

## 6 Times 361

### Chapter 361 Classroom Fun

As soon as her children were out the door, Susan took off her high heels. She loved wearing them when Alan was near, and she had developed such a strong sexual association with them in a short time that if she glanced at a pair she could almost smell Alan's cum. But if she wore them too much, her feet hurt.

She sat down to just relax and read a magazine for a while, because she was still riding an erotic buzz from what had happened with Alan during breakfast. But she kept reading the same paragraph over and over again, because she couldn't stop thinking about that event. She finally put down her magazine and took all her clothes off.

She thought, It's sad. He hasn't even been gone a few minutes yet, and he won't be home until FOUR! I'm still too worked up from what happened this morning to think straight. I'm lonely! If I stay naked, maybe that'll help me imagine that our sexy morning fun is still going and he's coming back from the other room at any moment.

Suzanne didn't come over at all, since Susan had made clear that she wanted everyone else to make themselves scarce on Tuesdays. So Susan walked around in the buff all morning long. She luxuriated in the freedom of complete nakedness, and spent much of the time fucking herself with her fingers, wherever she wanted to do it.

She did her usual morning exercise routine, but far differently than it had ever been done before. Since Suzanne wasn't there, she could do whatever she wanted. For one thing, she was almost nude, wearing just an exercise bra for much-needed breast support (although she used towels so she wouldn't leak pussy juice all over every exercise machine). For another, she brought the portable CD player to the basement and set it to a classic rock and roll station, then turned it up loud. (That type of music reminded her of Alan, since it was his favorite genre.)

As she pumped hand weights to the sound of "Wild Night" by Van Morrison, she thought, This is much better. Suzanne likes to work out to classical music. That's nice music to read a book by, but not what you need to get your blood pumping. From now on, I'm gonna have to insist we ROCK down here!

But the biggest change was that her exercises were more like one continuous masturbation session. She'd discovered that a lot of the machines could be "ridden" by rubbing her crotch back and forth

against them. And she frequently brushed her nipples and other body parts against cold steel, which inevitably gave her a thrill.

As she "rode" one machine shaped much like a pommel horse, she thought, Boy, I certainly am quite the slut today! It's funny though; I don't feel any guilt about this. Okay, okay, so I'm addicted to Tiger's cock. That doesn't really bother me either. It's vaginal intercourse and all those other nasty, forbidden things that disturb me. Like anal sex. Yuck! I hear some weirdos actually let penises go into their poop holes! That's the kind of thing that can happen if you have no rules, no boundaries.

Her arms pumped up and down, lifting weights. I'm a cocksucker, pure and simple. That's nothing to be ashamed of, and in fact I'm damn proud of it! So don't give me that snarky attitude, Angel. You do it too! In any case, I'm not gonna be just "one of his personal cocksuckers", I'm gonna be his best, most favorite cocksucker ever! Even better than Suzanne! The BEST!

Okay, I know that's not realistic - not unless I can double the length of my tongue! But I have to have a goal. And cocksucking is not just about the mouth and hands. It involves the whole body! So even though Suzanne isn't here today, I can't slack off exercising. Not if I want him to keep calling me his big-titted centerfold mommy!

Somehow, she managed to complete her routine while leaving the wet smell of her arousal on every machine. She had to do a lot of cleaning up afterwards.

Back upstairs, she let the answering machine take all the phone calls so reality wouldn't have to intrude. But she did have one appointment she couldn't skip, so she went shopping and ran a few errands for an hour or two.

Having to wear "normal" clothes, complete with underwear, finally cooled her lust. So when she came back home from her errands, she thought that she'd be able to have a "normal" day until Alan returned. But the idea of him coming home with a hard, cum-filled erection soon got her so excited that she was naked and masturbating some more within five minutes of getting back home.

Eventually, she went to take a long bath in the bathtub to cool down and relax. She thought, I'm hopeless! I haven't exactly shown a lot of sexual restraint lately. But since it's a Tuesday, why can't I let myself run wild?

But let's face it: would I behave much differently if it was a Wednesday? I don't think so. I worry that I could be taking care of Tiger's penis too far. What would my parents think if they knew about any of this?! My sisters and my brother are living normal, respectable lives, for the most part. Most of my sisters are married with families of their own.

She searched her feelings. The funny thing is, I should be feeling regretful that my life isn't like theirs anymore, except that I don't! I talk to them, so I know what their lives are like. They're not so great. I'll bet most of my sisters don't even know what a blowjob IS! Much less what a pleasurable, love-affirming thing it can be. Sad. The only thing is that I need to maintain perspective. There no shame in helping Tiger. It's not a sin if there's no intercourse. Right? I just need to strike the proper balance.

But then... I think about my handsome son! And his great big cock, filling up with spermy need! Mmmm... She began playing with her nipples. I'm starting to salivate all over again...bender

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Alan was in a strange mood during his morning classes. On one hand, he was very tired. The tennis tournament and so much thrilling sex was wearing his body down. But on the other hand, he was constantly smiling, giddy, and frequently horny, thanks to his happy memories of recent events.

His boner kept popping up all through his morning classes. As he sat in his third-period art class, he thought, Why did I even bother coming to school? Mr. Jackson might as well be one of those adults in the Charlie Brown specials that speak "wah-wah-wah-wah" noises instead of actual words. I'm totally nonfunctional today. If I'm not thinking about the awesome help I got from Mom, Sis, AND Aunt Suzy this morning, then I'm thinking about what could happen with Glory during lunch.

He slyly glanced at Christine, who sat next to him. And if not that, then I'm tempted by Christine! Looking totally hot, as usual. It's probably a good thing she doesn't wear more revealing outfits, or I'd pass out from dehydration, due to the non-stop drooling. Sheesh! It's nuts! But I can't let Christine see my erection. On days like this, it's frustrating that I sit next to her in almost every class. At least I can be grateful that Amy is in the advanced art class, or she'd probably be sitting on the other side of me. The way things are going, I'm gonna have to keep a book in my lap.

Going from class to class was even more difficult. When he walked into Glory's fourth-period class, he actually did hold a book strategically over his crotch.

Glory saw that and she knew what it meant. She gave him a very hungry and eager look. Luckily, the other students were still filing in and milling about, and no one was looking her way. She chided herself to be more careful.

But then Alan sat down in his front row seat and removed the book. Glory caught a glimpse of the obscene bulge in his shorts, and that set her heart racing. She turned to face the chalkboard to make sure her expression wasn't too obvious. She thought, Good God! That kid is well-hung! I'm going to be feasting on that in exactly one hour! Actually, it's not so much the size. It is long, and its thickness is even nicer, but what I really love is the taste! This is why I should never have gotten intimate with a student. How will I be able to make it through class, when all I'll be able to think about is the creamy load he'll be shooting down my throat?!

Glory kept her cool after that, outwardly, and taught her class as usual. But thoughts of sucking Alan's cock were never far from her mind.

And Alan was thinking along similar lines. Sometimes his penis went flaccid, but it stayed stiff more often as the end of the class drew close. He kept fidgeting in his chair and glancing at the clock.

Finally, mercifully, the bell rang. Alan stayed in his seat while all the other students walked out, because he was so very erect and horny.

Glory was fidgeting too, and even wiggling her hips impatiently. When the last student left, she went to the door and checked to make sure it had shut all the way and automatically locked. She exhaled with relief. "Thank fucking GOD!" She turned to Alan and started taking her clothes off. "Get your ass over here, young man! You're in trouble!"

He knew he wasn't in real trouble, but he grinned and asked, "What kind of trouble?"

"Cramming your cock all the way down my throat trouble!" She pointed a finger at him as if she was angry. "You're gonna do that right now and you're gonna like it!"

He laughed heartily at that "punishment." He stayed in his seat.

Glory walked towards him while shedding her clothes. "I thought I told you to get up!"

He groaned lustily. "So horny! All I've been doing is thinking about you. I honestly don't know if I can walk in this condition."

"Don't worry; your teacher is here to help." She'd just finished taking off all of her clothes except for her heels, so she struck a seductive pose right in front of him. Then, on a whim, she put her jacket back on, since she knew he got off on the fact that she was his teacher. To be honest, she got off on that fact just as much as he did. She struck another pose. "Does this help you?"

"No!" His sexual need was so great that he nearly felt dizzy.

"Whip it out!" she commanded. "I saw that 'package' you brought into my class. For the entire hour, all I could think about was craning my jaw open wide and sliding my lips up and down your fat motherfucker!"

He got out of his seat and sat up on his desk. As he unzipped his shorts, he said, "Glory, I've gotta warn you, I'm not likely to last long..."

"So be it!" She dropped to her knees in front of his, grasped his shaft, and started to suck.

Fuuuuuck me! he screamed in his mind, as the erotic pleasure hit him like a punch to the gut. So fucking INTENSE! UNGH!

He was forced to clench his PC muscle from the get go. It felt like riding a wild, bucking bronco.

Glory was serious about getting him to cum, and fast. She sucked him with a feverish hunger, which meant her suction was extremely tight and non-stop. But that was just the side show, because she concentrated on her tongue work.

After about a minute, he managed to at least cope with the situation enough to coherently think. Whoa! Wow! Toootally worth the wait! Man, to think that I lusted after Glory for two plus years, based entirely on her looks and her personality. I had no idea she was such a sex vixen! And I had no clue whatsoever that she's the queen of cocksuckers! I mean, Aunt Suzy is great. Okay, Suzanne is probably

tops. But she has an unfair advantage due to her extraordinarily long tongue. Glory's just got it goin' on! And that's not even counting her deep throating. She's even better than Aunt Suzy at that!

He looked down at her. She was still wearing her jacket. And it's beyond wild that she's my friggin' teacher! It's like I'm living in a porn film. Except I really do love her! And I'm not just saying that because she's a total stone fox and a blowjob maniac! Although that certainly fucking helps! MAN!

She finally took her jacket off, because it was cramping her style. She was putting her entire body into her cocksucking.

Another minute passed, and he thought, Man, I'm so fucking lucky! When I think how I was treated this morning, even I can't believe it. And it happened to ME! I'm totally undeserving. Half the time, all I do is just sit or stand there while someone sucks my soul straight out of my cock! Like what Glory's doing to me now. But I need to at least TRY to be more deserving. I need to give back. Be a more active lover. Make sure that SHE gets lots of orgasms!

Those were good ideas in theory, but at the moment he couldn't do anything but hang on for dear life. He closed his eyes and clenched his teeth. But he couldn't even clench his teeth for long, because he started panting so heavily.

He could tell this was not going to be one of those times where he'd be saved by a well-timed strategic pause. He even tried to disengage at one point, just to see if he could. But, as he'd figured, Glory really needed his cum, and she wasn't going to let him stop for anything.

Besides, Alan didn't have his usual determination not to cum, thanks to his dick being erect off and on for the last four hours, plus his overall tiredness. He checked the clock on the wall, and managed to hold out for a full five minutes. He considered lasting anything less than that downright disrespectful.

But he unexpectedly lost control after only five minutes or so and blew his load into her mouth. Mindful of the fact they were on the second floor of the school building, he quietly hissed even though he wanted to shout. "I'm gonna blow!"

Glory thought, FINALLY! It hadn't been that long in terms of minutes, but she'd been going all out. So she was very glad when she felt his cum fire into the back of her mouth. She carefully bobbed on him near

the middle of his cockhead, because she wanted his cum to spray all over the insides of her mouth instead of down her throat, so she could fully savor the taste.

When the cum ran out, she pulled her lips off and wiped her chin with a satisfied sense of accomplishment. She was keeping some of his cum on her tongue to savor it even more.

But then she looked around where she was and who she was with, and she felt guilt hit her. God dammit! I've got a boyfriend already. And Alan is my student. This couldn't be any more wrong, unless he was my son on top of that. Shit. But dammit, I really, really needed that! And not just for the sweet taste. I'm having too much fun tempting danger by sucking cock in my classroom!

Still feeling guilty and regretful, she said to him, "You know, you should just go. To the cafeteria. You need to eat a proper lunch. And spend time with your friends."

Feeling hurt, he asked, "Was I... Did I cum too soon?"

"Oh, no! No, no, no! You lasted way more than expected, considering the situation. I hate to mention my boyfriend, but he never could have handled more than a minute or two of that. But we can't have you spending all of your lunches with me. Besides, you DO need to eat!"

That made him feel better. But still, he knew that she didn't cum herself, and he was determined to become a better and less selfish lover. So he said, "Okay, I'll go. But not until I get YOU to cum too. Besides, you're my teacher, and I need you to teach me something: how to find your G-spot!"

Her eyes went wide. "Oh no! Young man, don't even get started with that!" She was genuinely alarmed. She was starting to worry that she was becoming too hooked on these secret meetings with her favorite student. Today, her anticipation had very nearly ruined her ability to teach effectively. If he would make her cum every time, she'd get that much more hooked.

But Alan wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. Before long, he had Glory lying naked on the floor, with a big towel underneath her. He was between her legs with his face up to her crotch. He was still unsure of himself when it came to cunnilingus, and daunted by it too. That was especially true with Glory, since she had such great oral talents. So he focused entirely on using his fingers on her clit and pussy.

He was easily able to find her G-spot. It helped that he'd been playing around with the G-spots of Katherine and Amy recently; once he knew where one was and what it felt like, finding another was a cinch.

Glory's anticipation had been steadily growing through fourth period, and then the blowjob took her lust to a much higher level, even though she hadn't been thinking at all about cumming herself. As a result, it wasn't very hard for him to get her to cum. In fact, he managed to get two small orgasms out of her, and then a really big one.

After that one, she panted, "Enough! Go! Now! If you stay any longer, I'm gonna... I don't know. Turn into a total slut!"

