

## 6 Times 1001

### Chapter 1001 This Is Aunt Suzy's Time!

After Amy left his room, Alan just lay in his bed for a while and relaxed. He needed to give his penis some time to recover, but he was also in a contemplative and nostalgic mood. How things have changed. It seems like years ago when Aunt Suzy first came into my room and we looked at porn together. She was the first to give me a blowjob. I remember when she said to me, naked and on all fours, "How do you like to see your Aunt Suzy crawl like an animal so she can eat your fuck-meat?" That sends shivers down my spine, the fact that one of the most beautiful women on this entire planet would say that to me.

And then there's Aims. The way Sis and I used to have so much fun tricking her with "bump checks" and that kind of thing. Even though it seems like ages ago, those memories are permanently burned into my brain. Has any guy ever had a luckier situation than to have those two for neighbors? Jesus!

The more he recalled such memories, the more aroused he got. Even though he was tired from the anal sex and everything else in the last twenty-four hours, he suddenly felt a surge of energy, powered mostly by images of when Suzanne came into his room and exposed herself, way back at the start of his sexual awakening.

He took a quick shower, dried off, and then walked naked down the hall. He heard the sound of music coming from Katherine's room. He was glad that she apparently wasn't interested in watching him with Suzanne.

He didn't realize that she was busy writing in her diary. She'd already spent some time describing the day's sexual adventures. Around the time he walked by, she was detailing her latest thoughts on Brenda:

I still don't know what to think about Brother's recent comments about letting Brenda have sex with her son Adrian. He's gotten kind of weirdly philosophical about it, saying it's some kind of "cosmic karma." I'm concerned. I have a sneaking suspicion that Bro is trying to punish himself in some way. It's like he feels he doesn't deserve all of the sexual joy he's been getting lately, and so he needs a little more trouble in his life and someone really unhappy like Adrian needs more success.

Well, pardon me, but that's bullshit! I believe a person has to live a good, moral life. Brother should realize that a huge reason why he's having such sexual success is because we all love him so much, and that's because he's a good person! I couldn't even BEGIN to imagine being someone else's fuck toy! To

submit fully to a master, you have to trust that person with your life. So many things could go wrong in a harem-type situation. But with Brother in charge, we all have a quiet confidence that everything is going to be okay. And he's still a teenager! God, how I love my brother!!! :) :)

Anyway, sure, live a good moral life, and part of that is helping others when you can. But you have to be clever about it! For instance, he wants to help Adrian, 'cos he identifies with him back from the time when he was still a virgin. Fine. So hire a fantastic professional escort to teach Adrian all about sex. I'm sure that would put a big smile on the kid's face. Then repeat as necessary - we certainly could afford it. Or get Aunt Suzy to manipulate things to get Adrian a rockin' girlfriend. There are so many options aside from making things messy with Brenda. But does anyone listen to me? NoooOOOOoooo! Looks like we've gotta do things the hard way. Sigh.

Oops! I just remembered I'm not supposed to say "Aunt Suzy" anymore. Now it's just "Mother" or "Suzanne." How cool is that?!?! I love it! And Aims is my full-on sister now!

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!!!

That was a sigh of total contentment, Diary. I've felt like she and I were sisters for a long time, and now we really ARE! And not just regular ol' sisters, but fuck toy sisters, bound extra closely together through our mutual love of serving Brother's big cock!

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Could life get any better? I don't know, but it would help if Brother would stop going around and deliberately mucking things up, like with this whole Adrian fiasco. We've gotta cure him of his weird, fatalistic, "I must make life miserable for myself to balance out the cosmic scales" attitude before he goes off and does something else totally moronic. But the funny thing is I love him for his adorable idiocy too. :) It shows that his heart is in the right place.

Alan continued down the hall and found Susan and Suzanne both on Susan's big bed. But for once, they were reading books instead of doing anything sexual. Suzanne still wore the same gorgeous white gown she'd had on downstairs, while Susan had changed into some revealing lingerie.

He cleared his voice and said, "Aunt Suzy" - that was a tip of the hat to his nostalgic feelings - "I'm ready for my second dessert." He stood there naked, his erection sticking out in front of him like a flag pole. There was no need to get dressed when he was going to get naked again in a minute anyway.

Suzanne sat up on the edge of the bed and replied in a very matter-of-fact manner, "Your second dessert is ready for you." "I think you should take a look at

Even though Alan knew she must have been terribly excited to get fucked again after doing without for so many days, she hid her excitement well. She wanted to remain dignified and not seem overly hasty. The only thing that gave away her true feelings was a slight smile, as if she was privy to a great secret.

He noticed that Suzanne had been reading a book on the ancient Mayan culture while Susan was reading a beauty tips book.

Susan put her book down and sighed. "Tiger, whatever am I going to do with you? Look at you, walking around, waving that tasty spermy treat between your legs all over the place, torturing your poor mommy. Curses! Now I'm going to have to frig my already very sore cunt." However, despite her words, her smile and gleam in her eye showed that she clearly relished the thought.

Alan smiled. "Sorry, Mom. Why don't you bring Katherine in here, instead? She can milk you and get you off that way."

Susan was pleased. "Oooh! What a good idea. Okay, you're forgiven - for now. But don't expect me to go easy on you with your goodnight kiss, buster!" She winked. "I think I might just have to jack and suck and fuck your cock right off, at least if it's after midnight and my daughter lets me." She frowned, because she knew those were very big ifs.

Alan smiled back, and then took Suzanne's hand in his. "Have fun, Mommy. Now, if you'll excuse us, I'm afraid my dessert here is going to start to melt or something."

Suzanne winked at him as she started to stand up. "How true. You can see I'm already starting to drip between my legs."

But unexpectedly, Alan pushed her back down on the bed. He got down on his knees and said, "Well, in that case I'd better lick a little now to stop it melting. Just like I do with ice cream cones." Then he pushed her dress to the side and dove into her crotch.

"Oooh!" Suzanne exclaimed in pleasant surprise. "Susan! What a randy one we have here! Oh GOD! ... The only problem is, that's not going to stop the dripping, it's just gonna make it worse!"

Susan sat up and bit her lip. Her nipples sprung up and her pussy began leaking like a dog trained to salivate at the sound of a bell. "Sweet Jesus! Suzanne! Did you hear that? He just pushed you down and TOOK CHARGE! My son!"

She moaned and whimpered, crawling on the bed around Suzanne like a panting puppy waiting to be given a snack, uncertain of what to do. "Oh, I so want to join in, but I can't! I promised Angel. Oh... Tiger, why do you have to be so virile and sexy? Oh... Oh, oh, oh!" She whimpered even more and began frigging herself.

Suddenly, Alan stood up. "Oops. We don't want to get Mom too excited. Let's go to my room." He pulled Suzanne up.

pandasnovel.com Suzanne was slightly dazed, but was determined not to have him get the best of her. She adjusted her dress, brushed her hair back in place with her hand, and held out her hand. "Let's go, Sweetie."

He took her hand and they walked out of the room as if heading for a formal ball.

Susan pounded the bed in frustration. "Tiger, you meanie! You did that on purpose, didn't you? Now you've got me hot! So hot! Hot for son-cock!"

"Sorry, Mom," Alan said, briefly looking back at her sympathetically as he left the room. "This is Aunt Suzy's time."

Suzanne certainly looked the part dressed in her elegant gown, but they made a funny pair since Alan was buck naked. His boner bounced and bobbed lewdly with every step. She felt a great urge to grab it, but she feared that if she did that, they'd never make it to his room. So she looked away and tried to maintain a dignified pose even though her pussy was throbbing so intently that it was a challenge to walk.

Susan on the other hand, was anything but dignified. So was so turned on that she was bouncing off the walls. As soon as the hallway was clear she rushed to Katherine's room to play with her.

As Alan and Suzanne entered Alan's room, he said, "I'm glad you're so calm, because I wanted to talk a little bit before we really get into it."

Suzanne groaned. "Hold on! I'm not THAT calm! Sweetie, it's been FOUR DAYS! Specifically, about four days, two hours, and fifteen minutes. I thought you were going to fuck me every single day until the end of time, and already you make me suffer so badly. Not only that, but you just got me going there by, uh, licking up all my drippy... ice cream." She giggled at that thought, but then turned serious again. "Please! Fuck first, talk later!"

He sat on the edge of his bed. "Sorry, the talking needs to be first, because it'll affect and hopefully improve our fucking."

She gave a heavy sigh as she sat on the bed next to him. "All right. But can I at least suck you off while we talk?"

"No. You know you can't really carry on a deep conversation that way - you get too into the sucking techniques and you make me so aroused that I can barely breathe. But how 'bout a titfuck? That could be fun."

"Damn straight! Now we're talking!" She leaped up off the bed to get herself into position. She quickly removed her gown and dramatically threw it across the room. She always loved the dramatic touch.

Alan lay down on the bed. He positioned his crotch right at the edge of the bed and kept his legs spread wide.

Suzanne quickly positioned herself in between the opened legs.bender

Within seconds, his seemingly permanently hard dick was sliding between her pale mountains.

"So what's so important to discuss that it beats fucking?" she asked impatiently.

"Well, I've been putting into practice some of the things you taught me last time-"

"On everyone but me," she complained with surprising bitterness in her voice. However, she immediately said, "Sorry." Her boobs were so big that it seemed his erection was completely lost deep inside her cleavage.

He chuckled, trying to laugh it off. "But it's true. But now I want to do it to you. What's worked really great is your idea to delay the woman's orgasm. That's fun. I want to do it with you."

"Great! That's it? Let's get started then!" Still, she was so into the titfucking that she made no move just yet to stop. Beads of sweat began to form on her round peaks because she was giving it her all. Her whole upper body flew up and down as quickly as if it was a pumping hand.

"Wait." He put a hand on her head, indicating he wanted her to slow down considerably so he could keep talking. "It's not that simple. It ties into issues you've had about letting go. You know, your frustration that you can't completely lose yourself in the moment. Also, your issues of pride and dignity. I don't want to just fuck you; I want to help you get past all that. Let's just get totally wild and get you so into it that you'll completely forget all those concerns. That's what I want to do tonight. Who cares if you do something someone might think isn't dignified? What happens in this room stays in this room."

"But you forget..." She was already starting to pant heavily. "Susan and Angel... What if they go downstairs... watching this on the... video monitor... while they do the nursing?"

"Oh shit. Right. The surveillance system. I keep forgetting about that. I'm beginning to wonder if having that installed was such a great idea. Well, at least we can turn it off if we want, right? Isn't there supposed to be a switch near the door for that?"

"Yeah, didn't you notice it next to your light switch? But I don't care who sees. Let them have their fun."

But then suddenly she seemed to remember something else and stood up. "On second thought, maybe that would help. Sorry, gals. I'm sure you can have plenty of fun with each other and watching other stuff that's already been recorded. Nighty-night!" She flicked the switch near the door.

Then she hurried back to his bed. She got back in titfucking position.

However, this time he did more of the thrusting into her tits, while she mostly sat still. He didn't want her too winded to talk. He sat there enjoying thrusting in and out of her tight chesty tunnel for a minute or two, while he was mesmerized by the sexy sight. He couldn't believe his luck that she would even have anything to do with him sexually, but he didn't want to sound like a broken record. So he asked, "Have I ever told you how much I love your tits?"

She chuckled. "Only about a million times in the last week alone. But that's okay; I wanna hear you reach a billion. Still, us busty babes do have other body parts that are fun to play with, you know." She wanted to draw attention to her pussy but her hands were busy holding her tits tightly together. So she swayed her ass back and forth, hoping that would put his attention in the right general vicinity.

"That reminds me," he said, as he thought about spearing her talented pussy. "We need to get down to some serious cunt fucking."

"Let's do it, Sweetie!" She pulled away from his hard-on, lying back on the bed. "But I have to confess something. The main reason I turned that video off is because I have a secret to tell you: I didn't tell you or Susan all my secrets. I saved a couple of the best ones for myself!"

"Jesus, how many sexual secrets do you know?"

"Unfortunately, not enough. I don't know how I'm going to keep surprising you and drawing you in months or even years from now."

"Hey!" he interrupted. "You don't have to keep surprising me. You're my Aunt Suzy, my second mother, and I love you. I'll never get tired of you, never!"

Her heart soared to hear that, but she craved more affirmation. "But what about all those other women you'll be boning? New women all the time."

"I may play around a little," he admitted as he stopped stroking in anticipation of changing positions. "But I'll never love them like I love you or the rest of my family. If a day goes by without a little Aunt Suzy in it, I figure that's a day wasted."

She laughed and smiled. Then she teased, "And, as for me, if a day goes by without a great big Alan in me, that's a day wasted." Changing gears, she said seriously, "But I have one great secret, a technique that you'll love. And I know I'm being rather selfish, but I want you to promise to keep it a secret too, and only practice it with me."

"Sure, that's only fair considering how much you've freely shared already. But with all these video cameras everywhere, I don't see how it'll stay a secret for long."

"But it will. That's why I've saved this one in particular. You see, it's all in your mind. It's called a non-ejaculatory orgasm. Most people don't know this, but men can do it. You can get off nearly as wonderfully as if you're shooting your spunk all over our faces and chests, but no one will know except you."

"Wow! Why didn't the sex books I bought a few weeks ago talk about that?" I think you should take a look at

"I'll bet they didn't talk about whole body orgasms, either. This culture is so lame. It's a joke that things like the female orgasm and G-spot are recent 'discoveries' by our scientists when other societies have known about them for ages. But never mind that; let's cut to the chase. The key is that people always think the climax and the ejaculation are the same, but they're two separate things. You can just barely reach the climax BEFORE you hit the ejaculation, and then pull back. Then you can repeat it again and again until you can't take any more and you finally want to blow."

"Holy cow! Really? Fuck! That sounds awesome! Why didn't you tell me weeks ago?"

"My rather stupid plan was to string out sharing new techniques with you over many months, but unfortunately the competition completely blew my schedule. But another reason is that this can only



work if you have REALLY strong PC muscle control. You weren't ready before, but now you definitely are. In fact, I think you can skip all the training one normally needs to do. It's just like what you've been doing in catching your second winds with little pauses, but if you and your partner - i.e., me - can do it just right, you can have a mind blowing climax AND still get your rest and keep going without ever losing your hard-on."

"Mother! Brilliant! That is too cool! You know, if this works, I think I'm going to want to have sex every day."

They both laughed, since he already seemingly did little else. Even while they joked, he resumed plowing into Suzanne's deep cleavage at a slow but steady and very enjoyable pace.

"Okay, let's try it," he suggested. "But how does one get it right? I've been doing the second wind thing for ages now and never felt the kind of thing you're talking about."

"The key is practice. Lots and lots of practice." She suddenly reached out with her outrageously long tongue and flicked the tip of his cock with it as he fucked her tits. "I'm afraid you're going to have to fuck your second mother constantly to get it just right."

