

6 Times 661

Chapter 661 First Contact : Alan & Xania

Alan turned and knocked on Xania's door.

Xania yelled, "Come on in!"

Alan stepped in and closed the door behind him. Then he took a look at Xania and felt his heart skip a beat. He was totally flabbergasted by Xania's beauty, in the same way Katherine and Susan had been when they'd first met her a few hours earlier. Wow! She's just... WOW! Holy shit! She's like some kind of clone of Mom and Aunt Suzy! Her body and even her hair are just like Mom's. She's wearing glasses too. And she's tall, like Mom. But she has the same sort of sultry, commanding presence that Aunt Suzy has. I thought there could only be two six-foot-tall, big-titted Amazon sex goddesses on Earth, but it looks like there are three. WOW!

He'd figured his erection would go down once he was with the psychologist, but he knew that wasn't going to happen any time soon. In fact, his boner only stiffened up even more, and the way he'd tucked it away was ruined as it struggled to burst through his jeans.

Oh my God! She's got such high heels on too. That alone gets me so horny. It's like an invitation saying, "Look at my legs. Don't you want to fuck me?" Jesus, that's a very tight, revealing business suit. What legs! What an ass! How will I be able to concentrate at all, looking at her?

Xania looked at him with a knowing smile. "Welcome, Alan. Nice to finally meet you. I've heard so much about you."

"Um, yeah."

Xania loved it. She'd heard that Alan had become quite silver-tongued with women, yet he obviously was in such awe of her beauty that he was almost speechless. She looked down and noticed the obvious bulge in his jeans. Hmmm. Suzanne said he was packing heat, and it looks like she was right in a BIG way! Ooooh! This is gonna be so much fun!

She asked a bit teasingly, "Cat got your tongue?"

That forced him to snap to and think harder. "Uh, sorry. I was just, uh... Nice to meet you, Dr. Goodleigh."

She waved a hand dismissively. "Oh, please. Just call me Xania; your mother and sister do. They told me that's how my friend Suzanne referred to me, so I'm sure that's how you already think of me."

"Um, yeah. Okay. Nice to meet you, Xania." He stepped forward and shook her hand.

"The same. Please take a seat and make yourself comfortable." She couldn't resist "accidentally" modeling her body for Alan. She knew he'd already noticed what extraordinarily large breasts she had, but she made sure to bend over her desk and fiddle with some papers so he could really get to know what a nice ass she had too.

He thought, Damn! Look at that ass too! My God, she's just as hot as Mom and Aunt Suzy, all over! This sucks. I'm getting used to being able to play with all the sexy women I know. Really, Christine is the only one that's off limits, and that's partly my decision for not actively pursuing her. But here's a woman who's as smokin' hot as women possibly get, and there's no way I can touch her. She'd probably sue me or something. What a drag! Dang, I can't get over those legs too!

Little did Alan know how soon those words would be proven wrong.

Xania was fairly certain that he would fuck her before the day was done. After all, why would he turn her down? It made her smug to know what was going to happen while he remained unaware. She looked at his crotch and was pleased to get a better view of the bulge in his jeans.

Xania licked her lips in anticipation of feeling the thick rod, now trapped underneath strained fabric, pistoning in and out of her pussy. But soon she took her chair behind her desk so they could get down to talking.

Alan was relieved that the patient couch was facing the opposite direction from Xania so he wouldn't have to look at her all the time; there was no way he could think clearly while staring at a body as voluptuous as hers. He found himself busy imagining what was hidden beneath her clothing. Her suit was so tight that he didn't need much of an imagination.

He thought, God, what a rack! And what an ass! And her face! Jesus... just... everything! What on Earth is she doing with a doctorate? She should be a porn star or movie star or something. I can understand why she's so hot, because she was Aunt Suzy's college roommate, and good looking women flock together. They were probably drawn together like two Peace Corps volunteers in some remote Third World village, because their extraordinary beauty made them so different from even the usual sexy college girls. But why'd she become a psychologist, of all things, when she could be on easy street with her looks? She must be really repressed like Mom used to be.

Sitting behind her desk, Xania picked up a pen and began idly fiddling with it. "Alan, I know a lot about you already from the sessions earlier today, plus everything Suzanne told me, so let's cut to the chase. I've heard your sister and mother talk at great length about you, and you'll be glad to know that it was all positive. They think the world of you. I'm very eager to hear what you have to say. Please tell me about your feelings for your mother and sister."

Dang, how do I make my cock go down? I can't think! He gulped nervously. "Doctor, what I say doesn't leave this room, right?" Even with the reassurances he'd just heard in the other room about Xania's attitude towards incest, he was trying to be careful.

"Not without your permission," she said. "If, for instance, I think there's something I'd like you to share with the others later, I'll ask you first."

"Then I'll be completely honest. Okay... I love them both dearly. And that includes strong sexual feelings for both of them. I didn't let my feelings flow until my medical condition was diagnosed and certain things started to happen. But now that it has, I want to have sex with them. All the way, all the time. A lot of sex. Does that make me pretty messed up?"

Xania replied, "You already ARE having lots of sex with them. From what Susan tells me, she's in love with sucking your penis. Katherine has all kinds of fun with you too. Ditto with Suzanne, and even her daughter. You're one lucky boy, that's for sure!" She chuckled.

He was put at ease that she didn't seem to have any problem at all with what she'd just said. He pointed out, "True. But I'm talking about, you know... intercourse. Is that wrong? To go that far with a family member?"

Xania gave the same explanation she'd given twice before, that incest being right or wrong depended on the situation and feelings of those involved.

When she was finally done with her rather detailed reasoning, he said, "Then what's the problem? I'm fine with it, and so is Katherine. My mom is too; she just has some lingering feelings of guilt from her overly conservative upbringing. But she'll get over them. She's loosening up daily."

"You may be right," Xania said. "Hopefully we can set some guidelines of where to go from here, since this is likely our only session. I'm really here just to give Susan reassurances that her new lifestyle isn't some horrible sin. In talking to her and your sister, I haven't come across anything to make me recommend frequent therapy sessions. So think of this as a 'once in a blue moon' tune-up for your well-running car, rather than a needed overhaul of the car's engine."

He understood, and nodded. He also gulped, because he couldn't help but notice that she was sliding her fingers up and down the pen she was holding, almost as if it were a stiff erection that she was jacking off. He assumed he was reading too much into the movement, but in fact that was precisely what she wanted it to look like.

She continued, while stroking the pen even more blatantly, "Now, I understand that you need sexual relief six times a day, and that you pretty much have to get relief every time you get aroused. That's a big reason why you're so active with no fewer than four women in your house. Is that true?"

Reminded of his arousal, he readjusted his package to a more comfortable position. He couldn't stop staring at Xania's tightly covered chest. "Yes, it is. You have no idea how difficult it is for a guy to have an orgasm six times a day, every day of his life! I'll tell you! It's a lot worse than it sounds."

He stretched the truth a little - he didn't have to get relieved every time he got a hard-on. In fact, half his school day he typically suffered with a painful and unrelieved boner that came and went depending on his thoughts and the sights around him. He felt like his penis was erect 24 hours a day, because when he wasn't actually playing with a gorgeous woman, he was probably thinking about one or more of them.

Xania said, "As an aside, I couldn't help but notice even through your thick jeans that my explanation just now has made you very aroused. Why is that?" She nodded at his crotch. She too was stretching the truth a little, since she'd noticed he'd been aroused since he'd walked into her "office."

Alan looked down. To his consternation, he could see his entire erection clearly outlined, straining against the fabric of his jeans. He blushed and made another quick adjustment to cover it. Then, acting like that didn't happen, he replied, "It's because as you talked, I realized that I'm likely to still be able to have sex with Katherine and Susan in the future. And that makes me very relieved, and excited. By the way, do you mind if I unbuckle my belt? Things are really tight down here."

She waved her hand airily, as if he was asking nothing out of the ordinary. "Please do. From the looks of things, you'll need to unzip a bit as well."

"Are you serious?! You want me to just... whip my dick out?!"

She chuckled. "Not exactly. But you should know I'm very unorthodox. My attitude is: do whatever works. When Susan came in here, she was tense and nervous, and she mentioned that going topless helped her relax. So I let her conduct her session while topless. And you know what? It worked! She was so serene and happy that it was adorable. Similarly, I understand you have some kind of serious medical issue. If 'whipping your penis out' helps you, then by all means, do it. I assume you're wearing boxers, not briefs. Right?"

He nodded eagerly. "Wow. You're pretty cool. As a matter of fact, now that you mention it, I think I will get, uh, a little more comfortable."

After he got over his initial embarrassment to be showing his bulge so prominently, he got to thinking. Why NOT let it all hang out? Xania is so scorching hot that if I have even the slightest chance to get her interested in me, I should go for it. If there's one thing I've been learning lately, it's that being sexually aggressive pays off. SHE'S the one who asked me, so I can't get in trouble, right?

So he both unbuckled and unzipped. Taking advantage of her lax attitude, he even slid his jeans down some so the entire length of his erection was now straining hard against his boxer shorts (which he was wearing specially for the appointment). Instead of trying to hide his bulge, he subtly flexed it, putting it on display.

Xania licked her lips again without thinking. Mmmm. Yummy!

But since he was trying to burn a hole through her top with his eyes, he didn't notice. His heart was pounding hard. Despite all the wild and crazy sexual things that had happened to him lately, he couldn't believe this was actually happening.

Although he missed her lip licking, when she brought her pen up to her mouth and started sucking on the tip, he couldn't help but notice that. Oh, man! Look at those full ruby red lips! Is it just me, or is it outrageously erotic, the way that she's sucking on that pen cap? What I wouldn't give to be that pen right now!

Xania started to say, "Now, I would like for you-" But as she was saying that, she took her pen and, while transferring it from one hand to the other, "accidentally" let it slip free. It rolled across her desk and landed on the carpet part way toward Alan.

Xania quickly got up and walked around her desk. "Clumsy me. Here, let me get that." She was so pleased that the pen had stopped rolling exactly where she wanted that she had trouble not smirking with glee.

She knelt right in front of Alan, showing off her entire panty-covered pussy mound in the process. Then she slowly picked up the pen, but she still didn't get up. She paused in that pose for a few long moments, as if she was trying to think of something important before returning to her desk.

Alan couldn't believe his luck in getting such a clear "panty shot." Holy fuck, man! Just look at her! She's so sexy that I can't even breathe! Are my eyes playing tricks on me, or is that a wet spot right over her pussy? I think it is! Hot damn!

Sure enough, Xania did have a noticeable wet spot on her panties. It was mostly due to how aroused she'd gotten talking to Susan earlier, but she was getting wet all over again imagining the kind of fun she could have with Alan. From her kneeling position she had a very up-close view of his tool straining through his boxers, and she took full advantage of the opportunity, making no attempt to hide her prolonged assessing gaze.

He thought, No way! She's totally checking me out! And with my boxers being so thin, she can practically see every last vein. I'll bet Mom especially went on and on about how thick and long my dick is. Is her checking from professional interest to see if that was an exaggeration, or is it just a personal interest? Man, I sure hope it's personal! I'm getting so horny that it's crazy. I sure could use one of Mom's awesome blowjobs right about now to calm me down so I can be a good patient.

Finally, Xania stood up and walked back to her desk. She considered doing something else to provoke him, such as dropping her pen again to show off her ass, but she decided that she had already pushed the limits of plausible behavior. So she just sat with the pen still in her hand and prodded him, "You were saying? Your thoughts about having sex with your sister and your mother?"

Trying to act nonchalant despite his wildly pounding heart, he continued, "So yeah. Those are very exciting thoughts for me. Also, as a side effect of my medical treatment, I get aroused and stay aroused very easily these days."

"May I ask: Is that the only reason you're aroused?" Xania knew that her body turned him on, and she was fishing for a way to get him to admit it.

"Well, no. I was already aroused just from looking at you as soon as I walked in, actually. I must admit, that's why I was lost for words. I have to be honest and say that you're an extremely beautiful woman."

"Why thank you." She stared directly at the bulge in his boxers rather than at his face. She was pleased to see that he was recovering from his initial shock and was proving to be the silver-tongued smoothie Suzanne had told her about.

He commented, "I can't believe how similar you look to Suzanne Petridge. I mean, obviously, your hair and face are totally different, but the rest of you..."

She grinned knowingly, and said in a slightly teasing tone, "Are you undressing me with your eyes?"

He grinned back boldly. "I suppose I am, at least a little bit. Sorry about that. Is it true that you were her college roommate?"

Xania smiled in fond remembrance. "Yes, it's true. We were very close friends back then. People called us 'the dueling tongues.'"

"Um, why?"

Now it was Xania's turn to blush, though it was partly feigned. "Uh, as I said, we were very close. We shared meals, shared clothes, shared the same bed, even." She paused and let the implications of that sink in. "We even shared the same boyfriends at times. You could just imagine some poor guy's shock to walk into our bedroom and find the two of us already in bed, buck naked, breasts grinding into each other as we made out together while waiting for him. Aaaaah. Good times. Crazy times."

She lied, "My sex life has been poor in comparison ever since."

Alan could imagine the scene very well. From old photos, he knew Suzanne wore a slightly different hairstyle then and her breasts were a bit smaller before she gave birth, but in other ways she was even sexier than now, with her body more fresh and perfect, like a teenager's. His erection, now pointing up towards his stomach, was already extremely hard, but now it actually strained so much to escape from its confines that it pushed the waistband of his boxers up about two inches.

He thought, So much for my theory that Xania's some kind of prude! Jesus! Her and Aunt Suzy?! Are you kidding me? My blood is boiling already! The sheer tit power involved there... Geez, it would be just like Mom and Aunt Suzy rubbing their racks together!

Xania looked at the dramatic rise in Alan's boxers. His erection was pulling the fabric up towards his belly button; it wouldn't take much more for his boner to spring free. She pretended obliviousness that her own words and sultry sex bomb body had caused his problem.

However, she needn't have bothered pretending, since he was burning a hole through her top with his intense stare, trying to imagine her huge rack rubbing against Suzanne's. He asked, "Um, so does that mean that, uh, you're not into men?"

She chuckled again. "Hardly. Like most women, I'm bisexual. Believe you me, I enjoy a good cock, and a man who knows what to do with it!"

He gaped in surprise. "Wow, you really are... frank."bender

Xania said, "I'm glad that you and I are already talking freely and frankly about sexual matters, because as you may well guess, sex is the main topic of the day. By talking like this, I'm trying to show you that you don't need to censor yourself with me. I've been talking for hours to your mother and sister about how they're adjusting to the new sexual lifestyle that has been thrust upon them."

"So to speak," he quipped.

She grinned. "Indeed. I can see you and I are going to get along well. A lot of people in my position are quite skittish about sex, but not me. I figure it's as natural as eating or sleeping, so why can't we talk about it just as easily?"

"Indeed." He playfully responded with the same word she'd just used. He was suddenly feeling very positive about Xania. He remembered Katherine's advice that talking to her was like talking to a friend, and he felt that way already.

He loved her attitude, but he still found it hard to believe. "Are you really that, uh, cool? I mean, I can get as explicit as I want?"

She flashed him a sultry smile. "Knock yourself out! What do I need to convince you? Would you like for me to describe in detail the way Suzanne and I used to lick and kiss each other until the wee hours of the morning most every night? Or would you prefer if I tell you a story about how we seduced the same guy, brought him back to our bed, and took turns fucking him all night long?"

He gulped. "Um, yes please!"

She laughed.

"Which one? Oh, and what do we have here?" She stared knowingly at his crotch.

Alan looked down and saw that his erection grew so insistent that it had sprung completely free of his boxers. He was so transfixed by Xania's sexual comments that he hadn't even noticed, but he could tell it had happened only a couple of seconds earlier, since his boner was still bouncing around.

He immediately covered up. "Dang! Sorry! I'm so sorry!"

Chapter 662 Holy Crap! You've Got A Long Tongue!

Xania nodded towards his hard-on. "Relax! Don't worry about it. Remember, I'm a sex therapist. I've seen everything, and of course I'm very aware of your special medical condition. I understand from your mother that you could be in severe pain when this happens. She'd discussed at length with me the severity of what she calls your 'blue balls' condition. I don't have an objection if you uncover yourself, or even if you relieve yourself right here. Let me know if you need a towel or tissues or something."

He asked incredulously, "What?! Right here? In the middle of our session?!" He was hoping to draw some interest from her, eventually, but he couldn't believe what was actually happening at such a fast pace.

She replied nonchalantly, "I'm just trying to be understanding of your medical needs. Isn't that how it's supposed to work, with your special situation? We've got a lot to discuss, and we can't do that if you're suffering and distracted."

She eyed his crotch from across the room, trying to be subtle about it. She again licked her lips as she watched his erection buck up and down like a bucking bronco, causing the waistband on his boxers to stretch further down with each new throb, exposing more and more of his long and thick shaft. She could hardly wait to touch it.

