternation of sleeping and fucking until both of them were simply unable to move a muscle.

Meanwhile, Katherine had gone down to the basement video monitoring room instead of back to her room to sleep. Her mind was a complicated mix of emotions, from pride at the sexual prowess of her brother, to love of her mother and happiness for her happiness, to resentment for being left out, to a deep and unsatisfied sexual need. She whispered to herself, Tomorrow. Tomorrow. That'll make it three fuckless days. Sheesh! Mom, please leave something of him for me for tomorrow, because Alan has not yet begun to fuck!

Had Alan known Katherine's thoughts, he would have been both pleased and disturbed. On the one hand, he was happy to give her and the others the solid fucking they deserved. He loved it.

On the other hand, he was beginning to wonder whether, with so many women depending on him, he'd bitten off more than he could chew. Mom alone is such a sexual dynamo that I have a hard time keeping up with her. Aunt Suzy's pretty much the same, and ditto with Aims and Sis. Add in Glory, and Brenda, and Heather and... God, I don't even want to think about it. What am I gonna do? Seriously!

Several hours later, at two in the morning, Susan rolled over in bed and set the alarm clock. The two of them were simply as fucked out as two people can be, and she knew that it would be cruel to encourage Alan to give it another go considering that he had to go to school in a matter of hours. Not only that, but every muscle in her body ached from all the different positions Alan had fucked her in, and her pussy felt stretched and sore.

His penis looked "rested" in its flaccid state and his swollen balls had finally returned to their usual size.

As her son snored next to her, she thought, Now that's how it should be: we shouldn't go to sleep at night until we've been properly fucked like this. I have no idea how many times I came, even with all this new and exciting climax control he made me go through, but I know I've never felt so good for so long. The whole night was one constant erotic and loving high! This is truly the best of times. I have no guilt, no regrets. None! God has to be smiling on this. There's no way something that feels this good and right and perfect could be wrong. I refuse to believe that.

And as for my studly widdle Tiger? Eight times. He came eight times! Not bad. Not bad at all. True, it wasn't the ten that I told him to aim for, but I'm frankly astonished he got so close in just one night. My son. What a beautiful, loving son. How lucky can a mother be? Tomorrow he's going to go to school and will hopefully fuck the best girls there. Then he's going to come home and fuck some more women. Tomorrow's not my day.

But am I jealous? No. I know that he loves me the best. Besides, tomorrow I probably won't even be able to walk. He'll always come back to me, no matter what. I feel so sure about it now. We're soul mates. We're going to be together forever!

## Chapter 963 Dream Or Real

Alan was having the greatest dream: he was having sex with his beautiful mother. He was in ecstasy as he thrust into Susan, over and over. There was nothing unusual about that, as he'd been having variations on that dream quite frequently these last couple of months, but the sensations seemed unusually intense. Dreams are fantastic! he thought. My life is nonstop heaven when I'm awake, and now it seems just as good when I'm sleeping. Although...

A realization dawned on him, and he opened his eyes. He was momentarily confused when he saw Susan straddled atop his waist, bucking up and down on his groin, which was precisely what he thought he'd been dreaming of. Her big breasts were bouncing up and down. He blinked several times and pinched himself to make sure he was really awake.

He wanted to savor the moment. He watched contentedly and luxuriated in the intense feelings of arousal surging through his groin. He felt incredibly tired and sore, but the joy of fucking overwhelmed such trivial concerns. He didn't mean to let her know he was awake just yet, since her eyes were generally closed in her own dreamy ecstasy, but his cock started to thrust involuntarily, which gave away the fact he was no longer asleep.



She turned his way and smiled down at him. "Oh, Tiger! Did I wake you up?" She chuckled at the pretense that her heavy fucking might not have been the cause of his waking.

Alan smiled. Not only did it feel great to wake up to fucking, but it felt even better waking up to see that his warm, sexy, and loving mother was the one fucking him. He was greatly amused to reply in a deadpan voice, "Morning, Mom. As a matter of fact, you did."

"Oh dear. I'm so sorry." She was grinning from ear to ear. "By the way, you have a new alarm clock. How do you like it?" Despite their calm tones, both of them were intently thrusting away by now. Their timing was excellent, with their thrusts perfectly complementing each other.

"Veeery nice. But where is the snooze button?"

She paused on the upstroke, with his cock nearly out of her pussy. "Wait a sec." She spent some more moments recovering and thinking. Then, with just his cockhead inside her, she clutched back at her ass cheeks. "Oh yes. I remember now. On this model, you have to put your finger in this hole." Her grasp held both her ass cheeks wide apart, clearly offering her asshole to him.

"Like this?" He licked his index finger and then inserted it. He was surprised by how slippery her anus seemed, but then he remembered she must have done her morning ass lubing at some point earlier in the morning.

"Like that!" she gasped, and then her upper body slowly fell down onto his chest. His stiff dick was still in her pussy and his finger up her asshole, but she pretended to be oblivious and began a rather obviously faked snore.

He shook her, puzzled. "Hey, Mom! What are you doing?"

She opened one eye and looked at his face from just inches away with a great big smile on her face. "You did hit the snooze button, didn't you?"

He laughed. "Oops. My bad. I'd better be careful not to stick my finger in your ass anymore."

She sat back up. "No, you should be careful not to call me Mom. The proper word is Mommy." She resumed bouncing on his prick. "The snooze button is now my belly button, so don't stop with your finger - or anything else you might want to put up there."

Alan laughed at her concern that he would misinterpret her desires and not anally finger her again. "Mom, oops, Mommy, sorry about the Mom thing, but I am just waking up. It's a bit, uh... surprising to wake up this way, to say the least! Anyways, it seems kind of weird and naughty for an eighteen year old son to use the word 'mommy.'"

"That's why I love it," she enthused as she bounced up and down, up and down. Her long hair flew about and her massive chest heaved with each thrust as a fine sheen of sweat began to coat her body. "Just like I love morning wood. Mmmm. Extra hard morning wood! What a way to start a day - with a big-titted mommy taming!"

Alan had been living in the moment since waking, but now he tried to recall where he was and how he'd gotten there. He looked around and saw he was in Susan's bedroom, not his own. Then all the memories from the previous evening came flooding back. It seemed like an endless blur of fucking and brain-melting orgasms. He began piecing the memories together - not an easy thing to do with all the fucking going on. He recalled being dropped off by the scouting van, all the way through some late night fucks in complete darkness. He began to fathom why his body felt like it had gone through a marathon, because it had - a sexual marathon.

He asked, "Mommy, how many hours has it been since our last fuck?" bender

"Let me see... Woooo! ... I'm riding my wild Tiger! ... Yeah! Hard! Fuck your mommy good! So good!" She seemed to have missed the question, but then after a couple more thrusts, she questioned, "Remember when you said you wanted your 'midnight snatch'?"

"Yeah?" More memories came flooding back.

"That's a good one: 'Midnight snatch.' Mommy's cunt is open to her son's snacking needs twenty-four hours a day, every day of the year. We're better than Seven-Eleven! ... But after that, we slept a while, and then we ... OH! FUCK YOUR MOTHER! GOOD LORD! ... MMMMMM! Yeah! That's good, baby! My baby!"

Suddenly the door opened, and Alan's head quickly turned to see who it was.

Susan turned her head more slowly. The truth was, she was tired and sore too, and her reaction times were still off.

It was Katherine. She was dressed in sexy see-through lingerie, but she looked really pissed off. She fumed, "I should have known!"

Susan looked abashed, but nonetheless kept fucking. If anything, she only bounced on Alan's rod even faster. "Oh, hi there, Angel."

"Don't you 'Angel' me, Mom! You know what we were just talking about! I can't believe you'd do this to me!"

Susan closed her eyes and bowed her head in shame, as if she wanted to will herself away to some other place. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to... But I came in here to wake him up, and then I saw the covers had been kicked back and Alan Junior was standing straight up. I thought I'd just give it a playful squeeze, but then..." She grunted in ecstasy, still fucking, though a bit slower now.

"That's no excuse, especially because it's always stiff!" Katherine growled as she pounded a foot into the carpet in frustration. "You should have called for me. This is MY TIME!"

Susan kept her eyes closed and didn't say a word.

"I'll be downstairs," Katherine said in a nasty voice. "WAITING!" She slammed the door behind her and stomped off.

Alan was puzzled, not least because of the fact that Susan and Katherine acted like he wasn't even there.

Susan immediately resumed bouncing energetically but still kept her eyes closed, as if that could keep reality out.

He gasped between labored breaths, "What ... was ... that ... about?"

"Later! ... I'll tell you later! ... Just fuck ... your mommy!"

He could hardly say no to that idea, so he turned his full attention to their fucking.

He noticed that Susan seemed unusually distraught and worked up in the wake of Katherine's interruption, but she channeled that energy into even more passionate and animalistic fucking than before. With the way she ground down on his cock, rotating her hips and pushing up and down, over and over, he could hardly stand it without cumming.

He felt a bit of what it must be like to be a female on the helpless receiving end of a hard and relentless fucking. He tried to give as good as he got with his own thrusts, but he just didn't have the energy to match his horny mother. He tried his PC muscle trick, but even that effort seemed futile, for once. The need to cum was simply overwhelming for them both.

She cried out, "Cum for me! Cum! Let's cum together!"

So he did. Their fucking came to a sudden end as a sizzling rush of semen surged into her vagina. She was surprisingly silent during their mutual orgasms, so he didn't yell too much either. He suspected that ecstatic screams throughout the house wouldn't exactly improve Katherine's mood.

She again fell down onto him, only this time his dick popped out as it continued to shrink. Drowsiness appeared to overtake her, but she mumbled, "Set the snooze button."

Her body was now all over his, pressed tightly onto him, but he wedged a finger in between and poked a finger in her belly button.

She giggled. "Not that one."

So he pulled that hand away and poked a finger back into her asshole.

"Not that one, either!" She giggled even more, but clenched her asshole to prevent the withdrawal of his finger. "I mean the real alarm clock. I don't want us to drift off for too long. You have school to go to, buster."

"Oh." He laughed at their "snooze button" confusion. "Don't worry. I'll stay awake."