He crawled up onto her nude body and laid on top of her. He looked down into her eyes. "There's nothing wrong with that. Sex is great! Why not have lots of it?"

"UGGGH!" She winced and then closed her eyes. "You're ruining me, you know that? This is not how a teacher should behave. Someone could burst in that door at any moment, and my career would be over. We could be on the front page of the newspaper. I'm taking such a risk with you!"

He didn't know what to say to that, since it was a very good point. But her mouth was close to his, so he kissed her lips. They shared a kiss that was more affirming and loving than a passionate tongue duel, because they were both running low on energy.

At Glory's continued insistence, he did eventually get up and go to the cafeteria to be with his friends. Despite all the sexual activity, he still wound up with half the lunch period to eat something quickly.

He spent that time eating with his friends Sean and Peter. He would have rather spent the time with Glory just chatting, but he understood it was less risky if he spent more face time at school with his friends.

Chapter 362 "Tit Slave"



On days that held particular sexual promise, like Tuesdays, Alan often was dying of anticipation to hurry home. On other days he was simply deeply content, and that's how he felt on this day until the time drew near to leave for home. His sexual fun with Glory had taken the edge off, and he wasn't bothered by unwanted boners for a while.

He had to play another couple hours of his tennis round robin tournament, after which he really wanted to hurry home. He knew his mother was waiting with her eager hands and warm mouth. He was so keen on getting home that he tore through his opponents and won all three matches, finishing before anyone else, less than an hour after school had finished.

By the time Alan got home, Susan's clit was sore and her hands were exhausted from a great deal of masturbation. She'd kept going even after she took her bath (and during it as well!). But she hoped all that sexual activity was just a prelude for an afternoon filled with hours of cocksucking. She felt like she had on the first Tuesday she'd sucked and stroked Alan: she barely had any restraints on her behavior, and she loved it. She hoped he would have the self-control needed for both of them, so she wouldn't end up getting literally royally fucked.

She was so excited anticipating his arrival that she waited on a living room sofa near the front entrance, so she'd be able to greet him as he came through the front door. Even though Alan came home earlier than expected because of his quick tennis games, she was already there ready and waiting.

She was dressed in a robe, sitting seductively, posing for him while ostentatiously playing with her long brown hair. "How was your day at school, Tiger?" She said that just like any other mother welcoming a teenage son home, except that she opened her robe to expose her enormous boobs as she said it. She had her legs crossed, but 'casually' kicked up a foot to show off her red high heels.

Alan's eyes went back and forth between her breasts and her stunning face. Oh, MAN! This is what I've been waiting for all day long. My dick has been rock hard all the way home, just thinking about what she'd be wearing or not wearing. But now that it's happening, I'm too exhausted from all that tennis to enjoy it.

No, wait, scratch that. How can I say 'No' to my centerfold mom?!

He replied, "It's been a very interesting day, a great day, especially before I went to school." He dropped his shorts, letting his stiff rod spring straight out. "You wouldn't believe it, but this totally hot woman sucked me off before breakfast. It was like she was some kind of cock-hungry alarm clock."

She smiled from ear to ear upon hearing that. "That woman wouldn't by any chance have been your endlessly horny mother, would it?"

She stood up, letting her robe slide completely off her body. Then she dropped to her knees before him. She felt a shiver run down her spine. God, I just love the act of falling to my knees before my son's cock! It's the BEST! I swear, I could cum just from the act of kneeling while wearing nothing but heels, knowing that I'm about to have Tiger's thick meat sliding between my lips!

Seeing what was happening, he shrugged out of his backpack and sat on an adjacent sofa.

Scooting up, she wrapped her hands around his stiff shaft and brought her mouth to it.

Finally, he answered her question. "Why, as a matter of fact, it was."

"I don't know what's with that woman," she said, smiling. "She's just crazy for your cock." She let his boner sink deep into her mouth. Her tongue circled and circled around it as if she were tracing the striped pattern on a candy cane.

He thought, Man oh man! I don't care how tired I am; I'm never too tired for this! Besides, this is a good way to relax. I can just kick back on this comfy sofa with my eyes closed and enjoy.

The only problem with his plan to relax and enjoy was that she was too thrilling and arousing. She'd already become pretty proficient, but she was continuing to improve her cocksucking skills every day. That day had been particularly productive. Her shopping trip hadn't been all pedestrian; she'd bought some books on how to better pleasure a man, and she'd read the chapters on blowjobs right after she came home. She immediately put some of what she'd just learned to use.

Before Alan had left for school, she'd told him she would buy kneepads. At the time it had just been something to say to excite him. But since then she was thinking that she really should buy some kneepads. She didn't know if she'd ever use them, as the house had plush carpeting almost everywhere; she mostly just liked the idea that she was such a committed personal cocksucker that she needed them. Besides, they would come in handy on the hard concrete out by the pool. Her only obstacle was that she would need to go to a sporting goods store to buy them, and she didn't frequent that kind of store very often.

She played with his balls with skill and purpose, thanks to what she'd just read in her newly purchased books. She remembered to stick a well-lubricated finger in his anus as well, like he'd done to her recently. She'd done it to him previously too, but she hadn't really known what she was doing. Thanks to her reading, she now knew how to locate his prostate gland and how best to stimulate it.

He'd slumped down so low on the sofa that his ass was hanging over the edge, providing a perfect target for her lubed finger. OH, FUCK ME! he shouted in his mind when he felt her finger slide in his ass and find his prostate. His eyes opened wide and his entire body tingled with excitement. His plans to just enjoy a long, relaxing cocksucking were shot. He suddenly had to squeeze his PC muscle to delay climax, but he knew it would be a short, losing battle, what with her anal fingering and her surprisingly talented blowjob.

She rubbed her other hand all over herself as she blew him, often fingering her clit. She did that as much as she thought she could get away with without him noticing, since she still half-clung to the fiction that she was in control of her desires and was doing this just for his benefit. At first there were just a few light, 'accidental' passes against her pussy lips and clit with her hand, but before long she threw caution to the wind and rubbed herself openly.

He panted desperately, "Man! Shit! Gotta... strategic break!"bender

But she didn't want him to take a break; she wanted him to cum, and fast. She was ready to use every trick she knew to get the big mouthful of his seed that she'd been craving for hours.

But this climax ended differently than previous ones. She'd made a habit of having him cum directly in her mouth. It didn't always work out that way, but that usually was her intention. For one thing, she considered it the "least naughty" option, and for another, she loved the taste of his cum and couldn't get enough. But Suzanne had been hyping pearl necklaces and facials so much that her attitude was changing. This time, after smearing his cum all over her chest and face in the morning, she wanted him to cum there directly.

It so happened that she'd been fondling his balls when she felt them tighten and pull up. She immediately removed his boner from her mouth and held the tip about two inches from her face.

She loved it when his first rope of cum blasted right at her nose, but the blast proved to be too forceful, so she pulled back a few inches, then aimed his pole here and there around her face. With her mouth

stretched wide open, some went straight into her mouth, but not that much. Cum streaked her cheeks, forehead, nose, chin, and especially her glasses.

But he still wasn't done, so she aimed his still-pulsing cock at her huge tits, then suddenly instructed him, "Hold them together!"

He used both his hands to press her big melons tightly together, turning her cleavage into a thin straight line.

Then she aimed his cock right at the middle of her rack, so as he continued to spurt, some of the rivulets of cum slid down her steep slopes, going far into her cleavage.

She looked down at herself when he finally ran dry. THIS is the way to go! Wow! I love it! I thought cocksucking was great before, but this takes it to an even higher level! I feel so MARKED! So OWNED! I feel even more like I'm being TAMED by his big, powerful cock than even before!

I dare say, this is how a tit slave should look and behave. Oooh! "Tit slave." I love the sounds of that. It gives me chills! Wait until I tell Suzanne about this! She's so right. This is the greatest!

She said to him when they were done, "I hope you enjoyed that, because you're going to need to get used to it. I plan to feast on your cock every day! God help me! If I'm going to Hell, I might as well enjoy the way down. I want you to BLAST your cum all over my face and tits every day too!"

He had a strong desire to kiss her on the lips in response, but he wasn't too keen on kissing his own cum, which was all over her lips and mouth. Even hugging her could be a bit dicey, given how sticky and drenched her big tits were. So instead he said, "I love you, Mom. You're the best mother any kid could ever have. How can you say you're gonna go to Hell for doing this, when it's what the nurse and the doctor prescribed? Don't judge yourself so harshly."

She sighed. "I don't know if it's harsh, but I just can't take it anymore. I've been trying to hide my desire and show restraint." She added sarcastically, "You can see what a great job I've been doing with that these last couple of days. ... But I've been getting so horny just waiting for you to come home, I can't help myself! Especially on Tuesdays!"

She continued more urgently, "I won't play any more games. I'm not just helping you; I NEED your cock. Every day! Angel is right: I'm hopelessly addicted! You have needs, medical needs, but I have needs too. Life is just better with the taste of your cock in my mouth. I need to suck your cock. Please let me have it. Give it to me again right now!" As she finished saying this, she drew near him and made a desperate, begging face.

"Okay, Mom," he replied, more than a little overwhelmed by the intensity of her emotions. "Sure. I'd love that. I need a little time to get it back up again, though. But are you open to taking things a little farther? For instance, I'd love to finger your pussy, and I'll bet you'd love that too."

"Alan Plummer!" she admonished him, scowling. "I'm your mother! Don't even think such improper thoughts!"

He privately rolled his eyes at the contradictions in her logic, but was nonetheless happy overall by how things were progressing. If she wanted to do nothing but suck his dick all the time, he was willing and happy to go along with that, at least for a while, until he could successfully push for more.

Sensing they were done, he started to get up. But she said, "Wait, where do you think you're going?"

"Sorry, but I'm dead tired. You know about my tennis tournament. I'm gonna take a big nap."

"Fine, but you can't go yet. I haven't even started to clean your privates." She buried her face in his crotch and got busy licking his penis and balls clean.

He chuckled to himself. Man! What can I say to that?

## Chapter 363 Heather In The Bag

Alan took his much needed nap once the "cleaning" was done. He was exhausted from two days of extra tennis, not to mention all his sexual activity, so he figured he would sleep a long time.

But while he was sleeping, the front doorbell rang and Susan went to see who it was. Guests were so rare and unexpected lately that she had to change quickly from her robe into some more respectable clothes grabbed from the underwear cabinet.

Susan opened the door and saw Heather standing there. They'd never spoken to each other before, but Susan knew of her and recognized her, particularly now that Katherine and Amy were part of the cheerleaders that she led. Susan had heard a lot of unfavorable gossip about Heather, but still knew nothing of her recent sexual antics with Alan or anything about body-painting "panties" on the cheerleaders.

She was momentarily shocked at the way Heather was dressed: tight short shorts and a white top so small that it was left to the bra underneath to cover up some of her ample boobs. But then Susan remembered hearing that this was how Heather always dressed. The head cheerleader was locally famous for her looks and the way she flaunted them.

"Hi, Mrs. Plummer," the young bombshell said. "Is Alan at home? We have plans to study together this afternoon." Recalling her last beach encounter with him, she added as a private joke to herself, "It's a cram session."

"Oh," Susan said, chagrined. Having a guest over meant everyone had to behave completely normally until that person left, and she wasn't happy about that - especially on a Tuesday. But she did her best to hide her dismay. In a happier voice, she went on, "Oh hi, Heather. He's here, but I'm afraid that he's taking a nap."

Heather looked at her watch. "This is the time we're supposed to start studying. It's for a class project; it's really important stuff. I'd better go and check if he's up yet. I'm sure he set his alarm or something, 'cos he knew I'd be coming at this time."

Susan looked at her dumbly when what Heather was saying sank in. "Study? You two are going to study? TODAY?!"

Heather looked at her a bit puzzled. "Uh, yea-ah. Is there a problem with that?"

Susan felt crushed. Oh, poo! How can I suck my Tiger's big fat member when SHE'S here? Doesn't he know it's Tuesday? Doesn't he want to play with me all afternoon? I know he has to take his nap, but I thought I could suck his cock for an hour or two after that.

On the other hand, maybe he's trying to be responsible. He does have to study, even on Tuesdays. And he said this is a tough week. Maybe he has some stuff due tomorrow. I wish he would have told me, though.

She suppressed a heavy sigh and put a smile on her face. "Oh. Okay. Come on in. Would you like something to drink or eat?" She led Heather into the interior of the house.

"No thanks. I want to make the most of our study time together. I'll just go check on him now, if that's okay."

"Sure thing. Up the stairs, turn left, first door on the right."

"Thanks! By the way, nice house." Heather hadn't known that Alan lived in what was almost a mansion, with a big pool in the backyard, because he'd always dressed modestly and, for reasons Heather couldn't understand, neither he nor Katherine had their own cars or cell phones.

As Heather walked away, wiggling her tightly clad ass, Susan fretted. Oh dear. How can I compete with that young bit of fluff?

Susan, in her modesty, didn't realize that she was even more attractive than Heather. I hope Tiger doesn't spend his Tuesday afternoon lusting after that girl instead of me. With the way she's dressed, he's bound to get a hard-on, and then there won't be anyone available to help him out! Oh no! He might have to go for hours as hard as a steel bar while they are trying to do homework together, and there's nothing I can do about it. Poor dear!

Heather had recently peppered Katherine and Kim with questions about Alan, enabling her to gradually figure out details of his life, such as the fact that he took a nap almost every afternoon. (Getting more energy so he wouldn't have to take such naps was the supposed purpose of his unusual medical treatments, but there hadn't been any apparent impact on his nap habit so far.) Heather had timed her visit to catch him in bed, and she did.

