

6 Times 81

Chapter 81 First Deepthroat With Aunt Suzy.

Amy went back home shortly afterwards. She figured her fun was over now that the two mothers were present.

But the fun was far from over for Alan. Happily for him, Suzanne seemed to sense that he was just about to go insane from stimulation and lack of release, so she took him back to his room just a few minutes later.

As soon as she closed the door to his room behind her, she started stripping. "Sweetie, whip out that sweet cock-meat of yours. Your Aunt Suzy has gone all day without sucking your cock and that needs to change right now!"

Alan laughed. "Sweetness! Aunt Suzy, I love your brazen sexuality and explicit talk. I don't know where I stand with the others, but with you, you know what you want and you just go after it. I don't think any of the others have even said the word cock, ever!"

She grinned as she stepped out of the last of her clothes. "Well, I don't know about them, but I'm going to take your cock, hold your cock, stroke your cock, and then stick your cock down my throat so I can suck your cock for hours! So don't cock things up or get cocky about it. Cock, cock, cock, cockedy cock! COCK!"

They both laughed.

Then Suzanne got serious and got down to business. She said, "Remember when I said that you'd better get used to the sight of me naked and on my knees, sucking your cock?"

"Yeah? I mean, how could I ever forget that?!"

"Well, here we go." She crawled across the room to him on all fours. She shook her boobs back and forth as she crawled. As she went, she said, "How do you like seeing your Aunt Suzy crawl like a hungry animal so she can eat your fuck-meat? Does that turn you on? I hope it does, 'cos you're gonna be seeing it a lot from now on!" Then she took him in her mouth and sucked like a vacuum cleaner.

He groaned loudly and lustily as her lips slid back and forth over his sweet spot. "Ooooooh! Yeeeeessss" Goditssogood! Gonna need to cum already!

He squeezed his PC muscle frantically. He didn't want to embarrass himself by cumming in less than a minute. But after all the fun with Amy and Katherine downstairs, and then seeing Suzanne crawl naked on all fours, it was a difficult struggle.

As she licked and sucked, she thought, What's come over me? All this crawling, for one thing. I've NEVER done that kind of thing before for any guy in my life! It's not dignified. The problem is, for perhaps the first time in my life, I'm with the man I really love and I want to wow him. I want him to go absolutely ga-ga every time he sees me. But I do need to settle down and keep my dignity. No more of this crawling around, even though it is kind of fun to just go wild.

Despite the fact that Alan had recently started to practice the pubococcygeal (PC) muscle squeezing technique known as "Kegel exercises," named after the gynecologist Dr. Arnold Kegel who first described them, he didn't have the self-control to hold out for long in the face of such an all-out sexual attack. He tried his best, but he could no more stop his relentless rush towards orgasmic overload than he could stop a runaway truck barreling towards him.

Suzanne's tongue seemed to be everywhere at once, impossibly long, wrapping itself nearly all the way around his erection. He thought that was physically impossible, but it sure appeared that way. And her lips were just as ever-present. She could move like lightning, doing the most unexpected things, and then at other times caress his shaft with her tongue and lips in a very romantic and affectionate way. As if that wasn't enough, her fingers stayed busy too, usually playing with his balls, or stroking those remaining inches of his shaft that weren't in her mouth.

Sure enough, in only a minute or two, he made some loud guttural warning groans and began to spurt.

Suzanne didn't back off, but just kept stroking, sucking, and licking, attempting to pleasure him 'to the last drop'. She made sure not to have his erection too far down her throat when he came though, so that his cum wouldn't go straight down her gullet without her being able to taste it.

When it was all over, he sat back and looked down at her. His chest rose and fell as he recovered his breath.

Suzanne looked up. "What is it? Sweetie, you look sad. Don't tell me I did a bad job, 'cos I know I didn't. I'd think you'd be ecstatic."

"Well, I am! You made me feel soooo great that I can't even put it into words. Dang, you're good! And I really needed that. But it was over so fast. I have no control at all. I feel like I'm just not living up to the kind of guy you deserve."

Suzanne guffawed. "Oh, that's rich! Sweetie, I could get used to this. I've been with a lot of men, but already I can tell that you're the best."

He frowned sadly, even while he admired her naked, kneeling body. "Best? Best at what? Ejaculating as soon as you touch me? I don't know what to do. You're just too much woman. I can't hold out."

"That's so sweet. But think about it. You're just starting out. You're just starting to learn control of your PC muscle. Besides, I can be pretty overwhelming at times."

He grinned and wiggled his eyebrows. "That you can."

Suzanne kept talking, "And I'm not allowing you to touch me, so all you CAN do is sit there. And it was mostly my fault, 'cos I got so excited that I didn't try to pace and prolong things at all. Don't worry. Okay, technically you may not yet be the best, but you will be. You've got all the tools." She reached out and held his flaccid penis as she said the word "tools."

"Like what?" he asked. "An above-average penis size? A lot of guys have that."

"True, you have that, and a few other nice attributes like your surprisingly sweet cum, but you have so much more. It's the intangibles. Aspects of your personality that just make a woman enjoy having sex with you. I don't want to go into them now though, because we've got better things to do."

She began to rub his flaccid penis in her hands. Then she bent forward and began licking his balls with her long tongue.

That made him remember his previous curiosity about the exact length of her obviously very long tongue. In fact, he grew so curious that he finally grew bold enough to ask, "Speaking of attributes, can you stick your tongue out for me?"

"A-ha! You noticed. Sure." She stuck it out all the way, revealing to him the longest tongue he'd ever seen.

He was impressed; it was even longer than he'd imagined. It looked like she'd even be able to touch the tip of her nose with it. "Wow! That's cool. Obviously you're the only one who's ever blown me, but I have a feeling you're extra good at it, thanks to your tongue."

She chuckled. As she started to talk, she licked up and down the side of his shaft while continuing to show off just how long her tongue was. "Oh, I'm good all right, but it's not just my tongue. It's like with you; it's the intangibles. For one thing, the passion, the engagement. When I jack you off or suck your cock, I just want to give you the highest high you've ever had in your entire life, and I'll stop at nothing to make sure that you get it." She certainly didn't lack in confidence, but she had good reason to boast.