"Okay. And let me clean your cock and balls for a while. That'll help keep you up with lots of tingly mommy love." Susan scooted down and started to lick. She kept her eyes closed and recalled why Katherine was so upset with her.

#### Chapter 964 Katherine And Susan

Earlier that morning, Susan had been lying in her bed, spooned up next to a still-sleeping Alan, when Katherine gently shook her awake.

Susan looked up and offered a dreamy, tired smile, but she was genuinely glad to see her daughter. "Morning, Angel." She yawned.

Katherine seemed a bit agitated as she whispered, "Morning, Mom. It's only a few minutes till eight o'clock. Should we wake Brother up, or let him sleep?"

Susan looked at the clock and saw that indeed it read 7:49. Every single muscle in her body ached and her pussy throbbed with a dull, throbbing pain. She carefully extricated herself from Alan's embrace without waking him and tried to stand up. However, her body seemed unable to move.

Katherine saw Susan's dilemma and helped her up, but she was careful to keep her distance as much as possible while doing so, because Susan was covered with dried-on sweat and crusty cum.

Susan looked down at her naked body and then looked at the alarm clock again, as if in disbelief. She whispered, "Oh my! You're right! Why didn't you wake me up sooner?"

Katherine looked lovingly at her brother's sleeping form while she whispered to her mother, "I figured you both must be so tired. Especially Brother. He hiked for two solid days, but instead of coming back to rest, the two of you kept at it all night. He must be beyond exhausted."

Susan also looked down at him, and then again back at the clock. Her body woke up at the same time so consistently that she still couldn't believe she'd slept in, even a little. "Dear me. He smells like a warmed-over pitcher of cum and sweat. Not good at all. He'll need to take a shower, and he'll be starving too. I'm so sore and tired from last night! He must be too. Damn, that was some serious fucking. Wow... I think it's best we just let him sleep."

Katherine whispered, "You're no bouquet of roses either. Whoa, and your breath!" But she muttered to herself, "God, I'm jealous!"

Susan heard that. She smiled as she quietly shuffled out of the room, grabbing some clothes. She figured she'd put them on along the way.

Katherine spoke a bit louder once they'd left the room and closed the door. "That's what I thought, too, that he should sleep some more. I figured I'd wait until the last minute, though, in case you insisted he make it to school on time."

Susan froze in the hallway, pulled away, and gave her daughter a hard stare. "Wait just a minute, young lady. What about you? How are you going to get to school in less than ten minutes? You're still dressed in a *négligée*!" She leaned up against the wall because she could barely stand up on her own.

Katherine continued walking down the hall, forcing Susan to follow. "That's because I'm going to be late, Mom."

Susan reluctantly staggered down the hall, feeling her way along the wall like a drunkard. Alan had fucked her so thoroughly that the muscles in her thighs felt like pudding. "Hold on. Says who? I'm the mother around here, and I say you're going to school this instant! Your grades have suffered enough with your lax attitude!"

Katherine seemed unfazed, and spoke as she began walking down the stairs towards the kitchen, "Mom, you may be the mother, but Alan is the man of the house now, and his needs come first. He runs the house now. Some of us have to be his cum receptacles, or his balls are going to be horribly backed up

with sperm. He doesn't even have Glory to help at lunch, at least today. He could go hours and hours completely unfucked!" She said this last sentence with sincere intensity, as if that was a prospect too horrible to contemplate.

"Hold on, daughter of mine." Susan stood still and put her hands on her hips in a defiant stance that was lost on Katherine, because her daughter kept on walking down the stairs. Susan was forced to keep going, but suddenly she fell to the floor as she neared the stairs. She remained there, panting, and said dramatically, "You go ahead, make breakfast. I can't go on. My Tiger fucked me too good."

Katherine walked back and held out her hand. "Talk about a drama queen, Mom. You make it sound like you're playing someone on the verge of death in some movie. Here, take my hand. I'll help you down the stairs."

Susan said, "Thanks. It's just my muscles. I can't wait to take a bath later." They staggered on down the stairs, with Katherine holding her mother up for most of the way.

When they reached the bottom, Susan paused and relaxed a bit, leaning against the wall. "That's better. Now what was I saying? Oh yes. Tiger may be like the father of the house now, thanks to the way he's tamed us all with his manly cock, and none of us want to see his cock unsatisfied for so many hours. But I'm still the mother, and still your parent! You have to do what I tell you! I will not take this insubordination. It's so unlike you, Angel. What's gotten into you?"

Katherine sighed. "I'm sorry, Mommy. I don't mean to be resentful. But it's more a question of what HASN'T gotten into me, if you know what I mean. I'm a wreck. A complete wreck. I can't stand to go another hour being so tragically unfucked. It's been three days! THREE DAYS!"

"Okay, okay. Calm down. I can understand your grief. Three days and no Alan Junior? Phew! Scary. But don't worry, I'm sure he will take good care of your cunt this afternoon. Speaking of being a wreck, can you help me to the kitchen?"

"But I need it NOW!" Katherine moaned, even as she headed back to help her mother. "It's not just the three days. I've gone longer than that before. It's seeing you make love with him so wonderfully last night, over and over. I stayed up late and watched the video, live and on replay. It really got to me. I mean, you can't even walk! I want to be fucked that good too!"

Once Katherine reached Susan, her mother let go of the railing and grabbed her daughter tight, partly to help her stand, but partly as a gesture of support and affection. "Angel, don't worry. He loves you more than life itself. I'm sure he can't wait to inject you with more of his love and his hot sperm."

"You say that, but..." Katherine pulled a bit back from the hug to really look closer at Susan. "Mom, what the heck happened to you? You look like death warmed over. Your eyes - did you get ANY sleep?"

"Oh dear. Do I look that bad? It's just that he fucked me so good and so hard and so long that I can barely move." She gave a smile that was both wistful and naughty. "I wish I could feel this bad every morning!"

Katherine groaned unhappily. "Don't rub it in."

Susan was able to waddle the rest of the way to the kitchen on her own.

Katherine sat on one of the kitchen counter stools while Susan preferred to remain standing, leaning against the wall with her legs slightly spread. Her pussy lips were still swollen and her nipples were hard, aching for more attention. Unfortunately, standing in that position let her and Alan's combined cum inadvertently leak out and drip down the insides of her thighs, which only annoyed Katherine even more.

Katherine was peeved and antsy. But they had a long discussion, and at the end she felt somewhat better. Most importantly, Susan promised to give Katherine more space to be with Alan.

When the discussion was over, Katherine walked up to Susan, casually pulled her mother's top down below her boobs, then said, "You know what I said before about 'Don't rub it in?'"

"Yeah?"

"Well, now you can rub it in." She gave Susan a tight squeeze, making sure to rub their impressive chests together. They French kissed for a minute or two, but then Susan complained that she needed a bath.



So they went to Susan's big bathroom and took a long hot bath together. Nothing especially sexual happened aside from some light kissing and cuddling, as Susan wanted to recover. By the end of the bath, she said she felt much better. Then the two of them performed their morning rituals such as shaving, brushing teeth, anal lubing, and so forth, together. It seemed that everything had worked out.

Needless to say, after all that, Katherine was shocked to walk into the room where Alan was sleeping, hoping to wake him in a sexual way, only to see Susan enthusiastically bouncing up and down on his morning erection.

Susan had woken Alan with her good morning fuck around nine o'clock. He'd meant to stay awake, but in fact had closed his eyes "for just a minute" and gone back to sleep. She was already asleep again herself, and neither one had reset the alarm clock.

Susan woke up again and looked around. The first thing out of her mouth was a rather loud, "Oh my goodness!" She looked at Alan lying next to her, and was relieved to see that her sudden outburst hadn't woken him. She carefully extricated herself from his arms and stood next to the bed. She looked at the clock by her bed and noticed the time: 9:45.

The fact that Alan was missing school was bad enough, but what made her feel many times worse was how she'd hurt Katherine with her impulsive fucking of her son. She felt so bad that she wanted to cry. Oh no! What have I done? I've really hurt my sweet Angel. I've never done anything so horrible in my life! I'd better go find her. Not only that, but they're both going to be soooo late for school, and it's all my fault!

She knocked on Katherine's door.

Katherine was inside. She'd cried some, but she was done with that and now morosely surfed the Internet. Since she didn't expect to see Alan for a while, she wore an extremely torn white T-shirt and short jeans shorts (this now qualified as conservative dress in the Plummer household). She recognized her mother's gentle knock and yelled, "Go away!"

However, Susan opened the door anyway. She walked to Katherine's computer and briefly noticed a picture on the screen of a nude pregnant woman. But she just caught a glimpse right as Katherine was closing up her computer windows, and she was too preoccupied with her worries to pay it much mind.

She fell to her knees in front of her daughter's computer desk and started crying. "I'm so sorry! I'm so, so sorry! Please forgive me! I don't know what to say. It was wrong, very wrong, but I just couldn't help myself!"

Katherine had vowed to be tough, but she melted as soon as she saw her mother crying with such abject sadness. At first she tried to ignore her, but after about a minute, she pulled Susan up and directed her to a chair.

"Come on, Mom, buck up. I'm pissed, but it's not THAT bad. We all make mistakes."

Susan sniffled as she sat down, "But I'm your mother! I have to be the tough one, the responsible one! I've completely failed you as a parent! All I ever wanna do any more is suck cock and get fucked. Having sex with my own children is WRONG! It's so wrong, if it tears us up like this!"

Katherine went back to her own chair, but held her mother's hands in her own. "You're starting to talk crazy again, Mom. Don't ever say that it's wrong, we just have to work through these things."

Susan still cried. "I guess." She sighed very heavily. "I don't know..."

Katherine chuckled. "Hey! I'm supposed to be mad at you! How can I be mad when you're so sad already?"

Susan sobbed even more. "I'm so sorry, I can't do anything right!"

Katherine looked at her mother's face. "Look up, Mom. Look me in the eyes. It's okay. I forgive you. I suppose it's only fair for all the times I fucked him behind your back."

Susan looked up tentatively. "Really?"

