

## 6 Times 131

### Chapter 131 Date With Christine

It turned out that Alan didn't have much time to recover, because he had to get ready for his "non-romantic" date with Christine. They already had plans to have dinner and see a movie.

As he left to pick up Christine, he thought about her. You know, it's ironic. Before she shot me down, we were friends, but just school friends. We never did anything outside of school together, like, at all. And now that she's rejected me, we're basically going on a date to patch up our friendship, the very kind of date she shot me down over! But the key difference, sadly, is that it's understood that this is a completely platonic date.

Alan picked up Christine at her house, and was surprised to see that she was dressed as if she were going on a real date. He had dressed somewhat nicely, wearing a collared shirt and slacks for a rare change from his usual T-shirt and shorts, but she had really outdone herself. He'd dreamt about seeing her cleavage countless times, but he never had, not even when she was wearing various sports clothing. She was very scrupulous about wearing high necklines, which only added to her mystique with the boys. But now he could see her tantalizingly deep valley in nearly all its glory.

His dick immediately got hard, extremely hard. Although he was resigned not to pursue her romantically, he still got intensely aroused almost every time he saw her.

As he came up to her, he said, "My gosh, Christine, you look absolutely fantastic!"

But then realizing this wasn't supposed to be a "real" date, he joked, "In a completely platonic sort of way, of course."

She laughed at that. "Thanks. Do you really think so?"

He joked, "I try to, but you make it hard whenever I'm around you."

He belatedly realized the double meaning in his words and thought to himself, And I definitely do mean that in more ways than one!

She laughed again, but a little nervously this time, because she caught both meanings. Still, she was insecure about her looks, remarkably enough, so she eagerly ate up his compliments.

He piled it on. "I'm serious. You look so ... womanly. So mature. I've never seen you in a skirt - it turns out you have legs! I was pretty certain you had feet, but beyond that I wasn't so sure."

She laughed some more. "Do I dress that badly? Maybe I need to wear shorts and skirts a little more often."

"Please do. Don't hide your legs because... What legs they are! And you've got a purse, like a lovely lady. Lipstick, even! And is that rouge on your cheeks? Wow! I'm honored to be with such an enchanting creature. But with you no makeup is necessary because it's impossible to improve on perfection." He wanted to compliment her cleavage as well, but he didn't know how to do that without sounding like a leech.

She was smiling broadly now. "Stop that ... eventually! I'll give you two hours to stop the flattery. Seriously, you know I really meant it the other day when I said I'm not ready to go out with anybody. Right now I can't let anything distract me from getting into the college of my choice."

"You know you're already a shoo-in anywhere in the country." He was certain about that.

"Don't be so sure. This semester will be the most crucial. I figure this is probably going to be the closest thing to a real date for me in a long time, so I wanted to go all out. I hope you're not weirded out or getting the wrong idea or anything?"

"Absolutely not. I'm just platonically delighted to be spending a lovely evening with a very lovely lady. Emphasis on platonic." He looked jovial and gave her a friendly wink.

With over-the-top theatricality, he made a sweeping bow and then held out his hand. "Come, my lady. A big fat evening of fun awaits." He was making a joking reference to the fact that they had plans to see the movie "My Big Fat Greek Wedding," and then have a late dinner afterwards.

He thought, Man, I just hope she doesn't notice "My Big Fat American Penis!" These slacks aren't good for hiding my raging boner, and she'd probably get offended. But what does she expect, when she looks that great?!

She took his hand and stepped towards his car.

But to her surprise, he kissed her hand before walking her to his car, arm in arm.

Although his gesture was unexpected, she wasn't concerned. It was obviously just a fun kiss, not an "I'm trying to get in your pants" kind of kiss.

He said, "To be honest, I haven't exactly been on a lot of dates myself, and my prospects don't look so hot. So I figure this can be a kind of fun practice date for each of us. Don't mind me if I ham it up."

"Mind? I think it's great. And I love the 'practice date' idea. That's a good name for it."

Just as he was about to start the car engine, he said matter-of-factly, "By the way, this is a car. More specifically, it's my family's minivan. A car is something that takes us places quickly."

She looked at him like he had two heads. "What the hell are you talking about?!"

"Oh. Well, I figured that since you're blonde, I need to explain the basics. But I'm probably using big words that you don't understand. Let me try again: This. Is. A. Car."

She reached over and hit him on the head, but she was secretly amused. She didn't find his Dumb Blonde jokes sexist, because she knew he wasn't like that, and in fact he only used those jokes on her. It was more of an ironic commentary on the fact that she was, by far, the smartest person he knew.

"Ow! That hurt!" He reacted like she'd seriously punched him, when in fact she'd hit him with the force of a typical slap. This was part of their routine: he'd tell a Dumb Blonde joke, she'd act offended and tap him lightly, and then he'd pretend to be mortally wounded. It was silly and predictable, but they both enjoyed it.

As they talked and joked, Christine thought, What's gotten into Alan? This is great! He's so much more confident than before. Is this the same guy who was slumped down and afraid to look me in the eye when he asked me out last month? I thought things might be weird, especially with the rather bold way I dressed, but he's completely at ease, and that puts me at ease too. Could it be that he's finally over me, and because of that he's not all fumbling and nervous around me anymore? I hope so. I like this new Alan a lot more than the old one.

Little did Christine know, but there was a different reason for his greater confidence and more overt masculinity: all the fantastic sexual encounters he was having with the gorgeous women at home had pretty much obliterated his fear of being close to beautiful women.

In fact, as they got into his car he secretly marveled at how he could rub his sister's dripping pussy with a brush one hour, then innocently chat with Christine an hour or two later. It all seemed so surreal, yet wonderful. He thought, To think: not long before this "practice date" started, Sis gave me not one but TWO handjobs! Kat, of all people! If Christine only knew, she'd literally kill me! Yet here I sit, cool as a cucumber. I'm getting really dang good at rolling with the punches, that's for sure.

The "date" went well. Neither of them liked "My Big Fat Greek Wedding" much, finding it too lightweight and plotless. But afterwards at dinner, at a thematically-appropriate local Greek restaurant, they had a lot of fun analyzing it and tearing it apart.

There was no mention, no matter how oblique, of what had happened when Alan had tried to ask Christine out. There were no serious discussions about where they stood with each other. Instead, they just kept it light and had fun.

The only snag Alan had was that his penis stayed erect more often than not. True, the tantalizing glimpse of Christine's cleavage was a big factor, but he figured he would have been aroused no matter what she wore, just because he was with her. When she finally loosened up, which could take a long time, she could be surprisingly charming and witty.

He was so happy being with her that he started to suspect he was still in love with her. He wondered how that was even possible with all the other exciting things happening to him lately, but there was no explaining love. Still, he didn't let himself pursue that line of thinking, since he was trying hard just to have a good, non-romantic friendship.

When Alan dropped Christine off as the evening ended, he again was over the top with his chivalric gallantry. But it served as a good excuse for him to give her a good-night kiss on the cheek at her front door.

As he drove home, he thought, That was a blast! But the whole thing is so ironic. The only reason I could be so witty and charming is because I now know there's no romantic possibility between us. Otherwise, I would have been a nervous wreck. But as a result of my new attitude, we clicked so well that it started to seem like there WAS something romantic between us.

I mean, with that goodnight kiss I got the impression that Christine wouldn't have minded terribly if I'd kissed her some more. She kissed me back, nearly on the mouth, and then almost looked sad when I pulled away. Or was that look just my imagination? I don't know. Probably just wishful thinking on my part. I wish I had more experience with things like this!

In any case, it's a moot point. It's too late for us to be a couple because of all the crazy stuff that's happening to me at home. She'd never allow that to continue if she knew - not that I could ever tell her! - and I love it too much to stop. All of a sudden, I've got more girls than I can handle, which is yet more irony. A few weeks ago, I felt like I'd be celibate and single forever. As much as I loved Christine, I love Sis a lot more. But still, maybe Christine and I can do this kind of thing more often and just have a nice time together, now that the romantic pressure is off.

So, before his memory of Christine faded, he jacked off another two times.

Christine also ruminated after Alan left, What has gotten into him? I could get used to fun evenings like this one. Before, he used to make me nervous with the way he'd be anxious around me and always stare at my body, but tonight he put me at ease and made me feel good about myself. Now, I just know I'm gonna be smiling for hours. I wish I would have known he could be like this before I turned him down.

#### Chapter 132 Welcoming Ron?

Early the next morning, Alan woke as usual to damp, sticky bed sheets. He jacked off in bed, then took his shower where he jacked off yet again. Suzanne came into his room shortly after that, dressed in normal clothing. She closed the door and whispered to him, "Sweetie, I'm not here, okay? Let's be very quiet because your mother would get mad at me, and right now she's down in the dining room. But I thought I should risk it, because your father will be arriving soon, so this might be the last time I can help you for a while."

"Help me?" Alan asked, unclear what she was up to. He was a little slow on the uptake that early in the morning.

She put her hand on her hips and rolled her eyes in playful frustration. "Alan Evan Plummer, I thought you were supposed to be a smart kid! Help you with your stimulation, you knucklehead."

"But, my mom! Didn't you say she'd get mad if she found out? The new moralistic-"

"Shut up already, and let me please you," she whispered urgently as she started to disrobe. "She's not gonna find out. Time is short. Sorry I can't wear anything sexy today, my Sweetie, but if I take my shirt off, hopefully that'll do it for you." She finished unbuttoning her top, revealing that there was no bra underneath. "Do you like these boobs? Here, touch them."

Alan reached forward and played with Suzanne's big knockers. This was a rare treat for him, since he usually wasn't supposed to touch her there. He said jokingly, as if he were a bellhop being ordered around, "Yes ma'am. Right away ma'am." He was growing more relaxed with each new sexual experience.

Suzanne, on the other hand, was very serious and very sexually needy. She said in her distinctive scratchy voice, "Squeeze my breasts. That's it. Play with them. Play with the nipples."

He pushed and pulled her soft mounds every which way, pulling her nipples quite aggressively.

After a short while, she said, "That's OK, but you can do better. Sweetie, there are two key areas of a woman's breasts. First, the nipples, obviously. Do you know what the other one is?"

"Um, no." He was stumped.

"The sides and undersides."

"Like this?" He cradled his hands below her nipples.

"Yep, that's OK too. But you should think about how a baby caresses its mother's breast while it nurses, and how it stimulates the nipple. That's what really turns a woman on, because that's nature's way of making a woman bond to her baby. If you want to really pleasure a woman and make her love you, you

need to find a way to stimulate her that's a combination of what an adult lover would do and what a baby would do. That kind of thing makes a woman feel really good. So those are two areas to focus your attention on."

"But here's the kicker: each woman is different. One may like more attention to the nipples. Another may find that too irritating and want you to stroke her boobs instead. Or maybe even some other area. One might like it rough, with a lot of nipple action and heavy kneading. Another might like it gentle. Experiment and learn. Most of all, pay attention to the moans and smiles and other subtle signs of what's working."

"Wow, I didn't know that," he said. "The erotic stories I've read on the Internet made it seem like it was all about the nipples."

She replied, "I've read stories like that too. It's funny. Some things they get right, but others are way off. Think about porno films. Porno film sex is very different from regular sex, because it's all about what looks good visually. I guess in the same way, what's easy to describe in a story to turn a guy on isn't always what really works best."

"Wow, Aunt Suzy, you're awesome." He was still fondling her undersides. "So, what works best for your boobs?"

"To be honest, breasts aren't that big of an erogenous zone for me. I enjoy fondling there, definitely, but it doesn't make me see stars. And there's no special trick or area for me. Not too gentle, not too rough, and explore all over, and you'll do well. Now your mom, on the other hand, her breasts are super sensitive! From talking to her, I suspect she can cum just from playing with her own breasts. Let me tell you, that's extremely unusual! And I gather that her nipples are especially sensitive. I'm pretty sure that's why she has that rule of not letting you touch her there, because she knows that if you do she'll lose all control."

"Whoa!" Hearing Suzanne talk about how to stimulate his mother's tits was turning him on in a big way. The fact that he was getting to play with Suzanne's massive rack at the same time made him practically giddy with joy.

She shot him a devilish smile. "So that's why you need to find ways to get your hands on her fantastic rack, and learn just how to excite her there. If you can do that, within a few minutes she'll be on her knees, happily sucking on your cock!"

"Oh my God! And you like that? Does the idea of her doing that to me turn you on?"

"Sweetie, you have no idea! I know I should get jealous, but I get so horny thinking about you two getting it on together that I practically lose my mind! I almost get more aroused thinking of you and her than of you and me!" She chuckled as she added, "Almost, but not quite."