She walked into Alan's room without knocking and found him still dozing. Of course they hadn't planned a study session, as Heather never studied; that was just an excuse to get past his mother. She carefully pulled back his covers without waking him, and saw to her delight that he was sleeping naked. Better yet, his dick was fully erect.

Confident that he'd love what she was planning on doing, she removed her top and bra. Then she got between his legs and began stroking his boner. Within a minute or so, the stimulation provided by her hands caused him to wake.

"Who? ... What? ..." He looked up. "HEATHER?!" He was so surprised to see her there that he practically screamed her name at the top of his lungs.

"Shhhh," she said. "We're supposed to be studying together."

"Heather! Oh my God! You can't be here. This isn't happening!"

"I am, and it is." She giggled. "What's the problem? You don't like being woken this way? Any other guy in school would kill to have me do this to them, but today I picked you. So enjoy it." She went back to stroking his rod.

He couldn't help his first thought: Wow! Woken up by a sex act twice in one day. And by my mother and the head cheerleader! Oh my God, and she's nearly naked!

But even as he began to feel exquisite pleasures through his prick, he started to think of all the reasons why Heather being there was a bad idea. We could get caught. I'll bet the door isn't locked. Anyone could come in. Or someone could overhear. Chances are someone WILL come in within the next hour. Perhaps Aunt Suzy will come by, if only to check on my orgasm chart. Shit! What if I'd said Aunt Suzy's name, or even worse, my mother's or sister's name, before I saw it was Heather?

My God, the possibilities for Heather finding out that I'm making it with my family are almost limitless! For instance, what if she'd come to the house an hour earlier, while Mom was giving me that blowjob? It's total luck that I aired out this room somewhat, because the whole place smelled like an ocean of cum. Oh my God! She could even look at the orgasm chart on the back of my door! We just can't have strangers in this house. I've got to get her out, and fast!



Heather suddenly stopping jacking his dick and stood up next to the bed. "Don't worry; I didn't come here to give you a handjob."

"You didn't?" he asked, suddenly disappointed that she'd stopped, even though he'd just been trying to figure out how to get her to stop.

"Of course not. Not when I can have you fuck me instead." As she said this, she squeezed out of her tight shorts, revealing that she wore nothing underneath.

But even as he watched her get completely naked, a new sense of fear washed through him. He said in a soft but determined voice, "No! We can't do that! You shouldn't have come here uninvited. It's a bad idea - a really bad idea. I'm sorry, but you have to go."

He wondered how he could create a distraction and take the orgasm chart down before she noticed it. It was clearly labeled: "My Daily Orgasms". He was afraid to even glance toward it for fear his gaze would draw it to her attention.

She put her hands on her bare hips and said testily, "Alan, just what the hell is wrong with you? The most beautiful girl in school is standing here practically begging you to fuck her, and you just say 'No thanks. Get lost'? You're really starting to bug me. I thought we had a really good time at my house after Baskin-Robbins, and I expected you to come back for more. But it's been, like, a week, and you haven't. I feel gypped after meeting you at the beach over the weekend and not being able to do it again. I KNOW you wanted to do me then. We're long overdue for another fucking. I came here 'cos I wanted to give you a good, long fuck. But this is the response I get? Are you gay or something? Do nerds not like fucking real girls? Seriously!"

Alan remembered Suzanne's advice to play hard-to-get with Heather. But he also knew he couldn't have Heather turn against him. She was difficult enough to deal with when she was happy; he hated to imagine how awful she would be if she were vengeful. "No, Heather, it's not like that. You're one of the most beautiful girls in school and, God, I'd love to fuck you. But I have to be really careful. I'm willing to fuck. Let's do it, but somewhere else. We can go to your house right now. But no way can we do it here. My room is like Grand Central Station. People come and go all the time without knocking. I can't afford to get caught!"

She felt slightly better about that, but still asked, "So then why haven't you come to my house then? I told you, you could come in the back window any time, day or night."

He couldn't tell her the main reasons: that she really scared him with all her power games and her love of risk, and that the other women in his life were keeping him so constantly satisfied that he had no need of her. But he could tell her a less important and still honest reason. "Can't you see I'm chicken when it comes to getting caught? You said your dad was like a body builder and would crush me if he saw me."

"Did I say that?" She smiled, delighted.

It seemed to Alan that she relished the memory of scaring him.

"Oh yeah, I guess I did. Well, he's a big, strong guy, a former Marine officer. I'm disappointed in you. What's life without a little risk? Besides, I live a charmed life; I never get caught at anything. I'm sure we can fuck right now, since I'm already here, and it will be just fine. Relax." She made a move to crawl back onto his bed, but he got in the way.

"No. Really! You may live a charmed life, but I don't." Even as he said this, it occurred to him how wrong that assessment was. Actually, I've probably got the luckiest, most charmed life on the planet, at least for these last few weeks. But that's beside the point. Heather could still ruin everything. My luck can't last forever.

Knowing that she wasn't going to leave unsatisfied, he suggested, "Let's go to some remote park or some place like that, and do it there. No way can we do it here; it's far too dangerous!"

His saying "too dangerous" turned out to be a big mistake: it was like throwing a juicy T-bone steak in front of a hungry dog. She practically clapped her hands together in glee. "Alan, we're gonna do it here, and that's final. We can be very quiet and put a chair in front of the door or something."

She got up and moved a chair to block the door.

He used those precious seconds to put on some clothes and sit on a chair away from the bed. He breathed a huge sigh of relief that she was so busy looking at fitting the chair under the door handle that she missed examining the orgasm chart just a foot or so higher on the door.bender

When she turned around and saw him just sitting there, clothed, she was disappointed and frustrated. But having a guy actually not show interest was so rare that it only turned her on even more. "Damn you! What do I have to do already to get you to fuck me?" she pouted.

"There's nothing you can say or do. Sorry. Somewhere else, okay; I'd love that. But not here, and especially not now. I mean it." He crossed his arms and looked away from her defiantly.

Heather turned on her most sultry voice. "Alan! You can't say no," she moaned softly, as if she were at the heights of orgasm. "You see, I have this problem." She got down on the floor right below his chair and spread her legs wide.

"Look Alan. I have an itch. It's a very nasty itch."

He couldn't help but turn and look at her toned and deeply tanned nude body.

She purred, "Do you know where my itch is? Do you know where I'm feeling so nasty? It's in my pussy. My pussy is on fire! It itches like poison ivy. It's soooooo bad. It needs you to put it out."

Her legs began twitching and she started to writhe on the floor, as if she wasn't in control of her body but the itch had taken control.

He wanted to turn away again, but he stared, completely transfixed.

She moaned sexily, "There's only one thing that can satisfy it. It has to be something hard. And long. And thick. And hot. And meaty! To reach my itch, deep, deep inside my cunt. Only you can reach it, Alan! Only your incredible cock. So hard and long. It's the biggest and the best. You're the best fucker I've ever had! You have to help me. Please, I'm begging you! Fuck me. Otherwise I'm going to die! This itch is killing me! Scratch it, in and out, in and out, in and out, with your big dick! Fuck me now, please!"

She kicked her legs up in the air, then pulled them back over her head and presented her slit to Alan in the ultimate position of supplication.

He thought, My God, man! This is Heather, supposedly the most desirable girl in school! She's stretching out her sexy, naked body on my floor, begging me to fuck her! And I can't! I can't! Forget playing hard to get; I've done enough of that for now. I'm soooo ready to fuck the living shit out of her! It's just that I've gotta get her out of the house, and fast!

She stopped moaning and writhing long enough to steal a glance at him and see if her performance was working. One look at his crotch left no doubt that his dick was straining for relief, but still he sat immobile in his chair.

"Alan!" she said in a far less sexy voice, now with incredible exasperation. "This is a grade-A performance here! That would have made the dick on a marble statue erupt, for crying out loud. What do I have to do? Don't you want to fuck me already?!"

It was all he could do not to just jump up and take her. He could feel his resolve slipping rapidly. Suzanne's recent words of advice about Heather came back to him: "If she wants to fuck you again, she will. If she goes all out to tempt you, you won't be able to resist." Man, that is so true! I'm a goner. But still, she doesn't know that yet. If I can hold out a little bit longer, at least I might be able to win something.

He kept his cool long enough to say, "I do. But only on one condition."

"What, already?"

"That you don't ever, ever come back here again unannounced. We can do it anywhere and everywhere else, just not in this house. My mother is such a prude that it's not even funny. If she caught me, she would literally kill me, and I'm not going to take that risk." He thought back ironically to the blowjob that his mother had given him just before his nap.

Heather already knew about Susan's prudish reputation, since she'd been asking around about Alan and learning more about him and his family. "Okay, okay. I promise. Now fucking scratch my itch! Do it!"

"And..." he continued. He figured they were in a battle of wills, and he was winning by having more self-control. He thought, What else do I want from her? She already wants to fuck at the drop of a hat. What else do I want? Oh I know. He added, "And one more thing. You have to do anything sexual that I want, at any time."

She rolled her eyes. She couldn't imagine anything that this mild-mannered, polite guy would want her to do sexually that she wouldn't like doing in the first place. "Fine. Whatever. Just fuck me, like, yesterday!"

"That includes blowjobs," he reminded her, knowing that she hated to do those.

"Oh fuck. Whatever. Just do me!" She was ready to promise him anything, since she only kept promises when she felt like it.

"Wait. I want to hear you say it."

"Say what?"

"Your promise."

Her entire body was vibrating with need. She growled angrily, but then said, "Fine! You can do anything you want to me at any time. Including getting blowjobs. And I damn well hope you do, starting right fucking now!"

She found it strange that saying that turned her on so greatly. No boy had ever made demands on her like that, much less been successful in doing so.

## Chapter 364 Heather + Titfuck

Hearing Heather's agreement, Alan leapt onto her like a lion released from a cage. The two of them fucked right there on the floor where she'd been performing.

They built up a strong, driving rhythm. It was a great fast fuck, marred only by the frequent times Alan had to shush the carelessly noisy Heather.

As he fucked her, he prodded, "So you'll really let me fuck you anytime and anywhere?"

"Yes!"

"What about your boyfriend?"

She grunted lustily when his boner bottomed out in her yet again. "Who cares? You fuck- UGH! So much better!"

"And what about the fact that I'm a nerd?"

"You're no nerd. No nerd fucks UNHH! ...this good. I want your cock; no, I NEED it!"

He thought out loud while drilling her hard: "I guess that makes you a total slut."

"Yes! Yes, I am!"

That answer really surprised him, because he hadn't realized that he was verbalizing his thoughts out loud. Given what he'd just said, he would have expected her to slap him or worse, but instead it seemed to just arouse her further, causing her to thrust her hips with greater vigor.

Suddenly all the details of the first time he'd fucked her came flooding back: he'd called her a "cunt hole" and a "sleazy bitch" and more, and she'd loved it. He thought, Dang, I'm doing it again. I never say anything rude to anyone, but with Heather the nasty names just flow freely from my lips. And Aunt Suzy said that it's cool to do that with her, provided that she's horny enough already. So I'm gonna go for it!bender

He tested to confirm that she liked it. "So you're a slut. A hussy. A skanky bitch." He punctuated that with another deep push into her.

He thought he'd gone too far with that last insult, but when he bottomed out she yelled even louder, "YES! God, YES!"

He realized it would be good to curse at her like he had the last time. He had no problem conjuring up the right mood to do so, since he was still angry at her sneaky intrusion into his house and his room. He growled, "Shut up, you noisy bitch! I mean it!"

Heather responded by going totally wild on him. She kissed him desperately. Her hands flew all over him as she thrust her hips at him so forcefully that she literally lifted him off the floor. It was as if she were on fire and in a complete panic to put it out before she burned to death, but the only way to do that was for them both to cum.

Alan couldn't take much of that unexpected, overwhelming treatment. He knew he wouldn't be able to pause for a strategic break because it felt too good to stop, and he knew he wouldn't be able to hold out for much longer. So he concentrated on fucking her harder, deeper, and faster while he still had some control.

Already, he was running out of breath, but he managed to say, "Take that! Take it! Take it, you bitch!"

To his surprise, she moaned back erotically, "Oooh! Oooh, God! Yes! I'm taking it! I'm taking every inch of your cock! Give me more!"

For some reason, he felt his anger rising along with his arousal. "You want more?! I'll give you more, you fucking CUNT! Nothing but a worthless cunt!"

She yelled back with lusty desperation, "I'm a cunt! Such a cunt! Fuck this sorry ass cunt! Fuck me so good!"

Her words inspired him; he felt re-energized. It was no problem at all to draw on even more energy to fuck her like a jackhammer. He fucked her so hard that her hair was flying around while the back of her head kept banging on the floor. Suddenly, he could sense he was losing it. So he shouted, "Cum, bitch! CUM!"

She'd been on the verge already, but once he said that, she let go. Her body was still bouncing rhythmically underneath him in time to his thrusts, but she started shuddering and convulsing uncontrollably at the same time.

Heather had a tight cunt with a well-exercised PC muscle, and her pussy walls began spasmodically clenching his stiff dick so strongly that he had a hard time moving within her. It was as if things were going in slow motion, which caused his arousal to soar even higher.

When he started unloading in her, she was still writhing around with her own orgasm. Sensing that he was cumming too, and especially feeling his seed squirting deep inside her, inspired her to an even greater orgasmic ecstasy.

But once the mutual climaxes passed, Alan noticed that she hardly made a peep, in spite of everything. It seemed that she'd suddenly taken his command to stay quiet very seriously. And he'd been relatively quiet too, although he had shouted out to her that he was cumming.

As she lay there, she thought, Oh sweet Jesus! He's GOOD! That first time was no fluke, that's for sure. Shit, I'd crawl across broken glass to get fucked like that again. He practically KILLED me! I swear, I think I'm dead: I died and went to Heaven!