They both laughed some more. "Okay, Mother, let's do it. But at the same time, we're going to practice climax delay for you. Get yourself right on the edge of a great orgasm-"

"Done!" She laughed, but added, "Seriously. Even though no hand has gotten near my box yet, I'm so excited! I'm already there!"

"Okay. So stay there. Let's work on non-verbal communication so we can maximize our mutual pleasure."

They switched over to proper fucking. They both sat up on his bed and fucked face to face, so they could easily see each other's expressions and quickly get non-verbal feedback.

However, almost as soon as the fucking began, she couldn't stop herself in time, and she exploded in a tremendous multiple orgasm.

But that was only a minor setback as he knew that before long she'd be on the edge again.

Over the course of the next twenty minutes or so, Alan began to understand the different sensations between the arrival of a climax and the arrival of ejaculation.

Suzanne taught him breathing techniques and muscle control techniques that helped. He had several close calls, which felt like mini-climaxes, but it took twenty minutes before he finally had his first real non-ejaculatory climax.

She explained that the closer one could get to ejaculating without actually doing it, the better the non-ejaculatory climax would feel. It was a real art and a skill to get just right.

The skills of the partner were key, too. The partner had to stop or change activity at just the right point.

Luckily, the fact that she'd had a great climax of her own made it easier for her to start and stop on a dime.

They tried a whole variety of different positions, partly to find the ones that would make it easier on her to control the process, but mostly because it was fun. They came to the conclusion that having her on top helped them achieve their goals the best.

He rested a bit after this success, but kept his erection unmoving in her vagina. He asked, "That was great, but now what?"

"Well, Sweetie, you can do it again and again. I've only had a couple of lovers who were able to do this, but they tell me that it's like a constant building up. You hit a non-ejaculatory peak, then come down a bit but keep going, hit another, and so on, until finally you're ready to ejaculate. And when you do, it feels ten times as good as if you'd done it without all those non-ejaculatory climaxes along the way up to the final peak."

"That is so cool! Mother, you are extremely clever, because I'm going to keep my promise and do this only with you. Which means I think we're going to be fucking each other even more than before."

She smiled. Girl, you've still got it! I thought it was such a disaster to give away all those secrets to Susan, even though I knew I had to do it to help her. She is my best and almost only friend, after all, and I just can't say no when she makes that sad puppy dog look. But it's all working out, because somehow I had the smarts to hold this one back and since I've shared so much he doesn't mind me keeping this most precious secret. I may even go to the very top of his fuck list!

Take that, Susan! I love you sister, and I love to see you happy, but I have to take care of my great cunt needs too. Now I have the best of all possible worlds. Alan's happy with me, Susan's happy with me, and my cunt is gonna see a lot of action. Yes! She suppressed the urge to pump a fist in the air.

He had paused, but now he added, "I don't know if I'll be able to keep it a secret forever, though. I mean, I want to get away from this keeping-of-secrets stuff, especially from Mom."

Suzanne frowned as she was painfully reminded of her greatest secret: the entire six-times-a-day scheme. Just hours earlier she'd dodged a bullet with Dr. Fredrickson and now that secret seemed safer than ever, but it still weighed heavily on her mind and kept her from completely opening up. She well understood the desirability of not having to hide secrets.

So she replied, "That's fine. I agree with you about the importance of not keeping secrets from our new open family. But share this one just with me, for as long as you can, okay? It's a totally harmless secret, after all. I hope to get at least some months of special loving from you with this. Hopefully by then, I'll be ready to take you to the next level."

"Next level?"

"As your whole body orgasm showed you, there are almost no limits to what one can do with sex, and how good it can make you feel. I'm starting to max out on what I know and what I've experienced, but I've bought some books that show there's much more. A lot of it is pretty cutting edge, recently discovered stuff that even I'd never heard about. For instance, did you know that you can have quite pleasurable orgasms through your cock while it's still flaccid? Or that the G-spot isn't the only special spot in a woman's vagina? There's the U-spot, the X-spot-"

He cast a skeptical look at her. "Come on! You're making this shit up."

"Nope. At least not if some of the books I've been buying lately are accurate. You just bought the wrong books. And what's great is that you and I are going to learn how to do all of these things together."

She thought to herself, And I don't care that much if the others learn this stuff eventually, because none of them have the sexual skill I do. Even if they learn, not even my cheerleader daughters have as much innate natural gymnastic skill as I do, and only Xania has a tongue like mine. No one else can squeeze their vaginal muscles as well as I do, thanks to my years of practice. That thought caused her to start subtly squeezing her vagina around his cock.

But still she continued with her thoughts while she flexed, True, Glory is a better deep throater from what I hear, but I have the tongue length to be able to match her skills if I keep at it. The fact is, if my Sweetie wants the best of the best, he's going to come to me! Not only that, but as the others get more skilled, I'll reap the benefits with lesbian sex and orgies, too.

Alan was awed by the pleasurable possibilities she hinted at. "Mother, I love you so much. I can't wait until we share a whole body orgasm. I want to have something like a Vulcan mind-meld with you. In fact, if I'm going to reach this great peak today thanks to the non-ejaculatory climax build up, I want you to have something just as good or better. Let's get back on track with taking care of your needs. I'm ready, and in fact, it seems you've started without me already."

"What?" she asked with a gleeful and naughty smile. She appeared to be perfectly still, but in fact her vagina was now squeezing him intently, giving him as much pleasure as if he was deeply thrusting.

"You know what!" he said accusingly, but also happily. He reached down and began rubbing her clit.

## Chapter 1003 Sexy Time With Whipped Cream

As Alan played with Suzanne's body, he thought back to Amy's earlier question about submission and said, "I want to ask you something. Does me treating you submissively turn you on or not? I don't want to treat you like that if you don't like it, but I don't really know where you stand."

"Hmmm. Tough one. Well, the truth is, I DO get into it, thanks I guess to Susan and Katherine putting all kinds of silly things in my head lately. I never did, before you. But I only like it as a fantasy; a role-play. Think of the stuff you've done with Glory, things like a rape fantasy. I don't know if I'd go that far and

want you to rape me someday, but who knows? However, when the fantasy is over, I expect to be treated with respect. So I'm really different than, say, Katherine, who doesn't know when to turn her 'fuck toy' fantasy off. But I also demand equal rights. If you get to treat me submissively sometimes, then I reserve the right to do the same to you. I want to tie you up, blindfold you, and torture you just like you did to Susan last night with the ice cubes and everything. That was hot!"

"Fair enough. And thanks for the answer. That really clears things up for me."

"Well, I've only been figuring it out myself. I don't think I could have said that two days ago."

"Interesting. I've kind of been coming to some conclusions about my own feelings, but I'm not quite there yet." He thought back to Amy's questions about dominance and submission and his failure to clearly answer her. "I want tonight to be all about you and your pleasure, especially since it's mostly been about me with this newest non-ejaculation lesson. Do you want to tie me up right now? Is that going to give you the highest high?"

"No. For one, I want to try out the climax delay too. So few of my lovers have ever done that well, but I have great confidence in your abilities. I want you to take me and tease and torture me mercilessly until I die of sheer pleasure! Not only that, but I want to make sure the others are watching when I tie you up. It might give them some ideas. Plus, maybe we can all torture you together."

"Oh, great," he said sarcastically. "So now you're going to have everyone tying me up?"

"You know you like it. I heard about the 'Michelle' incident with Glory and her blindfolding you and everything."

"How-"

"Angel told me, after you told her, I assume."

"Well, I have kind of conflicted feelings about that whole incident. I consider it another part of the vast female conspiracy to get me to die of a heart attack before I turn nineteen, and I'm only partly jesting about that. But in any case, if you want me to do much more tonight, you're going to have to stop that

cunt squeezing. I'm practically out of cum and low on energy. Even though we look like a couple of naked people just hanging out, you're sending me to the edge! You're totally incredible!"

She joked, "I know, but try to keep it under your hat, okay?"

Alan laughed, and suddenly pulled out. He got up off of her, and walked over to his desk and opened a drawer. He pulled something out and held it up so Suzanne could see: it was a can of whipped cream. He explained, "Mom and I never did get around to using Amy's second gift last night. I'm thinking that I wanna use it on you right now."

She rolled over so she was face up. "Please do! Actually, it fits with me being your second dessert." She stretched and preened, presenting her body to him as if it was a canvas that she wanted to see him paint with the cream.

He sat above Suzanne's crotch and started squirting the cream all over her bush. Meanwhile, he'd also grabbed a towel and began wiping all the sweat off her as best as he could. He didn't want to lick the cream off of sweaty skin. "I was thinking that, too. You know, I-"

He paused, interrupting himself, and then yelled, "Hey!" His new position had left his butt hanging up near Suzanne's face, and on a whim she reached up and stuck a finger up his asshole. She began pumping her finger in and out.

She giggled. "What? You want me to stop?"

"I didn't say that. It just surprised me, is all. You're so sexual! Even merely standing near you when your hands or mouth AREN'T on my cock, rare as those times are, is practically orgasm-inducing. Yet you're twice my age. Don't you ever get tired?"

"Nope. Not when it comes to fucking you. But thanks to your undiplomatic reminder of my age, you're going to have to be punished. Take that!" With one hand still working his asshole, she used her other to push at a point just below the asshole, on the way to his dick.

It felt fantastic. He went rigid while his body momentarily tried to suss out exactly what was being done to which part of his body. After catching his breath, he gasped out, "What's that? Wow!"

"Just another thing I've been reading about. That's a special part of your perineum, the area between your balls and your asshole. The whole area is a very sensitive zone according to these new books I've been reading. It seems that I've been ignoring it too much all these years."

"Damn, woman! You're just too good." He turned around on all fours on the bed so he was facing her and hovering over her chest. "I'm almost afraid to find out what you'll do to me if I'm pointing this way." He shook the whipped cream and sprayed it on a tit until the nipple was covered with a high cone of white. Then he did the same with the other. Then he sprayed some directly into her mouth, and then more into his. He said gleefully, "We're totally naughty, aren't we?"

"No. You're naughty. Just think of me as a sexy dessert. And you know what men do to desserts?"

He bent his neck down and began licking the whipped cream from her nipple. "Mmmm. Yep. First we add some extra white cream on the top of them. Then we eat them. Then we cum hard in their cunts!"

She laughed. "Is that what you do to desserts? Remind me to never take you to a restaurant."

He spent some time snacking on her chest, and at the same time he fingered her pussy, to make sure she was enjoying this at least as much as he was.

She was. She especially loved his implication that the whipped cream represented cum, and he was eagerly licking it off of her. She also enjoyed the way his tongue worked on her nipples. After some minutes of his frigging and licking, she signaled that she was getting too close to climax, so he pulled his head up and cut back to just some slow frigging. He'd been careful to not knock down the tower of whipped cream over her bush.

He said as he casually sprayed the cream here and there on her body and then wiped or licked it up into his mouth, "You know, Mother, I have these 'Bad Alan' issues. You know how much I love you as a person, but sometimes, like right now, I just want to treat you as a pure sex object. I especially love the fact that you had to wait for me to fuck you while I was assfucking your daughter. Is that wrong, to revel in the fact that I have such an amazing mother and daughter team at my sexual beck and call?"

She shrugged, "Well, it is a bit naughty, but I guess it's harmless enough." In fact, she also delighted in the fact that she and her daughter shared the same man.

"What if I told you I get off on the fact that I have Aunt Suzy, the mighty, one-of-a-kind, ivory, Amazon goddess who walks the Earth, as nothing more than one of the nymphomaniac nymphs in my harem? Or that I fantasize about you and Susan and the rest lining up nude at military attention, my own army of sexual servants?"

She smirked and cocked an eyebrow. "Well, you don't exactly have to fantasize very hard about that one. It's true, isn't it? You could snap your fingers and we'd all line up any way you want us, just like we did on Friday. The four of us Plummer women, definitely, and I'm sure Brenda would come running too. And does anyone else really match us five prime pieces of pussy? You know I'll call a spade a spade, and I don't mind admitting that I'm as good as it gets. As much as you love Glory, you have to admit she doesn't have the tits to be a perfect ten in your boob-obsessed eyes."

"It's true that her body just misses the cut, but she's a perfect ten in my heart, so that makes up for it. And you ARE as good as it gets. But there's Xania, too. She's in that same category. And Heather would be too, if she wasn't so surgery-enhanced." He frowned at the reminder of Heather. "Not to mention her extremely annoying personality." "I think you should take a look at

She could hardly believe what she heard herself saying: "I'm sure both of them, and others too, would be happy to get in that harem line for you. We'll stand any way you like. Do you want dripping cunts shoved in your face? Round asses with tight holes ready to squeeze your cock clean off? Or can we cover our tits in hot oil and give you an all-over tit massage? We'll do it!"

He was surprised at her apparent enthusiasm for his fantasy. "But don't you mind? Don't you mind just being one of my harem nymphs?" He dropped his head down and began licking the whipped cream over her bush.

"Yeah, of course I do on some level. But remember that this isn't just your harem fantasy. It's mine, too. From the very beginning, not long after you got your diagnosis, I started manipulating events to make the Plummer family harem come together. Of course, I thought of it as an 'orgy' then, not a 'harem.' And in my fantasy, I imagined that I would be the one controlling the strings. And I am enjoying it beyond all expectations. It's just that I didn't imagine that you'd take the bull by the horns like you did."

"Or the sex cow by the cunt, as the case may be," a gleeful Alan pointed out. By this time he'd already worked his tongue down through the cream to the hair of her bush, but he didn't really care. "You used to be Suzanne Pestrige, power woman. Someone able to make any guy tremble at the knees with one sultry glance. Now you're Suzanne: second dessert. A nympho sex slave. On Friday, you dedicated your



life to serving my cock. There is no higher goal for you in life than servicing my dick and keeping me happy. How does that make you feel?!"

"Alan! You're so cheeky tonight. You don't have to rub it in. Looks like the 'Bad Alan' is out in force tonight."

"Yes, he is. And I'm rubbing it in because it turns me on. What I want to know is: does it turn you on?"

Suzanne paused and thought.

While she did that, he rearranged himself again and positioned his cock at the entrance to her pussy. He was ready for more fucking.

Finally, she answered, "Yes! Okay? Is that what you want to know? Not always, I have to be in the mood, but right now, yes! I'm proud to know that my lover is such a powerful, sexual stud! I revel in the fact that my lover is the studliest guy in town! I love to hear about your new conquests, and then share in the fucking of them! I want your harem to grow and grow! It annoys me that Glory keeps her independence. I want so badly for her to learn her place and stand in that line of hungry, desperate pussies with the rest of us! Hell, I want to fuck her too! Is that what you want to hear?"