He thought, God damn! This is too good to be true! If there's one thing I've learned lately, it's that aggressiveness and confidence pays off, big time. Just think what happened with Glory at lunch, or with Heather a little later. I'm gonna go for it! At worst, she'll chide me, and I can blame my rashness on my "special condition."

He boldly stopped covering his erection, causing it to bounce around again. "Yeah, but I'm not supposed to pleasure myself. Doctor's orders. That's why we're in this fix with Katherine and Susan helping in the first place." He was definitely pushing the truth about not being able to pleasure himself, because he wanted to see what she would do. He hoped against hope that she would end up with her hands around his boner before long.

"Oh dear," Xania replied, pretending to be disturbed. "So you have to get relief, and you can't do it yourself. I suppose we could bring Susan or Katherine in from the waiting room to help out, but this is a very delicate time as we're discussing issues relating to them... And I couldn't talk in confidence to you with someone else in the room..."

There was a dramatic pause while Alan waited to see if his remarkable luck would hold and Xania would pleasure him. Meanwhile, he slid his boxers and jeans down below his balls, hoping the sight of his stiffness in all its naked glory could help sway her. He didn't touch it for the moment, but flexed his PC muscle, causing it to point straight up. The glistening pre-cum could be seen from across the room.

Xania stared intently at his pulsing erection.

He stared at her staring at it. His hopes soared, especially when he noticed the lusty look in her eyes.

Finally, she coughed nervously, and said, "I'm a woman of the world, and I suppose I could give you relief. However, you realize that a psychologist is not supposed to get physically involved with a patient in any way? That leads to all kinds of problems and could even cause me to lose my license. But the rules never considered something like this, what with your urgent medical need for relief, and all. Hmmm. Besides, none of you are REALLY my patients. I'm not charging for this, I'm just doing a one-time special favor for my old friend. So the normal therapist-patient rules may not apply. Hmmm..."

She paused and rubbed her chin, appearing to be deeply pondering the ethics of the situation. In fact, she was just pretending to be reluctant, so he wouldn't be too suspicious that she wasn't a real therapist.

Alan, trying to help her make up his mind, said, "I promise I'd never tell a soul. I swear!"

She hummed some more over that. At the same time, she ostentatiously licked her lips while staring with laser-like intensity at his bouncy erection.

His heart was pounding wildly; he was so eager that he wanted to jump up and run around the room. He thought she wasn't quite convinced though, so he added, "Besides, despite the office locale, you're just a friend of a friend giving advice, right?"

"That is true..." she said slowly, slowly licking her lips some more. Finally she got up out of the chair behind her desk and walked towards him on the couch. "Since yours is a one-time-only appointment and we won't be seeing each other ever again, I guess it's okay. But keep this under your hat, okay? Even though this is not really an official consultation, I could still get in a lot of trouble!"

"Okay!" he said with delight. It was a bit late now that she'd agreed to do the deed, but he felt greatly emboldened because now that she was standing much closer, he could smell her aroused and wet pussy.

He not only enjoyed what she was going to do, but he doubly enjoyed the forbidden aspect. And thinking about that reminded him that they might be overheard. "What about Katherine and Susan in the next room?" He watched her kneel in front of him, and made room for her between his legs.

"The walls are quite well soundproofed, which ensures confidentiality." That was true. Suzanne had picked such an office, anticipating this very type of circumstance. "Now, what do you want me to do?" She reached out towards his crotch.

Alan was like a kid in a candy store. "Let's see. You could use your hand, or your mouth, or let me titfuck your obviously quite large breasts, or whatever. I'm flexible." He emphasized the whatever, hoping she might want to go for straight intercourse, but he wasn't too hopeful.

"I suppose using my hand would be least disruptive to continuing our conversation." She scooted in closer and wrapped her hand around his stiff pole. "Now, please continue with your thoughts."

Her fingers began to slide up and down. She appeared to be extremely reluctant to jack Alan off and did a very average job, as if she didn't know what she was doing at all.

In actual fact, Suzanne had helped plan this with Xania. Part of Suzanne's scheme was for Xania to pretend to be bad at handjobs so she'd have an excuse to do other things later.

Alan spaced out trying to remember where he'd left off, but eventually continued, "Like I was saying, I'm happy to have sex with Mom and Sis. I don't see any problem with it. I hope it keeps going on forever and ever."

"Won't it interfere with your normal relationships with women?" Xania asked as her hands got slicked up from all the pre-cum at the tip of Alan's throbbing cock.

"Hell no! It'll add to them. In fact I've got a new girlfriend named Amy."

To his surprise, Xania said, "Oh, yes, Amy. She's Suzanne's daughter, right?"

"Right. The very night we started officially going out, mere minutes after I asked her out, as a matter of fact, I had her watch my mom suck my dick. She was learning from Mom, because my mom is such an excellent cocksucker. Amy was totally fine with it, and later that evening they both sucked me off at the same time. In fact, I know she wants a piece of my mom herself. Ditto with her and my sister. They're already going at it intently, licking each other's love boxes every day. Together with Suzanne, we make a happy ménage à five, or whatever you call it. Ménage à trois plus two."

"That's truly extraordinary," Xania said sincerely as her hand pumped up and down on his erection. She was getting so excited that it was hard to remember to keep doing a bad job. "You're having sex with two mother-daughter pairs!" She fondled his balls in wonder, lifting and lowering them. "How do you keep up?"

"You don't know the half of it. I'm having sexual relations with a gorgeous female teacher, and the entire cheerleader squad to boot - including my sister."

"Wait a minute. You're telling me you're having sex with the entire cheerleading squad?! I find that hard to believe. Don't some of them have boyfriends?"

He thought about Heather and Rock. "Yes, a few, but that doesn't seem to be a problem. Everybody is happy to help me with my condition. In fact, a lot of the time when I have a conversation with a beautiful woman, they end up jacking or sucking me off, just like you are now. My medical problem has been SUCH a blessing in disguise! And so far there've been no big problems I can't handle, like jealousy, or broken hearts, or anything like that. Generally speaking, it's just sex for sex's sake, without implied emotional commitments. And why not? Is there anything wrong with that?" He deliberately downplayed some of his recent problems, but he wasn't completely off the mark. He had a remarkable life by any measure.

"I don't know of anything wrong with that," Xania replied as she continued to play with his balls with one hand and stroke his long shaft with her other hand. "Frankly I've never heard of such a case as yours. Let me think about it for a minute."

Xania thought, with the squishy sounds of her hands sliding up and down his prick the only sounds in the room. Suzanne told me this guy was a stud, but I had no idea. She didn't tell me about the entire friggin'

cheerleading squad! I thought it was just his family and hers. But if this guy is coating the whole female population of Orange County with his seed, I just HAVE to try him out for myself!

Without consciously realizing it, her hand started to pump him faster as she grew even more excited about him, and specifically about getting fucked by him.

That encouraged him to say, "Okay, but while you're thinking, can you suck on my dick for a bit? All this talking about fucking everybody is making me ready to shoot my load."

Xania was so excited she was having a hard time pretending to be reluctant. She replied, "Well... All right. We wouldn't want you to make a mess in my office. And I suppose I've always been better at blowjobs than handjobs. But while I do that, feel free to continue to express your thoughts about your situation."

She pretended to be bashful, so he had to feed his erection into her mouth. She again tried to hide or at least downplay her considerable sexual skill. Even though she'd already admitted her sexual adventures with Suzanne, she still was playing the role of the prim, professional therapist. She acted shocked, as if she couldn't believe that such a big dick could fit inside her mouth. But of course it did.

She had an amazingly long tongue, even longer than Suzanne's, but she didn't want him to notice that just yet. She refrained from performing her most famous trick, where she could wrap her tongue around a penis like a hand and jack it off inside her mouth.

She'd been amused by Susan's ardent desire to go topless, but now she was the one chafing at all the layers of clothing she wore.

But Alan didn't shoot his load just yet. True, having Xania blow him was incredibly exciting and arousing, but he'd learned how to endure even in such heart pounding situations. Now that he had Xania agree to suck him, he wanted it to go on a very long time. "Oh wait, something I forgot to mention. Just reaching orgasm isn't enough. In order for it to count as one of my daily six times, I need to be stimulated constantly for a minimum of twenty minutes. If I shoot off now, it won't be nearly long enough."

So Xania stopped sucking and went back to jacking him off as they continued to talk. She would periodically lick or suck him and then back off to make sure he'd last long enough. She had a hard time remembering to be untalented, and as time went on more of her talent showed through.

Alan did most of the talking, while Xania not only kept steadily stroking his boner, but also continually licked it or at least blew on it from very close up. He found himself confessing his sexual history, detailing all the women he'd been with and some of the more memorable moments he'd had. While technically there might have been some therapeutic value in imparting all this information, the main result was that they both grew more and more turned on with each new episode he recounted.

After a while, she said to him, "It's been quite fascinating hearing more about your extraordinary recent sexual history. But before we continue, there's something I've been meaning to say." She lapped against his sweet spot as she went on, "Your mom and Katherine gave me permission to tell you anything that happened in their earlier sessions with me. I wouldn't be comfortable to go into that in great detail, despite their permission, but suffice to say that I did my best to reassure them that helping you out with your penis problem is neither immoral nor sinful. Obviously I don't have a problem with it, since I'm doing it myself!"

They both chuckled at that, and then she swirled her tongue around his cockhead a bit. (The longer she was at it, the less she was remembering to try to disguise the length of her extraordinary tongue. Alan already had a good idea that her tongue was quite long, although he still didn't know just how long.)

She continued, as she resumed gently lapping against his sweet spot, "What that means is, the situation in your house is very likely to continue, and probably get even more sexual. Doing this is extremely unusual for me, to say the least, but I'm trying to roll with the punches and understand your world. I imagine this is typical for you."

"Well, yeah, kind of. I mean, I get blown a lot. Several times a day, at least. But to have a woman like you do it totally blows my mind. Frankly, you're one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. And I mean on TV and in the movies as well as in real life. I'm not just saying that either. I really truly mean it."

Xania felt tingles of excitement all over, thanks to those compliments. She knew he was clever with his words, but there was an honesty and sincerity in what he said that simply couldn't be faked. It's just like Suzanne said: "He's got a really nice, thick cock, and he knows how to use it." I can already tell that she wasn't lying about his incredible stamina. I've never had a guy who lasted this long their first time with me. Sure, I'm pulling my punches some, but not that much. And he gives off a nice-guy vibe. This is a guy I'd like to talk to and hang out with as well as fuck!

She thought, Okay, enough spacing out with my private thoughts. It's time to get this kid to blow his load! Then the sticky mess that results will give me an excuse to take my clothes off and take this to an even funner level. First, I'll go with some sexy yet professional-sounding talk to get his rocks off!

She said, "Thank you for the compliment. But you can't really mean that. After all, I've seen your sister and your mother with my own eyes."

He replied, "Yeah, once we get to a certain level of beauty, comparisons are kind of pointless. It's like trying to argue which Wonder of the World was most wondrous. My point is, you're definitely up there at that level. And... no."

"What?" Naturally, she was curious about what he was too shy to say.

"It's just that... can I speak very frankly?" bender

"Please!" She chuckled, and said with amusement, "Look at me. I'm on my knees and licking your dick; I think we can talk frankly."

He chuckled too. "I just wanted to say that your body is soooo much like my mom's and Aunt Suzy's, I mean Suzanne's, that it's uncanny. I can't really tell with all the clothes you're wearing, but I suspect you're totally stacked, just like them too!"

She smirked, secretly amused at his obvious ploy to get her to undress. "I'll have you know I AM 'totally stacked.'" She sat up and let go of his boner, so she could unbutton her blouse. While he practically drooled with eager anticipation, she slowly undid each button down to her belly button. Then she somehow pulled out her bra and tossed it aside.

"See what I mean?" She thrust her chest out, showing off her deep cleavage while leaving her nipples tantalizingly just out of view.

"Oh my God, yes! You are sooooo damn HOT! It's unreal!"

She loved the compliment, because again she could tell he really meant it. "Why, thank you."

She bent back down and returned her focus to his cock.

He was actually a bit disappointed, because he was hoping she'd take her blouse all the way off first. But at least now her massive tits were swinging free and he had a great view of the valley between them.

With one hand slowly stroking his shaft and her tongue flitting around his sweet spot, she resumed their earlier conversation. "One reason I'm telling you about what Susan and Katherine said to me is that it'll affect what we discuss. By the way, you should hear them go on and on about how much they love to suck and stroke your unusually thick dick. You're a very, very lucky boy." She emphasized that point by briefly engulfing his cock and dragging her lips repeatedly over his most sensitive sweet spot.

He laughed, even as he felt tingles and goose bumps all over from her talented lip work. "That I am! To say the least! I mean, just look at you, licking and stroking me. I have to be honest: my medical ailment has to be the best thing that's ever happened to me, by far."

She pulled off his shaft to say, "I can well imagine. But let's go beyond the ego boost and your sexual excitement and look at some of the long-term issues."

She lapped and slurped her way up and down his boner as she gathered her thoughts, trying to think of what to say that would really arouse him and make him cum. For a minute or so, she did nothing but lick and stroke.

Then she continued, "We have to face facts. Your mother and sister are both sexually submissive in nature, and they love you very, very much. For better or worse, I think they're hooked on serving you sexually."

He snorted with laughter. "That's definitely 'for better!'"

"Yes, well, obviously you would feel that way. And I understand Suzanne and Amy also love you a great deal. So, the bottom line is, you're going to have four remarkably gorgeous, unbelievably endowed women pleasuring your cock pretty much every single day. And that's not even counting those cheerleaders and others you say you're getting involved with."

She paused to give his entire cockhead an especially thorough licking, swirling around and around and around. She did that for another minute at least, letting him ponder his promising sexual horizons.

Then she continued, "In the future, the not too distant future, you may find yourself waking up with your naked, busty mother on one side, and your naked, busty sister on the other side. They'll both cuddle and kiss you good morning, but you'll feel two tongues on your already extremely hard and happy cock. You won't even have to look down - you'll know from their licking and sucking style that it's Suzanne and Amy, sharing the wake-up blowjob duties!"

Then she chuckled. "Four women in bed with you! FOUR! You have so many gorgeous women looking after you, who sincerely love and adore you. I have to admit, it makes me hot!"

She could tell from his breathing that her scenario was having the desired effect. She couldn't lick any faster and still talk so much, but she sped up her fingers as they slid up and down his slicked-up shaft, and she brought in her other hand to play with his balls some more. "You have a truly incredible sexual future ahead of you. It almost defies belief! I'll bet the double blowjob will just be the warm-up. Certainly Susan and Katherine won't want to go long without giving your cock a good morning kiss and suck. Can you imagine all four of them licking your cock at the same time?"

"Oh my God!" Between that thought and the way Xania was working his cock, he very nearly blew his load.

She went on, "I could easily see at least two of your helpers joining in your morning shower, with, say, Amy soaping you up with her sizable boobs while the shower water drenches your mother Susan as she gives you a nice titfuck on her knees!"

"Oh God!" He was getting very close to the edge. He was visibly bucking his hips, trying to hold back.

Sensing that he was getting close, she finally unleashed the full potential of her tongue. She wrapped it partly around his shaft and started sliding it back and forth over his sweet spot, just like a long finger.

He looked down. "Holy crap! You've got a long tongue! Why, it's nearly as long as Aunt Suzy's!"

That pissed her off, since she and Suzanne had always been very competitive with each other, and their tongue lengths were a point of contention. "Nearly as long?! Nearly as long?!" Why, I'll have you know that mine is even LONGER! I'm not gonna boast, but I'll prove it with my tongue work! That'll make my point and get you to cum at the same time.

So she stopped talking and devoted her full attention to licking and stroking him. There was no pretense any more at "being bad," and in fact she went out of her way to show off the many wondrous things her extraordinary tongue could do to a stiff cock.

But to her great surprise, her all-out sexual attack seemed to have no special effect on him. He just kept on lying there, breathing heavily.

In fact, he was flexing his PC muscle and struggling not to cum as if his life hung in the balance. In doing so, he'd learned to keep his breathing steady, so he didn't sound nearly as aroused as he really felt. As usual, he wanted to prolong the joy, but he was trying extra hard because he was very keen to impress Xania with his sexual stamina. Ironically, it was the very fact that she was so successful in making him feel an irresistible need to cum that forced him to use his most desperate tricks not to.

Chapter 663 First Time Sex With Xania !

He willed himself to get flaccid by thinking about fat, ugly men having sex with each other, his favorite trick. He didn't actually get flaccid - her hands and lips and tongue were just too talented - but at least he was managing to hold out. "Oh no!" he exclaimed with false surprise. He lied, "I think I'm growing flaccid, at least a little. It's too bad. I'm losing it, just as we were reaching twenty minutes. We can't stop now, can we?"

