

6 Times 211

Chapter 211 Heather & Simone Met Alan

She walked right up to Alan and then she and Simone stopped and looked down. "Hi there, Alan. And... friends." She'd already forgotten the names Simone had just mentioned, since the other two mattered so little to her.

Alan, Sean, and Peter all stood up. Inwardly, the three of them were reacting in different ways to this unexpected encounter from the high and mighty Heather and her well-known sidekick. bender

Sean's reaction was the strongest. He'd had a profound crush on Heather for ages. Peter had a crush on her too, as had most males at the school at one time or another. Not only was she a drop-dead gorgeous, buxom, tanned, blue-eyed, blonde-haired cheerleader "babe", but she had a stunning presence as well. Heather radiated charisma and confidence while still being able to project a sense of innocence and sweetness when it amused or served her to do so.

So Sean was absolutely staggered to be standing this close to her. He had loved her from afar though, which meant he had no idea just what a bitch she was when experienced up close.

Peter was also gob-smacked into silence, but his reaction was a bit different from Sean's. He wasn't as reverential of Heather, probably because he knew more about her bitchy side than Sean did. He also was more worried than Sean, since his greater knowledge made him painfully aware that his chubby appearance could be an easy target for Heather's sharp tongue.

Alan was confused. He'd had fantasies about having sex with Heather from time to time, but he'd never had a crush on her since he'd been much more focused on Christine and Glory. As a result, he wasn't as awed by her as the other two were. Furthermore, his confidence was soaring now that he'd started to have a real and vibrant sex life, and he was also used to talking to a number of extremely beautiful women at home.

But on the other hand, this was Heather he was facing, and old habits die hard. He found himself fairly intimidated by her despite his strong determination not to feel that way. The fact that she (and Simone) wore reflective sunglasses made it more daunting for him to talk to them.

Additionally, as good as Heather and Simone looked from afar, they looked even better standing in bikinis only a few feet away. Heather wore a dark red bikini that stood out against her lighter skin while

Simone wore a light orange bikini that contrasted well with her darker skin. They were the hottest of the hot and the coolest of the cool, and they knew it.

The way their hard bodies were oiled up with suntan lotion was almost too much for Alan to take. His hormones were getting the best of him and making it hard for him to think. He had a tremendous boner protruding outwards from the middle of his bathing suit, but didn't realize just how much he was showing.

Still, one thing he had learned in recent weeks was that it was good to roll with the punches and try to act like you know what's going on, even when you don't. So he did his best to mask his confusion and intimidation, and attempted to at least say something sensible.

"Hey Heather. Hi, Simone. How you doing?" That was all he could manage, but at least it came out sounding casual. Despite the fact that they'd shared some classes over the years, this was the first time he'd spoken to Heather or Simone directly.

Heather was mildly pleased by that. She found that whenever she deigned to talk to her social inferiors - that great mass of most of her fellow students that she'd derisively nicknamed "the lower life forms" - they were often too tongue-tied to even respond. The nerds were the worst in that respect.

She looked at Sean and Peter and saw that they were hopelessly fawning already, therefore confirming that they were not worthy of her conversation. She returned her focus to Alan, whom she identified as the closest thing their group had to a leader. "Hey. What are you doing here? I can't say I've seen you at this beach before."

Heather's tone had been a bit accusatory, but he deliberately ignored that. "Just enjoying the rays. Same as you. Hey, say hi to my sister when you see her. I've heard the squad has had an interesting week."

Heather wasn't sure how to respond to that obvious yet carefully veiled reference to the panty painting. Was he threatening to say something about it in public? She really doubted it, but she wasn't sure. She couldn't get a good read on him since she didn't associate with his type, nor could she clearly see his eyes through his dark sunglasses.

She looked at Sean with disdain and then at Peter with even more contemptuous loathing. Seeing them again renewed her desire to kick the lot of them off 'her' beach. She said to all three with blatant derision, "Hey, shouldn't you guys be at home watching a Star Trek TV marathon or something?"

Alan smiled. "Very cute. Nah. That was last week. They're showing chick flicks all day today, so we're forced to go to the beach."

Heather looked at Alan curiously. The more she talked to him, the less she understood his attitude. He took my attempt to cut them down as a friendly joke and joked back with self-deprecating good humor. Nerds don't do that. They stammer and gawk like the total losers that they are. But this guy seems more or less at ease. He even looks me in the eyes instead of staring at my chest.

Her eyes drifted down as she continued to examine him from head to toe. She noticed what seemed to be quite a large bulge in his bathing suit. Whoa! What do we have here?

She was such a flirt that she couldn't help but react with a little flirtation. She lifted her arms above her head, a sexy move she knew would draw attention to her chest.

Sure enough, Alan's eyes zoomed in on her rack, and he thought, BOOBS! Man! Nice! But then he reconsidered. Wait just a minute. I see even nicer bodies at home every day. I'm not gonna let her get to me. He deliberately forced himself to look at her face with slight disinterest.

She noticed his initial attraction, but then she was annoyed at how quickly he seemed to lose interest. She dropped her arms, thinking, What am I doing, striking a pose for some loser nerd?! Sheesh! Get these jokers out of here.

She was going to tell the three of them, in no uncertain terms, that they didn't belong on that beach, but she decided instead to regroup and discuss things with Simone. She walked away with a hard, condescending look aimed in Alan's direction. At the last second, she said, "Well, next time, don't force yourself so hard." She was disappointed because that was pretty lame compared to her usual cutting jibes. But she was thrown off her usual game.

Peter and Sean were blown away by the whole encounter. They sat back down on the sand as if felled by Hurricane Heather. They were so smitten that she had stopped to talk to any of them that they missed how contemptuous she had been.

Alan, though, remained standing and staring at Heather, admiring the sinuous curves of her muscular back and thighs as she walked about ten feet away with Simone. To his great surprise, he could just barely hear their words as they remained there, looking out over the ocean waves, talking as if they were the only ones on the beach.

"Well, that was odd," Heather commented. "That Alan is one strange guy. What do you think his deal is?"

"What do you mean?" Simone asked.

"Well, he's a nerd. He reeks of it. I remember now that we only shared the occasional class, 'cos he's in the gifted track. And he was always answering the teacher's questions like some kind of know-it-all. Serious grade-A teacher's pet nerd. But he doesn't exactly act like one out here on the beach. And he certainly doesn't LOOK like one. He's practically handsome, even. Why on Earth would a handsome guy want to be a nerd?"

Simone rolled her eyes again. Since she paid more attention to the "lower life forms" than Heather did, she knew a lot more about Alan, even though she'd never spoken to him face to face. She thought, He seems like a nice guy, but it is true he fits the classic nerd stereotype. Unfortunately, he sits at one of the "nerd tables" during lunch and talks about hopelessly geeky things with his geeky friends all day long, so he can't be excused as a misunderstood smart jock or something like that. Too bad.

But she also felt some sympathy for him, so she said, "Heather, he's a very smart guy. In fact, he's one of the top students in the school, I hear. Yeah, that's nerdy, but is there anything wrong with trying to use your brain if you've got one? And he plays sports, so he's got a decent body. Personally, I think he's a nice guy, so I hope you don't put him on your shit list."

Heather appeared contemplative. "Nah. He's not even enough of a somebody to merit placement on the shit list. But it's weird. And did you see his package? He's packing some serious beef! I mean, that's just wrong. It's criminal for a nerd to have a body like that. And it's like a waste of resources to have a dick like that used for nothing but masturbating to doctored photos of Star Trek actresses. God, nerds are pathetic!"

Simone laughed. "'A waste of resources'? Why Heather, I never realized you were a concerned environmentalist."

Heather laughed too. Simone's sense of humor was one of the main reasons why Heather tolerated her friend's dissents as often as she did. "Funny. Very funny. Heather Morgan, the tree hugger. But still. I wonder what it would be like to do it with a completely clueless virgin like him. That might be ... amusing."

"Heather! You're not planning on seducing him, are you? I'm shocked. That's so unlike you." Simone moved her hand, casually resting it on Heather's nearest ass cheek.

"Me? Ha! You kidding? No WAY. I mean, a nerd's a nerd. I don't care if he is packing a good eight thick inches or more, judging from that bulge of his. I'll bet he doesn't even have a clue about the basics of hygiene. And he'd be just like all the other low-lives who think they love me."

Simone mocked in a weak and swooning male voice, "Heather! Oh Heather! You let me touch you! Did I tell you that I've loved you since forever? I'm sorry I shot off so soon but I'm just so excited!"

Heather snorted disgustedly. "Puh-lease! A guy like that isn't even worthy of doing my homework."

"So what are you thinking about so intently, then?" Simone asked. When Heather didn't respond, Simone nudged her. "C'mon, I know that look. Spill."

Alan noticed that Simone also prodded Heather by squeezing her ass cheek where her hand still lay. Despite the harsh words, his dick was as hard as it could get, as fantasies of Simone and Heather naked together drifted through his head.

Heather replied, "I dunno. I guess I'm thinking about the whole painting thing. You know all about what he's doing with that, don't you?" Heather had kept Simone reasonably informed about the cheerleader panty painting, so she knew Simone would understand that oblique reference to it.

Heather continued, "I knew that Katherine had a brother named Alan who was the painter, but I didn't realize he was THAT Alan. How the hell did HE get that job, anyway? Strictly by default, I'm sure. Maybe I should get someone else to do it. After all, I don't want a mere nerd touching my cheerleaders. He'll probably pass along some kind of nerd cooties or something."

Simone rolled her eyes. "Yes, nerd cooties. I hear they're worse than AIDS."

Heather missed Simone's sarcasm, as she often did. "Yeah. Pretty much!"

Simone asked, while finally pulling her hand off Heather's ass, "Did you know that he actually had the gall to ask Christine Anderssen out on a date a while back? She turned him down, of course." Although Simone was more sympathetic to Alan, she shared the opinion that Christine was way out of his league.

Heather raised a curious eyebrow. "Christine? That ridiculous goody-goody bitch, 'Ice Queen Christine'? Ha! How amusing! Can you imagine those two pathetic virgins trying to have sex? They wouldn't even be able to figure out what to stick where!"

Heather and Simone walked off, laughing. As their voices trailed out of range, Heather said, "I like her other nickname, 'Pristine Christine.' 'Cos the rumor is she's never so much as even kissed a guy. What a waste, with her body!"

They seemed completely oblivious to the fact that Alan could have easily overheard them. Heather didn't even turn back to consider whether to kick them off the beach or not. It was as if they were so unimportant that it wasn't worth the bother of taking any more time to talk to them.

Alan had overheard everything though, and what he'd heard really pissed him off. He thought that he'd accounted for himself pretty well when confronted by Heather, mostly hiding his fear and speaking fairly intelligently.

But it was all for nothing because Heather still considered him lower than the dirt on the soles of her feet. He was also upset at himself because, for a brief moment, his hopes had soared that she might actually want to have sex with him when she'd been discussing his "package." But those hopes were quickly crushed and then some.

Now he understood firsthand what Katherine was talking about when she would come home from school day after day complaining about what a bitch Heather was.

The rest of his beach outing seemed anti-climatic and depressing, although, ironically, Sean and Peter were in high spirits. They were ecstatic to have been "kind of spoken to" by Heather, and recounted the

encounter to each other over and over. Listening to them, Alan was left wondering what alternate universe they'd been in at the time, since hardly anything they said matched up with his memories of the incident.

Neither of them had overheard Heather's later conversation with Simone, and Alan saw no need to tell them about it and burst their bubbles about her. He knew that Sean was so far gone over Heather that he would have accused Alan of lying, anyway. The two of them spent even more time talking about Heather's fantastic body and how much they wanted to "do the do" with her.

Alan had a hard time playing along with their sex talk and pretending enthusiasm. Now that he'd actually had sex, he realized that they had no idea what they were talking about. He just felt embarrassed to hear their empty boasts and juvenile prattling.

He was particularly miffed that Heather and Simone had assumed that he was a "pathetic virgin." He wanted to prove to Heather how wrong she was and show her that he was actually starting to become a rather talented lover. But he knew the odds of that happening were next to impossible. He would have considered himself surprised if Heather ever thought to speak to him again.

Chapter 212 I Worry That I'll Enjoy It Too Much! - Susan

Susan and Suzanne sat next to each other on stools at the kitchen counter, dressed in ordinary clothes. It was about eleven in the morning and they were the only ones in the Plummer house.

They had just freshened up after finishing their usual morning exercise routine together, and they were chatting about what their children were doing.

Suzanne said, "So, Sweetie is at the beach with his friends, eh? That's nice. But you say he's been there for a few hours. That's a problem."

"A problem?" Susan asked in confusion. "I think it's fine. You know Sean and Peter. They're good friends."

Suzanne spoke in a very concerned voice, even though she didn't mean it. "True. But think about it. Whatever beach he's going to, there are bound to be plenty of young hotties there wearing skimpy bikinis. And think about his medical condition. I'll bet his penis will be aching with need most of the time, if not the whole time. He's going to get an awful case of blue balls, for sure. By the time he gets home, he's going to be backed up with sperm like nobody's business."

Susan frowned with worry. "Can you, uh... help him when he gets home?"

Suzanne pretended not to understand, just to force her to be more explicit. "Help him?"

Susan said with embarrassment, "You know... With his, ah, special problem." Seeing Suzanne's blank face, she burst out, "You know! Help him cum! Please?"

Suzanne nodded. "Ah, yes. Of course. And sure, I'd be glad to help out. But I already told you my plans." Having anticipated this problem of her own making, she'd already told Susan that she was very busy today, and would have to be leaving shortly. She was trying to arrange matters to sexually corrupt Susan as soon as possible. "Unfortunately, it's going to fall squarely on your shoulders this time. You'll be the only one home."

