

6 Times 991

Chapter 991 Titfucking Mom And Having A Blowjob

Xania lay there panting. This is all fucked up! Look at me! I'm not just anybody; I'm a centerfold-worthy perfect "ten"! Everybody says so. And yet I'm letting myself be bossed around by some teenager over the phone. I have to put a stop to this before he really does kill me!

After a long pause, Alan asked, "What going on?"

Xania had a hard time breathing, much less talking. "I'm... lying... on the... on the... balcony... Had a... big cum! ... Gotta, gotta... rest..."

He said, "Nope, sorry. You can't do that. We're not done yet."

Xania had to wait a few moments to catch her breath. "Not done? Not done?! For the love of God! Are you trying to kill me?!" She panted some more, then continued, "What's it going to take for you to... have mercy? ... UGH! ... I can't, can't... take much more!" Interestingly, the idea of hanging up the phone didn't even cross her mind.

"I haven't cum yet," he replied. "I need to cum."

Xania crawled over to where the phone was on the floor and growled into it, "Susan, Katherine, just what the hell are you doing?! GET ON IT" She gasped for air. "Make that boy cum before I climax so much that my pussy falls off! Please! Please! What are you doing to him?!"

Susan answered, "Um, not much. But I've just been standing here for the last minute or two, uncertain what to do since you said you'd stopped. Remember that I'm supposed to be imitating you."

Xania griped, "Then lie down like you fucking died!" She panted some more. "What about... what about Katherine?"

"My sweet Angel is fucking him with her tits and sometimes licking the tip of his cock. "

Xania growled angrily, "Is that all?! Come ON! We're talking Alan here. Get it in gear, people!"

Alan chuckled, but then said, "Xania, I want you to stand up again and put your hands back on your head."

Xania cried out, "Please! Susan! Katherine! Help! He's gonna make me cum a dozen more times if you don't do something!"

Alan told Xania, "Stand up again. That's an order."

"UGH!" Xania struggled to rise, but she was having trouble.

Xania directed her words at Susan and Katherine. "Girls, I've got an idea. You two need to work together. Susan, lie down on the ground and have Alan sit on your face. Start rimming his asshole. Then trap his evil, evil, bastard cock between your tits and fuck it good!"

"Hey, where do I come in?" Katherine complained.

"You have the best part," Xania explained. "You lie down face first over your brother and shove that big cockhead of his into your mouth! Then you can play with your mommy's tits and help the titfuck as he shoots a big load down your throat!"

Katherine liked that a lot. "Cool! Let's do it!"

While the three of them got into position, Alan asked Xania, "Are you standing? With your hands up?"

She was standing, but she didn't have her hands up behind her head. However, she quickly brought them up, even though it was a real struggle for her in her current condition. "Yes, you bastard! I'm gonna slip on this lake of cum I've created and fall to my death, you heartless demon!"

bender

Alan was amazed as Katherine and Susan finished moving into their new positions. "Hey, this is pretty neat. I can have a titfuck and a blowjob at the same time? Too cool! How come I've never heard of this? I've never even seen a porn picture like this."

Xania commented, "Porn can be surprisingly unoriginal. But I'll tell ya, one can learn a lot in orgies. My arms are starting to get tired, by the way. Hint, hint." Despite all her protests, she was actually ready for more.

Alan thought quickly. "Um, I want you to bend over and moon the crowd below. Then, keep sticking your ass cheeks out further and further until one of the poles holding up the railings is between them. Then slide your pussy up and down it until you cum!"

"That's fucked up!" Xania shouted towards the phone. "I love it!"

Of course, there was no "crowd below." Hardly anybody had even walked by that could have possibly looked up, and while many cars drove by, her apartment was so high up that one would have to poke one's head out of the car window to even have a chance to see her. But comments like that from Alan made her feel like there was a crowd, and that was the main thing, letting her imagination run wild.

Meanwhile, the simultaneous titfuck and blowjob was in full swing, and Alan, Susan, and Katherine were having a great time. His mother and sister were working on overdrive to get him to cum, not so much to help Xania - they were so absorbed in their task that they weren't giving her much thought anymore - but simply because they were both so turned on.

Katherine especially had her jealous moments at times, but this was different. The two of them were doing very different things to please their lover, yet at the same time they were working as one. Katherine realized that Susan's efforts weren't hindering her in any way, as sometimes happened in shared blowjobs where heads would bump against each other or there would be territorial disputes. She saw that this was clearly a case of the whole being greater than the sum of its parts.

Susan concentrated on licking her son's asshole, allowing Katherine to manipulate her tits as tools to drive Alan to cum sooner rather than later.

That made Alan feel so good that he was rendered incoherent, unable to give Xania any more orders.

But Xania didn't need any. She came over and over as she rubbed her soaking pussy up and down the pole. Even though she couldn't forget that she was outside on her balcony, in plain view, she'd lost all inhibitions about making noise. She shouted things like, "GOD! I came AGAIN! You fucker! I can't believe you're fucking making me do this! FUCK! UGH! GOOD GOD, so horny for you! And when I think about the tit sandwich you're in... Oh no! No! Don't make me cum again! NOOOO!"

Finally, Alan spurted his load into Katherine's mouth, triggering Katherine to climax too.

Susan didn't climax with them, although she came close. But that was okay because she was having a great time, and besides, she was mindful that this was supposed to be her daughter's time.

Xania could hear the sounds of the others screaming and moaning. That helped push her to one last great orgasm as her ass wildly humped the metal pole behind her. She screamed, "FUCK ME! FUCKME FUCKME FUCKME! Alan, you motherfucker, fuck me HARD!"

Finally, she fell back to the floor of the balcony.

After a minute or two, she crawled back towards the phone and spoke towards it. "So... good! ... Girls..." She paused for some moments, gathering strength to talk, then blurted out to the other two women, "You have to try pole fucking. It's great!"

Alan suddenly had visions of coming home from school the next day and finding all the women he knew sprawled all over the house, sliding their curvy bodies over every metal pole they could find.

Susan was the most coherent on the other end of the phone and said, "I will! Just thinking about my Tiger ordering me to slide my naked body all over a cold pole gets me so hot! We seriously need a stripper's pole in here. But that dual titfuck cocksuck suggestion of yours was even better. Sheer genius! Angel, we need to do that all the time, don't you think?"

"Definitely, Mom. We should do that daily. Sharing Alan Junior is a blast!"

"Literally," Susan noted wryly. "In fact, you've got some sperm dribbling down your chin. You want me to lick that off for you?"

"Only if your tongue'll help me 'clean out' the sperm inside my mouth, too."

"You've got yourself a deal!"

Alan was temporarily forgotten as the two women climbed out from under and on top of him so they could neck for a while. He found his T-shirt and put it back on.

Xania picked up her phone and walked inside her house because it was getting cold outside. But she kept the line connected and the speakerphone mode on. She said to Alan as she closed her screen door to her balcony, "Sounds like you're living the life over there, you stud. I've never had phone sex that good, ever. Period. End of story. I'm strolling through my apartment buck naked and dripping with cum and sweat, and I've never felt this free, this alive! Gaawwwd, I want you so bad. You're something else!"

"Hey," Alan protested while feeling proud of himself at the same time, "it's all just an accident. I didn't plan any of this, honest. I just called you to see how things went with Sean and the rest just kinda happened."

"I can believe that, but it just shows what an incredible sex magnet you are. What are your two insatiable sex kittens doing right now, by the way?"

"They're going at it hot and heavy with each other. There's some pretty serious tit rack rubbing going on as they keep kissing and kissing."

"You see? That's you, even though you're not touching them. They're swapping your cum."

"But I'm not doing anything, really! I'm just... a guy." He deliberately looked away from his mother and sister, because he knew that to merely see them necking could give him another hard-on. He was still feeling revived, but he wanted to pace himself.

Xania responded, "I know. And that's one reason why you're so lovable and desirable, your humility. But I should go. I need to shower and eat dinner."

"Me too." He'd been on the floor since his climax, but finally started to pick himself up.

She sighed. "It makes me sad to have to end the call. That was too intense! I don't know if I'm ever going to be the same, and that's not just talk. For one thing, how will I ever show my face around this apartment complex? Every face I see, I'll wonder if they saw me, or heard me." She realized with a start, "Oh shit! I was really loud there at the end, wasn't I?"

He chuckled. "You were. But don't worry about it. How can they know those screams were yours? It's all the people who saw you that you have to worry about."

She said with chagrin, "Ha-ha. Thanks a lot. Don't get me started, or you'll have to come over here and take responsibility."

"Sounds like fun!"

She continued normally, "Good night for now, but I can't wait to see you on Wednesday. If you think I'm gonna miss another Poke-her Night, you're dead wrong!"

"Did you say Poke-her Night?"

"Yeah. That's just my little joke name."

"I love it. Okay, see you then on Poke-her Night. Since you're coming all this way, I hope it'll be a poke-you night, specifically!"

"MMMM!" There was a lusty groan coming from elsewhere in the room.

Alan turned back to Susan and Katherine to see what the "mmm" was about. Katherine was still busy kissing her mother, but she gave a thumbs-up in Alan's direction, in obvious reference to the "Poke-her" name.

Alan laughed at that.

Xania purred, "Poke-me night? Are you saying you're going to take your fucking huge cock and ram it into my tight cunt? You still need to give me a thorough cavity search, you know. I could be hiding contraband or something. In two days, you're gonna have to fuck me in every hole, and fuck my 38Gs too, just to be on the safe side." She laughed.

"Dammit!" Alan nearly shouted.

"What?" Xania was suddenly worried she'd offended him somehow.

"Oh, it's not you. It's just that I thought I was all done here sexually, until after dinner at least. But between hearing you talk and watching Mom and Sis make out, I'm getting hard again. I can't even believe it!"

Xania laughed. "Amazing. Susan? Katherine? Did you hear that?"

"I'm on it!" Katherine replied. Since this was still "her time," she broke off the kiss and rushed to her brother.

Resigning himself to "his fate," Alan sat back down on a sofa just as his sister got between his knees and started licking again all over his revived erection.

Xania laughed again as she heard the slurping sounds. "Damn. You're an incredible family and you're such an incredible, sexy man. Oh well, I'll leave you to your fun. I can't tell you how much I wish I was there."

"Well, I'll see you... UGH!" He had to groan because Katherine suddenly engulfed his cockhead. It felt so good that he lost his train of thought. "Um, what was I saying?"

Xania teased, "Is someone distracting you?"

"Yeah. Sis. She's like a bobbing machine, and her tongue-work is to die for. Anyway, I remember now. I'll see you on Wednesday."

"You will. You'll be seeing and touching all of me. Every inch, inside and out. Damn, I have to go before I get all horny again. See you soon. Bye."

"Bye."

Chapter 992 All Aboard The Fuck-Toy Train! Next Stop: Footjob City!

Alan hung up and looked down into his lap where his sister was greedily sucking away. He arced his back and reveled in the pleasurable sensations.

Susan stood up. She folded an arm under her breasts, mostly to push them up and out. She was sweaty and bedraggled, but she smiled benignly at her children.

Alan asked her, "What did I do? 'Incredible, sexy man'? All I do is just sit here and get my cock sucked. That's not incredible."

Susan scoffed. "Oh, come on. You make this all happen and you know it. That phone call, one clever idea after another, that was all you. You're gonna make me get wet again thinking about how well you tamed Xania even over the phone. But right now I'm going to leave you two lovebirds and get started on dinner."

Alan nodded, but asked, "Mom, you're not mad that I took Sis away from your kiss?"

"Nah. That kissing was great, but seeing my children so happy like this is even better. You don't know how good it makes me feel to see my Angel's head bobbing in your lap, knowing her tongue is snaking around and around your thick cock. I'm going to cook with a song in my heart and a smile on my face, thinking about her lips sliding up and down your hard pole all the while."

Gazing at Susan, and seeing the blissful look on her face, there was no doubt in Alan's mind that she was being completely sincere. Still, he was puzzled, unable to fathom how she could be so happy even when she wasn't taking part.

Seeing the befuddlement on his face, she said, "Someday, when you have kids of your own, you'll understand. Your pleasure, your sister's pleasure - that's my pleasure, too." She was about to walk away, but she said, "Angel, I know how much fun his cock is, but don't forget the balls. It's all about giving full service entertainment."

That was all heartfelt. However, she would have eagerly joined in except that she was mindful that this was supposed to be Katherine's special time. Since she couldn't take part directly, it warmed her heart to know that Katherine was taking good care of his cock. She walked off towards the kitchen.

Without opening her eyes or making a sound above her usual slurpy noises, Katherine reached up with both hands and began fondling her brother's balls.

He groaned out loud. He had to admit to himself that the fondling made a big difference.

She contentedly sucked and fondled him for about five minutes.

Finally, he was forced to complain, "Come on, Sis. Thanks, but really, that's enough of that. If you keep going I'm gonna cum already, and I've gotta save that load for later. I plain ran out of cum last night and I'm hoping we're gonna have a lot of fun after dinner. I haven't even had a chance to properly fuck you yet. I think it's strategic break time."

Katherine pulled away, but complained, "How can you say that? You're the only guy I've ever heard of who can calmly cut a blowjob off right when it was getting really good. It was so close! I could practically feel the sperm splashing against my tonsils!"

"Sorry, Sis. If it's any consolation, you can go back to giving me a footjob once I get my second wind." As soon as those words were out of his mouth he wished he could take them back, because he thought he sounded like an asshole. "Only if you want to, of course" But that wasn't much. He concluded, "Geez. I'm sounding really presumptuous, aren't I?"

"Boy, you're a real difficult one today. We'd LIKE a little more 'Bad Alan.'" She started to get into position for a footjob.

But before she could do so, he said, "Stop right there! What if I lick your pussy instead? I feel bad that we don't have more balance."

She rolled her eyes. "Balance? If you want balance, ride a unicycle or something. Don't you get that Mom and I TOTALLY LOVE playing with your cock?"

"Yes, I do, but you love that too. I know, because you really get off when I do it to you. Besides, if you're so big on pretending that I'm in charge, consider it an order."

She replied, "Look, I know this goes beyond being uppity, but I have to say no." She lowered her voice and looked around with worry. "Think about my reputation! Mom is only one room away. What if she comes in and sees you licking my pussy while your cock goes completely untended? She's going to be so disappointed in me. I'll never hear the end of it."

He responded, "Sis, you and I both know that Mom has a cocksucking fetish. But that doesn't mean that has to be the only thing that happens in this house. I love you and I want to treat you to something special."

"Fine. Let's do a sixty-nine then!"