Xania was quite impressed, especially since he was talking normally instead of panting wildly. (She didn't realize how hard he was trying to hide how winded he was.) She wasn't fooled with his talk of going flaccid - her tongue and fingers remained acutely aware of just how stiff, hot, and throbbing his cock was. But she was willing to play along, to see where he was going with this. She looked up at him as her hands kept on stroking and stroking. "Oh dear, what do you want me to do, suck you some more?" she asked, also pretending, with false naïveté.

"It would be better if you could take your clothes off. I mean, if you don't mind. That'll revive me for sure."

She was grateful he'd finally thought to suggest that. She was dying to get fully naked and seriously nasty. But still she pretended restraint, since she was supposed to be a psychologist and not some easily seduced nympho.

He'd asked her in a casual tone like he wanted to borrow a pen, and so she replied in the same tone. She found that secretly amusing. "Well... Okay. Maybe if I just take my blouse and jacket off. It is already unbuttoned, after all. You seem fascinated by my breasts. Hopefully that'll be enough. Any more than that wouldn't be proper for a psychologist to show to a patient."

Alan thought with a snicker, As if showing off her boobs or sucking my dick is proper! Amazing how easy this is. Everywhere I go it's like this. I am one lucky fucker. She's starting to sound a lot like Mom did when this all started: "Oh no! Itsh sho impwoper!"

He chuckled at that fond memory of Susan complaining with her mouth full of cock. He didn't see Suzanne's behind-the-scenes hands, manipulating events like this. The odds of even a handsome, virile teenage boy like Alan having a real lady psychologist give him a blowjob was next to zero, but he was too aroused to think things through.

Xania stood up and hefted her large tits in her hands, fully exposing them in the process. "Do these arouse you? I'll bet they do. People tell me they're big. Good thing the door is locked. At least I think it's locked. I'd hate for Susan to see me like this. She might find it unprofessional, but I'm just trying to help you out."

He snickered as he pointed out, "I think she might find the things you've been doing to my dick even more unprofessional."

Xania nodded. "I think she would understand, though, because she told me some about how she spends so much time each day with your erection in her mouth, trying to get you to cum. You should hear her describe the joy she gets when you shoot one of your thick loads all over her face and chest. She sounds like a very caring mother."

Alan could hardly believe it - Xania didn't seem bothered by incestuous sex in the least. Her matter-of-fact tone blew his mind. It was exactly like she was giving Susan kudos for helping him with his homework. But he tried to play it cool and just replied, excitedly, "Yes! That she is!"

"You know," he said, "I seriously think your breasts are, like, exact duplicates of hers. Are they G-cups?"

Xania nodded as she got back on her knees and started licking his balls. She jacked off his shaft too. She'd neglected to take her blouse and jacket off, but at least her big melons were swinging free instead of remaining mostly covered.

"I thought so. They are the same! And just like Suzanne's. You could be, like, triplets from the neck down. Did Mom tell you how much she loves to show hers off and let me fuck them?"

"She did mention that. She made clear that her breasts are very, very sexually sensitive."

"Man oh man! You could say that again. Would you mind if I, uh, touched yours a little bit? I want to see if they feel the same too."

She had a hard time not snickering at that excuse. But she kept a straight face and level tone as she replied while still lapping all over his balls, "I suppose, if you think that'll help you relieve your blue balls."

"Oh, it definitely will."

She sat up and pulled her shoulders back to make it easy for him to fondle her rack. But at the same time, she kept on holding and stroking his boner. She was determined to get him to cum after so long, and she hoped this combination of tit fondling and cock stroking would push him over the edge.

He reached out and grasped her boobs as an exploratory gesture. It was like he just needed to make sure they were really real, and really there. But after only a couple of seconds, he pulled his hands away and pulled her blouse and jacket open wider so they wouldn't get in the way. Then his fingers sank deep into her tit-flesh and he started to knead and explore her tremendous rack in earnest.

Oh man! So awesome! She's built JUST like Mom and Aunt Suzy! I honestly didn't know there were other real women with tits as big and firm and high as theirs, and all around perfect! These are GREAT TITS!

He said to Xania, "I know I'm not supposed to say this. Women like to get complimented about a lot of things, but not their boobs. But your boobs are just so GREAT! They're awesome! When you and Suzanne were roommates, they must have paired you for boob awesomeness!"

She laughed. "No, we chose each other, actually." However, his guess wasn't far off, since they became friends because of their similar hourglass builds and especially their freakishly long tongues.

Again, she was surprised at how much his words pleased her. Living on the edges of the Hollywood movie world, she was used to charismatic yet insincere people. But Alan won her over with his unbridled enthusiasm. Clearly, he was someone who truly loved a superior rack.

She was so flattered and inspired that she engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing on it. She'd refrained from doing that for very long since they'd been more or less continually talking. After all, the whole point of the visit was to talk. She thought, Too much talking, not enough cock! I'm gonna get this motherfucker to cum if it kills me! Let's see if he can handle THIS!

He groaned like he'd been stabbed in the gut. It wasn't that he was in pain; it was because her cocksucking technique was so good. She'd immediately resorted to her best move, which was bobbing back and forth over his sweet spot and then using her exceedingly long tongue to slather it at the same time. At any given moment, her lips were moving on it as her dexterous tongue was sliding all over it. The key was the sheer amount of tongue in constant motion; it felt as if every last pleasure nerve in his dick was being stimulated at the same time.

Not only was it extremely arousing in and of itself, but it also was a move that Suzanne had perfected and used on him. He realized they must both have honed the technique back in college and then shared it with each other. The idea of them sucking cocks and then talking about it with each other turned him on even more than he already was (which was a hell of a lot).

He thought, Fuck! I'm gonna cum! Can't take it! He was squeezing his PC muscle and generally clenching his entire body as if he were bracing himself to face a firing squad, but none of that was helping much.

Then an idea came to him. Somehow, he managed to pant out a question. "Um, Xania? You know what you were saying about how I have this amazing sex life?"

"Mmmm-hmmm?" She kept right on licking, and sucking with tremendous suction.

"How should I deal with that so I don't get a big head?"

Puzzled, she pulled off long enough to ask, "Do you really want me to answer, or do you want me to suck your cock?" She was downright antsy to get him to shoot his load.

"We've got lots of time. Can you answer, and then suck my cock?"

She sighed, because she'd been getting into the cocksucking in a big way. But she didn't want to just pretend to be a psychologist; she really did enjoy giving advice, and she wanted to give good advice. So she resorted to merely jacking him off while she gave some suggestions on how he could remain humble (such as regularly doing his chores, keeping up with non-sexual friends and hobbies, and so on).

Her sliding fingers were still stimulating him, of course, but that was something he could handle. In fact, he was even able to come back from the edge of his climax a little bit.

Then she finished her answer and went back to sucking him off.

When it got to be too much for him again, he resorted to asking a follow-up question.

Things continued in that vein for a while. She'd suck him for a minute or two, until he couldn't take any more of the extreme pleasure. Then he'd somehow manage to gasp out a relevant question and she'd be forced to stop and answer it.

Unfortunately, he rarely was able to enjoy playing with her breasts, even though he loved them so much, because that was simply too stimulating. Often he was forced to close his eyes for the same reason.

After a while, Xania grew honestly impressed at Alan's staying power, not to mention his ability to keep the semblance of a discussion going under such circumstances. She quickly figured out how he was using the questions to cut back on the stimulation level at just the right times, but that impressed her with his cleverness more than if it had been an accident. Besides, his questions followed up on her previous comments, which showed that he was actually listening and giving her answers serious consideration. That was very impressive indeed, given her constant efforts to get him to cum.

Finally, she reached a point where her hands and jaw were too tired to go on. She stopped and said, "I'm trying to do my best to assist you, but what I'm doing with my hands and mouth is highly distracting to our discussion. Not to mention tiring. It's been well over twenty minutes. WELL over. I don't even know how long, since I've lost all track of time. What does it take to make you orgasm, for God's sake?!"

He replied, "I hate to sound unappreciative, but your handjobs and blowjobs don't compare with the others I've been getting lately. My mom really knows how to get me off with all the little things she does with her tongue. Actually, Suzanne is even better. But you don't know what I like, so it's not like you could have done better. Plus, all my recent sexual experience has given me a ton of staying power."

That was all true, but it was also a bit of a lie, because he'd been going to nearly Herculean efforts to delay his climax. At first, he mainly wanted to impress her, but at some point he'd gotten the idea that if he held off long enough, he could talk her into fucking as the only way to get him off. He sensed this was the time to go for the gold. "If you don't mind, I have some condoms on me. After a bit of real sex, I'm sure we can finish this up pretty quickly."

"This is unbelievable!" Xania said in mock dismay. In actual fact, Suzanne had assured her that all she had to do was get Alan started and he would quickly find a way into her pants. She was delighted to discover that her friend was so right.

She continued to pretend some distress. "I'm a professional psychologist, not some kind of hussy! ... On the other hand, if that's the only thing that will finally cure you of your current condition, then I guess I have no choice. This could actually be a good thing, because it helps me better understand how Susan arrived at her unusual situation. Everyone says you're an incredible lover, and that could be an important factor for me to fully understand. Experiential learning. Already, I'm beginning to understand why you have so many women helping out. You're simply incredible!"

Xania impressed herself with her ability to keep a level tone and not give her arousal away too much by heavy breathing. But her exposed erect nipples, at least, gave away how she felt.

She took off her panties and raised her dress. She'd been on the verge of taking off her blouse and jacket earlier, but she decided to keep them on, in case she needed to make herself decent in a hurry with Susan just one locked door away. Plus, she got a kick out of getting fucked while dressed like a professional psychologist. She even buttoned up her blouse a bit more, but made sure that her ample globes were still hanging out.

She trusted her birth control pills implicitly, having taken them without any problems for over two decades. Nevertheless she helped him put on a condom, as was her practice whenever she could, just to be on the safe side for STDs.

While they fumbled with the condom, Alan thought, This is really happening?! I was going for the Hail Mary pass, but I didn't think it would really work. Hell, I still can't believe she fell for all that handjob and blowjob stuff. But look at her! We're about to do it!

Xania straddled Alan's crotch and placed his cockhead inside her slit. She tried to act unaffected, but couldn't help letting out a long moan of pure erotic satisfaction, which she quickly tried to cover by speaking in a professional tone. "Now, just because we're having intercourse, don't let that stop you from explaining your feelings. Please continue."

"Well, doctor, I have one big problem in particular," he said in an equally serious tone.

"I see. Please go on." Xania maintained her officious demeanor even as she lowered herself further onto Alan's spear. She took her time descending, sliding his stiff pole up into her vagina in one long, slow, exquisitely pleasurable stroke.

That slow impalement also felt fantastic to Alan, so much so that he wanted to scream at the top of his lungs. But he felt as if they were in some kind of contest to see who could be the best at pretending that nothing unusual was happening. As soon as he could talk again, he said, "Um, it's really embarrassing, but I have this strong urge to fuck my psychologist, even though I've only known her for less than one full session. She's that hot! Seriously!" He reached behind her and aggressively grabbed her ass cheeks.

"Ha-ha. Very funny," Xania said with a poker face as she started steadily riding his boner, bouncing up and down on it. She was secretly amused, not to mention ecstatic at the way he continued to fill her hole with so much cock even as they maintained a casual conversation. She also was quite impressed at how good he was at keeping up a pretense and talking coherently, even while fucking.

She replied, "And I must confess I've fallen in lust with my latest patient. I understand he practically has his own harem of big-breasted beautiful women back in Orange County, and I'm beginning to see why. Damn kid, you fuck like a motherfucker!"

She laughed at that, since he WAS a motherfucker in a very literal sense.

Once the two of them found a rhythm, the tempo started to increase until his cock seemed to be a blur as it flew in and out of her pussy.

Xania was very good at sex, possibly even more experienced at it than Suzanne. She long ago gave up on holding back. In fact, she wanted to rock his world and show that she could even outdo her former college roommate. She had a way of rotating her hips that made it seem like she was quadruple-jointed. She churned her body around on his shaft in delightful ways that Alan had never felt before.

Pretending much more sexual innocence than she had, she said, "Ah, it's all coming back to me now. You like what I'm doing with my hips? Even Suzanne can't do this, or at least she couldn't back in the day. People say I should be a belly dancer."

"Xania! I love it!" He tried with all his might to clench his PC muscle and hold back because he wanted to further impress her with his staying power. Unfortunately for him, there seemed to be no defense against her hip grinding, particularly since he was already physically and mentally tired from holding out for so long. In addition, the pressure in his balls had been building for a long time due to her handjob and blowjob and now they demanded release. He knew that his mother and sister were in the adjacent room, but he couldn't stop himself from shouting loudly, "Sweet Jesus! I'm gonna cum! Oh god, I'm cuuuuumming!"

He reached up and grabbed Xania's breasts like they were hand-holds as he grunted and pumped his seed into the condom. He came, and came, and came.

That caused Xania to lose her composure. Feeling him starting to shoot, she shouted, "Fuck, yeah! Fuck me like a motherfucker!" She had a very satisfying climax of her own as he continued to thrust up into her.

It was a good thing that he was lying down while she was sitting on top of him, because otherwise he would have dropped to the floor like a sack of potatoes once he was done. He ended up utterly wiped out, lying stretched out on the sofa he'd previously been sitting on.

In a sense Xania was disappointed at how quickly he came once they started fucking, but she realized that their coupling was only the end of an incredibly long session of handjobs and blowjobs. Besides, she knew that no man could resist her hip-grinding technique once she began.

He was disappointed at his quick timing, and bummed that he'd only experienced a minute or two of her hip grinding. "Sorry. I usually last a lot longer than that."

"Don't sweat it. Frankly, I'm surprised you lasted that long."

She put on the rest of her clothes while maintaining her professional demeanor, as if nothing unusual had happened (although she did leave much more cleavage showing than before). It was like a game to her, to see if she could keep acting blasé.

Her post-fuck diagnosis was something Suzanne wanted her to deliver, but she really felt it. "Alan, I'm no virgin. I've slept around, especially in my wild college days. But you are a great fuck. Given that you fuck so well, I fully sympathize with your sister's and mother's positions. I'm not only going to tell them that fucking you is okay; I'm going to strongly recommend that you do it to them hard and often. I get the sense that a lot of Susan's moral dilemmas will melt away after you've ridden her all night long."

"Really?" He still couldn't believe his luck. He'd never met a psychologist before, but he had trouble believing that they were allowed to recommend "riding" one's mother all night long.

Xania could read his incredulity. "Alan, as I may have told you, I'm an unorthodox psychologist, with a specialty as sex therapist. Suzanne arranged this meeting, so everything is off the books and I'm technically here as just a private citizen speaking my mind. I'm not afraid of sex and I understand it can be healing. Do you doubt that I'm right, that Susan needs to be thoroughly impaled by you, her son, for her to get her head straight? The woman is totally hooked on you. In my opinion, she would be seriously traumatized if she STOPPED having sex with you! Do you disagree?"

"No," he answered while still lying on the sofa, recovering. "I'm just amazed that you're so blunt and honest. I thought you'd recommend anti-depressive pills or something. I mean, Jesus. We're talking about real motherfucking."

"I know we are. But I call 'em as I see 'em. Technically, incest is against the law, and while that doesn't quite apply in your situation, because you're not blood relatives, officially you didn't hear it from me, you understand? Give it to her good, and your sister too. Don't let it go to your head though, because part of your charm is your politeness and modest manner. Remember the tips I gave about staying modest."

He thought somewhat ruefully as he reviewed his behavior earlier in the day, Tell that to Heather. Me? Polite? Ha! I was a total asshole. And she ate it up, weirdly enough.

But he was very pleased overall. In fact, as he thought about it, he grew positively elated. Today has been a great day. Not only was I given awesome advice by a very cool lady, but I was able to fuck a near-Suzanne clone with a Suzanne-esque freak tongue, huge tits, and demonic hip control. I wouldn't believe this wasn't all a dream except for the fact that she was Aunt Suzy's college roommate. THIS is exactly the kind of woman I can picture a young Suzanne hanging out with!

Once Alan had dressed and recovered fully, he was sent back out to the waiting room, where he was under strict orders not to describe or relate anything that had happened. He had no problems with that instruction, since he didn't want to confess to the sex anyway.

Katherine appeared to be bored, reading some old magazine.

Susan, on the other hand, was staring intently out the window. It didn't show, but she was still pondering Xania's approval for her to have sex with her son. Everything seemed different in light of that. She kept trying to imagine the implications, but she had a hard time doing more than fantasizing about the act itself.