Susan's face turned red as she considered the possibilities. Her mouth watered as she imagined kneeling before her standing son, endlessly bobbing on his thick shaft. "But... I can't do that! The abnormality check is one thing, but this isn't that. I shouldn't even be doing that much! And what about Ron?" Thinking about her husband startled her so much that she almost fell off her stool. "Oh my goodness! RON! My husband! He's golfing now, but he could be home soon!"

She looked at Suzanne with renewed determination. "Suzanne, you're my best friend. I really need your help! I've been weak and soft, and helped Tiger far too much already. I have to remember that I'm a married woman, and a good Christian! Not to mention, I'm his mother!"

Suzanne had told Susan that she would be spending most of the afternoon at her house working on her financial investments. So Susan pleaded, "Can't you help him out this time? Please?! You can do your stock trading any old time, can't you? Can't you at least take a break and come over here for just a little while when he comes home?"

Suzanne dishonestly replied, "I wish that I could help you out, I really do. But this isn't a matter of stock trading. Heck, the stock market isn't even open today. Look, it's too complicated to explain, but there are some financial dealings that need to be completed before the end of the business day today. I need to work undisturbed for several hours. If I take a big, sexy break during that to stroke, fondle, and even suck on Sweetie's enormous erection, I won't be able to get things done in time. It's as simple as that. He's not like most guys his age. He doesn't cum in five or even ten minutes. You really have to work at it, and earn his sweet cum loads."

Her financial dealings excuse was total bullshit. It was true she did spend a lot of her time managing her money, but she didn't need anything done today. However, she needed an excuse to force Susan into a corner.

Even though Alan's sexual stamina was more hype than reality, at least at this point, Susan was buying into Suzanne's hype. That's so true! He's a special young man, isn't he? But Suzanne is right: the harder the struggle to get him to cum, the more satisfying the spermy payoff! She started to get dreamy and aroused as she recalled what had happened on that fateful Tuesday.

Suzanne concluded, "Besides, what if I were to help him today? That only delays the inevitable for you. You're going to need to get more involved in helping him or he'll never reach his daily quota on a regular basis. That's a plain fact. I can't do it all. You need to do something, at least. Even after suffering blue balls all that time, Sweetie will probably be flaccid when he gets home, since the penis is a fickle thing and it needs immediate visual or tactile stimulation."

Susan stared at her best friend with pleading puppy dog eyes. "But I... I can't! Suzanne, Ron is here, in town! Can't you at least help out more until he's gone? I'll... I'll do anything! I'll even bake you your favorite strawberry pie!"

Suzanne smiled at that. Susan baked really great pies. But she said, "Thanks, but you know I'm watching my weight. Anyway, you need to help him with visual stimulation, at the bare minimum. Hopefully, you can do more, if he needs it. It's for your own good, so you can get used to your new situation, where you'll be getting naked and comfy with him all the time. Remember, it's NOT a sin, and it's not cheating, since you're helping him with a genuine medical problem."

Susan thought to herself as if she was speaking out loud to Suzanne, I'm not worried about that so much, to be honest. I worry that I'll enjoy it too much! I'm not supposed to enjoy it at all. But lately, helping him out is practically all that I think about! I'm turning into some kind of lewd and wanton woman!

Suzanne wagged a finger at her. "Promise me that you'll help him."

Susan sighed sadly in defeat, even as she tingled with growing arousal. "I suppose I can help with the visual stimulation. I can wear a sexy outfit or something like that."bender

Suzanne pressed, "If you won't help him by at least stroking his thick shaft to completion, you need to do more than just wear a sexy outfit. Remember, he'll be coming home after seeing teenage bombshells cavorting in bikinis for several hours. Even if he's not erect, he'll still be suffering from blue balls until he achieves release."

Susan frowned with worry. "Is that how it works?"

Suzanne flatly lied, "Yes." She continued, "You need to do a sexy strip tease, for starters. Then sit your naked body on his lap and rub yourself all over him!"

Susan gaped in disbelief, even as her nipples hardened and her pussy grew moist. "What?! I can't do all that! Suzanne, that sounds like something a porn star or professional stripper would do! I'm just a normal, suburban housewife, and he's my son!"

Suzanne said gravely, "That's all true. But you happen to be a normal suburban housewife with a porn star body, and he's a handsome young man with a demanding penis that needs to be satisfied six times a day. Fate has put you in a situation where you have to use your remarkable body to help your son in his time of need. You really need to stop thinking of yourself as a normal housewife, because you're not anymore. I certainly don't claim to understand God's will, but it seems He has a special purpose for you. You need to face up to the fact that your son's penis is going to play a large role in your life, probably for a long time to come."

Susan considered that. Suzanne's right. But maybe this is a test. Perhaps God is testing me! Testing my faith or my loyalty, like in the Book of Job! So I need to resist! But God wouldn't want a mother to let her son physically suffer from a dread disease. So that doesn't make sense. (Thanks to Suzanne's constant hype, Susan was thinking of Alan's problem as a "dread disease" when it was far from that, even if one believed there was a problem in the first place.)

Suzanne sounded very sober and thoughtful as she suggested, "After his time at the beach, a mere sexy outfit won't cut it. Stripping out of a sexy outfit would merely be the warm-up. When you sit naked on his lap, I suggest you play some bouncy music and move to the beat. That'll help you relax. Make a particular point of rubbing your bare ass cheeks against the bulge in his shorts, if he's even wearing shorts. It's better still if his shorts are off and you directly grind and gyrate all over his erection."

Susan clutched her hands to her chest defensively. "Suzanne! What are you saying?! I can't do all that! I'm a respectable married woman!" Her eyes bugged out as she thought about Ron again. "And what about Ron coming home?!"

Suzanne gave her a friendly grin. "I'll make you a deal. Even though I'll be busy with my financial paperwork most of the afternoon, I'll sit by my front window and keep an eye out for Ron's car. If I see it coming down the street, I'll give you a call, giving you plenty of time to get away. In return, you've got to promise to get your son started with a sexy striptease, then stroke and suck him to completion!"

Susan gasped. "I can't do that!"

Suzanne frowned with confusion, as if she couldn't comprehend Susan's reluctance. "Why not? You already have. Several times."

Susan frowned sadly at her lack of willpower. "I know. But that was really just one extended time when I got weak. Well, mostly. Besides, that should be your job. I can get him excited - I don't mind doing that if I have to - but then you need to step in and finish him off."

She imagined Suzanne bobbing on her son's cock, and thought, Literally! She was getting increasingly aroused, despite her jealousy increasing with such images as well.

Suzanne responded, "Yeah, but I won't be there this time. And you're going to be performing an abnormality check on him when that comes around again on Tuesday, aren't you? So what's the difference?"

Susan spoke emotionally, "There's a BIG difference! An abnormality check is a clinical medical procedure, if done correctly. There's no passion in it, per se. Whereas, if I were to get started licking and sucking his fat, long, thick erection, pulsing and throbbing with life, hot to the touch, and so delicious, especially when he shoots his spermy cream in my mouth or all over my face... Mmmm..." She spaced out and licked her lips repeatedly.

Suzanne was secretly amused by Susan's barely repressed lust. But she continued to speak in a matter-of-fact fashion. "Okay, let's compromise then. If you're not willing to suck or even just stroke him this time, then at least you'll sit naked on his lap and churn all over his boner until he's ready to cum. In

return, I 100-percent guarantee to alert you if and when Ron comes home. Mind you, the odds of that are very small anyway. The note Sweetie left you said he'd be home in time for lunch, right?"

Susan nodded. She was fidgeting on her stool with arousal as it became increasingly clear that she was going to be helping her son again in a very sexual manner.

Suzanne pointed out, "Well, it's not even close to lunchtime, and you know how Ron eats at the golf course clubhouse. Since he's been in Asia for a very long time, I'm sure he'll stay well after lunch, catching up with his old gang there. Helping Sweetie should go pretty fast, if he's gotten all worked up from his time at the beach."

Susan considered that, and admitted, "That's probably true. But even if there's a tiny chance of getting caught, that's too much! Suzanne, I know Ron hasn't been the best husband, but I still am his wife. You say helping Tiger isn't cheating, but it sure feels like cheating to me. And if Ron were to walk in on us, he certainly would see it as cheating! Wouldn't he?! In fact, he'd see it as the ultimate betrayal, by both his wife and son! What's worse than that?! I can't do it! I can't!"

Suzanne stated firmly, "You can. It's better and easier if Ron doesn't know what's going on. But if he were to find out, I'd just have to explain things to him and smooth it all over. You know how good I am at that. Once he finds out it's for Alan's medical needs, he'll come around, I'm sure." (She definitely had grave doubts about that.) "There's nothing to worry about. You know me. Have I ever let you down? Have I ever made a promise I didn't keep?"

Susan thought back across the years. It couldn't be denied that Suzanne had come through for her again and again, even if she used "the ends justify the means" methods that Susan didn't approve of. They really were the very best of friends, and they had each other's backs. She sighed heavily. "No, you haven't. To be honest, I'd trust your promises much more than Ron's. But still, even if you say it isn't wrong, it FEELS wrong. Especially with Ron home. I can't just prance around and take my clothes off in a lewd and shameful manner like some kind of sinful harlot! And churning my hips on my son's lap is out of the question. That's not me."

Suzanne pointedly glanced at the clock. "I really do need to get going. But I'll tell you what. You can do a trial run or two with me. I'll help you pick out something to wear, and get you psyched up and ready. Then I'll absolutely have to go and get started on my work. Remember, what you're doing is medicine. This isn't about your pleasure or even his pleasure; that's just an accidental side effect. Medicine comes in many forms, not just a pill. He NEEDS to cum, in the same way that you or I need to, say, pee or defecate on a regular basis. Imagine if you were suffering from severe constipation for days and days. You don't want your son to suffer like that, do you?"

Susan let out an even heavier sigh. She stood up from the stool, ready for Suzanne's instructions. "Of course not. Okay. Tell me what I need to do."

Chapter 213 You're Not Allowed To Touch Me There! - Susan

Alan came home from the beach almost exactly at noon, wearing a swimsuit and T-shirt. He walked through the front door and shouted, "Anybody home?" He didn't get an answer, so he headed straight to the kitchen. He was hungry.

To his surprise, he found Susan standing in the middle of the kitchen. She was fidgeting and looking extremely nervous. Her face was already red from blushing and her eyes were closed. She shyly muttered, "Hello, Son."

Alan hardly noticed any of those things at first, though, because what caught his attention was her outfit. He all but shouted, "WHOA, MOM! SO SEXY!"

She tilted her head, opened her eyes, and shyly asked, "You think?"

"I know!" He blatantly ogled her remarkable appearance.

She was wearing a blouse and miniskirt, if one could even call them that. The short-sleeved blouse was pure white and essentially see-through. But what Alan loved most about it was the fact that it barely came down far enough to cover all of her breasts, and then it was tied together just below her deep and fully exposed cleavage with a loose knot. He had a strong desire to undo that knot and pull it wide open.

The miniskirt was similarly inspiring. To call it a mini- or even microskirt didn't do it justice, because it covered so very little. It was more like a wide sash. Susan had to pull it down nearly to the top of her bush just to cover her pussy, and in back her ass crack was exposed both above and below it. She never would have worn such a thing on her own, but Suzanne had selected the clothes from her own ample collection and then talked her into it.

The overall effect made her look like a pornographic version of a school girl uniform. Her black high heels didn't fit with the school girl aesthetic, but they certainly firmed up her leg and buttocks in an inspirational manner.bender

Susan's blush deepened and her pulse quickened as she saw Alan just standing and staring. She muttered, "This is not my fault! I'm really not some kind of slutty... Suzanne, she forced me to wear this!" She continued to fidget, fiddling her hands together behind her back while shifting her hips back and forth, making her that much more of a titillating sight.

Alan had used one of the public outdoor showers at the beach, so he was dry and clean of sand. But he was still carrying a bag and a towel. He dropped them and promptly forgot all about them. Then he staggered towards his mother as if in a helpless trance. Needless to say, his penis had fully engorged, and he was almost delirious with arousal.

But he was also mindful of the fact that this was his mother, whom he loved very much, and her frowning face concerned him. So he stopped right in front of her and asked her tenderly, "You feel embarrassed, don't you?"

She nodded jerkily. "Terribly! Terribly! Why does this kind of thing keep happening to me lately?!"

"Oh, Mom, don't worry. Everything is all right." He wrapped his arms around her and gave her a big hug.

She really needed that warmth and assurance. She squeezed him back, almost painfully tightly. "Oh, Son! Thank you! You're such a caring young man!" She kissed him several times, but was careful to limit it to pecks on the cheeks.

Without consciously planning it, he found his hands full of bare ass cheek. His hands had drifted down to her ass, and her miniskirt covered so little that it was pushed up and away. But she didn't seem to notice or mind. He asked, "How did this happen?"

She grumbled, "It's Suzanne. She couldn't be here when you came home, and insisted that I help you out with your, your... problem."

He said sincerely, "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do, Mom. I love the fact that you care enough to try this much." He tried to ignore the feel of her massive and barely covered breasts pressing into his chest, or the bare ass-flesh in his hands, and just radiate genuine love and affection to help her relax.

And she did relax a good deal. Another important factor was how Suzanne had helped out a lot behind the scenes before Alan came home. Suzanne knew Alan and his habits very well, and she had a good idea when he'd come home for lunch. So she had stayed with Susan almost until he arrived, made sure she drank a glass and a half of wine to loosen her up, helped her dress and practice her sexy moves, and pumped her up with advice and lusty encouragement.

All had been well up until Suzanne left. In the short time between Suzanne leaving and Alan arriving, Susan's resolve had collapsed, despite her highly aroused mood. She felt ridiculous in her skimpy outfit, and rued the promises she'd made to Suzanne about what she would do to help Alan.

But now that she was in her son's loving arms, her fears and doubts receded and her lust came back to the fore. When he asked her, "So, what did Aunt Suzy want you to do?" she smiled and replied, "It's so silly. She made me promise to give you a sexy striptease. She said your balls would be backed up with cum from seeing all the cute girls on the beach, and you'd be in desperate need of release when you came home." She looked into his eyes with uncertainty. "Are you?"