"We could, but just for once, I want to make this all about pleasing YOU. Come on, let me make you the queen for a little while. If Mom comes in, I'll just tell her that I ordered you to do it while I was taking a strategic break."

She sighed theatrically. "Very well. If you insist. But only if I can give you a footjob after you make me cum."

"Deal."

Katherine lay down on one of the sofas, spread her legs, and closed her eyes.

Alan crawled on top of her, settled in a crouched position between her legs, and got busy licking.

While he did that, Katherine commented, "This feels weird. For starters, it's bizarre that for once I'm able to talk and you can't."bender

He replied, "Not true. I can talk as I lick, sort of. And I have to say, I've licked a few pussies by now, and I'm beginning to learn how to savor the differences. You, my sweet sis, really ARE my sweet sis! Your juices are unusually sweet. I could get into lapping up this delicious dessert. It kinda makes me wonder if we must be related somehow, because everyone says my cum is unusually sweet too." He was exaggerating a bit about how sweet her secretions were, but it wasn't all exaggeration.

She replied, "Come on. You know that's impossible. Despite what Mom would have everyone think, we're both adopted, with different parents."

He thought, Hmmm. It is curious. But the logical explanation is that we eat almost the same foods, so if that makes my cum sweet it should make hers sweet too. Still, if that's true then it's strange that Mom's cum tastes so different.

Instead of bringing up the food idea, he merely replied, "Maybe so. But at the very least, we both must hail from the Land of Sweet Cum."

She giggled at that.

They stopped talking, which allowed Alan to fully concentrate on his licking. As he did, he thought, I know I keep saying that I need to do this some more, and it's true - I do. The imbalance around here is plain embarrassing. But it's not like this is some chore. This is fun! I can see why Mom gets off on blowjobs so much, because it's pretty cool to be able to get someone else to cum, especially if it's someone you really love.

He added while snickering to himself, Besides, this way I get to eat dessert before dinner!

However, it wasn't long before Katherine groaned extra loudly and shuddered violently, followed by a gush of cum from her slit that showed she'd really climaxed.

She immediately began changing positions. "Thanks, Bro! But now it's my turn. All aboard the fuck-toy train! Next stop: footjob city!" She giggled.

He sat up on the sofa, feeling slightly disappointed. "That wasn't very long at all. Five minutes at most. That's hardly a fair exchange for all you did during the long phone call with Xania, and everything else."

She snickered, "Brother, Brother, Brother. A deal's a deal. It so happens that I was so horny already that I had to fight to last even that long. Next time, be more clever with your deal making. Oh yeah. And screw fairness!"

Knowing that there was no point in fighting his feisty sister when she was like this, he sat up on the sofa. That allowed her to sit right in front of him, rearranging herself so her feet were practically in his lap.

She saw that his penis had gone flaccid while he was going down on her, so she started "tickling" him with her toes. Trying to divert his attention so he wouldn't change his mind about agreeing to the footjob, and also hoping to further arouse him, she asked, "That was a pretty great time with Xania on the phone, wasn't it?"

He nodded. "You know, I've never been much for talking on the phone, but I'm looking at things in a new light. Not only was that a lot of sexual fun, but I actually achieved some useful communication at the same time. I need to do that more often."

Katherine replied, "Totally! That was cool. Was that my surprise, having Xania order me to suck you off and stuff?"

"Kind of. I was winging it, like I told her, but I figured something fun like that could happen that we all could enjoy. But I've got a couple of planned surprises in mind. You'll find out later tonight."

She continued to play with his penis with her toes. She could see her effect, because it rapidly began to engorge. "Oh good. I really like her, by the way. Don't you? And I'm not just talking about her movie starlet quality looks, or if you enjoy fucking the shit out of her. I don't need to ask if you like that. I mean, she's a nice person. Smart too. She's fun to be around even with her clothes on, don't you think?"

He said in a chiding voice, "I think someone around here is getting too uppity." He looked down pointedly at his erection. There were feet on either side of it now, sliding up and down it.

She giggled. "Oops. Looks like I AM being uppity. Sorry." But she grinned widely because she knew he was just teasing.

He said more seriously, "Don't you ever get tired? I mean, really. It must be tiring to do what you do to me for so long."

"Nope! You forget that there's only one of you and there's a bunch of us."

"Don't your jaws and hands get tired sometimes?"

"Dinner's ready!" Susan shouted, interrupting their conversation and the footjob.

Alan was feeling like he needed more of a break, so he stood, put a robe on, and said to his sister, "Sorry, but this time, no touching my dick during dinner. Please. That includes feet."

"Shucks. And you hadn't even finished your second wind yet." She stuck her feet high up in the air and jacked off an imaginary penis with them just in front of his chest, showing him what he was missing. She'd been practicing her foot dexterity and was getting quite good.

She added while getting up, "And to answer your question, of course my jaws and hands get tired. But so what? It's a GOOD kind of tired, if you know what I mean. Didn't you feel that, when you were going down on me?"

He nodded, because he did. He thought, If nothing else, trying to go down on my lovely ladies more often is increasing my appreciation for all they do to me. One of these days I'm gonna try a super long cunt-licking session with Sis just to see if I can lick as long as she can suck.

A couple of minutes later, mother, son and daughter sat down at the dinner table and had a very relaxed and enjoyable meal. However, it was served with a surprisingly fancy presentation for a school night.

Susan cooked a family favorite (chicken à l'orange), and brought out the best silverware and tablecloth. She dimmed the overhead lights very low and put out a nice bouquet of flowers in the middle of the table. Also, while Alan remained in his robe, Susan and Katherine both found time to slip away and put on some fancy and sexy clothes.

Alan asked his mother what the special occasion was.

She just answered vaguely, "Why not? We have so much worth celebrating. Every night should be a special night. I'm surrounded by the people I love, and our fun together never ends."

He certainly could agree with that, but he also felt a sense of foreboding. Things are great. TOO great. What goes up must come down. I must be the happiest kid in California, but how long can that last? When is the other shoe going to drop?

During dinner, Susan said, "Tiger, Angel... On Friday, some very important things were said, and even more important promises were made. I love every last word of The Pact. I especially love the part that says, 'Alan is the head of the family, and master of the family harem. We trust him to lead us in sexual matters, and we pledge to obey his every desire.'"

Katherine said, "Me too. Totally! But remember the part that says, 'The women of this harem pledge to avoid any physical intimacy with other men, without exception, and devote themselves fully to pleasing Alan and his insatiable cock.' How can you not love that more? It's even got 'his insatiable cock' in it!"

Susan smiled widely. "That's true. That's my other favorite part. But really, I love all of it! Anyway, Tiger, I've been waiting for a relatively quiet time like this so we could discuss what The Pact is going to mean in more practical and specific terms. For instance, what will happen exactly to all of us when you go to college?"

Alan frowned as he pondered that. "That's a very good question. To be honest, I'm just living life day by day and I don't think much about the future. It seems so impossibly far away to me right now, with so much going on. College. Wow. What a concept. But anyway, I agree we should have that discussion. But we need Aunt Suzy and Aims in on this too. Let's wait until they come over later before we get into it, okay?"

Susan pouted, "Oh, poo. I can hardly wait. But you're right. They need to be here for it too. I just have to hold off a little bit longer."

Chapter 993 Brenda

Around the time the Plummer family started enjoying themselves, Suzanne was in her kitchen making dinner when she got a phone call from Brenda.

The ultra-busty submissive sounded very urgent. "Suzanne! I'm so glad I could reach you. I know it's not my place for someone as lowly as me to ask a favor from someone as mighty as you, but I could really use your help. Right away."

Suzanne looked around the kitchen. Her hands were messy as she and Amy were in the middle of cutting vegetables. "I'd love to help, but I'm kind of in the middle of something. Preparing dinner, actually. There's a lot of very important things happening this evening so your timing isn't very good. What is it?"

"It's about Adrian. I'm having all kinds of trouble, you know, with the program of events you wanted me to start. I need your advice!"

She paused, then whispered into the phone, "Mistress." Adrian was taking a nap last she'd checked, and she assumed he still was, but now that the video monitors had been installed all over the house she couldn't be completely sure if she was being overheard or not.

Brenda's mansion was only a mile or so away from the street where the Plummers and Pestrldges lived, in an even more exclusive part of that neighborhood, so Suzanne decided to speak to Brenda in person.

She left Amy to finish preparing dinner and made arrangements to eat at Brenda's house instead. She ruefully thought that she'd missed dinner at her own house so often lately that her son Brad would hardly notice her being gone one more time. (She only cared for her son and how absent she'd been from his life, and gave little thought to missing or disappointing her husband Eric. In her mind, she was as good as divorced already even though she hadn't lowered the boom on him yet.)

Suzanne showed up at Brenda's door a few minutes later. She wore a lime green bathing suit underneath her outfit, since Brenda had asked her to dress that way. Brenda wore a more revealing blue bikini.

The reason for the bathing gear soon became clear. Brenda led her right through the house to her vast back yard.

As the two of them stripped down to their bathing suits and sunglasses, Brenda commented, "Mistress, you certainly seem especially happy today. Any special reason?"

"Oh, nothing special. I was just thinking on the way over about divorcing my husband. As you know, we've been divorced in all but name for years. But I want a real divorce so I can belong 110 percent to Alan. I've been thinking about what I'd tell him if that happened: 'Son, my divorce was finalized today. Now your mother belongs to you, only you, forever and ever.'"

Brenda's eyes lit up upon hearing that. "Oh, Mistress! That's soooo hot! And then think about how he'd reward you, because a good master rewards his slaves. Why, I bet he'd rip your clothes off and fuck you where you stood, wherever it was! Maybe he'd even fuck all three of your holes and your tits, just to confirm his total ownership over you!"

Suzanne was conflicted. On one hand, Brenda's submissive talk kind of annoyed her. She certainly didn't think of herself as one of Alan's slaves. She preferred the term "nympho." But she couldn't really chastise Brenda about it, since there was no doubt Alan was the master of the harem and she was his slave in at least some sense of the word. Besides, she had been thinking quite a lot on the way over about how Alan would reward her upon hearing her divorce news, and she really liked Brenda's reward suggestion. So she wasn't exactly sure how to respond to that.

She finally commented, "Brenda, you're sounding more like Susan every day. You're even using her 'so hot' catchphrase."

"That's probably because we talk on the phone so much every day. It's like we're both addicted to the phone sex. I love her so much. I know I haven't known her long, but I feel like she's the sister I never had. Besides, 'so hot' is just so... right. Can you deny that it would be extremely hot to have Master fuck you for hours and hours, filling your every hole?"

Suzanne grinned. "You got me there. But what am I doing out here?"

"Oh! Let's go into the hot tub. It's a good place to talk. This way, please."

Before long, they both dipped into the hot tub. In keeping with the Hunter estate's opulence, it was no ordinary hot tub but rather a surprisingly large body of water surrounded by rocks, which was in turn framed by a Japanese garden complete with gazebo. It seemed more like a Japanese natural hot spring than a mere hot tub.

Suzanne said as she settled into the water, "Well, this is a pleasant surprise. I love the hot, bubbly water. But is there any special reason why we couldn't just talk in your living room?"

"Yes, Mistress. That new video surveillance system of yours. It's both a blessing and a curse. I think Adrian is still napping and my maid Anika is keeping an eye on him just to be sure, but I thought this would be the safest bet. As you know from today's installation, practically the whole house is covered with video monitors, but the outside isn't at all. He may be able to see us from his balcony, but there's no way he can hear us above the churning water unless we shout." She made a significant look at a second story balcony about one hundred feet away.

Suzanne saw that the drapes on the balcony were closed, and felt reassured. Not only did she not want to be heard by Adrian, but she didn't want to be ogled by him either. As far as she was concerned, Alan was the only one who had ogling rights. "Ah. Good thinking. So, what's up? I hope you didn't bring me here to gush about cocksucking, titfucking, and fucking our... Alan. As much as I love to do that, I'm a busy woman. I really should be home cooking dinner."

"I wish it was just that, but unfortunately this is serious business. It's this seduction plan, Mistress. I'm screwing it all up. I can't do anything right!" She agonized, "The problem is that I get so excited! I just want to up and get fucked by him already! This whole mucking about with teasing... Why do I have to wait another minute to feel his hot pole sliding in and out of me? It's so aggravating! In fact, with the way I behaved today, it's a near thing my son still has his virginity. You wouldn't believe what I did..."bender

She started telling Suzanne everything that had happened since Adrian came home. She explained the rectal thermometer story, but that wasn't all. After that incident was over, Anika had strongly recommended that Brenda stay away from Adrian, because Brenda's climax in the bathtub had seemingly only whetted the buxom woman's already voracious sexual appetite. Now that Brenda had gotten over her initial nervousness about seducing her son and adjusted to her new role, she was like a cat in heat. She was so aroused that she could hardly stand in a hallway without rubbing her crotch against a doorframe.

So Brenda had followed Anika's stern advice and stayed away from her son for the next couple of hours. But thanks to the newly installed video system, she didn't have to be anywhere near Adrian to have her fun. She spent the rest of the afternoon cavorting around in her bedroom, wearing little to nothing, bending and preening and jiggling. Her thin excuse was that she was going through her old clothes, trying them on one by one and then throwing them into "keep" and "throw away" piles.

She knew Adrian was in the monitoring room next to his room, jacking off the entire time. She knew this quite well because she alternated her teasing with trips to her walk-in closet (out of view of Adrian's cameras), where she could monitor a camera of her own pointed right at where he sat in the monitoring room. She'd frig herself until she came watching her son cum, then she'd go back out to her bedroom and cavort around some more, starting the process all over again. This happened three times, and would have kept going indefinitely except that finally Adrian was too exhausted to masturbate anymore. He went back to his room and collapsed.

Brenda explained this to her mistress, using enough detail to get both of them quite aroused. For instance, when she described the first time she watched him cum on video, she said, "So there he was. I knew he was going to blow any second, thinking of me! His mother! But when he came I think he was even more surprised than I was. He let out a little yelp - great sound system, by the way - and his cum flew straight up - up, up, up and up, aaaalmost hitting the ceiling, then came down and hit him in the face and chest! Some of it almost landed in his mouth, which was hanging wide open in surprise. It was so beautiful! I only wish it could have splattered all over me instead."

She practically swooned as she continued, "What I wouldn't give to feel that hot jism course through his cock, and feel the pressure as it rocketed past my tiny grip and covered me in a pearl necklace. Oh, and then when he was done he moaned out loud, 'Momma, Momma, what have I done?' That's my favorite part! He tries so hard to be a good boy, but he just can't help his incestuous urges to drill his helpless, big-breasted momma and fill her every hole to overflowing with tasty spunk! So naughty!"