He got up and staggered around like a drunkard. His goal was to lock the door. Once he'd done that, he relaxed and slumped against the door for a while.

Phew, man! he thought. Blowjobs are all well and good. No, scratch that, they're totally awesome. But even so, fucking is even MORE totally awesome! Shit. Heather is so damn tight. A pussy is perfectly designed for a cock. The fit is just so... well, awesome! How I wish I could fuck Mom or Aunt Suzy. I guess I can let out my frustrations on Heather.

He turned on some music. It was Elastica's debut album, played on random shuffle; for some reason it seemed appropriate for Heather.

He had done that as a belated attempt to mask their activity. Although he had just cum, he was still powerfully aroused. Strangely, he didn't feel his usual post-orgasmic lassitude. In fact, he was much more wired than usual.

He thought, Okay, so far, so good. I should try to remember more of Aunt Suzy's advice on how to handle her, though. She said I need to stay in the driver's seat at all times. Bossing her around is key, and



she'll go along with it if she gets pleasure out of it too. She's totally horny for me right now. This is the time to push my luck!

Heather seemed intent on more sex, despite the fact that her body was trembling with exhaustion. She still had a crazed, hungry look in her eyes.

The rocking music of Elastica's "Car Song" seemed to eliminate any need for words. He simply sat up on his bed and motioned for her to sit between his legs.

She did so quickly, still without speaking, although it was an effort since her body felt like it was made of wet noodles.

He remembered Al Pacino in the movie "Scarface," and tried to channel some of that actor's macho arrogance. He leaned back and said, "Gimme a titfuck, bitch." He would never have said that to anyone else he knew, but something about Heather inspired that kind of attitude in him.

His words hit her like an electric cattle prod. She visibly shivered all over. She never gave titfucks to anyone, since she didn't get that much pleasure out of the act. She was on the verge of telling him to go fuck himself. Plus, she was still so tired from the fucking she'd just received that she didn't think she could do it even if she'd wanted to. Yet somehow she found herself being pulled in towards his erection, as if it were a magnet.

She leaned forward, spat between her breasts, and placed his erection in her cleavage. Her spit was hardly necessary, because his dick was already soaked with her pussy juices. Then she started bouncing up and down on her heels so he didn't even have to do any of the work.

She thought, Aaaah, this feels nice! It's weird: normally, titfucks don't do anything for me at all, but now I'm feeling tingly all over, and my cleavage... it's like it's on fire!

Look at the way he's looking down at me, with a sneer on his face. It's like he expects me to do this. Doesn't he know who I am? He has no idea how lucky he is that I even SPEAK to him, much less... Jesus! What is it about the way that he's looking at me? It sends shivers down my spine!

At the same time, he thought, That's odd. I mean, why am I acting like this, and why is she obviously getting off on it? I guess I can answer the first part. When I think back to what Mom and Sis did to me this morning, it makes a guy cocky. Anything Heather does to me, anything, it can't compare to THAT! So I can take this in stride, And I guess she gets off on it somehow. Hey, as long as she's into it, I'm not gonna over-think it!

As the titfuck went on, he pondered the arousing sensations. For some reason, I like fucking Heather's tits a lot, almost more than fucking her cunt. Perhaps it's because they're so big... No. Ha! I mean, that would be true compared to Akami or Kim, but not compared to Aunt Suzy? Forget it! Maybe it's because she's obviously into it. I mean, she's such a "fuck off and die" kind of person, but she's totally getting off on sliding her big tits up and down. She's really careful to keep a tight titfuck channel going too. Somehow, I don't think she tries this hard with other guys.

While those reasons were valid, another reason he wasn't consciously aware of was that he disliked her power-hungry ways and he liked taking her down a notch by putting her in this most subservient of positions.

When she presented her chest to him and pushed her tits together for him to fuck her cleavage, it was almost as if she wanted to give pleasure and please someone other than herself. But in fact, even though she was enjoying it to a surprising degree, she was just getting him warmed up so he'd want to fuck her pussy again.

Plus, she was loathe to admit, she was kind of grossed out by the way that his dick was covered in her pussy juices, which in turn were getting all over her tits. She started to pull away. "Okay, nerd boy, it's time for your dick to enter the pearly gates and find out what heaven is like."

However, he was still angry at her intrusion and demanding ways and didn't want to give her that satisfaction. So he grabbed her shoulders, stopping her from changing positions. "Hey! This is MY house, MY rules. I didn't tell you it was time to fuck." He could see anger growing on her face, like a quickly gathering storm.

Somehow he sensed that she had a very competitive spirit. So he added, "I know what it is: you're just not good at titfucking, so you want to switch to something you know. Or is it that you feel self-conscious about your obviously fake boobs?"

"They are NOT fake!" she lied.

"Bottom line is, I've had a lot better. Is this all you've got? Why'd you even bother to come over?"

That was like waving a red flag in front of a raging bull. But the only way that she could "show him" was by giving him a good titfuck, so she put all her energy into that.

As she slid her big tits up and down his thick pole, she thought, God damn fucking asshole nerd! Who does he think he is?! Just because he has a big cock and knows how to use it, he thinks he can push ME around? HA! You pathetic loser. I'll show you what a good titfuck is! And so what if my breasts are enhanced? The truth is, they're better than real! You can't handle these magnificent boobs! I'll make you cum in half a minute, you sorry, skinny dweeb!

She felt that she was doing her best, and she had such a high opinion of herself she doubted anyone could do better. So she crowed triumphantly, "How's THAT, Mr. Big Cock?"

He couldn't resist popping her bubble. "It's okay." That was an understatement; she was actually doing a surprisingly good job, and she certainly had the boobs for it, fake or not. But he remembered Suzanne's advice to be sparing with his compliments.

Heather practically exploded, "Okay?! Just OKAY?! What? Are you fucking retarded?! How can I do any better, you fucking ingrate?!" Yet she kept on sliding her big tits up and down and around his shaft.

He replied calmly, "Well, you can start by not calling me things like 'fucking ingrate.' I think you may deserve a spanking for that. And there's a lot you can do better. For one thing, presentation. For starters, where are your high heels?"

She looked over to where she'd tossed her clothes. She knew her heels were underneath them. "Over there. But what the fuck, sorry, what the hey does it matter? It's not like you can see my feet when I'm in this position anyway."

"That's true. But still, it shows your effort."

Muttering curses under her breath, she rolled her eyes. But she did get up and went to get her heels. Effort? I'll show you fucking effort, you fucking worthless piece of shit! You think you're so hot just because I let you fuck me. But you're nothing! Nothing!

But even though her eyes shot daggers at him, she kept those thoughts to herself as she put on her high heels. She told herself that she needed to humor him, to get him to fuck her again. Once he fell under her spell and really wanted her, she'd lower the boom on him.

Alan enjoyed the sight of her bending over and showing off her ass as she was putting on her heels. After all, that was one reason why he'd insisted she wear them. But the pause also gave his dick a short strategic break. He realized that this too was a power issue, and when it came to Heather he remembered that he had to stay on top at all times.

She quickly returned to her position between his legs, resuming the titfuck. But she also said sarcastically, "There. Now, is there anything else you require, your majesty?"

"As a matter of fact there is, if you want to give as good a titfuck as some others I've gotten. Try licking my cockhead at the same time."

She looked down in disbelief. "What, you want me to reach it with my tongue while it's still in my cleavage? Fat chance!"

He shrugged. He didn't say anything, but the obvious implication from his disappointed look was that she'd failed and wasn't worthy.

She sighed in exasperation. "Fine! How's this?" She attempted to extend her neck and reach his cockhead, but she'd never tried it before and she couldn't quite do it. She started breathing heavily on his cockhead, hoping that would help make him blow his load.

He enjoyed that a lot, but he still acted like she'd failed him.

His somewhat-bored facial expression annoyed her. She was determined to show him she could do it, so she tried again, with even more effort. When that still didn't work, she repositioned herself and his

erection. That made the difference, so that she just barely managed to lick the tip of his head whenever it came into range. That was a very unusual amount of effort for her.

But Alan was in his element now, and he'd gotten over his initial surprise and intimidation. He just kept titfucking her.

He thought, This is definitely all thanks to what's happened with my whole six-times-a-day treatment. If it weren't for what's already happened with Mom, Sis, Aunt Suzy, Aims, and Glory, I would have blown my load a long time ago. Hell, I would have blown my MIND a long time ago, just from her being here. But I can totally roll with this, and really enjoy it. How many other guys can be this calm and even in charge with the mighty Heather? I bet she likes the turning of the tables; it's such a change from her usual fawning guys.

Actually, that's something Aunt Suzy told me, now that I think about it. The more that guys fawn over her, the less she likes them. Damn! Aunt Suzy is such a fucking genius!

## Chapter 365 Heather Meets Susan

About half an hour after Heather arrived, Susan came by and knocked on Alan's door, asking, "How's it going in there? Studying hard?"

Alan was sitting on Heather's chest with his boner between her tits. He'd recently changed positions so Heather would have no choice but to keep on titfucking him, and so she'd still be able to reach his cockhead with her tongue. Both of them were close to more great climaxes. He opened his mouth widely, shock written all across his face.

Instead, Heather replied very calmly for them both, "Oh yes, Mrs. Plummer. Very hard! You should see just how hard it is!" She chuckled, doubly amused by Alan's alarm. He'd seemed totally in control, but now the shoe was on the other foot.

Susan said through the door, "Do you two study partners want a snack? Something to eat or drink?"

Alan recovered enough to say, "No thanks. We're good."

But to his mortification, Heather replied, "I have something to nibble on right here." Temporarily giving up on the titfuck, she bent her head down and languorously licked all around his cockhead.

He tensed up, imagining his mother somehow seeing what was happening (even though there was no way she could unless she'd had X-ray vision).

Susan fretted. She was very concerned about the state of her son's penis, worried about the dreaded "blue balls". She wanted to take a quick look at his crotch, at the very least. She was hoping against hope that she could find some creative excuse to take him away from Heather for at least ten minutes, so she could administer a good cocksucking.

To Alan's greater horror, Heather added, "But a snack downstairs sounds good. We could use a break; I think we've been letting things slide these last few minutes." She strongly emphasized the word "slide," which caused him to gasp. "Don't you agree, Alan?" Resuming the titfuck, she rocked forward and back, causing his erection to slide up and down in her sweaty, cum-soaked cleavage some more.

Alan needn't have worried about his mother understanding Heather's double entendres. Susan still radiated a natural innocence, despite her recent love of incestuous cocksucking. Heather had picked up on that, so she sensed that she could have some verbal fun playing with Susan's naïve nature.

Alan was working his way towards another climax, but he still hadn't reached it. Nonetheless, Heather insisted they go downstairs immediately. He suspected she did that just to push his buttons, which he resented.

They made themselves presentable as rapidly as they could, then headed to the kitchen for a snack.

Alan was at least gratified that he was able to linger in his room when Heather left to tidy up in the bathroom across the hall. He used those few precious seconds to remove his orgasm chart and put it in a safe place.

Heather had really enjoyed all the blatant innuendo with Alan the last time she and Katherine had found him at the beach. The fact that she'd been able to say such things in front of his oblivious friends made it that much more devilishly enjoyable. She hoped to repeat that experience with Susan, and then some.

"How's the studying coming along?" Susan innocently asked as they all sat on stools at the kitchen counter.

Heather answered, "Obviously, it's hard. Very hard. But I'm staying on top of things. Thanks to Alan's help, of course."

As an afterthought, she gave a slight, knowing smile in Alan's direction and added, "Alan of course is on top of things even more than me. He's great."

He nearly choked, he was so appalled by her blatant innuendo. But Heather said it in such a deadpan manner that Susan didn't suspect a thing. At least, not so far; he feared (correctly) that Heather was just getting warmed up.

Susan handed them their food and drink. "That's nice. He's a pretty smart boy. Here, have some juice and cookies; I made them myself."

"Thanks," said Heather. "You know, that's the problem: I'm not very smart. With me it's always in one ear and out the other. In and out. That's always my problem when I try to study. In and out. In and out. Too much of that. But thanks to Alan being on top, hammering away on these problems, I'm actually getting stuff done. It's great!"

Susan, as usual, completely missed the sexual innuendo. She responded cluelessly, "He's a hard worker, isn't he? That's my son. I'm so proud of him!"

"Yes, he is. He's got a lot of spunk, too. Really full of spunk. You know what he can do that I can't? He finds just the important points, and keeps pressing on them. He finds the thrust of the argument, and makes sure I know just that. The thrusting. Of the argument."

Alan noticed that Heather was subtly pressing a finger into one of her nipples, just in case he'd missed the meaning of her "important points" comment.

His face turned red at the increasingly blatant nature of Heather's innuendo, but he didn't know how to stop her. Obviously she got off on doing risky things like this, so anything he might say would only likely

make it worse. Whatever he said, she'd probably find a way to twist his words around and riff additional double entendres. So he just kept a low profile and hoped his torment would soon end. What made things much worse was that he still had a raging hard-on from the frustrating interruption to the titfuck.

Susan still just took Heather's words literally, responding, "Yeah, they say that's an important skill, separating the wheat from the chaff."

Heather maintained a straight face. "Right. He goes plowing straight into the wheat. A lot of plowing. But don't worry; it's not just him helping me. I've been showing him a trick or two as well. I'm good at tricks, and I don't even charge for them! Right, Alan? I'm sure he's going to get a good score. How do you think you're scoring now, Alan?"

He muttered, "Um, I think we'll do better if we just get back to the books. Right away." He made a motion to go, but Heather wasn't done with her snack, or her mind games with Susan.

She continued, looking at Susan very seriously, "I was saying to him that I have a serious itch. Alan, do you remember when I was saying that? A thirst, if you will. For knowledge. When I'm studying with him, I feel like I'm quenching that thirst."