Actually, he'd been fine. With the exception of his brief encounter with Heather and Simone, he wasn't that attracted to the girls on the beach. Few teenage bodies could compare with the voluptuous bodies at home that served as his standards for beauty, and even most faces couldn't compare. In fact, being at the beach was a reprieve compared to all the sexual excitement at home. Far from having blue balls, his penis had been flaccid most of the time. So, ironically, he'd been fine up until he saw Susan standing in the kitchen. Then his libido had gone into overdrive.

So, although he deftly ignored the blue-balls-at-the-beach aspect, he wasn't being dishonest when he said, "I definitely could use some help right now. Here, see for yourself." He took one of her hands, which had been resting against his lower chest, and brought it down to his crotch.

Once Susan's hand started in that direction, she made it the rest of the way herself. Her fingers curled around his erection, with only his swimsuit in the way. The fabric was thin and silky, so it was much less of an impediment than having to go through underwear and shorts, or even just shorts. In fact, she could easily feel his heat and stiffness, and that made her heart thump wildly.

She was nearly dizzy with arousal as she said, "Oh my! Oh my goodness! I can see that... I can see that, that, Suzanne was right!" She suddenly found herself panting hard.

Mother and son had been very horny already, but when she held his boner, their arousal levels skyrocketed to the stratosphere. However, Alan figured he needed to downplay what she was doing so

she wouldn't get skittish. Besides, he was genuinely concerned that she didn't do something sexy with him just because Suzanne pressured her into it.

He brought a hand back up from her ass and tenderly brushed some of her bangs away from her forehead. (Or at least he tried to - they fell right back into place.) Ignoring the way she continued to firmly grip his erection, he said, "Don't worry, Mom. Aunt Suzy is well meaning, but she may not be fully appreciative of your... sensibilities. I know how much doing something like a striptease would embarrass you, so you don't have to do that for me."

Susan was conflicted. On one hand, she wanted to do a striptease to prove to him that she wasn't as prudish as he thought, at least not anymore. But on the other hand, she had her fingers wrapped around his shaft and she didn't want to let go. She'd told herself that she wasn't going to do anything to his penis unless it was part of an abnormality check, but the fact that he still wore his swimsuit gave her a kind of loophole. And while she didn't get the skin-to-skin contact that she craved, the thin fabric wasn't much of an impediment at all, and felt rather good. Plus, he was rapidly leaking pre-cum, giving her a wet grip that was even more enjoyable.

She said, "Don't underestimate your mother! I'm not as prudish as you think. In fact..." She pulled her upper body away from his, while still holding and even subtly rhythmically squeezing his boner. Then she looked down at the loose knot holding her blouse in place, and coyly asked, "Do you want to untie me?"

"Do I ever!" He took his other hand off her ass, and used both hands to untie the fabric. Then he pulled the blouse wide open, fully exposing her magnificent breasts. He was so aroused that he seriously worried that he was on the verge of swooning. He'd never swooned before, and he didn't want to embarrass himself by falling to the floor now. He panted, "I... I... I need to sit down!"

She smiled wolfishly. "That can be arranged. Come with me." She led him to the love seat in the adjacent dining room, which was against the wall halfway between the kitchen counter and the dining room table.

By this time her doubts were almost entirely gone, displaced by sheer lust. So, as she walked, she pulled the blouse all the way off her body and tossed it aside. Then she let her miniskirt fall and stepped away from it. Finally, she kicked her high heels off, since she knew she'd be sitting on him soon.

Alan made it to the love seat first, because he really needed to sit down and regain his bearings. He closed his eyes and tried hard to slow his breathing, for fear that he'd start hyperventilating. That helped, especially since he lost track of Susan, or the fact that she was taking off the rest of her clothes.

But his attempt to calm himself was shattered when he felt her body pressing down on him, and he opened his eyes to discover she was sitting her completely naked body on his lap!

She sighed contentedly and wrapped her arms around his neck. She settled down on him, with her bare ass cheeks resting against his protruding hard-on, and her big tits pressing against his T-shirt covered chest. "Aaaah! This is better, don't you think?"

He was momentarily struck speechless. Then, before he had a chance to recover, he felt her shift positions, allowing her fingers to curl around his swimsuit-covered shaft once more.

She let out another blissful sigh, and said, "There. That's even better. Now, you were saying, about how all those cuties on the beach gave you a bad case of blue balls? Or was it Suzanne who said that to me? Either way, is it true? Did those girls make you like this?"

As she finished her questions with the word "this," she started to slide her fingers up and down his hot and needy pole. His pre-cum already had completely soaked his hard-on, causing his swimsuit to stick to it like a second skin. From a practical point of view, it felt nearly exactly as good to both him and Susan as if he'd had the swimsuit all the way off.

He took a few long moments to try to compose himself, without much luck. Then he said, "No! Forget those girls! It's not any girl that makes me this hard and horny, it's you! Mom, you're so beautiful!"

Since moving to the love seat, he'd just been sitting there, more or less stunned. But he looked into Susan's eyes, and he was so moved by his love and lust for her that he brought both hands to her great rack and he caressed her tits from below. "Those girls can't hold a candle to you. None of them can! They're like sticks in comparison. But Mom... you're just so... you're all woman!" He was panting so hard again that he could hardly speak or breathe.

She was flying high as her now-wet fingers slid quickly up and down his wet shaft. "You're just saying that."

"No, I'm not!"

She let out another blissful sigh. This is great! I never thought I'd sit naked in a man's lap, like a shameless hussy. I haven't ever done that for my husband, now that I think about it. But with my Tiger... it's scary! So exhilarating and scary! And yet, I feel completely safe at the same time. He's a good son, and he loves me. She snickered to herself as she felt his hands fondling her tits. Although, he does take liberties from time to time...

She looked down at his hands running all over her great globes, and said, "By the way, you're not allowed to touch me there."

"I'm not?"

"No, you're not. Those are the rules."

He wasn't in any condition to put up a coherent argument. He just griped, "Oh, man!" and withdrew his hands. Instead, he unthinkingly brought both hands to her ass, figuring that was nearly as much fun.

She smiled at him. "That's better." Her only concern was that her breasts were so highly sensitive that she could lose all control if he fondled her there. She didn't have that worry with her ass cheeks, even though his touch felt wonderful there too.

Then she leaned forward and kissed the tip of his nose. In so doing, she pressed her massive melons against his chest again. She liked how that felt, especially the way her hard nipples poked into him, so she stayed like that.

She thought with delight, This is just what Suzanne told me to do! Well, almost. I'm not grinding my ass on his big cock... yet! But I probably will! And I didn't get to do a striptease. But the main thing is, I'm sitting naked in his lap, just like she suggested. And she was definitely right about him needing some help, and right away! Goodness gracious! His cock is so big and thick and stiff!

Thinking about what she was doing and how that compared to Suzanne's suggestions made her realize that she wasn't just checking his penis to see how stiff he was. There was no way she could deny that she was giving him a handjob, and she'd promised herself not to do that. The fact that he was wearing a swimsuit over it wasn't enough for her to delude herself about that, no matter how much she was loving it. So she slowed her stroking until it finally came to a complete halt.

He would have been very disappointed by that, except that he was so extremely aroused that her unexpected restraint was all that stopped him from cumming too soon. A minute passed, and then another, while the two of them just held each other and slowly brought their panting under control. His orgasmic danger passed, to his great relief.

Susan still had a hand firmly wrapped around his shaft as she found herself thinking, Phew! That was a close call. I can't go making promises to myself and then break them willy nilly. I can't forget that I'm a respectable, married, God-fearing woman, and Ron could come home at any moment! Even though Suzanne is looking out for me to prevent a nasty surprise, it's the principle of the thing. I can't give my son a handjob, unless it's part of an abnormality check! Period!

Although...

It has been a few days... And one can never be too careful. Now that he has to cum six times a day, every day, there could be chafing, or lumps. Or even chafing AND lumps! A quick check won't hurt. Just to make sure that everything is in order.

With that fig-leaf of an excuse, she resumed her stroking. However, she quickly decided that she couldn't truly check for things like chafing through his swimsuit, so she pulled the wet and sticky fabric down to his balls and proceeded to jack him off directly. Her motions were slow at first, but that was actually more pleasurable than her quick stroking she'd been doing, because she focused mostly on directly rubbing his sweet spot.

She thoroughly "checked" his penis, several times over. In fact, she "checked" his sweet spot nearly non-stop. She didn't find any chafing or lumps, but that didn't dissuade her.

He loved it so much that it was all he could do to close his eyes and hang on for dear life.

However, even in her hot and bothered condition, she could only use that excuse for so long. Once again, she slowed her hand movements until they came to a complete stop. And, once again, it was just in the nick of time, since he was right on the cusp of a tremendous climax.

Chapter 214 Hot Naked Grinding.....

But she wasn't done. In fact, a big reason she decided to end her "abnormality check" was because of what she planned to do next. She pulled his swimsuit back up over his erection, then said, "Son, I was

just checking your penis for abnormalities and such, and everything seems to be in order. You can't be too careful about that sort of thing, you know."

He could only grunt in response. He was still panting and clenching with his eyes closed, desperately trying to delay orgasm a little longer.

She lifted her weight off him while remaining on top of him. "Now, my sweet love, we're going to do something a little different. Suzanne said I need to get you fully aroused so you could have a nice, prolonged masturbation session, and make another checkmark on your daily chart. She gave me some suggestions on how I could do that."

He opened his eyes to stare into her face in sheer disbelief. "Fully aroused?!" Is she kidding me?! If this isn't fully aroused already, then what the hell is?! But he stayed silent, aside from his heavy breathing.

She said, "I want you to sit on your hands, to make sure you don't get too naughty. Can you do that for me?" She leaned in to his face and gave his cheek a couple of encouraging kisses.

He nodded. He had no idea what she had planned, and he hated to lose the use of his hands, but he figured that if it involved his fully naked and very horny mother in any way, it had to be good. He lifted himself up slightly and sat on his hands.

"Good." She smiled at him, and settled her weight back down on his lap. "Now, keep your hands like that. No touching allowed, okay?"

He nodded again, and smiled back. Even though he'd just come back from the brink of orgasm, his body was still brimming with energy and lust. But he was determined to keep his hands safely under his ass.

She scooted off his lap a little bit, and gave him a sultry smile. "Now, since you're a good boy, good boys get rewarded." She pulled his swimsuit down again, even though she'd pulled it up only about a minute ago. His cock seemed stuck to his swimsuit due to all the pre-cum, but it finally, and dramatically sprung free.

Her mouth formed a perfect "O" shape as she gazed at his wet erection poking up at a jaunty angle. Oh my! So much cocky goodness! His medical condition is very fitting. A cock like that needs to get stroked

and sucked a LOT! Even by his... his... naked mommy! MMMM! Her mouth watered and she repeatedly licked her lips as she thought back again to all the oral loving she'd given him on that Tuesday.

But she remembered that she wasn't allowed to do that to him again, at least not now. She refocused on her task at hand, and pulled his swimsuit the rest of the way off. "Okay, Tiger. You may find this hard to believe... I know I do... but Suzanne made me promise her that I sit naked on your lap, and, well, kind of grind and churn my ass all over your cock."

His eyes widened, and his already rapid pulse sped up even more. Aunt Suzy, God bless you! YES! I have the best sex goddess auntie in the whole wide world!

Susan was feeling a bit bashful, because she found that such a very lewd thing to do. Even as she settled back down on his lap, she shyly asked him, "Is that okay with you?"

He nodded eagerly. Oh yeah! Hell yeah! He didn't say that out loud, because he didn't want to appear too eager.

She seemed to steel her courage. "Okay. But keep your hands where they are. And be careful. We don't want to have any naughty accidents."

Fuck me! he thought. That's literally true. The "naughty accident" she's talking about is if my dick happens to slide into her cunt! Oh my God, that's so incredible! I could end up fucking Mom! And even if I don't, Jesus, this is gonna be good!

She was already sitting on his lap, but she slightly repositioned herself to maximize ass-cock contact. She still felt embarrassed to be doing this, so she kept her eyes closed as she started to grind.

From the very beginning, Alan was so aroused that he just about went out of his mind. He was grateful to Suzanne for teaching him about PC muscle control, because he knew that he was going to constantly strain with all his might not to cum.

In terms of tactile stimulation, what Susan was doing wasn't as enjoyable as the de facto handjob she'd been giving him during her "check" on his erection. But the mental aspect of it was off the charts. The mere thought that his gorgeous mother was actually squatting naked on his lap and churning her ass on

his boner practically fried his brain. Opening his eyes and seeing her do it, complete with her huge boobs bouncing and swaying in time to her hip movement, was twice as arousing. Then feeling the pleasurable sensations on his wet, stiff pole doubled the thrill yet again.

As if all that wasn't enough, the look of pure, unadulterated lust on his mother's face was about the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He knew right away that it was a sight he'd never forget.

Susan was feeling as aroused as she looked. She thought, MMMM! This is SO HOT! God bless Suzanne! (Her thought matched Alan asking God to bless Suzanne just a minute or two earlier.) Why do I ever doubt her? She has SUCH excellent suggestions! I know I must look a sight. If anyone were to see me like this, I would just die. Especially Ron! Oh no, Ron! I sure hope Suzanne is keeping an eye out for him! But I can't stop. I don't want to stop! I've never felt so free and alive! And sexual! I feel like Aphrodite, the goddess of sex!

Oh God, I'm just grinding down on my son's cock! Grinding, grinding, grinding! It's so big! So very BIG! It feels like I'm sitting on a log! Normally, I would never let myself do this, but it's okay because I have to! I promised Suzanne, and Tiger clearly needs it. His cock is just so full of cum! Sweet, creamy, spermy cum! Tiger, you need to squirt it out! MMMM! Shoot your cum out for Mommy!