She could have continued like that indefinitely.

Suzanne was enjoying it and getting quite flushed, but she felt bad and disloyal from getting aroused talking about some male other than her own son Alan. Plus, time was pressing, as she had to get back home soon. So, after only a couple of minutes, she cut her off and told her to skip to what kind of help she needed.

Chapter 994 Suzzane And Brenda

With Brenda's chest still heaving in her tiny dark blue bikini, she tried to calm her panting and focus on what she had to say. "So you can see why I called you over. I have no self-control! I'm especially having a hard time understanding why I should have any. I want you to explain that to me again. Obviously Adrian wants me and I want him in the most profound way. The most deep, penetrating, fundamental way! Master Alan gave his permission for me to be with my son, so everything's good, isn't it?"

She paused, then explained, "Now, don't get the wrong idea. Just because I want to have sex with my son, that doesn't lessen my desire or my obedience for my master even the tiniest bit. I have no doubt just who owns me, totally. But Alan gave me his permission, so I'm good with this, for however long this split loyalty lasts. I'm Aidy's momma, and as Susan likes to say, good mommies fuck their sons. It would be wrong for me to hold back from him even one more hour!"

Suzanne chuckled at Brenda's eagerness while her eyes bobbed up and down with the heaving of Brenda's breasts. "Yes, that's all true. But are you really sure there won't be any conflict? If Alan and Adrian are standing naked side by side and both have erections, what are you going to do?"

"That's obvious! I'll drop to my knees and suck off my master unless he makes clear he wants to take another hole. I am first and foremost Alan's sex slave, and first and foremost Adrian's mother. Those are my two primary roles. Those roles could conflict, but they don't have to, not if Alan's got a whole harem to keep him entertained and I've got so much free time to spend with Aidy. But what does that have to do with-"

"Brenda, think! This is a very delicate situation. I'm sorry that I didn't have more time to explain things, but these past few days have been so busy. Imagine if Adrian asked you the same question of which one you would choose, and he heard you say you'd choose Alan."

"But he has to understand!" Brenda complained. "Soon, Aidy will be fucking me every single day, hopefully more than once a day. Whereas, with Master, he has so many other women that any chance to pleasure his cock is a special treat to be savored. Master has first dibs, true, but Aidy has quantity. I'll bet if he had to choose between first dibs and quantity, he'd pick quantity. Hands down, no question!"

"Good point. And you may want to bring that up to him at some point. But can't you see how tricky this is? Your goal is not just to seduce Adrian any old way. You have to seduce him in a manner that will get him to accept Alan's role in your life. That's not easy. Not easy at all. Now, luckily, from the little I've seen of Adrian, he seems, well, to be blunt, a bit of a pushover. But he's going to be very resentful of Alan's role in your new life, especially once he finds out that you can only have sex with him on a temporary basis."

"But-"

Suzanne waved her hand dismissively. "Just think about it from your son's point of view. A matter of weeks ago, you were like any other mother, with the exception of the extra bountiful endowments God gave you. But now you're turning into a complete slut right before his eyes, and soon he'll find out that you're another nympho in a big harem. Even worse, your master is seemingly just another average high school student! I don't care how mellow or wimpy he is, he's going to be shocked and appalled, if not outright completely disbelieving!"

παῖδας ἦθνε | "Oh. God. Mistress! I never thought of all that. What am I going to do? He HAS to understand that my body belongs first and foremost to Master Alan! I can't have two masters; that would be craziness." She seemed quite disturbed that anyone wouldn't naturally understand that because it seemed so patently obvious to her. "I love Aidy with all my heart, but he's just not master material. Besides, even if he was, I've already pledged myself to my master. There's no going back from that, ever!"

Suzanne nodded. "I know. That's why I was trying to tell you to go slow with your son's seduction. Consider yourself very lucky that you have such an understanding master who will let you sleep with your son in the first place. He sees, like all of us Plummers do, that it's very important for you psychologically to be with Adrian. You have a deep need, and Adrian has a deep need. But your son has to understand that there's a price to having his fantasies fulfilled. For one, you only belong to him during the hours that you're at home. For another, as long as he's still having sex with you, he can never sleep with any other girl but you, because we don't want to be getting sexual diseases through him."

"Of course. I understand that. It's only right. Big-titted women like me must have a natural master, just as Susan's brilliant theory predicts, and Alan is obviously the man for me, My superior master. One whiff of his cum and I knew I was hooked for life. But how do I get Adrian to understand all that?"

Suzanne slid down in the water, relaxing a little more. She thought, It's completely bizarre Brenda would call Sweetie "My superior master." With those Matrix-style glasses on, she seems so together, so cocky, even. But I guess there's no understanding the human heart... Shit! She's not really THAT different from me when it comes to her status with him. That's kind of scary!

She pushed this disturbing thought away, and finally came around to Brenda's question. "That's where the slow seduction comes in. You have to build up his desire to simply unbearable levels. I know how much he wants you; I've seen it written on his face the couple of times I've met him. But you have to turn him into a complete wreck so that he wants you so bad he doesn't know if he's coming or going. While seducing him, slowly reveal details of your new life and your role as one of Alan's personal sex pets. After each new bit of information, wait until he fully understands it and acknowledges it. Only then reward him with more of your body."

"Would that really work?"

"Sure. Imagine Alan's drilling your cunt, really riding you hard. You're about to cum like an exploding supernova, but all of a sudden he stops. He pulls his cock out all the way, leaving your pussy lonely and desperately needy. Then he makes demands before he agrees to keep fucking you. What demands would you agree to?"

Brenda was getting really hot just thinking about it. "Anything! Anything!"

"Exactly. So you need to do that kind of thing to Adrian. For instance, first let him know that you belong to another man who has many other beautiful women at his beck and call. Tell him you can only pleasure him with the permission of this new man. Once he sincerely understands all this, only then can you reward him with a handjob."

"But that could take ages! I want to jack him off now!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "Then make him understand these things sooner rather than later. But slowly! Don't just take his word for it. It'll take time for these ideas to sink in. You were telling me earlier today

that your maid Anika knows everything already. She seems very trustworthy. Don't go to the next stage until she gives me the okay sign that he's passed his latest test. All right?"

Brenda slumped down, defeated. "Yeah. I guess. What a drag! This could take weeks or months. Years, even! What if my Aidy NEVER accepts the details of my new life?!"

"Don't worry, he will. I guarantee it. If nothing else, my scheme will work on a purely Pavlovian level. You remember Pavlov, the doctor with the salivating dogs and the bells? If you're a good temptress you can get a man to do ANYTHING and even have him love doing it. Believe me, I know. I've done it over and over. I've had many lovers before Alan and you should see how I had every single one of them wrapped around my finger."

"Forgive me, Mistress, but if that's true, then why is it you don't control Master Alan in the same way?"

Suzanne didn't like that question at all, and shot Brenda a mean look. But she quickly recovered her normal smile, masking just what a touchy subject that question brought up. How do I explain that Sweetie stole his way into my heart and I can't be as calculating with him as I was to everyone else? It just wouldn't feel right.

She said, "Alan is different, okay? He's not like other men, as you fully know firsthand. Can we leave it at that?"

Brenda said with shocking boldness, "That's not really the answer, is it? The truth is, you tried to tame him, but he tamed you. You wanted his cock so bad that you had no leverage. He took full advantage, despite your dominating personality, and turned you into one of his busty sex slaves."

"BRENDA! I can't believe you said that!"

Truthfully, even Brenda was surprised she said that. She admitted, "I don't know what happened; it just slipped out. I was just feeling so proud about my master and his cunt-taming abilities that the words just came tumbling out of my mouth. I'm so sorry, my mistress! I'm sure it wasn't like that at all."

Suzanne was chagrined because it was very much like that, but she didn't like to admit it. She thought, Brenda may have her super submissive fantasies, but looks like she's got more than a little 'uppity' in her, too. Interesting.

Brenda was feeling very sorry she'd been so brazen as to ask a question that obviously upset her mistress. She said, "Mistress, what I did was unforgivable. I imagine you'll have to punish me with a solid spanking, soon."

Suzanne chuckled. "You just liked the spanking I gave you earlier and want another one. Remember that spankings now are rewards to be given to you when you're good."

"Oh. Drat."

"Look. Adrian wants you so bad that properly seducing him will be a piece of cake. By the time you're done with him he'll literally worship the ground Alan walks on because Alan will have been the one who has given you permission each step of the way and has made everything possible, thanks to his great generosity. You'll also benefit from the fact that the more he masturbates the greater his endurance, and the larger his cum loads will be, just like happened with Alan."bender

Brenda looked off dreamily into space.

Suzanne asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking about last Wednesday. When Alan fucked me. GAAAWD, that was good! It was like what you were saying before, how he'd pause and deny me and make me beg. That huge log of his splitting me in two! When he fucks you, does your cunt feel so full that you worry he's going to kill you by splitting you in two? Or do you think you'll die of pleasure first?" She sighed longingly.

Suzanne's chest was suddenly heaving. She could practically feel that split in two sensation in her pussy and wanted Alan to fuck her so badly that she was almost ready to cry. She commanded lustily, "Brenda, you're making your mistress all horny. I want you to finger my pussy!"

Brenda looked around nervously. "But I can't. He's watching us right now!"

"Damn! Are you sure?"

"Yes. The curtains to his room were completely closed a few minutes ago but now they're open a couple of inches. It's always like that when he spies on me in the hot tub. If you look closely sometimes you can catch the glint of sunlight reflecting off his binoculars."

"Binoculars? Ah. Now I see why we're still wearing sunglasses even though it's getting dark. You see what I mean, Brenda? He's so far gone that he won't stand a chance. How long has he been spying on your swimming and hot-tubbing?"

"Oh, since puberty hit him at about thirteen."

"Holy mackerel! But why should his spying stop us? You're still going to finger me, and that's an order. And I want you to do it topless too, 'cos that gets me hot. Take your top off and scoot up next to me. He won't be able to see what your hands are doing underneath all the bubbly water, if you're careful. Sit low in the water but not so low that he can't see all of your tits, and don't move your upper arms."

Brenda had been sitting on the opposite side of the hot tub, but moved around to where Suzanne wanted her. As she undid her bikini top, she asked, "Mistress, aren't you going to take your top off, too? I love to see you naked. You know that when I'm not masturbating to thoughts of Alan or Adrian, it's usually to thoughts of you or Susan."

Suzanne put her arm around Brenda and pulled her closer. "I know, but my body belongs completely to Alan now, and only to him. No other man, not even your son looking from a great distance, has the right to see any of my privates exposed. Why do you think I came here wearing my most conservative bathing suit?"

As Suzanne said these words, she marveled at the sincere pride with which she said them. She thought back to Brenda's earlier painful question about why she'd been unable to dominate Alan and thought, What IS it about my Sweetie that makes me say such things? A strange love, indeed, but I do love him so much.

Brenda nodded knowingly. Despite her strong feelings for her son, she felt a little jealous that she couldn't have such a singular devotion to just one man. She thought, Now, wait a minute. My sexual

time with Aidy has an expiration date. Mistress Suzanne made that clear. So I'll enjoy this unique situation to the fullest for as long as it lasts, and then I WILL be able to fully devote myself to my master!

With another nervous glance up towards Adrian's balcony, she began frigging Suzanne's pussy as discretely as possible.

Suzanne alternated between discretely looking up towards Adrian's balcony and looking over at Brenda's tits. As she did the latter, she thought, Talk about "floatation devices"! I never thought that I, of all people, would have boob envy. It's not so much the sheer size as those long nipples I love. How could a woman with boobs that big and that all around beautiful be so submissive and so willing to do anything for Sweetie? ... Argh. I don't like thinking about Brenda's situation. It reminds me too much of my own.

The sun went behind some hills, and seconds later some tasteful night lighting automatically turned on, illuminating their hot tub. Suzanne noted, "Ah. Lifestyles of the rich and wicked. I have a hot tub, but it doesn't begin to compare to the size and splendor of this one. Would you mind if, on some night when Adrian isn't here, we bring the Plummer gang over? We could fit the whole harem in this giant hot tub, plus some of Alan's latest conquests to boot. Think of all the fun we could have!"

"Would I mind? Mistress Suzanne, everything you see here now belongs to Master Alan and my mistresses, just as I belong utterly and completely to him and the rest of you. It goes without saying that you can do anything with my fortune and my possessions just like you can do anything with my body." Brenda really meant it, too, but she did feel some sadness in the fact that Suzanne's words implied Adrian would always be on the outside from the Plummer family.

Suzanne replied, "I'm glad you're so understanding. You really are a great slave."

She had a hard time not bursting out into laughter at the absurdity of it all. A slave! Brenda's completely serious about her new life, and she IS going to share her fortune with us, after all! Life is fucking ridiculously good ever since I kicked the six-times-a-day scheme into motion. Brenda's so into the slave idea that she makes Katherine's fuck toy concept seem completely normal and rational in comparison.

But who am I to judge her choices, if this is what makes her happy? Just like the question of her money: she knows we're good people who aren't going to rip her off. It goes without saying that we'll love and care for her as long as she wants to be with us. In fact, I'm almost positive she'll become a member of the Plummer family in time. She knows she'll never want for any material things, which is a good thing since she's just about the most spoiled and pampered slave or maid in history!

But the ivory beauty redirected her thoughts and tried to get down to business. She finally took her sunglasses off, and said, "Now, let's get talking about seduction techniques. My time here is very limited and I hope Anika is cooking up a quick dinner. To be honest, I'm planning on get fucked by my Sweetie tonight and I have a lot of preparation to do first."

"Oh, I'm so jealous! But I know so little about seduction. I'm not like you. Everything you do is completely seductive! With the way you swish your hips and shake your rack, I don't understand how you manage to walk a block down the street without getting gang raped every time."

"Good God, woman! You're just as beautiful as I am. You must know SOMETHING about seduction."

"Surprisingly little, actually. I've spent all my life keeping my head down and wearing baggy clothes, trying to deflect attention from myself. Aside from a little gold digging, I've kept as low a profile as humanly possible."

Suzanne sighed and spoke her mind. "Then we've got a lot of work to do."

Brenda added, "Mistress Suzanne, please don't be offended by this, but don't you get enough attention as it is? I mean, with your face and bouncy, curly mane of reddish hair alone, you'd look mouthwatering even bundled up inside several sleeping bags. But then on top of it you dress sexy, walk sexy, talk sexy, and do everything sexy! I'm almost not exaggerating when I say I'm amazed you aren't gang-raped on a daily basis!"

