

6 Times 1121

Chapter 1121 This Is What We Do Instead Of Shakin' Hands!

Alan and Suzanne were shocked into temporarily losing their rhythm when they heard a voice across the room ask, "Who's Daisy?"

The two of them turned to Alan's door.

Amy was standing in the doorway, dressed in an imitation of what Suzanne was wearing, in nothing but cut-off jeans and a white T-shirt. Like Suzanne, the shirt was wet. However, she'd gone further and wet the rest of her body too, except for her head and hair. Her hands were clasped behind her head and she leaned way forward to further emphasize her ample chest.

Amy had the usual big Amy smile on her face while her eyes lit up even more than usual. She said in a convincing Southern drawl of her own, "Well, howdy ho, you two! How ya doin'?" She walked into the room and closed the door behind her.

Alan felt his erection throb in Suzanne's tight channel. "Oh God! Have mercy! Seriously!"

Suzanne looked a bit stunned. She was so surprised that she even stopped grinding her hips and working her internal muscles. Clearly, she hadn't expected this arrival, especially since Amy and the others were technically banned from Alan's room. But she laughed good-naturedly and welcomed Amy in with a wave of her arm.

Alan said to Amy, "Hey, Aims. Come on in. You've never met Daisy? She's your mom's sort of alternate persona. Kind of an incestuous Southern white trash kind of thing."

He was panting a bit, and trying to make use of Suzanne's pause to get his second wind. However, he was having a hard time of it. Amy looked so fuckable with her slicked up skin and wet T-shirt that he was seriously tempted to pull out of Suzanne to plunge into Amy instead.

Amy said defensively in her Southern accent. "'Aims'? What's that? And there ain't nuthin' wrong with incest where I come from. In fact, you gotta do it. It's the law! Not only that, mister, but who you callin'

white trash, anyhow? Why, you got me so mad I might not even enjoy fuckin' you that much. Well, not the first couple of times, leastwise."

Suzanne laughed and grinned. She could see where Amy was going with this and approved. She and Alan had momentarily stopped their fucking, but Suzanne picked herself up and slammed back down on her son's dick with a lusty groan, and then resumed her grinding.

Alan, already on such an erotic high that he could practically see stars, was in no shape to try any accent. But he was trying to at least play along. He asked, distractedly, "Do you two, ugh! Uh, know each other?"

Amy replied, "Know each other? Why, Daisy here is my Ma! And my sister too, and technically my cousin too, now that I think about it. Our family tree is all tangle-y. I didn't recognize her face none at first; I reckon that's 'cos I'm not used to seein' it without a big dick in the middle of it, gettin' all slurped up." She sat down on the bed next to Suzanne and nudged her a little bit. "Aren't you gonna introduce me to your new friend?"

Suzanne laughed and said to her daughter. "I didn't recognize you none neither, not without no cum drippin' down your face. Why, you're clean all over instead of drippin' with cum from head to toe! What's the matter? Didn't they learn you nuthin' at school today? Oh, but dearie me! Where's my manners? This is my daughter, Doris Duke. Doris, meet Mr. Big Cock."

He held out his hand so Amy could shake it. "The name's Alan, actually. Pleased to meet you."

Amy looked at his outstretched hand with feigned puzzlement. "What's he tryin' to do there, Daisy? Is that somethin' them damn Yankees do up north? Don't he know how us Duke women greet strange men and say 'Howdy'?" She grinned at Suzanne like the cat that ate the canary.

Suzanne stopped and thought about that for a few moments and then groaned in disappointment. In her normal voice, she whispered at Amy, but loud enough for Alan to hear, "You really have some cheek today, Honey Pie. You're supposed to stay in the basement and just watch on video with the others. But I'll admit, you got me this time." She pulled up and completely off Alan's prick and stood back, shaking her head at her stacked daughter in amazement and frustration.

Amy, always eager to shed her clothes, quickly got rid of her thin shirt. Then she managed to remove her cut-off jeans, but it was a difficult task since they were on so tightly. The process of removing them involved a lot of squirming and wiggling as Amy stood directly over Alan's erection. Her tits swung wildly, occasionally crashing into each other.

Alan felt like he was dying of anticipation, but on the other hand, the view of Amy's ass slowly coming into view was nearly as good as any sex act. Shit! I'm so fuckin' lucky that it's not even funny! She's gonna sit on my cock!lightsnovel

Amy finally took Suzanne's place, settling down on top of Alan's stiffness with a happy sigh. "This is what we do instead of shakin' hands, Mr. Big Cock. Good ol' Southern hospitality."

Alan gasped and his eyes actually crossed as he felt Amy's incredibly tight and silky smooth pussy reluctantly stretch widely around him. Then he held his gasp because the feelings just got better and better as her pussy slid wetly down around his straining shaft with agonizing slowness.bender

His second sister didn't have her mother's amazingly talented internal muscle control, but then again, she didn't need it. She was so naturally tight that any extra squeezing on top of the way her pussy was built might prove to be more painful than pleasurable. No one else he'd tried could hold a candle to her for tightness, either in front or in back.