Alan had to snap his fingers several times to bring Susan back to the present so he could tell her that it was her turn to talk to Xania again. Finally, he got her attention, "Hey, Mom!"

She suddenly came alive. Standing up, she gave him a big hug. "Son! How did it go?"

Instead of answering with words, he kissed her passionately on the lips.

Susan kissed back just as passionately, until she somehow sensed that someone (other than Katherine) was staring. Sure enough, she looked to the door to the inner office and saw Xania standing and watching. She immediately frowned and froze up.

Xania just smiled encouragingly, and said, "It's okay. It really is okay. Go for it!"

Susan looked to Alan with worry still on her face. "Is it okay?"

Alan smiled widely. "Mom, everything is VERY okay. Xania told me she's okay with everything, just like she told you."

"Oh, baby!" Susan was overcome with joy. She channeled that energy into an even more passionate kiss.

Alan knew that Katherine was in danger of feeling left out so, when the kiss ended and Susan still in his arms, he grabbed his sister and pulled her in for an equally hot, intense kiss.

Soon, the two smoking hot women were taking turns kissing him. Both of them checked his crotch to see if he was erect or getting erect. He wasn't (thanks to just fucking Xania), but they didn't mind since they figured he'd just come from a very serious conversation.

After a couple of minutes, Xania spoke up, causing the others to remember she was still there. "Isn't this nice? Some people might be offended by this kind of sight, but all I see is a loving family."

Susan beamed from ear to ear. "Me too! Xania, you're the best! Tiger, Angel, don't you think Xania is the best?"

Xania chuckled. "I'm glad you feel that way, 'cos it's time for you and I to talk some more. But I can wait if you want some more family bonding first..."

"No, we're good." Susan kissed the tip of Alan's nose, and then the tip of Katherine's nose. After a little more small talk, she walked back into the inner office with Xania.

Once the door to Xania's inner office was closed, Alan sat down next to his sister and spoke to her like he was ticked off. "You rat. You dirty rat."

"What did I do?!"

"You sent me in there like a lamb to the slaughter. You could have told me that she was totally gorgeous and seriously stacked, but no. It took me five minutes before I picked my jaw up from the floor."

Katherine brightened, realizing that he was only teasing her. She cackled and rubbed her hands together. "I'm evil! Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha! I'm pure evil!" After she giggled quite a lot, she dropped the mad scientist act and asked, "So, Big Bro, did you have a fun time?"

"Phew! Man. You don't know the half of it!"

Chapter 664 Is It REALLY Okay If My Son Has Sex With Me?

Xania watched Susan come in from the waiting room and then closed the door behind her. Xania was still on an erotic high from her time with Alan and was ready for more sex. She turned to Susan and said expectantly, "Well, aren't you going to give me a hello kiss too?"

Susan was very hot and bothered from just necking with her son. She fully welcomed more kissing. "Oh. Right."

The two of them locked lips. Xania couldn't help but play with the buxom woman's tits a little bit, though she tried not to be obvious about it. Both of them were so endowed that it was impossible for them to kiss without rubbing their racks together, so Xania had an excuse to bring her hands up in an attempt to somehow attempt to "manage" their "girls".

As she furtively cupped Susan's melons from below, she thought, If I really were a psychologist, this is definitely the way to conduct counseling sessions! I'd just have to make sure all my clients looked as attractive as the Plummer family does. Hee-hee.

Midway through the kiss, she pulled back a bit and noted, "Susan, now that you're back here in the office, don't you want to make yourself more comfortable?"

Susan still wasn't thinking too sharply, so she just stared dumbly at Xania. She could smell the odor of sex in the office, but she wrongly attributed it to her own earlier activities there. She could smell Alan's essence like a shark detecting blood in the water from miles away, but she assumed this time that it was

her obsessive imagination since she couldn't stop thinking about getting fucked by him. She was so distracted by the pheromones in her son's cum that she merely blinked and asked, "Beg your pardon?"

Xania prodded, "You know, get comfortable. In your chest area."

Susan smiled in happy understanding and unbuttoned her blouse so her ample jugs could spring free.

While Susan was undressing, Xania buttered her up by honestly commenting, "I'm not supposed to say what one patient tells me to another, but I don't see any problem in pointing out that Alan told me that he really truly loves your breasts."

Before Xania could say more, Susan excitedly asked, "REALLY?!"

"Really. He says he loves their shape and feel, as well as their size." Xania's hands immediately started to grope, exploring the fullness of Susan's magnificent globes. "He said he loves to do this to you." Again, Xania cupped Susan's globes from below, but this felt much, much better, skin on skin.

Susan purred, "Mmmm! Yes... I love it when he does that. He knows I'm extra sensitive on the undersides..."

Xania continued, "Yes. And he loves your extra sensitive nipples too." One of her hands went up to give a nipple a tweak. "He loves everything about them. He said you are, and I quote, 'his big-titted mommy.'"

Susan loved that, moaning with near-orgasmic joy, "Yesss... Yessss! I am his big-titted mommy! I belong to my handsome, sperm-filled son!"

Xania was angling to resume necking with Susan, so she said, "And he says he especially loves to kiss you while playing with your voluptuous body..." Naturally, as soon as she said that, she initiated another scorching hot kiss. Then she resumed their French kissing while continuing to fondle Susan's bare chest.

Susan seemed not to mind in the slightest, and in fact it seemed she expected it and welcomed it. To a large extent, she was imagining it was Alan caressing, kissing, and complimenting her, and that drove

her arousal level sky high. Soon she was so aroused that she found herself grinding her rack into Xania's equally large one, as Xania's hands continuing to fondle her.

When she realized what she was doing, she still didn't stop. Instead, she commented between kisses, "You know, you have a pretty impressive chest yourself. I'll bet you my son noticed, and he liked what he saw!"

Xania chuckled, while twisting both of Susan's erect nipples. "He probably did."

Susan chuckled too. "Oh, he did, I'm sure. You'd better watch out. If you're not careful, or even if you are, you're liable to wind up naked and on your knees, with a big fat cock down your throat!"

Susan had a vision of Xania sucking Alan's boner in that exact manner, and it excited her so much that she attacked Xania's lips with yet another fevered kiss.

Xania was glad that she did, because Susan's fantasy was so close to what had just happened that Xania was worried her face would give away the truth somehow. That, in turn, could cause Susan to doubt Xania's credentials or at least her motives. But with the way Susan kissed and kissed, eye contact wasn't a problem for another couple of minutes.

It took all of Xania's strength to (eventually) pull away and sit down. Had she not just climaxed repeatedly from fucking Alan, she would have been helpless to stop herself from exploring every inch of Susan's marvelous body.

She actually had the chutzpah to ask, as if she were doing Susan a big favor by kissing and playing with her body, "There, now don't you feel better - more relaxed?"

"Definitely." Susan lay down on the couch again, her breasts still fully exposed (although she kept her blouse on loosely over her shoulders). She remained extremely relaxed and open to Xania's suggestions. "I have to admit, I was very worried about coming here. But Xania, you've just been soooo helpful and wonderful. I already can't thank you enough."

Her eyes lit up as a new thought hit her. "Ooooh! How did things go with Alan? Can you tell me any more about that?"

Xania decided to have a little fun with the answer, since she'd been told by Suzanne that Susan was generally clueless about sexual innuendo. "Alan and I just had a very penetrating discussion. Extremely penetrating and probing. I think I understand the position you're often in much better now. In fact, both Alan and Katherine were very frank with me, and they've given me permission to tell you all the ins and outs of what they told me. Both say they have no problem having sex with each other or with you, and I believe them. In particular, Alan really pounded his sexual position into me most emphatically. I think I have his position well in hand now."

Xania had a hard time not snickering. She was greatly amused by her double meanings, even though she knew she was being a bit childish. She was beyond pleased at how the day had gone so far; she truly hadn't had this much fun in years.

Susan asked, "I know we discussed this earlier, but is it REALLY okay if my son has sex with me?"

Xania stared at her intently, as if trying through force of will to make Susan understand how emphatically she felt about this. "In a word, yes!"

But Susan still had trouble believing it. "So what you're saying is that it's okay to commit incest? With my son? With my daughter? With both of them, even?!"

Xania replied casually, "Let's not use the word incest, since that's such a loaded term. Plus, they're not related to you or each other genetically. I'm just saying that it's up to you. If you want to, you can. I don't see any insurmountable moral dilemmas. And I don't see any serious psychological problems on their side, if they continue to handle this in a mature fashion."

"Oh doctor! That's so wonderful!" Susan grabbed both of her bare breasts and clutched them tightly. She closed her eyes and imagined it was Alan holding them as he straddled himself over her for his daily motherfucking.

But Xania said, "Hold on. I do see some things that need fixing, however. Most importantly, you need to resolve your lingering religious issues, and I'm not the person for that."

"True," Susan said a bit sadly.

"That said, there are more things we need to discuss and work on. For instance, your sense of losing control of the situation, of helplessly falling down a slippery slope of desire. We need to discuss how you can assert greater control in your life. Someone needs to drill some discipline into you. You definitely need a good drilling."

She decided to have more fun with the obviously verbally naïve Susan. "Or, instead of a slippery slope, we can picture it as a tunnel. You were going down a tunnel of despair, weren't you?"

"Oh yes." Susan nodded her head emphatically, which caused the usual jiggles and wobbles. Xania found herself talking to Susan's constantly enticing chest.

"You went deeper and deeper down that tunnel. No relief from the daily grind. But then you pulled out, right? You would change your attitude and pull out."

"Yes."

"But then you'd find yourself plunging in again. And then out. In and out of the slippery-sloped tunnel. That especially typifies your relationship with Alan, correct? In and out of the slippery tunnel, over and over?"

"Oh yes!" Susan suddenly found the room getting hotter, though she couldn't figure out why. It seemed that being merely topless wasn't enough. Her skirt and undies chafed at her skin, so she pulled on them nervously.

Xania thought, Damn, this is fun! I can't believe she hasn't seen through my double meanings! How can a woman be so sexually innocent yet such a raging, incestuous nymphomaniac? I will not be able to thank Suzanne enough for this day. This woman is such a sex bomb. It's a good thing Alan totally wiped me out with an excellent fucking. As tired as I am, I'm still sorely tempted to get up and DO this gorgeous nympho, who's just sitting there tormenting me with her naked tits. I'd love to go wild all over her!

I should talk to Suzanne about having a follow-up session. Yes. A follow-up with no limits on what I can do to the whole family. Yes! That's a most excellent idea! I'll hold off now if I can really go to town later. Who knows, I might even be able to give them some good advice along the way.

She dropped her covert word play and tried to turn the discussion into something serious and meaningful. "It's time to stop with your uncertainty and mood swings. I say: accept that it is your fate to get fucked by your son! We already know that it's your fate to sexually serve him in every way short of that, so why not that too? Be honest, truly honest: is it not inevitable? Is it not your destiny?"

Susan whispered, "Perhaps. Perhaps!" She was still struggling with the enormity of this way of thinking.

"I believe it is," Xania said confidently. "You're not just helping him with his medical problem, are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you've already gone far beyond just trying to help him cum six times a day. You told me earlier that you're proud to be one of his personal cocksuckers. This has become a passion for you, a calling even. Perhaps you could even call serving your son's cock your true vocation."

Susan pondered that. Hmmm. Yes. I know it seems extreme, but it seems so right! Help me, Lord! Is serving Tiger's cock my true calling? If not, give me a sign!

Xania asked, "What would you do if he was declared cured and he didn't need help to reach that six-times-a-day goal anymore?"

Susan's eyes widened in alarm. "I... I'd be devastated!"

"You see? This is your calling and your destiny. So don't be halfway about it. No more wishy-washy waffling. Your pussy properly belongs to your son, along with the rest of you. You know in your heart that it's true, so stop trying to fight it! Embrace it! Be the best big-titted, well-fucked mommy slut that you can possibly be!"

Susan was floored by the force of that argument. She loved Xania's advice more than ever.

Chapter 665 Brainwashing Susan

Xania talked to Susan for another half hour. They agreed that it was a given Alan would fuck her, and soon. They mostly discussed how Susan could overcome her mental barriers to being fucked by her son so she could fully enjoy her new life of sexually serving him in every way.

Xania kept Susan sexually aroused all the while by using increasingly blatant sexual language. For instance, she'd ask, "How will you feel when your son drills your hot cunt with his thick, powerful cock every single day?" instead of "How would you feel if your son had sexual intercourse with you daily?" She found that the more aroused Susan was the more impressionable she was, and she used that to her advantage.

They spent a lot of time discussing Susan's religious qualms, even though that topic had come up several times already and Xania had even said that topic was out of her area of expertise. It was impossible to avoid since it was the one issue Susan just couldn't get over, so Xania finally decided to do her best reassuring Susan on that as well. As before, Xania carefully framed the discussion to take it as a given that those qualms were wrong and the problem to be solved was how to get rid of them.

Susan admitted, "Suzanne keeps reminding me about all these quotes from the Bible that prove God thinks incest is okay. You know, there's the story of Lot and how he impregnated both of his daughters. And of course who could Adam and Eve's children have sex with except each other and their parents? But still, it's explicitly prohibited in the Book of Leviticus, and of course every church and denomination bans it now. I just can't believe that it's really okay!"

Xania didn't know a lick about the Bible and had no familiarity with the Bible references Susan mentioned, except of course for the story of Adam and Eve. So she focused on that. "Of course the Bible bans incest because of the danger of inbreeding. But in this modern era that's not an issue anymore. Besides, even back in the Bible days God made exceptions. Like Adam and Eve's children. They had to commit incest because there was no other choice. How else would the world be populated? Right?"

"Right..."

"Think about your situation. With Alan and his dire medical condition, there's really no choice, is there?"

"No," Susan said glumly. "I suppose not. But then I think that he could always have sex with Suzanne or someone else in his growing stable of big-titted hotties. He doesn't really NEED me for that."

"Not true! But first, you agree that there are times when incest can be religiously acceptable, right?"

"I suppose."

"Good. Now, let's look at this long term. There are going to be many times you're alone with him and his rampant, insatiable cock. When there's no one else nearby to help. What then?"

Susan asked, "What if I just suck him off? Or give him a nice titfuck? Or both at once? Mmmm... I love doing that... So yummy..." She smiled blissfully and licked her lips.

Xania smirked. She'd discovered that it was ridiculously easy for Susan to get sidetracked with sexual thoughts, now that she was fully aroused. "True, but variety is the spice of life. He's been so very polite avoiding your pussy as much as he can, but how long do you think that can go on? You admitted to Katherine today that you think of yourself as one of his fuck toys. What kind of fuck toy is unwilling to actually get fucked?!"

Susan closed her eyes and turned her head in shame.

"Well?" Xania prodded.

Susan quietly admitted, "A bad... a bad fuck toy." Somehow, saying that made her pussy throb even more than before. She knew she had to be a good fuck toy, which meant her son's thick cock would soon be spearing her deeply.

"Besides, your children are adopted so technically it's not even incest in the first place. Susan, you need to get a grip. It's time that you admit that you MUST let your son fuck you."

"I must?"

"You MUST." Suzanne had told Xania that Susan was naturally submissive and liked to be ordered about, so Xania now took advantage of that fact. Plus, she was getting tired of her constant dithering on the

issue. "You're being selfish keeping your pussy all to yourself, when you can be helping your son with his dire needs. As a medical and psychological professional, I'm ordering you to obey your son in all things!"

"Including even...?"

"Yes! Especially that! It's not something I'd recommend for just anybody, but in your case, yes! Spread your legs for your son and let him fuck you!"

Susan gasped. She was writhing in her chair with a gushing pussy. She ached to finger herself to completion.

"I know the religious issue still bothers you, but how can anything that feels this right be wrong? If God is at all loving and merciful, He WILL forgive you!"

Susan opened her eyes and stared into the distance as if in a trance. "He will...? He will! Yes, He will!"

Sensing she was making a breakthrough, Xania passionately continued, "Of course He will! I don't know about incest in general, but your situation is so unusual and extraordinary that certainly He would give you a special exception! Throw aside your hang-ups and let your son fuck you already!" That was much more direct than what she and Suzanne had agreed she would say, but she was getting swept up in the moment.

Susan's eyes were bug-eyed. "Really? ... Wow." She let that sink in. After a minute or so, she broke her deep thought and said, "Thank you, doctor. I feel somehow, a cloud has been lifted. Coming from you, with your professional experience, that means so much. You're right, I've been selfish, clinging on to a shred of my prudish ways. I feel so... so... It's all so clear to me now! Thank you!"

Xania felt a little guilty manipulating Susan so forcefully. She knew no real psychologist would ever say anything like that, especially regarding religious issues. But she didn't really feel that bad about it. Given Susan's intense feelings for her son, she truly felt it was a shame they weren't doing the deed already. Plus, she felt like she was doing Susan a favor by speeding up the inevitable.