He noticed that she was stroking her hands up and down her glass of juice, visually showing him how she was hoping to quench her thirst for his cum.

Again, Susan didn't appear to notice, although on some subconscious level she responded lustily to the handjob motion. She asked, "So this isn't the first time you've studied with him? I don't remember you coming here to study before."

"Oh, I've definitely cum here. Why, I just came about half an hour ago."

Susan replied, "Obviously! No need to tell me that."

"True, but not just over here. He's cum at my house before."

"You mean 'come TO your house,'" the still clueless Susan corrected.



"Right. We've done it over at my house. In my bedroom. It's a good environment for the thrusting and the quenching and plowing and hammering and whatnot, to continue the themes I'm discussing. I hope to do it with him a lot more in the future. I think maybe it would be better if we do it in school, like the library. What do you think about that, Alan? Would you like to do it in the library?"

He was afraid that if he said yes, she'd hold him to his word and make him fuck her in the library, and if he said no, she'd later berate him for not wanting to fuck her. To make matters worse, he was so aroused that he could barely think. He draped his hands over his crotch to prevent his mother from discovering his condition (and to prevent Heather's hands from going there, if she got that bold). He said noncommittally, "Um, I don't know. Let's get back to work and worry about that later."

Heather replied, "Wow, isn't that impressive, Mrs. Plummer? Does he always study this hard? I must say I'm really impressed with his tool. You know his-"

Alan was petrified that she'd finally say something that Susan would understand. He couldn't take the tension anymore. He interrupted, "Heather! Come on; enough chitchat! Let's get this over with!" He got up (still clutching his groin) and walked out of the room. He knew Heather would have little choice but to follow.

Susan was closely attuned to the condition of her son's crotch, and she couldn't miss the way he was covering an obvious erection. Oh dear! He DOES have blue balls! How terrible!

Heather frowned, but said, "Sorry, Mrs. Plummer. You just can't keep him down when it comes to studying. We should really get back and bone up on our missed work. Alan's a great boner. Thanks for the snack!" She hurried off after him, ready to fuck some more in his room.

"No worries! Good luck with your test!" shouted Susan.

Just before Heather was out of range of Susan's ears, she said loudly, "Studying with him is so exciting. I'm such an eager beaver!" Then she burst out laughing as she hurried up the stairs.

Susan lacked certain skills, such as an ability to make many jokes and an ability to pick up subtle comments unless she was looking for them. She'd lived such a sheltered life that she still didn't know much sexual slang, like 'boner' or 'beaver' (though she was learning rapidly, especially from Suzanne

who was teaching her new words every day). But in fact even Susan came close to suspecting something was up with the way Heather was talking.

After they left, she thought, "I'm really impressed with his tool." I wonder what she meant by that. Sounds vaguely sexual. Naaah... Maybe she meant his computer? But I wonder. Could he and she...?bender

Naaah. Tiger says he doesn't have a girlfriend. And nobody has THAT much luck with women. She's the head cheerleader and, supposedly, the next homecoming queen, for Pete's sake. Although, maybe... Lately, my Tiger has become such a sexually potent young man, maybe even she'll pick up on it if she's with him long enough. Maybe she's picked up on it already and that's why she's with him?

Anything's possible, I guess. He HAS confirmed that he's fucking big-titted cheerleaders, and she is a cheerleader and has sufficiently big tits. She's beautiful enough to be worthy of his cock, that's for sure! Plus, there ARE only six cheerleaders. But on the other hand, I hear she's a very difficult person, very domineering and mean. That doesn't sound like his type at all. Also, a few days ago, when I asked him point blank whether he was fucking her, he refused to say one way or another. I'm not sure what that means, if anything. He doesn't kiss and tell. Hmmm. It's an intriguing mystery!

At least she makes him really anxious to study. I sure hope they'll study together more often. Not only can my Tiger get more work done, but hopefully she'll get him all worked up flashing those tanned tits all over the place, and then Mommy can sweep in afterwards and guzzle down all his spermy goodness! Hee-hee!

She sure does have a strange way of talking, though. I guess I just don't understand teenage lingo these days. And what about his blue balls? I wish there was some way I could help with that right now!

## Chapter 366 First Time Sex With Heather

Alan was really furious at Heather for her dangerous innuendo and the disrespect that she'd shown for his mother. He slammed the door to his room behind him and glared at her. "I suppose you think you're pretty funny."

She sat on the edge of his bed and began undressing. "Yep. I do. Your mother is a total hoot. You said she was a serious prude, so I decided to have some fun with her. Now get over here and let's do some more quenching and thrusting and plowing, to reiterate some of our themes."

He was so mad that he wanted to punch Heather, and he'd never before wanted to punch a female in his life. Smoke practically poured from his ears as he clenched his fists. "Heather, I love my mother, and you made her look like a total fool. That was not a hoot! Not only that, but you toyed really recklessly with me and my reputation here at home. It was as if you were trying to get her to figure out what we were doing!"

"So what if I was? What's she going to do? Ground you?" She added quite sarcastically, "Oooh noooo!"

By now, she was undressed. She kicked her legs up in the air and said, "To be honest, I didn't really care if she found out or not. She knows you're a big boy. But if you're so mad at me, what are you going to do about it? Why don't you teach me a lesson with a really nasty fuck? Let it all out!" She lay back on the bed, ready for a solid nailing.

He yelled, "Maybe I will!" and yanked his shorts off. He was still hard and in fact had stayed frustratingly erect ever since the aborted titfuck. He stepped towards her, but then the thought struck him: No! That's exactly what she wants! I have to stay in the driver's seat, like Aunt Suzy says. Right now, she's the one driving things. That has to stop.

He stopped just out of her reach and said, "You'd like that, wouldn't you? I'll bet you got me mad on purpose, so I would fuck you more aggressively. Sorry, you fuckwad, but I'm not going to play your game! Get dressed and get out!"

She sat up, shocked. "You're not serious. You would turn down this body?" She swept a hand down her side, as if showing herself off like a new model car.

"Heather, get over your body, already! Even my mother is twice the looker you are, and I could name a lot of other women who blow you away. You don't impress me. You disgust me! I'm a generous, peaceful guy, but you make my skin crawl! Get out of here before I do something drastic!"

She was flabbergasted. She'd used tricks like that on other men and they'd always worked: their lust always overwhelmed their anger and led to some really passionate fucking. But he just stood there,

unmoved, and in fact seemed so angry that it looked like he was about to pop a vein. She didn't know what to do.

But then he said, "Wait a minute. There is one sex act I know you hate: cocksucking! Get down on your knees, bitch, because I'm going to fuck your face!"

Her first instinct was to flip him the bird and storm out. But there was some kind of new unidentifiable something about him, maybe self assurance, that prevented her from doing so. To her own surprise, she found herself sliding over the edge of the bed and down to the floor. She was awed by his unexpected anger and passion.

But even as he was fuming, he retained some self-control. He walked over to the stereo and put the Elastica album on again, much louder this time, to make sure that any sexual noises they might make would be drowned out.

Plus, he knew that putting on the music would leave Heather in a demeaning position, kneeling naked in the middle of his room. He glanced at her from the stereo and pointed out, "I see you took your heels off. Looks like you're a slow learner."

Heather hastily crawled over to where she'd kicked off her heels and put them back on. Then she crawled back to the middle of the room and resumed kneeling there. She didn't understand why she didn't just flip him off, but she realized that she was pushing her luck and she'd have to work to get back on his good side.

Then he walked forward to where she sat on her knees. He grabbed her head with both hands and kept going forward until his erection pushed far into her mouth. He said in a low, menacing growl, "This is what happens to insolent bitches. Choke on my rod, you shameless slut! I own you! You got that?"

He started slamming his meat hard into her mouth, thrusting so deep that she started to gag, forcing him to pull back some. He didn't care if he went too deep; in fact, he was rather glad that she gagged.

Even so, she managed to stay with it, even nodding to his comments. She thought, I was right! He IS different, so different! He knows exactly what I need! Others guys are always so scared around me, but he shows no fear. He doesn't even care if he's giving me an incentive to stop! Why do I find that so exciting?

He raved, "That's right, I own you! You're MINE! Your pussy belongs to ME! You think you have free will? NO! If I say you'll fuck no one but me, then you'll do it! I want to hear you agree to that!"

He paused in his thrusting long enough for her to breathe and give a short answer. She gave him a terrified look and spoke while merely licking up and down his cockhead. She answered tentatively, "Um, my pussy is yours?"

He shoved his cock back into her mouth and let out a hearty laugh. He loved the startled look on her face as she struggled to deal with a mouth crammed full of cock. "Sweet! Our head cheerleader is my personal cum dump!"

The words were coming slower and with more difficulty for him as he was getting more excited, so he stopped talking and just focused on thrusting his hips into her face. He felt nearly mad with power. He was using and abusing her, and he loved it. What's more, as he looked down and saw one of her hands flying all over her pussy while she sucked him enthusiastically, he realized that she clearly loved it too. The fact that she agreed out loud to what he was saying only gave him a bigger rush of power.

His heart was beating wildly. Ha! So sweet! She got my goat earlier, but I've definitely turned the tables on her now. Heh! And she's giving me a great blowjob. The girl who until recently wouldn't even say hello to me is sucking my cock with all the passion Mom does! Life is fucking SWEEET!

Heather couldn't speak anymore because she had all of his cockhead and then some crammed in her mouth. She bobbed on it with an intense passion while staring submissively up into his eyes. She was so eager to please that she even managed to lick his sliding cock inside her mouth, something she'd never tried with anyone before.

It was all too much for him to take. As he felt his climax approaching, he suddenly stopped and pulled out. He staggered away and sat down. Shit! Fuck! What's wrong with me! It's like an evil spirit has overtaken me! I have to regain control! I'm practically choking her to death, and she loves it! It's wrong! Very wrong!

Heather had no idea why he'd stopped or what was going on in his head, but she was too far gone to care. She masturbated herself frantically until she got off several times in quick succession. Only then did she stop and really look at him, seeing that he was calmer now, looking at her from where he sat a short distance away.

He said, "There's just no way to win with you, is there? You said you don't enjoy blowjobs, and I believe you, but you were clearly getting way excited by the way I was treating you. That was supposed to be a punishment. Fuuuuuck." He sighed heavily.

She was still too confused by him and too breathless to respond, so she just panted while lying crumpled in a naked ball by the side of his bed. She knew that his talk about owning her pussy was a nonstarter, since she wasn't about to give up all her other lovers, most especially her best friend Simone. Still, in the heat of the moment it had struck her as a great bargain. That disturbed her a lot.

He said, "This is how it's going to work. You will never, EVER come back to my house. Period. I WILL fuck you now, because I've got to get rid of this huge load building up in me. I'm sorry if you get any pleasure from it; I guess that can't be helped. Obviously you like the way I fuck you, but I'm doing this for ME and I don't give a shit about you or your orgasms. If you EVER cross me or annoy me again, I will NEVER fuck you again. Period. Is that clear?"

Her lust was rising in response to his harsh words. "Yes. I'm sorry. I really am. I'm sorry for everything, and especially for treating your mother that way. I'll never do it again. I promise."

"You say that now, but I don't think you're capable of really being sorry, you selfish bitch. Oops, there I go again with the insults. I'm not going to give your twisted mind the satisfaction of any more. I would spank the crap out of you right now except that my mother would probably hear us. Consider yourself lucky."

Heather panted hard. She'd never been spanked before, not even as a child, but having him spank her sounded tremendously exciting.

He said with quiet menace, "Get on the bed. I'm going to fuck you now, quietly and slowly. Psychology or reverse psychology doesn't seem to work on you too well, but anyway, I'm hoping that's the way you like it least."

So he lay on top of her and the two of them made love. What was strange was that it really was more appropriate to call it "making love" than "fucking," because now Heather was all tenderness and gentle caresses.

Alan was surprised, and so was she, but both of them just went with it.

One interesting aspect was that Heather showed him deference and responsiveness in a way she'd never done before (not just with him, but with practically anybody). He clearly was in charge, and her goal was to pleasure him sexually. She surprised even herself, because she didn't do it in some half-assed, reluctant way; she really wanted to make him happy.

Curiously, the more she worked to pleasure him, the more pleasure she had herself. Most of her life she'd simply fucked. She'd had bigger dicks in her, both longer ones and thicker ones. A few had been both longer and thicker. But she'd never felt so much satisfaction, and such a contented fullness, as when he filled her up. She tried to show her appreciation by fucking back with her churning hips.

Somehow, he was both tender and angry at the same time. It was a combination that worked like gangbusters. His flashes of anger kept her on her toes, but at the same time no boy had ever been truly tender and caring with her before, and she absolutely loved that.

She also loved his stamina. Some of that was pure luck. For instance, he'd been getting close to a climax when he realized that he wasn't wearing a condom. He thought about all the sex partners Heather undoubtedly had, so forced himself to stop and belatedly go get one. Just the act of stopping was an incredible feat of willpower, because they'd been thrusting with perfect rhythm.

She moaned needfully while he fumbled around in his desk drawers looking for the condom.

By the time he got back, she felt like her entire body was on fire. She practically assaulted him, she was so eager to get his dick back inside her. They ended up making out with his boner fully sheathed in her pussy.

He just thanked his lucky stars that he'd been able to have a brief strategic break. Even their kissing helped him recover some, since his dick stayed relatively still despite her occasional pussy clenching.

But even at a relaxed pace, they were headed to a climax sooner rather than later. They ended up with a greater mutual orgasm than any they'd shared before, because all the passion and emotion that had been building up was still there, but this time it came out in a different way.