He'd figured it would take ten minutes or more for his penis to revive, but between what her hands were doing to it, her intense look right into his eyes, her naked body, and her words, he found it already growing turgid. Oh man! Here we go again. So good!

He asked, "What about your husband?"

She grimaced. "What about him?"

"Don't you satisfy him? Doesn't he satisfy you? Whatever happened between the two of you? That's always been a mystery to me. He's like some kind of big, powerful, rich guy. What are you doing with a nerdy loser kid?"

"Are you trying to get me to stop stroking you? Geez. First question: yes I did, with ease, way back in the days when we actually had sex. Second question: yeah, he was good enough, back in those days. But now he's TOO rich. TOO powerful. We don't even relate anymore."

"But what happened? I still kinda remember when you two were really happy?"bender

She gave him a look that made clear that question wasn't welcome and he wasn't going to get an answer. She didn't want to reopen painful old wounds.

He wisely changed the topic slightly. "But what about other guys? I mean, you're Aunt Suzy, you're like some kind of walking, talking orgasm. You could have your pick of any guy. You could be with some buff lifeguard or bodybuilder or Donald Trump or something."

She laughed. "Ha! I've been with lifeguards and bodybuilders, and a lot more. I'm not proud to admit it, Sweetie, but I've had a lot of affairs since I gave up on my husband." She chuckled, "Donald Trump, so far, has escaped my sweep. But I've been with his type. Egotistical assholes, the whole lot of them. If a guy has something special, like a ten-inch dick or a million-dollar yacht, he comes to think he's God's gift to women. I piss on the whole lot of them. My affairs with those self-centered jerks are over."

She looked up into his eyes and said with great sincerity, even as she kept stroking, "You're different. That's what I'm talking about with the intangibles. Your mom and I, we raised you right. Susan can be over the top with her religious mumbo-jumbo, but there's a lot to be said for raising a kid with those old-time values. I feel confident that, no matter how good things get for you, you're not going to become an asshole. That's because you have class. You've got a moral backbone. You've got modesty. I know you're only eighteen and you're still maturing, but you're already more mature than many much older guys - my husband for instance - because you've got the fundamentals."

She added, "Heck, you're probably more mature than I am in a lot of ways. I can be pretty selfish and hedonistic sometimes." She thought about the duplicity in her entire six-times-a-day scheme. She wasn't proud of herself, but she felt that in this case the end justified the means, and that everyone involved would benefit quite a lot.

She looked down at his erection. It was back at full strength, so she started devoting more attention to it. "No, I'm afraid you're stuck with me, Sweetie. You're the best. I'm gonna stick to you like glue, if you'll have me. My only slight frustration is that I'm going to have to share cocksucking duties with Susan and Katherine and who knows who else."

His heart practically stopped beating upon hearing that. "What?! Mom? Sis? No way!"

"Yeah way. I've said this to you before, Sweetie. Just give it a little time, and mark my words: it'll happen. Your mother is so cock-hungry already that she doesn't know if she's coming or going. You

notice that deer-caught-in-the-headlights look she has all the time now? That's 'cos she's always thinking about your dick. She's thinking about fondling it. She's even thinking about sucking on it."

Talking about sucking reminded Suzanne to lean forward and begin licking the tip of his cock. But she was able to do that, and stroke with her hands, and keep talking too. "And I heard about her nipple incident at the pool today. What do you think made her nipples like two little hardened missile silos? It's you, mister."

He knew with his logical mind that what she was saying was true, but it was just so staggering, and the implications were even more mind-blowing, that it didn't seem real to him.

She went on, "And I've seen how your sister looks at you too. She's quite a hottie, don't you think? Can't you just picture her nursing a big fat Alan boner between her lips?"

He groaned as he pictured it. He was even more aroused because she was lapping against his sweet spot like a hungry dog.

She said, "I'll bet before long, both of them will be calling dibs, vying to see who gets to stroke you and blow you next. Just give it time. I wonder how long it will take before all three of us are all naked on the floor together, just like I am on all fours, begging you that we be the one allowed to suck your cock next!"

"Oh MAN! Aunt Suzy, don't talk like that! I'm just some guy. That could never be. I don't deserve it."

She shot him a dirty look and gave his erection a slightly painful squeeze. "Don't say that again, you hear? You're not just 'some guy.' True, you're not perfect; nobody is. You've got issues, like a lack of self-confidence. But you're special."

Out of nowhere, she started to tear up. "You're my special Sweetie and I love you. So much!"

By the time she got to saying "so much," tears were rolling down her cheeks because she was overcome with emotion as she tried to convey the depth of her love for him. However, she hated to cry; she thought it was a sign of weakness.

She also had trouble telling him in words just how much he meant to her. So she pulled herself together and distracted herself by devoting all her attention to the blowjob. She'd been passionate before, but now she sucked him with abandon. She tried to show him how much she loved him with her tongue, lips, and hands instead.

Alan was overwhelmed by what she'd said and by her tearing up, even more than by her insanely pleasurable blowjob. It took him over a minute after she'd stopped talking to get himself together enough to say in reply, "Aunt Suzy, I love you too." She hadn't actually said "I love you" as a direct, isolated statement, but he knew that she meant it.

He could hear her emotionally choke up again, and he felt it too since his dick was well inside her mouth.

He added, "And I'm not just saying that 'cos you're so sexy and stacked and great at handjobs and cocksucking. I mean, you're my Aunt Suzy. What more can I say? You're right up there with Mom as the most important person in my life, and that's the highest compliment I can think of. I know you love me, and, well, it just makes me love you back even more."

Suzanne was so moved that she was certain she was really going to lose it and cry her eyes out. But her tough persona kicked in. She stopped her blowjob long enough to say in a semi-joking voice, "Stop your blubbering already. You sound like a girl."

They both laughed.