Xania decided to "seal the deal." She said, "Now, it's time for another visualization exercise. Close your eyes and relax."

Susan did so.

"There, lay back and relax. Oh, and please take your heels off so you don't mark up the couch."

Susan reluctantly shucked her high heels off and laid all the way down on the couch.

Xania smirked a bit as she said, "Your 'cutie Tiger,' your well-hung son, he's sitting in the waiting room right now. Imagine that he comes into the room, ready and eager to fuck. To fuck you! As usual, he's too nice and respectful of your wishes to say how he truly feels, but seeing you lie there with your impressive breasts bared for him, it takes all his willpower not to climb up on you, rip your clothes off, and slide his gigantic cock right into your tight little pussy!"

Susan gasped erotically. "Oh! TIGER!"

Xania decided to push things even further. "Don't hold back! He's not going to actually come into the room, but pretend that he's here. Without opening your eyes, I want you to take off your clothes. All your clothes! Then, play with yourself while you imagine him taking his rightful position in the household! You told me earlier that he's the 'man of the house.' The man of the house gets to fuck all of the women in the house, doesn't he? Including YOU!"

"Oh my goodness!" Susan shrieked with excitement. "You're so right!" She immediately got to work on taking the rest of her clothes off.

Before long, Xania found herself somewhat chagrined that she'd come up with this latest "visualization exercise." Susan had no trouble getting deeply into it, and she wantonly fondled her pussy, nipples, and the rest of her body. But she did so wordlessly (except for her frequent "mmms" and moans), leaving Xania frustrated in trying to imagine exactly what Susan was thinking about. What frustrated Xania even more though was just how incredibly tempting Susan looked lying there and masturbating.

Xania at least was grateful that she was sitting behind a large desk, since that allowed her to furtively masturbate while watching. But she knew it wasn't nearly as good as if she'd been lying on top of Susan. She had fantasies of her own in which she more directly helped Susan's incestuous "visualization" by fucking her with a strap-on. It took all her willpower to stay behind her desk.

Eventually, Susan had a loud and satisfying climax. As soon as it was done, she opened her eyes and exclaimed, "Wow! Just... Wow! Xania, THANK YOU! That was so very therapeutic!"

Again, Xania was chagrined. She'd been happily masturbating while watching Susan's perfect nude body writhing on the couch when Susan's climax arrived unexpectedly. Xania still hadn't worked herself up to the big climax she'd been expecting, and she had to stop playing with herself once Susan looked her way.

Startled, Xania frantically wiped her fingers clean of pussy juice below the edge of her desk. She smiled and said, "You're welcome. Again, that was a very unorthodox technique, but I'm all about doing whatever it takes to get results."

"Again, I can't thank you enough," Susan said while she sat up. "I feel like a new woman! I didn't even know I'd been carrying a big burden around on my shoulders, but I do now, because it's gone!"

Xania finally concluded the session with another big, long, juicy kiss, not to mention some more fondling. Then she sent her back to the waiting room.

Susan started putting her clothes back on.

But Xania asked, "Wait, what are you doing?"

"Making myself presentable, of course, so I can go out there."

Xania froze her in place by holding her hand out in a stop gesture. "Think about it? What's out there?"

Susan frowned, because she didn't understand where Xania was going with this. "My two children, of course."

"I didn't ask you WHO is out there, I asked you WHAT is out there."

"Um... my Tiger's... penis?"

"Exactly. And what's going to inspire his penis most: you walking out there in a business suit like you work in an office building, or you walking out there stark naked like you're a sexy stacked mother who loves to serve?"

A great big smile broke across Susan's face. She thought, Mommy doesn't just love to serve, she lives to serve! "Xania, you're so right!" Looking down at herself and seeing that she'd already put her high heels on, she asked shyly, "Can I keep my heels on though?"

"Come here."

Susan walked to Xania.

Xania stood behind her, pressing her fully-clothed body all over Susan's completely naked one. Then she reached around and wantonly played with Susan's tits, focusing on pulling at her nipples. "Again, ask yourself, what's going to make your son's cock stiff and throbbing with pleasure?"

The big smile returned. "Heels it is!"

"Good. Now, let's do another brief visualization exercise to reinforce the things we've been discussing. I don't want you backsliding. Are your eyes closed already?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, who do you belong to?"

"My... my son." She opened her eyes, briefly trying to turn around and look at the 'psychologist'. "Isn't that wrong though? How can a mother belong to her own son? That's backwards!"

"Maybe for other mommies, but you're a special sex-toy mommy. Aren't you?"

Susan relaxed, and began purring, "Yesss..."

"So the normal rules don't apply to you, do they?"

"No, I guess they don't." bender

"Again. Who do you belong to?"

Susan spoke in a confident, happy voice this time. "My son!"

Xania let go of one of Susan's nipples to bring a hand down to Susan's pussy. She briefly ran a finger over Susan's clit and right down her gushing pussy lips. "Who does this belong to?"

"My son!" She shivered lustily at the intimate contact.

"So when he wants to fuck you, anytime, anywhere, for any reason, what will you do?"

"Spread my legs and let him jam his big fat cock all the way into me! And then... then... I'm gonna churn my hips, and squeeze my pussy, and bounce and writhe and grind... MMMM, Son, oh, yes! Drill me deep, and deposit your spermy load inside me! YES! I'm going to be the perfect fuck-toy mommy! Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yesssss!"

Xania had run her finger across Susan's pussy lips for just a moment, then she'd brought her hand back to play some more with Susan's nipples. She worried that if she let herself get started on Susan's pussy, she'd never stop.

However, the cessation of such brief contact really frustrated Susan, leaving a much-needed climax just out of her reach. She longed for Xania to touch her clit again, triggering her into orgasmic nirvana. Since Xania wasn't helping, she finally touched it herself, triggering a quiet but powerful climax while visions of Alan drilling her like a jackhammer filled her head.

Xania smirked with glee. Even though Susan had been surprisingly quiet, she knew what had just happened from the way Susan's body trembled. Susan, you're so fucked! Literally! Your son's cock is going to live in your pussy, pretty much every day for the rest of your life!

Chapter 666 Things Spiralling Forward.

Susan was so happy that she was practically walking on air. She also was about as hot and horny as she could possibly get, and the fact that she'd just had a particularly big climax after a whole series of smaller ones didn't cool her ardor one bit. Images of getting royally fucked by her son dominated her thoughts.

When Susan walked out of the inner office and into the waiting room where her two children sat, her eyes went straight to her son. She gave him a "come hither and fuck me" look that nearly knocked him out of his chair.

"Son! Come here!" she barked with atypical urgency.

Alan stood up, not quite sure what was going on. He was completely floored that his mother was wearing nothing but her high heels and her glasses in such a location. He was further flabbergasted when he saw Xania standing in the doorway behind Susan, staring at him with a triumphant smirk.

Susan crossed the room and kissed her son on the lips for a long time. Almost immediately, one of her hands went to his crotch and she started stroking his dick to full hardness through his blue jeans.

But she didn't like the impediment of his jeans, so she quickly managed to unbutton them, reach a hand inside his fly, and directly stroke his newly stiff erection. A part of her was aware that Xania was standing there watching, but she didn't care much, since she was just that aroused.

As their necking went on, Alan glanced at Katherine. He worried this might bother her in some way, but she just flashed a big smile and gave him the thumbs-up sign.

When the French kiss ended, Susan cooed in his ear while lovingly jacking him off, "Son, this talk with Xania has been the best thing for me ever! Everything is so much CLEARER to me now. I don't have to feel guilty or ashamed about servicing your cock, and yes, even serving it! Serving it!"

She looked down at her sliding fingers. Mindful that Xania was watching, at first she'd tried to at least maintain some decorum by stroking his hard-on inside his jeans, but now it was poking out through the fly. She pondered trying to cover it up, but she was proud of her son's cock and she liked the idea of Xania seeing just how big and impressive it was.

With her heart racing and her embarrassment soaring, she pulled his jeans down enough to completely expose his shaft plus his balls too. She got busy stroking his boner with one hand and fondling his balls with her other hand.

She licked his jawline to his ear as she purred, "Son, I want to serve your cock! Forever! I'm not just saying that as something to arouse; I well and truly mean it. THIS is what I was born to do!"

The "THIS" she referred to was the way her fingers were rubbing his sweet spot. "It's not just my duty, it's my calling and my destiny!"

Normally, Alan would have had his hands fondling Susan's bare ass cheeks by now, and/or maybe he would have been playing with the fulsome globes pressing into his shirt. He wouldn't have been deterred by the fact that Katherine was undoubtedly watching everything. But he could see out of the corner of his eye that Xania was still standing in the doorway and obviously watching too, and that left him uncertain. He kept his hands in the air while he tried to figure out what the hell was going on.

Xania coughed loudly. She was pleased at what she was seeing, but she felt obliged to break it up before it got too hot and heavy. She had her own hot and heavy fun planned.

Seeing that she had everyone's attention, Xania said, "Susan, as the saying goes, you go, girl! Good for you, showing your feelings like that!"

Before she could say more to get Susan to stop her fevered stroking, Alan asked incredulously, "Xania, are you really okay with this?! I mean, really?!"

Xania folded her arms under her massive rack. "Alan, don't you remember what we talked about before?"

He said, "Well... yeah! But it's one thing to, you know, talk about it in the abstract. It's another thing to actually see it, and in your own waiting room, no less!" His heart was pounding wildly as he looked down at Susan's fingers pumping up and down his shaft, and pleasuring his balls too. But he seemed helpless to stop her because it was all too arousing to be believed.

Xania looked at him a bit peevishly, like she was annoyed at his lack of comprehension. She pretended to be completely unfazed by the two-handed handjob she was witnessing. "Why would I say something I didn't mean?"

"Um..." He was having a hard time thinking.

Then coming up with a response became kind of a moot point, because Susan had been licking and kissing her way all over his face, but then her lips wound up touching his and she couldn't resist giving him another passionate French kiss.

Katherine fully approved of anything that furthered her mother's sexual liberation, but she was feeling increasingly left out. She stood up and asked, "Hey, Mom, can I help out?"

There was a long pause, since Susan was consumed with her kiss. But she finally broke away long enough to say, "I have this urge to say no, but maybe... maybe that's not such a bad idea. What do you think, Xania?" The sound of Susan's hands sliding through sticky cum and the smell of that cum filled the air.

Xania replied, "I think that's an excellent idea! From what I understand, Alan's penis sometimes requires great amounts of stimulation, and even then it can take practically FOREVER before he cums!"

Alan's arousal level surged even higher as he recalled the fact that Xania knew that through first-hand experience earlier in the day. The way she emphasized the word "forever" made him remember just how long she's stroked and sucked him before they even got down to fucking.

"That is soooo true!" Susan exclaimed.

Xania continued, "It's up to you all, of course, but I think having two sets of hands, or even two mouths, working on his thick erection at once... I don't see a problem with that. It might even be the best way to go about things on a regular basis."

Katherine was all in favor of lots of joint blowjobs, so she helpfully suggested, "It's kind of like, if you have a really heavy box, it's better to use two people to lift it."

"Exactly," Xania replied.

"MMMM!" Susan moaned into her son's mouth. But she broke the kissing again to say, "Did you hear that, Tiger? Who knows? Before long, Angel and I might be sucking you off together, every single day!"

Katherine was still miffed to be left out of the action. But hearing that cheered her up. "YES!" She pumped a fist in the air. "That's what I'm talking about!" She raised her hands, intending to undress and get started on a double blowjob right away.

However, Xania held both hands out. "Whoa! Hold on there! It's a good idea, but not right here, right now. My time is limited. Susan, I'm going to need you to sit and wait on your own for a while because I'd like to speak to Katherine and Alan at the same time. Is that okay?"

Susan wore a blissed-out smile on her face, while she kept on stroking her son's boner. She'd brought her other hand up from his balls so she could double-pump him. "That's okay. Everything is very, very okay. I'll manage." She muttered under her breath, "Dear God! So much cock!"

Xania coughed even more obviously.

However, Susan either didn't hear or she pretended not to hear. She kept on with her relentless fondling while she looked into her son's eyes and said, "Tiger, you know what Xania told me a little while ago? 'How can anything that feels this right be wrong?' Those were her exact words! And it's so true! Sliding my bare tits over your chest, feeling my hard nipples press in... Humping my ass up and down... Squeezing your cute ass... Which I haven't actually done yet, because I can't let go of your cock!"

Somehow, she upped her enthusiasm even more. "Because that's the BEST! Just HOLDING your stiff meat in my hands makes me shiver and tingle all over! But then, when I get to stroke it, it's like an

endless orgasm for me! Son, I love it so much!" As her passion rose, her fingers pumped up and down faster and faster.

Alan's face was straining and his heart was still racing fast. He was fighting hard not to cum too quickly, especially since he wanted to impress Xania with his staying power.

Susan was building up to another climax of her own. "So thick! So long! So perfect! So RIGHT! And when I drop to my knees and take you in my mouth-

Xania had been so fascinated watching Susan's heartfelt declaration that she forgot to put a stop to the action. But when she heard Susan start to talk about blowjobs, she could tell what was coming next, and she knew she had to act fast. She practically shouted, "Susan! Please!"

Susan was in such an ecstatic sex fog that it took her some long moments to respond. And then, all she could say was, "Um... Yes?"

"You should probably let go of that. NOW!"

"Oh. Sorry." Susan very reluctantly let go. Xania's "NOW!" sounded serious, and Susan's submissive side needed to obey.

But even then, she didn't completely stop. Although her hands withdrew, she went back to kissing her son's face as she said, "Son, don't worry! Everything is going to be all right. If nothing else, you'll always have your big-titted mommy to serve you. Always! I'd been so very worried about today, but everything is going to be just fine!"

While she was talking and planting small kisses here and there, she rubbed her naked body against his clothed one. And since she was no longer jacking him off, she tried to make up for that by grinding directly against his boner. She had it trapped up against his belly and she was stimulating it in this manner almost as well as if she was using both hands.

Alan had to say, "Um, Mom, good! But... please! Go, now! Or I'm gonna make a big mess!" Then he remembered, "Wait, actually, I have to go." He took a step back, causing them to disengage.

Looking down, he saw his hard-on pulsing and twitching so much that it was almost comical. He had to count to ten and take some deep breaths before he could even begin to calm down. He was still on a hair trigger. But finally he managed to tuck his boner back into his jeans and zip up.

He looked up at Xania and saw her smirking at him. Clearly, she was having a ball.

Katherine walked up to him and held her hand out. "Need a hand, Big Bro? That thing looks dangerous!"

Her eyes motioned towards the obvious bulge in his jeans. "It's like a throbbing wild beast. Let me stick my hand down your front so I can pet it and keep it warm."

He looked at his sister and rolled his eyes. "Thanks, but no thanks. As it is, it's a close thing I don't make a big mess." He took his hand in hers. "Here, I'm going to hold your hand just to make sure it behaves."

Katherine giggled. "Well, okay, but who knows what kind of mischief the other one will get into!" She giggled even more.

Once the two siblings walked into the inner office hand in hand, Xania went back out to the waiting room to briefly talk to Susan.

Xania stood there as a trembling and excited Susan settled down into a chair. She realized she needed to figure out a way for Susan to expend her sexual energy. Plus, she didn't want her to be alert as to what was happening inside her inner office. "Susan, I'm going to need you to stay relaxed for another session later."

"Okay. I guess I'll just..." She looked around and saw the same magazines she'd been perusing earlier. "I'll read, I suppose." Then a thought hit her, and she clutched in embarrassment at her bare chest. She also crossed her legs to hide her pussy. "But I'll need my clothes! Oh dear!" She started to get up.

Xania motioned for her to stay in her seat. "Remember what you were saying earlier, how being topless helps you relax? That goes doubly for being topless and bottomless too, doesn't it? I can assure you no one else is going to come here to this waiting room today."

Susan looked around furtively. Her mood was rapidly changing, and cooling down, now that Alan was out of the room. "Are you sure? Anyone could come in. I think I'd feel better wearing at least something."

Xania looked at the naked mother, and thought, If this woman ever wanted to make it in Hollywood, she could go so damn far. I've always been held back by my naturally sinful and slutty looks. At least that's what they say. And they say my breasts are so big that they're intimidating and I'm only good for porn films or wanna-be porn films. But Susan has such a naturally wholesome look, and at the same time she's so sexy! She would have the town eating out of her hand, even with her boobs being as big as mine.

Inspired, Xania decided to push her luck a bit. She took away a "Good Housekeeping" magazine that Susan had glanced at, and said to the buxom mother, "You must be bored with those old magazines. Remember what I said earlier about how you should envision your Alan fantasy as much as possible? Now's a good time."

Susan looked up in surprise. "Again?!"

"Yes, again."

"But... I just did that."