"Well... Maybe. I have to admit that if I were in your shoes, I probably would have done the same thing. You and I are alike in so many ways. We're his personal fuck toys. Serving his cock is what we're best at, and what we feel the most passionate about. Self-control isn't really our strong suit, is it?"

Susan laughed a little through her sobs. Her tears were starting to come to an end. "I suppose not."bender

"But Mom, I really am mad at you. You're going to have to make this up to me, big time. How could you do this to me after all the things you told me earlier? Not to mention, how the hell was your body even up for it? You were just getting the hang of walking again, last I saw you."

Susan started sobbing again, "I know! I'm so sorry. It's just that I was so proud of ... my Tiger... He was so close to giving me ten loads, just like I asked... and I was..." She had a hard time talking the way she was crying.

Katherine stood up. "This is useless. Mom, I can't have a serious discussion with you if you break into tears after anything I say. Why don't you take a shower? You could use one even after your bath. I'll go down and start on breakfast. We'll need to wake him soon."

"But do you forgive me?" Susan looked at her daughter with heartbreaking, puppy dog eyes.

Katherine hugged Susan. "Of course! I love you! You're the best mother ever. How could I stay mad at you? But you still owe me big time. BIG. TIME. Now, go before you make me all weepy too."

"I promise I won't even so much as touch him today."

"That's a good start, but just a start. I need some serious Brother time." She playfully slapped her mother on the ass, and Susan left after another affirming hug.

Katherine took another peek into Alan's room, but he wasn't there. Assuming that he was sleeping in Susan's room, she went downstairs and started making waffles.

Chapter 965 This Is A Serious Problem! We're Headed For A Disaster

Susan came downstairs about ten minutes later. She looked and felt much better after a bracing shower, but she still looked downcast. "Hi, Angel. I didn't even check on Tiger just now. Frankly, I'm not sure I can

trust myself near him, at least not for a while. I just want his body so very much after what happened last night. I want to lie in bed with him until the end of time!" She gazed off, fantasizing, but quickly recovered. "Maybe you should check on him. We don't want him to miss Ms. Rhymer's class, and that starts about an hour from now."

Katherine held out her arms. "Hug." Susan walked over and they hugged. That evolved into some passionate French kissing and groping. They started gleefully rubbing their big racks together.

Susan broke away from the kiss first, delighted. "Daughter! What do you think you're doing? That's so very naughty. Mothers and daughters shouldn't kiss like that!" She melted into Katherine's arms. "I'm so glad you and I can share our love in every way."

"Me too, Mom, me too. But can we talk seriously for a couple of minutes before I wake Brother up? Why don't you sit at the counter while I keep an eye on the waffles?"

"Okay." Susan got some orange juice from the refrigerator and gingerly sat down.

Katherine went back to the stove. Then she turned towards Susan and complained, "Mom, we have a problem. I've been feeling really left out for a while now. It's not just you, but Aunt Suzy too. Now that she's taught you so many sexy tricks, you can please him on a whole other level than I can."

"If that's all that's bothering you, I can teach those tricks to you too. You and Amy. It's only fair."

"Speaking of the girl with the annoyingly super-inflating bust, Amy is another problem for me. I used to pride myself as being his only sister sex toy, but now I don't even have that anymore. Hell, she's got the official girlfriend status AND sister status. It seems everyone has something special to offer him except me! I'm just the also-ran."

"Angel, don't even say that! You're so very special! I told you he loves you more than life itself. Don't you believe me?"

She sighed. "Yeah, I know. I really do. But I need a lot of reminding." She waved the spatula in her hand for emphasis. "I don't have the greatest self-confidence. I need something special to set me apart, and I've been giving this a lot of thought. I think he should make me pregnant."

"WHAT?!" Susan had been sipping her orange juice, but spat it out in surprise.

"You heard me." Katherine grabbed a napkin and helpfully began to wipe up the orange juice spill.

"But that's so very wrong! You're only a junior in high school. You have a whole year and a half left before you graduate! I will not have my daughter drop out of school just to get knocked up!"

"I could do home schooling."

"You know nothing would get done - we'd just sit around and study 'sex education' all day, even more than we already do."

"Yeah, but with the stealth stroking and stealth sucking... Can you just imagine, kneeling in just your high heels all day long, slurping on his fat cock?" For emphasis, she repeated, "All day long?!"

Susan was momentarily tempted, greatly tempted, but she finally shook her head 'No'. "That might work here and there, but not all the time. You hardly do your homework as it is, and you were slack about that even before the family sex started. In any case, it's a moot point, because you've talked it over with Alan and he said no. Did he not? So why do you question his decision? Is he not our lord and master? Who are we, his mere sex slaves and fuck toys, to go against his wishes?"

Katherine bowed her head in submission to that. "Okay. You have a point there. But still..."

Susan chided, "If you spent more time working on getting his fuck-meat extra stiff and then giving him immense pleasure draining it, you wouldn't have time for such foolish notions."

"If I HAD time. It's been THREE days!"

Susan winced at that reminder but said, "Don't focus on that. Think about all the good things he's gonna do to you instead. Picture Alan Junior sliding into your juicy twat, filling it with spermy goodness!"

Katherine's eyes lit up. "Yeah, Mom! That's what I'm talking about! Drain that wonderful, baby-making sperm and put it to good use. A real Alan Junior!"

Susan stomped her foot hard, making her enormous tits wobble. "Daughter, don't play games with me! You know that's not what I mean. What I am TALKING about is serving him, helping him unload all that nasty cum buildup by taking it in every hole whenever he wants it! That's what good busty sisters do to help their brothers. I do NOT mean pregnancy!"

Katherine frowned. "But Mom! I just want to show my love in every way, and what would be more of an ultimate sign of devotion than that?"

Susan just gave an emphatically disapproving look.

An implication of what Susan had said struck Katherine. "You say Alan is our lord and master, so what if, in theory, he says that's what he wants? Then you'd have to agree!"

Susan was torn, but said, "He would never say that. But if he did, I'd have to put my foot down and work with Suzanne to do everything we could to encourage him to change his mind. I'm still his mother and your mother, and I will not let my children drop out of high school!"

Katherine tried a different tack. "Okay, fine. If everyone's so against it, here's another idea. What if I start lactating, just like you? It'll be perfect! You know I have an issue with my tit size, especially since Amy's been bursting out all over, and now I'll be able to catch up! Not only that, but he needs so much nourishment; he constantly has to replenish all the fluids he loses from cumming. All that pineapple juice you give him all the time isn't enough. If it's only you lactating, there won't be enough milky goodness for him, not to mention the rest of us."

Susan folded her arms under her bountiful breasts and looked stern. "Sorry, but no. Again, how can you balance that and school? I don't know which would be worse - to have you found out to be lactating in school because you have a baby, or because you DON'T have a baby?! How can you explain something like that, at your age? It could expose us all!"

Katherine pouted. "Mom, that's so unfair! You're so MEAN! You're just saying that because you want to have the biggest boobs, and you don't want anyone else to be near your size. Face it: you want him all

for yourself! Look at what you did this morning! Mean, mean, mean!" She shook her fists in the air in frustration.

Susan was hurt, and didn't know how to respond. One factor complicating things for her was that Katherine had a point. Possessiveness did play a factor in her thinking, but even more so was jealousy - the fact that Katherine could and probably would have Alan's babies eventually, while she was barren and could not, was something that ruffled her feathers more than she liked to admit. But before she could think these things through, she heard a voice from behind her.

"Sis, hold on there." It was Alan, dressed in a robe. He staggered forward to the kitchen counter, walking as gingerly as Susan had been.

Susan and Katherine both rushed to him. But then Susan remembered her promise not to even touch him, and stood back. She watched while Katherine covered her brother's face with kisses.

"You're up! I was just about to come get you." Katherine followed that with even more kisses.

He pointed to the waffle iron. "Shouldn't someone check that? And Mom, where's my hello kiss? Or do I have to 'get your attention' if you know what I mean?"

"I'd love that, Tiger, but today I promised to step back and leave you to my sister Suzanne and my daughters. I didn't exactly get off to a good start this morning with that, so we should really respect it now."

"Oh. So that's what Sis meant by 'look at what you did this morning.'"

Katherine went to the kitchen to tend to breakfast, but she turned from the waffle iron to look at him. "Big Volkswagen Bus Brother, how much of our conversation did you overhear?"

"When I started coming downstairs, I heard you talking about pregnancy. Then the lactation stuff. I hate to say this, Sis, but I have to agree with Mommy. Even lactating just isn't doable with school in the way. And Mommy, thanks for putting your foot down. That means a lot to me. You're my mom, and a great mom, not some mindless sex slave."

"Drat!" Katherine slammed the spatula down, and appeared to be on the verge of crying.

He added, "I'm touched, Big Chestnuts Sis, that you love me so much you want to have my baby right away as a sign of that love. But think about it: neither of us is ready for it. We can barely take care of ourselves right now and neither of us wants to lose our freedoms this young. You love the idea more than what the reality would be like. I don't know if you know what you're getting into with the lactation idea, either. However, I'll offer you one consolation: maybe if you want to lactate for just the three months of summer vacation, we could try that. It could be a kind of a test to see if you want it for later, long term. As long as you promise to end it in time for school to start in the fall; that should be okay."

Katherine threw down the spatula and rushed out of the kitchen and into Alan's arms. "Oh really? You're the best, Brother! The best!" She kissed and hugged him so enthusiastically she nearly knocked him over.

Eventually things settled down and Alan sat at the dining table, directly across from his sister. The front of his robe fell open.

Susan took over kitchen duties since she wanted to give her daughter more "Alan time."

Katherine slumped down in her chair. "I'm so bummed." bender

"What?" he asked, as he started to eat a bowl of his favorite cereal, which was Honey Nut Cheerios.

"You were ecstatic about the summertime lactation idea a minute ago."

"I know, and I still am. But I'm a 'now' kind of person and that seems so far away! Not only that, but I had such fun ideas about how I was going to wake you up, and then you wake up all on your own." She shot a resentful look at Susan in the kitchen, but Susan wasn't looking.

"I'm sorry, Big Floatation Devices Sister, but it is after ten o'clock already. I would say it's crazy that I'm missing school except that my body hurts so bad that I can't really complain about the extra rest. Every single muscle is in agony."