Taking a stab in the dark, he asked, "And what about the three of us together?"

"Oh, Sweetie!" Her scratchy voice was so orgasmically aroused when she said that that he knew he was onto something there.

When she had calmed down, more or less, she said, "If only! But unfortunately, your mom has a long way to go before she'll be ready for that. A long, long way. So don't push your luck, and look to me for direction on how far we can push her. Meanwhile, it'll help if you can get to be an expert at breast fondling. And that means lots of practice." She looked down at her pale bosom. "Hint, hint."

He chuckled. "I can take the hint. And I love it!" As he fondled and groped, his imagination ran wild thinking about the fun the three of them could have together.

She continued to give him tips, and she wasn't shy telling him what he was doing right or wrong. Within minutes, he was doing much better. In fact, he got her so worked up that she had to stifle her urge to cry out.

They went on like this for several minutes, until both of them were so aroused they couldn't stand it anymore. They needed more.

Alan found himself planting small kisses up and down her neck while he fondled her. As her sexy moans grew louder, he said, "I'm getting pretty good at this, aren't I?"

Realizing she'd been moaning too loudly, she said in a low voice, "Don't get cocky all of a sudden; you've still got an awful lot to learn." She looked at the bulge in his shorts and, grinning, corrected herself. "Actually, there's one part of you that I don't mind being cocky."



Then she suddenly dropped to her knees, opened his shorts, and began to suck him off, even as one of her hands dropped to her skirt to reach for her pussy.

He was so aroused that all he could do was stand there and strain his hardest not to cum. As usual, her exceptionally long tongue came out to play, while her hand stayed busy fondling his balls or the base of his shaft.

After a few minutes, he found himself clutching her dark red hair with both hands.

They hadn't been at it for very long when there was a knock on the door. It was Susan. "Suzanne, you in there?"

Suzanne popped her mouth off his prick long enough to answer the question. "I sure am! I just came by to look at his stimulation chart, and we got to talking." She switched to jacking Alan off instead of sucking while she spoke to Susan through the door. She knew he was dangerously close to cumming, as was she, but that danger just inspired her more.

"Talking? I don't hear any talking. What have you been talking about?" Susan tried to open the door, but it was locked.

"We've been talking quietly, in private, so that we wouldn't disturb anybody."

That was mostly true, but if one put an ear to the door, or even better a glass, a lot more sound came through. Susan had her ear to the door at that very moment. She said, "Well, maybe I should come in then, so we can talk easier."

Alan knew that his mother was suspicious of what Suzanne was doing in his room so unusually early in the morning. He was panicky, imagining Susan could hear every squishy sound Suzanne's fingers were making as they slid up and down his pre-cum soaked shaft.

Suzanne said with surprising calmness, "No need. We've been having a very stimulating conversation, but I was just about to leave."

"About what?" Susan pressed.

"Um, Ron. And how he's coming home soon. Alan's going to have to be stiff. Uh, I mean, stiffen up! 'Cos he's coming!" Suzanne realized she was too excited and in danger of giving the game away, especially by making too many Freudian slips. So she added in a calmer voice, "But we're just finishing up."

Those words were more accurate than Suzanne realized, because just as she said them Alan began cumming. As Suzanne knelt right in front of him, he shot his wad all over her face. But aware that his mother was just outside the door, he tried to be as quiet as he possibly could. He was as frightened as he was ecstatic. His teeth clenched and his eyes were shut tight as he fought the urge to cry out.

Suzanne went off with her own quiet climax. When she saw Alan's first jet coming at her, she visibly shivered all over with excitement.

Susan still spoke. "By the way, Suzanne, I forgot to ask: are you coming with us to the airport?"

Suzanne yelled towards the door, "Yes, I'm cumming! Alan's cumming too! We're both cumming!" Suzanne loved the happy double entendre this time. She was wracked by more orgasms as Alan continued to shoot ropes of cum into her face.

Susan replied, "You are? Why didn't you say so earlier? We'll be leaving in an hour."

Suzanne shouted, "Okay! That's great! See you then!" She stuffed Alan's cockhead back in her mouth so she could swallow the last of his ropes.

Susan walked off none the wiser. She could be quite clueless about sexual things.

Now that Suzanne had Alan's still-hard cock in her mouth she didn't want to let it go. She continued to furiously suck his prick and coaxed out every drop of his delicious cum.

He finally had to move away from her; his prick made a loud, wet popping sound as it pulled out of her greedy mouth.

Finally, Suzanne fell to the floor and just lay there panting.

Alan staggered back until he bumped into his bed, then fell on it.

Once Suzanne was sure that the coast was clear, she looked up to him and whispered, "Look what you made me do with your unfortunate timing, you meanie. I thought it would be so clever to say 'I'm cumming' right then, but now I actually have to go to the airport too. And I don't even like her husband. Your father. Sorry to say that, but you know it already. I've got to get out of this somehow." She was still panting hard, exhausted from her multiple orgasms.

Alan whispered, "I don't mind. I don't really think of Ron as my father, if I can help it."

Somewhat dazed from pure pleasure, Suzanne said, "That was so good, Sweetie. So good. I don't know how I'm going to get by with Ron being here. I'll try to sneak in and help you whenever I can, but I may not be able to very often. Getting caught by Susan is one thing - I could repair that damage. But getting caught by him? No way. I can't even imagine what he'd do. But this is too good to stop."

Alan finally spoke. "I love it too, Aunt Suzy. Thanks so much for caring for me."

She looked up and smiled at him tenderly. Then she licked his cum off herself like a cat grooming itself, and made ready to go.

He knew he had things to do, but he couldn't resist just sitting and watching her doing that.

She could tell he got off on cumming on her, so she put on an extra sexy show cleaning herself.

Chapter 133 Ron Is Here.

An hour later, Alan went with his sister and mother to meet his father Ron at the airport.

Suzanne could have escaped going along, but instead she went, saying she could use the ride there for a last minute lecture near the airport. In fact, she felt she needed to indoctrinate Susan some more on the ride there, so she'd be in the right frame of mind to see Ron. Even though Alan and Katherine were listening in, she said to Susan, "Now, I know you're excited to see your husband again and practice all

the sexual things you've learned lately. But don't get yourself too worked up, in case it doesn't work out all that well."

"What do you mean?" Susan asked as she drove.

"Well, I'm just saying, you've been married two decades now and Ron hasn't shown that much of a sex drive. Some people, like Sweetie here, they can handle six times a day. Others, well, two would be a big deal. I'm afraid Ron falls into the latter category, from everything you've told me."

Susan protested, "But maybe he's just been that way because I've been so prudish. Don't you think? I mean, I hardly even know what he looks like naked because I always insisted we do everything in the dark."

"Perhaps," Suzanne conceded. "On the other hand, maybe one reason he married you was because he figured your prudish ways matched his low sex drive. Remember, you told me you two didn't even have much sexual contact before he started working overseas. Of course, that doesn't mean he has NO sex drive. Remember what I said about his other interests." She was deliberately vague.

Katherine picked up on that right away. "Other interests? What does THAT mean?"

Surprisingly, Susan said, "Suzanne has some kind of crazy notion that Ron cheats on me all these months when he's overseas. But I know my Ron. There's just no way." Deep down though, she was far less certain.

Suzanne said, "I could be wrong, but it's better safe than sorry. He's been spending a lot of time in Thailand. Come on... Thailand! That's not exactly a safe place to have sex; there are all kinds of diseases there. You might want to take care before you do anything with him. If you can get me a blood sample, I can get it tested. In complete secrecy, of course."

Susan was crushed to hear that. Her libido was raging from not being able to do anything with Alan and she was planning on having wild sex with Ron that very evening, for the first time in their lives. But her intuition gave her a feeling that she should listen to Suzanne and get him tested first.

She said, grudgingly, "But... If I were to do that, what would I say to him tonight? His first night back, we always... Well, let's just say it's an intimate time."

Suzanne suggested, "Try your new talents with your hands and mouth. Tell him you read about it in Cosmo and you've been practicing on bananas and things like that. Then you'll be able to see if he responds to your new sexual awakening and you can still stay clean if he's been fooling around."

Alan found himself tightly gripping his seat. The thought of his mother being intimate with his father had never bothered him before, but now it made him insanely jealous. He was particularly miffed thinking of her giving Ron a blowjob. He knew she'd never done that with anyone but him before, not even Ron, so he felt it was a special thing between them.

Susan was practically ready to cry. The thought of Ron cheating had her heart in her throat, and the mention of cheating only reminded her of her own recent activities. She gasped out, "But what if he doesn't respond? What'll I do then?!"

Suzanne just said enigmatically, "You'll cross that bridge when you come to it. Don't worry; I'll be there to help you every step of the way. Meanwhile, try not to have a discussion with him about sexual performance until after checking with me, okay? Guys can be EXTREMELY self-conscious about not performing well, so check in with me first about what you want to say and how to say it."

"Okay. Thanks."

Alan was still steaming, but he tried hard not to show it. Dang it, this sucks! Things are getting all Oedipal and weird. I don't want that. I just wish Ron wasn't here, complicating things. They are married, after all. How can I object to them having sex with each other? Maybe I could somehow sabotage things so Mom won't give him a blowjob tonight? No. I have to try to act normal and follow Aunt Suzy's lead. But dammit, it sucks!

I can't be a jerk. I mean, sure Ron hasn't been around for years, and I resent that. But he used to be around more like a real father, and there were good years before he just... abandoned us. Besides, where does all the money come from? From him working overseas all the time. And yet I'm getting involved sexually with both his wife AND his daughter! I mean, imagine if the two of them came to him all smiling and happy, saying, "Hey, guess what? Alan's got this weird low-energy problem, and the doctor says the only way to fix it is to increase his hormone levels by helping him cum six times a day. So the two of us have been helping him out with our hands and our mouths. Isn't that great? I'm sure you don't mind, do you?"

He'd totally have a heart attack! If I were in his shoes and I heard that, I think I'd run away or something. Sure, he's failed us in most of his duties as a father and a husband, but he's still a human being, and no person deserves to get a shock like that. I have to be mindful to not give him any clue as to what's really going on. I have to be on my very best behavior!

Suzanne got dropped off just before the airport. Although she would have to take a taxi home, she felt it was worth the trouble just to steer Susan further along the path she wanted.

After she got out of the car, she leaned through the window to where Susan was sitting in the driver's seat, and gave her a friendly kiss on the cheek. But before she pulled away, she whispered quietly so only Susan could hear, "Promise me one thing. If you get intimate with Ron tonight, do NOT use thoughts of Alan to get yourself excited. Not tonight, and not ever. That's just all kinds of messed up. Promise?"

Susan nodded. Shortly thereafter, she waved goodbye to her best friend and drove away.

Susan, Alan, and Katherine met Ron at the baggage claim. Outwardly, the Plummers acted and looked like a happy family, but in reality there wasn't much enthusiasm at his return.

Ron had huge bags under his eyes and was visibly staggering with exhaustion. He said it had been an awful, rocky flight. That was clearly evident, judging by how bedraggled some of the other passengers looked.

Susan asked if there was anything wrong, but Ron replied only that he had been working very hard just before he left, had gotten little sleep in flight, and should be better given a chance to rest.

Susan was disappointed. She had hoped that all her recent sexual heat would change things with Ron for the better, but she felt nothing from him - he didn't even seem to notice. She kept thinking about Suzanne's cheating allegations.

Nonetheless, she had been raised with very conservative traditional values and believed that part of her duty as a wife was "copulation" with her husband. She and Ron had a tradition of sorts, of having sex his first night back after a long trip, and very rarely at any other time. Tonight was going to be the big night, so, as the family returned home and Ron settled back in, Susan tried to psych herself up for it. She willed

herself not to think about Alan, or Ron's alleged cheating, and decided that for just one night she would play the obedient wife.

Susan couldn't tell Ron about her new sexual energy and desires, but she hoped she could burn off some of that energy with him. Using Suzanne's women's magazine excuse, she told him she wanted to try some new things.

Her first suggestion was that they cuddle and maybe do some fooling around with the lights on. However, that backfired when she looked at Ron's flabby body and his small, flaccid penis. She'd been getting worked up, but seeing him in the buff cooled her back down.

She thought, I can't help it, and I know I shouldn't, but I keep thinking of my Tiger. Any time I look at my handsome son I get so excited and squishy; I don't know what it is but there's just something about him that makes me want to drop to my knees and suck! Whereas Ron-

Oh God! ... Ron. He's actually killing my tingle. And he's not even hard! That's kind of insulting. My Tiger ALWAYS shows his appreciation by growing big and stiff around me. I feel like I'm sexy and desired. But with my husband, we haven't seen each other in months and I don't think he even wants to be here with me! He MUST be having an affair! Oh, how horrible!