Suzanne sighed as she lovingly caressed his hard shaft and cockhead with both hands. She gave it a few kisses, and then a few long licks, and then she said, "It's going to be a shame, having to share this sweet meat. But that's okay." She said to herself as much as to him, "Six times a day is a bit much for any one woman to handle, even someone like me. I don't mind sharing a little."

Then, in a nasty, sultry voice, she spat out, "We're all gonna get really good at sucking your cock. Really good." She swallowed him deep.

He didn't realize it, because he was so out of his mind with arousal, plus he'd never experienced it before, but she actually accidentally deep-throated him. Suzanne knew all kinds of sexual tricks and techniques, but deep throating wasn't something she had tried since she was in college. It wasn't easy

for her, and so it wasn't something she was willing to try unless she was really in love. Unfortunately, until Alan, she hadn't truly been in love for a long, long time.

Even with Alan, she hadn't intended to deep throat him, at least not any time soon. She liked the idea of surprising him with new things from time to time, and that was something she figured she could treat him with well down the road, after she'd had a chance to practice it on a dildo and get good at it. But her desire for his dick was so strong that she kept sucking more and more of it into her mouth until she realized with great surprise that she'd reached where her gag reflex would trigger.

At that point she paused, uncertain what to do. She thought back to her previous deep-throating efforts many years earlier, but they weren't good memories. She recalled a lot of discomfort and no additional pleasure. But her love and lust for Alan were so strong that she thought, What the hell? Why not? and she kept going.

To her surprise, she managed to swallow most of his cockhead, and with a lot less discomfort than she'd anticipated.

He groaned exceptionally loudly. His eyes rolled to the back of his head and he hung on as waves of extreme euphoria washed over him. She didn't know why the deep throating was happening relatively easily for her. She suspected that she was feeling both exceptionally cock-hungry and very relaxed, and that she might not be able to duplicate it again very readily anytime soon, so she should take full advantage of the opportunity. As a result, she pulled back, inhaled deeply, and dove all the way down his shaft once again.

One thing she didn't like about deep throating was the frustration of not being able to breathe while her throat was obstructed. So she made long deep-throating lunges, but only stayed down for a few seconds. Then she would alternate with tongue work right on his sweet spot until she was ready to make another short-duration deep lunge.

She needed his cum right away, and was determined to use every trick she knew to get it.

He blew his load about a minute later. When he started, she was deep throating him again. But, sensing his impending eruption, she pulled up at the last moment so she could taste his cum flowing through her mouth before it disappeared down her throat.

Just as he came, she touched her clit and exploded in climax at the same time.

He'd never felt so good, so satisfied. But it wasn't just the sheer joy and intense pleasure of a great blowjob. He felt a deeper love and connection with Suzanne than ever before, and that felt far better than the mere physical pleasure between them.

She got up next to him and they cuddled for a while as they recovered. He wished he could kiss her, and he brought his face close to hers, but for some reason she didn't seem open to that, and turned her head away. She also made sure he kept his hands by his sides instead of letting him explore her lush, curvy body.

But their cuddle was pretty awesome just the same. He knew that his bond and emotional closeness with her was getting stronger thanks to moments like those.

As they cuddled, he asked, "Aunt Suzy... Did you... This is kind of a weird question, but did you just deep throat me?"

She grinned. "Yes. Yes, I did."

"Wow! I didn't know you knew how to do that."

"Frankly, I didn't either. It just kind of happened. Don't expect it to happen again. I don't know what you've read or seen, but deep throating is NOT EASY for a woman to do. Well, at least that's the case for most women, including me. Maybe some women feel differently, but it usually isn't that pleasurable either. With you, I did it and I even kind of enjoyed it, because, well, you're my Sweetie. You're my special guy. It made me happy hearing you groan in ecstasy like you'd just entered Heaven."

"I did!"

She chuckled, lovingly brushing a hand through his hair. "See? That's what I'm talking about. You're such a cutie, so full of enthusiasm. But seriously, consider that a special treat that might not happen again. Frankly, I don't even know if I can do it again! Try sticking a finger down your throat and see what happens, and then imagine how much more difficult it would be with a dick the size of yours instead of just a skinny fingertip."

He tried sticking his finger down his throat, but gave up after just a second or two. He could see her point. He gave her a hug. "Wow. Aunt Suzy, you're the best! You make me so happy, and not just sexually. Just knowing that you care and that you're always there for me puts wind in my sails and makes me want to be a better person. And as a bonus, you're very cuddly!" He tightened his hold on her and kissed her bare shoulder, since that was right in front of his face.

She chuckled at his "very cuddly" comment, squeezing him back. But at the same time his words warmed her heart so much that she had to fight not to shed tears of joy. She thought, I feel the same, Son. All that right back at ya, and then some. Susan isn't the only one coming out of her shell lately. I feel more alive than I've felt in years, and it feels so good! So good to be loved!

She normally tried not to call him "Son," even in her thoughts, but that's how she thought of him in her heart of hearts.

Chapter 82 Wet T-Shirt - Shower - Kath

Katherine had been eavesdropping on Suzanne's earlier sexual activities with Alan, so she went to her room, ready to eavesdrop on this latest blowjob too.

She very much wanted to listen in again, but unfortunately for her, Susan had the same plan. The two of them kind of lingered in the hall and bathroom area just outside the closed door to Alan's bedroom. They both waited for the other one to leave so they could eavesdrop, but neither one did.

After an awkward minute, Katherine went back to her room but kept the door open. That foiled Susan, since from within her room Katherine could see Alan's door just across the hallway. But Susan went to her bedroom down the hall and kept her door open. That foiled Katherine, since Susan could see and hear down the hall.

As a result, both of them missed the big emotional moment between Alan and Suzanne.

After two blowjob orgasms in quick succession from Suzanne, Alan felt she'd not only sucked his balls completely dry, she'd sucked his soul right out of him as well.

He was tired, hot, and sweaty, so after she left, he got up and staggered off to take a shower before going to bed. He put on a robe and headed across the hallway to the bathroom adjacent to Katherine's room, but just as he was opening his door, his mother called him into her bedroom to talk to him. He headed off in that direction instead, still feeling sticky and yucky.