Katherine stood up and tore her T-shirt off. She enthused, "'Floatation devices'! I love it! That's how big my tits are going to be this summer! F-cups, with any luck! Gushing with milk! Can you just picture it, Big



2001 Monolith Brother? Woo-hoo!" She put her hands behind her head and proudly jiggled her breasts, as if he might need that to help him visualize.

Alan was amused. He thought, Poor T-shirt, you didn't stand a chance covering her chest up very long. I wonder how many more minutes those cut-off shorts will last before she finds an excuse to shuck them off too?

He was also amused at her latest nickname, a reference to the tall black monoliths in the movie "2001: A Space Odyssey." She seemed to have an endless supply of phallic shaped objects for her nicknames.

But then she became a bit calmer, and more coy. She sat down again (keeping her shirt off, of course). Her bare feet began to roam up his legs. "Sorry to hear though about how tired you are. But of all your sore muscles, there's one in particular I'm curious about. How is Alan Junior doing?"

"To be honest, surprisingly well. It's odd. It's like it's - I don't know how to put it - battle-hardened, maybe. Seriously, lately it seems capable of taking any amount of use and abuse. Ironically, that's the one part of my body that ISN'T in complete pain."

"Oh, reaaaaally," Katherine said in a playful, mock-snobby British accent. One of her feet continued working its way up towards his groin. "How... iiiiiiinteresting! ... Hmmm." Her foot found Alan's dick, and since he wasn't wearing any clothes, aside from his wide open robe, she began fondling it with her naked toes.

"Come on, Sis. There are limits. I didn't mean that it's okay to do THAT."

"Big Orthanc Brother..."

"Orthanc?"

"Orthanc. You know, Saruman's tower from 'The Lord of the Rings.' I've been reading your 'Lord of the Rings' since you put it down, and if that tower isn't a good phallic fit for your cock, then I don't know what is! The whole book is filled with towers. Pretty good book too, I must say, even if you don't count all the veiled Alan Junior references." She giggled.

"Oh." He was a bit bummed by the reminder that sex had been so good and time consuming lately that he'd even put down "The Lord of the Rings" half way through. In fact, he hadn't really done any pleasure reading in the past month at all. He was additionally bummed that he didn't instantly recognize the Orthanc reference; it was symbolic of things he used to love that he'd let fall by the wayside.

But such worries were quickly cast aside as Katherine started massaging his dick with both feet. As far as she knew, she was the only one to have given him a footjob so far, and she prided herself on her special foot connection with him.

His penis grew erect with surprising speed, considering recent events. He thought out loud, "I simply cannot believe that you're making my dick hard again, after all it's been through in the last twelve hours or so. How the hell does it rebound yet again?!"

Katherine answered what her brother thought was a rhetorical question. "It's very simple: practice, practice, practice. We're training it to remain erect forever. That's why you need a little more practice right now." She had no trouble pinning his boner between her insole on one side and one of his thighs on the other.

Alan saw a plate of waffles appear on the table in front of him. He looked up and saw Susan standing right next to him. She looked quite demure wearing her cooking apron with her hands clasped together over her stomach, except for the fact that the apron was all she wore. She tilted her head and stared at his hard-on with a mixture of pride and wonderment. "Isn't it wonderful, Angel?"

"Mom, it feels soooo hot to the soles of my feet! It's like walking on coals! You have no idea how long I've been waiting for this!" Her foot continued to press his erection against his thigh. "And I talk about his cock being stiff all the time, but that's not really true. But what if it was?! The body has amazing abilities to adapt and adjust. What if we could train it to stay hard and throbbing nearly every minute of the day?"

Susan sighed happily as she stared longing at Katherine's sliding feet. "Angel, I love the way you think."

Alan said, "That's all well and good, but while both of you are paying attention, well, kind of, I have something important to discuss. Obviously you both have been fighting about my early morning Mom-fuck today. I can still see some redness in both of your eyes. We can't go on like this! We need to get along without conflict. I hate this kind of fighting, especially if it makes either of you cry. But the problem is that I can't even handle the level of sexual activity we're at now, much less handle any more."

He continued ominously, "Forget about your perpetual erection fantasies. It's true that my dick might be able to take a lot more, but the rest of my body can't. Most importantly, my brain can't. After last night I'm so wiped out mentally that I just want to sleep for a week. But I have to go to school! That sucks so bad. A guy can only do so much in a single day."

He paused, and ate a few bites of his waffles. He periodically grimaced, not from pain but from the sheer pleasure Katherine's foot was giving him. He was surprised there didn't seem to be any reaction to his words from the other two, except that after his mention of his body being in pain, Susan stood behind him and began massaging his shoulders. She pushed his robe off to do so, and it fell to the floor.

Finally, he said in exasperation, "Aren't you going to say anything?"

Susan said, "Angel, isn't it impressive how he's able to talk so articulately even while you're intently jacking him off with your foot? He's such a stud! It gets me so HOT!"

Katherine disappeared completely under the table as she replied, "I KNOW! Things like that just prove that he's our natural master and we're meant to SERVE! In fact, it's just WRONG for me not to suck him off, right now!"

Thanks to the mostly open back nature of their dining room table chairs, Susan was able to press her erect nipples into her son's skin. "Good idea, dear. I hope you suck him a good long time, and then he can fill your mouth with a really big load. Late last night he practically ran out of sperm with the last few loads he gave me. It was so tragic. Though what can even Tiger do after nine loads, and another one this morning! Ten cum loads, just like I asked him to! I'm so proud!"

The sound "Mmphftf blotoughf!" came from beneath the table.

Alan and Susan had no idea what Katherine had tried to say, because her mouth was full of his cock now, and she was sucking on it as if her life depended on it.

He laughed at the absurdity of it all, but then exclaimed in exasperation, "You two! Did you not hear a word I said? This is a serious problem! I'm saying I can only handle so much, and your response is to blow me and massage my back with your soft, pillowy tits? We're headed for disaster! These kinds of disputes both of you were having this morning are just going to get worse because you seem to get

more and more insatiable every day. It's starting to seriously worry me! I want to keep all the members of this family happy, but how can I possibly do that? All of you are complete nymphomaniacs!"

Susan replied, while still kneading his neck and shoulders and sliding her breasts up and down his back, "Tiger, you have a good point. I'm sorry. Angel, listen up. The way you and I fought this morning was wrong. I'm sorry for what I did. But part of our lot in life as big-titted, incestuous, lusty busty fuck toys is to recognize that we can't always get fucked as hard and long and thoroughly as he did me last night. We shouldn't have such high expectations. Instead, we must pine away the time dreaming until the moment when we can serve as his happy cum receptacles again. We can't place too many demands on him. It's not right... Dear, please take his thick fuck monster out of your mouth so you can pay attention and add to the discussion."

With a loud pop, Katherine let Alan's erection leave her mouth.

#### Chapter 966 Fucking Katherine With Mom Watching!

But Katherine was only getting started with her sexual fun. She said, "I'm sorry. Big Barad-Dur Tower Brother, please sit on the edge of your seat with your legs spread really wide, then I'll give you my two cents on this."

"Okay, but why am I spreading my legs?" he asked even as he complied. Slumping down, he didn't leave Susan as much to work with on his backside.

Katherine quickly rearranged herself underneath the table, getting on all fours with her ass facing Alan's lap. Then she backed up until her ass was between his legs, right at the edge of his chair. She then used her hands and guided his erection into her hungry pussy as she pushed her hips back into his groin.bender

He complained, "MoooOOOOooooom! Sis isn't taking me seriously! She's backed her ass up into me and she's starting to fuck me under the table!" He noticed with amused chagrin that her shorts had come off, around two minutes later than he'd guessed they would.

Susan didn't need to be told what was happening because she could see all of it over one of Alan's shoulders. She exclaimed, "Oooh! Good one, Angel!" She watched the fucking with mixed feelings. On

the one hand, she was excited to see her strong son's dick already on its way to filling another hot cunt, and she was impressed at how cleverly Katherine was performing her fuck toy duties. The combination of both children excelling at fucking filled her with maternal pride, as if both of them had just been awarded honor student recognition for the month. But on the other hand, after last night she wanted to be fucked again so bad that seeing it happen to someone else created a longing so strong it was like a punch in the gut.

The horny mother decided she needed to do something to redirect her concentration away from the sights and slurpy sounds of her daughter's cock-filled pussy. She found her hands roaming all over her son's chest, and that made her feel much better. But then she remembered her promise to keep cool with Alan for the day, so reluctantly went back to merely working on his shoulders and neck. She figured that might violate the letter of the request, but not the spirit since she was sure Katherine would understand that he needed a relaxing massage quite badly.

Katherine ignored Alan's protest. As she swung her ass back and forth over his stiff rod, preventing him from having to move his sore muscles to thrust, she said calmly, "Brother, I know exactly what you mean. I completely agree with Mom. This is not your problem. This is our problem. We have to learn more patience. It's true that we're a bunch of insatiable, big-titted, hot and tight-cunted nymphos, but we'll just have to do each other more, that's all. So expect to hear the sound of wild, lesbian love screaming through the house more frequently."

Alan was already having a hard time focusing on the conversation because his boner felt so good. He protested, "Why does everyone always have to throw in 'big-titted' all the time whenever they're describing things?"

Susan replied with a touch of pride, "Because it's so obvious that it turns you on. And also because it's true." She walked around to his front side to make face to face contact.

She held him by the chin. "I used to be so modest, but why deny it? Do you deny that your sisters and mothers have just about the nicest, biggest, bounciest, milkiest, and most squeezable racks in the whole county? You have FOUR fuck toys in this house. You OWN our eight tits. Do something with them!"

She pressed her tits into his face, smothering him with tit-flesh. She thought, I just can't help it! Angel, please allow your old mother this one little pleasure? Tiger owns my tits! I must use them for his pleasure! I must!

"MoooOOOOooooom!" Now it was Katherine's turn to cry out. She couldn't see Susan, or even Alan, from her position under the table, but she could guess well enough that Susan was up to something. "Mom, do I have to remind you that you said no touching?"