Or maybe it's just his erectile dysfunction. He's always had such trouble. People say I'm built like a "brick shit house" and I understand that's supposed to be a really good thing. Why can't I arouse him anymore?

Susan had been ready to try out her new blowjob skills with Ron, but she changed her mind. She thought, If only Suzanne hadn't forbidden me from thinking about my Tiger while I'm with Ron. If I could just close my eyes and imagine I'm with my cutie, I'd have no problem at all. In fact, I could give him the blowjob of his life! But she's right that that's messed up, and not fair to him. But the problem is, I can't get my son out of my head! So how can I do anything with my husband?!

She said, "Ron, honey, you're staggering about just trying to make it to the bed. Let's not try to push things, okay? If you're that tired, why don't we just cuddle and kiss in the dark for a little while, and then you can take a nap?"

Ron gratefully agreed: "Okay, that's fine. As much as I can't wait to share my love with you, my body just isn't up to it. I couldn't sleep on the plane at all. With the jet lag hitting me, I can barely keep my eyes open. Why don't we have our usual big welcome-back-home night some other night?"

"Okay, honey. Whatever you want."

As they cuddled, Susan thought, Just lying here with him, feeling him touching me, makes my skin crawl. Ugh. Suddenly I'm already eager for him to leave town. But what am I going to do? My marriage is in tatters and I'm in lust with my own son!

What if I try to suck Ron off tomorrow morning, and fantasize that he's Tiger instead? No. Suzanne says I can't. Besides, I don't know if I could put that tiny little bent thing of his in my mouth without giggling or gagging, especially after he's probably been running around on me. At least I have a good medical reason with my Tiger when I stroke and blow him. THAT'S a REAL cock that demands respect! And service!

Oh God, just thinking about the act of thinking about doing it with my cutie is making me all horny! That's, like, double horny!

But I have to stop, no matter what happens with Ron. I can't turn into some kind of cocksucking slut for my own son, and that's what'll happen if I don't watch out. And even if I did help out extensively, where will that leave me when Tiger gets his energy back and is finally cured? No, Susan, your fate is just to remain unloved. Maybe, once Angel graduates from high school, I should consider getting a divorce?

She heaved a sigh. God, I don't know. At least all these crazy events in recent weeks have helped me finally see what a sorry marriage I have.

After Ron fell asleep, she turned out the lights, snuck downstairs, and had a good cry in the kitchen. While she didn't really love her husband (although she had a hard time admitting that to herself, even now), she was fond of him and they'd had many good times together, especially in their early years as a couple. She was devastated to think that he might have been cheating on her, probably for years and years. Still, her natural inclination was to talk things over with him and try to work everything out. But she remembered Suzanne's advice to strategize with her first before talking to Ron about such matters, so she held her tongue.

Chapter 134 Blowjob @ Theatre With Katherine



Susan cooked a late dinner for four that night. She made one of Ron's favorite meals, Vietnamese phở (pronounced "fuh") beef-noodle soup and fish cakes, hoping he would wake and come downstairs. Instead he continued sleeping, so Susan told her children she wanted to sit with Ron while he slept. That gave Katherine and Alan the excuse they needed to get out of the house to implement their movie plans.

The late dinner caused them to miss the nine o'clock movie showings, so they went to an eleven o'clock movie instead. As a result, the theater wasn't that crowded, even though it was a Saturday night. Katherine insisted on sitting in the back row, which left them all alone.

Now that they were alone, away from any prying parents, Katherine wanted to make something happen with her brother, though she wasn't sure exactly what or how. Additionally, she was very mindful of the fact that Alan had gone out on a date of sorts with Christine the night before and she'd learned that he'd given her a good night kiss. As a result, she was determined to blow his mind and make him completely forget that he'd ever even heard the name 'Christine'.

She cleverly had them go to a far-off movie theater, so the odds were very low that anyone they knew would be there. She wore a sweater and skirt when she left the house, for the sake of her mother's eyes, but as soon as they left she took them both off while Alan drove the car. That left a low-cut blouse that buttoned down the middle of her chest and a black miniskirt, and nothing underneath them.

Katherine had insisted they watch the Hugh Grant romantic comedy "About a Boy," which was rather odd because she had no interest in actually watching the film.

From the minute the movie started, she began to unbutton her blouse. "Alan, isn't it hot in here?" she said as she undid the few buttons which held her blouse closed. "I'm burning up."

"No it's not," he replied in a frustrated tone. "They have air conditioning!"

"Oh, do they?" she responded innocently. "Maybe that explains why my nipples are getting all hard."

By this point she was unbuttoned all the way, so she opened her blouse completely to show Alan what she meant by her nipple comment. She spoke casually, "So how was your movie date with Christine last night? Did she show you her tits? I'll bet not. Mine may not be as big or as nice, but you can play with these any time you like."

"Katherine!" said Alan in an urgent whisper. "I thought you said you weren't going to tease!"

"I lied. Anyway, I think the air conditioning isn't working or something, 'cos I do feel really hot. Maybe it's because I'm sitting next to you."

"Katherine! We're in a public place! Have you no shame? What if someone who knew us from school saw us here?"

"No shame. Anyway, I took a good look at the crowd as they were coming in. I didn't recognize anyone, so we're safe. After all, we're miles from home. Plus, your body is blocking the view from the aisle. And finally, that's what the popcorn is for." She motioned to the two large cups of popcorn they both had in their laps.

Alan looked puzzled, so she asked, "Don't you know the old popcorn trick? I saw it in a movie."

"Before you explain the popcorn trick," interrupted Alan, "are you thinking about what you're doing here? We're in a public place, and I don't think-"

"I know what you've been doing with Aunt Suzy and Mom!" she whispered very quietly, cutting him off. "I even listened outside your door while Mom gave you a blowjob. And I spied on you giving her a 'massage' the other day - you did it right in the living room where anyone could see! The stuff you've done with Mom. Come on, really! It's funny you should be the one to talk about caution! My attitude is just like theirs. A little fun, even sucking a little cock, is perfectly okay and very therapeutic for you. I'll bet you haven't cum six times yet today."

From the look on his face, she knew she was right on that point. She continued, "As long as we don't actually have sex, then what's the harm? You remember what Clinton said - a blowjob isn't sex. Do you doubt the former President of the United States? I'm sure he wants me to give you a blowjob right now, in fact. He's all about family values," she giggled.

She began to unbutton and then unzip his pants with her one free hand, while her other held the popcorn.

"Katherine!" Alan hissed quietly, and made a halfhearted move to stop her hand. "I can't fucking believe this! In a movie theater, no less!"

She asked petulantly, "What's with all this resistance? Is it that you don't like me? You don't find me attractive? Is it that I can't compare to our 'Ms. Tits of the Universe' mother and her equally-stacked best friend, not to mention your girlfriend Christine?"

"She's not my girlfriend," he hissed.

"Whatever. I see the way you ogle her big 38Gs. Why is it that almost all the females you really like seem to have enormous breasts? What are the odds of that?! Well, I can tell you, breasts aren't everything! How can I possibly compare with S and S? They're both inhumanly gorgeous." She was trying not to use names in case anyone overheard.

"You're pretty gorgeous yourself," he whispered urgently. "And don't mention that kind of stuff in public, like talking about our you-know-what. You're a complete stunner. I'm so lucky to have you as my, well, as my you-know-what. You'll be every bit as much a knockout as them in a few years. But you're younger than me-"

"Hey! We're almost exactly the same age." She kept pulling down his pants zipper and Alan kept zipping it back up.

"Okay, whatever. But it would be like corrupting a minor, especially since ..." He got all red and stopped talking.

"Since what?" she said, as she tugged on his zipper. She moved the popcorn from her lap to the floor, which now gave her a two-hand to one-hand advantage over her brother.

He stammered, "Like with Mom, she has limits, especially now. Even Aunt Suzy has limits. But if you and I started... You know... I don't know if there would be any limits. Between two horny teenagers, you know. I don't know if I could... How good my self-control would be. Or yours, for that matter."

"Oh, is that the problem? I'm very good at limits. Let me prove it to you. I'll give you a blowjob now and it'll stop there. I'll show you I know when to stop. That would just let me catch up to the other two."

Alan's resistance to her hands finally ended.

After getting his zipper down, she pulled out his erect dick.

"I've been waiting soooo long to do this," she whispered with glee, and began to lick it.

"So long?" said Alan, suddenly surprised. "More than the three weeks since I've been diagnosed?"

She paused briefly before mouthing his erection and said, "I'm not telling. Three weeks can be a very long time."

Then she went to town on his cock. She was tentative at first, just keeping part of the head inside her lips while running her tongue in circles around it. But she slowly took more and more in until the entire mushroomy head was engulfed. She couldn't believe just how big it was or how tough it was to stuff all of it inside her mouth.

Alan was so high from the erotic joy and the exciting fear of discovery that he thought he would pass out at any moment. The fear gnawed at him, though, and he complained, "As good as that feels, you have to stop! Can't we go somewhere and finish this in private? What if someone catches us?"

It took her a while to answer because she was having too much fun bobbing up and down on his hard shaft to stop. She thought, This is soooo nasty! I can't believe I'm sucking off my own brother, and in a public place no less! I've been aroused before, but nothing like this! I hear that some women don't like cocksucking, but I can't imagine why. I feel so in control, like he's putty in my hands. Or should I say in my mouth? Hee-hee! The way he's squirming and trying not to moan is just too cute! And if I do this just right, he's going to explode completely. I can bring him to the heights of utmost pleasure and that makes me feel so good. But not only that, I'm so hot myself that I think I'm about to drown in a puddle of my own cum! I've never leaked so much in my life!

She licked and sucked a bit more, then thought to herself, God, it IS so fucking wide and fat! It seems big enough when you're holding it, but having it in your mouth is another thing altogether. My brother is hung like a horse! And all these thick inches of yummy cock sleep right across the hall from me. I'm gonna be seeing a lot of this baby from now on, hee-hee!

Completely forgetting his questions, she started licking the most sensitive spot just under his cockhead and asked, "Tho. How wath it with Chrithtine? Did she thuck you off? In the middle of 'My Big Fat Greek Wedding' did she take your big fat dick out and give it a big fat thuck?"

"Dear God, please don't mention her," he groaned. He was already painfully aroused by what his sister was doing and how good she was making him feel by doing it. He didn't think it was possible that a person could get any more aroused than he already was. But when she mentioned Christine he overlaid his thoughts of his sister blowing him with thoughts of the sexually repressed Christine doing the same. He imagined how good it would have felt if, in the middle of the movie the night before, it was Christine who suddenly bared her big breasts and then started sucking him off.

Katherine's jaw and tongue were getting tired and needed a break, so she pulled back a few inches from the tip of his dick and jacked him off instead. Looking up into his eyes, she whispered, "What's wrong? The Ice Queen doesn't put out? Boy, that's a big surprise. Would you rather get a little good night peck on the cheek or get stroked and blown all night long? Hmmm?" Her mouth was still so close to his rod that every few words she'd stop and lightly blow on his supersensitive erection.

Alan was in such a wonderful heaven that he wanted to scream for joy at the top of his lungs. But then he'd remember he couldn't do that because he was in the middle of a theater, a public place, and that would get him even more turned on and make him want to cry out even more. In the end, he tried to respond to her but could only let out a low whimpering moan.

She giggled to hear him lost in the throes of lust. Encouraged, she went back to slurping on his meaty rod. She had realized immediately that cocksucking was something she liked to do, and she suspected she would grow to love it even more. She kept imagining sneaking into his room at all hours of the day or night and holding it in her mouth for hours on end.

The only problems were that her unpracticed jaw could only handle doing it a few minutes at a time and she had very little idea of the proper technique for what she was doing, since she'd never done more than kiss any guy. But whatever she lacked in terms of technique she made up for in sheer enthusiasm. However, she did start to gag at times from being too ambitious.

Her lack of endurance and skill actually worked to make both of them even more crazed with lust. It seemed that just when he was ready to blow, she'd pull off to rest. Then, trying to make up for the fact that she was only jacking him off, she would say the most delightfully naughty things. This process would repeat every few minutes.

Even then, his arousal was so high that he would have cum long before, except that she didn't know where all his sensitive spots were. So she was able to keep going for nearly half an hour purely by accident.

Not only was he completely unaware of what was happening on the screen, he hardly would have noticed if the lights had been turned on and someone had slapped him in the face. He was so in love with life at that moment that tears of joy actually leaked down his face.