"I know, but repetition is important. You have years of conditioning that incest is bad to overcome. The way to do that is with frequent visualization exercises. I want you stay naked, completely naked, and do exactly what you did before: masturbate to thoughts of getting fucked by your son!"

Susan's eyes widened as she reflexively clutched at her exposed rack. "But... but, once I start, I won't be able to control myself! Especially after everything we said and did already."

"Do it! Losing control is good. Why do you need to control your urges at all? Here: imagine that he's coming home from school. You're ready to greet him with a nice welcome home cocksuck. And sure, you can do that for starters. But his cock is so POWERFUL, and THICK, and DEMANDING! It needs more! Much more! It needs to plunge deep into your hot cunt!"

Susan's mouth hung open in shock and her bare chest started heaving wildly as she vividly imagined that scenario. "My goodness! Xania, do you realize what your words are doing to me?! I can practically feel him sliding in and out of me as it is." She whispered shamefully, "My pussy is hot!"

She looked around the room for some kind of excuse or escape. Thinking about how she could feel her pussy lubricating, she pointed out, "I'll make a big mess all over your nice chair. And my children will see it when they return. It'll be so embarrassing!"

"Don't worry. We have plastic seating. And I'll cover for you. They won't know. Besides, so what if they do? You were just jacking your son off as you kissed him. The time for modesty is over. You are a fuck toy for your son! Doesn't that make you feel good?"

Susan admitted, "You don't even begin to know how good."

"So, stop holding back. Fully embrace your role!"

Susan still seemed doubtful. She looked around as if expecting to find a secret camera watching her. "But... I'm in the waiting room. It's not just my children who could see me. Anyone could walk in!"

Xania spoke with supreme confidence. "The door is locked, and nobody else is coming here today in any case."

"Even so, I don't know..." Susan was mindful of how carried away she got with her last visualization, and she was afraid of that happening again in what she still felt like was a more public location.

Xania tried a different tack. "Aren't you a sex cow? Sex cows have to make a lot of pussy juice, all day long, don't they? That way, Alan can drink up your pussy juice when he isn't filling his mouth with all the milk gushing from your nipples. Isn't that right, my little sex cow?"

That definitely made an impression on the sex-addled mother. Her eyes brightened in a flash. "Oh yes! You're right. It's my duty to cum hard all over this chair for my cattle prod. Uh, I meant, for my son, and his, uh, prod. Gosh! You're so UNDERSTANDING! You even understand my sex cow fetish. I could just kiss you!"

Xania quipped, "Please do."

Susan was so excited with these sex cow ideas that she immediately laid back on the couch, closed her eyes, and began fingering her pussy, even while Xania still stood there.

Xania was a bit disappointed that she didn't get another kiss, but she let it slide since she was eager to return to her inner office for further fun with Katherine and Alan. She admonished, "Don't forget: visualization exercises. You and Alan fucking. Think of him as a big strong bull mounting his favorite cow. Remember, he's just come home from school and his balls are about ready to burst, they're so full of sperm. Think about that long, hard cock you've just been stroking. Think about stuffing it in your mouth and wrapping your lips around it."

"HNNNGG!" Susan groaned erotically.

"But don't stop there. When you finish giving him a long, sloppy blowjob that lasts until he squirts all over your face, remember that he controls every inch of your body. And he also wants to fuck your CUNT!"

"UNGH!" bender

"He looks at your cum-covered face and he gets so horny that he just has to have you again! Right away!"

"OH! OH! MMMM!"

"Have fun!" Xania bent over, playfully pinched one of Susan's exposed nipples, and winked at her. The wink went unnoticed though, because Susan's eyes were shut tight and she was already slipping into fantasy land.

Susan plunged two fingers into her pussy.

Xania shook her head, sad once again that she felt she couldn't participate. She opened the door to the inner office, stepped inside, and closed the door behind her.

Chapter 667 Xania Taking Control !

Xania took in the sight of Alan and Katherine sitting on the couch next to each other. With Katherine there, she couldn't be sexually free with Alan or take off any clothes. But she resolved to change that soon enough.

So Xania said, "In case it isn't obvious enough by now, both of you may be glad to hear that Susan is feeling very positive about the incest idea. Including... full-on intercourse!"

"Woo-hoo!" the siblings said at once while they high-fived each other.

"Great!" Alan added. "I certainly wasn't expecting THIS today! This is like, getting into my favorite college, only better!"

Katherine pointed out to him, "And if you're laying your pipe into Mom on a daily basis, then she can't complain if you stuff your little sister too! She may be hypocritical at times, but she can't deny that!"

That led to another high-five between them.

Xania continued before the two teenagers got too excited, "There's a lot to celebrate, but there are some problems as well. Katherine, the chief problem I see with you is the issue of jealousy. Alan is sleeping with many different women, and you feel that you should be number one with him, and have sole possession of him. Isn't that correct?"

Katherine looked down shyly. "Um, not sole possession exactly. I don't feel jealous when he's with other women at all."

Alan coughed significantly as she finished that sentence. Obviously he disagreed.

Katherine pretended not to notice, and kept talking. "But I want to have a special place in his heart."

Alan said, "She calls herself my number one fuck toy. Obviously, I love it." He didn't realize that Xania had discussed that very phrase at length already with both Susan and Katherine. "How could I not? I mean, I'm a horny guy and she's a walking wet dream." He looked at her with a loving smile.

She smiled back, and reached out and squeezed his hand.

But then he frowned. "Although, there are times when I wonder if she might go overboard a little bit."

Xania looked deadly serious. "Interesting. Katherine, there's no shame in that nickname, and I don't see a problem with it. Alan, she and I actually discussed this some earlier. Some people might think 'fuck toy' is demeaning. But the way I figure, what she means is that she wants to completely open herself sexually to you, no limits. And she wants you to lead the way. There's nothing wrong with that at all."

"Exactly!" Katherine nodded, At the same time she was participating in the discussion, she was sizing up Xania's beauty. Good God. Not only does her body look fantastic, from what I can see of it, but she has a truly stunning face. That's a face to launch a thousand ships. I wish I looked half that good!

Xania spoke directly to Katherine again. "But number one implies exclusivity. I think you do feel jealous when he's with other women."

Katherine shook her head emphatically in denial. "No, I don't. I let him fuck whomever he wants."

"I think you do," Xania insisted. "It's only natural. Anyone would."

"I said I don't!" Deep down, Katherine knew she was jealous, but she wasn't about to admit it to Xania. "In fact, I'm open to helping him find 'fresh fuckmeat', as we say in our house. I totally helped him get in Kim's pants, and others. She's another cheerleader, by the way."

Xania nodded. "Yes, and that sounds good. But you don't find someone like Kim a threat, do you?"

Katherine wave a dismissive hand. "Nah. She's nice. She wouldn't hurt a fly. Besides, she's pretty but not drop dead gorgeous."

"I don't mean her specifically. What if there's a drop-dead gorgeous woman who directly threatens your position, or takes time away that he could be spending filling you up with fresh semen?"

Katherine immediately thought of Amy and her resentment of Amy's "Official Girlfriend" status. She'd started out helping Alan with Amy, thinking the two of them could have some innocent fun with her, but Amy had leapfrogged her to a special place in Alan's heart. Then she thought of Christine, and her muscles tightened even more. She didn't even allow herself to think of Heather, since she knew that would be nothing but upsetting. But she said defiantly, "Ain't going to happen. Brother loves me."

"You ARE jealous," Xania insisted. "I'm sure of it now, thanks to all your non-verbal body language. In fact, I'll prove it to you. We can't solve your problem until you admit you have one. Why don't we do a little role-playing? This will definitely be very unorthodox, but I'm willing to improvise in whatever way it takes to achieve results. Are both of you okay with that?"

The siblings nodded.

Xania continued, asking Katherine, "What do you think about the fact that, during my earlier session with Alan, I stroked his erection? Does that make you jealous?"

Katherine fired a quick glance at her brother and saw him looking uncharacteristically smug. "You did?! Wow! I thought that was illegal for psychologists to get it on with their patients or something... But no, it doesn't."

"Not even a little bit?"

"No." She straightened her back imperially, as if the very idea was an affront to her dignity.

"So you wouldn't mind if I sexually pleasure him right now, in front of you?"

Katherine was shocked, but she felt a surge of arousal rush through her, not jealousy. She couldn't help but long to see Alan get it on with such a beautiful woman. "No. Knock yourself out. I've watched enough times. It's like water off a duck's back. God knows he needs all the help he can get. Brother, how many times have you cum today?"

"Not enough," he said.

"See? Go for it." Katherine defiantly folded her arms across her chest.

Xania said, "Okay, then. We'll see if you're right. Alan, please take off your jeans. I assume a well-hung boy like you will have no trouble getting aroused? ... Ah, I see I'm not disappointed."

Alan's penis had gone flaccid for a while, which was a much-needed respite considering how worked up Susan's handjob had made him. But thanks to the direction the conversation had just taken, he was sporting a newly-engorged woody that already had a few droplets of pre-cum at its tip.

Still fully dressed in her business suit, Xania knelt in front of Alan and took his newly exposed boner in her hands. She looked over at Katherine, who refused to look back.

Katherine did her best to look away, even once she heard the tell-tale squishy sounds of fingers sliding up and down her brother's cock. This is soooo unethical! This is an outrage! The whole thing doesn't make any sense, unless... Dammit! I'll bet Brother seduced her while they were talking earlier. That's so like him. Sometimes, having a brother this studly is a bit of a curse. And now she's trying to get my goat. Well, I'm not gonna give her the satisfaction! The joke is on her, because I'm actually getting really horny seeing this.

Xania said to Alan seductively, "Hmmm. I'm feeling a little... overheated. Alan, do you mind if I unbutton my blouse a little?"

Alan was all grins. "Please do!"

Taking her time, Xania would stroke Alan's hard-on a little bit, then unbutton a button on her blouse. Then she'd stroke him some more, and then unbutton another button. She continued doing this until she was out of buttons. Building anticipation, she sucked in her breath while thrusting her tits out. Then she slowly opened her blouse in front enough to expose her nipples, yet she still kept her jacket on.

Alan had a sense where Xania was going with this, and he was more than willing to play along. So, once Xania's blouse was wide open and she was stroking him with both hands, he pretended like he hadn't seen (or felt) Xania's rack yet. "My God, Xania. You're seriously stacked! Just like Mom!"

Katherine couldn't help herself. She growled out loud, and then she griped, "'Just like Mom.' That's not even true. Hers are clearly smaller than Mom's, if you ask me."

Xania leaned forward and playfully licked the tip of Alan's cockhead. Then she leaned back to better display her fantastic 38Gs and kept on stroking his thick pole. "Katherine, I sense some jealousy. Perhaps issues over breast size?"

Katherine crossed her arms defiantly and closed her eyes. "Hrmp! NOT! I couldn't care less!"

Because Katherine's eyes were closed, she could only hear and not see when Xania asked Alan, "What do you think? Are they smaller than your mother's? Maybe you should feel them, to get a better sense..."

Many long moments passed. Katherine's agitation grew while she was only able to hear the familiar squishy sounds of her brother's cock being stroked. Finally, her curiosity got the best of her. She opened her eyes and saw Alan happily fondling Xania's exceptionally large tits with both hands. It was a struggle for her to not let out an annoyed growl.

Xania immediately noticed that Katherine was watching. She asked, "Does this make you jealous?"

"No," Katherine said. She was trying to look disinterested, but the only person she was fooling was herself. Dammit, no real psychologist would do something like that. Look at her hand slide up and down, up and down. I can totally tell she's loving it. This is way fishy - she's too good! How did she get to be some kind of cock-stroking expert?! The damn bitch is playing with his balls too, and I know how much he loves that. And what's with Bro and big tits? He keeps moving hers up and down and all around, like he could do that all day long. And he probably will, dammit!

Alan could see that Xania was trying to make Katherine jealous. He hadn't thought through her reasoning, but given the sexual fun he'd had with Xania earlier, he knew it could only lead to more fun. So he helped out by asking, "Xania, could I play with your pussy?"

Xania sounded like the voice of reason as she replied, "I don't see why not. After all, we're all adults here. Unless, Katherine, you have a problem with that?"

"Why would I care?" Katherine huffed, with resentment obvious to everyone but her. Her arousal was still there, but it was quickly getting overwhelmed by jealousy. "I told you that I'm into sharing him."

"Good." Xania took off her panties. However, rather perversely, she kept her jacket, blouse and skirt on. As before, she liked her psychologist outfit and felt that continuing to wear some of it helped her stay in character.

Katherine closed her eyes again, but that didn't stop her from hearing the sound of Xania's fingers slipping and sliding up and down Alan's already wet shaft. She winced when she heard Xania's erotic moan as Alan stuck two fingers into her slit. She winced again when she heard Xania say to him, "I must say, this started out as just an exercise to see if your sister was jealous. But you're getting me really hot! I love stroking your big cock! It's no wonder your mother and sister and many more are so crazy about you. And you know just what to do with your fingers."

"Thanks," he replied.

Katherine peeked with one eye to see what he was doing with his fingers. Seeing what Xania and Alan were doing to each other practically made her blood boil.

Then Xania said in an even sexier voice, "Alan, I'd love to suck your cock. It looks so inviting, like it needs to be sucked. Do you mind if I suck on it a little?"

"Please do!" he replied, not surprisingly.

"Okay, stand up so I can really get into it."

He stood up, which of course meant he had to stop playing with her pussy.

Xania just licked her way around his cockhead a little bit, for starters. Clearly, she was an expert at building up anticipation.

Katherine couldn't sense what was happening, so she took a peek. Her first reaction was shock at the sheer length of Xania's tongue. Fuck me! Is that for real?! I'd think she's some sort of succubus from Hell, except that I know Aunt Suzy has one just like that. Dammit, what are the odds of TWO tongues like that, and Brother gets to enjoy the oral attentions of both?! So UNFAIR!

As she kept on peeking, she was also miffed to notice that Xania was positioned with her body directly facing Katherine instead of Alan. And what's up with her pose? It's like she was putting on a show just for me. ... Oh, I get it. She's trying to make me jealous. But it won't work! Why does she have to be kneeling like that though, with Brother standing up? She couldn't possibly know that's my favorite position in the whole wide world, could she? Nothing makes me feel more like an owned fuck toy than that, and now she's ruining it! But I'm not gonna let it bother me. She closed her eyes again, especially to avoid having to look at Xania's freakishly long tongue lapping at the tip of Alan's cockhead.

But as soon as Katherine tried to tune out, Xania announced to her, "Okay, now I'm going to suck his cock."

"Go ahead." As Katherine sulked, she couldn't help but peek once more at Xania's mostly exposed bosom. Fuck! Xania really does have humongous tits! And she's got gorgeous long legs too. Not to mention a hot, wet cunt - I can tell by the way she's smelling up the room! It's bad enough I have to compete with the likes of Mom and Aunt Suzy. Now this?! I guess it figures that birds of a feather flock together and she was close to Aunt Suzy, but still. It's way unfair!

"You sure?" Xania asked Katherine. Alan had been holding his shaft, but now Xania took over, so she could stroke as well as suck and lick. She made sure her slicked-up hand sloshed up and down Alan's pole in an extra noisy manner. Her mouth was already so close that she was alternately blowing on his dick and licking it some more.

"Knock yourself out," Katherine answered bitterly. She was forced to open her eyes again, since Xania was looking at her. "But what's with you getting all physical like this, not to mention using words like 'cock?' Isn't that unethical?"

Xania brushed that off by saying, "This isn't a formal therapy session. I'm just seeing you all in my free time as a favor to Suzanne."

Before Katherine could argue that point, Xania purred, "Mmmm! Katherine, I can understand why you've fallen for your own brother. I'm not sure why, but seeing him way up there while I have to stay down here with my tongue on his cock really turns me on. He's a take-charge kind of guy, isn't he?" She kept on licking, mostly focusing on his super-sensitive frenulum - his sweet spot.

Katherine clenched her teeth and her fists. Dammit, I should be the one kneeling with my brother towering above me! That should be MY tongue bathing his cockhead in saliva! GRRR!

However, she controlled herself, and said, "Yes he is. But answer my question, please! Just because this isn't an 'official session,' it still doesn't seem right that you're doing that."

"Sorry. As you can see, I'm pretty distracted." Xania giggled before spending more long moments lapping and fondling his balls. Then she added, "Getting to your question some more, technically, yes, this is highly unusual. But I'm a sex therapist, and my ways are unconventional. As I told Alan earlier, my motto is: 'Do whatever works.' Besides, I can stop if it bothers you. Just say the word."

"Don't let me stop you," Katherine said, but in an annoyed tone.

Xania moved from kneeling to squatting in front of the still-standing Alan. She wanted to strike a different sexy pose to further drive Katherine to distraction. As she flicked her tongue at the tip of his cockhead, she asked, "This doesn't make you jealous? You really don't mind if I swallow his cock and bob on it?"