"Oh. Sorry, Angel. I'll just stick to rubbing his shoulders and back then. I hope that's all right."

Susan did do that, except that she lifted him up an inch so she could move the chair he was sitting in ninety degrees and get at his whole backside without any obstacle. She tried to do it as subtly as possible so Katherine wouldn't notice. Then she really went to town, slipping and sliding her spongy round tits all over him.

Alan sighed. He was frustrated by the sheer intensity of their sexual obsessions, yet the things they did to him felt too good for him to stop.

Katherine picked up on his tone. As her cunt walls milked his dick, she said, "Seriously, Brother, we're going to promise to take it easy. You know that I've been dying for you to fuck me ever since you got back home, and you're doing it now. I was looking forward to hours and hours of languid, lazy fucking this afternoon, but I'm willing to forgo all that so you can get more rest. And Mom has already vowed no touching today, so all you have to do is fuck Amy and Aunt Suzy after their fuck-free weekends. That's only two more fucks today. Talk about an easy recovery day! All you have to do is let us know, and we'll ease up. Right, Mom?"

"Definitely!" Susan hoped Katherine didn't notice the way her voice was starting to pant and get more excited.

Alan thought about that. Hmmm. No way is anything going to happen with Glory today; I'll be lucky if she still wants to talk to me after school. Of course I'll have to deal with Heather somehow. Then there's the Doctor Fredrickson situation which we've planned to tackle after school, and there definitely won't be any sex for me there. So all in all, I'm only really obliged to fuck Sister Amy and Mother Suzanne, and at least keep Heather's holes stuffed with something. All in all, a light day. Not bad.

He finally replied, "Well, that makes me feel better. Thanks. We'll see if it actually happens; I have my doubts. But another thing bothers me. You two are always going on with the fuck toy talk, and I assumed that was just to get me more excited, like the big tits talk you always do. But on my way down here I heard one of you say... What did you say?"

He lost his train of thought, because he noticed his mother was doing something strange. She was having a problem with her tit massage because she lacked lubrication to glide her tits the way she wanted to. But an inspiration struck her: He watched as she took the bottle of maple syrup next to his waffles and poured it all over her tits.

He tilted his head around and gaped in wonder at the sight of the dark maple syrup pouring down her front. Clearly, she loved it. She tilted her head back and let out a scream, but a silent one, only moving her mouth (so Katherine wouldn't know what she was doing), because the whole thing made her feel so good. She imagined that she was pouring an endless amount of her son's cum all over herself. It felt so great that she didn't just stop with the tits and poured some onto her face as well, fantasizing she was getting the facial of a lifetime.

But then she remembered that this was supposed to be Katherine's time and she shouldn't get carried away. So she poured a bit more directly onto Alan's back and then resumed rubbing her bare tits into him. Now, thanks to all the syrup, her breasts slid effortlessly all over his skin. It felt fantastic for both of them.

Alan tried to remember what he was talking about, but even with the end of Susan's little show, he still had to contend with Susan's tits sloshing around his back and shoulders and Katherine's hips doing all the fucking and thrusting for him beneath the table.

Susan said in a motherly tone, "Tiger, enough of this talking. You've hardly touched your food. You still have to finish eating and take a shower, not to mention the drive time to school. So kick back and eat, and enjoy your sister's tight pussy gripping your thick cock. Don't worry. We're going to be totally low profile from now on. You'll hardly notice we're here."

Alan mentally compared her "hardly notice we're here" comment with the way Katherine was exquisitely fucking him and the way Susan was "massaging" him, and had a good laugh. He gave up trying to remember whatever he was going to say.

Katherine's disembodied voice echoed out from under the table. "Think of it as 'stealth stroking,' Big Bunker Buster Brother, only now I'm using the best method to minimize any penis chafing. All the lubrication you could ever want coupled with a fine and firm velvety grip and grasp to keep you exquisitely stimulated and 'on the edge' all the way through breakfast! Call it 'stealth fucking.' Come on, you can't say no to that now, can you?"

Alan replied with a hard to decipher grunt. He was conflicted, but as usual, the desires of his penis won out.

Susan was trying to pretend calmness so Katherine wouldn't suspect that her massage had gotten a bit out of hand with the maple syrup. But while her voice may have been calm, her body certainly wasn't. She cupped her pussy and began frigging herself frantically.

Katherine somehow sensed something was up, if only because Susan and Alan were in close proximity. She said, "Mom, I'm almost done here. Can you get me another waffle?"

"Oh, poo." Susan disengaged and returned to the kitchen, dripping maple syrup everywhere. She was already contemplating the clean-up job she'd have to do later. She was grateful that neither the kitchen nor dining room were carpeted.

Alan had some kind of niggling feeling that there was an important complaint he needed to be making, something about them being too submissive or too enthusiastic, or both. But he felt so good from the things they were doing to him that his worries floated away. He finished his meal in silence. The only sound in the room was Katherine's pussy repeatedly squishing, sliding, and clutching around his hot, throbbing pole under the table. It was a strange sensation, because he could barely see any of her, and he felt little more than the fucking and her ass cheeks occasionally slapping into his inner thighs. It was almost like being fucked by a ghost.

His dick didn't hurt at the moment, but he had a bad feeling that it might if he ejaculated, so once Katherine had a nice climax for herself, he explained that to her, and asked if they could stop before he came.

Katherine pulled herself free of Alan, which allowed a bit of her feely flowing juices to leak out obscenely from her slippery pussy. Then she crawled out from under the table. She returned to her chair and looked at her brother.

She was surprised to see Susan standing behind him, massaging his shoulders with her hands and sliding her tits all over his back. She said in a very peeved tone, "Mom, what the hell happened to you? You call that giant sticky mess from here to the kitchen 'keeping your hands off of him?'"



"Sorry, dear, it's just that he clearly needs a massage. I know firsthand just how sore he feels, and I needed some lubrication to make it work. Between you and me, we've helped him relax, haven't we? You're not mad at me, are you? I wasn't trying to take his attention from you, really I wasn't..."

Katherine just glared, so Susan continued as an idea suddenly struck her. "You know what? The next time either of you need maple syrup for your pancakes or waffles, you know what we could do?"

Katherine sat back and crossed her arms under her breasts, still irritated, "Let me guess. We could just lick it straight off your big tits. And wait. Let me guess some more: the idea makes you, quote, so hot, unquote."

Susan opened her eyes wide in surprise. "Oh my goodness! How did you know?"

Alan smiled at Susan's predictable nature. He found it quite endearing. He added, "But Mom, the only problem with that is we'll still have to go all the way to the fridge to get the milk. If only there were somewhere nearer to get our milk from..."

Susan's eyes opened even wider. She was very excited to tell both of them that they could just nurse the milk straight from her nipples, but then she looked at their amused smirks and felt chagrined. She playfully pushed Alan, since he was easily in reach. "You two! You're playing with me, aren't you? You know exactly where you should get your milk, and it makes me so happy!"

Katherine laughed, genuinely happy now. "Mom, you know what? It's impossible to stay mad at you. You're just too pure and good."

They all had a good laugh.

Alan headed upstairs to take a quick shower. His penis deflated immediately without ever experiencing a climax. He found that to be a welcome relief.

But when he stepped out and felt for the towel in its usual spot on the towel rack, his hand discovered Katherine's arm instead.

She drew his hand to her chest and said, "Today, I'm your towel. You don't think you can go to school without cumming again, do you?"

He groaned and stepped out of the shower, pretending great frustration, but he actually liked her towel surprise. He laughed. "You just never stop, do you?"

"Nope!" She giggled. "Why should I? We're having so much fun, aren't we?"

He couldn't argue with that. He figured he'd be okay as long as he refrained from cumming.

She was dry and managed to more or less dry him off by rubbing her naked body all over him. She asked with real concern, "If we get to be too much and you really want us to stop, we'll stop. You know that, right?"

"Well, kinda."

"We will! Being a fuck toy is all about pleasing and serving your master. And if that means stop, then we'll stop. But it also means guessing when you say 'no' and really mean 'yes.' I could see from the look in your eyes that you were tired but horny."

He nodded. "The problem is, I'm always horny. Too much inspiration around here!" He laughed.

He was silent for a little bit, admiring the effort and creativity she was using in cleaning him with the "human towel" method. It was very arousing, especially since various parts of her often seemed to "accidentally" brush over his erect pole. Still, the general emphasis was on the rest of his body, for once.

After a while he grew a bit contemplative, and asked, "Sis, how did I ever get to be your 'master?' Seriously. I'm just your brother. Remember all those nights you and I played Monopoly and Risk and all kinds of other board games? You beat me more often than not. We were just regular siblings doing regular sibling stuff."

She said, "It's partly BECAUSE of all those nights playing games that you're my master. That just goes to show how we're way closer than most siblings, and so it makes sense we still play games. It's just that

these are adult, sexual games. And you're the dominant type and I'm the submissive type, so it all works out."

"I guess I can see that," he said reluctantly. He closed his eyes and tried not to think about it too much. It was easy to get lost in all the physical pleasure she was giving him.

When she'd gotten him fairly dry, she pulled him to the floor, climbed on top of him, and said, "Now, let's work on some advanced towelng techniques."

Needless to say, his dick was erect, very erect, by then. But she didn't fuck him, suck him, or jack him off, she just continued to rub him all over with her body, kissing him everywhere along the way. Since he was sore all over, she made sure to massage and soothe him as much as possible. The main difference was that she focused a lot more on stimulating his cock. Plus, now that she didn't have to deal with getting him dry, she was able to fully focus on arousing him with every trick she knew. (She'd long mastered the finer points of the book Alan brought home detailing the human body's seventeen erogenous zones.)

All Alan had to do was lie there and enjoy. Yet he eventually got so worked up that he was on the verge of grabbing her and pulling her down for a good, hard fuck, no longer caring about the time, his tiredness, or soreness.

He complained, "This is no fair. As usual, you do most or all of the work, and I reap most of the benefits. I should do that to you."

She replied, "That'll be fun. Let's do that some other time, when you're not half dead from fucking Mom all night long. But you're looking at this in the wrong way. Tell me, does it arouse you when I call you 'Master' or call myself your 'fuck toy' or your 'personal cocksucker?'"