Katherine was jacking him off and whispering, "So, would 'my big fat Greek tits' treat you like this at the movies? I think not. I'll bet Christine made you pay for both tickets and all you got was one lousy kiss on the cheek for your trouble. Am I right?"

Alan didn't reply, but she was right.

She continued, "I'll tell you what. Next time we go out to a movie you only need to buy one ticket, because I'm gonna sit on your lap the whole time! Except that I'm not going to wear any kind of skirt at all and you're not going to wear shorts or jeans. I'm gonna sit down on your huge log! That'll keep me in my place in more ways than one! We should watch a really exciting flick so I'll bounce up and down a lot. Would you like that? Would you like to spend a few hours with your sister bouncing in your lap? Why, it would be almost like fucking!"

Even though she was only lightly stroking him at the time, her words made him finally lose control. He knew he'd lost it for sure when she whispered the word "sister" almost inaudibly, directly in his ear.

Seeing his eyes get really big, she knew he was about to blow. She immediately ducked down into his lap and began sucking and licking for all she was worth.

Alan had the most difficult time of his life, cumming in public without screaming. He had to clench his teeth together so hard that it hurt, but he managed to not make too much noise. Luckily, there happened to be a song playing loudly in the movie. At the same time, his body writhed and shook in his chair like he was in a rocket ship being blasted into space.

Katherine had heard that most women didn't like the taste of cum, and that swallowing it was rare. But she was determined to swallow it all no matter how bad it tasted, because it was her brother's cum and she loved him.

She boldly attempted to drink it all from the very first rope that hit the back of her throat, but it was way more than she'd expected. Mostly out of surprise, she found herself pulling back, so she ended up with most of it on her face. Alan not only ejaculated tasty cum, he also generally ejaculated a great deal of it. Still, she thought that at most it could only be a few teaspoons of ejaculate and she couldn't square that with the sensation that a torrent of cum had just blasted into her face and mouth.

A lot of it ended up on her tongue. So as his eruption subsided she found herself testing the taste and even savoring it. She thought, Hot damn! Why does everyone say swallowing is such a repugnant act? This stuff is GOOD! I would have swallowed even if it tasted like whale oil just 'cos it's my brother's, but damn! Now I DON'T want to simply swallow, 'cos if it all goes straight down I'm gonna miss out on the yummy feast.

She immediately decided that she wanted to drink as much of his cum as he could produce, on a very regular basis. She suddenly had visions of sucking him off thousands of times in the years to come. She was delighted beyond belief.

Chapter 135 "Why Are You Eating MY Popcorn?"

Alan was slumped in his seat, so overwhelmed that he appeared nearly comatose.

But Katherine was bubbly with excitement and whispered to him, "Big Brother, did you enjoy that as much as I did? I think so!" She giggled, completely forgetting that she shouldn't use the word "brother."

She went on, "I think we've got a really good thing going here. The only way you're NOT gonna find my face lapping and sucking in your lap every hour of the day from now on is if you wear some kind of metal underwear. The only thing that bums me out is the thought of all that cum that you must have spilled into hankies and whatnot over the years. But you know what's cool? Our bedrooms are right across the hall from each other! How would you like to wake up in the middle of the night some night and find me nibbling on your knob? What do you think of THAT?!"

She gave him an encouraging nudge.

However, Alan WAS nearly comatose. He mumbled, "Please, no more sexy. ... Too sexy..."

She just giggled, proud of how much she'd overwhelmed him with an orgasm he would never forget. For the next few minutes, she spent her time scooping up gobs of cum from her face and then licking them off her fingers.

He eventually revived enough to open his eyes and watch her do that.

"Hey! Check it out! Look how spermy you are!"

He gawked at the cum she had on her sticky fingers. Then his eyes practically popped out of his face when he saw her sensuously lick her fingers clean.

He immediately began to get aroused again, though more mentally than physically since his dick was still too sensitive to grow erect.

He thought, What is it about seeing my cum on someone's face that's such a turn-on? I don't know; I only know that I like it. And if Sis is at all serious with her mumblings, it looks like I could be seeing a lot more of that in the near future. Dang!

But at the same time, now that Alan had cum, the post-orgasmic let-down started to hit him. He suddenly got very self-conscious and worried. He whispered, "Sis, I loved that so much. Thanks. But just look at you, with cum all over your face! What little there is to your top is open, leaving you exposed. We're in a public theater, for crying out loud. What if someone sees you now?"

"If it's a female, then I'll have to tell her, 'So sorry, but I'm not sharing,'" she giggled. "Or would you like it if I shared? I aim to please. Hey! Why don't we invite Christine along next time? I can show her some cocksucking tricks and we can practice on you together."

He just groaned. His sister was so constantly arousing that he couldn't take it.

"Don't worry. It's plenty dark and we're far from the aisle."



He fretted nervously, and made her at least thoroughly clean off her face. So she wiped it, putting all his cum in her mouth.

She tried to stall for time so she could get maximal enjoyment out of each gob of cum, swirling it around in her mouth as if tasting a fine wine, but she eventually got it all. Once she finally finished cleaning off the last of his seed, she whispered, "So did you like that?"

"Are you kidding? That was great. Except for the fact that it was in a movie theater. I was scared out of my mind. I still am!"

"Oh, come on. You know it turned you on - the fact that you're doing it out in the open with a girl. And not just any girl, but with your sister." She whispered the last two words directly into his ear, both for security and for effect. Then, since her mouth was up against his ear, she started to lick it.

Alan discovered for the first time just what an erogenous zone the ear could be.

But as good as she was making him feel, he just sat there tightly gripping the armrests of his chair. Mostly, he was just trying to hang on for dear life, as if he were riding the most extreme amusement park ride.

She eventually whispered to him, "Are you going to play with my tits already, or what? This is supposed to be an interactive activity, you know."

"Oh right. Sorry." He had to force himself to snap out of his blissful daze. He caressed her tits with both hands and devoted all of his attention to them as she continued to lick his ear and nibble at his neck. Neither of them paid any attention to the movie.

After a while, she pulled back from him and said, "Since you're so worried about getting caught, I think it's time to show you the popcorn trick. Poke a hole in the bottom of the popcorn box, then stick your dick through it. Then I can reach in and grab it like I'm grabbing popcorn. People won't know what we're REALLY doing."

"You know, it takes a while for a guy to get hard again," Alan pointed out, but in fact he had just become hard again without realizing it - Katherine was simply too sexy to resist.

She just pointed at his crotch and giggled.

"Oh. Yeah." So he made a hole and placed the box over his boner.

Soon she was vigorously rubbing his dick through all the buttery popcorn. With her free hand, she reached into his popcorn container and began to eat some of the popcorn. "Mmmm, I don't think I'm ever gonna think of popcorn in the same way again," she whispered between mouthfuls.

"Why are you eating MY popcorn?" he whispered back. "What's your extra large popcorn for? Isn't this suspicious-looking?"

"My popcorn is 'cos the trick can work both ways." She pulled her short miniskirt up and exposed her pussy to Alan's eyes. Then she placed her popcorn between her thighs and poked a big hole in the side by her crotch. She scooted her butt all the way forward in her chair and leaned back.

"Now, you stick your hand in my popcorn, and find a special surprise near the bottom. It's just like Cracker Jack!" She now used her free hand, which she'd been using to eat his popcorn, to guide his hand through the hole. "And now it looks like we're two kids on a date, with you eating my popcorn and me eating yours, like how people do with wine glasses. So we've got an alibi."

bender

"Most teenage girls on dates don't sit topless in a movie theater," Alan pointed out.

She answered saucily, "Hey, I'm not actually completely topless; I just don't believe in using all the buttons." She giggled. "Anyway... You're familiar enough with my pussy by now; what are you waiting for? I think you know what to do."

Alan reached into the popcorn and quickly found her crotch. He tenderly rubbed her pubic hair, but stopped at just that for a minute or so.

Then he said, embarrassed, "Actually, you may find this hard to believe, but this is the first time I've had the opportunity to, you know ... put a finger in. With any woman." He gathered up his nerve and stuck his finger into her slit.

"Really?" Katherine asked, surprised. "Oh! Right there!" she said in response to his finger action. "Those two old broads don't know how to have a good time? Don't worry; you can practice on me anytime you want. It feels great already!"

Alan joked, "It's quite the popular place for fingers to linger lately, isn't it? Did you like it when Kim did it to you?"

"I've never done anything with a woman before. You know how I was, a few weeks ago. But I think we don't want to end Kim's blackmailing TOO soon. She seems nice at heart; it's Heather I'm afraid of. Kim's fingers definitely get me off, I have to admit. But not as much as you. Oooh! Oh! Like that!" she cried, but still their voices were no louder than whispers.

Both of them grew closer to climax. Her exposed chest heaved in time to his rhythmic probing.

"I'm about to shoot," said Alan. "What do I do?" His prick was still surrounded by popcorn.

"Just do it in the popcorn, Big Cream-filled Brother. There's enough to stop it from flying out. But be quiet about it!"

"Okay, Sis," he whispered. In their excitement they completely forgot about not using words like "Brother" and "Sis."

They both came rather unexpectedly. Alan's semen shot into the popcorn. Fortunately, given his low level of control, none missed the container.

Katherine practically flew out of her seat, and just managed to prevent herself from screaming.

Chapter 136 My Favorite Movie Of All Time!

Alan rested for a while. Then he looked over at Katherine and was struck by how naked she appeared. The straps which had previously covered her boobs were now under her arms and, from the front, made it appear as if she was naked from the waist up.

That got him nervous, so as his orgasm subsided he looked around the theater to see if anyone was watching them. He had gotten so absorbed that he had nearly forgotten where he was. The coast seemed clear. He wiped his sweaty brow and heaved a sigh of relief.

They put their hands back on their own laps for a while.

"That was sooooo good..." she cooed. "And looky, the popcorn has extra-special flavoring now." She reached into his popcorn bucket and found some of the popcorn splattered with his cum. "Try some," she said.

"What are you doing? NO way! That's gross!" he whispered almost too loudly.

"I'm doing this for a reason. We need to get rid of a lot of the popcorn and I don't want to be rude and just toss it on the floor. Actually, your surprisingly sweet cum doesn't go that well with the butter flavor; salty cum would make a better condiment. Did you see how I was eating your popcorn before? I have to get it to the level of the top of your cock, so I can stick my head in there." She continued to eat the cum-flavored popcorn.

She suddenly turned and looked at him with an extremely naughty expression. "And do you know WHY I'm going to stick my head in there? Can you guess what my lips are going to be wrapped around?"

Alan could guess very well, but he didn't want to encourage her teasing lest he blow his next load before she could even touch him. Instead he asked her nervously, "Can't you cover up your boobs? Do they really need to be exposed like that?"

"They're that way so you can play with them. I'll make you a deal. After you're done playing with them, I'll close up."

Alan was weary, but no fool. Her magnificently shaped breasts looked so tempting that only a complete idiot would turn down that offer. He reached over and resumed groping her tits.

He lost track of time doing that. He was such a "tit man" that he would have been perfectly happy to play with them for hours on end.

Meanwhile, Katherine continued to eat his popcorn. After about ten minutes, she said, "I can't wait any longer," and began to shovel the remaining popcorn out onto the floor with her hands.

Then she put her head in the bucket. Her mouth quickly found the tip of his dick, but she couldn't really get any further down, because of the sides of the container. She partially ripped the side nearest her, pushed the cardboard down, and dove back in. Soon her head sank deeper and forced the remaining popcorn out of the way.

Alan held her box of popcorn up in the air with one hand and tried to use it as a shield, positioning it between her head and the aisle as best he could. "What if someone looks now?" he groaned between labored breaths.

Katherine was too busy sucking to answer. She kept at it until her jaw grew too sore to go on.

When she finally pulled her face out of the box, he thought she looked quite amusing. Her face was completely covered with buttery oil. There even was a kernel of popcorn lodged in one of her nostrils. He pulled it out for her.

"Next time, we're getting unbuttered," he quipped.

They both giggled quietly.

"I think I like it better buttered though," she replied in all seriousness. "It makes everything slippery, just like the soap yesterday. Next time, we get extra butter!"

She put her hand on his upper arm and wiped. Sure enough, it was soaked with oil and left a big trail on his skin. Then she took that oily hand and brought it down to his erection.

As she started to slip and slide her hand up, down, and all around, she asked, "So. Having a good time? Who's the better date, me or Christine?"

Alan groaned, and for once it wasn't only because of intense pleasure. "Sis, uh, I mean Katherine, what is it with you and Christine? How many times do I have to tell you that I'm not interested in her anymore?"