Katherine also heard Susan's call, and saw her opportunity for action. She felt Suzanne was pulling far ahead in the contest for Alan's affections, so she needed to do something to make her mark or she would have to go back to pining away with her secret crush on him. Therefore she snuck into the shower while he was in Susan's room, hoping to surprise him there.

Down the hall, Alan walked into Susan's room, and asked, "What's up, Mom?"

Susan was sitting on her bed, but in an unusual position, curled up with her knees to her chest and her arms around her legs. She seemed sad or worried. She asked in a quiet voice, "Did you have a fun time with Suzanne just now?"bender

"Yes, I did. She helped me do my thing. She was really great."

"That's nice." But Susan seemed even sadder.

He walked closer and asked her, "Anything wrong? Are you upset or something?"

She exhaled heavily. "No, I'm fine. It's just... Well, things are changing. You're becoming a man. I'm having to think of you in a sexual way because you're becoming sexually active, even if it's all only to help with your medical treatment."

He sat down on the edge of the bed next to her and took her hand. "Hey, Mom, it's okay. I'm still the same me. Things will be fine, I'm sure. I still love you, and I know you love me. We'll get through whatever problems come up, because we're a team." He was reluctant to express his love to Suzanne or Amy because their exact status was unclear, and it didn't seem "cool" to talk about love with Katherine, but he had no hesitation in telling his mother how much he loved her, so he said it a lot.

She didn't have any hesitation either. "Son! I love you so much! You're right. I'm sure things will be fine. It's just that you're growing up, and that's a part of life."

He smiled encouragingly, and then leaned in to kiss her. He kissed her cheek and then the tip of her nose before he pulled back.

Her heart leapt to her throat for an excited moment when she thought he would kiss her lips. She had to hide her disappointment when he didn't.

Sensing that he'd helped Susan out of whatever weird mood she'd been in, he said goodbye and headed back down the hall to take his shower.

Susan wanted to ask him all about the handjob or blowjob that Suzanne had obviously just given him, but she was nowhere near ready to talk to him about such things. Curiosity was welling up in her, but she was forced to wait until later, perhaps tomorrow morning's exercise session, when she could hear about it from Suzanne.

Meanwhile, Katherine stripped and hopped into the shower before Alan got there. She left her shirt on, knowing that the wet T-shirt look could be even more arousing than complete nakedness. She also wore rubber clogs that helped tone up her legs just like high-heeled shoes. She turned on the water to get herself wet, but then turned it back off so he wouldn't realize she was there.

Alan walked in, picked up a towel, and closed the door before the presence of his nearly naked sister even registered on his brain. When he saw her, his mouth dropped open in shock. But his surprise wasn't nearly as great as it would have been had she not done a striptease for him by the pool the day before, or been topless with Amy earlier, or been grabbing at his erection in the pool earlier that day. Clearly, she was acting in a new, provocative way around him.

"Sis! What are you doing here?!" he exclaimed. He gawked in particular at her fully-exposed pussy.

"Oh, nothing much; just taking a shower." She didn't seem perturbed or surprised by his presence, but asked, "The bigger question is: What are YOU doing here? Are you trying to spy on your naked little sister?"

"No, no, no! No, it's not like that. I didn't even know that you were in here, is all!"

"Then why are you looking at me that way? If I didn't know better, I'd think you're looking straight between my legs!"

Her indignation was just a ruse to keep him talking and staring. In fact her labia were spread deliberately wide for his viewing, and she made no attempt to close her legs. If anything, she spread them even further apart.

But then he started paying even more attention to her hands. She was holding the hose to the shower nozzle with both hands, right in the middle of her chest, and rubbing her hands up and down the hose as if it were a phallus.

That flustered him even more. Seeing Suzanne naked was one thing, but seeing his sister this way, so ready and eager for sexual fun, was still a huge shock to his system. With Suzanne he felt somehow safe in knowing that there were boundaries, but he knew his sister well. She was more impetuous and untamed; with her, anything was possible. In addition, she was his sister!

"Sorry! I'm really sorry!" he said extremely apologetically. "I didn't mean to be looking at anything. I'll go now."

He paused at the door and, with his eyes averted, asked, "Sis, what's going on? Why is everybody, like ... just totally ... all the nakedness! Why?!" But he was too flummoxed to stick around to form a more coherent question, much less get an answer. He fled from the bathroom.

Damn, Katherine thought. I should have started slowly and worked up to more. Next time he'd better watch out, 'cos I'm going to "sex him up" until he has a heart attack! This is too much fun not to do. The cat's out of the bag that I want him, so there's no reason not to go for broke! Aunt Suzy's already sucking his cock; I have to catch up to that soon or fall behind. Oh God, I love you, Big Brother!

She turned the water back on and used the shower hose to blast water at her pussy until she had a nice climax. She used one hand to keep stroking the hose, pretending it was her brother's hard-on.

Had it not been for that shower encounter, Alan would have gone to bed masturbating to thoughts of Suzanne. As it was, his mind was a jumble and he thought of Katherine, Suzanne, Susan, and even Amy. He kept thinking of Suzanne's comment: "We're all gonna get really good at sucking your cock."

He had no trouble getting aroused, and soon fell into a deep, dream-filled sleep after shooting his sixth load into a towel. (His total included a masturbation session before church, and others before and after his mid-afternoon nap.) All in all, it had been another great day for him.

Chapter 83 Half Naked Susan - Blue Balls For Alan Before School

On Monday morning, as Alan lay in bed after waking, he thought, Man oh man! I can't wait to start another day. My life has gotten so interesting. I can see a definite pattern developing: with each new day, the clothing of all the lovely ladies at home gets a little bit more provocative. There've been a truly incredible number of times all four of them had been naked, or nearly naked, in the past few days. How long will it take before everyone ends up naked all the time?!

Normally, Susan was an early riser, so she was usually already showered and dressed by the time Alan came downstairs for breakfast in the morning. But on that day she was still wearing a bathrobe when he walked into the kitchen.

It started out tightly wrapped around her but, as breakfast went on, it began to loosen on her body and the proportion of her cleavage that was visible grew.