"Yeah," he admitted. "You know I'd be a liar if I tried to deny it."

"Well, as arousing as that is for you, it's just as arousing for me. It's like yin and yang, two opposites fitting together. Serving you gets YOU off, and it gets ME off! It's win-win! I know the unfairness of it bothers you sometimes, but it's actually part of the turn-on for me. And I know that's true for Mom and most of the others. Sometimes even more so. So just grin and bear it, literally."

He chuckled. "Okay. I'll try."

After about ten minutes, just as his arousal reached a boiling point, she stood up and said, "Come on. You're all dry now. Let's go get dressed."

Alan groaned in a mixture of agony and ecstasy. But he stood up and followed her lead. He didn't want to miss the start of Glory's class, because that could lead to an awkward encounter with her later, with many awkward questions needing to be asked and answered.

She already had their clothes ready in neat piles, and dressed him and herself. But she wanted to keep him on edge, so even while dressing, she simultaneously either stroked or sucked his perpetual hardness.

She led him downstairs by holding his cock, stroking him whenever she could manage.

As they walked, he asked her, "Hey, I remember you saying that you were going to get me off?"

She grinned wolfishly. "You think I'm done with you? Ha! We're just getting started!"

Chapter 967 It Can't Be Helped At This Point!

When they got downstairs, Susan had the kitchen (and herself) all cleaned up from the syrup mess and was all dressed up in "outside clothes" in preparation to drive them to school. She felt a little better than she'd felt earlier in the morning, but still looked forward to taking a big nap as soon as she dropped her children off.

Katherine said, "Hey, Mom. I've got a problem. My brother lover just won't cum. I think I'll just have to jack and suck him off all the way to school."

"Now, Angel, you know the rules about security outside the house."

"But Mom! We have tinted windows on the minivan. No one can see if we sit in the back. In fact, I'm surprised we don't jack, suck, and fuck him to school every day. After all, you don't have to be the driver EVERY time."

"Hmmm." Susan was intrigued.

"In any case, I have two words for you. The first one is 'big' and the second one is 'time.' Have you forgotten how you owe me for this morning?"

That quieted Susan's objections.

"Besides, do I have to quote The Pact to you? 'The women of this harem pledge to devote themselves fully to pleasing Alan and his insatiable cock.' What's the best way to do that on the way to school?"

"Okay, okay, already! Stop before I feel compelled to join you, and then we won't have anyone to drive."

Alan sat in the back seat instead of the front passenger seat as he usually did. As his mother started up the car, his sister's head bobbed on his boner sticking out of the fly of his shorts.

He said, "I can't believe I'm doing this. What I think we have here is a complete failure of willpower by everyone involved, including me. I shouldn't be missing school. Sis shouldn't be missing school. Sis MOST DEFINITELY should NOT be sucking me off right now. I may not even have any cum left to give! Mom, you shouldn't be driving without underwear and fingering your cunt while we wait here in the garage. The car doesn't drive itself, you know! This is a complete and utter failure of willpower, all around!"

Susan pulled her fingers out from under her short dress, and said, "I'm sorry Tiger, it's just that I get so HOT thinking about what you did to me last night, the way you fucked me over and over and over. TEN times! Me, your own mother!"

"It wasn't ten times," he pointed out.

"Well, almost. Besides, it sure felt like it. Not to mention the way you're using your sister as a human cum bucket for just a short car ride! Looking in the mirror and seeing her head bounce up and down... it's too exciting! Next time, Angel, you have to drive so I can do that."

"What about willpower?" he asked.

She replied with brutal honesty, "Sorry. I just don't have the willpower to lead this family." She started the car and pulled out of the driveway. "That's why it's so great that you've become the man of the house. And I'm so happy there are two mothers in this family now. Suzanne is going to have to be the tough one for us all. Maybe even Amy; she's capable of surprises, isn't she?"bender

eaglesnove1,coM Alan frowned. "Yeah, Aunt Suzy is good, but she seems to be growing weaker all the time. Mom, I keep hearing you tell her, 'listen to your cunt.' Every time you say that, her willpower vanishes completely. I say we're fucking ourselves to our doom, with no self-restraint. Look at us in this car! I can't even tell Sis to stop 'cos it feels too good. We need help!"

Susan brightened, thinking, New blood? We can surprise him with Brenda again on Wednesday! Even though he's fucked her already, she's still pretty new...

No, wait. She's not exactly the self-control type. In fact, she's liable to just make things worse. Oh dear. Maybe he has a point.

But as they came to a traffic light, she thought, On the other hand, my son is so big and strong and smart and virile... So potent, so wise, so kind, so manly, so constantly hard and filled with cum, just so damn lovable, that he's completely unstoppable! I'm sure he'll come up with something. It's not my role to think; I should just shower him with love and hot sex.

Brenda's way ahead of me. I should try to be more like her. I should not only serve Tiger, but I need to be the sexual slave for the whole family! Anyone at the house at any time should take and use my cunt, mouth, and ass for their depraved pleasures!

She was so excited by these thoughts that she looked around as she came to the stop and saw no other car nearby, or anyone able to look into their high minivan, so thought, Fuck it! I don't even care that much if I'm potentially exposed. My cunt needs a little bit of attention. Just a teeny weeny bit...

She reached under her dress and fingered herself while keeping her other hand on the steering wheel. Every few seconds, she glanced in the rear-view mirror. She still could see her daughter's head bob up and down out of view over Alan's lap, which served as fuel for the fire in her pussy. However, when the light turned green she reluctantly took her hand from under her dress and forced herself to keep driving.

Alan rather belatedly mumbled, "Maybe we should invite Xania back soon. She could help out and give us some good advice."

Susan thought single-mindedly, Yes! Great idea! More "new blood." Xania is just the kind of 'grade A' fuck-meat that Alan needs to nail more often. She CAN help out. I'd love to share his cock with her in a double or even triple blowjob. Oooh! Imagine her and me and Suzanne on him at once! I love it! The three of us could make a wonderful cunt stack and he could poke from one steaming hole to another. Xania's cunt hasn't been fully tamed, and we need to change that. I should invite her for Wednesday's strip poker game again! Oooh! What an idea! And I suppose while she's here she can give a little bit of advice, too. For instance, maybe she can teach me some new fucking techniques!

She looked in the back seat, but it was pretty quiet. Alan was slumped down with his head back and his eyes closed. He was obviously straining, fighting the urge to climax.

Katherine was fully dressed but still had her head in her brother's lap and a hand in her own lap. Suddenly she paused in her sucking long enough to gasp out, "Cum, dammit, cum already!" Then she resumed her greedy sucking.

Susan smiled. I thought this was going to be a bad morning after what I did to my Angel, but it's turned out okay. More than okay, in fact. As long as my children are sexually aroused and happy, then I'm happy. We just have to take it easier on Tiger, that's all. We can't expect EVERY night to be like last night, or all of us will die very early deaths. Mmmm... Last night...

She started to space out on her sexual fantasies, but the need to not crash the car forced her to pay attention to the road. She pined for another long traffic light, but the next couple of lights were green. She silently cursed as she drove right through them. There was more traffic, too, as she got closer to the school, and that made her very nervous about being seen. She was very grateful for the car's tinted windows, although one could still see clearly through the front windshield.

Before she knew it, they were only a block away from the school. "Sorry, kids, we're there already. Time to wrap it up!"

Katherine pulled her head off Alan's prick long enough to gasp, "Mom! I'm not done! But this is so awesome! I think that from now on you need to drive us to school instead of making us bike or walk. What do you think, Big Ent Brother?"

Alan fidgeted and tried his best to ignore the throbbing sensations in his cock. "Sis, come on! School!"

Katherine bent back down and licked around his cockhead some more. "Okay, okay! Mom, I'm so close, but you know how his cock is! You have to EARN your mouthful! Can you drive around the block a couple of times?"

Susan chided, "Young lady, watch your language. Even though I have the windows rolled up, someone might hear us. But I do know what you mean about earning it. His cum is a great prize that must be fully earned! I'll drive around the block just once. Tiger, enough flexing of that strong PC muscle of yours. Just let go. You only have five minutes until Ms. Rhymer's class begins!"

He grumbled, "Oh, okay. But it's so fun to do it in a car..." He hoped that enough time had passed from having his balls emptied the night before and then losing another load earlier in the morning so he would actually have some cum to give. He earnestly wanted to please Katherine and Susan, just as much as they wanted to please him.

Susan saw him grimacing, which really turned her on. Her mouth started to water as she imagined swallowing the load that was churning and building up in his balls. Then she looked ahead, and to her great joy, she saw a traffic light coming up. Even better, the light was turning yellow just as she came to it. She slowed down instead of speeding up and had her hand in her pussy before her car even came to a complete stop.

As she madly friggd herself, she looked over and saw the school grounds, plus the students milling around, walking from building to building during the five-minute break between classes. Then she looked in the rear view mirror to the back seat. She could see that Alan was cumming now. He was actually biting down on his hand to keep from screaming as he came. She'd never seen him do that, and loved it.

Katherine's body meanwhile was shaking as if their car had just been rear ended by another vehicle. From where Susan sat, it looked like Katherine's head was actually being thrown back over and over by the force of the cum firing into her mouth. She loved that too.



Susan was so turned on by everything that she imitated her son and bit down on her hand (the one not busy in her pussy) to stifle a scream. She'd never cum in anything remotely approaching a public place before, and doing it within full sight of the school and her children's classmates turned her on terribly.

The next thing she knew, the car behind her was loudly and repeatedly honking its horn. She looked up and saw the light was already starting to turn yellow again. She put a sticky hand on the steering wheel and quickly drove through the light before it turned red. Then she pulled to the side and allowed the cars behind her to pass. She decided it was as good a spot as any to drop her children off and said, "Here we are, kids. Are you presentable?"

Katherine and Alan both looked around, dazed. They found their backpacks.

Alan gingerly zipped up his fly. "Uh, yeah. I think so," he said breathlessly. Dang, I'm gonna smell of sex and cum for sure. But it can't be helped at this point.