"Yes!" He wiped his cock up and down her labia, playing in the white cream, driving her crazy.

"Then why don't you put it in?! Put it in!" She made a grab for his boner with her hands in an attempt to force it inside her hot pussy. Her voice grew desperate. "Put it IN!"

But he slapped her hands away. "It needs a little more decorating. Tell me more." He picked up the whipped cream can and sprayed the cream here and there on her crotch. He took his time, as if he was creating a work of art.

At first she tried to wait him out, but that only lasted a few seconds.

She groaned impatiently. "God dammit! Just put it in!" She waited some more, and saw he was in no hurry, and deliberately so. She made an annoyed grumble.

But then she decided she'd try to arouse him with her words to such a degree that his resistance would crumble. Her voice was extra husky and sensual as she said, "I live to be fucked by you! There is no greater pleasure! Sweetie, you and me, we're going to go down in history. We're going to explore every last aspect of human sexuality there is to know! We'll be like sexual gods! A whole body orgasm will be nothing to us! We're going to completely redefine pleasure! Our FAMILY is going to redefine pleasure together! This harem is going to be the most amazing thing, ever! So let's get started! Put it in! Bring the joy! Rock my world!" For emphasis, she thrust her hips at his cock in the hope that she would be able to impale herself on it.

However, he pulled back just enough to stay in control. And that was the message he was trying to get across to her now: he was in control of the situation. Meanwhile, he played dumb and tried to keep his voice calm. "I don't know. What you're saying is pretty remarkable. How is all this pleasure possible?" He sprayed more cream up and down the top side of his erection.

She screamed, "Your cock! It's your cock!"

"Oh, you mean this thing?" He pushed his stiffness into her pussy a little bit. Then he put the whole of his cockhead in. But he wouldn't go any further.

"Oh yes!" She screamed. "YES!"

Suddenly he pulled out, leaving the tip of his cock resting against her pussy lips.

"NOOOOOO!" She screamed even more intently. "What?! What is it?!"

He replied in as calm a voice as he could, "Well, I was just thinking. I made such a nice work of art with the whipped cream, and now it's going to get all messed up."

"ALAN! BASTARD!" She realized calling names wouldn't help, so she resorted to pleading instead. "My love! Good Lord! Please have mercy! Mercy! Please!" She whimpered without restraint.

"Okay," he said, as he rubbed his boner all over her whipped cream covered pussy lips. "But you still haven't answered my question about how the pleasure is possible. Every guy has a cock. So what's the big deal?"

"Fuck those cocks! It's YOUR cock! It's the only one I want! You've tamed us! You've even tamed me! Susan's right: you've tamed all of us big-titted babes with your monster cock and incredible fucking power! I need it! I have to have it. Put it in me now before you drive me mad! NOW! I'M DYING!"bender

He pushed his cockhead in a little bit again, but then pulled back.

She thrust her hips forward and tried to catch it and swallow it, but she failed again. She cried out, "Aaaaiiieee! Nooooo! Sooo close!" Her voice sobbed with frustration.

He said in a mostly calm but increasingly excited voice, "There's still one thing holding me back. Mother, admit it: if I put it in, you're going to climax right away, aren't you? And you agreed not to do that, didn't you?" He reached out, and found her clit underneath the cream. He pulled on it just a little bit.

"NOOOO! Don't do that! You're right, you're right! That's going to send me over the edge!" Her whole body writhed around beneath him, which was an incredible sight to see. She seemed completely in thrall to her fuck lust.

His dick was as hard as it had ever been and he suspected it was actually a bit longer and more engorged than usual. He could actually feel every beat of his heart pounding in it, and his head was slightly dizzy. He slid further down the bed, away from her and waited for her thrashing to slow down. "Be honest. Have you cum yet?"

She felt as if all ability to reason was leaving her. She wailed, "No, not yet! Suzy is good. So good! She wants to be good for you. The best! The best fuck you ever had! She obeys her master!"

That answer doubly surprised Alan. For one, he'd never heard Suzanne call herself just "Suzy," and he didn't know what to make of that. For another, he was stunned at how enthusiastically she called him master. "That's a good pet," he said as if talking to a real pet. "Master is pleased."

Suzanne mewled and purred with great satisfaction. Her hands even curled up around her chest as if she was a purring kitten. Then she found her sensitive nipples and tugged on them roughly, which caused her back to arch erotically.

#### Chapter 1004 Continued Sex With Aunt Suzy!

His body aflame with desire, he said, "Now, I want my slave to get on all fours on the floor and crawl for me. Do you think you can do that? I love to see you crawl. Then we can fuck."

She was off the bed in a flash. She held her ass up high and crawled around in a little circle at the side of his bed. "Like this? How's this, Master?"

He looked at her skeptically, while lightly stroking his overheated cock. "Tell me: what do you feel? Do you feel any shame? Do you feel any pride? Any restraint?"

She nearly yelled, as she looked up at him with abject desperation, "Fuck no! I feel lust! LUST! I need to FUCK! The only restraint is that I'm trying my best not to jump up and rape you! I MUST HAVE COCK!"

She yelled those last words with such force that he actually flinched a bit. He saw a fire in her eyes which seemed to burn with an equal mixture of lust and fury for being teased this long. Yet he narrowed his eyes and remained stoic. A part of him wanted to see if he could push her so much that she really would attack him. He asked, "How does it feel to be so controlled by your desires?"

"It hurts to want something so bad, but it hurts so good!" She twisted and writhed on her knees as her hands roamed all over her heated body, like her lust had become a second skin on her. She reveled in that thought, that she was now attired in nothing but pure lust and sexual hunger.

She growled, "I love it! I want it! I feel so free! Like an animal! A wild animal! Let's make love like wild animals! I need to fuck!" She whimpered, "You have me begging already; please don't make me cry!" She did seem on the verge of tears.

His passions had been steadily rising too. He tried and failed to remember a time when he'd ever been as aroused as he was now. It was almost like he was having an out of body experience and what was left

of the rational Alan was looking on from outside while his base, primeval lust completely took control of his body. He patted a spot on the bed.

She leapt up to it like a flying tigress. She wasn't lying when she said she wanted to fuck like a wild animal: she was all over him as if trying to touch, kiss, and fuck every square inch of him. He hadn't even had a chance to put his cock in her yet.

He was forced to use his superior strength to wrestle her to the bed and hold her down.

Her whole body was on fire, and she burned with white hot passion.

He was on fire, too. In fact, it seemed like the room suddenly grew as hot as a sauna, and both of them began sweating profusely from so much exertion. But only after he shouted, "Fuck you! I need to fuck you! Let me!" did she calm down enough that he was able to line up his cock with her hole and slide it in.

As soon as he did, she cried out, "Cumming! I'm cumming!" That was the last coherent thing she said, but she screamed and screamed and screamed like he'd never heard her scream before. She let out all her passions the way Amy and Brenda liked to scream, except that Suzanne let out more of a feral roar.

Her body continued to thrash about, and she might have fallen off the bed except that he was on top of her, squeezing her tightly.

His cock rammed her pussy repeatedly, in time to their bodies' wild, herky jerky motion. They both were too overcome to be capable of making regular, rhythmic fuck thrusts.

He repeatedly clenched his PC muscle and just barely managed to hold back from a climax.

Somehow, eventually, after she had more climaxes than she could count, her body calmed down enough for them to fuck a little more like they usually did.

He thrust in and out more rhythmically. But the steady pounding only excited him more and made it harder for him not to cum.

Before long, her conscious mind began to take over from her purely instinctive frenzy. She began roughly running her hands through his hair and all over his body while still wildly thrusting and panting. She slowly regained her ability to speak, and alternately shouted and cooed, "Master! Master!" She realized that he'd ended up sitting on top of her, grasping her ankles above her head and pounding down with his whole body weight behind every thrust. She felt extremely vulnerable and helpless in that position, and she loved it.

Her body continued to shudder so much that he couldn't tell how much of it was from more climaxes, but he suspected that really the entire thing was one giant, non-stop climax for her. It must have gone on for three or four minutes like that, at the absolute peak of intensity. But then she somehow regained enough coherent thought to realize he still hadn't cum. She started to thrust her hips back with more intensity and yelled, "Cum! Cum for me, Master! My master! My love! Cum, dammit! Cum IN me!"

He was pounding her backwards down the bed like a jackhammer pounding in concrete. Sex with Suzanne was almost always extremely taxing - she had an exceptionally acrobatic body and was always moving about. They continued to claw and scratch and grasp at each other. In fact, just when they were both about to cum, they fell off the bed and tumbled to the floor. They wound up in a heap of tangled limbs. They had a good laugh about it.

As soon as they determined no one had been seriously hurt, they just rejoined and kept on fucking. He was amused that he'd fucked her clear off the bed, even trying to fuck her all the way across the room. She slid a little further away from the bed with each new thrust he made.

[pandasnovel.com](http://pandasnovel.com) The unexpected delay brought about by the fall caused them to postpone their orgasms too, but that only made their last pinnacle of passion that much more incredible when the time finally arrived.

He came first this time. This was certainly no time to practice a second non-ejaculatory orgasm. He just let go of all restraint and yelled at the top of his lungs as his seed unloaded into her. He could feel from her even stronger than usual vaginal contractions that his climax stirred a yet more powerful orgasmic response from her, too.

Both lovers froze, as though time stood still, while his cock spewed slug after slug of white-hot cum deep into her, filling her up with his seed until his cock could spit forth nothing more and simply twitched within her body.

It was all so intense for him that he completely passed out.

Katherine was getting a drink in the kitchen when she thought she heard a noise coming through the wall from the den. So after she had gotten her drink, she walked into the den to check it out.

"Hey," she said to Amy. "I thought I heard someone in here. What's up?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just chilling." Amy was sitting naked on a sofa while drawing with charcoal on her easel. (She spent so much time at the Plummer house that she always kept some art supplies in Kat's room.)

Katherine closed the door and crossed the room. "Can I see?"

"Sure!" Amy moved back slightly to give Katherine space to look, while continuing to sketch. "I've just kinda started. But it's gonna be a sketch of O.B. fucking my ass."

Katherine whistled in appreciation. "Wow. It already looks great. You do that better than I could draw or paint or anything."

Amy shrugged modestly. "Yeah, well, I just want to capture the moment while I still feel it in me."

"But that was, um, well over an hour ago already."

"I know. But I can still feel it in me. Both emotionally, and, you know, literally." She stopped drawing, lifted up a leg, pointed to her asshole, and giggled.

Katherine smirked a little, mildly amused. "So, what else have you been up to since then?"

Amy sat down on the sofa. "Oh, not much. I just took a nap right here. Getting my ass fucked like that really wiped me out! What about you?" I think you should take a look at

Katherine frowned, and sat down next to her. "Also not much. I must say, a night like this can be kind of torturous for me. Everybody else is getting fucked half to death, and my room is right across the hall. I took advantage of the video feed to the basement to watch Brother fuck you, and that was fun for a while. But then, later, when I wanted to go back and see him do the same to your mom, Mother, it turns out the video feed was turned off! Does that suck, or what?"

"Who turned it off?" Amy asked.

"Mother, of all people! I went back to see the last bit that was recorded. You'd think she'd know better. I mean, these are historic events we're talking about here. Historic! Some day, after he's fucked her thousands of times, she's gonna want to go back and relive the very first few times. But this time? Whoosht! Blank. Nada. Nothing. It's tragic, if you ask me."

Amy nodded. "So, what have you been doing since?"

"I was writing in my diary off and on, but I never let my diary leave my room, and staying in my room at this point isn't just like torture - it IS torture! His door is supposed to be fairly soundproof, but it might as well be wide open, the way Mother was screaming her head off. So, I dunno... I was gonna watch TV, but I'm too amped up. Hey, can I hang here with you for a while?"

Amy smiled brightly. "Sure! Take off your clothes, cuddle up, and let's just hang."

Although Katherine immediately started disrobing, she said, "Is it okay if we don't do anything sexual? I'm not really in the mood. Actually, I AM in the mood, but I'm in the mood to be in Brother's room, helping Mother take care of his big fat cock! Mom and I kinda played around for a while just a short while ago, and I sucked a belly-full of milk out of her. That was fun, but when you hear Mother across the hall alternately begging for mercy and begging for more, it's just not the same. You know what I mean?"

Amy nodded. "I can imagine. That's why I took a nap down here. But look on the bright side. You act like having a room across from Brother's is a bad thing, but think about how many of his lovers would LOVE to have that problem. Including me!"



Katherine had finished undressing, so she lay down on the sofa, causing Amy to lie down next to her and cuddle. "Yeah, I hear what you're saying, but it's not as great as you imagine. You'd think he'd take advantage of having an eager, willing fuck-toy sister right across the hallway more often."

She sighed, then added, "But I guess that's the lot of being just one of his many sex slaves."bender

Amy had spooned into Katherine's backside, then reached around her to caress her big breasts with both hands. But suddenly Katherine rolled in place to look into Amy's eyes.

"Hey, Aims. You know what? I know we've talked a lot about our feelings for Brother in the past, but we haven't really had a good talk since The Pact happened. I've been meaning to ask you how you feel about that."

Amy giggled, seemingly because it was such a silly question to ask. "You know I love it! Gosh, just having you become my official sister and your mom my official second mother... Everything is just so great! What's not to like?"

"Well, I know that, obviously. And I totally agree... Sister!"

They both giggled in delight at being able to use that word. Then they shared a French kiss to further celebrate. By the time the kiss ended, their hands were all over each other. However, even though Amy was fondling Katherine's tits again while Katherine played with Amy's pussy lips, they weren't really trying to arouse each other. It was more like post-coital cuddling, just enjoying total bodily intimacy.

Katherine finally continued, "Given that, sometimes you can be pretty hard to read. I mean, I know how much you love Brother, and I know you love our de-facto family coming together even more than before, but how do you REALLY feel about this master and slave stuff? I mean, really, honestly truly."

Katherine suddenly sat up and disengaged, because she wanted to be completely earnest and focused on this specific topic. "Look. I know we started off kind of kidding about that sort of thing. And it's still meant to be something we say in the heat of the moment, to get everyone that much hotter. I know Brother keeps acting like he doesn't really like it. But it's slowly become more and more real, if you know what I mean, at least for me and Mom. And the truth is, I can totally tell that Brother loves it!"

Amy grinned. "Yeah, I noticed. If we use certain words, it's like... boing! Instant boner."

"Exactly. And I don't have to tell you how useful that is."

Amy's grin widened. "No, you don't." She licked her lips and winked.

"Right. So anyways, now that we've all agreed to The Pact, it's pretty much official that the four of us - you, me, my mom, and your mom - are his de-facto sex slaves. You remember the words, don't you?"