Although the fuck remained a slow one, it was so intense and all-consuming that afterwards neither of them could stay awake.

Alan found himself drifting in and out of sleep with Heather lying next to him. At one point he opened his eyes and looked over at her sleeping beside him. Dang! Whatever else Heather is, she's beautiful. She's like the perfect blonde California cheerleader stereotype. And she's into me. She promised earlier to obey my every sexual command. I'm gonna hold her to that, and fuck her silly! Between her, Kim, and Sis, I'll be able to get my fucking jollies, so I won't be so frustrated by the "blowjobs only" policy here at home.

I'm kind of pissed at myself though. Aunt Suzy told me that if there's one thing I have to do with Heather, it's always wear a condom. And I was in her without one for most of the time. Duh! All I have to do is remember that one thing, and instead I got too horny to do even that.

Eventually, the two of them came fully awake, but even then they stayed in a close embrace. She would have done something fun to his penis to get him going again, but it was obviously flaccid and likely to stay that way for a while. So she gently fondled his balls instead.

He was surprised by the way she hugged him, because he felt real tenderness coming from a girl he thought was completely incapable of such a thing.

In fact, he was very nearly correct: tenderness was a fairly foreign concept to her, but he brought out strange emotions in her. Normally she scoffed at romance, but she was starting to develop actual romantic feelings for him.

However, Alan was right that his amateurish attempts at reverse psychology just seemed to backfire. His trying to be a selfish fuck hadn't alienated her at all; in fact, she'd never enjoyed herself more. She was finding him to be many times more pleasurable than being with any other guy, because the more angry and demanding he got, the hornier she got. In addition, the more reluctant and hard-to-get he was, the more she wanted him.

As she lay next to him, happily cradling his balls, she was already thinking about how soon she could be with him again. Alan... what is it with him? He's not like other guys, that's for sure. He "gets" me. I mean, sure, it's frustrating that he can be so demanding, and even cruel and demeaning with his insults, but I'm a really strong, powerful girl, so I need a strong, powerful guy to keep up with me.



When I finally tame him, it will be that much sweeter. In fact, I wonder if there's some kind of way I could make him my real boyfriend?

Naaah... That would never work. Me? The queen of the school, with nerd boy? Give me a break! Although... why the hell not? If I hold absolute power at school, and I do, then I should be able to do what I want! If anyone laughs, I'll make them pay. So what if some people don't understand. I'm Heather fucking Morgan, and I do what I want! And what I want is to feel that big dick pounding into me on a daily basis, at least.

She cradled and hefted his balls, and even caressed his flaccid dick.

The question is, would he go for it? I'd probably have to resort to some kind of trick or scheme, because he obviously doesn't feel the same way about me that I feel about him. Hell, he just told me a while back, "I don't give a shit about you or your orgasms." Obviously he loves fucking my perfect body; he couldn't resist me even when he was all pissed off. Hee! But that's not enough. I'm gonna have to put some thought into how to hook him.

After Heather dressed, she said, "That was nice. I gotta admit that the things you said turned me on. But you do know that was all just talk, right? I mean, the idea that you, or anyone else, could own my pussy? Ha! Nobody owns the mighty Heather Morgan. Don't make me laugh!"

He didn't reply to that, but his lack of any retort was a tacit agreement. He knew it was just a wild fantasy anyway, since she was such a force of nature.

She left for home a short time later. He was so exhausted that he asked her to let herself out, so she went downstairs by herself, where she ran into Susan again.

The kindly mother asked, "So did you get a lot done?"

Heather chuckled quietly to herself. With Alan absent, she was no longer chastened, so the usual bitchy Heather resurfaced. She smirked. "Oh yeah. We plowed right through everything. Tell Alan thanks for having me. We had a ball. And I do mean that. We really had a ball. Maybe even two big balls."

Susan smiled and waved benignly from the front porch as a snickering Heather walked away.

## Chapter 367 Kitchen Fun

After Heather left, Alan was afraid to show his face around his mother. He knew she would certainly expect him to want another blowjob after going without for several hours on their special day. But he knew he wouldn't be able to get it up after so much sex with Heather, so he stayed in his room and locked the door.

As soon as Heather was gone, Susan raced up to his room. Her mouth was salivating already in anticipation of blowing him. She knocked on his door. "Son? Heather's gone. How are you doing in there?"

"Ugh. Tired."

"Do you need any... special help? You know what I mean. I could suck you off for a long, long time, if that would help. I saw the painful blue balls you have."

"Thanks, Mom. I'll definitely take you up on that later. But first, I'm gonna take a little cat nap. Heather kind of interrupted my nap earlier."

"Okay. Whatever you say. I'll be in the kitchen."

He did take a little cat nap. Twenty minutes later, his dick had recovered enough for him to attempt further contact with his mother. (Even looking at her could be a trying experience when his penis was so weary, because sight of her was always so mentally arousing.) So after washing off his dick, he walked downstairs to the kitchen, found her there, and decided to "get her attention." He didn't say anything, but just walked up to her and put his hands on her ass.

She pretended to be surprised as his hands began wandering all over her ass, but nothing could have been further from the truth. She'd been wearing an apron and shorts, and high heels, but nothing else, all in the hope that he would 'get her attention'. The shorts were too big for her, adjusted to come off at his slightest touch, which is exactly what happened as soon as he touched her ass.

bender

She cried out in mock horror, "Tiger, what do you think you're doing?" But then recalling his habit of taking her protests literally, she quickly added, "You left my ass bare! Quick! Cover it with your hands so you can't see it!"

He could gather the gist of that. His momentary apprehension based on her convincingly worried facial expression turned to glee. He let his hands roam up her thighs and all over her ass cheeks, which he loved to palm with both hands.

"How's this?" he asked, as his fingers spread as wide as they could go. A couple of apron strings dangled in his way, but he pushed them aside.

"Good. I wouldn't want someone to see my naked butt now that my shorts fell down. How did that happen?" She pretended cluelessness, causing them both to giggle at the ludicrous concept.

"But Mom," he mock complained. "I can't cover it all at once." His hands roamed all over her firm ass cheeks as if trying to cover the entire surface.

"Do your best, dear," she cooed. "Cover my most private regions with your strong, manly hands." She was in heaven now; her whole butt tingled as she quivered from his touch.

"Well, I guess it's most important to cover up your ass crack, don't you think?" He reached around and ran his index finger through her pussy lips.

She squealed in alarm as shivers of lust ran up and down her spine. "Tiger! That's not my ass crack!"

He chuckled. "I think I know that. I was just getting my finger lubed so I could do this!" He aggressively speared his finger into her anus.

"Oh! That's good! Oh! Only, I'm worried. I've been so worried all afternoon!"

"Why?" He pumped his finger in and out of her asshole.

"It's your penis. How is it doing? I've been so worried about it and you, stuck with that hot cheerleader cocktease all afternoon. I know her type: she'll get your penis all hard and thick and veiny with her arrogant teasing, but then she won't give you any relief! Am I right? Your cock must have been bursting with cum, and I couldn't help! It must have been so painful!"

He thought, Mom, you couldn't be more wrong about her not putting out. But he said, "You said it, Mom. She's a bitch, pardon my French. As for my dick, see for yourself." He unzipped his shorts and pressed his throbbing rod up against her smooth ass cheeks. He was content to just rub it around there while his finger sawed in and out of her asshole.

Susan moaned, "Oh, that's good. So good, baby. Mmmm! I love it! Except for one thing!" She turned around, forcing him to remove his finger and let go of her ass altogether. "You're making Mommy far too HORNY!"

She practically pushed him onto the floor, then dove at his crotch. Panting heavily, she deftly untied her apron with one hand as she slid his shorts down with the other. Within seconds, she had her mouth over his erection.

He sat on the floor of the kitchen with her lying down with her head between his legs. He was pleased, though not too surprised, at this turn of events, since lately she seemed to live for cocksucking.

As she gave him another incredible blowjob, the tiny part of his brain not completely overcome by pleasure idly pondered, I wonder what would happen if Sis, Aims, or even Aunt Suzy walked in. For all of Mom's recent eagerness about flaunting her body at me, she's still very shy about doing things like blowjobs in front of others. Although that sure didn't stop things this morning with Sis right there! I know she would have stopped if she hadn't been so horny, but when she gets super horny there's no telling what she'll allow. Sweetness!

Then he remembered that everyone else was supposed to stay away all Tuesday. Shoot. Actually, I'd kind of like it if someone did walk in. Situations like that seem to break down Mom's barriers faster. I wish I could somehow call out telepathically or something.

Susan ended up lying on the kitchen floor with Alan sitting with his ass cheeks on the slopes of her breasts. He just sat there and let her do all the work with her swirling tongue and non-stop lip action, before blowing his entire load straight down her throat.

She would have loved to have been sprayed on the face and tits again, but that wasn't an option with the way he was straddling her.

Then he got down on the floor and lay right next to her, holding her. Neither of them cared that they were on the kitchen floor; they just enjoyed their post-orgasmic bonding and cuddling.

However, they weren't quite finished, because, once again, Susan insisted on cleaning his crotch afterwards. Since he'd climaxed relatively quickly, she tried to make up for that by "cleaning" him an extra long time.

After about five minutes, he joked, "I think it's safe to say that I've never had my balls so clean."

She'd been hoping to keep going until his dick rebounded, but she had to stop when Katherine phoned and asked about dinner.

Susan answered the phone in the nude while the taste of her son's cum was still strong in her mouth.

Katherine wanted to eat at home, but also wanted to make sure that Susan would be okay with her returning home at this time.

Susan let her daughter know that coming home for dinner would be fine, but strongly implied that she also wanted the evening after dinner alone with Alan.

Alan went upstairs, after which Susan put on some normal clothes. Their sexual Games were put on hold in anticipation of Katherine's expected arrival.

#### Chapter 368 Kitchen Fun Continued

After a relatively normal and tease-free dinner with her mother and brother, Katherine went next door to hang out in Amy's bedroom and see her latest sketches. Amy and Kat usually hung out in Kat's bedroom to avoid Amy's brother and father, but since Susan wanted time alone with Alan, Kat acceded to her wishes.

Alan was hopeful there would be more sexual games with his mother, but he was also weary. Not only had he already climaxed six times that day, but some of it was fairly exhausting, especially the emotionally and physically intense times with Heather. Additionally, he was worn out from another day of his tennis tournament, and he still had his original low-energy problem.

Perhaps Susan had read the weariness in his eyes, because she didn't immediately drop herself between his legs as soon as Katherine had gone, as he'd half expected her to do. Instead, she said, "I haven't even made you dessert, Tiger. Why don't we make some kind of special dessert together? We could bake a cake."

"Mmmm. Great idea." He enjoyed cooking, and he always enjoyed eating a good cake.

So they set to working on a chocolate-covered angel-food cake. At first, everything seemed surprisingly non-sexual. Susan even remained dressed like a typical mother (not counting her lack of underwear, of course). Alan was glad for the respite.

They went ahead and put the cake in the oven, then got to work on the frosting.

Everything had been going as expected, but Alan noticed that his mother was making enough chocolate frosting for at least two cakes. He asked about it, but she was coy, just saying, "That way we don't have to worry about nibbling."

He joked, "You mean, we can have our cake and eat it too?"

She laughed. "Exactly." She then sexily sucked a big gob of frosting off her finger, followed by a wink.

After they finished making the frosting, they washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen. He was so spoiled that he rarely did such things anymore, since he'd started all his sexual activity, but he realized that there were still mundane things to take care of, even on Tuesdays.

Then the cake came out of the oven and they applied the frosting. Despite their constant nibbling, they still had a huge bowl of frosting left unused. Susan "accidentally, on purpose" got some of it on her shirt

before saying, "Oh dear. It would probably be best if I take my shirt off before I ruin it further, don't you think?" She winked, and then took off her apron, shirt, and dress for good measure.

The only things she kept on were a pair of panties and her high heels. She'd put the panties on after taking off the rest of her clothes. Alan was a bit surprised, as she rarely wore panties anymore. But then he realized that she was gearing up for more sexual fun and wanted to make clear which region was off limits. He felt rested by now and was up for more games. He half-playfully, half-seriously swatted her on the ass. "What did I tell you, Mom, about wearing panties in the house? Are you disobeying me again?"

She bowed with a flourish, as if he were royalty. "I'm sorry, Your Majesty, Lord Alan. Please forgive your humble servant. You'll see why I'm wearing them in a minute. After that, maybe you should spank me for violating the rules."

He had half a notion to spank her some more right away, but curiosity led him to wait to see what she was talking about.

However, despite being on the alert, he was taken completely by surprise by what happened next. She leaned over the very large bowl of frosting and dipped her big tits down into it. Then she used her hands to lather them up good while carefully keeping her dangling hair out of the way.

She stood up, and said with a big smile, "Whoops! Would you look at that? Accidents will happen!"

The two of them laughed. She thrust her chest out at him. "Don't just stand there, my favorite son. Take off all your clothes and lick up this mess before it falls all over the floor!"

He didn't question such an appealing command. At first he lapped up the frosting with his tongue as she stood before him, but too much frosting continued to drip from her breasts. So she cleared off the kitchen counter and lay down on it. Now he could hover over her and lap up the frosting to his heart's content.

He very quickly worked his way past the frosting, until he found her nipples. Then he focused on that area, periodically pushing more of the frosting to her areolae with his hands. That way he could stimulate her nipples and eat the frosting at the same time.

They both loved it. "Mom, you're a fucking genius!" he cried out at one point.

"Now, Tiger, no profanity please. Just keep sucking on my tits. Mmmm! Like that! That's a good boy!"

So that's what he did.

Suddenly she asked out of the blue, "Do you think that what we're doing is immoral? Would God really approve of this? Or are we debauched beyond reason?"