"No, already! Geez."

"Okay, if you're sure..." Xania finally engulfed Alan's cockhead, plus another inch or two of his shaft. She was getting off big time on having an audience, and she was performing for Katherine as much as she was for Alan.

She started sucking him off, bobbing at a steady rhythm, but with a corkscrew twist. Squatting up on her heels, she was actually able to bounce her entire body up and down instead of just bobbing with her head. All the while, she looked over her shoulder as much as she could to gauge Katherine's reaction.

"I'm sure," Katherine said huffily after watching the cocksucking for about a minute.

But at the same time, she thought, Jesus H. Christ! Look at her go! She's a cocksucking natural. She's as good as Aunt Suzy! Look at the way she's totally loving it with her sliding lips. She's putting her entire body into it too. And- holy shit! Did my eyes deceive me, or did her tongue just snake out and wrap its way practically all the way around his shaft just then?! It's like she stole Aunt Suzy's move AND her tongue!

Katherine was burning with jealousy, but she was also burning with lust. She couldn't deny that Xania was a talented cocksucker, not to mention an extraordinarily beautiful, voluptuous woman, and it was impossible to watch her suck without feeling extremely aroused. Katherine was increasingly eager for this to end before she either screamed in agony or started blatantly masturbating, or maybe both. Hoping to conclude Xania's jealousy test, she spoke out of the blue. "I told you this doesn't bother me. Do you believe me now?"

But Xania didn't reply at all for a while. She just kept on sucking and sucking.

Katherine was on the verge of cracking. If she wasn't watching Xania's sliding lips, she was transfixed by Xania's bare ass bouncing up and down, over and over. She grew increasingly fidgety. More than once, her hand drifted to her crotch and she had to consciously pull it away.

A couple of minutes later, Xania finally took Alan's cock out of her mouth and replied with a simple, "No."

So much time had passed that Katherine had to think back to remember what Xania was replying to. When she recalled her question, she rolled her eyes again, unwilling to admit to herself that her jealousy was rising just as steadily as her arousal.

Chapter 668 First Sex With Xania !!

After a while, Xania could tell that Alan was getting close to cumming. But unlike before, she was keen to work with him to make the fun last. She pulled her lips off his prick and sat back on her heels.

She said in a sultry purr, "I think it's time I got completely naked. Don't you agree?"

Alan's heart was pounding hard, and he was fighting not to cum, so all he could do was nod.

With eyes only for him, she seductively finished removing her jacket, followed by her blouse and skirt, leaving her wearing nothing more than her glasses and high heels.

As she stripped, she said in a sultry tone, "Alan, you have a magnificent cock!" She hefted up her big boobs. "I think your cock needs to meet my tits. What do you think?"

Alan was all smiles. "Definitely!" Then he looked to Katherine. He panted and gasped, "That is... unless that bothers you, ah... Sis, or... makes you jealous... or something?" He said that fairly innocently. He was so overcome by pleasure that he hadn't been paying close attention to how much Xania had been goading his sister.

Katherine determinedly folded her arms under her rack again. "Me? Jealous? Ha! If anything, I'm getting all horny. Go for it, Big Bro." Steam was practically rising from her ears, she was so annoyed. But at the same time, she truly was getting extremely horny. However, she didn't want to give Xania the satisfaction of showing that either.

Xania got up and walked her sexy, bare ass to her desk to get some baby oil. Both siblings watched with awe as she sashayed her nude body across the room and back. Seeing Xania walk around completely naked only increased Katherine's aggravation that she was fully dressed.

Xania put extra oomph in swaying her hips and swinging and bouncing her big tits, mindful that all eyes were on her.

What neither Alan nor Katherine realized was that in her years as an aspiring actress in Hollywood, Xania had perfected a variety of different sexy walking styles. She was every bit as good at strutting and sashaying as Suzanne was when she put her mind to it. The effect was devastating. Alan thought he was already as aroused as he could be, but just seeing Xania sashay for a fraction of a minute set his heart racing to a nearly dangerous degree.

Katherine noticed Alan's jaw gape open as he continued to stare at Xania in wide wonder. She was suddenly filled with a powerful longing to learn to sashay like Xania or Suzanne (or Susan, for that matter, now that Susan had mastered the technique). Not for the first time, she was extremely frustrated that she had to compete for attention against such experienced and beautiful older women.

Then Xania got back on her knees in front of Alan, poured a copious amount of the baby oil into her deep cleavage, squeezed her tits together with her hands, held Alan's cock, and slipped it in between her tits for a titfuck.

Katherine thought, Fuuuuuck! She looks so sexy that it honestly makes me want to cry. Just look at her! She's soooo Alan-worthy! A body like that is built for just one thing, and that's fucking! What the hell is she doing being some kind of psychologist, even a sex therapist? She should be a fuck toy, serving my brother!

Shit. Did I really just say that?! I take it back. I don't want this long-tongued, big-titted competition on a regular basis!

By this time, Xania had begun a vigorous titfuck. When raising one round tit, she was lowering the other one, and vice versa, steadily repeating the motion over and over again.

Katherine thought, No fucking way! I know what this looks like with Mom's chest, or Aunt Suzy's chest, but here's a THIRD perfect rack that he's plowing through! He's such a fucking lucky fucker! That makes me seriously wish I had a penis. Okay, maybe not - that's too weird - but I sure do wish I could be feeling what he's feeling right now. Look at him, all blissed out with his eyes half closed and that silly grin on his face. Damn! I wish I had a rack like that. Hell, I can barely see any of his cock except for a little bit on the end. It's like he's drowning in boob!

Again, Alan tried to help Xania stimulate Katherine's jealousy, even if he didn't understand why. As he slid his rampant erection through her cleavage, he gasped, "God, Xania, that feels so good! I just love fucking every inch of you. But especially your huge hooters! These big babies are meant for fucking!"

Xania gave Katherine a significant look.

Katherine still insisted, "I don't mind and I don't care. So there!" She definitely wanted to take off her own clothes and join in, or at the very least pleasure herself, but she felt that would somehow mean she was approving and giving in.

Xania took it easy with the titfucking for a while, since she knew Alan was close to the edge. But after a bit, with her tits relatively still, she tilted her head down and stuck out her tongue.

"FUCK ME!" Katherine suddenly cried out in renewed agitation over just how long Xania's tongue was.

As she stared in disbelief, she thought, Crap! That's not a tongue; that's some kind of inhuman SNAKE coming out of her mouth! You know what? I think it's even LONGER than Aunt Suzy's! What the hell?! Were they bound together as college students by their freakishly long tongues? Actually, they probably were, but that doesn't help me now. Damn! That extra inch or two is crucial. More like two! She can slather his cockhead with ease even as she keeps sliding his cock around in a snug tit tunnel. I can't compete with that! Hell, nobody can!

Okay. I'm starting to get a bit jealous. (That was a dramatic understatement, since she was still in denial.) But I'm not gonna give her the satisfaction of knowing she got to me. Soon, this'll be over and we can go back home and everything'll get back to normal. Brother, please, just CUM already! You're killing me here! I don't know if I'm more horny or upset. But knowing his stamina, we're probably gonna be here for hours. Grrr!

Alan knew only that Xania had a long tongue, but he still had no clue as to just how remarkably long it was. He was so busy keeping his eyes shut to avoid being overwhelmed by all the stimulation that he missed seeing her tongue sometimes stretching all the way to his sweet spot. He just assumed she was really good at bending her neck forward.

He hadn't cum yet, although he was practically out of his mind from the constant stimulation. It was a bit cruel, but knowing that Katherine was steaming with jealousy yet pretending not to mind as he slid his stiffness through Xania's big rack somehow made his sexual pleasure that much more intense.

Xania was no unfeeling automaton through all of this. Her arousal was spiking, especially since she had a thing about being watched. Furthermore, trying to get a rise out of Katherine made the situation extra naughty. She was enjoying the titfuck, but what she really craved was to get royally fucked. She was close to the orgasmic edge and knew that would tip her over, probably multiple times.

So without asking Alan, Xania suddenly pulled him down to the floor, rolled over on top of him, and guided his cock deep into her pussy. She deftly accomplished all that in a matter of seconds. Alan was in such a euphoric erotic fog that not even he really knew what was happening until he was balls deep in her. (She wanted the fucking to be a done deal before anyone had a chance to object.)

Xania was so far gone into her fuck lust that she didn't even think about using a condom. That was highly unusual, because normally she was very careful about that kind of thing.

Nobody had really said anything in a while, except for Katherine's "FUCK ME!" outburst, but now Alan couldn't help but exclaim, "Oh man! Dang! Look, Sis! My cock just BOTTOMED OUT all the way inside Xania's hot twat! And man, is it hot! And tight! So tight! So good!"

Xania thought, Ditto! Phew! His thick shaft fits me so perfectly! Even better than the first time. I can already tell this is gonna be a fuck to remember!

With Alan's boner fully sheathed inside Xania's pussy, she churned her hips around in unexpected ways, mostly to show off to Katherine what she could do. She kept her hands behind her head, both to show off her physique and because the pose somehow made the fucking that much more enjoyable. Then she pulled back up until the tip of his dick was all that was still inside her. She kept the pose for a long moment, and then, as she stared right at Katherine, she squatted back down, impaling herself all over again with a desperate, erotic groan.

Katherine whimpered in frustration; she knew deep in her pussy just how fantastic that felt. She clutched her hands into tight fists and clenched her teeth. Give me strength, God! I will NOT give her the satisfaction of showing how much this is getting to me! But why does she have to keep her arms up like that?! It's cruel and unusual punishment! It's like she's having the time of her life, riding a bucking bronco, except she's riding my brother!

Xania shuddered and shivered all over as an intense orgasm ripped through her body. But she tried hard not to show it, and she was extra careful not to scream out. Hiding the climax actually went against her plan to rile Katherine, but she wasn't thinking clearly.

It didn't matter though, because Katherine definitely noticed. Shit, just look at that. God, she came so hard! I can tell! You'd think she'd stop and rest a minute, but no. Oh no! She's impaling herself on him AGAIN! Arrrgh! Kill me now! I'm so wet and horny wishing that was me, but there's NO WAY I'm gonna let her know that!

Somehow Xania still had the breath to ask, "What do you think now, Katherine? Does this make you jealous?" As she rode steadily atop Alan's engorged member, she luxuriated in the sensation of feeling his erection deep inside her warm, wanting pussy. She thought, I could definitely get used to this kid. Definitely! To think that Suzanne lives next door to this fucking machine. Lucky bitch! No wonder she's pulling this scam!

"No! I tell you, it doesn't!" Katherine almost yelled, with an angry face that was positively burning with envy. Then she had a disturbing realization. "And you're not wearing a condom, Brother! What's up with that?"

Xania responded, "He's not? You're right; he's not! Bareback fucking feels soooo good. But what's really incredible is that, Alan, you could knock me up today! Imagine that!" She figured mentioning that risk, while untrue, might spur him to even greater heights. She really was surprised and disturbed that she'd forgotten about the condom. Normally, she would have stopped to put one on immediately after being reminded, but she was so carried away by the fucking that she just told herself she'd do better next time.

Alan would have freaked out about the lack of the condom, but Xania surreptitiously winked at him, implying that she was just playing along to get a reaction from his sister. He decided she had to have some pregnancy protection of her own (which in fact was true, although she normally insisted on protection from STDs as well).

However, Xania didn't know about Katherine's enormous desire to have her brother impregnate her. That comment about getting knocked up was the straw that finally broke the camel's back. Suddenly, Katherine was so jealous that she couldn't deny it to herself anymore. She also was so upset that she was about to burst. She shouted angrily, "Stop, you two! Brother, don't cum inside her! Okay, I admit it! I'm jealous! VERY fucking jealous! If he's gonna knock anyone up with his potent baby-makers - and he will - it's gonna be ME! I wanna be the first to carry his children, dammit!"

She looked at Alan and wondered why he wasn't saying anything at all. He was trying to keep his face as neutral as he could, though it was hard for him not to let slip how much fun he was having.

Huffing and puffing, Xania said while she bounced up and down, "Don't be so stubborn. It's okay to admit some jealousy. Alan won't love you any less for it. By the way, you'll be glad to know that I've got my own protection and won't get pregnant. Also, feel free to take your clothes off if it makes you feel more comfortable." She kept on riding Alan's engorged pole in a most distracting manner, with her huge melons bouncing obscenely. She drove Alan's cock in and out while doing all the work herself, still twisting her hips in the same impressive way as before.

Katherine couldn't stop staring at where Xania and her brother were joined. It annoyed her immensely that Xania was making hip-grinding moves that she hadn't even known were physically possible. "Oh,

okay, dammit! Not only am I jealous, I'll admit that I was feeling that way the whole time. But did you really have to go through all this just to get me to admit it?!"

"I suppose not," Xania admitted with a sly smile. She winked at Katherine, which only annoyed her even more.

Since Xania was riding Alan cowgirl style, she was doing all the work, not only rising up and down, but gyrating her hips in every direction. So far, Alan had just been lying there, reveling in the extreme pleasure. But after a while he decided to be more active. He reached up and grasped Xania's big tits with both hands, while simultaneously using his hips to help with the thrusting. As he enthusiastically kneaded her tit flesh he cried, "I'm in heaven! Total heaven!"

Even as their pounding continued, he enjoying running his hands all over Xania's incredible naked body. He especially liked alternating between grasping her bouncing tits and grasping her ass cheeks, sometimes helping her a bit with her hip gyrations. In between he would run his hands over her taut tummy. But mostly he just couldn't get enough of playing with her fantastic tits. Fuck me, man! I love this body! I must admit, my perfect body ideal is based on the very similar voluptuous shapes of Mom and Aunt Suzy. But Xania, she's like a fucking CLONE! She could be their lost identical triplet from the neck down! Too awesome! And I can tell she's loving it, so hopefully we'll be doing this more in the future!

Addressing Alan, Xania asked, "Do you have another one of those condoms? Unless you really are planning on making me pregnant, because my protection can only do so much to reduce the risk, and I am in my fertile phase." That last part wasn't true, but she wanted to tweak Katherine a little more. She winked at Alan, and then teased, "If you want to knock me up, I don't mind, but I think we should discuss it first."

"ANOTHER?" Katherine said hotly, in more ways than one. She finally began loosening her clothes and scooting ever closer. Hearing Xania talk about getting knocked up drove her over the edge of unabashed arousal.

Those comments also got Alan aroused beyond belief. He closed his eyes and concentrated all his energy on delaying his climax.

Xania thought to herself, Oops! But to Katherine she said, "I said that to see if it would get a rise out of you. It did. But it's also true. In my earlier session with Alan, I hadn't been talking to him for five minutes

when I somehow found his cock in my hand. Such a clever kid! Of course, he just kept on taking advantage from there until he wound up fucking me in the cunt."

Katherine was pulling her clothes off frantically, eager to join in. "Very clever. I figured something like that must have happened. Brother is just insatiable, and unstoppable. That's one reason why I love being his fuck-toy sister. But now that you've gotten me to admit some jealousy, why do you have to continue having sex with him?"

"I'm also trying to help him reach his six-times-a-day quota."

"You're really the altruistic Mother Teresa of psychology!" Katherine said sarcastically. Then she added huffily, "But I can help him as much as you can, and do it much better, I'll have you know!" She tossed her shirt across the room.

"Fine then. Join in if you feel like it. I don't care. My point's been made. You're jealous and you go to absurd lengths to deny it."

Chapter 669 Threesome With Xania And Katherine !

Katherine immediately stripped off the rest of her clothes and sat right next to Xania and Alan. At first she didn't know how to join in or what Xania would allow her to do.

But then Xania said to her, "Here, if you want to get knocked up so bad, then let him cum in you." She raised her soaked and quivering pussy from Alan's ever-ready cock, then used both hands to position it for Katherine to climb aboard.

The good "doctor" repositioned herself so Alan could suck on her nipples while he pumped up into his sister. Xania refrained from touching Katherine sexually, though she very much wanted to. Suzanne had given her strict orders to not get sexually involved with either Susan or Katherine. She'd already gone pretty far with Susan with all the "California kissing," but she didn't want to push her luck any further with Katherine. Besides, she was having plenty of fun with Alan.

Alan fucked his sister for a few minutes before taking a "strategic break" to rest his overheated erection. They used the pause to change positions.

Xania said, "Enough kidding around. Now's the time to put a condom on for real."

Katherine said in a sad voice, "I'm on the Pill and I'm wearing a diaphragm. He makes me. So unfortunately he won't be knocking me up today, condom or no condom." She added with hope and desire, "Although there's always a small chance I'll get lucky..." She got up on the couch so her ass would be positioned high in the air.

Alan got behind her so he could fuck her doggy-style.