"Sure!" Amy cheerfully recited the relevant part of The Pact, "'Alan is the head of the family, and master of the family harem. We trust him to lead us in sexual matters, and we pledge to obey his every desire. Alan has the right to sleep with any other women he chooses, within reason, but his first priority is with his harem. The women of this harem pledge to avoid any physical intimacy with other men, without exception, and to devote themselves fully to pleasing Alan and his insatiable cock.'"

"Very good." Katherine nodded with approval. "You see? It says right there that he is the 'master.' And that makes us his de-facto slaves. The only question is whether we should stick with the 'de-facto' or not. And that ultimately comes down to you."

"Me?!" Amy pointed at herself, right between her large breasts. "Why me?"

"Think about it. Mom and I are totally pro-slave. We both get a huge thrill out of calling him 'Master' and serving him in every possible way, especially sexually. We all can see that Brother loves it, but he's too modest to admit it, so he's kind of out of the equation, funnily enough. But Mother, she's torn up about it. When she's horny, she can get into it just as much as anybody. Most of the rest of the time, though, it rankles her, rubbing the wrong way. So, if it rubs you the wrong way too, then Mom and I will just have to try to cool it as best we can. But if you're really into it, then I'm sure your mom will get used to it, by and by."

Amy frowned. "It's not that easy. I know only the five of us signed The Pact, but it's not just us. What about Brenda, for starters? With her sexy, super busty body, and her attitude, she's gonna be a big part of the family for a long time. Probably forever."

"That's true," Katherine considered.

"And she tilts things in the slave-y direction in a big way," Amy pointed out. "in a super duper ultra slave-y way."

Katherine nodded. "You can say that again."

"In a super duper ultra slave-y way." Amy repeated herself, mischievously apparently misinterpreting what Katherine had meant. "Anyhoo, it's not just her, either. The harem is designed for expansion. The Pact even says, 'Any new women wanting to join our harem must be approved by us all.' I kinda assume the harem is gonna grow until Brother has a teeny tiny little more than he can handle. Don't you?"

Katherine chuckled. "Yeah." Then she added sardonically, "Poor him."

Amy went on, "And if you're gonna join our harem, you pretty much have to be the submissive type who's into harems, 'cos, well, it's a harem. Duh!" She giggled. "So I think it's not just you and Mom on one side and Mother on the other. My Mom, God knows I love her, but she needs to get with the program. We're sex slaves. We have a master. That's just how it is."

Chapter 1005 Amy X Katherine

Katherine was so excited to hear Amy say that that she hugged her tight and kissed her mouth to mouth for a good while.

However, in mid-kiss, a new worry hit her, so she broke off the kiss to ask, "Wait a minute. Are you saying that because you figure that's how it already is, so we'd better get used to it, or are you saying that because you LIKE it that way? Aims, I totally love how easy-going you are, but sometimes that makes it hard to know what you REALLY want."

Amy paused to consider that. "Well... It's complicated. I don't just go along with the rest of you because it's the easy way. I feel happy seeing the people I love happy. It's that simple. You and your mom and Brenda totally get off on the master and slave thing, and Alan pretty obviously loves it, even if he can't quite admit it yet. My mom kind of doesn't count, because she has mixed feelings, so that makes me love it with the rest of you."

Katherine pressed, "I understand that, and I love you for it, but what do YOU really feel? Independent of everyone else. Let's say it was just you and Brother as a couple, so it was totally up to you to be his slave or whatever you want to be. What then?"

"In that case, I wouldn't be his slave. I'd just be his regular girlfriend, I guess."

"A-ha! So that means you don't like it after all."

"Not even! Look, if I were having just a normal one-on-one boyfriend-girlfriend relationship with him, things would probably be more normal in general. But we're part of a harem, so that means things are generally gonna be weird. It's pretty obvious to me that a harem-y situation works much better with a master-slave-y thing. So that's not a fair question to ask."

Amy continued, "Here's the thing. A month ago, if you'da asked me, I would have said, 'Nah, I'm not into that.' But seeing you and your mom in action, and now Brenda too, I find myself getting into it. It's fun! It creates a sexy vibe that leads to more boners, more sex, more excitement, more sharing, more fun, and hopefully ultimately more love. And it cuts down on the fighting, a lot. This way, Alan's our master and we serve him. It's simple and easy. I'm totally cool with that. I even told him as much when I was with him earlier."

"You did? Great!"

Amy held up a hand with a stop gesture. "But wait. Like I said, it's complicated. One reason I'm cool with it is because I know that Brother is just, well, himself. He's not a superman with magical powers. We don't call him 'Master' because he's superior and the rest of us are all less than him somehow. He's Master because he's the only guy, the only one of us with a penis, so it just makes sense. If we were on an airplane and only one person knew how to fly the plane, we'd make that person the pilot. That doesn't make the pilot a god. In another situation the same group could find themselves in a medical emergency, and then if it turns out one of the passengers is a doctor, then we'd have that person take charge. You see what I mean?"

"Sure."

"So, to me, it's kind of like we're all just role-playing, like we've done on our fashion nights. That's why I don't take it too seriously. But I worry that you, your mom, and Brenda DO take it too seriously. Like,

you hype him up so much about being some kind of naturally superior guy that you start to believe the hype, and he does too. That worries me. I mean, you know all his faults as well as I do. We basically grew up together since diapers, and he pooped in his diapers just as much as you or me!"

Katherine said, "Maybe more so." They both chuckled at that.

"Sure, now it turns out that he's developed some special sexual skills, and that's a super cool bonus. But all people are equal on some basic level, you know what I mean?"

"I do," Katherine replied earnestly. However, she could tell that she and Amy weren't looking at the relationship in the same way. "I understand on some basic level that we're all equal, sure. But I also think that Alan IS superior somehow. Is that a contradiction? Obviously. But it's also love. Because I love him so much, I want to pamper him and treat him extra special, because he's extra special to me, and he always has been. It turns out I'm a submissive kind of person, so I get off on treating him like he's superior. I'm sure I can speak for Mom in saying that she feels the same way. And although I can't speak for Brenda 'cos I don't know her well enough yet, I'll bet dollars to donuts it's the same for her."

Amy's face showed that she wasn't happy.

Katherine tried to mollify her. "I know it seems weird. But people are complicated. I know Brother is just an ordinary guy who picks his nose and pooped in his diapers, but I also get off on imagining that he's some kind of sexually unstoppable super stud. The key is not to get so carried away with that latter viewpoint that you lose sight of the former."

Amy furrowed her brows. "And can you do that? That's not a problem for me, like, at all. I guess that shows I'm not a true submissive or whatever, 'cos I can tell I don't get turned on by that kinda thing as much as you do. But what about you? Or your mom? Or Brenda?"

Katherine replied confidently, "You don't need to ever worry about me. That's because I grew up with him, so I saw all of his faults as well as his good points. I mean, how could I think anyone is 'naturally superior' who sucks at playing board games so badly? Has he EVER won a game of Monopoly against any of us, in his life?"

Amy giggled a lot. "Nope!"

"So you see? And of course Mom knows even better than us that he's just flesh and blood with the same kind of flaws as other people. Don't be deceived. Sure, she gets carried away at times, but if he were to come home with a bad report card, you know how all over him she'd be."

Amy nodded. She was well aware that Susan had a knack for "laying down the law" without getting mean about it. "M'kay. I can see that. But what about Brenda? Or, more importantly, Brother himself? My other big concern is that HE'LL start to believe the hype. We know what a naturally modest guy he is, but if you keep telling any eighteen-year-old boy that he really does have a harem of beautiful, busty sex slaves, how could he not be affected?"

Katherine said, "First, about Brenda, like I said, I can't speak for her. But if she has unrealistic ideas about how great he is, so what? That's harmless enough, and it seems to make her really happy. The main thing is, we shouldn't let that affect what WE think. And especially what he thinks. But also, that means it should be our duty, all of us, to help keep her tethered at least lightly to reality. Right now, she's only seeing his 'super stud' side. But over time she's gonna see his flaws. And that's healthy. We should help guide that process."

Amy nodded.

"And that dovetails nicely into your second concern. If you ask me, I think Brother is pretty damn unflappable. I don't think I'm saying that just because I'm moony over him. I mean, not only does he have our family harem, but he's also fucking the entire cheerleading squad, and his history teacher, and quite a few other hotties besides! He's even necked with Ice Queen Christine! Hell, he's just fucked his own MOTHER! But he's still the same ol' Alan, right? Sure, he smiles a hell of a lot more than before, and his cock is almost always hard, but that's to be expected. He doesn't strut around like a peacock with a 'do this, do that' attitude."

Amy nodded again. I think you should take a look at [pandasnovel.com](http://pandasnovel.com)

"And if he does, we're not going to take that lightly! We might be his sex slaves, but we're UPPITY sex slaves! That's gonna make all the difference. It's like you said; this is like a big role-play. And when shit gets real, we've gotta step out of our roles and tell him, 'Hey, cut it out.' If we were ALL like Brenda, that would be bad, and things might go to his head pretty fast. But he knows us, and he LOVES us, and he's determined not to disappoint us. Sure, he's gonna make mistakes from time to time, but I trust him to find a way to make this crazy harem thing work out for everyone involved. With help from all of us, of course."

Amy hugged Katherine's naked body. "Thanks for saying that. That makes me feel a lot better. But at the same time, I think it's best if we kinda keep it cool, if you know what I mean."

"Not exactly."

"I mean, we don't have to go around saying 'Master this' and 'Master that' all the time. Especially since my mom isn't so comfortable with it, and even Brother has trouble with it. Sure, it thrills him, deep down, but it also troubles him too. He needs time to adjust."

"Good point." Katherine nodded.

"And we should be even more sparing with the 'S' word. To be honest, that one bothers me. 'Master' is cool, but why does the flip of that have to be 'slave?'"

"Can you think of a more fitting word?"

"Well, no."

"There you go."

Amy said, "Even so, we should try to think of a better one. 'Cos it's not just us. What if people on the outside hear one of us say that?"

"That's a good point." Katherine frowned. "In fact, I was going to ask you that. You say this is just like a role-play, but if that's the case, it's a role-play without any end. I don't know about you, but I plan to be one of Brother's love slaves for the rest of my life!"

"Me too!" Amy stiffened proudly.

"I love to hear that, 'cos I want to be your fellow sister-slave forever and ever. But think about the implications. This is going to affect everything we do, forever! We'll never be 'normal.' Society will never be cool with our lifestyle. Can you handle that?!"

Amy said, "As if I have a choice! This isn't just about me and him, or you and him, or even us and him - this is about FAMILY! You know how us Pestrldges got split. This is my real family now, and it's been that way for years and years. These are the people I love! I don't give a patootie about anyone outside of our harem. So who cares what a bunch of strangers say or think?"

Amy added, "I love being in the harem soooo much! At first, I was thinking just about us five. But I'm totally getting to know and really like some new people. Like Brenda. Or Xania. Or Kim, even. I feel like we share a bond. Because we all love Brother and have sex with each other, it's like our friendships naturally zoom to a super intimate, special level, right away."

Now it was Katherine's turn to nod in understanding.

pandasnovel.com "Heck, even someone like Ms. Rhymer. I don't really know her, but when I see her walking around school, I feel this special connection, like she's one of us. She's been fucked by him. She's grown to love his cock, to love sucking it. He's fucked her so good that he's rocked her whole world, I'm sure. I mean, he fucked my ass so incredibly tonight that I cried tears of pain at first, but later they turned into tears of joy! It's so intense! And she's gone through that, or something pretty close to it. It's like, there are two kinds of women: those who have been fucked by him, and those who haven't yet received that blessing. Anyone who has, I feel like we're part of a secret sisterhood or something. I'm totally hoping the harem will grow by at least a couple more, so I'll have that many more special friends and lovers."

Katherine hugged and kissed Amy again. "I'm so glad to hear you say that, because I feel the same way! Like with Ms. Rhymer, I totally think the same kinds of things when I see her. Maybe I'm a little more jealous, thinking about what fun they're having during lunch that I can't take part in, but the basic idea is the same. I know how long Brother has crushed on her, and I get the feeling that it's not just a crush anymore - it's real love. I find myself imagining that she'll be part of the harem someday, and I'll be licking his cock with her."

"Oh, totally!" Amy agreed. "I already find myself thinking, like, how we'd do it together. Like, would we take turns bobbing?"

A new thought hit Katherine, causing her to interrupt. "Hey! I completely agree again. But if you feel that way, with the 'secret sisterhood' and everything, how do you reconcile that with saying Brother really isn't that special after all?"



Amy replied, "I did say he's got an obvious natural talent for sex. But more than that, it's the HAREM that's super special! Ya know? To be honest, it would be a pretty darn cool thing even if Alan wasn't a part of it. It's like... sex and friendship and love, all tied together... It's just really cool! Oh! And the nudity! Did I mention how much I love that we can all be naked?"

Katherine just smiled at that, since Amy didn't need any more encouragement when it came to nudity.

Amy continued with her usual exuberance, "Now that I've experienced harem life, I couldn't ever imagine going back to being 'normal.' And of course Brother is the glue that holds it all together, and he's really good at that. Sure, I believe that he's just a regular kind of person, not superhuman, but at the same time, if anyone has deserved being a master of a harem, it's him, with the way he's super careful not to play favorites, and how he says just the right things and all that. He makes us all so happy to be a part of it!"

"Amen to that!"

The two beautiful girls celebrated their agreement with many more kisses and lots of fun playing around.

Katherine was relieved overall to hear confirmation that Amy was on board with calling Alan 'Master' and treating him as such. But she remained slightly concerned, because she realized that Amy's stance was not exactly the same as her own. She knew that Amy was right, that it ultimately wasn't healthy to think of Alan as somehow superior, because that implied that everyone else, including herself, was somehow inferior. Yet she had a submissive mindset that made it easy to slip into that way of thinking. And she knew it was the same for Susan and Brenda.

She resolved to try harder not to get carried away, and not let anyone else in the harem get carried away.

## Chapter 1006 Aunt Suzy-'Shut Up And Kiss Me'

Alan woke up with no idea of where he was or what time it was. He looked around and saw Suzanne sitting up against the headboard, leaning back on a big throw pillow, and it all started to come back to him.

She'd thoughtfully remained as far away from him on the bed as she could so he could sleep, and she left him with all the covers. Altruistically or not, that left her completely naked.

He looked her up and down, from head to toe, as if staring at her for the first time. He thought, There's no doubt about it: Suzanne and Susan represent the perfect female form. Well, at least in my eyes. I don't know if that's because my concept of beauty comes straight from them or if there's just no way to improve upon them, or what... Probably both, now that I think about it. Sweet Jesus! I could stare at Suzanne forever. If I don't fuck her every single day for the rest of my life, then I'm certifiably insane.