Susan started out feeling somewhat self-conscious about what she was doing. But the more she churned her hips on her son's cock, the more uninhibited she felt and acted. At first, she kept her eyes closed. Then she opened them, but was careful not to make eye contact with her son. But eventually, after a couple of minutes, she looked right into his eyes and gave him a loving smile.

As she did so, she slowed her hips down and asked him, "So, Son... how are you enjoying this? Does it feel good? Are you thinking about those hotties you saw on the beach?"

He was too far gone to speak coherently. In fact, he was sure that he was going to cum at any moment. But he was determined not to give her the wrong impression about why he was so aroused, so he shouted, "NO!" After more gasping for air, he added, "NO! Screw them! It's YOU! YOU!"

That made her feel warm and tingly inside, on top of the erotic pleasure already coursing through her entire body. If she had any lingering doubts about doing this for him, those loving words banished them. She purred, "Oh, Son!"

Then she fell forward onto him. Her breasts had been in the open air, and she'd been "forced" to hold them most of the time to stop them from bouncing too much during her grinding (although her holding was really more like fondling). But now she pressed them against his T-shirt covered chest, and she happily slid them up and down his body.

Even though she was supposed to be merely arousing him so he could masturbate himself to orgasm up in his room, she sensed that he was about to cum, and that knowledge spurred her on. Her ass kept on gyrating over his boner while she purred, "Look at me, Tiger! You've made me act so very naughty! Such a naughty Mommy! Your naughty, big-titted, ass-grinding mommy. Don't you think so?"

He finally couldn't take any more, and he let go with a strangled cry. He freed his pinned hands from under his ass and brought them to her tremendous rack. He kept on yelling incoherently as his cum shot out like a rocket.

The only problem was where his cum would fire. Had Susan simply kept going, some of it would have splattered against her ass while the rest would have shot through the gap between his legs below her ass and arched far across the dining room. However, she could sense his impending explosion, and she quickly took action. She scooted back down his thighs, grabbed his stiffness, and pointed it up towards her own body.

She tilted her head way back in erotic ecstasy as his cum shot straight up and splattered on the undersides of her gigantic, bouncing tits. She didn't touch herself in any way with the intention of inducing her own orgasm, but she came hard anyway.

Her screams mingled with his, and then continued on her own, because her orgasm lasted much longer than his did, as female orgasms usually do.

When it was over, he felt completely wrecked. But he'd never felt so sexually satisfied, content, and loved. He wrapped his arms around her and just held her tight.

Her body continued to tremble from time to time, due to orgasmic after-shocks, but eventually she calmed down and just enjoyed his warm embrace. She closed her eyes and basked in their intimacy.

Eventually, with her cheek literally pressed against his, she felt a wetness and realized that tears were leaking from his eyes. She pulled back and looked at him with concern. "Tiger? Is something wrong?"

He smiled at her and wiped his tears away. "Nope! In fact, things have never been so right. It's just that I'm so happy right now. I feel totally overcome and awed by your love. I know that wasn't easy for you to do, from the way you dressed when I came in, to, well, everything else. But you did it anyway, for me, because you love me that much. I feel so... I'm not worthy!"

Her heart was filled with joy from hearing that, just like his was. Her smile was a mile wide. "Son, I'd do anything for you, don't you know that? You and the rest of our family, you're my life! I know you'd do the same for me, wouldn't you?"

He chuckled as he imagined himself sitting naked on his mother and rubbing his cock all over her perfect body. Uh, yeah! Talk about a no-brainer! Good God, that sounds as much fun as this was! But he just nodded, and said, "Of course. We're a team, aren't we?"

Somehow, her smile grew even bigger. "We are! We stick together and help each other." She grew somewhat more serious. "Mind you, there are certain limits as to how much I can help you with your special problem. I'd like to do more, but I'm a married woman, and you're my son, and there are certain things we just can't do."

She frowned. "The whole point was that I was supposed to get you worked up so you could masturbate to completion, but things got a bit carried away, didn't they?" She couldn't see his cum splatterings, because he'd thoroughly painted only the undersides of her big tits. But, as if searching for proof of her comment, she brought a hand there, ran her fingers through his copious load, and brought her hand up in front of her face for both of them to see.

He said, "That's okay, Mom. What difference does it make if I came here or up in my room? You didn't violate your rules, and you saved me from the sin of Onan. It's all good."

She thought with worry, Well, I don't know about that. If I didn't violate my rules, I sure as heck stretched them beyond all recognition! Especially with that prolonged, uh, abnormality check. Was that strictly necessary? Be honest with yourself, Susan. You're only supposed to do that once a week, on Tuesdays. But at least I did stop myself, twice. So I suppose it's okay. Besides, the main thing is that he had a nice orgasm. The fact that I enjoyed myself and got quite tingly there at the end, well, I suppose that can't be helped sometimes.

She finally said to him, "Well, maybe. I don't know if it's all good. This is definitely not how a married woman should behave, especially with her own son! I'm concerned that this kind of situation could spin out of control, and accidents could happen. So don't expect a repeat performance any time soon. Is that clear?"

He nodded.

Now that Susan was coming down from her erotic high, worry about Ron coming home was in the front of her mind. So she abruptly got off Alan and stood up. "Come on, Tiger. Let's make ourselves presentable. It shames me to say this, but Ron could come home at any time. We don't want him to see us like this! Would you like me to make you lunch?"

He grinned. "Sure thing. Man, you're the best!"bender

She smiled back, but ruefully. I'm probably TOO good. I really shouldn't have done that. But I did promise Suzanne, and he'll get to make another checkmark on his orgasm chart. No harm done, right? But still, I feel guilty.

Chapter 215 Picnic @ State Park With Kath

Alan figured that what had just happened with Susan would be his big sexual adventure for the day. He figured this was a day for him to rest and recover from his many recent intense sexual experiences, and he wanted to spend time repairing frayed connections with his friends.

Susan was very concerned about Ron coming home soon, even though the odds of that were still extremely low, based on his past habits. She changed into normal, unrevealing clothes, and made sure that Alan did the same. She put his cum-soaked swimsuit in the washer, opened the sliding door next to the love seat, and used air freshener in the dining room for good measure. Then she prepared some fresh pumpkin and leek soup for their lunch, after which they had a surprisingly normal and non-sexual time eating together.

At least, Alan outwardly pretended that things were normal and non-sexual. In fact, he was staggered by what had just happened with his mother. And even though she was covered up to the neck in her change of clothes, just seeing her stunning face directly across the table as they ate lunch was a constant and powerful reminder of what had happened. His penis underwent its usual refractory period, but even before he had finished lunch it was fully engorged once again.

A part of him suspected that he could get a repeat performance of something similarly arousing if he played his cards right with his mother, but he didn't think he could mentally or physically handle having another such intense experience so soon. The table hid the bulge in his shorts while they ate, and when he cleaned the dishes afterwards, he was very careful to position his hard-on in his shorts as well as angle his body from Susan to make sure she didn't realize he was erect again.

Susan was similarly sexually satiated, as well as mentally exhausted, so she wasn't too curious. As a result, he was able to "escape" upstairs to his room without her discovering his turgid condition.

Once he was away from her, his penis quickly went flaccid. But there still was a strong lingering lust, because he couldn't get his sexy mother out of his mind.

Still, he was determined to have a relatively normal day, so he made his plans. Ironically, his top priority non-sexual activity had a sexual component to it. He realized that for all of his sexual activity lately, he still was very sexually inexperienced. He was determined to change that, and fast. So he wanted to go to a local shopping mall that had a couple of good bookstores and find some information on how to improve his sexual skills.

However, his energy problem hadn't been "cured" yet, so he needed his daily nap. He slept for an hour, and felt much refreshed by it. Then he went downstairs to tell her his shopping plans and ask permission to borrow one of the family cars.

Katherine had come home while he was napping, and she was talking to Susan across the kitchen counter when Alan came downstairs. Once he explained his shopping plans, Katherine asked him if she could come along. Unlike many siblings, he greatly enjoyed the company of his sister, long before they'd gotten sexually involved, just as she enjoyed his company. So he agreed.

Funnily enough, given what they'd just done, he wanted to keep the exact nature of his book purchases a secret from Susan. He figured that although she had sexually opened up in some ways, she remained very prudish and conservative in other ways, and she would find such books "very improper." But he didn't see the reason to keep his shopping intentions a secret from Katherine, at least not once they were out of the house. In fact, he might even get advice from her on the best sex books to buy.

Alan and Katherine left a short time later, after Katherine changed into a different, and much more revealing, outfit. (She snuck to the garage without Susan seeing what she wore.) Once Alan had the car

driving down the road, he asked his sister in the passenger seat, "So, what are you planning to do at the mall?"

"Screw that!"

He frowned and briefly glanced her way. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me. 'Screw that.' Who wants to go to the mall, anyway? Booooooring!"

"I do, for one. I didn't want to say this with Mom around, for obvious reasons, but the main thing I want to do is buy some sex books at the bookstores there."

"What, like porn?"

"No. I mean sex-advice-type books. I've suddenly been thrown into all kinds of sexual fun, and it's great, but I feel like I'm stumbling around in the dark. I want to get better and really master this thing. I know I can't become a sexual veteran overnight, and nothing beats practical experience, but I figure reading books like that will help speed things up."

Katherine sat silent, with a frustrated look on her face. Finally, she said, "Okay. I'll admit that if there's one thing I'm willing to let you buy, it's that."

He gave her another curious glance. "'Willing to let me buy?' What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that we have plans! Big plans! You'll see what I mean. Hurry up and buy those dumb books, and then I'll show you."

He repeatedly try to prod her to reveal what she meant, but she remained resolutely tight-lipped after that. Normally, she liked cruising the mall. She could spend hours there seeing and being seen, as well as checking out all the latest fashions, even if she had no intentions to buy anything. But not today. She was a model of efficiency. She bee-lined directly to the nearest bookstore and helped her brother make his book selections. After he paid for three books (and she bought a sex advice book for herself), she

argued that he had what he needed, so there was no need to go to the other bookstore in the mall, or to any other store there.

He did want to do some other shopping at some other stores since he rarely went to the mall, but he could see that she was highly motivated to leave so she could proceed with her mysterious plan. Curiosity got the best of him and he decided to do his other shopping some other time, so he could find out what she had in mind.

But the mystery only deepened, because when they got back to their car in the mall parking lot, she insisted on driving. Then she drove off, but refused to tell him where they were going or what they'd be doing.

Eventually, they left the built-up area and headed into the country-side, at least as much of a country-side as their heavily populated part of Orange County had. They reached a road that allowed Alan to figure out that they were headed to a certain state park that they both liked. They'd been there many times throughout their childhood. It had many hiking trails that led up to hills looking out onto the ocean off in the distance.

He said, "Okay, I know where we're going. But WHY? I like hiking as much as you do, but why the mystery? Why didn't I get any say in this?"

She grinned impishly. "Elementary, my dear Watson. You didn't get any say, because you might have said 'No.' And we're not just hiking. I have a picnic basket all packed in the backseat. I know we've both eaten lunch, but I've packed fruit, rolls, drinks, and other goodies in there. I'm thinking we can sit on a scenic viewpoint looking to the ocean and just have, you know, some special brother-and-sister time. Away from all the sexual craziness from the house. Take a break from the whole world. When was the last time we did that?"

He thought that over, and smiled. "Okay! Now, we're talking. That sounds like a very good plan. In fact, that would be lovely. But still, why all the mystery? You knew I'd totally be on board with that, didn't you?"

"I did. But an intriguing mystery is frustrating but fun, you must admit. Plus, there's the fact that I'm incorrigibly uppity."

He raised a curious eyebrow. "'Uppity?' What do you mean?"

"You know the word, Mr. Near Perfect Score on His SAT Practice Tests. I quote from the dictionary definition: 'uppity. Adjective. Rebellious, self-assertive, not inclined to be tractable or deferential.'"bender

He gave her another strange look. "Okaaaay. It's weird that you memorized that, and it's an odd and obscure word all around. Why are you so keen on it all of a sudden?"

She gave him an enigmatic smile-smirk. "You'll see."

He sighed dramatically. "Oh, great. Another mystery."

"Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!" She laughed with great glee.

The two of them had an enjoyable time talking to each other and listening to the radio while driving to the state park. Once there and out of the car, they took the picnic basket, which was actually a packed backpack, and headed off on a hiking trail that Katherine chose.

Alan was having a relaxed and carefree time. He felt refreshed being out in nature and away from his usual haunts and problems. The hike allowed him to stretch his legs, but it was far from overly vigorous, since the hills weren't that high.

After a half hour hike, they reached a spot that had a great view. It was a grass-covered clearing surrounded by trees on three sides, with a steep slope towards the ocean on the fourth. What Alan found curious was that they'd left the trail five minutes earlier to reach it.

Katherine was all smiles as she spread a big blanket over the grass. "So, Big Baton Brother, what do you think?"

He was busy unloading the backpack. "It's great. But what puzzles me is how you knew this was here. It's way off the trail, and I certainly don't remember being here before. And you haven't been to this park without me, have you?"

She gave him another enigmatic smile. "Have I? Or have I not? Hrm. Curious."

He chuckled. "What's up with you and your mysteries today?"

"It's all part of my fiendish plan." With that, she stood up straight and then pulled her tight shorts down her legs, taking her panties with them.

He was busy unloading the backpack, so he didn't notice her stripping at first. But unexpected movement caught his eye. When he glanced her way again, she was pulling her shirt off over her head. He immediately noticed that she wasn't wearing a bra.

He looked around frantically from where he sat on the blanket, but they were all alone. Still, he was freaking out. He'd been in a non-sexual mode their entire trip until now, so this took him by complete surprise. "Sis! What the hell are you doing?!"