Susan wanted confirmation from Katherine that she was ready, so she asked, "Angel?"

Katherine leaned forward and lovingly brushed her cheek on the back of her mother's hair. She looked down while doing so and saw that Susan still had two fingers actively pumping in her pussy, and a large cum puddle below it. She wanted to say, "We're good, Mom. Would you look at that big puddle between your legs?" But in fact, she couldn't. She'd kept as much cum as she could in her mouth (not an easy task given the way Alan had been pumping and thrusting into her), so she couldn't talk. The best she could do was point and say, "Mmmm-hmm. Biiii puh-ulll."

Alan already had the door open and was stepping out onto the curb. He slung his backpack over his shoulder and said in the tone of voice of a typical male teenager, "Thanks for the ride, Mom. See you later!" He gave a friendly wave, even though he felt like jumping in the front seat and making out for a while as a proper goodbye.

Susan also felt awkward to merely wave and say goodbye to her children instead of stripping and offering her whole body to them, but that's what she reluctantly did. She couldn't wait to get back home to get out of her conservative "outside clothes" and take a very big nap. But first she had to keep the car where it was for a while and get herself off before she could drive back home.

Alan looked to his sister, pointed in the direction of his next class, and said, "I'm off that way. Thanks for the... relief. You good?"

Katherine just nodded happily. She thought to herself, I've got most of his cum load in my mouth! Sweet! Kind of a small load by his standards, but still nice. I hope I can keep some in there long enough to show to Amy after the next period is over! She's gonna be soooo jealous! Hee-hee!

She swirled her tongue around through the load in her mouth, thoroughly enjoying the flavor. Hopefully I won't have to actually say anything for a good long while, because then I'd have to swallow in a hurry. I sure hope the teach doesn't ask me a question. That would suck.

As Alan rushed off in one direction while his sister rushed off in another, he thought, I'm beginning to think that my mom and sister are actually kind of crazy. There's too much of a good thing! But how can I say no? How can I say no to an under-the-table breakfast fuck? How can I say no to a human towel? Or a blowjob all the way to school, or a maple syrup tit rub? And that's just one morning.

It's crazy! We're getting more reckless and sexually obsessed every day. Everyone expects me to do something about it, but that's like a fox guarding the hen house. I can't say no. They're just all too insanely sexy and gorgeous!

He shuffled along as if his legs were broken, wincing with every step. His penis had finally started to show signs of wear and tear and didn't feel good at all after cumming, either.

## Chapter 968 Christine

Alan realized as he entered Glory's class that he probably looked pretty strange. His face showed shock, as if he'd just seen a ghost. He staggered to his chair with a funny walk, completely out of breath. And while Glory didn't realize he'd just shown up to school, some of his classmates had not seen him in their previous classes and wondered about his late appearance.

But what Alan didn't know was that Glory could ever so faintly smell his cum. In his rush to leave the car he'd tried his best to get all cleaned up, but there wasn't time to do a perfect job. Even though Katherine

had taken most of his load in her mouth, a few drops had ended up in his shorts, and a bit more dribbled out after he'd zipped up. It wasn't very much, but Glory's body had become so attuned to his unique sexual scent that she could detect it almost like the way sharks can detect blood in the water from great distances, even if her mind wasn't consciously aware of it. The smell was so unusually sweet for cum that none of the students suspected anything sexual.

The situation was incredibly nerve-racking for Glory. Between smelling his cum and seeing him for the first time since Friday, she found that her nipples had hardened instantly and her pussy was starting to moisten in anticipation of having sex. She felt light-headed and was actually forced to sit down and close her eyes for some moments to recover. She grimaced and tried to make it look like she had a headache.

But her feelings were conflicted. After Suzanne had met with her on Saturday, she'd spent a lot of time thinking about what Suzanne had said, but she ultimately remained firm in her decision not to continue any kind of physical relationship with Alan. So her feelings of lust also ran into feelings of alarm and confusion about her easy arousal. She thought she was aroused purely by his presence and didn't realize how the subtle smells were magnifying her response. She held her nose without really knowing why. She'd only glanced at him since he'd entered the room, but now she looked directly at him and was surprised by what she saw.

Oh my gosh, what happened to him? He looks like that guy from that TV show "Taxi." What's his name? Oh yeah, Jim Ignatowski, played by Christopher Lloyd. He always had that stunned and wasted expression on his face. What the heck happened to my young man over the weekend? Wasn't he gone on a hiking trip the whole time? Did sexual deprivation do that to him? Is it just my imagination, or does he smell of cum? I'll bet he had a massive, incestuous orgy when he got back. Yuck. Or maybe I want him so bad that I'm actually imagining the smell? Is that possible? Of all the days to forget to wear my underwear!

It was true that she wasn't wearing any underwear, but it wasn't completely true that she'd forgotten to wear it. Consciously she'd forgotten, but subconsciously, she was still following his orders, since he'd told her last Thursday not to wear underwear to school anymore. On a conscious level she was working to gradually free herself of him, but subconsciously she wasn't making nearly as much progress.

As a result, she'd been tremendously distracted all day. She was acutely aware that she wore no panties AND "happened" to wear a particularly short skirt. (In fact, that was her subconscious desire at work again.) She was forced to hold a book over her rear whenever she wrote on the chalkboard, lest she flash her naked beaver to the whole class. There had been some very close calls already, and she'd had to mostly stand behind her podium. It was a most disconcerting experience, but it also kept her terribly aroused and on edge.

She looked around and saw that the whole class was looking at her and wondering why she was sniffing the air and staring at Alan. She sometimes joked around with her students, so, with a nervous lump in her throat, she said, "Alan, you look a little worse for wear. What did you do over the weekend?"

He was really surprised to be addressed by her, but he replied, "Hiking trip with the scouts. Man, I'm so exhausted. You might have seen the way I was limping - I got a little injured."

"I see. Let me know if you need to see a nurse. And hang in there. Everyone else, be prepared. This is what can happen to you if you fall into the path of evil and join the Boy Scouts."

That got a good laugh from everyone (even if most missed the subtle "be prepared" scouting joke), and it gave her the confidence to begin her lecture. But still, the subliminal scent of Alan's cum drove her crazy and didn't seem to fade with time. All through class, her pussy acted needy, and she found herself rubbing her legs together every chance she got.

She thought to herself while sensing her pussy juices trickling out of her slit, How am I going to make it through the hour? I'll never do it!

Three hours of constantly protecting her privates from exposure and constantly holding down and tugging down her short, tight, black skirt had put her right on the edge of a climax. She loved the risk of exposure much more than she could admit. But now, if that wasn't distracting enough, she had to deal with Alan's presence and the faint, sweet smell of his cum on top of that.

After only a few minutes teaching Alan's class, pussy juice began freely flowing down her thighs, which only increased her fears of getting caught. That in turn just made her more aroused as she fantasized Alan being the one to discover her naughty secret, and a vicious cycle was created. She feared that she would cum just from her exposure and sexy thoughts, and prayed for the class to end.

She frequently looked at Alan, more so than she usually did lately, which was quite a lot to begin with. And every time she looked at him she saw him staring off into space with the strangest expression. She correctly assumed that he wasn't paying any attention, and mercifully avoided asking him any questions. She was at least relieved to see him start to look a little better near the end of class.

For once, he wasn't thinking about sex per se - he was just spacing out, like his brain was on autopilot.

Sitting in the chair behind her desk wasn't an option because she was afraid she would frig herself wildly until she had a massive climax, if she was given half a chance at privacy. She couldn't go to the bathroom for the same reason - she was so excited she might have spent the rest of the period there. So she generally tried to stay standing behind the podium, where at least she didn't have to carry her book around and hold it over strategic spots. But finally, thankfully, the class came to an end and she gave a silent prayer of thanks for making it through without an embarrassing public incident.

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Alan stumbled out of class at a complete loss over what he'd done or thought about the entire previous hour. He recalled little more than vague thoughts about fucking Susan and envisioning Glory's surprisingly short skirt rising higher and higher. He wandered out of the class with all the other students, but then it occurred to him that he didn't know where to go. Normally, I'd spend lunch with Glory, but I can't do that today. Wasn't there something about Heather?

He heard a soft voice behind him. "Hi, Alan."

He spun around. "Oh, hi Christine." He thought, Christine? Wow, is she a sight for sore eyes. It would be great just to hang out with her and not worry about all this sexual stuff: my meeting with Glory after school, the Dr. Fredrickson situation we're supposed to deal with later, the-

She interrupted his thoughts. "Boy, Alan, I've never seen you like this. You look like a wreck. Where have you been?!"

"Been?" He scrambled to come up with an excuse. He felt dumb for not having one ready. "I had a medical appointment."

"A medical appointment? What did they do to you? They're supposed to heal you, not beat you up! I think you look even worse than you did on Friday with your black eye and bruises. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Seriously, what kind of appointment was that, that left you looking like this?"

He thought, How 'bout the truth, that I fucked my mom all night long, and she practically fucked me half to death? Hoo boy! No way can I ever tell Christine THAT! He muttered, "It's kind of a private matter."

Christine looked at him suspiciously. "I was just asking around right now, and, as you know, our classmate Jason is in your scout troop. He said you didn't weren't injured anytime during the trip, but that you were acting quite strange. Don't tell me the football players got to you again! That would really get me mad."

"No. In fact, my legs aren't really hurt. See?" He wiggled his legs around, but his muscles were so sore that his claims of health weren't very convincing.

Christine put her hands on her hips and said, "Uh-huh" in a very skeptical voice. "I'm worried about you, Alan Plummer. Is there anything I can do to help?"

He thought, Christine is so kind. She's so wholesome and pretty. On one hand, I can't help but feel aroused by looking at her and imagining what could be. But wouldn't it be great just to have a beautiful female friend who I'm NOT having sex with? My whole view of women in general is getting so skewed when my mother casually refers to other women as "fresh cunts." I need more normality. I need more of Christine!

He said, "Thanks for the offer, but the best way you could help me is if you want to grab a bite with me to eat. When was the last time we had a meal together? It's been too long."

Christine smiled. Assuming he was referring to eating lunch right then, she replied, "Okay! I'm up for that."