"What?" Suzanne was puzzled by the way he was staring at her. "Do I have a bug on my nose or something? Maybe some cum?" In fact, she'd managed to pretty herself up a bit with a towel. She was still far from looking her best, but she wasn't nearly as cum-spattered, bedraggled, and sweaty as before (although he still was).

He sat up. "No, Mother. I was just thinking how I don't possibly deserve you. You're far too beautiful. And I'm thinking that if I don't fuck you every day for the rest of my life, then I must be crazy."

She laughed and held her arms open. "Come to Mama."

He scooted into her and dropped his head onto her chest. He thought out loud, "'Mama.' I like that. 'Mom' and 'mommy' are taken by Susan, but both 'mother' and 'mama' can be Suzanne words."

She cradled him as if he was a baby instead of a six foot tall man. She said, "That's what I was thinking." (She'd actually gotten the 'mama' idea overhearing Brenda and Adrian talking during dinner, and kicked herself for not thinking of it before.) "Now, as for your waking thoughts, I have to pretend to be modest and object to your 'far too beautiful' comment, but secretly I'm loving it."

"Some secret," he laughed.

She was rocking him gently, and stroking his hair.

It felt soothing and wonderful. He was happy to just stay like that for a while, relaxing and recovering after the storm of sex slowly passed and his head cleared.

She teased, "I think I'm the one who doesn't deserve you. Especially if you're serious about that 'fuck Suzanne every day for the rest of my life' plan. Suzanne approves. Wholeheartedly."

He was all grins. "I am, as much as my body will let me."

They just rested there for some time, enjoying each other's presence, feeling very content. She thought placidly, I should be upset about using the word 'master.' But I'm not. Fuck it. Fuck the whole political-correctness thing. Fuck my ego and always wanting to be number one. If a little master-slave talk gets us both really hot, then why the fuck not?

Finally, without looking up into her face, he asked, "How long have I been out?"

"Oh, I don't know. Who cares? Fifteen minutes maybe. I passed out too, so I don't know exactly."

There was a long pause, and she continued to cradle and caress him. Eventually, he said, "Wow... Wow. That was great. You're amazing, Mother."

"You're the amazing one, Master."

Alan did a double-take, extended his head to look directly into her green eyes. "Master? What's with this master stuff? Even now when we're resting, no less. Since when have you called me that?"

"Well, I just feel like it at the moment. Indulge me with my whim. I'm still kind of enjoying the used-and-abused sex object feeling, believe it or not, and wondering what that means. I'm enjoying just doing and feeling whatever the hell I want, and my pride and dignity and all that political correctness crap be damned. Look at all the scratches on you, and on me. I love it! But like you said before, what happens in this room stays in this room. You really showed this cunt her place tonight, but next time the shoe is going to be on the other foot. I'm gonna tie you up and have YOU begging. How would you like that?"

He smiled. He was actually relieved, as that sounded more like the Suzanne he knew and loved. "I look forward to it, actually. Even when I call you a slave and stuff, I'm still kind of in awe of your power, your charisma, and your many talents. I'd like to see what new devilry you can come up with in that kind of

situation. Just please don't scare me like Glory did with the whole Michelle thing. But on another note, what we did isn't going to just stay in this room."

"Uh-oh. Why not?"

"Well, for one, your screams of 'My master, my love' could probably be heard three counties away. Oh shit. I hope to God your husband doesn't overhear you yelling one day! I mean, he's just right next door, just a couple hundred feet away. I've never really fully thought about that! You've never been the loud screaming type before. You think he heard us?"

She patted him reassuringly. "Don't worry, these walls are pretty thick, and so is his skull. Maybe I have a mean streak, but I rather like the idea of committing adultery right under his nose." Under her breath she muttered, "The asshole. Eric, you deserve a lot worse." The mention of him was like the sound of fingernails on a chalkboard for her. She blamed their marital woes primarily on his greed for both money and other women, so she preferred to simply not think about him any more than she had to.

She resumed in her normal voice, "I didn't mean to be that loud, but I've never completely and utterly abandoned myself to the moment like that before. I've come close a couple of times, but I realize now I was always holding back a bit. But this time, there was no holding back. You reduced me to pure animal lust." Her face simply glowed with her appreciation and love.

"I noticed! Actually, I've always thought you were walking and talking pure lust in the first place. You could make picking your nose look like the most sexy come on imaginable."

She laughed. Then, as a joke, she deliberately picked her nose.

He laughed even harder than she did. "See? I knew it. If anyone else did that it would be gross, but you make it look like your finger is fucking a little hole. Phew. Too sexy!"

They giggled a bit, and rested some more.

Then he continued, "So I guess the difference is adding the 'animal' part to the pure lust. We were wild! The only problem is, you know what you were saying about learning new sexual techniques, breaking

new boundaries, and redefining the very meaning of pleasure as we ride a giant wave of pure joy into total Nirvana?"

"Yeah? That's still my plan." She chuckled at that.

"And a good plan it is, too. A great plan. The only problem is that you're going to kill us all with your sexual talent. I mean, Jesus, I probably burned off a couple thousand calories in those last five minutes alone. That was beyond a full-on, to the death, wrestling match. You know you punched me a bunch of times. Kicked me real good, too." I think you should take a look at [pandasnovel.com](http://pandasnovel.com)

She kissed his forehead apologetically and said, "Oops. Sorry. But you got me pretty good, too. Especially that time you body slammed me into the side wall." bender

"Oops! Sorry. But my point is, this isn't sustainable! I mean, between last night and this night, my greatest thanks on Thanksgiving this Thursday will be that I managed to live a few more days."

She smiled widely. "Wait. You mean that this evening compared to yesterday's for you?"

"Well, I've only shared one of my climaxes with you and I had what? Nine? With Mom just in that evening, so it's hard to compare. But this one matched any of those, even the whole body orgasm, if I can compare apples with oranges. You turned me into a pure animal, too. That was so much fun. Such a high. My goal was to make you completely let go and-"

"Mission accomplished!" She was tickled pink that she'd matched the best of Susan's big night. She didn't feel so resentful at Susan anymore. And she loved that she really had completely let go for the first time in her life.

He continued, "Yeah, but at the same time I totally let go, too. You know, I think I've been having issues of letting go, too, but I haven't really been thinking about it in quite that way. The problem is, the more I let go, the more the 'Bad Alan' comes out. So I try to hold back. But tonight I just let it all fly and said and did whatever the hell I wanted. I hope you weren't offended with some of the things I said back there. I'm sorry."

She pondered that, and what he'd said, then said, "Nah. Like I said, I like to role-play. I know that it wasn't exactly role-playing, since you really do have those feelings, but it's okay because those are hardly your only feelings for me. Sometimes I want you to just let it all fly. We can turn that mode on and off in the bedroom, just like we turned into animals for a while." She thought about his behavior for some moments, then commented, "You really, truly get off on imagining me brought low, don't you? A mere harem slave, crawling on all fours, all that kind of stuff. You sure do have a thing about seeing me crawl like that."

"Yeah, I do." He grinned mischievously as he reached out and playfully tweaked one of her nipples. "But you have to admit that you started it first, all those weeks ago. I was just thinking about that very memory earlier today. You surprised the hell out of me when you crawled naked across my room. Do you remember that?"

"Of course. What you said and did tonight is perfectly okay with me, because I know that it's done in the context of a totally loving relationship. The truth is, I get off on those ideas too, sometimes. Obviously, tonight shows beyond any doubt that submissive talk and treatment can be an incredible turn-on for me. Maybe my crawling back in October shows that you didn't even need to coax it out of me. But the key word is 'sometimes.' Let's act like that only some of the time, please! For one thing, the submissive talk doesn't seem to work to get me aroused, but once I'm aroused it can take me higher. And I feel obliged to show you just how strong my dominant side can be, too. I'm really going to put you through your paces when I tie you up tomorrow!" She playfully flicked her wrist as if flicking a whip, and made corresponding whipping sounds with her mouth.

He finally sat up and looked her in the eyes. They looked at each other with great love and affection. "You don't have to prove anything to me. I know full well you're a strong woman, and I love you for that. But like I said, I look forward to the rough treatment. Maybe not tomorrow, though. For one thing, it's Tuesday, and you know what that means."

She faked a cough. <Cough, cough> "Susan pussy." <Cough> "Susan blowjobs and titfucks up the wazoo." <Cough, cough, cough>

"Funny, and true. And you know how that is. Most intimately, I might add. But I seriously need to recover after something like this. I'm not just joking when I say you're going to kill me before long. There's just no way I can do anything like this on a daily basis. Or anything close to a daily basis! Jesus. Between tonight and last night... Phew! Can I even walk now? I don't know." He dropped his head back into her chest.

She thought, When Brenda asked me earlier today why I didn't use all my tricks to put my Sweetie under my thumb, I didn't really have an answer, even for myself. But this is my answer. I can't possibly feel any happier or more loved than I do right now. It wouldn't be the same if I were trying to control and out scheme everything. I'm so glad that I gave that up as far as he is concerned. I want to have a more honest and open relationship with him than I've ever had with anyone before. More than how I am with Susan, even! I don't know how a mere eighteen year old does it, but he sure knows what he's doing! It almost makes me half-believe her drivel about natural masters. I don't know about that, and frankly, I don't care. All I know is, I have my Sweetie and I'm happy.

They sat quietly for a while, still just recovering and enjoying each other's company. Though they were naked and all over each other, both were too tired to even contemplate any more sexual activity. He felt an urge to suck on her nipples, but couldn't even muster the energy to move his face over to reach one of them.

After a while, Suzanne said, "By the way, after you finished giving Amy your anal best, I went downstairs to the video room to check on Katherine, since she was the only one watching. Did you know she was crying? I had a good talk with her, but-"

Alan interrupted, "Wait. Before you say anything else, I got a little off track there. I was saying that what we did here wasn't a secret. Aside from the scary thought of your husband or the whole town overhearing, I should mention that when I stood up to get the whipped cream I also flipped the switch by the door when you weren't looking, on the way back to the bed."

A realization slowly dawned on her. "So you mean..."

"Yes. The whole thing was recorded. Well, the second part was. Your special thing from the first part wasn't." He was being deliberately vague about her secret technique now, knowing that this conversation was also being recorded. "However, since the first part wasn't, I doubt anyone was downstairs to catch the second part. So you might want to save that for yourself and delete it from the computer. The reason I turned it back on was, I had an intuition that something special was going to happen that we'd want to save for all time. I didn't know I would get so carried away with the domineering talk."

"Hrm. Thanks. Actually, I'm really glad. Your instincts were good. But I am going to make sure no one else sees that. I'm just not ready to be that open about my submissive streak, even if they already have a good idea from little things I've said and done before. Let's go check to see if in fact they were watching and what they heard. For all we know, they might be still listening to us talk right now. That would be ... awkward."

They made to go, but as he sat up and looked her in the eye, he saw something there he didn't like. He asked, "You good?"

She paused, then replied, "Yeah."

But the look was still there - a frown hidden by a fake smile. He said, "Wait. Let me guess. The sexual glow has worn off. You're starting to regret stuff like calling me 'Master', especially since the sex was already over."

She paused again, then again said, "Yeah." But it was so quiet and shy, it was very unlike her.

He responded with surprising assurance, "I understand. Look. You didn't suddenly turn into a Brenda today. Not at all. You just showed that you can run the whole range. You can be completely submissive, or completely domineering, or something in-between, or something else not even on that scale. You can do whatever the fuck you want. You're not all slave-y, as Amy would put it. In fact, I'd argue that you're freer than ever before, because you did that and you're still you. Does that make you feel better?"

She gave a truly warm smile now. "Yes. Much! I DO feel more free, now that you put it that way. You know what I was saying earlier about how I'm the one who doesn't deserve you? This is what I mean. With you, I can drop all my schemes and all my fronts and just be me. I'm still learning what 'being me' means exactly, but I want to learn it with you."

"Aunt Suzy! That makes me so happy! I love you!" He was overjoyed for her.

"Shut up and kiss me!"

They kissed and laughed all at once.

pandasnovel.com She felt as if a great burden had lifted. She'd always worried about falling into the harem role the way Brenda or Katherine did, but now she saw that she had another path. She could turn completely submissive any time she wanted, just to have fun, yet still remain unchanged when it was over. She didn't need to fear it anymore.



Feeling energized and liberated, she stood up, or at least tried to. She'd been awake longer and recovered somewhat, but he had "rocked her world" so much that even standing was a challenge. However, like two completely wasted drunkards, they eventually managed to both stand and walk, mostly by leaning on each other. Somehow, they made it down the hallway.

As they neared the door to Susan's bedroom, Suzanne asked, "By the way, how did you know what I was thinking? You're a natural genius when it comes to women."

"No, I'm only a natural genius when it comes to knowing you. That's because I've known you my entire life. And after all, you are my mother."

She smiled like a child about to open a big pile of presents on Christmas morning.

Chapter 1007 All Things Went Well Today And Hope For A Better Tomorrow!

Suzanne opened the door, she was relieved to see that Susan and Katherine were in Susan's room and not down in the basement watching the video. As she somehow found an extra reserve of strength and stood straighter than before. She more or less dragged Alan into the room and over to the bed, where she simply let go of him.

Alan was so drained and exhausted that he fell onto Susan's bed, looking for all the world like a tree felled by a lumberjack.

Susan and Katherine were both lying on Susan's big bed, but just like earlier in the evening, the only thing happening on the bed was the reading of books. They were so engrossed in their reading that they didn't notice Suzanne and Alan's entrance until the bed rocked as Alan fell on it.

"Here you go, Mommy. He's all yours now," Suzanne announced. There was a note of defiant triumph in her scratchy voice.

Katherine looked up first. "Oh my God! Look what the cat dragged in. Mom, look at these two puddles of cum and sweat, especially Alan! And only one of them can still stand. I am soooo jealous!"

As Alan lay there like a corpse, he was suddenly reminded of what Suzanne had said about Katherine crying, and was frustrated that privacy concerns had cut that conversation off. But he thought, Whatever Suzanne said to her must have helped, because Sis looks like she's in a good mood right now. She's playfully jealous, not on-the-verge-of-crying jealous.

Susan looked up at the new arrivals and put her book away. She cleverly managed to make the shoulder straps of her *négligée* fall down as she leaned over to put the book down. Her outfit barely stayed in place on her body, apparently threatening to fall off at any moment, which was how she liked it. "I'm jealous, too. Angel, I'm so glad when Alan gets a good fucking. Come here, Tiger. Mommy will make you feel all better. Need a massage? Maybe a bath? Let Mommy pamper you."

Alan's raised his heavy head just enough to make eye contact with Susan and blearily said, "Actually, Mommy, bad news for you. Sis, you remember how I said earlier that I had a surprise for you? Well, here it is. Mommy, I know that I'm supposed to sleep with you tonight, but as punishment for what you did to Sis this morning, I think it's only fair I sleep with her tonight. After a good morning fuck, the score will be even and we can continue the Tuesday tradition for the rest of the day."