"I like that you call me 'Sis' out in the open like this," she said in a casual tone as she bent over and carefully packed her clothes in the backpack he had just been fiddling with. "I hope you'll soon be screaming that all the way out to the Pacific!"

Chapter 216 Sex @ State Park

His penis was starting to engorge from looking at his sexy, naked sister, but he wasn't happy about it. He spoke to it in his mind. Hey, you traitorous dick, stay calm, for once! Not now, not here! But not surprisingly, his penis didn't listen and got very stiff in a hurry.

He crossed his arms and acted huffy towards her. "You tricked me."

She gave him an unrepentant smile. "I did. Brother, you started fucking me, and you can't start NOT fucking me! That would be cruel. Now that I've found out how great it is, I can't go without it!" She sat her naked ass in front of him and unzipped his shorts.

He kept his arms crossed, which looked defiant, but it also meant he didn't make a move to stop her.

She explained, "I know how you feel with your stance against fucking at home, especially with Ron in town, and that's a big problem for us. But when I heard you wanted to go shopping, I saw my chance and went for it. Like I said, I'm uppity, and damn proud of it. I may be your fuck toy, but that doesn't mean I'm a bump on a log."

He was sitting cross-legged and acting stubborn, so she figured it wouldn't be easy to get his shorts all the way off just yet. But while she was talking, she'd been repositioning. She got on all fours, with her face in his crotch and her ass high up in the air. Once she finished her comment, she engulfed his cockhead and started slathering it with her love and attention.

He griped, "Hey! What are you doing?! You can't do that here! We're in a public park! We're gonna get caught!"

But Katherine didn't reply, because she was busy slurping and sucking.

He looked down at her bobbing head and let out an exasperated sigh. Giving in to the inevitable, he uncrossed his arms and planted his hands on the blanket on either side of him. He thought, I'm weak. Too weak! I totally should have said or done something BEFORE she got her lips wrapped around my dick. Now it's too late, because what she's doing feels too damn good!

He started saying his thoughts out loud. "Look at us! I love sex as much as the next guy. No, scratch that, I love it even more. But we have to be prudent. Anybody could walk in on us. This must be a popular spot, even though it's hidden, because look at the great view. What if some cop comes along and arrests us?! How would we explain that we're..." - he dropped his voice down to a careful whisper - "related?!"

Katherine pulled her lips off his cock and sat up, but she kept stroking him with two hands. She gave him an exasperated look and rolled her eyes. "I'd better explain, or you'll be too nervous to be able to enjoy yourself. The reason I know this spot is 'cos I did an Internet search on good but safe spots for public sex near our town. Lots of people come here, and there's never any trouble. We're in the middle of nowhere!" She let go of his boner to gesticulate, and she waved at the view behind her.

She resumed her stroking, and continued, "Why the heck would a cop be patrolling off trail in a little-used state park?! Sheesh! Give me a break. If someone did come, like a park ranger, we could just scam. Besides, there isn't just one sex spot. This whole hillside is covered with them on this side. Basically, the instructions I found said to go along a certain trail for a certain distance, then anywhere along the next mile you can turn left and walk five minutes and you'll come to one of many scenic

overlooks. I didn't come to this specific spot; I knew anywhere in this general area would do. So don't worry about it. We're probably not even the only ones using one of these scenic clearings right now."

That made him feel better, but he still whispered anxiously, "Maybe, but I know we've gotta be the only ones who are brother and sister! You and I can't do anything in a public place, ever, for obvious reasons! No matter how remote we are, or how small the danger! Please! Promise me!"

She sighed heavily. "Okay. Fine. I don't want to get caught either, you know. If you give me a good fucking now, I promise I won't try this kind of thing again. It's just that Ron is home, and we're totally stymied there, and I'm so damn horny!" She leaned down and resumed licked around the crown of his cockhead.

He smiled at her enthusiasm, as well as her happy hums of pleasure. "Okay. Just this one time."

"Yeay!" She pulled away from his boner again, stood up, and raised her arms in triumph, just like a prize fighter. Sweet! I knew this would work! The squeaky sister gets the cock!

He looked around with worry, but realized there was no way anyone could see that. Man, I've gotta chill out. We're in the middle of nowhere. Even if some park ranger did show up, which is highly unlikely, we could just run like hell. I'm not happy about getting tricked into this, but as long as it doesn't happen again, it's okay. Her enthusiasm is pretty darn cute. And how can I resist her, when she looks like THAT?!

He grinned as he looked up to her voluptuous naked body. Then he stood up. "Okay, now what?"

She stepped forward and yanked his shorts down. "We get rid of these stupid things. Finally! And as much as I love sucking you off, what I'm really craving is a good ol' fucking! You think you're up for that?" She grinned impishly.

He chuckled. "I think that can be arranged. As long as we're quiet and careful about it, that is. I can't believe the crazy things you talk me into!" He shook his head in disbelief.

They both laughed, because they fondly recalled instances down the years where she'd gotten him to go along with various pranks and adventures. They didn't need to explain because they both knew they

were thinking about similar incidents. Funnily enough, she never got into trouble on her own, but she was much more daring with him taking part, since she felt safe with him.

She turned around and dropped on all fours, with her ass to him. She wiggled her bare butt provocatively as she said, "That's how it's still gonna be, I'm afraid, except with a lot more fucking and sucking." She giggled. "I may be your fuck toy now, but I'm an uppity one!"

He was very excited about fucking his sister again, though he was reluctant to show it. And he was even more reluctant to admit to himself that the danger and uniqueness of the scenic outdoor location was especially exciting. He was too worked up to wait any longer, so he knelt behind her, scooted up, and guided his cock into her hot slit.

She stopped her wiggling and helped him out by pushing her ass back towards him. She was already wet from the anticipation, which had been building up in her mind the entire journey to this spot, so he slid right in. Although he went in fast, it was a delightfully snug fit.

She let out a long, blissful "Aaaaaah! Yessssss! I've been needing that! So much!"

He paused while fully sheathed inside her, so their bodies could adjust before he began thrusting in earnest. While he waited, he asked, "By the way, what's with this 'fuck toy' stuff? That's the second time you used that today, I noticed. And you've said it on other days too. I'm detecting a pattern."

She giggled. "My brother is a friggin' genius! It's about time you took notice."

He hissed in Pig Latin, "Ixnay on the otherbray!" (Meaning "nix on the 'brother.'")

She turned her head back to make eye contact. "Why?! As long as we don't shout, it's fine. Besides, reminders that we're brother and sister practically doubles the fun. Don't you get off on the fact that you've basically enslaved your sister into becoming your personal fuck toy?"

He frowned with concern. "Hey! Don't say that. Never say that. Please don't talk about being a 'fuck toy' or especially enslavement of anyone. That really offends me. You're not just some toy; you're my sister and I love you!"

She was anxious to get the fucking truly started, but she wanted to sort this important issue out first. She churned her hips a little bit, because she was worried her words were backfiring and he might go flaccid. Still looking back his way, she said, "First off, this is just sexy talk, you doofus! I'm not literally a fuck toy, obviously. But I get off on submitting myself to my big-cocked, handsome, and strong older brother! Can you handle that?"bender

He quickly replied, "I can handle it, in limited doses. I might even get off on it a little bit, I admit. But if you go too far and say things that demean yourself, that'll be a big turn OFF. You're like a priceless treasure to me. Do you know how rare and awesome it is that we get along so well?"

She unexpectedly pulled her ass back, causing his boner to nearly pop free. But then she pushed herself all the way back onto him, making both of them shiver with erotic joy. Then she pointedly said, "I'd guess we're closer than most siblings, yes." She giggled.

Her pulling back and then pushing onto him went over so well that she did it again. She joked, "In fact, we're so very close, that it's almost like you're eight inches inside me!"

That stirred Alan enough for him to finally begin regular thrusting. But he wasn't quite done talking. He chuckled at her comments, and said, "True. Although, it's more like... three inches." He pulled out until only his cockhead was in her.

But she pushed back on him until he was fully sheathed in her again. "Nah. Feels much more like eight inches to me!"

They continued to joke like this for a couple of minutes. Eventually, he built up a good fuck rhythm and both of them were too distracted for any talking or joking anymore.

As he steadily plowed into her, he thought, This is crazy! When I started fucking Sis, I didn't really think things through. We've only had sex once, just the day before yesterday. Heck, this is only the second time I've fucked, period! I have to admit that I haven't really thought through what it all means. We're going to have to have a serious talk later. But not now. Jesus Christ, this feels good!

After that, he essentially temporarily emptied his mind of all thoughts and concerns about anything but fucking his sister. It felt so very good that it totally consumed him. He even stopped worrying about anyone discovering them, at least most of the time. Katherine was facing the beautiful view down to the

ocean, and since he was fucking her doggy-style, he had the same view. Most of the time he looked down towards her ass, but whenever he looked up, he was startled anew about the fact that they were fucking in such a crazy place. Without fail, it gave him a jolt that both frightened and thrilled him.

Until recently, the only sexual pleasure Alan had enjoyed was masturbation. And he'd trained himself over time to delay orgasm as long as possible. He'd discovered that while an orgasm could be an intense ecstasy, it only lasted a few seconds, and then the fun was all over. He got much more pleasure staying close to the orgasmic edge for a long time. So, naturally, he had this same attitude when it came to sex with women, only even more so, because he wanted to make sure he lasted long enough for his partner to have great orgasms too.

So he intended to last a very long time, every time. However, he was new to fucking, and the pleasures of his sister's tight, hot cunt were so great that he had a very hard time controlling himself. He lasted about five minutes, and even that much was a great challenge. To his great disappointment, he let go and came into her pussy before he heard or felt the tell-tale signs that she'd had an orgasm too.

He pulled out of her and flopped down on the blanket, right next to where she'd just lowered herself to a lying position. Once he recovered his breath, but with his eyes still closed, he said, "Sorry, Sis."

She was lying naked face up with her eyes closed, just like him, but she rolled to her side towards him, and looked his way. "Sorry?! What for?! That was great!"

He opened his eyes and shifted to his side to face her too. "It was! God knows I enjoyed it. But I came too soon. I didn't give you a chance."

"Pfffpt! Big whoop. In case you didn't notice, we've got all afternoon. I figure that by the time we're done, I'll have cum so many times, you're gonna have to carry me back to the car." She grinned and winked, so he knew she was just joshing, at least about being carried.

After a long pause, he said, "Hmmm. I hadn't really thought of that. I guess that's 'cos I hadn't realized we were going to fuck at all until, like, a minute before it started."

"Well, think about it now. Think about how glorious it's going to be! Mom thinks we're shopping. We'll tell her that we bummed around the mall for a few hours, and she won't care or suspect." She sat up

and stretched her arms up high while staring out to the ocean. "I already know what I'm going to write in my diary later: 'Dear Diary, It's pat myself on the back time. Best. Idea. Ever!'" She giggled at that.

He sat up too, and pulled her in close. "I do have to admit I'm kind of warming up to the whole 'kidnap my brother, take him to the woods, and have him fuck me like a crazy monkey' plan." He chuckled.

She laughed too, but said, "Hey, I didn't kidnap you, per se. I'm saving that for next time."

He chuckled some more, and rolled his eyes at her. Then he put an arm around her and pulled her in close. "All joking aside, I'm so happy this is happening! I can't even put it into words. I've loved you so much, like, forever. Literally since before I can remember. It's like you were always a part of me. We're more than siblings, I feel like we're best friends too."

"We are!" she said forcefully and passionately. She was starting to feel emotionally overcome, due to his words.

He continued, "I never in a million years thought that we'd have sex, but now we have, and I can't believe how good it is! And somehow it makes me love you even MORE than before!"

He was going to say more, but he stopped because he noticed tears leaking from her eyes. He tenderly wiped a finger through a tear streak, and asked, "Are you okay?"

She exclaimed, "I've never been more okay! Brother, this is like a dream come true! You have no idea how much and how long I've wanted this! Now, fucking shut up with your wonderful words and fuck the hell out me!"

She suddenly threw herself at him. They'd been sitting side by side, but she wound up lying on top of him, with her lips on his. They kissed like their lives depended on it.

Eventually, she whispered, like she was confessing a great secret, "I love you, Brother, and don't you ever forget it! Ever! You're the only man who'll ever have me, and that's a promise for life!" Then, in her normal voice, she said, "Now, fuck me good!"

Even as he lay underneath her, he gave her a playful salute. "One good fuck, coming right up!" Then he surprised her by rolling over, until he was on top of her. He was careful that they both stayed on the blanket though. His penis had gone flaccid after their first fuck, but their heartfelt words of love to each other aroused him to full hardness. So he positioned his cock and pushed into her.

They both let out long, ecstatic sighs.

Once he bottomed out in her, he said, "Can you believe that two people can have this much fun with each other? I just fucking love fucking!"

"Me too! God, it's so good! Now, take me! Hard! Take me!"

Even though his penis had revived, his body was still recovering from his recent orgasm. But her words inspired him, jolting him almost like an electric prod. He didn't waste time this time, and started pounding her deep and fast. He put all of his energy into it, and since he was lying on top of her, it was like he was doing push-ups on her.

They stared into each other's eyes, and the outside world completely disappeared. Neither of them would have noticed a park ranger if one was standing next to them and yelling at them.

Thanks to the fact that Alan had recently climaxed, his stamina was much better. He fucked his sister hard until she had a great, screaming orgasm. He wasn't ready to pop his cork then, but all that fast fucking was tiring, so he laid on top of her for a while, still fully sheathed in her, and they both rested.

At one point, she looked up into his eyes and caressed his face. "Brother, can you believe this is happening?! I can't! Getting fucked by you is just SO GOOD! NOW, do you see why I was so eager to leave the shopping mall?"

He chuckled. "Yeah. Good call. Don't make a habit of kidnapping me though, okay?"

She giggled. "Okay. I'll try to keep it down to two or three times a week." They shared another scorching kiss.