"I'll admit it's a bit of a problem," Suzanne admitted, frowning. "That's why I've had to learn some self-defense techniques, because some guys get a little crazy around me. But what can I say? I love the attention. Especially now that I have Alan. You know, when you're in love, when you see your lover smile because of you, or pant with excitement a little bit because of you, that's worth more than getting a thousand strange men to pop hard-ons."

"I know, Mistress," Brenda said with a happy sigh. "That's why, whenever I'm around Master Alan or Aidy, all I want to do is strut around naked and suck their cocks!"

"You've gotta tone it down a little bit, Brenda. As I keep telling my Sweetie's other women, a little bit of clothes is usually sexier than no clothes at all. Let's talk about what makes you look good, and how to take it all off, piece by piece."

Suzanne filled Brenda with seduction advice until dinner was ready, and all the while Brenda worked Suzanne's pussy and clit under the water.

The only fly in the ointment was Brenda's lack of self-control. For instance, Brenda would really get into fingering Suzanne's pussy and forget everything else, forcing Suzanne to repeatedly remind her not to be so obvious with her upper arm movements. Sometimes, Suzanne would have to order both of them out of the water for a little while, both to keep Brenda from sexually overheating and also to stop their bodies from literally overheating due to the bubbly hot water.

Suzanne worried about Brenda's almost uncontrollable enthusiasm, especially in relation to her planned seduction of Adrian. She didn't have an easy answer except to suggest that Anika stay close and effectively serve as the restraint Brenda almost entirely lacked.

Suzanne felt a bit bad, because she knew the problem was partly her making. Brenda, Susan, and Angel. I've let all these women around me go too far. Brenda and Susan especially are so into sex with Sweetie that they're almost kind of loony. I really should try to pull them back to reality a bit, but how do I put the genie back in the bottle? Maybe in Brenda's case I should manipulate both Brenda AND Adrian, and get both of them to work on changing each other. He can help bring her down to Earth, if anyone can...

But on the other hand it's so much fun to have her as our completely submissive family sex slave! I can really see where Alan's coming from when he gets off on all this "master" business.

The two buxom beauties quickly dried off, changed back into their clothes, and then met Adrian and Anika inside.

Suzanne called home and let her husband and son know that she wouldn't be able to make it for dinner. Then she stayed at the Hunter mansion and gobbled down Anika's excellent cooking. She mostly chatted with Adrian, asking him subtly probing questions to learn more about what made him tick.

The one thing that really struck her was that even though she ate while still dressed in a bathing suit (as Brenda did), Adrian hardly even gave her a second glance. In a very literal sense, he only had eyes for his mother.

Suzanne was very glad to see that, but still, she wondered if Adrian could truly come to accept Alan's place in Brenda's life without seething resentment and major problems.

She made a resolution to herself to better guide Brenda's seduction of Adrian. She enjoyed the prospect as she always relished an opportunity for some fun scheming. She also noted the strange contrast of Brenda's life at the Plummers, where she spent each day doing menial chores, and Brenda's life in her mansion, where Brenda dropped her fork to the floor and gave it no further thought because she correctly assumed Anika would pick it up.

Suzanne thought, Strange. Is the appeal of the slave life a kind of The Prince and the Pauper story, where the novelty will wear off after a while? No, I think that's just a small part of it. She's obviously in this sexual slavery stuff for the long haul in any case. I wouldn't be surprised if another part of it is, after having everything taken care of for her, she also likes not having to make any decisions on her own. In any case, she sure is something else!

Chapter 995 Relocating To Bay Area?

Enough time had passed for Suzanne to return home and get herself ready to spend the rest of the evening with the Plummers. She and Amy didn't just want to go over to Alan's house and get fucked; they wanted everything to be just right and spent a long time preparing themselves. Amy normally didn't wear makeup, so Suzanne helped her this time with some very subtle touches here and there.

Suzanne and Amy arrived at the Plummer house together and let themselves in, just as they usually did. But when they walked in together, they both wore overcoats that covered everything up to their necks.

Alan was very confused, especially since he could see that Amy had put on some makeup. He was in the kitchen helping clean up, but he stopped and asked, "What's going on?"

πάντας ἤθνε | Suzanne explained, "We have a special event planned for you, Sweetie. But just as we were almost ready to come over and get started, Susan called to remind me that we've got some important things to discuss first." She waved a hand over her covered body. "So consider this a hint of what's to come, once we get things sorted out."

Alan looked over to Susan, who was also cleaning in the kitchen, as was Katherine.

Susan looked guilty. "It's true. I called her privately when I left to use the bathroom. Remember what I was saying at dinner? We need to figure out what The Pact really means in practice."

Alan shrugged. "Okay, fine. Though you don't need the big secrecy. Why don't we go to the living room and get whatever it is taken care of?"

Susan smiled. "We'll see you there in a minute. Angel and I need to put some more clothes on too."

He was disappointed. "What? Why?"

Suzanne explained, "We're talking about some serious stuff that will affect all our futures. Lately, we've gotten into the habit of teasing and tempting you and tending your penis no matter what's being discussed. But this time it needs to be just talk, without any hanky-panky. We can't afford to be swayed on important decisions just because of momentary lustful urges."

His impulse was to complain, but then he realized that she was really being very sensible so he just nodded.

Alan, Susan, Katherine, Suzanne, and Amy gathered in the Plummer living room a few minutes later. Susan and Katherine both wore sweaters, which was unusual, because the house was kept warm all the time due to everyone's frequent nudity.

The sofas in the living room were arranged in a "U" shape with a central coffee table. Alan sat on one all by himself, while Suzanne and Susan sat on the nearer sofa at the middle of the "U". That left Kat and Amy to perch themselves on the distant sofa opposite Alan. The coffee table location, between the sofas, was fortuitous, as it would deter any spontaneous "penis tending" from breaking out.

As usually happened in such situations, Suzanne took charge. She said, "Okay, if I may, I'd like to get the ball rolling. Sweetie, while you were gone this weekend, we ladies have been doing a lot of talking about The Pact and what it means. I think we're all on the same page, more or less. But now we need to make sure that what you, our master, want is the same as what we do. I have a good feeling that we really all want the same thing."

Alan joked, "Okay, that's settled then. Moving on, let's get to the post-meeting fun."

Suzanne gave him a slightly amused look. "As if it could be that easy. First, I'd like to hear what being the master of a harem means to you." She glanced around at the other women. "And I'd like to remind everyone here that we're not allowed to get too horny, no matter what gets said."

Katherine grumbled, "Easier said than done. Just hearing the words 'master' and 'harem' is starting to get me wet."

Suzanne gave her a sharp look. "Please control yourself, at least for now." She looked back to Alan. "The floor is yours."

Alan fidgeted with his hands. Clearly he felt uncomfortable talking about the subject. "This weekend, since I was alone most of the time, I had a good chance to think as well. And not every single thought was about fucking my mommy. Just most of them." He grinned lovingly at his mother.

Susan beamed. She looked to Suzanne and whispered, "He called me 'Mommy!'"

Suzanne warned her in an answering whisper, "I know. But be strong." She took Susan's hand and gave it an encouraging squeeze.

Alan continued, "The problem is, I thought a lot, but I didn't really come to any decisions about the future. I was mostly just trying to come to grips with being a 'master' and having a 'harem.' How unbelievable is that? It's the very definition of unbelievable! Teleporting to Elvis Presley's secret hideout on Pluto seems more likely. I doubt I'll ever get used to it."

Suzanne said, "I know it's a lot to ask, but you can't just act as if you're staggered by good fortune all the time. Decisions need to be made about our collective future, and soon. For starters, what do the words 'master' and 'harem' mean to you exactly?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I guess a harem is a case where one guy has a bunch of lovers and they all know each other and are okay with sharing him. And the 'master' is the guy in that situation."

Suzanne raised a curious eyebrow. "Is that it?"

He shrugged again. "Yeah, I guess so."

Susan seemed fit to burst. She leaned forward and exclaimed, "Fair enough, but that's just the tip of the iceberg. There's so much MORE! So many layers of meaning. There's even a long, rich history of sultans in exotic places with strange names like Kashmir and Samarkand, where there were dozens of nearly naked beauties writhing with need for their lord and master!"

He chuckled. "Okay. But we're in Orange County, and this is 2002."

Katherine was on the other sofa. She addressed Susan, "Mom, at least he's accepted that those words apply to us. That's a big step. You can't expect him to fully come around in such a short time."

"That's true," Susan said with a touch of sadness.

Alan said, "I don't get it. What do you want me to say? Amy, you haven't said anything for a while. What's YOUR definition of 'harem'?"

Amy said, "The way I look at it, Beau, we're a FAMILY. That's, like, the number one thing. We're not just kinda sorta a family; now we really are a family, totally and officially and everything! Kat is my sister for real!" She turned to Kat and shared a smile, which Kat returned.

Then Amy continued, "To me, 'harem' is basically the same as 'family,' except it's like you're the husband for us all. And furthermore, thanks to your big yummiiferous cock, it's totally easy for the family to grow.

All you have to do is find a really great woman and tame her with your cock, and... BAMMO! It's like... instant new wife-sister for me and everyone else. I think that's super cool."

Alan chuckled. "Yeah, well, I guess that's part of it too. Thanks, Aims." He looked to all four women at once. "That said, I don't feel like we're making much progress. What's so important that we have to talk about it right now?"

Suzanne decided it was time to move on. "Yes, well, we've been thinking about the future. Everything is hunky-dory right now; that goes without saying. But what happens when you 'young 'uns' go off to college? Thanks to The Pact, we've made a firm commitment to always stay together."

A plaintive Susan added, "Son, how can I - no, how can we - how can we serve your cock daily like it needs to be served if you're in a different city?!"

Suzanne stared into Alan's eyes and said, "Actually, she has a very good point. We're all basically committed to you now, Son. I agree with Amy. We're a family. We're a team. We're a harem. If you move somewhere else, we want to be right there with you."

Susan, Katherine, and Amy all nodded emphatically to indicate their complete agreement.

Suzanne asked Alan, "But what do YOU think about that? Do you want these four crazy broads trailing you wherever you go? Can we even make that work?"

Alan replied warmly, "But of course I do! How could I live without the four of you? I'd be terribly lonely in some college dormitory, hundreds of miles away from all of you. I wouldn't be able to stand it."

Susan purred, "Oh, Tiger!" She started to get up.

But Suzanne physically held her back, forcing her to remain in the sofa. She muttered, "Susan, behave."

Susan stayed in her seat, but she was antsy, seemingly on the verge of getting up to hug and kiss her son at any moment.

Alan said, "I haven't been thinking much beyond the immediate situation, but I have been doing at least SOME thinking. For instance, I've been wondering what'll happen if I go to college and it's not right around this vicinity. Sis, what happens to you? We can't have everyone move away but you. No way! Not in a million years!"

Katherine growled at him hungrily, "Brother, you are so fucking going to get fucked to death for thinking of me! Death by sister pussy!" She giggled. "But seriously, that's not a worry at all. If that happens, I'm gonna up and move right with you so fast that I'll be there before you can even blink. Probably before you can even close your door. There are high schools everywhere. I can finish my last year wherever. Who cares? All the friends I want or need are right here in this room. Besides, I'm sure that by the time that happens your harem will be even bigger. You'll probably take half the high school girls with you!" She giggled some more.

He replied, "Yeah, that's not gonna happen. There are limits to how big a harem can be, at least MY kind of harem. I understand those sultans and kings had dozens and dozens of women in their harems, and those old guys barely knew or cared about any of them. The women were basically kept there by force. But I don't want to force anyone to do anything. I want love to bind us all together."bender

Katherine chipped in, "Love, and lots and lots of mind-blowing orgasms. Am I right?"

He grinned. "That too."

Suzanne said, "That's all well and good. But we do live in the modern world, not in the Ottoman Empire, so there are a lot of practical considerations. For instance..." She stared alternately between Amy and Katherine. "I understand you two are serious about your sexual commitment to your brother, but you still need, and should want, viable careers. A person can't live on cum alone. And don't make any jokes about that, because I'm being serious. Yes, we're basically the 'idle rich' right now, but that won't last forever if we don't have any money coming in. Besides, a good career is a healthy thing to have to motivate and inspire you through life."

Katherine and Amy nodded dutifully.

Amy said, "No worries. I totally know what I want to do: I want to be an artist! I know that doesn't make much money, at least at first. Everybody knows about the 'starving artist.'" She made air quotes. "But it totally makes me happy! I really love drawing, or painting, or sculpting, or, heck, anything arty!"

Alan said firmly, "And I support that 100 percent. Amy is meant to be an artist like a bird is meant to fly. We need to find a way to make that happen, even if it doesn't turn out to be very profitable. Although I know that it will, because you're a really great artist, Aims."

"Thanks, Beau!" Amy flashed him a grateful and loving smile. It looked like she was going to jump up and give Alan an enormous hug, but then she remembered their instructions. She deliberately sat on her hands to control herself.

Katherine said, "I've been thinking about what I want to do too. I know it's not like I have to decide now, or even soon, but right now I'm liking the idea of becoming a teacher... for various reasons."

The others were all surprised by that, since Katherine had never mentioned any interest in being a teacher before.

Susan was practically bursting with joy and pride. "I think that's WONDERFUL, my sweet Angel! That's one of the most noble and rewarding careers, in my opinion. But what are these various reasons you hinted at?"

Katherine was basking in their approval, but she still turned her head shyly. "Let's not go into that right now. I don't want to make a big deal of it, because for all I know I might change my mind next week. But I am saying that I understand the importance of having a good career, and if I'm not a teacher then I'll be something along those lines. I know I can't just sit around at home and suck Brother's cock all day long, no matter how tempting that sounds."

In truth, she liked the teacher idea mainly because it tied into her great desire to have Alan's children, and lots of them. She knew he probably wouldn't impregnate her that many times, but between her and his other young women, she figured he was bound to eventually have many children. If she had a teacher's license, she could teach them at home, probably in conjunction with Glory, so she would be able to "sit around at home" and enjoy the harem life "all day long." However, she didn't want to tell the others that, for fear that Alan would freak out at the idea.

Suzanne said to Katherine, "I agree with Susan. That sounds perfect for you."

Amy chimed in, "Yeah! Rock on, Sister! That sounds totally cool! Maybe we could work together someday and do an arty-teachy thing or something."