Susan frowned and gave a concerned look. "That's okay. I'll live. But Tiger, look at you. Are you sure you're okay? Maybe you should just get a good night's sleep without any distractions."

"Thanks, but I'm sure I can manage a nice wake up sister fuck. Don't worry, tomorrow night it'll be you."

Susan folded her arms underneath her enormous rack, which caused her boobs to stick further forward in her thin *négligée*. She harrumphed. "Oh, poo!" But she couldn't complain, as she realized it was a fair punishment. Further, it aroused her when her son bossed her around and denied her like this.

Katherine crawled down the bed to Alan. She was excited, but her excitement was tempered by the fact that her brother looked like the living dead. Still, she tried to make the best of it. As she took control of him with a supportive hug which literally supported him, she said, "Monster cool! My first night sleeping with Brother!" She turned to Suzanne and chided, "I would be able to enjoy it a bit more though if you hadn't nearly killed him first."

Suzanne put on a good act of appearing as though it wasn't a challenge to remain upright. Despite her exhaustion, she looked brazenly smug and deeply satisfied at having drained Alan to within an inch of his life. She just gave Katherine a nonchalant little smile and said, "Oops. Sorry about that." Obviously she wasn't the least bit sorry at all. "By the way, what have you two been up to in the last hour or so?"

Katherine airily replied, "Oh, just a little incestuous tit suckling, then some light reading. I'm still working my way through *The Lord of the Rings*, you know."

Suzanne was greatly relieved that they hadn't been watching the monitor at all. She resolved to secure the only copy of her abjectly submissive performance for herself before going home. Then another worry popped into her head. "Hey, did either of you hear me screaming?"

Katherine teased, "Oh, you mean something like, 'My master, my love?' No we didn't hear anything like that at all. After all, we know Mother would never say anything like that." She giggled quite a bit.

Susan piped up, "Angel, please, give her a break. She's entitled to say whatever she likes, so don't tease her. You know she has issues about being one of Alan's sex slaves. Suzanne, if it's any consolation, we could barely hear you. We were thinking what would happen if it carried further, but I'm sure it didn't. After all, we're SUPPOSED to have sound-proof walls, and they are pretty good, but the designers didn't take into account just how good Tiger could fuck his women."

Suzanne was very relieved to hear that the sound didn't carry that well, though she knew Katherine wasn't going to let her forget her "master" cries.

Katherine added, "Oh, I especially liked the way you yelled 'I must have cock!' with such heartfelt urgency. When Mom and I heard that, we both agreed we'd have to use that one a lot in the future." She kissed her brother on his eyelids, as his eyes were already closed. "Come on, Big Barbell Brother, your little sister is going to take care of you." She helped him up and led him away, somehow simultaneously kissing him, hugging him, and lifting him along in the general direction of her bedroom.bender

Even while Katherine was saying that, Suzanne staggered her way to the spare bedroom next to Alan's bedroom and closed the door behind her. It was the nearest place she could be assured complete privacy. She allowed her energy level to crash and fell to her knees. She wasn't sure how she'd find the energy to make it all the way back to her house, but she'd never felt better.

That just left Susan. She was disappointed that everyone had left her without even saying goodbye.

She muttered to the empty room, "Well, so much for my goodnight kiss and tuck-in tradition tonight. Tiger is going to be fast asleep as soon as his head hits the pillow, if not sooner. That Suzanne; she's something else. At least tomorrow is Tuesday. I'll tell you one thing: there's going to be some serious motherfucking going on tomorrow! I know that much!" I think you should take a look at [pandasnovel.com](http://pandasnovel.com)

[pandasnovel.com](http://pandasnovel.com) She felt much better after making that resolution. But then another thought came to her. Oh no. I was counting on Tiger to drain my milky breasts during the night. Well, I suppose he needs his rest.

She turned to her bed stand and said out loud, "Mr. Breast Pump, looks like it's just you and me tonight. But I feel my milk production is increasing hourly. Tomorrow I'm going to absolutely soak my cutie Tiger with my milk. Fucking and suckling on a Tuesday; I can't wait!" Satisfied with that thought, she resumed reading her book and began to hum "The Alan Song."

As Alan was more or less carried down the hall by his sister, he was regarding his situation with a certain level of detached amusement. I'm being handed off from one gorgeous sex goddess to another like a limp rag. Just who is whose fuck toy, after all?

Susan was right that Alan wanted to drop onto the bed and go right to sleep. He practically stumbled across Katherine's room and fell straight onto her bed without bothering with brushing his teeth or the rest of his nightly rituals. He was still as sweaty as if he'd just finished one of his tennis practices, but there was no way he was up for a shower.

Katherine knew better than to even ask to help him to the bathroom, and besides, she actually liked his cummy and sweaty smell.

But as he lay there, he said, "Sis, I really want to thank you for today. I'm so overextended with my sexual responsibilities. I have a feeling it's going to lighten up soon, but today was way too eventful. It was easily one of the most eventful days of my life. By volunteering to postpone your afternoon fuck to another day, you enabled me to take my time and enjoy the rest of my fucks instead of having them seem like chores."

He reached out his hand, and she came nearer to hold it. With her sitting above him, holding hands, and very mindful of the fact that she had been crying earlier, he said, "Sis, you're so very special to me. I can't even begin to tell you how grateful I am for your understanding. That's the best kind of sister a brother can ever have. I know you're feeling like you missed out, and I hear you watched me fucking Amy. I'm sure you saw how intense that was. Then you heard Aunt Suzy's screaming. But I promise I'm going to make you feel that good and then some. That's a big reason why I came up with this punishment idea for Mom. Not only do I hope that you and I will have a really nice long fuck tomorrow before school, but maybe we can wake up in the middle of the night and do who knows what?"

She clapped her hands with glee and giggled. "I think I know what!"

He smiled wearily. "Yeah, me too. But let's leave it to chance, okay? If my body really needs the sleep, it should get it. And if it doesn't happen, I promise we'll do it soon just the same. After all, Kat, I did fuck Amy's vagina today, and I have to honor the two-for-one agreement we have."

He was suddenly hit with an idea. "Hey, you know what? Why is it that ever since we started having sex, we haven't taken advantage of your name?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean... Kat. That makes you a cat. I was looking at you right now, stretching and preening as you took your nightie off, and it reminded me of a cat. I think it would be cool if you wore cat-themed clothes, and even played around like a cat, with meowing and purring and stuff. Or is that too much?"

"Too much?! No way! Love it! Why didn't I think of that already? Meow! Rrrr!" She lay down naked on the bed next to him and playfully pawed at him like a cat. "Big Poster Roll Brother, you make me soooo glad to be your fuck toy slave. I'm so totally okay with it! It's giving me all kinds of ideas! All kinds of feline, naughty, sexy cat ideas! Oooh! I'm so excited! Rraggr! Rrrr!" She pawed at him some more, then licked his face.

Alan laughed, but gently pushed her away. "I know exactly what kind of ideas you're thinking of. I'm guessing they're centering around coming into heat and fitting a certain poster roll-shaped object into a certain hot and steamy hole. Am I right?"

She raised her hand. "Guilty as charged."

"Later, Kat, later. I really need to sleep. But maybe the cats will be out later for their midnight prowl."

"You know they will!" She bounced up and down on the bed excitedly for a bit until she realized that was bothering him. "Boy, I can't wait until tomorrow, when I can start acting like your pet!"

He kissed her cheek and stroked her back like he would stroke a pet. "Good night, Kat." He noticed her body shiver with excitement when he petted her.

She gave him a big, long, sloppy kiss on the lips. "Good night, Big Brother! I can't wait until tomorrow! I'm going to go shopping after school and get all kinds of cat-related sexy stuff." Thoughts of going to Ginger's sex shop with Amy immediately popped into her mind, especially since the two of them weren't allowed to join in the S-Club meeting after school that Alan was planning. "Oooh! And drinking milk from Mom's boobs? It all fits. It's all so perfect!"

She leaned over him and pawed at his face. "I am Kat Woman. Hear me roar! Rrrraarrgh!" But she did more playful sticking out of her tongue and purring than fearful roaring. If Katherine was feline, she was much more of a pussy cat than a lioness.

Alan laughed, then rolled over and closed his eyes.

In truth, his new idea wasn't as accidental as he'd implied, although her preening did give him a lucky opening. That morning he'd heard her complaints and could sense that she didn't feel special enough. So he'd thought off and on throughout the day about how to make her feel more special. He hadn't been able to come up with the really great idea he wanted. However, pointing out the obvious possibilities of the cat-Kat similarity was something they could have fun with, and he was glad she liked it. Yet he knew that he had a lot more to do to make her feel as special as he thought she was.

Life was very busy, but very good. He fell asleep with his sister spooned up to him and big smiles on both of their faces.

Alan gradually woke up from an intensely erotic dream. As he slowly drifted into consciousness, it took him some moments to realize what was real and what had been the dream, because it dawned on him that the girl in his dream, Katherine, really was laying next to him. But as he opened his eyes, he discovered that the real Katherine was still asleep, though spooned up and sprawled all over him. In the dream, she'd been lazily rubbing herself all over his body, and it took some time for Alan to fully convince himself that she wasn't actually consciously moving.

That fact established, he pulled back a bit so he could admire her sleeping body and especially her face. He was happy to see that although she was still deeply asleep, she was smiling with a deep contentment.

He thought, Boy, she seems as happy as I've ever seen her. I suppose I can understand why. How many weeks now has she been dreaming of spending the night with me, all night, cuddling together with her brother? And me, while I've definitely been looking forward to this a lot, it can't nearly be as big a deal to me as it is to her. After all, I have Mom, Aunt Suzy, Aims, and the rest, too.

He sighed. What a drag. I wish I could give her as much attention as she deserves to be given, instead of spreading myself thin... Well, at least I can do what I can, and I should start right now. After all the times I've been woken up with a "Good morning" blowjob or fucking, it's time for some payback.

He could sense that his dick, though somewhat deflated, was in fact still partially lodged inside his sister's pussy. He wondered how it had gotten there, and how long it had been there. He looked down, and despite the darkness he could see glimmers of his cum and her pussy juice splattered all around their genitals.

He thought some more, then remembered, Ah, yes! The 'midnight snatch'! We did have sex last night, after I woke up in the wee hours, and it was good! Dang! I swear, she tries to please my dick like her life depends on it. She keeps saying it's a sister's number one duty and that any good sister had to be a fuck toy for her brother. Damn, I love that kind of thinking, hee-hee! That was such an intense fuck that I must have passed out, and now here I am, hours later. All my dreams since then were filled with her and her only, and they seemed so real! So totally real! It's like I've been fucking her nonstop for hours!

He looked down and realized that his flaccid penis was flaccid no more, thanks to the memories of his late night sex session and all his wet dreams (including the latest one that had woken him). The rapid rise of his erection surprised him a bit, though he shouldn't have been surprised at the ability of his dick to respond and recover by now. But what surprised him more was the fact that as soon as his dick hardened, it pushed deeper into his sister all by itself.

Her pussy walls began to get wet and rhythmically squeeze his intruding organ in autonomic response.

Holy crap! She IS still sleeping, I can tell! But it's like her desire to fuck me into oblivion even transcends consciousness! Wow. God, I really have to give her some payback, right now!

He took some time to revel in the sensations of being unconsciously fucked so deliciously by his sleeping sister. But then, moving carefully so as not to wake her, he began systematically teasing all of her erogenous zones within reach in hopes of waking her up with a great orgasm.

He figured it was a near miracle his erection in her pussy hadn't woken her up already, so he didn't do much with it except some very slow and shallow thrusts. His hands roamed over her rib cage and up to her armpits. With her arms draped over him, her armpits were exposed, and he knew it was one of her most sensitive regions. But he didn't tickle them, he caressed them. Between the work of his hands and his stiff cock, he soon had her moaning while she slept.

His hands wandered further, all over her upper body. Meanwhile, he nibbled on one of her earlobes and increased the depth of his fucking. Dang, Sis has some fine hooters! It's a shame she compares herself to the women around the house instead of the girls at school. By school standards or most any other standards, she's incredibly stacked! And they feel soooo good in my hands.

Her moans slowly turned into pants.

He knew it wouldn't be long until she woke up, yet still he tried to make no overly jerky motion that would snap her into sudden consciousness.

He wasn't sure which came first, her awakening or her climax, but either way, they arrived very close together. He watched gleefully as her eyes opened in great shock and then fluttered as she was overwhelmed by her waking orgasm. Her mouth opened as if to say something, perhaps to ask what was happening, but before she could do that, a great scream erupted from her mouth. Her eyes and mouth opened wider and wider as she realized the extent of pleasure flowing through her.

But he didn't give her any chance to recover. Even while her climax was still washing over her, he rolled her from lying on her side to lying flat on her back, turning with her so he could lie on top without ever



pulling out. Then he used his knees to spread her legs widely, enabling himself to thrust deeply and grind his hips into her from above.

He grabbed her wrists and held them above her head, pinning her spread-eagled on the bed. Then he really began fucking in earnest, plowing much deeper now that he had a better angle of attack. He plunged into her so deeply it almost seemed as if her pussy would swallow up his balls as well. He made sure to set off her clit with every inward thrust.

She was so surprised by this aggressive assault, much less the tremendous orgasm upon waking, that she didn't fully understand what was happening. Worse, she was nearly blinded because her eyes needed time to adjust to the morning light (even though her room was still semi-dark with mostly closed curtains). She reacted reflexively and instinctively. She screamed bloody murder and writhed and fought as if she were being attacked and overpowered by an unknown rapist.

However, Katherine's resistance only turned Alan on even more. He responded by thrusting harder and faster into her, pounding and ramming hard as if he meant to hurt her through the sheer force of his fucking. He grunted for a minute or two, but then somehow managed to gasp, "My uppity fuck toy needs a lesson, I see!"

All the while, she had never stopped screaming and trying to dislodge her unidentified assailant. Of course, after a few seconds she could tell it was Alan, but she tried her best to maintain the fiction in her own mind that it wasn't. However, she was so good at tricking herself that upon hearing her brother's voice above her, real fear actually drained out of her. Her cries transformed into the sound of pure pleasure as she stopped fighting against the hard fucking she was getting. Her volume also increased even more.

When he heard her moans change from terror to lust, he flipped his sister over and sank back into her and just kept slamming his hips into her.

The cries were so loud that they penetrated the supposedly sound-proof walls of her room, and made their way into Susan's room just down the hall. Susan was typically the first one to wake in the Plummer house. She'd already showered and was in the middle of lubing up her asshole in the hopes that her son would make use of that hole.

She threw on a robe and walked down the hall until she stood outside her daughter's door. She listened for some minutes to the rhythmically bouncing bedsprings with conflicting emotions.