He thought, Man, I feel guilty. Normally, once we'd fucked, I'd be thinking of nothing but fucking her all the time. Well, if you can ever call incestuous fucking normal. It's totally awesome! But the thing is, I suddenly find myself sexually involved with all these women! Sis, Mom, Aunt Suzy, Glory, Amy, Kim... And let's not forget Akami, who kind of started it all. That's seven women! Seven! That's totally nuts! Whereas Sis probably only has eyes for me, so of course she wants this even more than I do. It's unbalanced and unfair, and it sucks! I wish I could give my entire heart and soul to her, because she deserves it. But how could I give up the others?! And Sis knows about them and doesn't seem to mind.

But is that fair? Then again, we ARE siblings. It's not like we could ever have a normal relationship. Besides, how could I keep up my six times a day pace with only her helping me? And is there any way I could stop doing stuff like what happened between me and Mom today? No way! I swear, maybe I'm being a total bastard being with all these women, but I can't believe any other guy in my shoes would do otherwise. It's humanly impossible! The thrills are too intense!

Since his erection had never gone flaccid or even vacated her, he resumed fucking once she seemed up for it. He started slowly, with more kissing and fondling than thrusting. He knew they had plenty of time, so after the initial excitement of getting to fuck again had worn off, they were content to take a slower pace.

Eventually, the pace did speed up and things got quite heated. But he tired out before cumming, and after he gave her another nice orgasm, the pace slowed to a crawl again. But that was okay; they were in sync, and they were happy to be together fast, slow, or anywhere in between.

An hour passed, and then another. Sometimes they fucked, sometimes they just kissed and/or fondled, and sometimes they simply sat together, talked, and fed each other slices of fruit or sips of faux champagne that Katherine had packed. Alan eventually had another orgasm, and Katherine had several. They were just starting to truly know each other's bodies, so this was a good time for them to experiment with different positions, techniques, and speeds.

Katherine was remarkably attentive to Alan's penis. She spent a lot of time sucking him off, not just to get him hard again, but because she loved doing that in and of itself. Even when they were talking and relaxing, she'd continue to jack him off if he was erect. She was making big strides in improving her blowjob and handjob techniques. Since they had so much time, she made a point of trying out new things. Not all of them worked, but most of them did.

Alan wanted to reciprocate and go down on her, or at least finger her. He wasn't keen about licking her down there, but he figured he owed it to her to at least try, after all she'd done for him. However, she

wouldn't let him, not even just to finger her. She explained that he was giving her pussy a thorough workout, and if he was going to "abuse" it some more, she wanted to save herself for more fucking.

Finally, near the end of their second hour there, Alan had another orgasm. Like two of his previous orgasms, he came in her pussy, without a condom. (For the third time, he shot his load all over her face and tits, at her insistence.)

Chapter 217 Fuck Toy

When he was done, he laid on the blanket next to her. He had an arm loosely around her back, and their heads were side by side. He said, "I sound like a broken record, I'm sure, but that was awesome! Unfortunately, I think I'm probably done for the day. I mean... four times in two hours! That's a lot for any guy, I'm sure. Thank God I'm in my sexual prime."

Katherine was lying face up with her head pointed to the sky, so she couldn't see his face. "I forgot to ask earlier: how many times did you cum today, before this?"

"Once. With Mom."

She felt a surge of jealousy, but also a surge of arousal. "Oooh! That must have been interesting! Tell me all about it."

He felt very awkward about sharing what had happened with his mother with his sister. It hadn't been easy for him to mention as much as he already had, so he tried to change the subject, especially since he had some things he'd been meaning to talk about. He sat up.

She sat up too. That allowed eye contact again.

He said, "Instead of that, I've got some things on my mind I really need to say."

She felt a tinge of worry, but said, "Please do."

"I've been thinking... When we fucked for the first time two days ago, we didn't put much thought into it. At least speaking for myself, I was so hot about fucking you that I was like, 'Yeah! Let's do it!' without really thinking it through at all."

She looked like she wanted to say something, but held her tongue and just nodded.

He continued, "Since then, I must admit, I STILL haven't really thought things through. I mean, I've gone from never having sex before to having so many sexually exciting things happening to me that it's like my life is a wild roller coaster. Not just with you, but Mom! And Aunt Suzy! And on and on! So I think it's a good time for us to talk about it. We can't really do it at home, due to the danger of someone like Mom listening in. So this is the perfect time."

She said a bit testily, "So talk. I don't see what we really have to discuss though. Unlike you, I've been thinking about this a long time. You should see my diary - not that I'll let you!" She stuck a playful tongue out at him. "But seriously, I've wanted you a long time. I'm not exactly thrilled about your other lovers, but it is what it is. I promise not to get in the way. So what's there to talk about?"

He exhaled as he pondered what to say. "That's good that you're like that, but this is all brand new to me. Even the IDEA of having sex with you is, like, WHOA! So please be patient if I'm still playing catch up for a while. I'm just wondering what this means for the future. Earlier, you said, 'You're the only man who'll ever have me, and that's a promise for life!' That concerns me."bender

She scowled at him. "Concerns you?! Why wouldn't you be totally psyched about that?!"

"Well... we ARE brother and sister. You can't really mean that, can you? Obviously, we can't go out as girlfriend and boyfriend. So what's going to happen when you get a serious boyfriend?"

She slapped her forehead in exasperation. Then she let out a loud frustrated sigh. "You don't get it, do you?"

"I guess not."

"There will be no serious boyfriend, or a boyfriend of any kind! I belong to YOU now! Period! Forever! Or at least as long as you'll have me. I'm your fuck toy! Don't you understand?!"

"I guess I don't. I've been thinking about that too, and that kind of concerns me as well. I know earlier that you said that's just sexy talk, but you seem to take it pretty seriously, and it's kind of extreme. For

instance, I remember at Kim's house you said, 'Fuck toys don't complain, they don't make demands, they just get fucked.' That sounds super submissive."

She sighed again. "It IS super submissive. I AM submissive, okay? You should thank your lucky stars, because I want to submit myself to you!" She sat up stiffly, raised her arms, and arched her back slightly to highlight her impressive tits. "This body belongs to you now! You can do what you want to me, whenever you want! Sneak into my room at three in the morning for a nice long blowjob. PLEASE! I'll give it to you, and gladly, because that's what fuck toys do."

He frowned. "You see? Of course that arouses me, but it also concerns me. I don't want you to be my slave or something ridiculous like that. I love your spirit, your zest for life. I don't want you to mindlessly say 'Yes, sir. No, sir.' I want the same Kat that I've always known and loved."

"I AM that same Kat, you big doof! I'm not gonna change that much. Like I was saying earlier, I'm your fuck toy now, but I'm an uppity fuck toy. I'll still be spunky even as I guzzle down your spunk!" She'd wiped her face clean of the facial he'd splattered on her earlier, but she'd deliberately left a few stray streaks of cum. Now, she swiped up a cum gob and ostentatiously sucked it into her mouth.

He shook his head in wonder. "How is it I'm both aroused and kind of concerned at the same time?"

She said, "Humor me on this whole fuck toy thing, okay? It means a lot to me."

"But are you serious about it or not?!"

"I guess I'm half serious. It's kind of a fun role to play, and it's been my big fantasy to be your fuck toy for a long time now. I get so into it that you might not be entirely pleased. But so what? Let's just enjoy it as sex talk and sexy fun. I am sexually submissive and I get off on getting you off, so we should both enjoy that to the max!"

He nodded, but asked, "Is that why you spent a lot of time orally pleasuring my dick and you wouldn't let me go down on you?"

She said, "Kinda. I do love sucking you off! I totally don't get women who aren't into that. And I'm not opposed to you doing me. But my pussy could only handle so much, and I wanted to be fucked a whole lot more."

He was secretly relieved. He wanted to be a good sport and reciprocate, but it seemed "icky" to him.

She brought her hands down to her crotch and spread her pussy lips open. That caused a copious amount of his cum to flow out. "Look what you did to me! You really did wreck me. I'm gonna be red and sore down there for days, but in a hurts-so-good kind of way. It'll be so cool at school, having that 'split in two by my brother' feeling all day long. It'll make math class fly by, that's for sure!" She giggled.

He ran a hand through his hair as he considered what to say. "Sis... I love your enthusiasm. And I'm willing to go along with the 'fuck toy' concept for a while. I've gotta admit that it arouses me."

"Yeay!" She punched a fist in the air.

He grinned at that. "But! There's a but."

"Actually, two butts." She shifted in place, briefly twisting her hips and flashing her bare ass at him. "I'll show you mine and you show me yours."

He chuckled and rolled his eyes. "As I was saying, there's a but. Which is, let's keep this fuck toy stuff to a fun sex talk kind of thing. If you start taking it too seriously, that's going to concern me in a big way. For instance, you made a passing reference earlier to being 'enslaved' to my dick or something like that. That's what I'd call going too far."

She nodded. "Yes, Master." Then she stuck her tongue out at him.

He laughed. "Okay, I don't mind a joke like that every once in a while. But seriously, let's take this one day at a time, and see how things go. When you say things like you promise to be mine and mine alone forever, how can you possibly mean that?! We're both in high school. So much can happen. A year from now, I'll be off in college and you'll still be here. Can you really say now that you'd go without sex for the whole time I'm out of town?"

She stared intently into his eyes. "Yes, I can. And that's even though I know you'll be fucking your way through the college girls left and right. This is who I am. This is what I want. I know you don't believe that yet, but that's okay. I'll prove it to you in time. You'll see!"

He shook his head. "But Sis! You're a very beautiful girl. How could you go your whole high school time without a boyfriend? People will talk. And I can tell you right now I won't be able to go without a girlfriend. I've gotten entangled with a bunch of incredible women, and I'm kind of hooked on it."

She replied hotly, "I know that. Believe me, I'm well aware. And I'm okay with that, like I said. It makes sense that you'll have an official girlfriend before long, and I'm okay with that too, even though I'll probably crawl the walls with jealousy. I have just one demand."

"What's that?"

"Whoever that lucky girl is, she has to know about you and me, and be okay with that. May I point out that Kim and Aims already do know about us and they're okay with it, so you have two good candidates already."

He considered that, and nodded. "That's fair."

"DAMN!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"What?"

"All this talk about having to share you with others, it makes me BURN with jealousy like you wouldn't believe! I mean, I'm burning like my heart was set on fire! But at the same time, it makes me totally horny, and I don't know why! It's like, it's like proof that my brother is a total stud and the hottest guy in town! I need you in me, right now!"

He looked down at his flaccid penis. "Unfortunately, as you can see-" He stopped in mid-sentence, because he found himself looking at the top of his sister's head instead.

She took his flaccid penis in her hand and mouth and did everything she could to get him hard. But it quickly became clear that he really was tapped out.

He acted fast, and repositioned so he was lying on top of her. Then he French kissed her extensively while fingering her needy cunt. Sure enough, after a couple of minutes, that combination gave her a nice orgasm.

When she recovered, she gave him a loving smile. "Thanks. I really needed that."

He chuckled. "You're weird. Why do you get that hot from having to share me?"

She shrugged. Then she raised an enigmatic eyebrow. "It's the mysterious way of the fuck toy. I don't expect you to understand."

He gave her a disapproving look. "Okay, that's enough fuck toy talk for today. You've reached your quota."

"Damn!" She giggled.

After that, the two of them were completely sexually satiated. But they realized that they still had time to burn, so they put their clothes back on and packed their things. But instead of heading to the car, they hiked further down the path they'd come on for half an hour before they turned around to head home. They held hands the whole time and talked about anything and everything. Both of them felt a closer bond to the other than ever before.

They talked more on the way home, and Katherine managed to squeeze out of him a brief account of what he and Susan had done earlier in the day. She was genuinely happy about it, because she figured that the more sexually liberated Susan became, the more sexual freedom she would be able to enjoy at home as well.

When they got home, there was still plenty of time before dinner. Susan asked them about their shopping trip, and they got creative in explaining how they'd spent the whole time at the mall. But she was so trusting that she didn't even suspect they'd done anything else.

After taking a shower, Alan went to his room and read bits and pieces of his three new sex advice books. He didn't have time to read that much, but he learned some new things.

Chapter 218 Gloria's Thoughts

While Alan was resting in his room, he took some time to contemplate his new sexual relationship with Glory.

Man! I still can't get over what's happening to me. I get that there's a kind of a cascade effect. I'm sure that nothing would have EVER happened with Ms. Rhymer, er, I mean Glory, if it weren't for my sexual success here at home. I used to be too shy and passive. I was the classic "nice guy" that girls want as a friend but not a lover. But then I changed, and I'm sure Glory noticed. I can't see myself like others see me, but I'm sure I must radiate a kind of sexual confidence and even a swagger.

Plus, I've learned that fortune favors the brave. That should be my new motto. I wasn't passive with her. For instance, the way I deliberately misunderstood her offer to let me masturbate in her classroom by unzipping my fly and boldly grasping my boner in plain sight. The old me would have never, ever, ever thought of doing that! In fact, it's possible that I could have even MORE sexual success if I was bolder still. Not that I need it. He chuckled to himself. Life is perfect!

But the question is, what is the nature of my relationship with my foxy teacher now? Where are we headed?! Obviously, she can't be my girlfriend in any way, shape or form. We can't dare to be seen together in public anywhere, because there's no telling who might see. We're probably going to be limited to secret trysts in her classroom for a good while to come. And I gotta say that works out pretty damn well for me. If I did see her outside of class, I'd soon run into problems, considering my other lovers.

But what about the long term?! Is this just a flash in the pan thing between us?! I sure as hell hope not! God knows that I lust for her, big time! But my feelings run much deeper than that. She has a special place in my heart. I hope she feels the same, and I kind of think that she does. She wouldn't be taking such a big risk with me if it was just going to be for a week or a month. Due to the taboo and the danger, just getting together at all is a major commitment for both of us!