"Oh, about a thousand. For starters." Her hand pumped and pumped and pumped. "Ten thousand."

"Why?! For one thing, why does she bother you so much, but S and S don't? I don't get that."

She just rolled her eyes and sighed. "Men. Duh! They're cute but so dumb. I'll bet if you were feeling an intense emotion down to your guts you'd mistake it for hunger." She leaned over and went back to sucking on his knob.

"Huh? What was that all about?"

But she didn't answer - she was too busy loving his thick pole.

He was still confused, but the way she was swirling her tongue around and under his cockhead felt so good that he eventually forgot all about the issue.

He spent many minutes fondling her pussy, ass, and everywhere else he could reach. Since she was almost completely naked, he wanted to feel up as much of her body as he could.

Katherine, by contrast, was mostly interested in his dick, and spent as much time with it in her mouth as she possibly could.

They continued like that on and off for most of the rest of the movie. They were limited only by the ability of his rod to revive and by the endurance of her tongue, jaw, and fingers.

At one point, Katherine even made the suggestion that Alan should fuck her. She lifted up her leg and exposed her pussy yet again to his eyes. As he held his erection, she said, "Why don't you put that someplace useful?"

"Katherine!" he whispered anxiously. "Are you suggesting what I think you are?"

"I'm just saying, why not just rub the outside lips? Kind of a dry fuck? It would feel so good!" She figured once she had him doing that, the rest would follow naturally.

But he had the same thought. "No way, man! If we do that, who knows where it will lead. You don't really want me to fuck you, do you? Much less, in a public movie theater! That's so totally wrong. Tell me you don't have that idea."

In the face of his resistance she said, "Of course not. I just like playing. Speaking of which, don't you want to touch it? In the meantime, let me take care of this."

Her hand returned to his shaft, his hand went to her pussy, and they went back to playing some more.

But Katherine considered it merely a temporary, tactical retreat. She suspected that if blowjobs made her feel that good, true intercourse would probably make her feel even better. She couldn't wait to find out if she was right.

He started paying some attention to the movie, only because he was worried about the time. He didn't want to be sitting there with both hands running over his nearly totally naked sister, with her hand bobbing in his lap, when the movie ended and people passed them on the way out.

At one point, he noticed on screen that Hugh Grant was up on a stage, dramatically playing guitar in front of a large crowd of people. He got the vibe that it was a Hollywood kind of movie climax, so he determined to have another climax of his own while he still could. He'd been desperately fighting the urge to cum for some time now, so it was easy for him to simply give in and let go.

Katherine happened to be stroking him as she rested her jaw yet again.

He whispered, "Sis, you're making me so hot I can't stand it anymore. I'm gonna blow. Again! I want your hot lips around me. I wanna fill your mouth with my seed. Again! Dang, three times in an hour or so. Even I can't believe I can manage it. And it's only because you're so amazingly inspiring."

She dropped her mouth to his rod yet again. She'd lost count of the dozens of times she'd done that since the movie had started. "Am I? Even more than Christine?"

"Sis, if Christine is as hot as a fire in our fireplace, you're a fucking sunspot! There's no comparison. The Ice Queen isn't even worthy of holding a bag of your toenail clippings." He didn't exactly know what he meant by that weird comment, but it appeared to have worked since his sister's eyes lit up.

"Really?"

"Really. All she's got are the big tits, okay, and the big intellect too, but she's got a cold heart. You, you're like a fireball of pure lust. You're so sexy that you're gonna give me a heart attack!"

"Oh Alan! I love you so much!" She attacked his erection like a woman possessed. She tried to jack it off with both hands while swirling her tongue everywhere on it and sucking it down to the root at the same time.

Not everything worked, but enough did to cause him to lose control in less than a minute.

Even though he'd again coated the back of her throat with his cum, she still hadn't gotten enough.

Most remarkably, after all that, they still weren't exhausted. He happened to be riding a wave of energy, so he found himself vigorously fondling her sweet body only a few minutes after shooting his previous load. His penis was still down for the count, but that didn't slow his ardor at all.

The movie finally ended about five minutes later. He had played with her ample tits off and on for most of the movie, but she didn't fully cover them up until the credits started to roll.

With the movie coming to an end, and with Alan using one hand to squeeze her right tit and the other hand to pull at its nipple, Katherine decided to say a few last things while she still could. She whispered



to him, "You really know how to get me off, do you know that? Mmmm. I think I'm going to have to be a slut for you from now on. A cocksucking sister-slut. Would you like that?"

"Shhhh!" he whispered back. "Don't say that!" He saw the credits starting and began to freak out. Luckily there was no one sitting near them, because they were completely unprepared for someone to pass them by.

Katherine, though, was so turned on that she didn't want to stop for anything. She whispered, "Say what? That you have a sister who wants to suck your cock? Are you saying I should just stand up and shout that to the whole movie theater? Maybe I should just take off the rest of my fucking clothes, and stand up buck naked and fucking scream out 'I love my brother's juicy cock! We're going to go home right now and then he's going to shove it up my cunt!' Do you think that might get people's attention?"

He groaned in tortured ecstasy, especially since her words caused his dick to instantly engorge yet again. He could scarcely believe that such a thing was possible.

She immediately took advantage of that. His dick was so slippery with popcorn oil and cum that it was slicker than a greased pig. Her hands resumed flying up and down his prick, completely heedless of any danger.

"Shhhh!" He realized that he'd been moaning far too loudly, and that she was making too much noise as well. He looked around the theater closely, but no one seemed the wiser.

As more people stood up, he grew desperate. "Stop it, please! I beg you! If you love me, please! Stop!"

At that, she immediately stopped and began covering herself up.

He'd stumbled across the magic words unwittingly, because she was secretly resolved to do anything she could to show the depth of her love for him. His only clue to this was that she whispered, "Okay, if you put it that way..."

Eventually, they both finished dressing.

They thought that they were in the clear now and that no one had noticed their amorous activities, but as the theater cleared out an older woman who had been sitting two rows in front of them muttered "Disgusting!" as she walked past them.

The two of them had periodically tried to clean themselves and their chairs, but they hadn't brought enough napkins, so Katherine's face was still covered with the residue of buttery oil.

Alan did his best to lick it all off as the last of the other moviegoers left, but he refused to give her a kiss on the lips, to her immense frustration. "Boundaries," he said. His stance on boundaries shifted from minute to minute depending on which head was in control - the one on his shoulders or the one between his legs.

Finally, they stood up to go. The credits were all done and the lights had turned back on.

Katherine looked back fondly at her seat and commented, "Think about the poor schmuck who has to clean this place tomorrow. I wonder if he'll look at the popcorn boxes" - both of them were on the floor in a ripped, punctured, and mangled state - "then see all the white stuff on the popcorn on the floor, and put two and two together!"bender

"I'd like to think that we came buckets," Alan quipped.

They both had a good laugh.

He was amazed at himself - one minute he was calm and joking, the next he would be perspiring and shaking from nervousness.

He pointed at her seat, now that he could see it clearly. "Holy crap! And who's going to clean that?" There was cum all over the place. She had literally cum a small puddle, and then she'd smeared it all around as her ass shifted around in her seat. Popcorn kernels were stuck to it everywhere.

She just walked away. "Oops. Let's say we didn't see that!" She giggled. She clung to him tightly and joked, "Good movie, huh?"

He laughed. "Yeah! My favorite movie of all time! What was it about?"

"I don't know!" she giggled.

Then he asked, "What was it even called, anyway?"

"Ummm..."

As he finished asking the question, he remembered that the title was "About a Boy." But he joked, "Wait, I remember. It was called 'About a Blowjob,' wasn't it?"

It wasn't the funniest joke in the world, but Katherine thought it was hilarious and laughed a long time.

Chapter 137 Heading Home

As they walked out of the theater and headed to the parking lot, he said to his sister, "You know, we're not actually going to do anything more tonight, are we? For one thing, I don't think my dick could take it. Not to mention my heart."

"Whatever you like, sweetheart," she said breezily, still happily clinging to him. "I just love to get off, and get you off. Now that I've started, I don't think I'm ever going to stop. Isn't it great that our bedrooms are only ten feet from each other? Any time your big boner gets even the slightest twitch of life, just come on over to my room and I'll suck you dry, okay? Now I know why God gave me this pair of lips. Not to eat food; who cares about that? No, it's so I can be an insatiable cocksucking machine for my big brother. Anytime and anywhere he wants it."

"Katherine!" he complained. "Not here!" Although they were outside, there were some other people nearby walking to their cars.

However, there weren't that many since it had been such a late movie, and Katherine was still so horny that the idea of strangers watching only encouraged her. "Why? Does that get you excited? It does me!" She grabbed at his penis through his pants, but it was down for the time being.

"Katherine, what's gotten into you?"

She let go and put her hands behind her back. She tried to look innocent and even skipped a bit as they reached the sidewalk outside the theater. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe that I love my brother, and he loves me?"

She turned to him and flashed him such a winning smile that he thought his heart would melt. His fears and doubts dissolved completely, and they walked down the street in a state of near giddiness, hand in hand.

"I don't know who this brother of yours is," he finally said, "since you wouldn't want to be mentioning that kind of thing in public. But I have a sneaking suspicion he loves you very much too."

"I know," she said confidently. "I just have one request."

"What's that?"

"That you don't see any more movies with Christine."

"Okay, fine. After what you just did to me, I'd give you the world. However, you should have been more demanding. No more movies with her, but that doesn't mean no more outings period."

"Grrr!"

"But why? Why this big jealousy of her, and only her?"

"You doofus! Don't you get it? It's because she's like me, but better. Mom and Aunt Suzy are different enough that they don't feel like direct competition. But Christine feels like competition."

"Never. First off, there's nothing going on with her and me, so don't worry. Second, I love you so much that it physically hurts. True, I had a crush on her, but that doesn't even begin to compare with the years of fun and love you and I have shared. And most importantly, she's not better than you in any way, unless maybe one is into breast size, and I don't know anyone like that."

She laughed at his joke since he was such a notorious tit man. She elbowed him in the ribs. "Liar! However, I love that you lied for me." She clung to him even tighter.

The truth was that he was lying. Christine was not only drop-dead gorgeous, but she was also a near genius. That was what Katherine feared the most, because she knew that Alan's interest in a beautiful airhead would only go so far, but Christine had the smarts to be a potential soulmate for him. However, he was honest in expressing how much stronger his feelings for his sister were.

Changing the subject, he said, "By the way, one more thing I forgot to mention. Guess what I found in my pocket last night?"

"Let me see." She reached over and grabbed his penis through his pants again, not even getting close to a pocket. It happened to be flaccid though. It deserved a rest.

"Not that!" he said, "Or, not just that," he chuckled. He pulled out a key. "I found the key to the supply closet. I didn't mean to, but in all the excitement I forgot to return it to Ms. Rhymer on Friday."

Katherine's eyes lit up. "Interesting! Since you told me, then I guess you'll have no objection if I make a copy before school on Monday. Hee-hee!"

They made it to the car. It was a dark parking lot and they were far from anyone else. As Alan stood by the car, ready to open her door, Katherine said, "Here, let me get your keys for you."

Alan rolled his eyes and sighed. "Sis, first off, I can get the keys myself. Secondly, that's not even my pocket."

She feigned confusion. "It isn't?" She giggled. "Never mind though. I've found something a lot more interesting." She rubbed Alan's newly emergent erection through his pants.bender

Alan put his hand on her wrist and tried to pull her away. "Sis, please, don't. I don't even know how it got hard yet again, but if I cum one more time, I think it's going to break or something. I'm serious."

She stopped stroking it for a moment, but then said, "Awww. Poor thing. Looks like it could use some help. Oh! I know! How 'bout I give it a good massage?" She broke into another fit of giggles as she resumed stroking it.

Alan was still trying to pull her hand away, but not trying that hard. It simply felt too good. At least he managed to grasp her wrist tightly enough to keep her hand from moving up and down very much.

He thought, Sis has already tried something like this twice since we left the movie theater and she just won't take no for an answer. Doesn't she realize the danger, even out here in the parking lot?

His thoughts ran deeper. You know, Sis has always been a bit spoiled. Why is it that she got that way and I didn't? I think maybe it was because Mom seemed to need my help with Ron being gone so much. I remember one time she told me that with him being always overseas, it was up to me to be the "man of the house." That made me feel so good, so responsible.

Hmmm. I wonder if, even back then, I was so eager to be a good kid just so I could win Mom's favor in hopes of becoming her lover someday. I mean, I tried so hard not to look at her as a sexual creature, but when your Mom has looks to put most Hollywood actresses to shame, it's hard not to feel something, at least subconsciously. Not to mention her chest. DANG, that chest!