Suzanne held her hands up. "Hold on, folks. Let's not get too excited. Remember, we're trying to keep this on an even keel so we can make sober, smart decisions." She waited for the group to calm down somewhat. Then she continued, "Now, as you know, moving isn't a problem for Susan or me. Susan loves doing her mother thing, which admittedly probably involves more cock-pleasuring than anything else these days. Once the grandkids start popping out, she'll have her hands full, that's for sure."

Alan cut in. "Hold on. I just want to say for the record that I like the kids idea, but not anytime soon. Not for another ten years, at least!"

Suzanne nodded. "Thank you. That's duly noted. Although I should point out that with the way you're NOT using condoms, you'll have your own little league baseball team before long. Now, as for myself, I can manage my investments, our investments, from anywhere. So I think our chief concerns need to be where Amy and Alan go to college. Amy, because there are only so many really good art colleges out there. Katherine, if you stick with teaching, you'll have ample opportunity for that anywhere. But art colleges, no."

Katherine nodded in understanding.

Suzanne continued, "And as for our favorite masterly stud over here" - she smiled knowingly at Alan - "you've been mumbling for some time that your number one college choice would be UC Berkeley. Is that still true?"

He replied, "Yes and no. That's my number one choice of schools where I have a good chance of actually getting in. Stanford would be awesome! So would something like Harvard or Princeton. But I have to be realistic. Those choices would be a desperate Hail Mary at best, especially with the way my studies have been nose-diving lately. Whereas Berkeley is one of the top ten colleges in the country, or close to it, and it's public and a lot cheaper to attend for California residents like me."

He continued, "I've heard they pretty much accept students on a point system, so you can tally up your points in advance and know if you're going to get in or not. Luckily, I took the SAT in June, before all this started, and aced it, so I don't have to take it again. Can you imagine how much my studying for that would cut into our sexy fun time? Phew! Anyway, from that, I can already calculate I'm well above the cutoff to get into Berkeley. I'd practically have to flunk a class or two before they wouldn't take me."

Susan said with great concern, "Don't do that!"

"Don't worry. Even if I were to stop doing my homework altogether, which I definitely am NOT planning on doing, I think I would at least coast to decent grades due to my 'teacher's pet' reputation, plus generally being able to think on my feet. So I'm counting on getting into Berkeley. What would you all think about relocating to the Bay Area next year?"

Amy said, "That would be awesome! My favoritest top choice would be the CCA, the California College of the Arts. They're in Oakland, which is like totally next door to Berkeley! We'd totally be able to live together, super easy! And it's a really good art college!"

"It is," Suzanne said. "It's one of the very best art schools in the country. People who graduate from there actually end up with high-paying jobs most of the time."

Katherine said, "Aims, I've heard you talk about wanting to go there. But do you think you'll actually get in? If it's that good, it must be really tough to get in."

Suzanne replied, "Let me answer that, because Amy is gonna be too modest. Amy is a really good artist! And I'm not just a proud mother saying that. Her art teachers and others in the know all say so. I think she has an excellent chance. And even if she doesn't, the Bay Area is like a Mecca for art students. There are lots of other options."

Alan said, "It sounds like we have a plan, then. If I totally luck out and get into Stanford, that's in the Bay Area. And if I get into Berkeley, as I probably will, that's right there too, and on the same side as Oakland. There will be plenty of college options for Amy and Kat no matter what, and the Bay Area has great California weather and all kinds of advantages. It's win-win all around."

The four of them were all smiling from ear to ear. Susan grabbed Suzanne's hand while Amy and Kat hugged each other.

Chapter 996 Decisions Upon Decisions!

But Suzanne said, "Not so fast. What if you get lucky with, say, your Harvard hail Mary, but not your Stanford one? Or Princeton? Or Yale? What then?"

The smile fell from Alan's face. "Hmmm. That would be tough. Maybe I should just not apply to those places?"

"And turn down a chance to go to HARVARD?!" Suzanne asked.

He replied, "Let's be honest. The odds of me getting in a place like that are really low. The competition is super high. I have good grades and test scores, but they're not outstanding like Christine's. Anyone who would look at her application and then mine would pick hers instantly. There are more than enough Christine-level students to completely fill a place like Harvard. If I don't apply there I won't feel bad, because it's a total pipe dream in the first place. Besides, I want to live in California. We all do. Once you live here, why live anywhere else? Between the Bay Area and the L.A. basin, there are so many college options that it's not even funny."

He continued, "I can do without those Eastern options. I have to remember that this isn't just about me anymore. We really are a family. Just because I'm the so-called master of this harem, that doesn't make me any more special than anyone else."

"It kind of does," Katherine said.

"No it doesn't!" he insisted. "It's true that I happen to have the obvious member that holds the harem together, so that is a special thing. But are my college plans any more important than, say, Amy's? In fact, I'd say Amy's are more important than mine, because she already knows what she wants to do and where and how to do it, and I only have a vague idea that I might want to be an archeologist. No way would I go somewhere without a good art college option for Amy. So that probably knocks out Princeton and Yale right there, anyway. We're FAMILY! You all spoil me so much that it's embarrassing. I want to give something back if I can. I think narrowing our college options down to the Bay Area, or L.A. in a pinch, is a good start. That'll allow us to start making plans already."

Katherine said with sincere eagerness, "Sign me up! That sounds like a plan!"

Susan turned to Suzanne and asked uncertainly, "Aren't people in Berkeley and San Francisco kind of weird?"

Suzanne replied, "I suppose that's true. A lot of unusual people head there. But remember that we're 'kind of weird' now too. One guy living with a bunch of beautiful women won't stick out there nearly as much. And if we move that far away, remember that no one else needs to know how we're related. Just think of the possibilities of having fun with your Tiger in public!"

Susan's eyes went wide. "Ooooh! Oh my!"

Since Amy hadn't said anything, Alan asked her, "What do you think?"

"I'm so there! That would be the awesomest, bestest thing ever! I moved there in my mind, like, five minutes ago already!"

Alan chuckled at that. "Cool. Can we all hug and kiss in celebration already?" In fact, the women were taking turns hugging and kissing the one sitting next to them, with only Alan being left alone.

Suzanne smiled at him, and said, "Not so fast. We've got some loose ends. For one thing, you just mentioned Christine. You said that she's planning on going to Stanford, right?"

"She is. Or Harvard or Yale."

Suzanne put a finger on her chin and smiled knowingly. "Hmmm... Interesting."

Alan said, "It would be nice to have her near, as a friend, but remember that's all she'll ever be to me. Besides, that could be a bad thing, since she'll know that we're related. She could blow our cover in a big way."

Suzanne said, "Putting her aside for a moment, what about your other lovers? Most especially Glory?"

He grimaced. "That would be tough, leaving her behind. I'd hope and pray that she would want to move to the Bay Area too, but I can't presume that she will. I mean, she hasn't agreed to anything like The Pact."

Suzanne grinned. "But you know that she WILL follow you, don't you? In your heart of hearts, you know." "I think you should take a look at

He blushed slightly. "I know no such thing! Things are very rocky with her right now. Who knows if we'll be together in a week!"

But Suzanne persisted, "Come on. I know that's true at the moment, but don't you have a feeling, deep down, that she's going to join the harem for good? Even if that means following you to Berkeley or wherever you want to go? A teacher like her can get a good job anywhere."

He sighed. "I don't know. Let's put it this way: either things between us will come crashing down for good over the next month or so, or I think she'll be with me for the long haul. It all depends on how she handles the incest factor. Either way, I don't see my moving to the Bay Area as being a make-or-break thing for her and me. The make-or-break is kind of happening right now."

Suzanne grinned. "I see. Let's pencil her in, then."

Alan griped, "What?! You can't do that! That's soooo premature that it's not even funny!"

"Even so, I'm penciling her in," Suzanne insisted. "And ditto for Brenda. I have no doubt there. That means Adrian will have to change high schools, but that'll be good for him. He needs a new start."

Alan didn't dispute that; Brenda had been so submissive and enthusiastic lately that he couldn't.

Suzanne continued to go down her mental list. "Xania's a more interesting case. I'm not so sure about her. I know she's having a lot of fun with us, but you don't know her like I do. She has this kind of fear of commitment that I've never understood. Still, she might move. She doesn't really have anything keeping her in L.A., so who knows?"

Susan said, "I like her a lot. She's perfect for the harem." bender

Suzanne replied, "I know you do. If you want her to join us, you need to step up your effort to recruit her. Anyway, after her, there are other possibilities, like Heather or Kim or Simone."

Katherine groaned unhappily upon hearing Heather's name.

Alan responded to that. "I think Heather's got a powerful crush on me, but she's not going to follow me around. No way. Heather beats to her own drummer. Besides, if she and I are still talking to each other by the end of the school year, it'll be a miracle."

Suzanne smiled enigmatically. "You never know. In any case, if we all decide to move to the Bay Area, that could impact quite a few other lives as well, starting with Brenda, her son Adrian, her maid Anika, Glory, and Xania. Very possibly Christine, even if you two remain 'just friends,' which frankly doesn't seem all that likely. She's got it really hard for you, and we know that you're always hard for her when we bring up her name."

"And that's just for starters. So this isn't a decision that should be taken lightly. I think it was good we had this talk, but now we should think it over, and talk it over some more with each other, and with others like Brenda and Glory."

pandasnovel.com Alan said, "Brenda, okay. But Glory? Right now, things with her are on a knife's edge. To suggest that she should move to the Bay Area with us would be madness."

"Okay, maybe not her just yet," Suzanne admitted. "And you'll notice I didn't mention Xania's name. That kind of talk would only scare her off at this point." She smiled at Alan. "But still, keep moving forward with your college applications. I think a lot of things will get sorted out over the next few weeks and months. You don't need to make a final decision until April or so, right? We should definitely know our plans by then."

Alan nodded. "Good. With that settled, for now at least, can we please take off some clothes? The four of you look like you're about to head off on some Arctic expedition!"

The women all chuckled at that, mock-fanning themselves as if they were burning up.

Suzanne said, "Okay. Thank you all for sticking with my 'no penis tending' request, avoiding touching our man at all. It may have seemed harsh, but it was necessary, I think, to avoid the inevitable distraction and disruption of our talk. Susan, Angel, now you can tease him a little bit, but please - no touching. Let Amy and me have the big entrance that we'd originally planned. After that, all bets are off."

Katherine and Susan nodded and immediately took off their sweaters, breathing a big sigh of relief. It wasn't that they were actually overheated; they were just offended at having to be so covered up at home.

Chapter 997 Amy And Suzanne Pose For Alan!

Indeed, Suzanne and Amy had arranged a special plan with Susan and Katherine to make the evening memorable, and a dramatic entrance was a big part of it. They'd hoped the serious talk would only delay their plans, not scuttle them altogether.

Suzanne and Amy disappeared into the lower bathroom, still wearing their overcoats.

Then Susan made sure that Alan was standing in the dining room as Suzanne and Amy came through the front entryway area together. She gently positioned him to stand right where the dining room opened into the living room, so he could look through the house almost to the front entryway foyer.

Suzanne came into Alan's view first, leaving her overcoat behind. (Amy knew to hang back and not compete with her mother.) Suzanne was so stunning that she took everyone's breath away. Because of her pale skin she usually avoided wearing white, but tonight she flaunted her ivory tone and wore a pure white gown with long white gloves and even completely white high heels. She truly looked like an elegant, blindingly bright angel except for her dark reddish-brown hair, which stood out like a shimmering halo of fire around her face.

She wore especially dark and glossy red lipstick, and for some moments Alan was transfixed by the sight of those luscious lips, and her sparkling emerald eyes.

But then his eyes dropped lower. Her gown was made of carefully arranged folds of cloth and it covered most of her except for her breasts, which only had one strip running up the middle of each, pulling tight over her extremely prominent and aroused nipples. It looked like almost any movement could cause her breasts to swing free, and of course that was how she had intended it to be.

She hammed it up as she sashayed ever so slowly across the room to the dining room table. She vamped with exaggerated moves, as if she was a movie star walking down a red carpet with dozens of paparazzi snapping her pictures. She'd stop every step or two and throw up her arms to strike another cheesecake pose. Such behavior came naturally to her, as if she was born to be a star.

Not for the first time, Alan was struck by how much she was like the cartoon character Jessica Rabbit come to life. He whistled appreciatively, and felt his penis growing. Hubba hubba! I never thought I'd say that for real, but seriously, hubba hubba! I'm soooo not worthy. God DAMN!

There was a slit on one side of Suzanne's dress that ran far up her thigh. As she got nearer to the table she strategically stepped in such a way as to bring her dark bush into view every so often.

Alan knew at that moment that it was a very good idea indeed to not have Suzanne shave her pussy - the dark brown pubic hair looked incredibly tempting against her pale skin.

Susan stood behind Alan, but reached a hand around him and thrust it down into his shorts. As she started stroking his rapidly rising dick, she purred in his ear, "Look at your mother, Son, your second mother. She's a blinding vision of beauty, isn't she? Just think: you're gonna be tapping her tonight. You're going to fuck your mother! She's dressed up so elegantly in the hopes that you'll want to bone her. Imagine how good it'll feel as you slide your hot pole into her even hotter mommy muffin. Would you like that? Hmmm?"

Finished with her description, she sensuously licked his ear as she continued to stroke him.

His heart was beating like a drum, and his entire body was buzzing with arousal. When Susan said "You're going to fuck your mother," he first thought that she was referring to herself. He thought it was very clever the way she said that, comingling his lust for both his mothers.

Then it was Amy's turn.

Amy waited until Suzanne looked her way and gave a little cough, which was a prearranged signal that it was her time to shine. She stepped forward into the room. However, she didn't try to follow her mother's swishy style, and just walked along like she always did, though she was more bashful and nervous than usual. She felt slightly silly being so dressed up. She desperately wanted Alan to find her in the same league as her shockingly gorgeous mother.

As soon as she came into sight, Alan exclaimed, "WOW! Amy! You look fantastic!"

An uncertain smile crossed her face. "Really?"

"Of course, really! I'm speechless!"

She smiled widely, making her appear twice as attractive as she already was. She looked so lovable beaming with joy that Alan wanted to simply hug and kiss her until the end of time. She walked the rest of the way to the dinner table with a bounce in her step.

As she got closer, Alan took a better look. She was dressed in a bright red dress (an easy choice, since everyone knew red was his favorite color). The knee-length dress had slits up to the tops of her hips, plus it was open down the front nearly to the top of where her bush would have been. It was somehow daringly revealing, yet also very formal and regal. Further, she was fully decked out with perfume, ruby red lipstick, rouge, and so forth. Suzanne wore nice, fancy clothes and make up all the time. But since Amy dressed so casually (when she was wearing clothes at all, an increasingly rare event at the Plummer house) and never wore make up, Alan couldn't remember seeing her look anything like this. He was impressed.