So... if we do get really serious, then what?! She knows I have other lovers, thank God, but will she be able to accept that? Somehow, I seriously doubt it. It's different with my lovely ladies here at home because they all know of each other already. But Glory, it's like she's on her own island. It's best if I'm honest that I do have other lovers, but without mentioning any details whatsoever. Probably the best I can hope for is that she just accepts that state of affairs eventually.

And how awesome is that?! Not only am I getting it on with the sexiest teacher in school, but she's just ONE of my lovers! I'm so blessed, man. I don't know what I did to deserve this, but dang! I still don't believe in God, but someone sure seems to be smiling down on me!

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Around the time Alan was contemplating his relationship with Glory, she was contemplating her relationship with him. But she was going about it a different way, and putting more thought into it.

Glory had had a difficult day, due to her worries about her new intimacy with Alan. She'd planned to break up with Garth right away, but when Garth met her for lunch, she chickened out of doing so. She didn't have the heart to do it, because he was a genuinely nice guy and he hadn't done anything wrong. Also, she felt her relationship with Alan was still too new and unstable. Would they even last a week?

So, that evening, instead of going on a date with Garth as they usually did on Saturday nights, she blew him off and stayed in her apartment alone. She ended up masturbating to thoughts of sex with Alan for quite a while, and it felt great. But once it was over and she came down from her orgasmic high, her doubts came roaring back, and with renewed force.

She went to her computer and sat down to write a letter to herself, in order to sort out her thoughts in organized fashion. She wore her clothes loosely to maintain the naughty and sexy feeling she'd had when she'd been masturbating. She wrote:

Things are so fucked up that I don't know where to begin. I wish I had someone I could talk to about what's happened between Alan and me, but who could I tell?! I can't tell a soul, because the danger is too great. Even if I just tell one friend, she's probably going to think that it's okay to just tell one friend, and so on, until word gets around. Then my ass will get fired! I can't even talk about it with Alan, because I need someone with an objective, outsider's point of view. So, even though I'm not the diary-writing type, I feel I have no choice but to write this. Maybe I'll gain some new clarity or resolve.

I've been a wreck all day. I can't stop thinking about Alan! Damn, he makes me so hot! It's like I'm going to need to start wearing a diaper, because my pussy is leaking constantly! All that really happened was that I gave him a blowjob, and yet I don't know if I've ever been this sexually excited! It's like there's

some kind of special spark between us. Even his kisses excite and thrill me more than any other kiss I can remember. Maybe there's some kind of special chemistry between us? I hear there's been some research on that. I remember reading somewhere that kissing is nature's way of testing to see if there's a complementary mix of genes to make excellent offspring. If there is, some kind of chemical or biological thing makes the kiss hot and intense.

Just my luck! I find the one guy who totally rocks my world, and he happens to be one of my students! UGH! What good does that do me, or him? I'm nine years older than him, for crying out loud! It seems like this is ill-fated, if not outright doomed, right from the start. What have I gotten myself into?!

Is there even the slightest chance that Alan could be "the one?" That's the big question. It's true that he's a very nice guy. Kind-hearted, and smart too. He's always smiling and friendly, and I've never seen him get angry or have a bad word to say about someone. We get along like a house on fire! We could talk and talk for hours. We have a lot in common, despite our age difference. I may be nine years older than him but it doesn't feel that way because he's uncommonly mature for his age.

And, crucially, he knows how to light my fire! We've only been intimate once, but I can just tell from that that it's like our bodies are meant for each other. It's just going to get better and better as we learn the ins and outs of each other's bodies. I can hardly wait! I love how he's so confident and aggressive, like the way he went straight to getting my clothes off after we'd only been kissing for a minute or two. He's going to be a raging fuck beast, I just know it!

So he's kind of like the anti-Garth. No, that's not true. He's got all the good qualities of Garth: kind, good-hearted, smart, fun to be with, and so on, plus he's got the sexual fire and aggressiveness that Garth lacks. What a winning combination!

But there are problems too, big problems. Obviously, the age difference, and the student-teacher taboo. But maybe even worse than both of this is that he's already taken, apparently several times over. The worst is that he's having sex with Suzanne Pestrige! How the hell am I supposed to compete with her?! I can't demand that he stop seeing her, because if I were in his shoes and had to choose between her and me, I'd choose her. I've known for a long time now that he loves her more than most kids love their mothers, AND she's drop-dead gorgeous, AND apparently she fucks as good as she looks! Why he even has a big crush on me with her as a next door neighbor is a mystery.

But, as bad as that is, apparently there are "others" too. I know about Kim, but "others" means plural. So he's got at least THREE other lovers, maybe more! I wouldn't be surprised if one of them is Amy. That would make sense for a lot of reasons, including proximity. She's gorgeous too! Chances are, he's not going to be willing to be monogamous with me, or anyone else. Why should he, if he's enjoying four or

more lovers at once, including me? Besides, he can claim he needs multiple lovers due to his "medical treatment." If you ask me, everything about that smells like ripe bullshit, but I don't have any way to prove it.

Anyway, if you look at the nine-year age difference, the student-teacher problem, and the other-lovers problem, it's plain as day that we're doomed. What long-term future is there for us?! Am I just setting myself up for heartbreak down the line, the more I get to know him and maybe even fall in love with him? Probably. Hell, almost certainly.

But then again... damn! He lights my fire! In fact, he turns it into a blazing inferno! Now that we've crossed this line that no teacher should ever cross, how can I turn back?! I want to explore this, and see where we go. Life is too short to play it safe. I want to have brain-melting, Earth-shattering sex for once in my life, and I feel like he's the one to give it to me. I don't know how or why, maybe it's just the danger of it all, but he makes me so WET!

I think my best bet is to let whatever happens with him happen, but be careful and guarded with my heart. I should treat it like we're friends that have turned into sex friends. That way, I won't get so hurt when the end inevitably comes. The fact that we're unable to meet except secretly in my class might prove to be a good thing, because we won't get much of a chance to get romantic. We can both ride the sexual thrill ride. What's wrong with that? Not every lover needs to be the possible next "Mr. Right." As the saying goes, sometimes a girl just needs "Mr. Right Now." It's hard to believe that my nerdy teacher's pet turns out to be that guy, but I think he is!

Chapter 219 Oh, Amy! If Only You Weren't Such An Airhead, You'd Be The Perfect Girlfriend.

Amy came over shortly after dinner while the whole Plummer family, even including Ron, was sitting in the living room watching TV.

Amy sat in an easy chair right next to Alan. While the others were engaged in an interesting program, she leaned over his way and said quietly just to him, "Bo, I'm worried about a big test coming up on Monday. Not only that, but I think I have bad breath. Can you help me out? I think you know what I'd like." Then she opened her mouth really wide.

Alan thought back and recalled that he and Katherine had told Amy that putting Alan's penis in one's mouth boosted test scores, cured bad breath, and much more. Since they'd convinced her the day before that she was allowed to touch his penis, she appeared eager to try out those promised remedies.

She continued to sit there with her mouth gaping open and her eyes closed, as if she expected him to put his dick in her mouth right then and there. Even worse, she'd taken off the top she'd had on earlier,

and now wore nothing but a very revealing, very low-cut dress. One hand clutched at her chest and the other seemed to seek out her pussy, but was at least temporarily stymied by the dress.

Alan looked around and noticed that Susan and Ron hadn't looked Amy's way yet. Even though technically she hadn't done anything wrong, to sit with one's mouth gaping wide and all but fondle one's self was bound to lead to questions if someone else noticed her.

Alan thought quickly. "Um, yeah, Aims. But can it wait a bit?" He snapped his fingers, which caused her to open her eyes. He waved his hand and tried to indicate he wanted her to close her mouth with hand gestures and mimed with his mouth what he wanted her to do.

But she just smiled playfully. She asked the others, "Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, aren't you going out soon?"

Ron replied without turning his head, "Yeah, we'll be leaving as soon as this show is over. That's so nice you kids are working on your homework together."bender

Alan scanned the room. He was grateful that the show was on, rather than a commercial, or certainly Ron would have been more inclined to look over at Amy while talking. He didn't understand; it was as if Amy somehow wanted to get caught. He noticed that Katherine smiled too while raising a curious and knowing eyebrow at him.

Amy answered, "Alan is great. I can't wait to taste-"

Alan interrupted, "Hold on! Let's go back to my room. I don't like this show, and I'll help you right now."

The three teenagers retired to Alan's room.

As soon as the door to his room closed, Alan berated Amy. "Never talk about anything having to do with body parts in front of Ron! Please! I thought you knew that!"

"Gosh. I'm sorry. I was just having a little fun. I was just so excited to get your penis treatment. Or treatments." She giggled.

He looked at her crossly. He also wondered just what she knew, and how she knew it. As far as he knew, nobody had told her about his six-times-a-day treatments. But then he thought some more and figured she was referring to the "treatment" of using his penis for a toothbrush, and the other silly things about the usefulness of penises that he'd told her.

She added more seriously, "I'm really sorry. It's just that it seems like everyone else is having so much fun, and I'm missing out."

He felt a lot of sympathy for that. I am kind of treating her like an afterthought. I'm also toying with her, too, and messing with her mind. It's not very nice, especially since she's been a great friend for so long. But it's just so hard to resist. When you've got a big-titted, sexy, sweet next-door neighbor, and you tell her to take her clothes off and put your dick in her mouth and she just says, "M'kay!" in response, who can say no to that?!

Katherine said to her brother, "Can I speak to you for a second, alone?"

So, as Amy waited outside his door, Katherine spoke in a quiet voice. "Given all the lies we've told her, Aims is going to want to suck you off every day now. But that's not fair! I'm not allowed to do anything with you at home, and she's gonna get all that? I have enough competition as it is. Can't you keep it cool with her for a while? You already promised me you would. Anyway, it would be prudent to wait with her at least until Father leaves, given the close call you just had in the living room. Not to mention what she did even in front of him last night!"

Alan agreed with a nod. He thought, My first priority is to Sis and keeping her happy. I've made commitments and promises I need to keep. I love Aims like a sister too, but I'll make it up to her later.

He brought Amy back in, then told her, "Aims, I may have gone a little overboard talking about the benefits you can get from playing with penises. I was just joshing around."

"Oh. I knew that!"

But she said that in a manner that left Alan convinced she was trying to cover up that she hadn't known it until he'd just said it. He sighed inwardly. Oh, Amy! If only you weren't such an airhead, you'd be the perfect girlfriend.

He said, "In any case, there's a lot of fun to be had with penises. Specifically, my dick. But that needs to wait until after Ron goes back overseas. Can you wait until then?"

"M'kay!"

Katherine then took Amy to the bathroom for another mutual pussy shaving. The two girls could be in there together, behind locked doors, easily enough - Susan and Ron would just think they were doing "girlish" beauty stuff. But it would be too dangerous for Alan to take part.

Alan left a short time afterwards to see a movie with his friends. When he came home, he masturbated to memories of what he'd done with Susan and Katherine earlier in the day.

It was a remarkably social day for him compared to recent days. He felt like he had to make some more effort in that direction. But at the same time, he'd managed to reach his six orgasm target. Plus, he'd had four great orgasms with his sister and one great one with his mother. It seemed odd to still have to masturbate at all, and he wondered if he might be able to stop doing that for good before long.

Chapter 220 Sexy Times With Aunt Suzy

Alan found himself home alone on Sunday afternoon. He'd had to go to church with the rest of the family on Sunday morning, but now he was both bored and frustrated. His mood of feeling sexually overwhelmed was long gone. He was especially frustrated not to have been able to stay home that morning and get help from Suzanne, and he was also raring to fuck his sister some more.

His great hope was that Suzanne would come through for him and make the weekend a little bit more interesting. I've seen so little of her lately. And when I have seen her, it's been soooo intense. So good! God, she's too hot to believe! I still can't believe that a goddess like her would have anything sexual to do with a guy like me, even given our history.

I need you, Aunt Suzy! I've noticed lately that she hasn't been around the house much just to hang out, so opportunities to play around don't come up that easily. I'm pretty convinced that she secretly, or maybe not so secretly, hates my father. I think she blames him for Mom's problems, like the general lack of love and romance in her life.

With Susan and Suzanne at a post-church social gathering, Ron golfing with his business buddies, and Katherine at the mall with Amy, Alan felt he wouldn't be disturbed while in his room. So he decided to watch one of those porn films his mother had bought him in what already seemed like the distant past.

He'd originally thought he would watch them all the time, but in fact had only seen a couple, and that had happened in the days immediately after they were bought. So far, his fantasies and real-life experiences were infinitely more mentally stimulating than the actors who so badly acted their way through the porn films. But he wanted to force himself to do something different, and he was mindful of the need to reach his daily orgasm target.

He drew the drapes, which darkened his room like a dungeon, put one of the tapes in his new video player, and began to watch. He was sitting naked in his chair, languidly stroking his dick at the passable action on the screen, when he heard a knock on the door.

"Hi Sweetie. It's me, your Aunt Suzy. Can I come in?"

"Um, just a sec. I'm naked." He was excited just to hear the sound of Suzanne's naturally very sultry and scratchy voice. Interestingly, he was having a difficult time getting an erection just from the tape, but his dick surged to full arousal as soon as he heard her speak.

She pushed the door open. "And that's a problem? Don't bother getting dressed for lil' ol' me," she said with a Southern drawl as she boldly walked into his room.

"Hey, Aunt Suzy! Man, am I glad to see you!" He said that before he actually saw her. Then he swiveled his chair around towards her. He did a double-take in disbelief that such a gorgeous woman could exist, much less would be walking into his room.

"Jesus, Aunt Suzy, you look absolutely amazing today!" he exclaimed.

She was dressed in some variant of biker gear, an extremely unusual look compared to her usual sophisticated tastes. The black look contrasted dramatically and effectively with her pale alabaster skin and dark reddish-brown hair. Her tight black leather shorts were dramatically unbuttoned. Her black spandex top pushed her firm, high breasts even farther up and forward than usual, as if she were wearing a WonderBra. On Suzanne, a bra like that was about as necessary as giving billionaire Bill Gates more money.