When Katherine came downstairs, that didn't seem to inhibit Susan's behavior at all.

As Susan served breakfast, she did a lot of leaning over, so much so that on one or two occasions one or both of her creamy tits almost fell out of her robe altogether. But still, she managed to keep her nipples covered nearly the entire time.

Nearly, but not all the time. She knew Alan was getting a very pleasant eyeful, and she loved it. But even as she did these things, her face was filled with worry and doubt.

She wondered, Just what am I doing here? We're supposed to sex things up, but am I getting into the job of tantalizing Tiger far too much? Why do I enjoy showing myself off to him so much? This time I can't even say that Suzanne made me wear this.

The problem is, this robe is the ONLY thing I'm wearing! I feel so naughty, but it feels... so good! And tingly! There must be something wrong with me. I'm falling into wickedness and sin, but I can't help myself!bender

She was wracked with moral doubt and guilt, but she found herself showing off her body to Alan anyway. She simply tried her best to not think about what she was doing or why, but just to do it.

The one overriding thought she maintained was, The doctor says this is what Tiger needs. She also repeated like a mantra, The penis in the abstract. Don't think of it as his penis. The penis in the abstract.

Alan had great difficulty eating his breakfast of French toast, scrambled eggs, and fruit. Susan didn't say much to him, or even overtly flirt with her body, but she seemed to be constantly hovering around him, asking whether he needed anything. The front of her robe was open down to her cute belly button, which meant he could see all of her deep cleavage and even much of the undersides of her huge round globes. It was a miracle she didn't show her nipples more, but they seemed to be caught on the inside edges of the robe most of the time.

As if that wasn't tantalizing enough for him, Katherine sat across from him with most of the buttons undone down the front of her blouse. He could see nearly as far down into her cleavage as he could with his mother's. All throughout the meal his sister repeatedly leaned forward over the table, showing off even more of her ample chest.

Meanwhile, Susan frequently glanced at his crotch. She wasn't even subtle about it. Each time she looked, she saw Alan's stiff erection tenting his shorts. By and by, she got so worked up that she started to feel it was getting a little bit longer and thicker with every glance.

She thought, Oh my goodness! What kind of cruel fate gave me such a well-endowed son? I wouldn't be surprised if his member is ten inches long, if not an entire foot! All this stimulation is good for him. That's why I'm not chiding Angel for acting like a wanton hussy. But I don't know if this helps him with his problem unless he gains release. I wish there was some way I could help make that happen, right now!

Let's face it: I'm naked under my robe, and my breasts are on display more often than not. Everything is so hot! I feel like I'm burning up! Would it really be wrong if I let my robe slip off my shoulders altogether? And then... then... if I were to drop to my knees, unzip his shorts, and...

Oh no! Such sinful thoughts! I can't go there! He DOES need that kind of help; there's no doubt about it. But Suzanne needs to be the one to give it. Unfortunately, she's not here! Isn't it my motherly duty? Oh, but I can't! But why do I feel so tingly?! Even my nipples are feeling funny. And what if he smells that I'm wet down below? That would be totally humiliating. I HAVE to get my act together!

She didn't realize it, but she was repeatedly licking her lips while staring with undisguised lust right at the bulge of his crotch. She even reached inside her robe and experimentally felt one of her erect nipples for a few moments, before she finally fled back to the kitchen.

The problem was, arousing sights like his mother's obvious lust kept Alan's dick extremely erect, but there was nothing he could do to relieve the pressure. He couldn't jack off under the table, not with Katherine sitting right there, and there wasn't enough time for him to go back to his room or the shower and masturbate in either one of those places before he left for school.

As a result, he left for school with a bad case of blue balls.

— — —

After Susan's children were gone, she went about collecting yet another load of laundry from her kids' rooms. She couldn't help herself while doing that and wound up sniffing the moist spots on the towels and sheets she'd removed from Alan's room. The smell of her son's cum made her giddy and nearly dizzy. Thus, once she started the laundry, she was "forced" to perform her now daily "breast exam" in the shower.

When her climaxes were over, she felt even worse about how she was blatantly showing herself off, not to mention guilty over her frequent masturbation sessions. The 'breast self-exam' excuse had worn thin for her, as now she gave as much attention to her pussy as to her boobs. She vowed to herself, I'm going to stop dressing like a hussy starting right now. Tiger will just have to get his visual stimulation somewhere else.

But then Suzanne came over for their usual daily exercise session. Suzanne was hardly through the door before Susan began pestering her with questions about what she'd done to Alan in his room the night before.

The two of them sat down at the kitchen counter and drank green tea while Suzanne described the two blowjobs she'd given Alan in such detail that it seemed as if she described every single lick and suck she'd given his boner. The only editing was that she greatly cut down on describing the emotional talk that she and Alan had had afterwards, since she was very shy about that kind of thing and knew that Susan would be extremely jealous.

Needless to say, this talk got Susan hotter than an oven.

Susan and Suzanne still often discussed their sexual dreams. But that kind of talk was now fading in importance day by day, since the real-life events with Alan were so much more interesting and exciting for each of them.

Susan's resolve not to show off her body faded away during all the excitement of talking to Suzanne. By the time Suzanne left after they had completed their morning exercise routines, Susan was at least as ready to "help with visual stimulation" as she had been before.

Chapter 84 Almost A Kiss

In school, Alan repeatedly spaced out, maintaining a near-constant hard-on in all his classes. The weekend had been dangerously exciting and all the sexual stimulation was like an addictive drug. He wanted more.

As often happened, he ended up staying after his fourth-period World History class to ask his teacher, Gloria Rhymer, some questions about that day's lesson. He was truly interested in history, and it showed, but he also just liked spending time with his presumably-secret crush. As often happened, they wound up spending the entire lunch period together talking about history and school gossip while eating their food.

But once their time together had ended, his thoughts returned to the sexual possibilities at home. He decided he would hang out by the pool after he got home and see what resulted. He was well aware that that was where on Saturday his sister had gone sexually berserk, and where on Sunday Amy had gone topless (plus sometimes bottomless) and Susan had had her nipple incident. He hoped that another trip to the pool could lead to more such exciting things.