Alan luxuriated in intensely pleasurable feelings as he thought about his mother and her big rack. He realized that his feelings seemed uncommonly powerful, but then he remembered with a start that his sister was still stroking his erection. While he was thinking, he'd relaxed his arm, and now his hand was moving up and down too as Katherine's hand carried it along.

He grasped her wrist tighter and pulled her hand completely away from his crotch.

"Awww..." she pouted. "I was using that. Can't you play with one of your own?" She giggled.

He finally took the car keys out of his pocket. "Sis, come on. I told you no, and I'm serious. You have to promise me, no fondling like that in public without my permission. It's too dangerous and you could ruin everything!"

With a pouty sigh, she conceded. "Okay. God, that's fun though. I could feel the warmth right through your pants."

They finally got in the car and headed home.

#### Chapter 138 Aunt Suzy's Seduction

Considering that the Plummer house was supposed to be under a new, moralistic regime, not to mention the danger from Ron being home, Alan still had a lot of fun, both while awake and in his sleep.

During the night, Alan woke from an intense dream during which he had relived the events from the movie theater the night before, but with some even more arousing additions. In his dream, he and his sister had moved to the front row of the theater where anyone that cared could see them, where he actually fucked her long and hard while hearing catcalls and cheers from the audience. When he finally climaxed, it felt like the flood gates had opened: he just kept shooting rope after rope into his wanton little sister as the others in the theater clapped and roared their approval.

His dream left him feeling very confused. As he was trying to get back to sleep, he thought, I really need to temper these incestuous fantasies. I know Sis and I aren't related biologically, so it wouldn't really be incest, but she's my sister in just about every possible way, including legally. It just wouldn't be right. On the other hand, she clearly wants more from me. Can I really say 'No' to her if she asks me to take the next step? I love her so much, but that would be crossing the line. I don't know anymore. Maybe Mom is right and we need to take a break. But how can I, given this prescribed treatment that requires me to cum six times every damn day?

Oh well, no point wracking my brain over it now. I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. But somehow, it seems likely I'll be getting to it sooner rather than later.

He quickly grabbed a fresh towel to wipe most of the cum from his sheets, then closed his eyes to let sleep take him away again.

When he woke on Sunday morning, he masturbated twice, the second time in the shower. Both times, his thoughts were focused on his sister, and especially doing wild things with her in movie theaters.

After breakfast, although everyone else left for church, he stayed home. He'd grown tired of going to church the last few years, avoiding it when he could because he found the service and socializing with his mother's friends too boring. He planned to just kick back and read the Sunday paper.

But almost as soon as the car pulled out of the driveway, Suzanne came over to the house and let herself in. She changed quickly into some sexy see-through lingerie she had stashed away for a situation like this. Then she found Alan in his room, reading his e-mail.

"Hiya, Sweetie!"

He gasped audibly when he swiveled his chair and took a look at her. "WHOA! Shiver me timbers! Aunt Suzy, you look incredible!"

She chuckled. "'Shiver me timbers?' Where did that come from? But hey, if you're a pirate, shouldn't you be doing some ... plundering?"

"Oh, man!" He had no idea why he said those particular words, but he was glad now that he did. He stood up, which showed off a suddenly insistent bulge in his shorts.

"Let's make up for lost time, shall we? Don't you want to stake a claim for your share of the booty?" As she said "booty," she put one of his hands on her ass, making clear what kind of booty she was talking about.

"Dang! I meant, uh... Ahoy there, um..." His words faltered because he was too horny to be able to think of any clever pirate-themed things to say.

Suzanne also was too aroused to just stand there and talk while they were fondling asses. "Come on, Sweetie. Let's make up for lost time!" She grabbed his hand before he even knew what was happening and dragged him to his bed. Even as she did that, she shucked off her lingerie, leaving her in just a pair of stockings and her usual high heels.

Then she sucked and jacked him off like there was no tomorrow.

Alan watched her long tongue snaking out and flicking at the very tip of his erection. Good God! So intense! So arousing! And speaking of God, I could be in a church instead, listening to a boring sermon. It's a good thing I'm not religious, or I might be too morally distraught to properly enjoy this. He chuckled to himself.



Between licks, she said, "Oh God!" <lick, lick> "It's ..." <lick> "so long!" <lick, lick, lick>

As Alan's lust was just starting to build, he pointed out, "What do you mean, 'so long,' Aunt Suzy? It's been less than twenty-four hours."

"That's too long in my book," Suzanne said, and then she engulfed his cockhead and twirled her tongue all around it for a little while. "Besides, I was also talking about the length of your dick. It's soooo long, and soooo thick! Mmmm!" She ran her tongue all over it as he moaned happily.

Finally, she let up a bit and asked, "Aren't you happy to see me? You seem a little grumpy."

"I'm totally happy to see you. It's just, well, ... this is kind of embarrassing and maybe Freudian, but I keep thinking of Mom and Ron. ... I'd probably even get flaccid thinking about it, except that you're the cocksucking queen of the universe."

After she went to town on his most sensitive spot, he added, "DANG, that feels good!" But he was still frowning, despite the intense pleasure.

Suzanne looked up briefly, saw his worried face, and said, "Don't worry. They didn't have sex last night, if that's what you're thinking."

"They didn't? How do you know?"

Suzanne looked like she was going to tell him something, but in the end she just went back to gobbling on his cock, mumbling, "I just know."

Alan thought back to how tired Ron had looked after his flight and found himself nodding, even though Suzanne couldn't see him doing that. He also sighed with relief, because the thought of Susan and Ron having sex disturbed him greatly. Man, that's some weird Freudian shit. I used to really love my Dad. But then, about six or seven years ago, it's like he just abandoned us. Ever since then, Aunt Suzy has been more of a father to me than he has, by far! I guess I've got some serious anger issues. Besides, Mom is just so friggin' HOT! I really want her, so bad!

After a while, Suzanne cupped his balls with a free hand and came up for air, then said in an especially sultry voice, "Do you like that? Do you like that your mother is putting the horns on your father because she's so addicted to your cock? She's married to him, obviously, but I'll bet if she had sex with him, she'd feel like she's cheating on YOU. Oooh! It's all so Oedipal!" she added with glee.

"It's not like that!" Alan protested, even though he'd just been having exactly that kind of thought. "She was just reluctantly helping me with my condition, and she doesn't even do that anymore." But secretly he was very pleased. His erection even twitched and surged in approval, something Suzanne couldn't fail to notice.

Alan, emboldened by Suzanne's sexy words, the fact that she wore nothing but panties, and even by what he had done with his sister the night before, waited until she was busy with his erection in a near deep throat and had both hands tugging on his balls. Then he reached down, pushed her panties aside, and put a finger in her wet slit. He was delighted to find that she did nothing to stop him.

Instead, when she had to take a breather from all her expert cocksucking a minute later, she jokingly pretended that she didn't know what he was doing. "Boy, Sweetie, it's a good thing you don't know anything about fingerfucking, or you just might dare to try it out on me. And we both know how that's against the rules!"

They chuckled at the pretense.

One thing that Suzanne was very talented at was sensing just how close he was to cumming. Whenever he got too close, she would slow down or even stop for a little while. She knew he could only climax so many times, and she wanted to maximize their fun.

Alan thought with amusement, I normally hate how long church sermons go on, but now I wish church would never end. Damn! Aunt Suzy's tongue is as long as a snake, and just as flexible! This feels soooo fuckin' great! There are no words to describe the joy!

Suzanne had been stroking and sucking for a good twenty minutes, changing positions repeatedly, and it seemed like the two of them could keep doing it forever.

But they could only dance on the edge for so long. Eventually, without any special stimulation or reason, Alan suddenly lost control. He just barely had time to shout, "Watch out!" before he started firing into her tonsils.

She eagerly took his entire load directly into her mouth, without spilling a drop. A little bit of cum dribbled down her chin, but she licked it all up with her extraordinarily long tongue.

It had been great fun, but unfortunately Suzanne couldn't coax him back to life again that morning. By the time the family returned, the two of them were sitting innocently in the living room, reading sections of the newspaper.

The time with Suzanne helped Alan get over his recent bout of moral indecision. Any qualms he'd had were decimated by the overpowering image of Suzanne naked, dripping cum, panting like a bitch in heat.

After she left, he thought, How could something that feels so good possibly be wrong? It's not wrong to fuck someone like Aunt Suzy or even my mom. What's wrong is letting a beautiful woman like that go even one hour without being fucked. She needs to be impaled and fucked every hour of the day! It's not my fault that I have such a hot mother, and an equally hot aunt. Well, technically she's not really my aunt, which is probably a good thing given what we just did!

One such woman would drive any man to complete distraction, but I've got four in my house if I count Aims, and then there's Akami to consider too. Dang, she looks fine. It's amazing I haven't been reduced to a drooling, gibbering idiot already, with all these fine ladies running around. I guess that's the "price" of living the rich life in Southern California. He chuckled inwardly.

Chapter 139 "So Does That Mean You're Completely Smooth Down There?"

Later in the day, after Ron had revived from his traveling ordeal enough to leave for a round of golf with a friend, Susan and Suzanne took off to do some shopping.

As soon as they were in private, Suzanne asked Susan what she'd done with Ron the night before.

Susan confessed that she hadn't really done anything at all. She appeared to be very sad about it. In reality her feelings were very conflicted.

Suzanne, though, was secretly delighted. She thought, I'd predicted to myself that Susan wouldn't get intimate with Ron, and it's extremely pivotal that I was right! This means Susan has essentially given her heart to Alan. I'll bet she simply couldn't get our cutie out of her head, and given my strict instructions not to do anything with Ron while thinking of Alan, she couldn't do anything with Ron at all! Hee-hee-hee!

Everything is coming along nicely. Susan doesn't know it yet, but her marriage is already doomed. Goodbye prudish, Bible-thumping, married woman; hello big-titted, cocksucking, son-loving mommy! We're gonna have more fun than probably even I can imagine at this point.

The two of them shopped for clothes. At Suzanne's urging, Susan ended up buying a lot of "scandalously" sexy outfits. They didn't overtly talk about it much, but it was clear the purchases were meant for Alan and his "need" for "visual stimulation." Ron didn't figure into their thinking at all.

Soon after the two mothers left, Katherine cornered Alan and got him to agree to shave her pussy. She wanted it shaved so her naked, soon-to-be-painted crotch would be less noticeable for the cheerleading practices starting the next day.

Once it was done, Alan inaugurated the new look with a fresh fingerfuck while still in the bathroom.

Then Katherine wanted to reciprocate with a pleasant blowjob. She pouted, "Isn't it time for you to ask me to suck you off?"

"But I, uh..." He could barely wrap his head around her startling suggestion.

"Like I said, it's about time already that you ask me to suck you off."

They both laughed, albeit a bit nervously from the sexual tension suddenly present in the room.

She continued more seriously, "Really though. Anytime you want it. Anytime, Bro. Don't make me wait. After we did it last night, why not today?"

"I'd love to, Sis, you know that. But I'm still worried about the risk. You never know when someone might come home."

"That's not stopping you from giving me a nice finger bang."

Alan had his finger in her snatch again, even as she said that. "True. But it just seems like we could cover this up more readily. If you really got into a blowjob, I know that I'd be so overwhelmed by the pleasure that a whole herd of elephants could escape my attention."

"What if I were to suck, but suck at sucking?" she giggled.

His resolve was weakening. What if we're really careful? It wouldn't take that long. I mean, this is my gorgeous sister and she's so eager!

She suggested, "Hey, what if we try a sixty-nine? Have you ever done that? It would be just like now when you're fingering me, except that I'd be busy sucking you off too."

He was even more tempted by that. However, he cautioned, "That would double our odds of getting caught, wouldn't it?"

Before Katherine could reply, they heard a knock on the door. "I heard some noises. Anyone in there?"

Each of them breathed a big sigh of relief, for it was only Amy. Luckily, too, they had locked the bathroom door. What if it had been Mom or Ron? they thought simultaneously. They were treading a very dangerous path.

"Uh, yeah. It's me, Aims. Don't come in," said Alan.

He and Katherine each looked around frantically, but they had been so careless that neither of them had brought any clothing into the bathroom. Luckily, there was one big towel that hung on a rack, so Alan wrapped it around his waist. He figured he could walk out in that, but it left only hand towels for Katherine.

Then he heard Amy say, "Bo, are you in there alone? I thought I heard you whispering to Kat, too. Isn't she in there with you?"