On the one hand, she was jealous she wasn't the one getting so thoroughly nailed and screaming her head off. But on the other hand, she was content to know that the sexual needs of her children were being so resoundingly fulfilled. Aaaaah! That warms my heart, knowing Tiger is balls-deep in Angel. Such wonderful children! It sounds like Angel has been a very good fuck toy all night long, and now she's getting her spermy reward. How I wish it were me, though!

She was just about to walk on down the hall back to her room when she heard Katherine scream, "Brother, you just take what you want! Don't you! ... You just, you just, rolled me over and jammed your huge cock into my tiny cunt while I was sleeping! You meanie! UGH! Treating me like I'm some kind of fuck toy! GOD!"

Susan would have been upset except that she could tell from Katherine's tone of voice that she was loving every second and goading Alan on to fuck her harder.

Alan replied with a loud roar, "You ARE my fuck toy! Your pussy belongs to me, doesn't it?!"

"Yes!" Katherine squealed with delight.

Susan, now with her ear to the door, didn't consciously realize it, but she said "Yes!" as well.

"Your whole body belongs to me, doesn't it?!"

"Yes, brother, yes! Harder! Harder! Take me! Take it all! All the way inside me!"

Susan let out a louder "Yes!" but otherwise kept listening closely. As she heard Katherine scream lewdly until the poor girl was beyond making any kind of coherent sense, she thought, This is torture. Pure torture! If only I could just... burst in there and demand that Tiger do ME! It is a Tuesday after all, and I'm one of his fuck toys too!

I can just imagine what Angel is going through right now. She's crammed so full of cock that it almost hurts! Her pussy walls can feel the sliding, but even better is the feeling right at the pussy lips where he enters me! Where he takes his mommy and drives her delirious with spermy joy! That's when I lose it completely, when I feel his fuckmeat stretching my lips so wide that it feels like I'm gonna give birth!

She'd been wearing a bathrobe loosely, so she hardly even noticed when her fingers wandered to her nipples and clit. That's it, Tiger, nail her! Impale my precious little Angel on your huge demon cock! It's so wrong but it's so right that you control us all!

She looked down with surprise to see that one of her hands was on the doorknob and was slowly turning it. She was forced to bring her other hand over and hold that hand still, as if it wasn't fully under her conscious control. No! I can't! I can't go in! Angel would kill me. This is her time, their private time. I just have to BACK OFF!

She backed away a few steps, which took her hand off the doorknob. Drawing on further reserves of resolve, she forced herself to walk away until she found herself walking back into her bedroom and largely free from the lusty moans and cries coming from Katherine's room.

She pushed her jealous thoughts away by reminding herself, That's gonna be ME soon enough. Tonight'll be my turn. Tiger's gonna fuck me into the bedsprings all night long and tomorrow morning too, so there! Hee! Not to mention that today's a Tuesday. Oh boy! Merely thinking about it is making me salivate. I just know this is going to be a great, spermy, cocksucky morning. I can tell. Tiger's strong, energetic, and extra virile today!

Whistling the "Alan Song," she smiled a maternal smile and walked into her bathroom to pretty herself up. I think you should take a look at [pandasnovel.com](http://pandasnovel.com)

Susan was right; Alan was feeling energetic. He continued to fuck his sister into a joy beyond all describable joys for both of them until he reached his own satisfaction, and she had yet another climax as well.

He filled her pussy to the brim with his cum. She was utterly in thrall to his sexual onslaught, and merely hung on for dear life, as if she was lashed to a ship's mast while a great storm raged all around her. She was too overwhelmed even to fuck back with thrusting hips, which was saying quite a lot as that had become nearly second nature to her. But it didn't matter, since he fucked with more than enough energy for two.

Finally, their deed was done.

Katherine lay underneath her brother, devastated by the erotic assault. But she was nonetheless surprisingly energized. She quickly rebounded, thanks to her enthusiasm. She exclaimed as she panted, "Wow! That's what I call waking up with a bang! Or should I say, bang, bang, bang! BANG! Fuck! ... God! Brother? Master? It makes me cream so good when you don't ask but just TAKE what belongs to you. I simply am not worthy to be your fuck toy!"

As if trying to make up for her unworthiness, she somehow managed to revive herself enough to slide down the bed until her mouth was level with his penis. She began ostentatiously cleaning it with her tongue.

"Sis, don't even say that. You'll ruin the mood. If anything, I'm the one who's so unworthy. I feel guilty for not, you know, being with you more. And I was thinking about how great you made me feel last night..."

"You noticed?" She paused in her licking of his now flaccid member. "I didn't know if you'd notice. I was so excited that I couldn't get much sleep last night, so I ended up doing all kinds of naughty things to you. Your penis doesn't feel sore, does it?"

"No. Not especially. I've kind of gotten used to a certain numbness, but it helps me last longer. Why?"

She giggled. "Oh, no reason. Let's just say it got quite a workout last night. We need to keep it in shape for the day time, Big Walking Stick Brother."

She giggled some more, then snuggled up against him, drawing a piece of the sheet over them both with a happy sigh. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the contentment of breathing into his manly chest and inhaling his unique smell.

He said, "Hmmm. That explains a few things. Like why I had all those especially intense erotic dreams last night. And so many of them were about blowjobs and titfucks. I wonder why, Big Bazookas Sis."

"Hmmm." she giggled some more. "I wonder why, too. You slept like a log. Like a thick, long, sister-cunt-stuffing log. Except for that one time you woke up, and that was the best. But what's this about you feeling guilty?"

She tossed the sheet aside and went back to tonguing his penis. There wasn't much cum there to lick up, since most of it had flooded so deeply into her pussy or wound up dripping down her thighs in tiny rivulets, but she loved having even his flaccid penis in her mouth, and kept "cleaning" it anyway.

Susan had behaved and stayed in her room - for all of about five minutes. But the thought of her son's erection sliding into her daughter's mouth or pussy was just too exciting for her to handle. She found herself thinking, Maybe I'll just check on them, see if they're alright. After all, that's what good mommies do - they make sure their children, and especially their sons, are safe, secure, and constantly blowing hot loads of sweet creamy seed down slutty throats! ... Hold on, I can't get too excited. Maybe I should just stay here... Or... What if I just walk by and make sure my Angel has Tiger well in hand, so to speak? Or mouth! Mmmm! Yum!

She got up out of her bed and crept quietly down the hall. She put her ear to Alan's door just as he started to answer Katherine's question about why he was feeling guilty.

Alan's voice became glummer. "Well, it's just that you're so awesome. I want to be with you every night like this, and every day, too, because you deserve nothing less. But then there are all these other women, and, well..."

Katherine stopped licking his flaccidness and laughed. "Brother! Big Tall Stack of CD's Brother, you don't have to explain anything to me. As if! I'm just a lowly fuck toy, a creature built purely for your pleasure who-"

"Hey! Don't talk like that! You're my sister. I love you."

She made a big production out of kissing the head of his penis lovingly. "I know you do. And that's why I can revel in my submissive fantasies, because I know that at heart you'll always treat me as your sister. I can have the best of both worlds. I can go totally off the deep end and yet still know you'll always respect me in the morning. Like, right now. I'm thinking about this great fantasy I had last night while you unknowingly titfucked me. In my dream, I was in a small dungeon with all the rest of your sex slaves, chains around my ankles and wrists. It was one endless sea of dozens of writhing, physically perfect women. Nothing but top grade asses, cunts, tits, and beautiful faces, all tied to the wall with long chains!"

She swirled her tongue around his cockhead, over and over. Despite the recent climax, it was starting to engorge some, thanks to her oral talents and her verbal fantasy.

"Dozens?" Alan asked, amused.

"Naturally!" Katherine happily responded. "A stud like you needs dozens of the hottest, sexiest slave sluts to keep you satisfied. Remember, this is my dream world." She briefly lifted her head up and winked at him. "And just as naturally, we're all forced to constantly get lesbian on each other, given our nakedness and the tiny space, not to mention the perpetual shortage of Alan cock."

"Naturally," Alan replied, even more amused, but also aroused.

Susan was listening intently at the door and loving every single word she heard. She was already busy fingering her pussy. YES! Angel, I love you! That's the greatest dream in the world! My body's pretty great, or at least that's what Tiger tells me, and that's the only thing that matters.

Susan arched her back and proudly wiggled her big breasts, sliding them over the door. I could be one of those sex slaves in the dungeon, with chains locking my wrists together, a looser chain between my ankles, and another one from my collar to the wall! Then I'd be COMPLETELY HELPLESS to EVER resist my son's big fat cock! Not that I ever would, not in a million billion years, but this way I'd have no choice! I wouldn't even be able to hold his cock as he guides it into one of my holes!

To be TOTALLY TAMED! Oh, the ecstasy! If only we had a dungeon for real!

The horny mother squealed as she had a small climax.

Alan and Katherine both heard that. They looked at each other with amused smirks, because they both knew exactly who that was and what had made her so excited.

Alan decided to ignore Susan for now, since this was his special time with his sister. What he didn't know was that Susan walked downstairs after her climax anyway, because she knew her kids were likely to get hungry now that they were done fucking, and she had lots to prepare.

Alan asked Katherine, "And is that all to your fantasies? Nothing about being, say, a cat?"

Katherine froze and her eyes went wide. "Oh my God! There are all kinds of cool cat-related fantasies I haven't even BEGUN to think about yet!"

He chuckled. "Such as?"

"For starters, I need a pair of cat ears, and a tail. Cool! I'm loving it already. Why didn't I do this before? I'm such an idiot. I got so used to my nickname that it didn't even cross my mind until you reminded me. But just think if I get all dressed up as a cat, and Mom dresses up as a cow. Wouldn't that be great?"

pandasnovel.com He chuckled some more. "Um, to be honest, I really prefer you as people. Call me weird that way. But hey, if you want to do the cat thing from time to time, I can roll with the punches."

"Yes! Or, should I say: meow! In fact, from now on, 'meow' from me will mean 'yes', and 'rrrr' will mean 'no'. Now, let's get up and go downstairs."

"Meow," he replied playfully. He got up and opened the drapes, letting the light in.

She laughed, but she was also slightly miffed. "Hey! That's my line!" Then she asked, "What about Alan Junior here? He was starting to show some signs of life a minute or so ago."

"I know. But I'm hungry for actual food. We can have plenty of fun downstairs too, right?"

"Meow!" She nodded at the same time to make sure he understood.

Chapter 1009 God, I Just Love These Role Reversals!

As Katherine and Alan walked down the stairs hand in hand, both naked and un-showered, Katherine pointed out, "Now, of course, in the future, you'll be leading me downstairs on a leash. But unfortunately we don't have a single leash in the entire house!" Her face went from mock-anguish to smirky. "I am SO going to have to fix that, first thing after school!"

"Now, wait a minute, Sis. Who said anything about leashes? No way am I going to lead you around on a leash."

She paused at the bottom of the stairs and gave him a withering glare. "Shut the fuck up. You will, and that's final!"

He was taken aback by her firm defiance, but then he laughed, and the laughter was infectious. "My, my! That's pretty impetuous for a supposed house pet and fuck toy!"

She laughed too. "Hey, I warned you when you bought me at the human pet store that I could get uppity! Do you want to take me back?"

He grinned and quickly pinched her nipples, which surprised her into arching her back and thrusting her breasts into his hands. "Of course not. I'll just have to put up with my crazy cat-sister. In fact, the more uppity you are, the better. That's the Kat I know and love. No leashes though, okay?"

She cooed, rubbing herself against him. "You know, there is one good way humans can show their cat pets their appreciation without involving bestiality..." She turned a bit and presented her long mane of brown hair to him.

He grumbled as he started to stroke her hair. "I have a feeling I'm never going to hear the end of cat metaphors. But that's the first and last time you mention bestiality, okay? That's just gross."

pandasnovel.com "Yes, Master." She brightened. "Actually, you already were my master when I was human, but now that I'm a sex cat, too, you're like double my master! Is that too cool, or what?!"

"Or what," he replied, both amused and chagrined. But then he stopped walking, just outside the kitchen, and became more serious. Still caressing her hair, he leaned forward and whispered in her ear, "Sis, Kat, you know, this whole thing about calling me 'Master' and treating me that way, I don't-"

She cut him off. "Hey, Bro. Hold on. Maybe I've never made myself clear on this. I just told you to 'shut the fuck up.' I'm not like some complete slave type, like say, Brenda. I'm proudly uppity. But this is my fantasy, so let me run with it, and play along with me, please? Just like having a harem is one of your



fantasies, and we're all happy to feed it and play along with it 'cos we all get off on it so much. I am NOT going to change into someone else, so quit worrying about me. Okay?"

He smiled widely. "Okay. I like that... Kat." He kissed her on the ear. He felt a whole lot better. He whispered because his mouth was still next to her ear, "So you don't REALLY think I'm your master, do you? This is all just a game for you. A role-play, just like pretending to be a cat. I was starting to believe all the hype!"

"Rrrr! Now, I didn't say that, either." She winked, smiled, and grabbed his ass with one hand for a quick squeeze before resuming her walk towards the breakfast table. "Let's go see what Mom has cooked up."

"Okay." He was confused again about his sister's attitude, but nonetheless he felt better about things than he had before. He walked into view of the kitchen, still stroking his sister's hair as he strode along.

Alan's heart leapt into his throat as he took a good look at his mother standing in front of the kitchen sink. Rather unexpectedly, Susan was wearing a yellow long sleeved sweater that completely covered up her upper torso. But that was all she wore (except for high heels, naturally). The unusually thorough concealment of her top caused his eyes to focus on her stark naked butt even more so than usual.

He felt his dick suddenly harden and even twitch with unexpectedly strong excitement at seeing his mother dressed like a typical housewife, but only from the waist up.

As if that wasn't arousing enough, her ass was wiggling back and forth in time to "Venus" by Shocking Blue (he didn't realize it, but it was one of the songs on her "Sex Slave Mix" CD). He felt a powerful urge to simply walk over and fondle his mother's flawless, firm, and deliciously sexy buns before spreading them wide with his hands and taking her doggy style.

Susan turned around, exposing her luxuriously thick bush to him, which made him gasp a second time.

No matter how many times he saw her naked, or even just partially naked, the thrill never wore off. WOW! Fuckin' A! I have the hottest mom in the world! He looked back to Katherine and smiled. And a pretty damn amazing sister too! However, his dick was still recovering from the activity upstairs, so it failed to become erect.

Susan picked up the bowl of oatmeal she'd just made and walked to the dining room table, asking, "Now, what's all this talk about cats I just overheard?" She didn't react in any obvious way to the fact that both her children were stark naked, nor did she seem to notice her own partial nudity.

Katherine struck a catty pose, with a "paw" out in front of her. "Mom, Kat. I'm a cat. A sex cat! Brother owns me. I'm his pet!"