Xania asked Katherine, "So you're gonna let him do you bareback?"

Katherine smiled from ear to ear. "Yeah. It feels soooo much better!"

"Do you mind if I help guide him in?"

"Please! Be my guest!" Katherine thought, Boy, this day is sure turning around in a hurry. Xania is way cool!

Feeling devilish, Xania positioned Alan's cock so the tip was resting against his sister's labia. However, she said, "Hold on. Let me make sure he's good and lubed up first." She bent over and licked his pole from top to bottom. She came within a fraction of an inch of putting her tongue against Katherine's wet slit.

Katherine was finally in a charitable mood, knowing that she was about to get a great fuck. She giggled. "That's hardly necessary."

"Still, it's best to be sure."

There were laughs all around while Xania slathered Alan's cock with her tongue, because all three knew how very unnecessary that was. Alan's boner was thoroughly coated in a mixture of saliva, pussy juice and pre-cum.

Xania jacked him off and licked him, then slowly inserted him into Katherine. As if she wasn't busy enough, now that she was more calm (because she wasn't in the middle of getting fucked) she took the opportunity to lecture Katherine, "Did you notice how unselfishly I'm handing Alan over to you? I'm doing that to make a point. Given that he has sex with so many women, you need to be similarly unselfish or you'll eventually become consumed with jealousy."

"UNRNGH!" Katherine wasn't disagreeing, she was just grunting loudly as the widest part of Alan's cockhead pushed into her.

Xania kept on with her licking, stroking, and talking. "As his sister, you'll always have a special place at the top of his list, along with his mother. The incest taboo alone is a great lure he'll never tire of, and your bonds of love are deep."

Katherine spoke loudly. "I'm listening, but push it in deeper! Faster!"

Xania did push Alan further into Katherine, but she also said, "Hold on. Can't I have at least a couple of inches to play with? Your brother has a very remarkable cock."

"Don't I know it! But push! Puuuush! Then lick his balls if you must."

"Ah. Good idea." She pushed another inch or two of Alan's great thickness into Katherine.

"AAAAIIIEEE!"

"Ssssh!" Xania chided. "We don't want your mother to hear, do we?"

"Drat!" Katherine resolved to stay quiet, but it was almost torture to do so, especially when Xania pushed him in the last inch or two, causing him to completely fill her up. The horny sister sighed with supreme satisfaction.

Xania got right to licking Alan's balls. She figured she wouldn't have much time to do that, before their fucking rhythm made keeping her face that close too dangerous. However, at that moment, Katherine

was still adjusting to Alan's girth. Despite all the arousing distractions, Xania kept on with her advice. "Maybe if your looks were average you'd have a problem, but you're stunning! You're a sexy fox, and you have the big breasts he loves. So don't worry. And by being unselfish, you yourself can reap the rewards, as this threesome illustrates."

"Wow! That's a pretty cool lesson, I gotta admit," Katherine said casually as she pushed herself backwards onto her brother's stiff member. "Maybe coming to a psychologist wasn't such a bad thing after all."

"Coming IN a psychologist isn't such a bad thing after all, either," Alan blurted out loud.

bender

Everyone laughed, helping to lighten the mood.

Xania was pretty impressed with herself as well. The entire session with Katherine and Alan together was something she'd made up on the spot, not something Suzanne had coached her to do. As she watched the siblings thrust back and forth in a good rhythm, she thought, Hot sex and a good lesson on jealousy for Katherine to think about! What a fun day this has been. If there was ever such a thing as a sex psychologist, I think I'd be pretty damned good at it.

Katherine and Alan soon reached a good fucking rhythm. Xania sat back and just watched for a while, since she didn't want an ass or crotch slammed into her head.

A few minutes passed. Alan continued to fuck Katherine doggy-style. Xania reengaged, draping herself all over him, generally kissing and fondling him while he did the same back to her. She was careful not to touch Katherine too much though, since she didn't know how the girl would react if she did.

Eventually, Alan and Xania had to stop necking because the intensity of the fucking was increasing and he was having great difficulty breathing. Xania kept right on kissing him elsewhere on his face, as well as kissing and licking his neck. She also made sure to keep her big globes within easy reach so he could play with them.

After a while, she got around to licking one of his ears, and that gave her the idea to whisper in his ear. "You know, when Suzanne asked me to see you all as a personal favor, she warned me. She said you were a nice guy, but between my looks and your needy cock, odds were good I'd wind up on my back with your fat boner balls-deep in my cunt! I thought she was just joking, but it turned out she was spot on."

As she playfully nibbled on his ear, she asked teasingly, "Are you going to add me to your harem? Do you want me to be one of your fuck toys? Where do I sign up?"

Had he thought that she was at all serious, he would have jumped eagerly on that suggestion. But it was clear from her tone of voice and general demeanor that she was just trying to arouse him with provocative teasing.

With all the fucking and fondling going on around him, not to mention the way Xania was licking and nibbling at his ear, he wasn't expected to give a serious answer, so he didn't. He just muttered, "I wish!" and concentrated on slamming in and out of Katherine.

Katherine thought, She is just joking, right? She'd better be joking! But even if she is, I'm sure she'll be back for more at some point. Everyone he fucks wants another round.

After another minute or so, Xania said, "I can see that your fucking is speeding up. Soon one or both of you are gonna cum. But Katherine, I understand you have a football game to cheer for. If you leave soon, after you have a nice cum, I think you'll be able to catch some of it."

"Oh, right. Thanks!" Katherine was rather hoping for more "lessons" from Xania, especially if they involved more sex with her brother. But then she thought of her commitments; the other cheerleaders were counting on her. She looked over her shoulder, then asked, "Big Psychologist-slaying Brother, could you cum quickly for me? I've gotta run, and I want to feel your baby juice sloshing around inside my cunny during the long drive home."

"No prob, Sis. I'm totally ready to blow anyways." He fucked her at an even harder and faster pace.

Xania had just changed positions, opening up new fondling opportunities. So, at the same time, he stuck fingers in Xania's pussy and asshole, sawing her holes in time to the overall fucking pace. He wanted her to have a good final orgasm too.

Within another minute, all three of them were on the verge of cumming. Alan usually felt the need to prolong his climax as long as possible; he saw having to cum as a sign of defeat, as it usually meant the sex session was over. But he'd had so much sex over the course of the day already that he was looking forward to some rest and recovery time.

He thrust into his sister's pussy a few more times before he let himself go with an exceptionally loud grunt. After having used a condom so many times that day, it felt especially great for him when he shot his seed bareback straight into his sister's pussy.

As soon as Xania and Katherine realized that Alan was cumming, they let their climaxes overtake them too. Katherine's climax caused her pussy to tighten and clench so much and so unpredictably around Alan's erection that it seemed to double his pleasure and squeeze even more cum out of him.

The three of them each let out fairly loud screams as their passion overtook them. It occurred to Alan that Susan was still sitting in the waiting room next door. He figured she'd have to have heard the screaming, and he wondered what she'd think about it. In any case, it was too late now to try to remain quiet.

Chapter 670 All Is Well.

When it was all over, he pulled his dick from his sister's slick mound, causing a river of his cum to flow obscenely out of her. He guessed that it had been over a week since he'd last fucked her, which seemed far too long. He shared her hopeful vision that if he could just get permission to fuck their mother, they wouldn't have to sneak around anymore.

Katherine sighed happily. "Aaaah. Good times! Xania, look! Look what he did to me." She spread her pussy lips open wide with her fingers, causing even more white goo to flow out. "Brother has been having sex off and on all day, including recently with you, and he STILL has this much cum to give."

She suddenly removed her fingers and switched positions. "Oops! I don't want to leak too much. I want to have that sperm-sloshing-around-inside-me feeling for the drive home." She soon stood up and started to dress.

Alan and Xania were still recovering from their post-orgasmic lethargy, and they had nowhere to hurry off to, so they just lay there and watched her. As they did, Xania said to him, "You know, you have quite a sister there. I think that "number one fuck toy" stuff isn't just talk. She has the makings of an excellent fuck toy. She really goes all out for you."

That made Katherine so happy she tingled all over, because in her mind it validated her fuck-toy fantasies. "Yes! Listen to this wise woman, Brother."

Everyone laughed at that.

While dressing, Katherine said, "You know, Xania, at first, when we talked this morning, I thought you were super cool. But then you teased me so much with this whole jealousy-testing thing that I was starting to hate you. But then I realized you were just playing a game, and you let me and Bro fuck, so now I think you're super cool again."

Xania laughed. "Thanks!"

Once Katherine was dressed and ready to go, she bent over nearly to the floor, kissed her brother appreciatively, and then made to rush out the door. "We'll talk later, Bro! You have NO idea how I've been counting the days and the hours, waiting for the feeling of you inside me again, Big French Loaf Brother! Thank you! Mom is so gonna be styling when you fuck her too, I just know it."

Her eyes went wide as she realized what she'd just said. "Wow! You're gonna fuck Mom! For real! Isn't that cool? Then we'll all be one big, happy, fucky family! And with Aunt Suzy and Aims in there too... Wow!"

He nodded. "You're telling me!"

She teased playfully, "You'd better start buying Viagra in bulk!" As she reached the door, she looked back and added, "Oh, and Xania, I really appreciate all the good advice you gave, especially the encouraging stuff you said to Mom. As far as Alan seducing you and fucking you, do you feel any regrets about that?"

Xania responded, "Are you kidding me? That was the best thing to happen to me in a long time." She was kind of lying by omission, since she was the one who'd seduced Alan, but she was being honest in saying that it was the best thing to happen to her recently. Although she had a very active sex life, that particular day had been special for her.

Katherine grinned. "Good. Then it all worked out. Oh! Will we get to see you again? I hope so!"

Xania said, "Maybe not in an office setting, but look at me!" She waved a hand over her sprawled-out nude body. Even though Alan hadn't cum in her, her crotch was quite swampy, and she had sweat and streaks of cum all over her. Standing up, she said wryly, "I would say that the ice has been broken between us, no? I hope we can meet from time to time as friends. And did I mention that I'm bi?"

Katherine's mouth hung open. "You ARE?! Oh shoot! Damn! Why didn't you say something about that earlier? I was being really careful not to touch you too much."

Xania put on her business suit jacket as she replied, "Same here. But that just means we'll have more fun things to explore the next time we meet."

She followed Katherine to the door while wearing nothing but her jacket and high heels. In part, she was being polite in seeing Katherine out. But mostly she was having a fun time teasing Alan with her sexy body, and she knew that walking away with her jacket on would draw all of his attention to her fantastic ass.bender

Alan was suitably impressed, especially since he could see his cum glistening on Xania's inner thighs. However, it still wasn't nearly enough to revive his overtaxed penis.

When Xania reached Katherine, she whispered in her ear, "Don't ever think that having sex with your brother is wrong. Not with the way you two clearly love each other. And don't think that being his fuck toy is wrong either. If that's what works for you and makes you happy, then go for it, all the way! More power to you!"

Katherine replied, also in a near whisper. "Cool! You give the best advice EVER! Thanks!"

"No problem."

"See ya!" Katherine gave a final friendly wave at the door before letting herself out. She was careful to not open the door too much, so Susan wouldn't have a chance to look in.

Once the door was closed, Xania wiggled her bare ass at Alan before turning around. Then she raised an eyebrow while also displaying her hefty rack through her wide open jacket. "'Big French Loaf Brother?'" She suppressed a chuckle.

"It's a long story. Think phallic-shaped objects." Alan felt a tang of sadness, realizing from Katherine's description of counting the hours how much more sex between them meant to her than it now did to him. He had too many other targets to get that excited.

Xania went back to cuddle with Alan for a while. As she lay there, enjoying the afterglow of a very satisfying sex session with her head resting against his body, she found herself speculating about what Katherine and Susan were saying to each other in the waiting room. With a start, she remembered that not only was Susan still out in the waiting room, but she most likely was still practicing her "mental exercises." She didn't want Katherine to see her mother in that condition, lest the daughter think that Susan wasn't actually treated properly by a real psychologist.

Xania worried it was too late - that the horse was already out of the barn - but nevertheless she quickly got up and put on the rest of her clothes. (Alan also roused himself and started to dress, but he went slower since Xania hadn't explained her reason for rushing.)

Even with her hurry, it took Xania several minutes to make herself look presentable, rather than just totally fucked out. By the time she made it to the waiting room, she discovered that Katherine was gone. Susan was sleeping slumped in her chair, totally naked. She looked to be asleep and had an expression of complete exhaustion, like she'd just run a marathon. She sat in a very large puddle of cum; her thighs and butt were covered with her sticky goo.

Xania frowned. Shit! Not good. Susan looks like she's just been gang-banged. Will Katherine be understanding? I hope so. Luckily, Susan is so readily aroused, all the time, that there's no need to blame me for her looking like this. Probably, Katherine just thought, "There goes my horny mom again," and decided to walk on by without waking her.

Xania shook Susan by the shoulder.

"What?" Susan said, suddenly sitting up. She'd fallen asleep with one hand on one of her tits and the other on her bush. Both hands were sticky with her juices, which had formed the puddle on the chair. Her hair was a mess, and she generally looked bedraggled and sweaty.

Xania tried to keep a smirk off her face. "Looks like you've been following my suggestion a bit too enthusiastically. Can you get yourself in order? If you could at least clean up the puddle a bit, and get your dress off the floor in my office..."

Susan blushed and tried to cover up. Every movement she made seemed to create more obscene squishy sounds. "Oh! Sorry! This is so embarrassing!"

"You know, there's a bathroom. You could clean up there," Xania suggested.

"Thank you. I'll go do that!" She left to get her dress.

A few minutes later, Xania was back in her office with Alan. They were both waiting for Susan to return after making herself presentable again.

He had put his clothes back on, but he was still feeling lazy, resting on the sofa. He asked, "What's the plan now? Are you going to bring my mother back in here to talk to her some more?"

"Yes I am."

She thought to herself, After quite a bit more "hello and goodbye" kissing, hee-hee. And I think I'll watch her cum a bit more, if she still has any energy left. Behind this big desk, she won't be able to see what my hands are doing in my own lap. Too bad I can't touch her, but it's the least I can do to follow Suzanne's rules after being given the treat of this really fun day. I can't thank Suzanne enough for arranging the whole thing! I swear to God, I haven't had this much sexual fun in years, and I've only been with this bunch for a couple of hours. I can't imagine how they can keep up this pace all the time. It's like a fiery tornado of lust blowing past me!

He asked, "Why? I mean, didn't you work out her incest issues about as much as you could in one day?"

"True. But repetition is key. It's like the advice people give about speeches: 'Tell 'em what you're gonna talk about, talk about it, and then tell 'em what you just talked about.' Frankly, she's been kind of brainwashed with all that fundamentalist Christian stuff she grew up with, so she needs a... countering indoctrination."

That made good sense to him. "Sounds good. While you're doing that, I think I'll take a little cat nap out here."

She nodded, and then asked, "By the way, what you and I did here physically should stay a secret from her, okay?"

"Why?" he asked again.

Xania decided to be partially truthful. "The main reason you're all here is so Susan can put her worries about incest to rest. Suzanne knew I didn't have any moral issues with incest, under the right conditions at least, so she asked me to help and be encouraging with her. But if Susan finds out I'm quote unquote easy or quote unquote slutty, she's not going to value my advice on this nearly as much."

He nodded, since that made sense to him too.

She added, "She might have some jealousy issues too, but she wouldn't be ready for such a role-play today. Same thing goes for what you did with your sister. Let Susan discover that in her own time, when she's ready. I have a feeling you're a good judge of that. You strike me as unusually mature for your age."

"Yeah, okay. Some people say I am, but I don't think so."

"You're modest, too. How cute." Xania stared at him with an amused smile for so long that he had to turn away.

Then she said, "I must admit the sex with you wasn't strictly professional. Your mother and your sister kept raving about how sexually fantastic you are, and hell, even Suzanne couldn't help but brag about you some, so I just had to see for myself what the hype was all about. It was great, but they really raved

about the taste of your cum in particular, and even after I sucked until my jaws are sore all I've gotten so far is some of your pre-cum. I'd like to swallow a whole creamy load. After I talk to your mother some more, would you be up for a final fuck and blow session to see just how much I can swallow? Do you think you could get it up again?"

He smiled, but shook his head. He joked, "I think I should start charging a couple hundred dollars an hour for my services. I wish I could. I wish I could stay here all day with you, but unfortunately my body has hit its limit. You would not believe all the crazy sexual things that've already happened to me today."

"Shucks. Maybe next time."

He thought, "Next time"? Sweet! Xania is pretty cool. And what a freakishly long tongue, and all-around smokin' hot body! I can see she's a lot like Aunt Suzy in another way: once you get her going, she's sexually insatiable. And to think how much I worried last night about going to see a psychologist!