As soon as he got home, he put his backpack away in his room, put on his bathing suit, and headed to the pool area. It seemed that the others were thinking along the same lines, because when he got to the back patio, Suzanne and Susan were already there and Katherine joined them as soon as she could. He wondered if they too were hoping the near nakedness of swimming attire could help make something happen, since all of them were wearing alluring bathing suits.

Suzanne was wearing the most outrageous suit of all. It was a bikini so small that it barely covered her nipples. Even then, one could see fairly well through the semi-transparent material. Only a thin string ran down her ass crack, so from the back one could hardly tell she wore anything at all. In the front of her crotch there was so little cloth that some pubic hair was easily visible on each side of the suit.

In addition, she was wearing very high heels. They seemed wildly inappropriate to the occasion, but lately Suzanne seemed determined to wear high heels as much as humanly possible whenever she was around him. As an experienced sexual temptress, she knew what a big difference they made, not just in how they looked but also in how they firmed up her legs and ass. She also felt a growing sense of competition with both Susan and Katherine, wanting him to look only, or at least mostly, at her. She felt that heels gave her an edge, because the other two almost never wore heels.

Katherine was wearing her new bikini, the same one she'd worn the day before. She looked great in it, but in Alan's mind it didn't compare to the one-piece suit with which she'd driven him wild two days earlier. He had a soft spot in his heart (and usually a wet spot in his swimsuit) when he remembered that one.

As good as his sister looked, Alan tended to pay more attention to Susan's and Suzanne's more mature and buxom bodies. It was hard for Katherine, or just about any other female, to compete with them. Suzanne was expert at preening herself in sexy poses, and used all her tricks to the fullest. Susan knew no such tricks, but she had a nearly identical body, an even thinner waist, and a charming puritan innocence going for her.

Suzanne had recently bought Susan two new bathing suits. Susan had worn the more revealing of the two the day before, but after the mortifying nipple incident she had decided to wear the one with the more conservative, sports-bra-styled design. It wasn't that she didn't want to show Alan her nipples, but to have them be the focus of everyone's attention and the butt of their jokes was another thing altogether.

Susan was swimming in the pool when Alan arrived. Even though she was wearing her more conservative bathing suit, she looked so sexy that it took him some time to get used to the fact that his formerly prudish mother was wearing such a suit. He couldn't even remember what kind of bathing suits

she'd worn in the past, because she'd usually gone out of her way not to go swimming when her kids were home.

He practically creamed on the spot when he saw Susan slowly lift herself out of the pool to greet him. The water dripping off her slick wet skin was just as great an erotic sight as Suzanne's nearly nonexistent suit. It reminded him of his cumming all over Akami, and for a moment he imagined Susan dripping with his cum instead of pool water.

To add to his distress, this was the first that Susan had seen him since he got home, so after coming out of the water she gave him a big "welcome back from school" hug, pressing her wet body against his dry one so that her hard nipples drilled holes into his chest.

It seemed to him that the hug went on a lot longer than her previous hugs. As a teen, he'd never really been hugged by his prudish mother except during the past few days, but now her intimate hugs were coming fast and furious.

He hadn't been expecting the hug, so he didn't know what to do when his erection poked firmly into her abdomen as the hug went on. She must feel that, he thought as the hug continued, but she gave no sign of doing so.

She kissed the top of his ear and said, "My big son. I'm so proud of you."

He wasn't sure what inspired that, but wondered if the "big son" comment had anything to do with the large hard-on pressing into her so insistently through his bathing suit, which was a typical boy's suit much like the shorts he always wore. Holy crap! I'm going to die of shame! he thought as the hug went on and on while his boner insistently prodded her tummy. How can she NOT know what's poking into her there?

After she disengaged, she showed no sign that she'd noticed or minded his throbbing dick. In fact, she'd been very aware of it; that was the main reason why she'd wanted the hug to go on forever.

Since his mother made him wet in one way from the pool water dripping off her body, he figured he should jump into the pool before it was obvious that she was about to make him wet in another way.

As soon as he jumped in, Susan went back in the water too. Katherine, not wanting to miss out, jumped in as well. The three splashed around and had fun playing with each other, but there was no touching.

Suzanne didn't join them. Her skin was so fair that she didn't like getting in the water and having her suntan lotion wash off. It seemed to her that even the supposedly-waterproof lotions weren't really that waterproof.bender

Susan got out first, since she'd already been in the water for a while before Alan arrived. She sat in the lounge chair next to Suzanne's, leaving Katherine an opportunity to divert some of Alan's attention from the two impressively stacked mothers.

When Alan stood next to his sister by the side of the pool nearest to Susan and Suzanne, Katherine realized that the two older beauties couldn't see much more than their heads and shoulders in the water. She reached out and brazenly grabbed her brother's erection through his swimsuit.

That certainly got Alan's full attention, especially as there wasn't even the slightest pretense this time that it was an accident. She was definitely going for broke.

As she held his hard-on, he thought, Okay, we're definitely crossing some kind of incestuous line here. I've seen a lot of Sis and Mom in the past few days, but this is the first undeniable sexual touching, and that's a totally different thing. But you know what? I don't feel bad about it. I love Sis and she loves me. Yeah, it's kind of weird to think of her THAT way, but dang! She's just so good looking that it short-circuits my brain and all my objections. I guess it's true that guys think with their dicks. Geez! She's STILL holding it!

To Katherine, those touches in the pool the day before had been playful, just an extension of the water games they'd been playing with Amy. But, like Alan, she knew this new grope was a big escalation and a very pivotal moment in their lives. She felt frightened beyond belief. After all, just days earlier she'd considered herself to be extremely conservative in her fashion and sexual attitudes compared to her classmates. But now her long-simmering lust for her brother had burst to the surface. Furthermore, she felt that she had to act quickly or lose out to the two older women.