He stopped to carefully consider his reply, because he knew this was an important subject for her. "Mom, there's what God calls a sin, and then there's what society thinks is right and wrong. Society forces people to conform. Pretty much anything weird or different is called wrong and even sinful by certain people. That doesn't mean it is. Is there anything in the Bible that says what we're doing right now is wrong? Of course there isn't."bender

She sighed contentedly. "Thanks. You're so right. I really needed to hear that. I'm the kind of person who gets too hung up on what society says for me to do, but I'm trying hard to change. Your fuddy-duddy mom still knows how to have fun!" With that, she launched a tickle attack.

He struck back, and soon both of them were laughing as hard as they could.

As they continued playing around, things got messier and messier. Because he was almost lying on her, soon his (luckily hairless) chest was covered with chocolate frosting, and then more and more of her became covered too.

They moved the bowl of frosting to within arms' reach, and then they painted each other with it. For instance, he would draw a chocolate heart on her thigh, then lick it up. Then she drew a chocolate boner and balls on his chest and licked it away, focusing on one of his nipples as she did so. However, most of the focus was on him playing with her chocolate tits.

They both tried to act like it wasn't happening, but the fact was that his dick was very erect and in constant contact with her body. Because she was wearing panties, which was now rare, he felt free to rub his cock anywhere it wanted to go without worrying about things going too far. As a result, he



frequently rubbed it against her pussy, and sometimes even directly along her pussy lips or against her clit. Her panties prevented penetration, but they both got off in a big way from all the rubbing.

After a couple of minutes, he asked, "Can I have my goodnight kiss early? A special chocolate-y kiss?"

"Just this one time, since we have to eat the frosting..." she said hesitantly, but there really wasn't that much hesitation.

He stuffed his mouth with frosting, then fed it to her with his tongue.

Soon they were necking with total abandon, with his cock pressing into her pussy even more than before. The front panel of her panties was completely soaked through. Their only problem was that they couldn't roll around, since they were liable to fall off the counter, or at least make an even bigger mess all over the counter top.

After a couple more minutes of kissing, she finally said, "Okay, big boy, enough of me. My pleasure doesn't matter. Now it's your turn." They sat up and then got down onto the tiled kitchen floor, bringing the frosting bowl with them.

As they sat facing each other, she pointed to the bowl and said, "All right, Tiger. You know what Mommy loves to do, and what her mouth was made to do. Stick your hot, thick thing right in there, in the middle of the bowl. Then I'll suck it off."

He did so eagerly, and as he did he half-joked, half-complained, "I'll tell you where I'd really like to stick my hot, thick thing."

She punched him lightly in the arm, but she was far too happy to really mind even such a taboo tease.

As he dipped his erection in the frosting, he said, "Darn! Who the hell are you and what did you do with my mom? I would never have imagined you would think up this kind of crazy, sexy stuff. Sex and chocolate. What a great combination!"

She didn't reply, because she was eager to taste his chocolate-covered erection. She licked it completely clean, bobbing on it for a couple of minutes more just to be completely thorough about it. Then she covered it again in chocolate and started all over. Meanwhile he continued to knead and suckle at her chocolate-covered tits.

At some point he asked, "Hey, what about our cake?" The cake was just sitting there, uneaten.

"I know what I'd rather eat," she growled as her tongue slathered his stiffness with renewed vigor. The cake was left untouched. She still had frosting all over her, so he devoted some energy to licking it up while using the rest of his concentration to flex his PC muscle repeatedly.

Eventually he shot his load into her mouth from a few inches away. This time he was holding and aiming his dick, so he made sure to be sloppy about it, nailing her cheeks, nose, chin and glasses. His cum mixed with the chocolate frosting that was already there.

For many men, their cum would have been too bitter or sour to mix well with something as sweet as chocolate. But mostly thanks to all the fruit Alan ate, his cum was sweet enough to make the cummy chocolate into a delicious combination, kind of like a chocolate fruit tart.

Or at least Susan thought so. She eagerly guzzled it all up. Her moans of intense pleasure while eating were such music to his ears that he nearly felt ready to do it all over again. That was a problem with his mother: he could never get enough of her and her enthusiasm, and her perfect sexy body.

When they were both done, they lay exhausted on the kitchen floor and, as if waking from a deep sleep, gazed around the kitchen surveying the damage. The floor was smeared with frosting, as was the counter, both of their bodies, and much else besides. Susan's panties were completely brown from frosting. The extra bowl of frosting was now mostly empty - perhaps half of it had ended up in their mouths.

"Oh dear," Susan sighed. "What a disaster area. That was something, wasn't it?"

"Mom, I may have to give this Tuesday the award as the best Tuesday ever, just from the frosting thing alone. Well, second best. Our first Tuesday can probably never be topped. But on the other hand this one's not over yet. Let's do this again, really soon."

"It was great, Tiger, but I don't know how much we can repeat it. I must have eaten a couple thousand calories, easy. Your mother's figure didn't just get this way magically, you know. This is like a Chernobyl disaster for my diet." She looked up. "And look! There's the cake. Oh my. Who's going to eat that?"

"Don't worry. I think- Hey! What are you doing?"

She'd put her face back into his crotch and resumed licking, even though he was flaccid. "I'm cleaning your cock and balls. All the really best cocksuckers finish off with a nice cleaning."

"Mom, you really don't have to do that."

"Are you saying I'm not a good cocksucker?" She kept right on licking his balls.

"No, it's just... Never mind. Anyway, I think I'll end up eating most of the cake. I'm sure it'll be delicious, though not as great tasting as your tits. If you ever get hungry, just suck on my dick. That could be a great diet technique, just like sucking a lollipop instead of a cigarette."

She laughed giddily. "Okay!"

Encouraged, he added, "We could even make a best-selling diet book. We could call it something like, 'The Oedipus Guide to Losing Weight Fast: A High Protein, All Semen Diet For Mothers Who Really Love Their Sons.'"

Susan chuckled, but said more seriously, "Don't mention that name. That 'O' name. Or the 'I' word. We're just having fun while I help you with your treatment." She went back to licking one of his balls while fondling the other one a bit.

"Okay," he replied evenly. He realized belatedly that words like "incest" could ruin her mood, so he quickly changed the subject. "God, I just had a thought. What if you were lactating? Then I could have chocolate and milk at once, straight from the same nipple! Wow. ... By the way, what did you think of my chocolate dick? Was it delicious?"

"Tiger! Don't even ask me. Of course! Don't you know how much I love swallowing your cum? What's really great is how unnaturally sweet your seed is. Everyone says that cum is usually salty, and sometimes bitter or sour. But yours is like a sweet dessert, with a subtle but intriguing sour touch. Kind of like sweet and sour Chinese food, actually. Anyway, it goes soooo well with chocolate! I think we're going to have to have a lot more fun with food. I'll bet your cum goes well with just about anything."

"Maybe we'll just have to try it with every kind of food there is."

She punched him in the leg, since it was too far for her to punch his arm while still cleaning his balls. "Maybe. And maybe you're incorrigible. Taking advantage of your defenseless mother. Really!" she tsk-tsked playfully.

Finally she finished and sat up. Then she got more serious, crossing her arms under her chocolate-smeared tits as if she were mad at him. "But enough fun, buster. What if someone saw this mess? Let's get this cleaned up right now. First we'll have to shower."

He suggested, "No. Wait. First let's clean up all the counters and eat some of the cake. I know we're still dripping, but we can drip onto the floor and clean that up later. I need a short time to recover, because then we can take a shower together and bring in the last of the frosting bowl, if you know what I mean."

Her eyes lit up. "I do! I do! Oh no. I can feel my hips getting flabby as we speak, but it'll be so worth it. Far from this being a diet, I wonder if any woman ever got fat just from consuming so much cum."

"Hey, that gives me an idea," he said. "Imagine a Dear Abby type letter about my all-cum diet book: 'Dear Sir. Thanks to your excellent book, I've lost forty pounds and everyone says I look like a teenager again. Needless to say, my eldest son was a bit surprised at first when I started sucking him off, but now he's just as big a fan of your book as I am, and maybe even a bigger one.'"

He continued to pretend to read, "But I have a problem. I have three younger sons. Once I started guzzling the seed from my eldest son on a daily basis, I could hardly neglect them. And then with all of them having their friends over after school so often, I felt bad ignoring their buddies' needs as well. As a result, I'm naked with a teenage prick down my throat just about all the time. I hardly have any time to eat food anymore, but I'm consuming so much cum that I gained five pounds just in the last week! What should I do? Sincerely, Cum-soaked in Seattle.'"

Susan laughed. "It's a good thing you don't have any brothers. What's your imaginary reply?"

"That's easy. 'Dear Cum-soaked, Remember that you don't always have to swallow.'"

Susan giggled, then licked a gob of frosting off of Alan's skin and ate it. She would have preferred his cum, but those gobs were already all gone. "That's easier said than done, Son. I just hope for that imaginary woman's sake that her sons' cum doesn't taste as good as yours. For me, not swallowing just isn't an option!"

Chapter 369 One Of These Days I'll Have To Get Tiger To Do Me Like That All Over.

bender

Susan had so much fun with Alan that she wished the experience would never end. Unfortunately, it did, but she came up with an idea to extend the joy a little bit: she phoned Brenda to tell her about it.

Brenda was all ears. She and Susan had developed enough of a rapport over sexual matters that Susan was able to launch into describing her latest adventures with a minimum of pretense or fuss over the "forbidden" nature of her incest. Brenda had been in the living room watching TV with her son Adrian when Susan called. She knew enough about how the call would go to relocate to her bedroom for privacy during the call.

Brenda was having a great time masturbating to Susan's stories. However, she was still shy enough to try to hide from Susan that she was masturbating. As a result, she was forced to refrain from cumming for fear of making too much tell-tale noise. That frustrating restriction ended up making her even more aroused.

There were a couple of details Susan mentioned that particularly intrigued Brenda. One was Susan's description of Alan's new "tradition" of "getting her attention" by fondling her ass cheeks. The second was the revelation that Susan sometimes fingered Alan's ass, and Alan sometimes fingered Susan's ass. Brenda already knew that Alan was a "tit man," but putting these details together, she figured that Alan was somewhat of an "ass man" too. Brenda was thrilled by the thought that Alan might lavish the same sort of attention on her own rear end as well.

Susan was constantly referring to large breasts, so frequently that she could hardly describe one of Alan's lovers without using "big-titted" or some similar adjective. Brenda was not only weary of hearing that, but also wary of all the attention her own extremely large breasts constantly drew, whether it was lustful, demeaning looks from horny men or jealousy and open envy from other women. She sincerely believed that her ass and the rest of her body was something to be proud of as well, especially since her breast size was almost entirely due to genetics, whereas she had to put in effort to keep the rest of her body looking equally good.

So Susan's latest stories left Brenda hopeful that Alan would appreciate her ass more than her previous lovers and admirers. Strangely enough, that caused Alan to rise still higher in Brenda's estimation without him having done or said anything to her directly.

Once the phone call ended, Brenda was finally free to have her much-anticipated orgasm. As she fingered herself to completion, she imagined standing naked in front of Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine, with Alan wantonly kneading her ass cheeks and even probing into her ass crack. The thought of him taking such obvious liberties with her bare butt, in front of witnesses, ignited a desire for him so fierce and overpowering that she had a surprisingly powerful climax. It was only afterwards that she realized she'd been thrashing around on her own bed as her orgasm went on and on, leaving her a sweaty, bedraggled mess.

It all made her wonder if the reality would be just as overwhelming as her fantasy. She couldn't wait to find out.

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The rest of the evening flew by. Alan had a mostly wordless but very memorable and orgasmic shower with his mother. She was so horny that she let him have even more liberties than before. He put soap on his revived erection and "washed" her ass with it. She even let him dry hump her for a few seconds under the excuse of having him wash the space between her legs with his rampant boner.

As he showered, he thought to himself, Today, I've realized that Mom is a total nymphomaniac. She truly can't get enough! I seriously think her sexual nature is just starting to be revealed, and even this isn't all there is. That's almost scary! Okay, it IS scary! And she's so fucking HOT!

But then it occurs to me that Aunt Suzy is equally hot and horny. She's probably even sultrier, if such a thing is possible. Then there's my "fuck toy" sister, who's super horny all the time too. And Aims. And

Heather, mega-bitch though she is. And Akami. Kim. This Elle woman. And... My God! Too much! Mom feels so good; I'm gonna blow for sure!

Susan had already made it clear that she wanted to take his load in her mouth. But Alan had an accident. He'd been sliding his cock up and down her ass crack. It wasn't in her asshole, but instead he'd pushed her ass cheeks together and was fucking her ass crack almost like it was cleavage in a titfuck. Without any warning, he lost his PC muscle control and started shooting his ropes of cum. There was no time to change position; the ropes flew forward and repeatedly hit Susan's back.

He tried to make the best of the situation and turned off the water. Some cum had landed in the long hair that cascaded down her back, and he couldn't do much about that. But the gobs that had landed on her skin he vigorously rubbed in, until her whole back was saturated in cum and she generally smelled like a whorehouse.

Thus did he turn his mistake into a very pleasant ass and back rub.

She didn't mind the lack of her usual taste treat too much, because she imagined that he was taming and marking a new part of her body. She liked that idea a lot.

This latest ejaculation brought him to eight orgasms for the day. He had to stop massaging her after about ten minutes, because he sensed his dick was about to get hard again and he knew that if he did she wouldn't let him leave until she finally had her mouth properly filled. He would have enjoyed that, but he knew that he was on the verge of overtaxing his equipment.

In fact, he realized that he probably already had overdone it somewhere about his sixth time. He was pushing his luck, and seriously imagined someday having to go to the emergency room to have them save an overworked dick.