"Good grief," Susan said in a motherly chiding voice, though it was mostly an act. She walked into the dining room, carrying a tray of food. "As if I don't already have trouble getting my son's cock inside of me often enough as it is. Now it's just going to be that much tougher!" She mock-sighed.

"Yep!" Katherine responded happily. "Or I should say: meow! And just wait until tonight, when I'll be wearing my collar and leash!" She turned to Alan as she sat down, and said with a firm stare, "Brother, you WILL use the leash and that's final. It means a lot to me."

He found himself pleased that again she was issuing an ultimatum. It helped reinforce his belief that whatever Katherine's personal concept of subservience was, it was nothing like Brenda's. He considered that a good thing.

Susan struck a sexy pose with a hand on her hip, drawing attention to her pussy. Trying to sound like a concerned mother, she said, "Tiger, if Angel really wants to be collared and leashed, you probably should help her with that. It obviously means a lot to her. And while it may seem strange for you to have your own sister as your naked and leashed sex pet, ready to serve and suck and fuck on your orders, maybe it wouldn't seem so strange if you collar and leash BOTH of us at the same time."

He was amused by that too. Oh geez, Mom is into it too. I should have figured. "And you would agree to this as a favor to Sis. Not because you want it too."

"Well, I might want it a little," she conceded, looking a bit abashed. "You know I don't ask for much... Oh, and on a completely different note, you know what this house is lacking? A dungeon! Don't you think? With lots of chains, and manacles."

She turned around and bent way over, making sure her son got a great view of her bare ass cheeks. "Oh, and what do you call those special kind of seats where you can bend over your naked and bound body and stick your ass way up in the air so your son can spank you really hard?"

"I don't know," Katherine replied, "but we should definitely have a couple of those in our dungeon!" I think you should take a look at [pandasnovel.com](http://pandasnovel.com)

Alan just rolled his eyes. He certainly didn't want a dungeon. He asked his mother, "And what would happen the next time one of your many relatives comes to visit? How would we explain the dungeon away?"

"Hmmm. That could be a problem," Susan conceded.

He said, "Just so there's no doubt, I'm putting my foot down. No leashes, and no dungeons! I love both of you too much to treat you like that."

But Katherine wasn't dissuaded, and she excitedly added, "Hey Mom, guess what else? Big Trombone Brother raped me!"

Alan nearly choked upon hearing that. But then, again with chagrin, he realized she was merely eager to tell Susan about her morning fucking and didn't mean anything negative by the word "rape." In fact, just the opposite.bender

Standing back up, Susan beamed happily at her two children. "Tiger, you didn't! That's so sweet. Why, just yesterday Angel was telling me how much she was looking forward to a good raping."

Alan reeled. He looked up at Susan, now towering over him with her breasts sloshing around and crashing into each other inside her sweater, and he reeled even more. In an attempt to bring things down to reality, he pointed out, "Mom, do you understand what that word means? You can't be raped unless it's against your will."

She stood even closer until her pussy was nearly in his face, and said saucily, "Is that a threat or a promise?"

"What?! Neither." While his mind boggled, his dick lurched with excitement and began to engorge rapidly.

Susan and Katherine had a good laugh at the stunned look on his face.

Then Katherine said, "Mom, I like your outfit." She made quote marks in the air as she said "outfit." "It kind of reminds me of that song 'I Want Candy.' You know the lyrics? 'Candy on the beach there's nothing better. But I like candy when it's wrapped in a sweater.'"

Susan didn't know that song since she'd never been into rock and roll until her recent sexual awakening opened her mind to new things in general. But she played right along. "Oooh, I like that. Tiger, do you want to play with my... candy?" She pulled her arms behind her back, thrust her chest forward, and rolled her shoulders, causing her breasts to fly around in circles and crash into each other under her sweater.

By this point Alan's dick was fully hard and throbbing. But it was still feeling a bit sore from his long workout with Katherine, so he kept it covered with his hands. As his eyes went round and round with the motions of her swirling tits, he said, "Mom, we need to expand your sexual lingo. Right now, what you're showing off is sometimes known as 'sweater meat.'"

Susan flashed a brilliant smile upon hearing that. "Sweater meat. I like! It's so demeaning. It really puts me in my place!" Without warning, she suddenly pulled her sweater up to her collar bone area, allowing her ripe and round breasts to bounce free.

Katherine said, "Sheesh, Mom, you look so psyched to be baring your boobs that it practically looks like you're having an orgasm." She paused, then added with chagrin, "Wait. Don't tell me you just had an orgasm."

"Well, not quite," Susan sheepishly admitted. Then she added excitedly, "But almost! If only my Tiger would touch my clit, I'd explode in hot lust like a volcano! ... I mean, how could I not? What's more important to a big-titted, cocksucking, son-fucking mommy than showing off all her bouncy milky sweater meat to her studly son?! It's what I live for!"

"Well, yeah," Katherine conceded. "We've kinda noticed that. But even that's not actually orgasm inducing, is it?"

"No," Susan grudgingly agreed. "But when Tiger sees my big udders swaying free, I know that's almost always just the beginning of the fun. He's so insatiable! I know that before long, his hands are gonna be pulling on my erect nipples, and his fingers will be thrusting in my hot pussy, and then his cock will be sliding down my hungry throat as he relentlessly uses and CONTROLS my busty body! Then he'll squirt a big yummy load down my throat, but he'll just be warming up, because soon he'll be POUNDING my pussy! Pounding, pounding, hard! My CUNT! His cunt, actually, because my entire body belongs to him, for my master to use to satisfy his every lustful desire!"

Susan was hefting her breasts up, obviously ready to continue talking in that enthusiastic vein for quite a bit longer.

But Katherine said, "Whoa, Mom! Calm down, there! You're getting us all too excited. Take your hands off your tits this instant!"

"Yes, Angel," she replied, panting while she bowed her head submissively.

But as no one else was saying anything, she added after a while, "My point was, I guess it's a Pavlovian thing." The excitement started to return to her voice. "Just baring my tits makes me so hot! My pussy starts to get all juicy because I know that before long my studly son will be USING and ABUSING me whether I like it or not, because I'm one of his many flesh-and-blood sex toys!"

Seeing Katherine looking at her askance, Susan bowed her head again. "Sorry. I'll be good." Her hands had drifted back up to the undersides of her breasts, but she pulled her hands behind her back again as well.

Alan just gawked. The whole situation floored him and left him feeling a bit dizzy. Seeing his mother standing stiffly with her hands behind her back and her chest thrust out as if ready to receive orders wasn't exactly helping his boner get flaccid. He needed to get his eyes and his mind away from his mother's luscious and tempting huge tits or he would lose control before his dick was fully recovered and ready for more action.

He looked Susan over from top to bottom and pretended a greatly exaggerated shock. "Mother! You've forgotten to wear your pants or skirt. Again!" He figured some playful joking would at least shift the focus of attention for a while and lighten the mood.

Susan grinned and played along. "I did?" She looked down with mock dismay. "Oh, I did! Goodness me! And I forgot my panties, too! Oopsies. And what happened to my titties?" She acted like she was trying to pull her sweater back down, but if anything only pulled it higher up.

Alan liked that response. He chided in a fatherly voice, "Mom, there you go again. It looks like us kids are going to have to punish you. Again!" He said this in a tired and irritated voice, as if he was all put out by her failure to wear anything below her waist.

Susan put her pinky in the corner of her mouth and looked shy and pouty. "Mommy's been bad. What is her well-hung son going to do with her now?" Then, dropping the pretense, she blurted out, "God, I just love these role reversals!"

Mocking her former prudish self, she said with exaggerated distress, "It's so improper! Maybe it's time to show me all about what you mean about raping your own mother! Maybe Mommy needs a good raping! In my ASS!"

#### Chapter 1010 Between My Cat Sister And My Cow Mother, This House Is Turning Into A Friggin' Zoo!

But Katherine resented Susan getting all the attention, and she couldn't stay quiet any longer about it. She also was quite aroused by her mother's voluptuous body and wanted to play with it. Everyone laughed at Susan's antics, but before Alan could respond to them, his sexy sister stood up and said, "Oh, by the way, Mom, I almost forgot. Kat's got your cream!"

Alan and Susan both tried to figure out what she meant by that. Then their eyes were drawn to Katherine's hand movements around her groin.

As Katherine pulled her hand away from her pussy lips, a great quantity of cum began dripping out of them and rolled down her thighs. Her thighs were already a bit wet with her brother's cum as well as her own, but now the fresh flow created quite the copious cream pie.

Alan belatedly realized that Katherine must have been pinching her pussy lips closed more or less ever since they'd finished fucking, all in an attempt to present this spectacle to Susan. He guessed that more than a little bit of her motivation was so she could use the "Kat's got your cream" line. He chuckled at her sense of humor, not to mention her dedication.

Susan, though, exhibited a profoundly different reaction. She acted as if some kind of post-hypnotic suggestion had been triggered and she'd lost all free will. With a glazed look in her eyes, she shucked off her sweater the rest of the way and fell to her knees in front of her daughter. She lurched forward, hungry to get at the cream pie treat, causing Katherine to fall back into her chair.

Then Susan attacked her own daughter with her lips and tongue, ravenously sucking, searching and probing for any and every bit of Alan's cum trapped on and between her daughter's thighs.

Katherine lay back and enjoyed the tongue lashing, gasping and wiggling with joy.

For once, Alan wasn't the center of attention. But he didn't mind since his dick still needed some time to recover from its earlier soreness. So he ate his bowl of cereal relatively undisturbed and simply enjoyed the show, stiff boner and all.

pandasnovel.com At one point he commented out loud, though he wasn't sure if anyone else heard him, "You know, we're not exactly like normal families, are we? Can you imagine ever having a normal, non-sexual morning again?"

The question was mostly rhetorical, but to his surprise, Susan blurted out a defiant, "No!" and then dove her tongue back between her daughter's pussy lips.

Still mostly talking to himself, he said, "I'm constantly amazed at what we do every day. Constantly amazed. I suppose I shouldn't be so amazed though, given the way you two look. I mean, both of you were born porn stars. You have porn star bodies. It makes sense that you both have an insatiable desire for sex."

Susan hurriedly blurted again, "Big Tits Theory!" She then resumed her hungry licking. She made her usual "mmmm!" sounds, like a kidnap victim urgent trying to talk through a gag.bender

Katherine had both of her hands on her mother's head and was seemingly trying to shove Susan's entire head up into her pussy.

Alan laughed. "Yep. The infamous 'Big Tits Theory.' But I don't know. I think there's more to it than that." After he said this, he thought, Wait, don't tell me I'm starting to believe that crazy theory too! No, I guess I don't, but I sure do love the idea behind it.

Now it was Katherine's turn to give a gasping response. "Sex cow mommy! She can really lick!" Seeing Alan's cock looking hard and tasty, thanks to the terrific show right in front of him (Katherine had thoughtfully pushed her chair away from the table to give Susan better access), she reached out and began stroking her brother's turgid member.

"That brings a whole new meaning to the phrase 'Lickety split!,' now doesn't it, Kat?" Alan asked. His dick was still a little bit sore, but he decided he was ready for some stimulation.

"Meow!" Katherine gave her brother an appreciative squeeze and continued fondling his privates while Susan kept busy in hers. I think you should take a look at [pandasnovel.com](http://pandasnovel.com)

The fact that Alan was starting to be jacked off hardly even registered in his brain as something worth thinking about. To him it was becoming a given that if his dick was hard and ready, some nearby sexy vixen would take care of it. But although he didn't think about his sister's boldness, he certainly did revel in the fantastic feelings her fingers gave him.

Instead, he mused with amusement, Between my cat sister and my cow mother, this house is turning into a friggin' zoo!

He took another look around, then focused on Susan's body. Dang, look at Mom's swaying ass there. Those two holes DO need some filling. But I should save myself. I have that whole Inner Bitch Training thing with Heather to take care of before school even begins. Ah, the typical travails of your average high school harem owner. Heh!

Seriously, if I'd ever thought back in August that someday I'd turn down the chance to fuck my mom doggy-style or in the ass while she was licking my cum out of my sister's pussy, because I had the responsibility of filling Heather's ass at school... Well, obviously the whole idea is so outrageous that it never would have even entered my wildest fantasies. But here we are! Oh, and of course I forgot that Sis would be pumping my cock while I considered my options. And I didn't even mention Simone! I'll probably be shooting my cum in her, of all people, before the school bell rings.



I'm still waiting for the other shoe to drop though. Isn't something cosmically out of balance for one guy to get so much pussy? I should knock on wood, because I have a bad feeling about today. Maybe today's when karma starts to kick my ass. He knocked on the wooden dining table.

He finished eating his breakfast while Katherine described to him in breathless detail, blow by blow, just how good it felt to get eaten out by their mother, who showed no desire to stop what she was doing. Or at least, Katherine did her best to explain when she wasn't lost in the throes of orgasm.

Alan had noticed the rock and roll music was playing rather loudly when he came downstairs, which he thought was unusual since he still didn't consider Susan much of a rocker. But as one song changed into another and Britney Spears' "I'm a Slave 4 U" started to play, he finally realized Susan was playing the submissive song mix CD Katherine had given her. He didn't make any comment about it, preferring to hear the sounds of sexy female moaning to talking.

But then the song changed again, and the familiar xylophone riff of the Rolling Stones' "Under My Thumb" came on. Katherine took note. She got quite excited when she heard the lines: Under my thumb, it's a Siamese cat of a girl. / Under my thumb, she's the sweetest pet in the world.

Katherine exclaimed, "Did you hear that, Mom? Big-diving-board Brother? Did you hear that?! That's so perfect! 'A Siamese cat of a girl.' That's me! Me! Mom, I'm Alan's fuck toy pet!"

Susan commented, "I really like the line, 'The change has come, she's under my thumb.' I noticed that right away. It gets me SO HOT! They're talking about taming! Even the line 'It's down to me' gets me hot 'cos it makes me think about getting down on my knees to suck cock!"

Katherine giggled. "Mom, you and sucking cock. I swear." She rolled her eyes.

Alan was going to say something about how he was offended by the words of the song and the way it demeaned women, but then he thought better of it. Mick Jagger is obviously not in love with the woman in the song; he's just pushing her around and using her. But Sis and I are very much in love, so it's a totally different thing. She's trying to show the depth of her love with this submissiveness thing, and show how much she trusts me, like some kind of "trust fall" exercise. It's a fantasy fulfillment for her, too. But if some Mick Jagger-like guy ever tried to dominate her, she'd probably rip his arms off.

I just have to understand her mindset better and not let these kinds of role-plays go to my head. This whole submissiveness thing she and Mom share is finally starting to make sense. Now, if I could only understand Brenda, then I'd really be getting somewhere!