Susan still had her hand stroking away in Alan's shorts, and she leaned back to his ear to whisper something sexy to him about Amy.

But Katherine was standing on his other side, and said to Susan, "Mom, can I do this one?"

"Sure, my love."

Katherine molded herself to Alan's body on the side not already occupied by Susan. She reached down into his shorts. She found her mother's hand busy there already, but that didn't slow her down. She took

control of his most sensitive spots near his cockhead while Susan pulled his shorts down to his thighs and began working on his balls instead.

Katherine had heard every word Susan had told Alan, and tried to come up with her own similar message. She cooed right into his ear while Susan still sensuously licked his other ear, "Brother, take a look at your sister. Your second sister. Mommies are hot, but sisters are hot too. Amy's body is in her prime! Her brother-fucking, baby making prime! Just like her mother, she's dressed up like that so she can get fucked! By you! Before the night is out, you're gonna be drilling her cunt, I know it! All you have to do is flip up that dress. You know there's no panties, just hot, wet CUNT, needing your fertile sperm!"

Now, both Suzanne and Amy stood in front of the other three. Their eyes were going back and forth between his face and his exposed erection and balls and the hands working on it. It seemed as if they were expecting something.

Alan didn't know what he was expected to do, but he figured compliments could only help. So he said, "Aunt Suzy, Mother, I've honestly never seen you look so ravishing. And Amy, Sister, you look just as good. I hardly recognize you, all decked out like that! I'm speechless! You two look like the kind of Bond girls that Agent 007 would meet in a Monte Carlo casino."

Suzanne said wryly, "You know, those Bond girls always end up flat on their backs getting to know his secret weapon, if you know what I mean."

Katherine giggled and added, "He leaves them shaken AND stirred."

Susan sighed happily. "'Stirred.' Angel, I love that word. It makes me think about our master stirring our honey pots with his big stick and a lot of hip action."

All four women stared at him hungrily. It looked like an orgy was about to break out at any moment.

He coughed and asked, "'Um, what's the occasion for the fantastic outfits?"

Suzanne struck another pose, holding up her mane of dark red hair with a hand, and said in a Zsa Zsa Gabor-styled voice while she held a devastating "come hither and fuck me" gaze, "Daalink, you just had dinner. We're your dessert."

Alan was blown away by that. He didn't know what to say. Not to mention the fact that both Katherine and Susan were stroking his rod in perfect rhythm with each other. With so much of his blood now in his lower head, his upper head couldn't think clearly.

Like a Vanna White-styled presenter cum maitre'd, Katherine swept her free arm in the general direction of Amy and Suzanne, and then said to Alan in a snobby French accent, "Le Chateau Plummer" - she made it sound like "plume-mare" - "has two dessert items on the menu for monsieur this evening." With a great bow, and then a sweep of her arm from Suzanne's head to her legs, she said, "May I present, Pussy à la Suzanne."

Suzanne walked forward and dramatically rested one of her feet on the kitchen counter, causing her gown to ride up and exposing her pussy just a foot or two from Alan's face. Her boobs were so precariously covered by her gown that they naturally swung free, just as she'd planned.

Katherine and Susan suddenly let go of his rigid erection and stood back.

It was obvious to Alan that he was meant to go forward and inspect his "dessert option." With his dick and balls still hanging out, he stopped forward and then leaned forward a bit more. He sniffed at her crotch and then joked, "Mmmm. Fine vintage. Lovely aroma. A bit bold and fruity... Full bodied, definitely... Robust. Ripe... Tart! She's definitely a tart. A most succulent and feisty red."

Suzanne playfully reached back and slapped him on the head, but she loved the attention.

Amy, knowing that she could expect to get the same treatment Suzanne was getting when her turn came around, suggested, "You know, Brother, you can't really inspect the merchandise without handling it first."

Alan grinned. "Good point." He reached out with both hands to grasp Suzanne's dangling breasts. That allowed his erection to rest along her ass crack.

Suzanne had to stifle a scream. Oh God! I'm a goner! He's practically dry humping me already! I think you should take a look at

He turned to Katherine. "Very tempting. Very tempting indeed. But you said there were two options?"

"Oui." Katherine stepped back into the light and in fact walked right up to Alan until she stood just behind his shoulder. She reached between his legs and briefly fondled his balls, since she couldn't easily reach his boner the way it was pinned against (and even in) Suzanne's ass crack. "May I present the other selection for sir? Anus à l'Amy." Her French accent made it sound like "A-noose." Her hands swept dramatically all over and around Amy as Amy stepped forward, slightly nervous.

Amy didn't have the natural elegance that Suzanne did, and didn't know what to do with herself in such a situation. So she just got down on all fours, making sure to let her gown slide down her back and completely off, ending on the floor. Then she backed up towards Alan and worked her way between his legs until her ass was practically up against his dick. Now Amy was directly underneath Suzanne, but a couple of feet below her.

Alan laughed at the differing styles, but it was a kind and delighted laugh. He said to Katherine, but mostly to encourage Amy, "Mmmm! Would you look at this? What is this? The world's finest, sweetest peach?" He lightly stroked the globes of her ass that were being presented to him.

Katherine leaned forward over him, dangling her ample but covered tits in his face. "Non, monsieur. That is Anus à l'Amy. I have eaten it many times myself and I can vouch it is a most exquisite delicacy." She couldn't resist the sight of Alan's erection, still wedged in Suzanne's ass crack. She reached out and lightly stroked it, pushing it deeper between Suzanne's butt cheeks.

Alan didn't mind that extra attention, but his focus was still on Amy. He stepped back to give himself better access to Amy, then leaned forward while grabbing Suzanne's waist for balance and ostentatiously sniffed his girlfriend's ass crack. That forced him to pull away from Suzanne a bit, but Katherine kept stroking him all the while.

Amy could tell what he was doing, and protested, "Aaaalan! That's gross!"

He replied, "It would be, except that you've obviously cleaned it and bathed it in oils. I swear, it DOES smell exquisite!"

He turned back to Susan. He was surprised to see her just sitting on one of the stools near the counter, lightly playing with her nipples through her clothes. He asked, "Hey Mom, don't you want to get in on the fun?"

"I do. God knows I do. But I had so much fun last night that it's only fair I step back for a while. Besides, I'm totally getting off on watching you dominate the rest of your family."

Alan grinned. "Is it 'so hot'?"

She grinned widely. "It's definitely 'so hot.'"

"Mom, come on. At least let me see your luscious body."

Susan smiled from ear to ear. "Well, if you insist." She had remained fully dressed so far, probably as part of a prearranged plan so the attention wouldn't fall on her. But she unzipped her dress and let it fall down to her waist. Then she resumed playing with her nipples with both hands while her son continued to watch.

Alan could have watched all day, but Suzanne was still bent over and he had a hand on her ass, Katherine was busy stroking his shaft, and Amy was on all fours right below him. He looked back and forth between the two Petridge women, and asked Susan, "Boy, what should I choose, Mommy? Both selections seem so tempting." He fingered Amy's ass crack with his right hand and fingered Suzanne's pussy with his left.

Susan just smiled widely, glad that he was happy and that his dick was being stroked. "It's your choice, Son. Both of these dishes are yours now and forever, yours to do whatever you like with, day or night!" She was panting hard, since the situation obviously excited her greatly.

But then she joked, "You know, there are some other house specialties not on the menu, such as Twat à la Susan."

That got a frustrated groan from the other three women. They were still a bit miffed at how she'd monopolized him the night before.

"I'm just kidding," Susan protested, pretending like she didn't mean it. bender

However, as he continued to fondle her, he asked the others, "Seriously, I love this, but just what's the occasion?"

Suzanne answered while nearly frantic with desire, "It's been THREE days since you fucking nailed my cunt! Er, I mean, our cunts. And I'm loving the finger bang, but if you don't follow up with some serious dicking, there's gonna be hell to pay! I'm gonna go frickin' INSANE, for starters!"

Susan chuckled at that, and then replied, "What Suzanne is trying to say is that your women are especially horny. But don't look upon tonight as special. This is the new normal. From now on, this is how it's going to be. Every night, even. You're the man of the house and the master of the harem."

Alan muttered, "Jesus! What did I do to deserve this? The four most beautiful women in the world, all mine!"

Katherine was under orders not to go too far, but she liked that compliment so much that her handjob quickly turned into a blowjob.

Susan smiled benignly as she watched her daughter's lips sliding up and down just past Alan's bulbous cockhead. But she said more seriously, "So what'll you eat? I think we have a lot of anxious people here."

Amy and Suzanne both redoubled their efforts to pose for him. Amy crawled a little bit away from him (knowing that he had a thing for seeing females crawl), then wiggled her naked ass as dramatically as she could.

Suzanne meanwhile also pulled back and stood up so he could admire her as a complete package. She ran her hands all over herself, causing her loose gown to fall down even more. She made sure that all her privates were exposed.

Alan looked back and forth between Amy's ass and Suzanne's pussy, and thought, How did it come to this, that all these women, these "perfect ten" bombshell women, will go to such great lengths to arouse me? I don't know the answer, but I love it! And the way Sis is focusing her tongue right on Alan Junior's

most sensitive spot - priceless! Gaawwwd, and her lips! Her relentlessly sliding lips! No one can resist these sexy vixens!

He pondered with a hand on his chin, and then said, "Boy. Both desserts look very tempting. They're definitely dishes, that's for sure. You know what? I'm trying to watch my weight, but I think I'm just going to have to have both. I think I'll start with the Anus à la Amy, since I've never had that one before."

Amy suddenly stood up and clapped. "Woo-hoo! Goody!" She turned around and gave Alan a big hug and kiss. "Excellent choice!" She giggled at that.

Katherine had to step back and pull her mouth off Alan's erection to make way for the hug.

The hug was so intimate that Amy ended up with her legs wrapped around his torso. That caused his erection to be pointed directly at her wet pussy while she half-stood over his lap to hug him.

Suzanne looked chagrined, but she grabbed Alan's suddenly available shaft and gave it a playful, tight, squeeze while she rubbed its tip against her daughter's exposed pussy lips. "That's okay. I figured you were going to say that. But save a piece of Alan Junior for me, okay?"

Alan leaned forward and kissed her on the stomach. "Definitely. I'll let him baste in cum sauce for a while." It went without saying that he would choose both women, as everyone knew it was essentially his duty to hammer them both until they drowned in his cum to make up for their having gone the weekend without him.

Suzanne remained standing over Alan for some long moments, smiling lovingly at him.

Finally, Amy said, "Mother? Your hand?"

"What? Oh. Right." Suzanne's playful squeeze had turned into a full on jacking off without her even consciously intending it. But even after Amy's reminder she couldn't bear to let go.

Susan snickered, because she'd been there before.

Suzanne only disengaged when she had no choice, once Alan stood up. All this sex in front of others was certainly fun, but he wanted an intimate one-on-one experience with Amy right now.

He and Amy walked hand in hand out of the dining room through the living room to the stairs. They turned back a couple of times and waved.

Amy said to him, "Gosh, Beau! This is so exciting! I feel like we're leaving a wedding reception! Oooh! My ass is all tingly!"

Chapter 998 Fucking Amy

Alan and Amy walked up to his room still holding hands. Amy used her other hand to hold her dress up above her ass, and Alan used his other hand to cup one of her ass cheeks while they walked. He loved the sensation of Amy's big firm butt flexing under his fingers as they walked.

Amy continued to exclaim how excited she was the whole way there. As soon as they got in his room and he closed the door, she pulled her dress over her head. "Finally! Nakedness! They made me wear that 'cos they said you'd like it."

"They're smart, 'cos I did like it. I think it's a lot sexier to get undressed than start buck naked. You know, maybe because you're so full of life and youthful enthusiasm, I tend to see you as a girl. A teenager. But tonight that dress made you look like a mature woman."

Amy positively glowed at the compliment. "Cool!"

"But the important thing is that you do what you like. If you never want to wear any clothes in this house, that's fine by me."

Amy rushed up to him and kissed him on the lips. "You're so cool! Super duper double way cool boyfriend brother!" She obviously loved that idea.

Alan laughed. He decided to keep his short robe on for the moment. It made him feel like Hugh Hefner.

Suddenly, Amy turned more contemplative. "Brother? Before we start, I have a question. What's with all this submissiveness stuff that's going around? I kinda thought that was just a sexy game, like your 'bump check' games you used to play with me. But I've talked to Katherine about it and she's so SERIOUS! Same with Brenda. She's like way, way into it. And of course, there's Susan."

They both smirked at that. Nothing more needed to be said about Susan's attitudes.

"What do you think?" she asked. "Do you get off on being the 'master'? Is that what I should call you? Do you want us to be all slave-y?" She pinned her wrists behind her back and thrust her tits out in an attempt to strike a sexy "slave-y" pose.

Alan's stiff dick visibly twitched in response, but he tried to play it cool. "Aims, it's like I was saying. Do whatever you like. I know that however I interact with you it's gonna be great and we're going to have lots of loving fun." He kissed her and softly caressed her hair before continuing. "So don't feel any pressure to call me anything or act any particular way. What turns me on the most is when you're acting like you. I want to know the real Amy."

She brought her hands from behind her back and ran her fingers across his chest. "Well, that's cool, and I'll definitely do that, but what do you really like? If you like something, then I'll like it more, because it makes me happy to make you happy."

Alan sat on his bed, causing Amy to sit next to him. He pondered out loud, "Hmmm. Tough question. Obviously, it makes me happy to make you happy, too, but that's not what you're asking. I don't know about this dominance stuff. I guess I'm straddling the fence. On the one hand, yes, it's a big turn-on to have women act like my complete sex slaves. I mean, I'm so lucky to have that kind of devotion. It's incredible. But on the other hand, I really love a strong, independent woman. Like Xania, for instance."

"Xania: The Warrior Princess!" Amy joked.

"Yeah. That's a big turn-on too. I mean, do I want to see you drop everything and do nothing but serve me? No." He laced his fingers through Amy's. It felt good and reassuring simply to hold hands with her, even though she was totally nude. "I want to see you develop your artistic talent and become a great artist. And I feel kind of guilty sometimes. It's not right. We go too far, like the way Mom is practically

losing touch with reality at times. Yet it's such a turn-on to dominate and bark out a command like, 'You two suck my cock together, and you rim my ass.'" He dropped his head in frustration. "It's confusing!"

Amy pondered that. "Hmmm. Sounds like you're still figuring it out. But if it helps, I'm totally open to doing whatever, whenever. If you want me to play being a slave sometime, I'd be into it. I could even try to be all dominating, if you want."