She had no idea that Suzanne was actually encouraging Alan to pursue both Plummer women. Even if she had been able to hear Suzanne saying things like that, she would have assumed that it was just talk to get Alan horny, because she couldn't imagine any woman voluntarily sharing her man.

But what concerned her more was Susan. She had no doubt that her mother would never allow her to touch Alan's penis, much less suck on it. She assumed that Susan would be horrified to even think that something sexual was happening between her children. So she believed whatever happened between Alan and her would have to remain a dark secret.

However, Katherine realized that she could use Susan's hypocritical attitude to her own advantage. Knowing that Alan was helpless to object in any way, because Susan was sitting so close, she pulled his hard-on out of his swimsuit and grabbed it with both hands. She gave him a triumphant, wicked look, which he returned with a helpless, worried stare. She began to stroke him under the water, keeping all the action in her forearms so that neither mother looking at her upper arms would think that anything was amiss.

Suzanne saw their faces and suspected something fishy. Alan was mostly facing away so she couldn't really read his expression, but Katherine had a curiously triumphant yet frightened look on her face.

Suzanne was overcome by curiosity, so she announced, "I think I'll take a dip in the water too."

Katherine resignedly put Alan's boner back in his suit before Suzanne could see anything, and then once again was forced to play second fiddle to one of the buxom mothers.

This time it was the sight of Suzanne swimming through the water that captivated Alan. As Suzanne rarely went swimming, much less lie by the pool due to her extremely fair skin, this was a rare sight for him indeed.

Shortly afterwards, he hurried back to his room to masturbate to the new set of erotic images and ideas rattling around his brain. He'd been fantasizing all day at school about what might happen at home, but real life had once again exceeded his expectations.

He was so excited that he practically shot his load before he got started. Afterward, he quickly fell asleep for his usual daily nap.

He thought the excitement from the pool was over, but it wasn't. Much to his surprise, not long after he woke up, Susan came into his room still dressed in her bikini. She held her arms open wide and said, "My favorite son, give your mother another hug."

He usually slept in the nude, but he'd already awoken from his nap and had just put on a shirt and shorts, so he stood up and walked to her.

She grabbed him and squeezed him in a bear hug, as if he were about to depart on a long journey. "I love you so much, Tiger," she cooed, her voice filled with emotion.

His dick grew hard as he felt her soft skin pressing all over him and he smelled her pleasant feminine aroma. His erection happened to be scrunched up in his shorts in a way that prevented it from pressing into her in an obvious manner, but there was no way he could avoid enjoying how her nipples and big boobs pressed into him. She was already very aroused, so her hard nipples practically stabbed into his chest. Her tits were so soft and so big, it was as if they molded over his entire chest as they mashed into him.

She pulled back slightly and said, "I just felt like hugging you. You don't think there's anything wrong with a little show of affection between mother and son, do you?"

"No, Mom," he replied. "I like it. I've noticed we've never hugged or kissed in the friendly way some other families do. At least up until now. I mean, even you and Sis rarely ever touched."

She wiggled with delight in his arms, causing her nipples to scrape back and forth across his chest, pushing them into him even more. "Oh good! I'm so glad that Suzanne has helped me open up a bit and allowed us to become closer."

Her lips were now only two or three inches from his. Because he was only two inches taller than his unusually tall mother, he felt that all he'd have to do was lean forward just a little and their lips would meet. The word "closer" resounded in his head as he had sudden visions of the two of them necking with abandon, falling back onto his bed, hungrily kissing all over each other's face. He could feel and smell her breath, and noticed it was a curious mix of mint and alcohol.

A-ha! he thought. She must be getting tipsy. It doesn't take much with her despite her tall size. That explains things. Dang! She needs to drink more often.

But even though he loved her touch, he froze in fear at the idea of kissing. Now the hug felt like a trap he couldn't escape and his body literally seized up. It wasn't that he didn't want to do it, but he'd never

kissed a girl before and he was wrought with performance anxiety, not to mention freaked out that she was his mother.

Suddenly she kissed him on the nose, and then directly on the lips. But their lips no more than grazed each other before she pulled away and broke the hug altogether.

He sighed inwardly with relief. It wasn't really a kiss - more like a tease of what a kiss could be. The idea of fulfilling a fantasy with her and actually getting romantic was too much for him to take so unexpectedly. He thought, As long as there was no tongue, there was nothing illicit or incestuous about that. Some people just touch lips. No big deal, right?

She went to the door, paused, and said, "Tiger, I'll be happy to hug and kiss you lots more from now on. You know, like a really affectionate family. We love each other so much, don't we? So we shouldn't be afraid to show it. That can help you do your thing."

"We do, Mom. I love this family. You're the best." He noticed her body was now turned away while she looked back over her shoulder towards him. But what really caught his eye was the way she was ostentatiously "adjusting" her bikini over her ass.

She replied, "Tiger, you make me so happy. So proud."

While she said this, her fingers pulled on her bikini, first pushing the fabric inwards so it sank up into her ass crack, then pulling it back out wide over her butt cheeks. Then she repeated the motion, as if fidgeting. She giggled with glee like a little schoolgirl.

Then she said, "But don't mope around here all alone in your room. We're still having lots of fun out by the pool. What do I have to do to get you to come back downstairs and join us? I don't think you'll regret it."

She arched her back so that her massive tits jutted out dramatically. He could see one of her mountains of flesh from the side view she was offering him. At the same time she pushed the bikini fabric back into her ass crack and then pulled it upward, so that for a second it seemed like her ass was completely uncovered.

She giggled again, then left without waiting for his reply.

Alan considered staying in his room and masturbating to the image his mother had just presented. He had so many sexy images to masturbate to these days that he could hardly keep up and savor them all. But there was no way he could turn down her sexy offer. He was curious too about what he would see at the pool, so he changed back into his bathing suit and went downstairs.

As Susan headed downstairs, she thought, What was THAT all about? I just came up here to tell him to come downstairs so he can discover our surprise, and somehow I ended up practically molesting him! Well, at least it was good visual stimulation to help him out. And I didn't actually do anything sinful. Although touching lips together like that is more than a bit improper. Oh dear, I really have to control myself better.