Suzanne watched Alan and Amy fuck for a couple of minutes. Amy was quite a screamer during vaginal sex and she was rapidly working her way up in volume. Suzanne was more than a bit miffed by the interruption of her pleasure, and her pussy was none too pleased. She stood impatiently with folded arms for a minute or two then dropped one hand down to her clit.

lightsnovel She thought, I'm so hot and bothered that if I don't get something in me like two minutes ago already, my pussy is going to burst into flames! Damn that girl! But still, she figured she should reward Amy a little bit for her cleverness, not to mention her boldness. The Plummer females were always working to keep Alan constantly aroused, and this was just the kind of initiative they needed.

Amy, though, knew that she was pushing her luck. Getting between Alan's penis and Suzanne's pussy was like getting between a mother grizzly bear and her cub. Also, she could tell that Alan was about to cum at any moment, and if he did, Suzanne would be even more peeved at her intrusion. So, after just a couple minutes of very vocal riding, she got off. "Thanks, Ma!" she said, still with an accent. "This one's a keeper!"

Now it was Suzanne's turn to both surprise and test Amy. Still standing there, looking annoyed, she said, "Doris, ain't you forgettin' somethin'?"

"What, Ma?"

"Aren't you going to thank Mr. Big Cock here for him letting you fuck him?"

Alan was so overcome that he let out a small whimper. He was squeezing his PC muscle for dear life, but had no energy left for anything else.

Amy said while suppressing a giggle, "Oh. Right! Forgive me, sir, for forgettin' my manners." She dropped to her knees and took Alan's hard erection into her mouth. She began sucking like a vacuum while nearly taking it to the base. Repeatedly. She'd been practicing her deep throating skills, although she still hadn't conquered her gag reflex problem.

Suzanne was having fun again, now that she knew she wasn't going to have to watch Alan and Amy fuck until they both came. She said in her Southern drawl, "The way I figger, a friendly 'Howdy, neighbor' is lot friendlier with a little cocksuckin'. Don't ya think?"

Alan was so overcome by pleasure that he didn't know which way was up. He was sweating like a pig and felt completely drained. The only reason he hadn't cum yet was that he was still straining his PC muscle with all his might, just to see what these two might come up with next.

Suzanne let out an exaggerated sigh of relief. "That's better. I'll tell ya, kids today. They ain't got no manners. Why, half her classes have cocksuckin' in the title and still she forgets the basic cocksuckin' rule."

Alan somehow managed to croak out, "Wha- what's that?"

"'If a cock ain't bein' fucked, make sure it's bein' sucked.' Is that so hard to remember? It even rhymes. Why, they spend hundreds and hundreds of hours at school just practicin' that one rule, and she still just plumb forgets it sometimes. When she walks right past any untended cock, much less one so big and throbbin' like this here stiffy, she's disrespectin' the whole Duke clan. For shame!"

Suzanne dropped between Alan's knees, alongside her daughter. Amy made room for her and she began licking the topmost sensitive parts of Alan's boner along with her daughter. As she licked, she complained, "I blame the gub'mint. Look what they done to her, makin' her come and go to school wearin' them clothin' thingies. Why, technically she's supposed to sit in a chair all day, though luckily the teacher don't make her suffer like that."

"No?" Alan asked. He could barely breathe, but he was curious to hear more, so he gasped, "What's he make you do? Uh, Doris?"

Amy stopped licking the sensitive underside of her brother's cock momentarily so she could talk with her drawl. "Why, he's got me in the front of the class givin' me his personal attention. He just loves personally practicin' that one rule Ma was talkin' about. I's either fuckin', suckin', titfuckin', or gettin' rammed up the ass - that's my favorite, by the way - nearly every cotton pickin' minute of the whole damn day! He says us Duke girls are the best fuckers in the class. You should see the way them McCoy girls get jealous, almost always havin' to settle for tiny boy cock in most classes."

Suzanne added proudly, "That's my sister! She gets the most prized 'seat' in the whole class: underneath the teacher's desk, or sprawled spread-eagled on top of it."

"Sister?" Alan asked between grimacing teeth. "I thought she's your daughter."

"She's both, naturally, jus' like she said before. Ain't you never been 'round where we live before? You know, Pappy breeds all his daughters personally. Why, when one of his daughters is at that most fertile time of the month, he'll hardly let anyone else fuck her, at least not outside of family. Isn't that how folks do it up in Yankee country, too?"

Alan groaned loudly. "Ugh! Stop it, you two! I'm getting too turned on!" He was straining with all his might because he wanted the great time to never end. He thought, I've never seen Amy act more Suzanne-like. She's channeling Suzanne's Daisy Duke persona so uncannily that it's like they're operating with a shared hive-mind or something.

A particularly strong surge of desire washed through him, causing him to yell, "Please, at least a break! Have mercy! I'm dying here!"

Suzanne looked at Amy from mere inches away. Their tongues met up at the head of Alan's erection, and the tips of their tongues dueled with each other outside of their mouths for a few moments. Even though Alan wasn't being stimulated directly for a moment, the sound of mother and daughter moaning in ecstasy more than made up for the lack of their touching him.