Alan smiled and kissed her again. "Aims, you're the greatest. Please don't remake yourself to please me or imitate some of the others when that's not really you; I love you just the way you are. You're just such a joy to be with and so understanding about everything."

Amy lay down on the bed next to him. "Thanks! And you know what? I'm not like, all into the slave-y thing, but I think it's good for our family. The Pact, and everything. I like that you're stepping up and taking charge." She added in an extra sultry voice, with bedroom eyes, "...Master."

A thrill ran down his spine from hearing her say that word, but he still tried to play it cool. He didn't want her to think that it meant much to him one way or another. However, he couldn't help but smile widely. "Amy, you're awesome. I love how easy-going you are."

"Yep! That's true. However, that doesn't mean I don't have my own demands."

He raised an eyebrow curiously. "No? And what might they be?"

"Well, I've been kinda hoping that I could sleep with you overnight sometimes. I mean, we're official boyfriend and girlfriend and all, even if we're siblings now, too. And we've been going out for a while. So it's not like my father can complain if I don't come home at night. Heck, I doubt he'd even notice. And it's not like Mother is going to care! Either one of my mothers, in fact. I was kind of hoping you'd ask me, now that you're starting to spend the night with Susan and Kat, but if you're not going to say something, I will!" She tossed her head defiantly, sending her hair billowing around her shoulders, but then she giggled. "I think you should take a look at

Alan thought, I've never even thought about that. This just shows how thoroughly fucked I am, that the idea of sleeping overnight with my official girlfriend never occurred to me. But the problem is, and she's too naïve to realize it, that Susan and Suzanne WILL mind. So will Katherine. I can see jealousies starting to brew. I think the only way to fight that is to do things equitably.

Although it was slightly deceptive, he said, "You know Aims, that's a good idea, and I'm glad you bring it up. It's good to stand up for what you want. The reason I've been hesitating with that is that I think it's best to work out a system with everyone that everybody thinks is fair. I'll think about it some more. Please tell me if there's anything else you want."

"M'kay! There is. Two things, actually. Both related. One, I want to do something with your cock right now! It's just sitting there looking fat and juicy. And two, well... I'll wait on telling you number two."

"What? Come on, tell me."

"Nope! Later! Let's work on number one first!" Amy had been sitting next to him, but she quickly squatted over him and impaled herself on his cock with a hearty sigh of satisfaction.

"Hey!"

"What?" she giggled. "As you can see, I'm already quite wet, but we have to get Alan Junior warmed up before we can try the other hole."

Alan laughed at that. "He's plenty 'warmed up.' Still, I suppose it doesn't hurt to warm him up a bit more..." Oh man, I'd almost forgotten how small and tight a fit her pussy was! The babe of the tight holes.

Even as her entire body bounced up and down on his boner, she said, "That's the spirit! ... Geez, this feels so good! Doesn't it feel, like, just the absolute amazingest? You know, sometimes I think about doing all kinds of crazy things to get you to fuck me more, but then I think about how overwhelmed you are already."

He merely replied with a loud grunt.

She stopped talking, instead just bouncing up and down on his rod some more, doing all the work. She groaned, Susan-style, "MMMM! Gosh! Aaaah... Oh! ... YES! Mmmm..."

But then she asked, "Tell me, do you think if I acted all super-slave-y that you might want to fuck me even more?"

He thought, God, I'm not drilling her enough! She's really missing it. Why do they ALL have to be so insatiable? "Probably not, Sister. You know I've got two moms, two sisters, and other women who want me and even need me."

She kept on bouncing as she talked. "Well, can you at least fuck me once a day in my role as your official girlfriend, and then fuck me a second time as your new sister? Oh, and then fuck me once more as one of your slaves! Ha-ha!"

Another thrill ran down his spine as he heard her refer to herself as one of his slaves. He thought, Boy, they're all so needy, even in their joking. But if my "curse" in life is to always be exhausted from fucking these four kind, lovely beauties too much, then let me be cursed!

Fuuuuck, man! You'd think that a great fucking like this would be more than enough pleasure for any one man to stand, but no! She has to go start talking about all this master-slave stuff on top of it. Jesus Christ!

Of course, she doesn't really mean it. This is Amy were talking about, after all, and she's not into that kind of thing. But in a way, that makes it even MORE arousing! She's trying to get into it because she knows I'll like it. Bless your adorable heart, Aims!

He was so aroused by everything (the choice of desserts even more than the fucking) that he didn't want to get too into his thrusting and miss out on the "main event" - the anal sex. He knew it wasn't going to be easy, as her asshole was easily the tightest he'd ever encountered.

He waited until she climaxed. As usual, she did so extremely loudly.

Suddenly he pulled out. He felt it was time to tackle the anal challenge. He hoped that his penis wouldn't be too big to fit in that hole. bender

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Amy complained, "Awww. Bummer. I feel so empty. You don't want- OH!" She had to cry out because seconds after he pulled his erection out of her pussy, he pushed a finger into her asshole. It slid in surprisingly easily, because that hole was heavily lubricated.

He noticed that someone had thoughtfully left a bottle of lubricant by his bedside as well. It made him feel good and very pampered, as if silent, secretive elves were taking care of all his needs behind his back.

"Oh, ALAN!" she cooed lovingly as she wiggled her ass enticingly. She greatly enjoyed the feel of his finger sliding deep within her rear hole.

He got off on her obvious excitement and roughly grasped and fondled her big ass cheeks. He only had one free hand to do that at the moment though, which was frustrating because he wanted to touch every part of her wide yet firm ass at once.

He went deeper and deeper into her rectum with his middle finger with each pass. After some minutes he had it in as far as it could go. Still, even with all the lubrication, the fit was tight.

Her asshole was also quite active, spastically clutching and clenching around his finger as he probed her.

Eventually he wanted to switch to putting two fingers in, but he encountered difficulty even though her hole was looser than usual. He noted, "I see you've prepared yourself."

"Yep! I've been wearing butt plugs, like, ALL the time! School is such a drag 'cos Mother said I couldn't wear one there, but I wore one even during the whole Dr. Fredrickson thing. I drank some wine earlier to help me relax. And I just had an enema and even-"

"Whoa! Too much information. Boy, you're tight. UGH!" He wondered why her asshole wasn't more open if she'd been wearing butt plugs so much. In fact, a good deal of time had passed since she'd taken the latest one out, so it wouldn't mar her display as one of his "desserts." Since then, her hole had tightened up again.

"Aims, can you pull your ass open with both hands for me? You're so tight I need to use my other hand to help get a second finger into you."

"M'kay," she dreamily sighed. Reaching around with both hands, she cupped her buttocks and slowly spread them open for him. She shivered in excitement as her big ass cheeks parted.

He felt the ripples of her excitement as her asshole fluttered around his buried finger. While slowly pistoning the finger he already had inside her, he tickled and teased the outside of her anus with gentle strokes and feather light touches from his other hand. Gradually, his technique started to pay off as her anus relaxed and reveled in the attention rather than tensing up and clutching at the finger already imprisoned in her exquisite tightness.

He kissed up and down the cleft between her spread buttocks as he slowly fingerfucked her asshole. That made her sigh and moan and pull her ass cheeks wider and wider. He finally felt she was ready for more and managed to push a second finger into her.

She responded with loud and very excited groans as she arched her back and thrust her hips back onto his fingers. In fact, she kept pushing back until they were as deep as they could go. Her whole body shuddered as her asshole throbbed and pulsed around his fingers.

He was able to piston his fingers in and out, with some effort, but the resistance he encountered made him wonder, How on Earth will I be able to get the width of my dick inside this tiny hole if my two fingers can barely make it?

But for the time being he just enjoyed himself and pistoned with his fingers while kissing her all over her back. He could tell she was thrilled too from her increasingly sexy moaning.

Even though she was normally very relaxed, she seemed both excited and nervous right now. He figured her excitement was as bad as her nervousness was for making her ass tense up. He ran the tip of his tongue up through her ass crack in a single tickling swipe, which made her squeal with glee, but also tighten up a bit more in surprise.

He hoped that fingering her asshole with two fingers would help her get used to being penetrated enough for the main event yet to come. Meanwhile, he tried to do everything else he could think of to get her to relax. He had her lie face down with a pillow under her hips to raise them up. While he kept working his fingers in her ass, he massaged her back with his other hand and nuzzled his face in her neck. He cooed, "Aims, I want you to know something. I love you so much. Whatever happens, it's cool. Even if we don't get it in-"

"We're going to get it in!" she hotly interrupted. She sounded extremely determined and shoved her ass back onto his fingers as if to underscore her resolve.

He felt her whole body tense up at the same time, and thought, Well, that backfired. What now, genius Romeo? If only Heather knew just how clueless I really am when it comes to anal sex, she'd probably laugh in my face. I read a little bit in those sex books I bought, true, but none of them had anything to say about an asshole like this one. If I try my dick now there's no way it's going to work. Dang!

While he pondered that problem, he kept at what he was doing, pistoning, and massaging, all the while cooing happy things almost directly into her ear. He said, "Aims, you're the super bestest girlfriend ever."

She laughed. "Hey! You sound just like me! YOU'RE the superest!"

"No, you are! You're the super duperest!"

"No, YOU are! You're super double duper!"

Before long, they were laughing and teasing and tickling, and generally having a really great time. The more Amy laughed and giggled, the more her anus eased its clenching.

He felt it almost seemed a shame to interrupt their playing around with the anal sex. However, while he wasn't rushing things, he was also aware that Suzanne was waiting for him. So, once he had Amy as relaxed and soft as mush, he plotted his next move.

He called out, "SIS! HEY KATHERINE! CAN YOU COME HERE?"

It took a while, but Katherine did come. He thought she was just across the hallway in her room, but in fact she'd been downstairs in the basement, jealously watching and masturbating to the video of action in his room. So she was a bit flushed and disheveled. She popped her head in. "Yes, Brother?" "I think you should take a look at

"Good. You're here. Big Pleasure Pillows Sis, can you do me a favor? I'm having a bit of trouble fitting in. Can you get me a variety of anal dildos from the underwear cabinet or wherever they may be? I'm thinking of using those as a kind of stepping stone."

"Ah. Okay. Just a sec." As she walked off, she thought, Grrr! Martyr sister has to go do the dildo fetching errand while brand new E-cup sister gets to have all the fun. Why did I have to volunteer to give him a break this morning? Everyone else gets a big welcome back fuck full-on production, and I just get a quickie under the table. No fair. No fair! Still, I shouldn't blame this on Aims. She can't help it if he's making her feel so great. Grrr! ... "You're the super duperest." When is he going to say things like that to me?

She came back and rather testily handed Alan several dildos.

He could see she was moody, but he quite literally had his hands full with Amy.

Katherine spun on her heels and left the room. Despite being irked, she couldn't help herself and went downstairs to watch them on video some more.bender

He said to Amy, "Okay, I've heard this is easiest if we do it doggy-style. So get up on all fours on the bed."

"M'kay!"

Wordlessly, he pulled his fingers out and replaced them with a rather small and soft jelly anal toy. It went in all right, so he started sliding it in and out. He was amazed at her reaction. She'd been loving his fingers, but now she seemed practically beside herself with ecstasy. Soon she was gasping, panting, and moaning as if she was in the middle of a wild fuck romp. He joked, "Aims, save some of that excitement for when I actually get a real dick in there."

"I'm sorry Brother, but it feels SOOOOO GOOOOOD! I think I have kind of a ... a thing for ... anal... Brenda- OH! YES! ... Mmmm! That's so good!" She was too carried away to be able to tell him what she and Brenda had discussed the night before, which was just as well since that was supposed to be a surprise and he had no clue that Brenda had been in the Plummer house recently.

Experimentally, he reached forward and touched her clit.

Amy let out one of her ear-splitting screams and came in a massive climax. She was so overwhelmed that she fell forward into the bed, completely limp and spent.

Again, he was a bit chagrined by the intensity of her reaction. If she's enjoying a tiny little dildo this much, then my dick is liable to kill her. This is nothing like the way I anally deflowered, say, Heather or Mom. This is an intense struggle! A battle!

Luckily, the climax seemed to have greatly relaxed her. In fact, now she was so limp she could hardly even sit up on her own. So he pulled her down to the bottom of the bed and had her lie up against it on her belly. Her ass hung out over the edge and her knees rested on the floor.

"Aims? I'm going to give it a shot now. I think it'll go fine. Okay?"

"M'kaaaaaayyy." She was so relaxed that she even slurred her speech.

He put more lubrication on his hard-on and around her sphincter. Then he pulled her ass cheeks wide open, put his cockhead up against her asshole, and paused.

He prayed, Please, God, make this fit! I'm going to be so bummed if I can't fuck her this way. She'd obviously love it so much. But if it doesn't fit now, with her as limp as a puddle of goo, it never will.

He said, "Aims? My dick is up against your hole. I'll hold still and let you push back, okay? That way you can go as fast or slow as you want. Do you think you can do that?"

"Mmmm hmmm..." Her voice was so relaxed that he feared she was falling asleep. But she was far from sleepy. Slowly but steadily, she lazily rocked her hips back and forth while Alan kept a firm grip on her plush buttocks, holding them apart.

She pushed back again and again, but the progress could only be measured in millimeters. Finally, she said, "My love, I think we're going to have to do this together. You push forward, I'll push back, and then maybe we can find the right rhythm. Don't hold back. I can take it! Push!"

So he pushed, in time with her efforts.

But she suddenly began to yelp at each syncopated thrust, "Ouch. Ouch! Ouch! OUCH!"

He stopped pushing, but he didn't pull back and lose any of the hard-won progress his cock had made. They rested while the tip of his boner kept her twitching asshole slightly dilated.

When she had mostly recovered, she said in a cute voice, "That was far too ouch-y." But then, after some more deep breaths, she said with great determination, "I am not going to give up. Don't even THINK about stopping now, my favorite boyfriend!"

All the while they rested, her ass had been slowly relaxing and adjusting to accommodate the large intruder. So when they started pushing again, it was a bit easier, and they made a little more progress, slowly but surely.

But his cockhead still hadn't gone in yet. That was the widest and most difficult part; although both knew it would be relatively smooth sailing after that.

They gathered their energies for one big effort. They wiggled and pushed and screamed for what seemed like ages. Just when Alan was about to give up and concede that his erection simply didn't fit and could never fit, there was an unexpected "whoosh" sensation. His cock slid into Amy a good inch or more before it stopped again when her asshole clamped down hard with a vice-like grip on his intruding meaty shaft.