After he gawked at her a bit more, he said, "Man! I'm soooo glad to see you."

She reached down and placed her hands on his hard-on, which was already doing its best to reach out towards her. "Really? I never would have noticed, except for when this thing nearly poked me in the eye from across the room. Damn, you're hard!" She automatically began to stroke his boner, as if this was how she greeted people, instead of with a handshake.

Thinking quickly, he responded, "Your tits nearly poked ME in the eye from across the room."

She laughed.

He was delighted with the situation. I've been having a lot of amazing experiences with some totally beautiful women lately, but none of them are as beautiful as Aunt Suzy! Except for Mom, but she must not be home right now or I doubt Aunt Suzy would come in here.

I've been without Aunt Suzy's experienced touch far too often lately! It's like some kind of famous supermodel stepped out of a pin-up poster and materialized in the flesh in my room. How dense I was for trying to deny my desire for her for so long. And she's so talented with her fingers. Shit! She's gonna make me cum too soon.

He groaned with delight, mostly over what her hands were doing. "Aunt Suzy, I know my mom is well-known for looking so young, but there is no way in hell you're thirty-nine years old. Wow. You look stunning. Did you know you're a total knockout bombshell sex goddess?"

She laughed at that while continuing to stroke his dick. "I hadn't heard."

"It's true! By the way, I gather we're safe for a while?"

"Let me answer that with some nonverbal communication." She let go of his boner and stepped back. She removed her top, which caused her boobs to explode outwards as her top fell to the floor. Then she pulled off her shorts.

To Alan's surprise she had a black thong on underneath. Technically, this was a violation of the rule against panties or bras in the house, but it looked so sexy that he wasn't about to complain.

Besides, she dropped on all fours as if to worship his prick, causing him almost to pass out from the sexy sight.

"I take it that's a yes?" he said with dry wit. He surprised himself that he could not only speak in the face of such a tempting pose, but he could actually say something droll.

"I wish I could tell you, Sweetie, but my mouth is too full of your cock to talk. Or at least, it's about to be." She bent forward, engulfed his shaft, and began to suck while wearing a big smile.

"URGH!" he grunted, because it felt so good. When he'd more or less recovered, he said, "You know what? It's like you just whacked me upside the head with a pleasure stick!"

She laughed at that without even pausing in her bobbing.

Oh MAN! he thought. This is fuckin' nuts! This is what I've been missing. Man! There she goes, steadily bobbing over my sweet spot AND using her tongue so devastatingly. Damn that tongue! It feels like it's three feet long, and it practically is! Okay, maybe not, but still. Fuck! How does she DO that?!

He reached out and tried to grope her boobs, but she pushed his hands away. That surprised him, but before long he was having too much fun enjoying her tongue and lips to care.

She sucked him with powerful force, like a human vacuum cleaner, and then tickled his most sensitive spots lightly with the tip of her tongue. Her tongue swirled around and around as her lips slid back and forth and her fingers pumped up and down. By now she knew exactly what turned him on the most and she used that knowledge to full effect.

He couldn't hold out for long against such expert ministrations. Sure enough, in a matter of minutes he cried out, "Oh! Oh God! Oh, oh, oh! Oh no! Oh shit! God! Fucking hell! Yes!"

He gave up resistance and unclenched his PC muscle. "Fuck! Ah! Aunt Suzy, I'm gonna fill your mouth! Yes!"

She took most of his load in her mouth, but let his last few ropes strike her face so that she would be "marked" for all to see.

When his climax came to an end, he slouched back and just panted hard.

To his surprise, she stayed on her knees in front of him, continuing to lick at his dick even though it had gone flaccid. (She was hoping that if she did that, he'd rebound immediately with the rapidity of youth).

He asked her, "That was great, but why were you so relentless? I'm sorry I couldn't hold out any longer, but there's no way I could last against that non-stop attack. Nobody could!"

"That was just my warm-up snack," she explained. "I wanted you to shoot a quick load partly 'cos I've been missing your cum and wanted some right away, but also now you'll be able to last a long time."

"Not with you," he muttered. "You're too good! Christ! And that tongue of yours - it's like eight feet long, and it knows just what to do."

She finally sat up on her heels, since she'd given up on the immediate rebound idea. She chuckled. "Not exactly eight feet. But it does know what to do." She winked, and then stuck her tongue out, proudly showing off its great length, plus a big deposit of his cum resting on it. Then she ostentatiously swallowed his seed.

Jesus! he thought. I'm gonna be sexed to death with that snake thing! It can practically wrap all the way around my dick. I've never even heard of that in porn; it must be really rare.

While they were recovering, Suzanne started to talk. "So, Sweetie, you been missing me?"

She seemed calm, but he could hardly believe the ease with which she brought him to the heights of passion. How can she be that casual? It's like she's some kind of magically irresistible succubus one minute, and then the next she's back to being my same old Aunt Suzy, except we're both naked and leaking all kinds of intimate fluids. Bizarre!

But he tried his best to respond casually too. "Yes! Totally! You don't know how much. It's like you were reading my mind when you came in. I mean, I'd just started watching this lame porn video; it was like you knew that somehow. Dang, you're so good! It's been what, three days already since you and Daisy Duke came by."

"Thanks. I've been trying, but it's so hard to get you alone these days. Now that it's the weekend, your aggravating father has had more time free from his office obligations, but he just sits around the house, interfering with all my fun. Hell, I'd risk doing this even with him here, but Susan says I can't, and I have to respect that. Just to make it up to you, one of these days I might give you a blowjob. ... Oh wait! I just did!"

Alan laughed.

She experimentally gurgled. "Mmmm. I'm still savoring the taste. Oh well, we'll just have to think of more naughty things I can do with you."

"Something like a titfuck?" he suggested, with surprising boldness for him. He remembered Akami's "homework assignment," and could hardly think of someone more endowed to "practice" titfucks on.

Her eyes lit up. "I thought you'd never ask. I can hardly wait to get your big guy between my big gals. But unfortunately, we need to have a serious discussion before we have any more fun. I haven't had a chance to talk to you in complete privacy for a while. In short, I need to have some straight talk with you about your mother and sister."

Uh-oh, he thought. But he just said, "Okay, sure. What's up?"

"Regarding Katherine, how are things going with her? I've noticed how she's dressing more daringly lately, at least until Ron came home. Even that isn't slowing her down too much, and obviously she's getting a kick out of not wearing any undies around the house. Do you think she has any interest in directly helping you reach your daily targets? More importantly, do YOU have any interest in having her help you like that? Be honest with me, now."

Although he was normally very honest with Suzanne and treated her like an aunt or even a second mother, he found he couldn't admit to her that he'd already been getting it on with his sister. Strangely

enough, it didn't bother him to have sex with his sister, but confessing it made him feel guilty, even when doing so to a close, loving confidante like his Aunt Suzy.

Knowing that she was aware of some things already, he made a limited admission. "Yeah, she's been getting kind of... weird, lately. All of a sudden, I keep stumbling into her while she's wearing nightgowns and bikinis and stuff. You know what I mean? I mean... I mean, this is my sister I'm talking about! We used to play with LEGOs together, and now I'm putting sunscreen on her naked body."

"How would you feel about having a more sexual relationship with her?"

"Well, I have to admit that when she dresses all sexy, it's arousing. Heck, most any time I look at her these days, it arouses me. But I'm still trying to wrap my head around it, you know? Can you get back to me on this? ... I mean it's not like I want to DO anything with her that would ruin my friendship with her..." He winced inwardly, knowing that was a big fat lie, since they were already "doing things."

"Don't worry. That's enough for now. I understand it's not easy to talk about this kind of stuff. I just want to remind you that there's nothing shameful in having her help you out with your medical treatment. In fact, if she volunteers, consider that as the loving and helpful gesture that it is. Okay?"

"Okay."

Suzanne thought, Perfect. That pot is cooking nicely there without any stirring from me. They're both horny and attractive kids; things'll happen on their own without my nudging, I think. I always figured that while Angel copied Susan's prudish dress, she hadn't really been brainwashed with all that religious mumbo-jumbo that's warped her mother. I need to concentrate my efforts on Susan, the much trickier problem.

Suzanne had no idea just how right she was that the siblings would develop a relationship without her help, now that her six-times-a-day scheme had set things in motion. Had she known everything, she would have been a little miffed (mostly that she didn't get to do the honors in taking Alan's virginity), but overall, Alan and Katherine having sex was perfectly consistent with her larger goal of seducing the entire Plummer family.

There was a long pause while Suzanne pondered the next steps in her scheme.

Alan was thinking too, and out of the blue asked, "I have a question. This may sound crazy, but lately I've been wondering about if maybe, just maybe, Sis and I might be really related. I mean, nobody knows for sure, right? And we were both adopted from the same adoption agency and we look close enough that it's possible we're real siblings. Wouldn't an adoption agency want to keep two siblings together?"

Suzanne knew a lot more about the adoptions than she was willing to admit or even think about. "I suppose anything's possible. But why are you worrying about this now?"

"Well, I'm just thinking, if we really ARE related, then wouldn't that make her helping me out more wrong? You were involved in the whole adoption thing pretty closely, from what I understand. Mom never wants to talk about it; I think she likes to pretend we're her real children and the thing that would hurt her the most would be if Sis or I tried to look up our real parents. I have no interest in doing that; I just want to know if it's possible that Sis and I could be genetically related."

Suzanne pondered that a long time before speaking. "It's true that I was deeply involved in the adoption process. Since Susan never told you the full story, now that you're eighteen and we've reached this new intimacy, I think it's time I tell you more. Okay?"

"Okay."

She thought, Well, I'll tell you at least as much as I'm willing to tell of the truth at the moment. Sorry, Sweetie, but I took a vow of silence way back when.

Then she said, "Susan and Ron moved here about the same time as Eric and I did. It was a new suburb and all the neighbors were new. We didn't live next door yet - that happened after I came back from France - but we were just down the street. I'd just had Brad shortly after my graduation and I'd heard that Susan was trying to have a child. But her infertility problems were discovered very quickly and she was absolutely heartbroken about that. The way her parents raised her, there was nothing more important to her than having kids and being a good mother. Susan and Ron found out it could take years and years to be cleared to adopt, and that sent her into an even deeper depression."

"Wow. I never knew any of this." He was extremely interested and tried hard to concentrate on her words, even though she was sitting in the nude (not counting her thong), with some of his cum dribbling down her chin. It didn't help that she was occasionally licking her face and fingers clean.

"I'm not surprised. She's still got issues about it, so she doesn't like to talk about what was a painful time for her. But it's high time you learned. In any case, as you know, I like to scheme, and my chief rule about scheming is to only do things that help others, or at the very least do no harm. So helping her to cut through the red tape is exactly the kind of scheme I live for, and I went at it with gusto."

"The fact is, it was all very unorthodox and I didn't go through any normal adoption agency. I used my famous wiles, plus a great deal of luck, to get you into Susan's hands within months. At the time, I had no idea just how important this was for her. She treated me like she owed me her life - she was like a grateful puppy dog following me around everywhere for a while. That's what really got us started as being best friends. Then, when I did the same things to get Katherine adopted, her gratitude was even greater. She was so keen on making it up to me that it got downright annoying. I think she'd take a bullet for me. I really do."

"God, that's amazing. So, in a way, you kind of had a hand in my conception too."

She laughed. "Well, not your conception, but in you having the family that you have, then yes, absolutely. And I guess that's one reason why I've always felt a special bond with you two, almost like you're my own kids. As I said, I didn't realize the magnitude of what I was doing at the time, but in retrospect I sure am glad I did it. In fact, that turned out to be just about the best thing that ever happened to me. I can't even begin to imagine life without the Plummers."

He pondered that, then said, "But still, that doesn't answer the question about whether Sis and I could be real siblings. Do you know anything about that?"

Suzanne chose her words wisely. She didn't want to lie about such an important matter to Alan, especially since she was already weighed down with guilt over her other lies to him. On the other hand, she had very good reasons not to be completely forthcoming. So she said honestly, "Look. As you know, I tend to believe the ends justify the means. In helping the adoptions happen the way they did, I did some things that weren't exactly kosher. In so doing, I made a vow to someone to never tell exactly what I'd done unless I had their permission first. I still have to hold to that, and I can't tell even you. In fact, I especially can't tell you. I'm sorry, but I have my own moral code, strange though it is, and I have to keep to that."

"Okay, I understand. But... dang! So... it's still possible that Sis and I are genetically related though, right?"

"In theory, yes, but think about your birthdays. Some poor woman would have had to birth you, then turn around and get pregnant almost immediately. We're talking twice within a year! What are the odds of that? But if you're really curious, don't ask me. Get a DNA test done. That'll put your mind at rest and I won't have to break any promises."

"But you do know, right? You know but you just can't say?"

She grimaced. "You're getting me in hot water here. Anything I say to you could result in your leaping to conclusions by reading or misreading implications. I'm going to have to get all lawyerly on you and say that I can neither confirm nor deny whether I would even be in a position to know something like that."

Seeing that she was clamming up on the topic, he looked away from her gorgeous body so he could ponder everything she'd just revealed. He wondered what he would really want as far as who his parents were and his relation with his sister.

For some reason, Katherine's recent sexual joking about getting pregnant stuck in his mind. If Sis really is my genetic sister, we could never have children. She'd be crushed! There are so many things to think about with this. I have a feeling though that if we were really siblings, something would have come out about it already. Aunt Suzy must know, and she's never so much as dropped a hint in that direction, plus she was heavily hinting against it just now.

The thing is, maybe I don't want to know. At least, not yet. I can always do that DNA testing someday, but Lord knows I've got more than enough going on in my life at the moment. And I'd have to ask Sis about it, too. Maybe she'd just want to let the mystery be. In any case, I think I'll hold off on telling her until things calm down a bit around here.