"Yeah, I'm in here too," Katherine said glumly. "Just hold on a sec." They had both been whispering up to the moment they'd heard the knock on the door, so it was futile to deny it. Katherine just hoped that Amy hadn't managed to actually hear what they'd been talking about.

"Why are you both in there together?" Amy asked quizzically.

Alan figured the truth, slightly altered, was the safest way to go. "I was helping Kat shave. She needed my help."

"Can I come in?" asked Amy. "It's hard to talk through this door. And why the whispering? No one else is at home."

"Yeah, just a minute." Alan whispered quietly into Katherine's ear, "We can tell her an innocent version of the painting and shaving. She'll probably learn about it within a few days anyway. You could use her as an ally in this situation with the cheerleaders."

Katherine nodded. She didn't see any alternative.

He got out the shaving cream and used it to cover the area around her pussy while she sat naked in the bathtub.

Only then did Alan finally open the door while wrapped in a towel, with razor in hand. His dick still hadn't gone flaccid, so he used the hand that was holding the razor to keep his boner pushed safely down between his legs, where it couldn't create an embarrassing bulge in the towel.

"Whoa!" said Amy as she walked in and shut the door. "Hiya! What are you guys up to?" Her eyebrows were raised because not only was Alan wearing a towel, but Katherine was sitting in the bathtub completely nude, not even attempting to cover herself.

"I'm shaving Kat's private parts," Alan replied casually, as if Katherine's nudity wasn't even worth mentioning. "It's a long story. Do you want to hear it?"

"Sure," said Amy happily. "I love stories."

Alan was relieved that Amy seemed to take Katherine's nudity in stride. Somehow, he'd suspected that would be the case, since they all knew well that Amy was very much in favor of nudity.

He explained briefly how Katherine had forgotten her panties and how he'd had to help by painting a pair on her during lunch. He skipped over the incestuous parts, like how he'd repeatedly fingered her and how he'd used binoculars to watch her at practice. As he kept talking, he realized he didn't really have an explanation for why she had to keep her pussy shaven for a full week.

"So then," he said as he winged it, "um, it turns out the reason why Kat forgot to wear her underwear was because she lost them. So we special-ordered another pair, but they won't be ready until next week. In the meantime, we thought she should keep doing this paint thing until the new underwear comes in. It's really no big deal. Happens all the time. Do you remember how, who was it, Demi Moore, had a painted-on suit on a magazine cover a few years back?"

"Yeah, I think so. But why not just wear different underwear?" asked Amy.

Good question, thought Alan. "Ummmm, ... because we went shopping but we couldn't find any that were the right size, shape and color. You know how they're a special cut. You can't find them everywhere, especially in black."

He'd made up the 'special cut' and everything else, but Amy seemed to completely believe his absurd explanation even though she was a cheerleader herself and wore the same kind of panties.

"M'kay," was her only reaction. "So why are you shaving her now?"

"Well, on Friday we thought that her hair down there might be showing. But if it's smooth nobody will notice that her panties are painted on."

"Wow, that's really weird," Amy said with more emotion. "You're really brave, Kat. I hope I never lose my cheerleader underwear! Then I'd have to cheer without any panties too! That would be scary!" She unconsciously grabbed at her crotch.

"Yeah, it's scary," Katherine replied. "It would be really embarrassing if anyone found out. Do you promise not to mention this to anyone else - to not talk about it unless it's just us three?"

"Sure! I've been good with the secret about the bet, haven't I? All these secrets about panties lately - it's funny!" Amy laughed.

Alan and Katherine forced themselves to laugh with her. They'd gotten a little less cautious about keeping the noise down, now that Amy had confirmed that the coast was still clear.

Then Amy asked Katherine, "So does that mean you're completely smooth down there?"

"I sure am," Katherine replied. "Alan was just finishing. Would you like to see it?"

"M'kay!" Amy clapped her hands together in happiness while moving in closer for a better look.

Katherine used the shower wand to rinse off the shaving cream.

"Wow! I've never seen anything like that before. Mine is really hairy."

Feeling emboldened, Katherine decided to take a chance. "It feels really different. Would you like to feel it?"

"Can I?" Amy asked with obvious curiosity.

Katherine nodded. She thought, Aims is such a nice person, but she can sure be an airhead sometimes. I can't believe she's buying this!



Amy knelt by the tub and began to rub her fingers over and around Katherine's pussy. "It feels so smooth ..." she said. "I think I like it better than mine. Mine is too hairy!" She suddenly pulled her hand away.

"Why did you stop rubbing, Aims?" asked Katherine, as if she were offended. "Didn't you say you wanted to touch it?"

"Yeah, but I just remembered that I'm not supposed to touch there. Mom told me I'm not allowed to touch myself down there, like, at all! So I don't think I'd be allowed to touch your naughty place either."

Alan cut in and pointed out, "Remember what I told you before. The rules Aunt Suzy has given you don't apply to close friends like Sis and me. Your mom's trying to protect you from strangers."

Katherine added, "So if you want to keep rubbing, I don't mind at all. Especially that little nub at the top. Make sure to rub that a lot. Did Aunt Suzy say why you shouldn't touch yourself?"

"No. I don't remember. I just remember she said that it was bad. Very bad." She still kept her hands away from Kat.

"That's because of all the hair," said Katherine. She felt very naughty because she was actually enjoying telling these seemingly harmless lies. "You've heard about STDs - sexually transmitted diseases - haven't you?"

"Yes," said Amy bashfully.

"That's how they often get transmitted, by things living in the hair. So if you touch your hairy pussy, you might get sick. But since I'm shaven I don't have that problem."

"Oooh, that sounds great! I wanna get shaved too! Bo, would you shave me? Please? Pretty please?"

Alan considered the idea. Kat wasn't the only one feeling pretty naughty. We shouldn't really be taking advantage of Aims like this; she's so innocent and naïve. Aunt Suzy is always saying that we have to protect her.

But that thought came without conviction. Still, how can I resist? She's almost as scorching hot as her mother. Although... What if we get caught? With the three of us in here, it would be real trouble! But I'm sure that no one will be back for at least two hours, so maybe it's worth the risk.

Finally he answered, "Okay, but just wait a minute; I have to get some stuff." He ran to his room to get some clothing, then grabbed some of Katherine's clothing from her room too. He figured that if they were all wearing clothes, that would stop things from going too far, so he wouldn't totally betray his need to protect Amy.

By the time he got back, Amy had already taken off all her clothes. She stood there smiling, completely buck naked.

"I didn't want her to get her shirt wet," Katherine explained, barely suppressing a knowing giggle.

Alan had previously seen Amy naked a surprising number of times, but always too briefly to get a really good look. He'd gotten the impression that she wanted to be a nudist, because there had been plenty of times when he'd walked in on her only to find her almost completely undressed. Sometimes it had even happened in his own house! But, each time, she'd very quickly covered up with her hands or put her clothes back on.

There were other times when she'd worn only the barest of outfits. For instance, one time he'd spent several hours posing for her as she sketched him while wearing only a minimal, almost-transparent bikini. He'd had an erection nearly the entire time, and a bad case of blue balls.

He had the impression that she simply didn't understand the effect that her curvaceous body had on men, just as she maybe didn't understand why people wore clothes in the first place. It had been extremely frustrating for a horny young guy like him.

Now he could stare at her as long as he liked. Aims really does have a hairy pussy, much more so than Sis did. I wonder what she'll look like when she's bald down there. Only one way to find out!

He looked at the clothes he was carrying, and then down at the towel he was wearing. He decided that the clothes really weren't essential and the towel would suffice. If Aims and Kat want to be naked, that's okay. In fact, that's awesome! The main thing is that my dick needs to stay hidden by this towel.

Otherwise, there's no telling what'll happen, and I certainly don't want to get Aunt Suzy that pissed off at me.

#### Chapter 140 Kath & Amy

Alan had Amy sit on the far rim of the tub, bracing her feet against the near-side rim with her legs spread wide. Katherine didn't really need to be in the tub, but had remained sitting there and now looked like she didn't want to move. This left her sitting crosswise to Amy with her legs below Amy's. Since she was sitting upright, this placement left Amy's legs at chest level right in front of her.

Alan knelt next to the tub where he could reach between Amy's legs to her pussy. Once he was in position, he took a good, close look at her bush. His erection was now below the tub edge, out of her line of sight. He decided, Once again, I can't help but conclude this is a pussy that needs a good, solid fucking! Unfortunately, today just isn't the time, especially with Ron in town. But no reason not to have a little fun, right? Let's see just how far she lets me go with her. He used a washcloth wet with hot water to soften her pussy hair, then covered the area around her snatch with shaving cream, preparing to shave it.

He was looking for an excuse to put his fingers in her pussy because he couldn't resist the temptation to explore. "Um, Aims, sometimes shaving down there can make a woman break out in a rash. You can get red and bumpy all over. Especially the first time, it happens a lot. You can also get a rash and bumps on the inside of your vagina, which is really bad, 'cos you might not even be aware of it. So while I'm shaving you, I think it's best if I check inside your vagina with my fingers to see if any bumps are developing. If they are, then we might have to stop for a while and get that problem fixed first. Is that okay with you?"

Alan half expected Amy to say, "What do you take me for, a complete idiot?"

But she just said "M'kay!" in a happy, singsong voice.

Since Kat was sitting right there, with good sight angles on Amy's pussy, he asked her to do the shaving. He said, "Amy, I'm going to have Kat shave you, because she's a girl too so she knows that part of a girl's anatomy really well. Also, she's at a better angle to shave you carefully, so that she doesn't nick you. While she's doing that I'll just check you for bumps."

With that, he began to finger her pussy while Kat started to shave her.

Katherine sat with Amy's leg pressed against her breasts, carefully shaving Amy's pussy. She was obviously having great difficulty holding back her laughter.

"We don't want to cut you," Alan continued, "so whatever you do, don't move a muscle. Don't even turn your head. Keep your eyes closed too. Really closed."

Amy immediately squeezed her eyes shut.

Katherine took that as an all-clear sign and began to lewdly finger herself with her other hand, alternating with her shaving strokes on Amy. She went all out, stimulating her clit with her thumb while probing within her cunt with curled fingers for her own G-spot.

From his position, Alan could see what his sister was doing to herself. He figured that Amy would remain totally unaware of it because of her position and her eyes being shut so tightly. The whole lewd scene really turned him on.

They both counted on Amy being obedient; she wasn't about to disobey and run the risk of being cut by the razor when she'd been told to hold still.

Alan had gotten incredibly aroused by his abuse of Amy's trust and by what Kat was doing. He knew it was wrong, but he just couldn't help himself. Below the tub edge, his erection stood straight out between his legs, pointing through the tub wall straight at Amy's cunt. His hardness was completely unencumbered.

He began to stroke himself slowly, in synch with fingering Amy. But he was careful not to take it too far, for fear she would feel his motion coupled through his body and open her eyes to see what he was doing.

He told himself, Even if Aims were to open her eyes, which is pretty unlikely, she probably wouldn't see what else we're doing before we had time to stop. Besides, she trusts us so much that we'd be able to talk our way out of it, I'm sure. The main thing is that we're still not corrupting her too badly - as long as I keep my cock away from her pussy.

Time passed. No one was in a big hurry. Katherine didn't do much shaving at all, because she was much more interested in playing with herself and watching her brother play with himself. She shaved a little of Amy's pussy hair every now and then. Sometimes she had to move the hand that had been stimulating her own pussy directly to Amy's crotch to hold Amy's leg clear while she shaved the edges of Amy's pussy. Then it would dive right back to her own crotch to play some more. She shaved Amy at just a fast enough pace to keep the pretense going.

Meanwhile, Alan was having a field day playing with Amy's pussy. He said, "Aims, you have a remarkably tight pussy, do you know that?" He meant it too. It wasn't that he had enough experience with pussies to make comparisons, but she was gripping his probing fingers so tightly, apparently involuntarily, that he figured (correctly) that it was uncommon.

She replied, "Nope. Is that really true?"

"I think so. And that makes checking you for bumps really difficult. I can hardly check anything at all right now. But I've heard that if one fingers a pussy long enough, the muscles relax and it kinda opens up. Then I'll be able to probe deeper and really figure out what's going on with all those bumps."

Amy added, "And things'll get kinda squishy too. That'll help you, won't it?"

"It will. In fact, things are getting pretty squishy already. But that's good."

"M'kay. Cool. But please hurry up, will you? 'Cos I'm feeling all weird and tingly down there."

Katherine said encouragingly, "That's good too. The more tingly you feel, the more relaxed you'll get. So just give in to those tingly feelings."bender

Amy raised her eyebrows, even as she kept her eyes closed. "Are you sure? 'Cos right now, I'm feeling really tingly. Super double duper WAY tingly, even."