Amy's head came up off the bed, her back arched, her eyes grew as big as milk saucers, and her mouth hung wide open. She gasped for air in great gulping lungfuls as though she couldn't breathe. Her whole body reflexively recoiled away from him to try and escape the painful penetration of her asshole, but her position with her ass hanging off the bed didn't allow her enough room to pull away.

He hooted and hollered, pumping his fists in the air even as he continued to press his cock in deeper. "It's in, Aims! It's in!"

"You- OW! You don't have to- ah! ... tell me!" She panted between heaving breaths. "I can- huh! ... feel it, unngh, so big! Oh!" She buried her face in the bed, clenched her hands into fists and pounded them into the bedsprings like a drum major, making the entire bed vibrate. Her whole body kept jerking as waves of pain lashed outwards from her powerfully pulsing asshole, which kept trying to expel the enormous erection that had stretched her decidedly small anal sphincter to its limit.

Chapter 1000 Anal With Amy Continued

Suddenly Alan's sense of victory was overwhelmed by concern for Amy. He could feel her anus trying to "bite off" the head of his cock, which he already had inside her, which was an exciting mixture of pleasure and pain. "Aims, does it hurt?"

"Ye-hes..." came the muffled response. Her body twitched in time to the pulses of her anal spasms.

"Do you ... do you want me to, you know ... take it out?"

She turned her head until she could look at the concerned face of her lover.

He could see that her eyes were watering as she bravely tried to hold off tears.

"No, don't take it out. I want it. I want it more than anything. Just- just hold still while I ... while I get used to it." Her asshole throbbed and pulsed, powerfully. Her whole body shivered. "Good God, when did you get so gianormously humongous? How much have you got in me? Half? More?"

He felt a little sheepish, answering truthfully, "You've um, only got the head so far, so there's uh ... still more where that came from."

She wriggled her hips ever so slightly, which made her gasp and arch her back again, lifting her head up off the bed. She then settled back down with one of the sexiest groans he had ever heard in his entire life.

He cautiously waited a little bit before he filled his hands with her big butt cheeks and started squeezing and kneading them with his fingers while gently rolling them around in his palms.

As if putting his hands on her ass flipped a switch, he felt her suddenly relax.

The tension drained out of her legs, and her breathing changed as she lolled her head to the side and sighed. Most importantly, her anus began to finally relax its "death grip" on him and seemed to decide that being stretched so extremely wide and penetrated by his cock wasn't really such a bad idea after all. Her asshole continued to pulse and throb just as it had done up until now, but did so more in welcome acceptance of his invading pole than in defensive and hostile rejection of it.

"Does it still hurt, Aims?" he asked, the loving concern obvious in his voice. He didn't stop playing with her ass cheeks, however.

It took her a few moments to answer. "Some, but not like it did at first ... and it's starting to feel really good now. Really, really good!" She paused, and then said in a slightly doubtful voice, "I'm ready for more."

To his astonishment, her ass slowly started to swallow up his erection, bit by bit, although there was still a fair amount of resistance to overcome. Like her anus, her rectum was just naturally smaller in size to begin with, and therefore naturally tighter than any he had ever experienced. As more of his erection entered her, the cockhead had to stretch the elastic walls of her rectum open wider than they had ever needed to be before.

She tried to keep her asshole relaxed, so as to make his penetration of her ass easier for both of them, but the virginal tightness of her interior was something she had no control over, especially since he was almost (but, fortunately, not quite) too big for her to accommodate without injury in the first place.

Although the area around the cockhead felt painfully violated as he fucked deeper and deeper into her virgin asshole, the feeling of the shaft behind the head massaging her tightly clapping rectal walls was unbearably exciting for her, to judge by the way her insides so actively responded to being fucked for the first time. She was very aware of every nuanced detail of his erection, from the shape of the veins within it to the heat and throbbing pulse of blood surging through it with his heartbeat, as she accepted more and more of his fuckmeat into her asshole.

She felt the delicate tickling brush of his pubic hairs against her butt and let out a great moan as his stiff pole sank into her yet further still. "YES! Almost there! ... YES! ... OH GOD! I'M SO FULL!"

He paused a few moments, and then resumed pressing forward. But as he did so he began to feel a new sensation. It felt as if she was tightening up inside, if that was possible, but lengthwise along his pole instead of around him as he would have expected. His cock had reached the end of her small rectum, and the last fraction of an inch he pressed into her stretched her tight and deep around his erection. It made him feel like he was pulling a tight fitting glove even tighter.

But then all movement stopped, and the yelling stopped too. She was overcome by the pain and struggled just to breathe. It was all she could do to remain there and take what felt like a gargantuan log shoved up a very tight channel.

He decided she needed another break to adjust, so with his cock still deep inside her, he cooed, "Great job, Aims. Great. I love you so much... Hey, you want me to tell you a story?"

She grunted her approval.

"Once upon a time, there was a beautiful princess. Her name was Amy and she lived in a magical kingdom. She was such a wonderful woman that I can't even begin to count the ways that she was special, but for instance, she had a great ever-present smile, awesome artistic skills, and a wonderfully creative way of abusing English grammar."

She was rapidly recovering, the pain slowly fading as her asshole adjusted to accommodate her lover. She giggled and mock-protested, "Hey!"

"What?" he asked said with false cluelessness. "I thought you'd find my story super-iffic."

That earned a happy snort and a laugh.

"Anyways, one day she met a nice prince, who sneaked up behind her and shoved an Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile up her ass. Then they lived happily ever after, although it was a bit difficult for her to sit most of the time, since he fucked her ass so much. The end."

She got a really good laugh out of that, and then commented, "That's just about what it feels like! ... But it feels good now. I'm starting to get used to it and even enjoying it. Why don't you start wiggling your ICBM around? Let's do it!"

He lovingly brushed her cheek and lips with his fingers. "Are you sure? We can wait longer so you'll adjust better."

She sighed, touched by his caring tenderness. She kissed his fingertips lightly, and then turned her head to look him in the eye as her asshole pulsed powerfully around his cock in anticipation of a good and thorough fucking. Her eyes suddenly looked a little wild. "Just do it! I want it! I want you! I want you to fuck me. Fuck MY ASS!"

He laughed. But after waiting only a little while longer, he started to slowly piston in and out. It seemed incredible how tightly his boner was being squeezed, but somehow it moved forward and back. He felt indescribably joyous and triumphant. He thought, This is the ultimate tight hole. If it were any tighter it wouldn't work, but this is just ... exquisite! It's like I'm drilling a hole in her with my dick. Wild!

Before long, Amy was vocally responding to her first assfuck, but in a totally unexpected way. Alan had expected Amy to scream the rafters off the house like she usually did when he fucked her pussy, but instead she was panting and gasping, moaning and groaning with the rhythm of their fucking. While he was glad that his ears weren't being pierced by her usual rattling shrieks, he was surprised by just how much quieter she was when he pumped her ass instead of her pussy.

"Aims, are you holding back on me? You're usually a lot louder."

"Nnnnoooo..." she groaned, as she pushed her hips back until her pussy kissed his balls. "I'm not hooooolding back on ... Mmmm. God that feels soooo goood!" She wriggled her hips with his erection buried completely inside her. "It's just different. Feels different. Mmmm... This is how goood you make me feel ... when you fuck my ah, ah, aaaahhh-hasssss! Yeeeeesssss!"

He liked the way she sounded; her breathy moans somehow seemed even sexier than her loud shrieking. It reminded him that she was very much the daughter of the breathy, sultry Suzanne.

In and out he pistoned, in and out, over and over. At first he made a real effort to go slowly, but slowly and inexorably the pace sped up. Before long, he was cruising along at a very happy speed. I think you should take a look at

He thought, Not that long ago I could barely get my pinky in there. Now I'm sliding along, tight, but slick. So tight! So excellent! How is it possible? I LOVE this ass! He shoved himself in deep and whispered loudly to her, "Amy! I absolutely love your ass!"

She was beyond responding, except to grunt and groan even more emphatically. Her asshole pulsed and clutched at his deeply imbedded erection.

After a while, he remembered what a great response he got when he touched her clit, so he tried it again. This time, he didn't really notice a change, but then he realized she was probably climaxing as much as humanly possible even before he did that. Still, he kept playing with her pussy and clit while he continued to ride her rump.

Then, just when he thought she couldn't get any more excited, she did. Her whole body began vibrating, gently at first, but soon it was an intense shake. Her body shivered so convulsively that it felt like he had a human vibrator wrapped around his dick. She threw her head around like an overly excited go-go dancer in the middle of a dancing frenzy.

Alan, afraid that Amy might hurt herself, grabbed her wrists and pulled her arms behind her back to help restrain her thrashing.

The sight of Amy so obviously at the absolute peak of orgasmic joy made Alan extremely excited too. The sight of her thrashing her head around like the most reckless body slammer at the wildest punk rock concert was a sight to behold. It aroused him even more than the extremely pleasurable and tight tunnel he was vigorously plowing. He tried his hardest to stave off his climax, but he just couldn't do it, not with that image in front of him.

He bent forward and actually fell onto her back. He grabbed her body and held onto her like a drowning man clinging to a log in a raging sea. His balls tightened and churned, and then started pumping a veritable flood of cum into his sister's ass.

Then, to his surprise, as she started to cum too, he lost the ability to move his boner at all. His cock happened to be all the way inside when she squeezed him so tight that there was nothing he could do but freeze in that position. Each time another rope shot off deep into her ass, it was like an explosion of tight clenching and contractions that threatened to squeeze his cock clean off. That just made him feel even better, and shoot even more cum into her. In fact, the feeling of pain and pleasure mixed together from the tightness of her internal grip on him was absolutely fantastic.bender

When he was finally done, he just remained where he was, lying on top of her, still tightly clinging onto her. They remained like that for quite some time, simply recovering, while her active asshole kept throbbing and pulsing around his slowly deflating penis. Even these final throbs felt wonderful for them both.

He was in no hurry to talk, but after some minutes he heard the sound of her sobbing, and he had to ask, "Aims? Aims? What's wrong? Are you crying?"

"Yeah. But don't worry. It's tears of joy. I love you so much! Brother!"

He felt a surge of pride, but also chagrin. He thought, Uh-oh. This is what Mom or Brenda would call me taming a woman with my cock. Looks like Aims just got that much more tamed. She's going to be that much more sexually insatiable from now on. But fucking her in the ass is like double the feeling of anyone else's ass. Triple! Again, how can I take this much pleasure? It just feels too good! I could get seriously addicted to this ass.

He asked, "Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure, Brother. Anything for you." She still made tiny sobs, but they were lessening.

"I'm real curious. What's the second point you wanted to discuss?"

"Oh. That." She rolled over so she could look him right in the eyes, causing his deflating penis to slip from her aching hole. Her eyes were red, and there were tears, but there was a big smile, too. She remained in his tight embrace all the while. "I don't want to be all demand-y, but I do have another demand. The thing is, I wanted to see if I enjoyed anal sex first."

"And the verdict is?"

She giggled. "Duuuuuh! How can you ask me that? It was incredi-fantabu-wonder-tastic!"

He stifled a laugh, and then deadpanned, "Okay, just checking. I was worried you might think it was merely marvelo-stounding-tabulous."

She laughed really hard at that, and he did too. "Alan! I love you! You're so funny. You're too great!" She kissed him hard on the lips.

This led to some very prolonged and passionate tongue dueling. As much as Alan loved Amy before, he found his feelings for her surging to an all time high.

He broke the kiss after a while because he wanted to praise her to the heavens. But then he remembered the others might be watching and listening. He correctly suspected that Katherine had been watching before she'd gotten the dildo for him. He worried how she'd take this great anal sex experience with Amy that made her anal sex with him pale in comparison.

That put a big damper on his enthusiasm. I don't know about this camera system. Everything gets recorded? That's like living in a fishbowl. I think I'm going to keep it turned off in my room most of the time. I need my space! I have to be so careful about what I say and do, and that kills my spontaneity.

He refocused his attention on Amy and looked deeply into her hazel eyes. "I just want you to know that I love you."

"I know! You just said that, you big silly! But I love you too, so very much! You know what some of the others say about how we need to keep your thingy hard and pleased at all times? It's SOOO true! God, that's all I want to do, is just give back the pleasure. But it would take a thousand blowjobs to equal how good you made me feel with that one assfuck. Maybe I'd better get started, once we wash up."

"No fair. Your mother is waiting. We really shouldn't do any more right now, but we'll be at it again soon enough. So what was this second demand of yours?"

"Oh yeah. Only that you fuck me up the ass, like, A WHOLE LOT! I had a feeling I was going to love it, because Brenda and I were talking about it and we were really getting into it, and now that I've had it, it's even better than all the anticipation! I think my ass is really sensitive."

"No kidding," he joshed.

"I think Brenda's is too."

He goggled at that thought. Brenda? She leaks gallons of pussy juice and yells loud enough to wake whole towns all the way to Arizona if I so much as tweak her nipple. It's frightening to think what would happen if I fucked her ass like that and her ass is as sensitive as Amy's! I would need to fuck her outside, and on the roof, to make sure I didn't drown in her torrential flood of pussy juice!

Another thought popped into his head while he nuzzled Amy cheek to cheek. "Aims? We'll be doing this a lot more, I'm sure."

He thought, That's true, but that isn't going to make Katherine happy one bit. But at least this may get me out of the two Katherine fucks for every one Amy fuck promise I've made. If I limit that to just vaginal sex, I'll still keep my promise and fuck both of them roughly about the same number of times per week. That's only fair, since they're both my sisters now.

He said, "But I have one favor to ask. Could you put off your sex with Aunt Suzy? I know that was planned for tonight, and I was looking forward to a good show as you two went all the way for the first time. But what we did was so draining. Plus, I have a feeling that after Aunt Suzy is done with me, there won't be any of me left. And I do want to enjoy watching that to the fullest."

"Oh, sure," she answered brightly. "We'd figured that out already, and pushed it off again to whenever you're ready. Mother said something about how she was going to drain your balls completely dry and turn your knees to Jell-O so you'd be unable to stand. So yeah, she thought you wouldn't be up for watching it, and neither did I. This mother-daughter tag team is gonna fuck you silly!" She grinned like the Cheshire Cat, beaming with pride and happiness.

"Oh, she said all that, did she? We'll just have to see about that. I think she's gonna be the one who won't be able to walk out of here."

"I can believe that" she agreed. "In fact, I'm just gonna have to stay here and cuddle with you some more though, because I'm Jell-O all over. I feel like boneless chicken!"

He smiled. He was proud that he'd overcome the challenge of her tight hole and made her so happy.