But right at that moment, Alan saw Simone standing just behind Christine, looking very intently at him. He was suddenly reminded, Oh shit! Heather! I've got to deal with Heather today or the progress I made on defeating her bitchiness last week will come undone.

He had been talking about lunch, but now he changed his mind. He looked back at Christine, and said, "Great! I've got to go now, but it's been too long since we've had one of our non-romantic dates. Why don't we have dinner tomorrow night?"

Christine tried not to appear too eager - she liked that idea much better than lunch. She said with her usual confidence, "That sounds good. A really good idea. It'll be good also to talk in private about the football players. I've been keeping my ear to the ground and finding out some pretty interesting stuff that I think you should know about."

"Okay. Cool. I can't wait. Later!"

"Later!" She walked off with a friendly wave.

Alan thought, What might have been. If she hadn't turned me down when I asked her for a date right as I started my six-times-a-day treatment, I wonder what my life would be like today. The incest, and so much more, might never have happened.

#### Chapter 969 Heather And Simone With Alan

Simone walked up to where Christine had stood and broke Alan's momentary mental reverie. She didn't need to say anything, since people might overhear in the hall, and Alan could guess her intentions clearly enough. Obviously, she was here to fetch him for Heather. He gave her an almost imperceptible nod, and she nodded back in a similar manner. The two of them walked down the hall close to each other, but both were silent and pretended not to be with each other.

The theater room was in a very little used part of the school grounds, so as they got near it, they saw that the coast was clear and finally said 'hi' to each other. Simone added with mock portentousness, "Her Royal Bitchiness awaits."

Heather was already waiting by the door, tapping her foot impatiently. She was rankled that even though she had her own copy of the key, she couldn't open the door herself, because that would reveal to Alan that she'd made an extra key.

As soon as he closed the door behind him, Heather was all over him. She purred, "Oh, Alan! I missed you!" She hugged him and kissed him all over his face and neck. She was surprised at just how unabashedly she was showing her feelings for him, but she couldn't help herself.

Then she pulled back and looked at him. She had such a strange facial expression that Alan almost had to laugh.

Alan thought, If I didn't know better, I'd think that Heather actually looks worried and concerned. Showing concern for someone else is so foreign to Heather that her facial muscles don't even know what to do. I must look as shitty as I feel if even she is worried about me.

She clutched his shoulders. "Where the heck have you been?! I've been looking for you all morning!"

Simone said with a smirk, "She's got something she's dying to show you."

"Shut up!" Heather growled at her best friend. It was true that Heather couldn't wait to show Alan that she'd shaved off her bush, just as he'd told her to do the previous Friday. She didn't want Simone to spoil the surprise.

Simone's comment caused him to look up and down Heather's gorgeous body. He idly asked Heather, "That top you're wearing looks nice. But isn't there some kind of dress code regulation about that? It's like the Grand Canyon on display in there." Her dark blue top covered up most of her chest, but that just made the deep cleavage that was exposed even more noticeable.

That seemed to bring the typical Heather back. She boasted, "Hey, if you've got it, flaunt it! Like I give a rat's ass what the regulations say. Anyways, didn't I dress just like you want me to? High heels, no bra, clothes so tight they seem painted on?" She turned and, with a little bit of difficulty, pulled down her tighter-than-tight shorts to reveal a tiny string thong. "And, of course, my favorite: butt floss!"

Suddenly memories of Alan's confrontation with Heather last Thursday came flooding back to him. He'd remembered how he dictated what she'd have to wear, and was surprised that she seemed to be devoutly following what he'd told her then. The only thing was, he'd thought that was just spontaneous and meaningless sexy talk. Memories of her selfish, backstabbing schemes also came flooding back.



As if she read his thoughts, her bitchy side reasserted itself and she said in a demanding and snippy tone, "Let's hurry up. There isn't much time. There's an ass here that wants and needs to get fucked. Badly!"

Alan belatedly realized she was peeved that he hadn't complimented her looks. He also realized this was the ideal time for him to start training Heather's ass, but he didn't feel up to it at all. He said, "Heather, Simone, look at me. Does this look like someone who is ready to fuck anybody? No. I can barely stand. I've had a very long and difficult weekend. If you expect me to do anything at all to you today, for the love of God, make me feel good. And I don't mean sexually. Fuck, no. I mean revive me with a really good massage." He recalled how good Susan's massage had felt for his sore muscles, and wanted more of that.

Heather looked at him suspiciously, as if saying, "What's in it for me?"

He sighed in response to that skeptical look. "Heather, it's a two-way street. Sometimes you have to give to get. You'll get what you want later if you give me what I want now. Strip me. That's an order. Simone, could you help too?"

Simone said "Sure. Look at the poor guy, Heather. You know he went on a big hike this weekend. He looks half dead. Give the guy a break."

Heather grumbled to Alan, "Yeah, well, you should take it easy."

Simone and Heather began to take all of Alan's clothes off. Then they went to a mattress in the back of the stage and lay down in the middle of it.

As four hands started to massage his backside, he thought, I wonder what Simone's deal is. She doesn't seem like the usual flunky or hanger-on type, timidly trying to bask in Heather's glory. She seems like she's her own woman and has her shit together. Why would she be such good friends with HEATHER, of all people?

Simone had taken the position near Alan's head, and was doing a great massage of his shoulders and back.

Heather sat near his legs and ass, but was hardly moving her hands at all. She was still dying to show off her shaved pussy. This wasn't at all how she had hoped things would go.

Alan complained, "Heather, what is your DEAL, woman? I thought I saw a flicker of kindness and concern a minute ago. Was I wrong? Is it really too much for a weary guy to ask for a massage? Simone, you know Heather better than anyone. Am I completely deluded in thinking there's a kind, loving, and love-worthy Heather in there somewhere, trying to get out?"

Simone laughed, and then replied, "No, you're not mistaken. I've known Heather since kindergarten, and believe you me, there are more sides to this woman than mirrors on a disco ball, but she keeps most of them pretty well hidden. For instance, did you know that she's really into stamp collecting?"

Heather had been surprisingly quiet up until that point, but she suddenly burst out, "Hey! Shut up!"

But Simone just laughed some more and said, "Or did you know that she owns every single one of the couple hundred Nancy Drew books, and keeps buying them even now? You should see how excited she gets whenever a new one comes out."

An increasingly agitated Heather raised her voice. "I said, shut UP!"

Alan grinned. "Wait. Aren't those the detective books for young girls? The counterpart to the Hardy Boys? Do they even still make those?"

Heather complained, "Simone, what's gotten into you? That's totally private!"

But Simone just chuckled at her friend's discomfiture and conspiratorially said to Alan, "Get this: you know Kramer from Seinfeld?"

Heather suddenly leaped up and attacked Simone, not in a violent way, but in a determined effort to get her hands over her friend's mouth.

But Simone fended her off and said while she still could, "Kramer! She has the hugest crush on him!" That just caused Heather to attack her best friend even more violently.

Alan rolled over from lying on his front and said, "Hey, you two, break it up. Now!" To his surprise, their squabbling came to a sudden halt.

Whoa. It's weird how Heather alternately defies me and obeys me. He saw Heather was furiously blushing, so he decided that it would be wise not to tease her anymore. Instead, he just said, "Kramer? May I ask why?"

Heather stood up and straightened her clothes, looking very defensive. "Hey, I'll have you know he's a hunk. Did you see the episode where he gets a job posing as a male underwear model? He's totally buff. In any case, who I like is MY business, and I'm going to enjoy ripping Simone's intestines out and feeding her scraps to the wolves for telling! Some friend!"

Heather pouted and glared at Simone, but Simone had already returned to massaging Alan, and merely continued laughing.

Alan said, "Don't be mad at her, Heather. She's just making the point that there's much more to you than most people think. What she said stays in this room, I promise. Anyways, we all have secrets like that. For instance, it wasn't that many years ago when I was into collecting Smurf dolls, and I still have every single one of them in my room."

Heather snickered, very pleased to hear that. "Ha! The Smurfs!" She sat back down and resumed massaging, doing a better job now.

He cooed, "Aaaah. That's better. Thanks. The Smurf stuff stays in this room too, by the way!"

Heather laughed. "Ah, damn." She began aggressively kneading his ass cheeks. "How's this, Papa Smurf?"

"Good. Why don't you both get naked? Simone, you know about Heather's nice side, so what do you think about my plans to tame her through her ass to bring that part of her to the fore?"

Both girls stood up and began stripping.

Alan thought to himself, Amazing, the kind of power I have! I just say, "by the way, get naked," and two of the hottest, most sought after and stacked girls in the whole school just simply do it!

Simone said as she undressed, "I understand Heather, but I certainly can't control her. Nobody can. I've never been fucked up the ass, myself, so I can't really relate, but it does seem to do something powerful to her. She's been raving and carrying on about it like she's found religion or something. So I'll be glad to help you out with that in any way I can. God knows the skanky bitch could use some serious attitude adjustment."

Heather growled, "Hey, look who's talking, you stupid slut."

Alan looked up and saw to his surprise that Heather and Simone were both smiling and playfully sticking their tongues at each other. You gotta be pretty close if "skanky bitch" and "stupid slut" are treated like affectionate nicknames. Weird. Simone is definitely the key to any Heather plan. I didn't realize just what good friends they were.

He kicked back and enjoyed the sight of Simone and Heather taking their tops off and baring their impressive racks. But then, while Simone continued to strip, Heather got surprisingly bashful. She asked him, "Can you please close your eyes for a minute?"

"Okay, sure." He closed his eyes.

Then she added, "Put your hand over your eyes for good measure. No peeking!"

He obligingly did that too, and chuckled easily. "Okay. But what's this all about?"

Simone told him, "It's like I said, she has something she wants to show you."

Heather barked, "Shut your big yap already! Don't spoil this for me!"

"Sorry," Simone muttered.

He kept his hand over his closed eyes and didn't try to peek. But he did wonder what was going on. His brain was too frazzled for him to even speculate.

He heard some rustling and then some urgent quiet whispering between the two sexy teens. He still didn't have a clue what the secret was, but he could sense it was a big deal for Heather.