After a few more minutes, Katherine finished shaving Amy, so she put the razor down. Even going at a snail's pace, she couldn't prolong the shaving forever.

But Alan said, "Hold on, Aims. We're not done yet. We still need to get to the bottom of this 'bumps' issue. You're finally relaxing some, so I'm making progress. We can't stop now."

"Awww. Do we have to keep going? I'm feeling so way weird. I've never felt this way before!"

Now that Katherine had finished the shaving, she was able to concentrate on fingering herself fulltime. She asked Amy, "Does it feel good?"

"Ohmigod! It feels soooo good! Bo, you can totally check me for bumps anytime you want!"

Alan loved the sound of that. Between the joy he got from getting Amy so aroused and the pleasure from his self-stroking, he was losing all control. He constantly ran his fingers around the inside walls of her pussy, as if he were really checking for bumps. Plus, it turned out his comment about needing her to relax so he could go deeper was not complete bullshit. Once that happened, he was able to push his fingers into her as far as they could go, as if he were checking for the really hard-to-reach bumps.

After a minute or two, it became clear that Amy was struggling really hard not to writhe around while sitting on the tub edge, since she'd been told to keep completely still. She asked rather urgently, "Can we stop for a minute? I'm having a really way super hard time not moving. I think it's your checking for bumps. It's making me not just tingly but downright shaky!"

He grinned; she was just too cute. "Alright, I'll stop, but keep your eyes closed and hold still." He realized this was for the best, since it was obvious that Amy was about to climax and he wanted to prolong her pleasure if he could.

Cumming was something Katherine had done just a minute or two earlier, and fairly noisily, too.

Even with his intermittent stroking, Alan was getting pretty near his own climax, mostly due to the eroticism of what they were doing to Amy. He stopped stroking himself to take a strategic pause.

"Tell me, Aims," he said while they all waited and recovered. "Have you ever masturbated?"

"No, but I've heard about it though," she replied brightly. "What's it like?"

At that both Alan and Katherine couldn't resist laughing out loud.

"What's so funny?" Amy asked.

Finally, Alan responded, "Well, it's just that masturbating is somewhat like checking for bumps. But it's kind of different."

"Oh! Well then, I think I'll like it," she said in her usual bubbly manner. "'Cos I totally like this!"

"I think we can continue, so keep still," Alan finally said after everyone seemed to calm down and his boner was ready for more stroking pleasure. "Before we finish up here, we need to complete our checking for bumps."

Amy asked, "But aren't you already reaching into me as far as you can get?"

He had to think fast. "That's true. But the bumps might only start showing up around now. That allergic reaction can often be delayed some minutes after the shaving is done, so it's good to keep checking for bumps for a while."

"M'kay. I'll try to keep still," said Amy out of the corners of her mouth, "But it's really hard to do when you're checking for bumps."

"Do your best," Alan said. "Now that we're not shaving you, it's okay if you have to move around some, but definitely keep your eyes closed no matter what."

He began to finger her pussy again, working on her G-spot more vigorously this time.

Seeing that he was back in action, now that she wasn't shaving Amy, Katherine reached over the tub edge and began massaging his very needy erection. He was so aroused by playing with Amy's cunt that the addition of what Katherine was doing to him was almost more than he could bear.

Amy soon began to wriggle around in response to Alan's fingers.

"That's okay, Aims. Move around if you have to, but don't even think of opening your eyes!" Alan added this last part because Katherine was blatantly masturbating him only a few feet in front of Amy. It might be very bad news if Amy were to open her eyes, but he was so close to cumming by this point that he threw caution to the wind.

In fact, he was so horny that the thought occurred to him, Hey, Aims is a totally hot fox and she's sitting in the nude right before me. Why am I only playing with her pussy and acting like the rest of her body is a no-go zone?

He said, "Aims, it seems like you've been working out a lot lately. You're looking really fit. Is it okay if I check out just how fit you are?"

"M'kay. Hey, I'm glad you noticed, 'cos I've been losing weight. I was starting to get a little bit chubby."

"Well, you're definitely not chubby now, that's for sure." He ran his free hand up to her firm tummy, and then slowly caressed down to one of her hips.

She sucked in her breath. "Mmmm! I don't know if you should do that. I'm super tingly already, and that's making me even MORE tingly!"

He had been alarmed at first at her resistance, but relaxed when she shared the reason why she wanted him to stop. "Don't worry about it. Tingly is good. You definitely have a body you can be proud of." He loved running his hand over her smooth skin, maybe even more than fingering her pussy, since he'd been doing the latter for such a long time already.

She replied proudly, "Really? Wow! I've been working out really hard every day to get in shape for you."

Alan didn't really notice the "for you" comment since he was so extremely aroused, but Katherine did. She was starting to get a little jealous, since Alan was focusing so much of his attention on Amy while Katherine was the one now doing the work to make his cock feel really good. She asked, suspiciously, "'For you'?"



Amy replied, "Yeah, for you. For all you guys, so you'll be proud of me and won't think I'm the fatty around here. It's you all who matter; I don't care what a bunch of lame-o strangers at the school think."

Alan leapt on that opportunity. "Well, you're not fat. Trust me. Although you do have some fatty tissue, for instance up here. It looks good on you." He bravely reached up and caressed one of Amy's big breasts.

Amy responded by sucking in her breath and moaning, "Ooooh..."

Katherine didn't like that at all; she was growing very jealous. So she reached out and grabbed Alan's exploring hand. When he looked at her, she gave him a disapproving look, like he was pushing their luck too far.

He didn't notice her anger because he realized that she was right: he probably was pushing their luck too far. He let go of Amy's boob and went back to just fingering her for a while.

But, as it turned out, it didn't make any real difference because he couldn't take all the stimulation anymore. He urgently tapped Katherine's shoulder to get her attention, then made a face to let her know he'd just passed the point of no return.

Between fingering herself and giving Alan a handjob, Katherine had been having such a great time that she hadn't given serious consideration to what to do if and when Alan actually had to cum. She only had a second or so to react, so she instinctively pointed the tip of his dick at the side of the tub. His cum landed all over it, making soft splatting noises, but Amy seemed not to notice.

Alan was a bit chagrined when his climax ended and he'd recovered enough to see what a mess he'd made. It looked very incriminating. But then he realized that his towel was within reach, so he used it to wipe the outside of the tub. He hoped that if Amy noticed the white blobs on the towel, she'd mistake them for shaving cream.

When he saw that his sister had reached another climax of her own a minute later, he said, "Okay, I think we're done." He made sure the towel was securely around his waist again as he sat up on the edge of the tub.

"Done?" said Amy, eyes still closed. "Are... are you sure you don't need to check for any more bumps? I had a really interesting feeling. I think it might be really good if you check for bumps a little more - for at least another minute!"

Amy's slit was leaking a lot of juice; she was obviously right on the verge of a major climax as well (though she apparently didn't recognize it as such). Her labia were distended and had darkened considerably from the blood that had rushed to her groin due to Alan's stimulation.

The smell of her vaginal juices wafted into the air and filled Alan's nostrils. "Are you feeling flush and tingly?" he asked.

"Oh yes! Very flush and very tingly!"

"I'm afraid you may be getting an allergic reaction," he lied. "Sometimes it doesn't just manifest itself with bumps, but there are other symptoms. When that happens it's important to check for bumps even more vigorously. We'll do that again in a few minutes. In the meanwhile, let me clean the last of the shaving cream off you." He picked up the shower wand and rinsed her pussy, paying particular attention to letting the water hit her now exposed clit, as well as cleaning the shaving cream and juices from her thighs. When she shook in a water-stream-induced climax, he turned off the shower wand and said "Now you can open your eyes and check out your new look!"

As Amy came out of her climax, she opened her eyes and looked down at her pubic mound. But that wasn't good enough, so she got off the tub and stood up, walking in front of the bathroom mirror. "Wow," she exclaimed as she stood there in the nude. "Neat-o!" Her shaved pussy made her look a year or two younger, although she couldn't logically be that young, given the size of her impressive boobs.

"It looks great!" said Katherine. She lifted herself out of the bathtub, knelt in front of Amy's pussy, and asked, "Can I touch it now? You know, to check out my shaving job."

"Sure!" said Amy.

"Feels smooth ..." Katherine cooed as she ran her fingers over it.

"Oh, geez, Louise! That makes me tingly too. Everything is just too tingly today!" Amy giggled.

Katherine giggled too, all the while touching Amy's most sensitive spots, including her clit, deliberately ramping up her arousal yet again.

"Does that mean I can touch myself down there now?" Amy asked a few moments later.

"Yes. But keep it a secret, okay? Everything in here today is totally a secret."

"M'kay!"

"That reminds me," said Katherine. "I think it's time we check for more bumps. Don't you think so, Bro?"

Alan was pretty wiped out from his orgasm, since guys couldn't recover as quickly as girls. So he just said, "Yes. Definitely a good idea, Sis. Why don't you help her out this time?"

Katherine began to thrust two fingers into Amy. She passed a knowing look to Alan, who had ended up standing behind Amy, while playfully motioning with her free hand that he should take off his towel.

He shook his head 'No.' Now that he'd climaxed, his duty to protect Amy from getting too involved sexually had come back to the fore. He was sort-of okay with what they'd done so far, but he figured it would be prudent to keep his dick away from her.

"Make sure to check all the hard-to-reach places, Sis," he added helpfully. Although his penis was now helplessly flaccid, he was still getting off at the sight of his sister fingering Amy's pussy and working her clit.

Amy flailed her arms every which way, while once again closing her eyes. "Oooh! This feels so totally weird! Kat, I'm feeling so... so... GOOD! God! What do I do with my hands?"

Alan's libido was still at the fore so he suggested, "Grab your boobs!" Then he needed some excuse for that, so he added, "Um, see if things are tingly up there too!"

She not only grabbed at her boobs, but she started fondling them. Within seconds, she said, "Oooh! Things are really tingly here too. What does that mean?"

He couldn't think of a quick answer to that, so he changed the subject. "You can open your eyes now if you want."

She opened her eyes and looked down at Katherine's probing fingers. "Ooooh! Wow. That looks really weird." She giggled. "Kat, you look really sexy doing that."

"Um, thanks." Katherine wasn't sure how she should reply to that. She wasn't as good as Alan at thinking up on-the-spot bullshit explanations.

Alan realized that, and changed the topic again. He didn't want them to talk about sex, since they were supposedly just "checking for bumps" rather than doing something sexual. He said to Amy, "Now that we've shaved your pussy, you'll need help keeping it shaven in the future. As you can see, it's a two- or even three-person job. It has to be shaved very closely, and each time it's important to check for bumps, especially since you were feeling flush and tingly. You can have Sis or me help you out anytime. When you first start shaving a pussy, it's important to shave it at least a few times a week."

He decided to throw caution to the wind, since she seemed to believe everything he said on this topic. "Actually, it wouldn't hurt to shave it every day."

"Y-y-yes," replied a very aroused Amy. Her big boobs jiggled and shook along with the rest of her body, which made Alan start to think of excuses to play with them as well.

Katherine turned her head back to Alan and smiled widely. She mouthed the word "Thanks" at him, because she loved the idea of "checking Amy's bumps" on a daily basis. The possibilities for fun seemed endless, particularly now that she found herself lusting after Amy quite a bit.

After a minute or two, Alan asked, "Little Sister, how is it going there? Have you found any bumps?" By this point, Amy was rotating her hips wildly as Kat fondled her clit.

"Well, Very Big Brother, funny you should-"

But Alan never got to hear if the elusive bumps had been found, because at that very moment he heard the faint sound of the garage door opening. He interrupted his sister and said, "We have to go! Aims, Mom is home and I don't think she'd understand what we were doing here. You know how prudish she is. You two take your clothes and go to Kat's room immediately. Now! I'll clean up in here."

Katherine reinforced the message by saying, "Yeah, you know our mom. She can be so stuck in her fuddy-duddy ways. It's better if we keep this whole shaving thing a secret from her. I wouldn't be surprised if she thought shaving down there is some kind of sin."

Luckily, Amy seemed to sympathize. "Yeah, I know what you mean. My mom is totally that way too. I mean, she won't even let me go naked except when I'm alone in my room. Talk about a total bummer! I'm glad you two are way more cool than that."

They had a few minutes before Susan was likely to head upstairs, so they managed to wrap everything up without suspicion. As it turned out, Susan stayed in the kitchen for a while putting away groceries before she came upstairs.

Alan took a shower, to better cover their tracks. Even though it could only have been his mother at that hour, he was still shaken by how close they'd come to being caught.