By this point Susan was sitting on the floor of the shower. She'd had so many orgasms that she could no longer stand even if she'd wanted to.

He reached out to turn the water back on so he could clear his cum off her back and refresh her, giving her the energy to get up.

But as his hand went to the shower knob, she said, "No, Tiger. No thanks. I'm fine just like this. I want to go to bed smelling of my son's powerful seed."

He kept the water off.

She thought to herself as she continued to recover, One of these days I'll have to get Tiger to do me like that all over. First, a hefty deposit in the mouth. That goes without saying. I could rub some of that all over my face too. Then one load to cover my back and have him rub it deep into the pores of my skin like he just did. Then another to cover my legs in the same way. Then one for my stomach and arms. Finally, he could rub his dick all over my tits just like he did my ass crack, and really take the time to rub the cum in all over my chest. Let's see... How many loads is that? Five. He could handle that, no problem. He's done ten in one day!

Later in the day, he could freshen me up with another load on my face and into my mouth. Wouldn't it be great if my face was just caked with cum? Suzanne and Angel would be so jealous. I'd walk around naked all day and they'd get so horny just smelling my cum-drenched skin. Maybe they wouldn't be able to handle it; they'd start licking me all over. Even licking me in very private places...

Her thoughts were drifting into forbidden areas, as she wouldn't admit to herself that she had any lesbian tendencies. So she wrested her mind from that fantasy and looked back at her son.

He asked her, "What are you thinking about so fervently, Mom?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking what a wonderful, loving son you are. Let's get up; I can't just sit here forever."

"By the way, Mom, back when we were really into it at some point, you said your pleasure didn't matter. That's so untrue!"

"Nonsense. You're the one with the special medical need. I'm-"

"Hey! Listen to me! I insist. I'm not backing down on this point. If you're not getting pleasure out of it, then it's not as much fun for me. So, even if your only goal is to make me cum, you have to cum lots too!"



She chuckled. "Hmmm. That doesn't sound right. But I'll think that over and get back to you."

He helped pull her up until she could stand, though just barely. She didn't even dry herself off with a towel, so that she wouldn't towel off any more of his rubbed-in cum.

Once she'd more or less recovered, they retired to the living room. She realized that she'd never finished "cleaning" his penis and balls after his climax, so she proceeded to do that for a good long while. Her hope was that he would get hard again. But just when his penis started to show signs of life, he told her sadly that he shouldn't have any more climaxes until the next day.

The two of them just cuddled together on the living room sofa, reading. Alan read a history of the Roman Empire that he'd started a while back, while Susan perused a fashion magazine. She'd never really been interested in fashion before, despite Suzanne's many efforts to educate her, but she was fascinated now.

Her blouse was open and his shorts were unzipped. He liked to rest his head against his mother's spongy bare boobs while he read.

Susan read with one hand in his shorts, keeping his cock semi-hard by lightly fondling it. But it was more that she liked the reassuring, familiar feel of it in her hand than that she wanted to stimulate him, given that she knew his dick was done for the day. When she wasn't doing that, she caressed his chest underneath his shirt. But these caresses were low intensity, so they managed to keep reading their books.

## Chapter 370 Mom Is Just Too Hot.!

Katherine came home late. Mother and son covered up when they heard her come in, and they wouldn't say a word about what they'd done. Still, Katherine didn't need to be a psychic to have a general idea that they'd had a lot of fun.

Susan, for all her enthusiasm, was nonetheless quite embarrassed about all the liberties she'd allowed her son. But at the same time, she was glad she was wearing an open-backed dress to help flaunt her smell.

As Katherine stood next to her mother, the smell of Alan's cum was overwhelming. She just inwardly cursed her mother's luck and seemingly unfettered access to his penis. Later on she wrote in her diary:

God damn these Tuesdays. He spends way too much time with Mom until she literally smells like his dick. I swear, Diary, I was downstairs earlier standing next to Mom, and I could definitely smell his spermy baby juice! It drove me crazy. I wanted to lick every inch of her face like I was an eager dog. Sigh! Tuesdays. Actually, it's like every fucking day is a Tuesday for her, and Tuesdays are just a bit more so. ... I wish I had my own day. If Brother really loves me, he should give me a day of my own. How can I talk him into doing that though, without sounding greedy?

And as if that isn't sucky enough - literally, knowing the way Mom's mouth is having a love affair with my Brother's cock! - Mom happened to mention to me that Heather came by for a study session with him. "Study session?"! Yeah, right! I don't think Heather has EVER opened a textbook. Somehow she does okay in her classes, probably because of the way she blinks her blue eyes at her teachers, but it certainly isn't because of study sessions. No, she was getting it on! I should have known for sure when she fell into my 'high heels at the beach' trap. Plus, Brother admitted that "things happened" with her already. I'll bet dollars to donuts that "things happened" in his bed today!!!! GRRRR!

I swear, I'm trying my damndest to be the very best fuck toy any sister can be. I would literally do anything to pleasure him and his wonderful cock at any time. All he'd have to do is cross the hall and open my door, and I'd lie back on my bed and spread my legs, and who gives a fuck about getting caught. Why doesn't he do that?! But anyway, I do all that, and it's still not enough. How on Earth am I supposed to compete with motherfucking HEATHER?! True, she's a total bitch, but I know from personal experience that when she gets going she turns into a seriously hot slut!

I get horny thinking of him boning other girls, but not her! I'm not even writing this one-handed right now. Well, technically I am, but you know what I mean. She's pure evil. I've gotta find out what's really happening between them and put a stop to it. Being a loving sister is not just a matter of keeping his cock constantly throbbing with pleasure; it also means saving him from himself sometimes.

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Alan's day ended back in his bed with an incredibly prolonged goodnight kiss from his mother. They necked for many long minutes.

She started out fully clothed at his request, so he wouldn't get too excited, but as their kissing continued they both gradually lost their clothes. She was finding it increasingly difficult to stay in her clothes for more than an hour or two, no matter what she did, because if she wasn't getting naked for him, then she was probably masturbating.

She finally remembered that she still hadn't given him his Tuesday abnormality check, so she went ahead and did that. Alan made her swear that she couldn't make him cum again, so she just did a thorough pressing on every last bit of his semi-hard prick without stroking him at the same time.

He was able to stay under control, just barely, but it drove her crazy to hold his dick and not be able to lick it or suck on it, or even give it a thorough handjob.

Susan ended up having an intense orgasm while she was rubbing his cock against her cheek.

Alan was increasingly tempted to go all the way and cum while in her mouth. But he knew he would regret having a ninth orgasm, if not immediately then when morning rolled around. Instead, he tried to think of some other fun thing he might do, even as his nude mother continued to effectively jack him off while literally rubbing his erection against her face. He said, "Hey, Mom, you know what would be really great right now?"

She replied sadly, "Son, I'd love to suck your cock so very, very much. But you know that's technically not part of the abnormality check. Although-"

He cut her off before she could arouse him even further. "No, actually, I was thinking about ice cream. Do we have any good flavors?"

Her eyes lit up. Despite her fantastic figure, she loved ice cream and ate a little bit of it fairly often. "Oh, you know we do. We have some pumpkin that's extra special; it's only available in November."

"Mmmm. That sounds good. Would it be too much if I were to eat some of that in bed?"

"Sure thing!" She started to get up.

But he put a hand on her shoulder. "No. You do too much for me already. Let me get it. I'll get some for you too."

"Okay. But just a little for me. A spoonful or two at the most." That was an exaggeration, but she did keep her servings small to help keep her fantastic figure. She particularly wanted to limit the additional calories, given all the chocolate frosting she'd eaten with him earlier.

Alan hurried downstairs to get the ice cream. He was genuinely trying to be considerate in getting it himself, but he also hoped that going all the way to the kitchen and back would help him lose his erection and allow him to calm down. Then he and his mother could kick back and enjoy eating ice cream and spending time together without him feeling an overwhelming urge to thrust his stiff cock back into her mouth.

It worked. His dick went completely flaccid. Or so it seemed, at least until he got back to his room. He'd assumed that she would have put her clothes back on while he was gone, since their sexual fun time was over. But she was still completely naked, and even struck a sexy pose with an arm over her head when she saw him open his door.

He thought, Dammit! Mom is just too hot. And she's wearing nothing but high heels. Damn those heels! Shit. I should've put some clothes back on, because bam! - just like that I'm fully erect again. That took, what, two seconds?

He sat down on his bed with his back against the headboard. Susan sat next to him, cuddling up close. He'd brought just one bowl of ice cream but two spoons, because he thought it would be more fun to share.

She was in a particularly happy and playful mood. Instead of taking a spoonful of ice cream for herself, she took the spoon and fed it into his mouth. Naturally, he reciprocated.

Then she asked him, "Son, have you ever experienced an ice cream kiss?"

That resulted in them taking turns French kissing and feeding each other more ice cream. Alan had never enjoyed an ice cream kiss before, and he found that he loved the cold sensation.

Then some of the ice cream he was spoon feeding her accidentally fell onto the upper slopes of her great tits.

She pretended to be upset. "Uh-oh! Tiger, you'd better clean that up... with your tongue."

Alan really didn't want things to get too sexual, because he didn't think his dick could handle cumming for a ninth time that day. That was why he'd gotten the ice cream in the first place, as a distraction. But he was finding it was only increasing his sexual arousal. And the truth was, his resolve was weak, or he wouldn't have gotten back in bed with his nude sex-bomb mother in the first place. So he bent his head and licked as instructed.

Susan giggled with glee. "Oooh! That feels nice. But I think you missed some." She took a spoon and dropped a lot more ice cream into her cleavage.

Naturally, he felt "obliged" to lick all that up too.

As soon as he started doing that, he felt her hand wrap around his erection and start sliding up and down.

He wanted to protest, but all that came out of his mouth was, "Um, Mom, is that more of the abnormality check?"

She replied cheekily, "No, I think we're done with that for now. Consider this a 'normality check' instead. I want to see if you have the responses of a normal, growing, all-American boy. If your sexy big-titted mommy starts stroking your cock, is it going to throb with pleasure?"

He thought, Damn, between licking the ice cream from Mom's huge melons and what her hand is doing, this is too much fun. How can I say no? Why not just run with this for a while? The main thing is that we have to stop before I cum. Then my dick will be okay. I think.

So he replied, while digging his nose deeper into her cavernous cleavage, "Mom, it's already throbbing with pleasure. Big time!"

"Oh, goody. But then the question is, can I get it to throb with even MORE pleasure? For instance, what if I bring a second hand over, like this? One hand is just going to work on your sweet spot and the other one is going to slide up and down all ten inches. And play with your balls. Mmmm! I love to play with your balls!"

He could sense he was losing control of the situation. Already, the bowl of ice cream had been put aside, and what little remained was forgotten. He soon finished licking up the ice cream that had dripped deep into her cleavage. Her tits were so naturally big and round that he actually had a hard time getting his tongue to reach all the delicious dessert.

Since he'd run out of ice cream, he went back to kissing her and nuzzling her neck. He pondered the situation while he did that. He knew that her cocksucking lust was so strong that it was just a matter of time before she would start bobbing on his shaft. And he was almost 100 percent certain that would end up with him blasting his load down her throat or onto her face. As good as it might feel in the moment, he knew his dick would torment him for it later.

So he decided to turn his attention back to licking her fulsome globes, despite the absence of more ice cream. He was fairly certain that as long as he did that, she'd remain sitting up against the headboard, which meant she couldn't bend over to suck him off. He knew that if there was one thing she loved as much as cocksucking, or at least almost as much, it was stimulation of her tits.

She moaned lustily, "MMMM! Oh, Tiger! So good! Don't... Not the nipples! You know I can't... Mmmm! Too horny!"

He loved making his mother squirm with arousal, nearly as much as he enjoyed feeling great arousal himself. He tried to block out what her hands were doing to his privates and just focus on her tits, and especially on licking and suckling on her nipples, but she made it difficult to concentrate.

Eventually he was forced to say, "Mom, please! You gotta let go, or I'm gonna blow!"

But she didn't stop. "And that would be bad? Let me bend over and... Mmmm! Swallow all of that... Ah! All of that, that fat cock-meat! Mmmm! YES!"

He begged with greater urgency, "Mom! Please!"

But she was only getting hotter and hotter. "Mmmm! I need it! I need it in my mouth! Son, fill my face! Fill mommy's mouth with son-cock!"

It was all too much. He knew he either had to cum, right away, or get away fast. He was seriously concerned that he could damage his dick if he came again. He wasn't sure why the act of cumming was the decisive part, but that's what his body was telling him. So he suddenly disengaged and hopped off the bed like it was on fire.

She was more than a little confused, finding herself holding air rather than her son's hot, pulsing boner. She whined, "Tiger, what are you doing?!"

"Sorry, Mom. Gotta... gotta... Gotta take a cold shower. Can't cum. My dick can't handle it!" He was doubled over and panting. He suddenly stood up and ran from the room, heading toward the bathroom across the hall.

At first, he felt bad that he'd had to do that, but a quick, cold shower made him feel nice and refreshed. He decided that he'd done the right thing. I've gotta listen to my body. Everything is so arousing around here, I could keep going and going until they literally have to call an ambulance. I have to use some common sense. There have to be limits.

But dang! Mom is just too much fun! Ice cream and a handjob? Man! So good. This is the life!

He was a bit surprised that she wasn't around when he stepped out of the shower and returned to his room. Nevertheless he was grateful, because he knew what would probably have happened if she'd still been there. He considered going down the hall to her bedroom to at least tell her 'good night', but decided that even doing that much could be too risky; he had an instant vision of fucking her hard and long, not leaving her bed until morning.

He fell asleep instantly and slept the sleep of the dead.bender