Chapter 85 Naked Truth Or Dare....(^ ^)

While Alan napped, Suzanne had been laying the groundwork for more fun after he woke up. She'd said to Katherine and Susan. "Hey, who's up for a little game? Why don't we play Truth or Dare?"

Katherine's face had brightened at that prospect.

But Susan immediately said, "NO! Absolutely not!" She actually was more worried about telling the truth than having to do a dare. She was filled with all kinds of forbidden, lustful thoughts that she didn't want to say out loud, especially if Alan or Katherine were present.

So Suzanne had said, "You do realize, don't you Susan, that we don't actually have to be playing that game for me to make you wear whatever I say."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean that you've already agreed to wear whatever I tell you to wear, no matter what. Don't you remember that?"

Susan blanched as she remembered. Suzanne hadn't been exerting that power much lately, since Susan was choosing sufficiently risqué outfits on her own. "Uh-oh. That's true. But look: what I'm wearing right now is already positively scandalous. I hope you aren't going to tell me that I have to wear that skimpy bikini you gave me. Are you?"

Suzanne smiled innocently. "Who me? No, of course not. In fact, the only thing I want you to wear right now is your wedding ring."

Susan stared at the ring on her finger, and then up at her best friend. "My wedding ring?! That's IT?!"

Suzanne nodded.

"But Suzanne! That means I'll be completely naked! What if Tiger comes back down here?! He probably will! Surely you jest!" She squirmed around in her lounge chair with a mixture of horror and hopeful anticipation.

Suzanne replied, "That's the whole idea. But don't worry, Katherine and I will join you so Sweetie won't focus his attention just on you. And we'll all lie face down so he won't see much. Just your back and your butt."

"But-"

Suzanne held her hand up to silence Susan. "No buts. Actually, make that three butts." She chuckled. It wasn't that good a joke, but she was tipsy so almost everything seemed funny. She'd brought out a bottle of wine and all three had wine glasses next to their lounge chairs.

She continued, "You confessed to me all about how he stared at you in the shower, so he won't be seeing any part of you that he hasn't already seen up close."

"SuzaaaaAAAAaanne!" Susan whined. "Don't say that in front of Angel here! I thought that was just between you and me! I feel horrible enough about that dreadful incident as it is, but now Angel is going to think I'm awful!"

Katherine had been silent but listening intently. She said, "No, Mom, I think that's great. You were just helping Brother with some visual stimulation, right?" She was very curious to hear more about this shower incident, but she decided not to ask about it just then, for fear it would spook Susan from going along with Suzanne's total nudity plan.

Suzanne piled it on. "Exactly. What's the big deal? You didn't do anything to be ashamed of. In fact, I'm so very proud of you, helping him out like that. I'll bet he rushed back to his room, dropped his shorts, and started stroking that big, tasty erection of his. Can't you just picture him, holding that throbbing beast in his hands, with his eyes closed thinking of your wet, naked, sultry body? That's a sight that should make any mother proud."

"Is it?" She flopped back down on the lounge chair, conceding defeat. "Oh, poo. Suzanne, why do you do these things to me? The whole thing doesn't sound very proper to me," she added feebly. "In fact, it's decidedly IMproper."

Suzanne offered no response to that, so she thought about what Suzanne had just said, and asked, "What was that you said about his member being, um, er...? What did you call it? Tasty?"

Suzanne launched into a detailed, explicit description of how wonderful Alan's erection tasted in her mouth, describing the sweetness of his cum, causing both Katherine and Susan to squirm with excitement.

Suzanne explained, "Look, I can't deny that I've slept with a lot of different men. More than 100 for sure, and how many more I'd rather not say. But none of them tasted as good as he does. I was so curious about this that I looked up some articles on the Internet. It turns out that the taste of a man's cum is due to his diet, and Sweetie has a nearly ideal diet for delicious cum. He eats a ton of fruit and lots of other mostly healthy but rather sweet things, and he avoids most meats and bitter things. His cum tastes so good that I swear it's like dessert! I could feast on it all day long!"

The three women continued talking and drinking wine, and before long Susan couldn't wait for Alan to wake up from his nap so she could lie naked in front of him. She was delighted, though also apprehensive, when she was chosen to be the one to go upstairs and tell him to come back down to the pool.

When Alan did return to the pool area, Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine were all in position, naked and lying backside up on their lounge chairs. The three of them were all tipsy and more than a little excited about it. Actually, despite her cool appearance, Suzanne was just as excited as the other two.

Alan was right in suspecting that something was up by the way that Susan had been acting when she came to get him, but he was in no way prepared for what he saw when he got back to the pool. The lounge chairs were faced away from the door to the back patio, so only when he got to within a few feet of them did he realize that their three occupants were completely naked (except for Suzanne wearing her now-omnipresent high heels). He had a great view of their asses and long firm legs.

All three were giggling nervously - even Suzanne, who usually made it a point to not giggle. There was a lot of nervous energy in the air.

He had no idea what to say or do. He would have rushed back inside and spied on them from there had he not just explicitly agreed to come to the pool area. His penis engorged fully in about two seconds. He very literally could have been knocked over with a feather.

It wasn't just that he was looking at three very sexy bare asses; he felt that he was looking at his future. It was a future full of sexual fun with Suzanne, Susan, and Katherine. Suddenly, it even seemed possible he could wind up fucking all three of them someday.

That was just too much to take. He had to sit down before he had a heart attack or seizure. He plopped down in the nearest empty lounge chair.

Finally, Suzanne sat up a bit, turned, and said to him with a big grin, "Suurrrpriiiiiise! I'll bet you weren't expecting this, Sweetie!" As she did so, she spread her knees apart and kicked her high heels up into the air, giving him a good view of her pussy.

Susan and Katherine were lying on lounge chairs pointing in the same direction as hers, keeping their legs tightly closed, so they didn't know what she was revealing. It was a special display intended for Alan's eyes only.

He felt like his brain had already been blown apart and now Suzanne's move was pulverizing the scattered pieces. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He was struck speechless and just shook his head.

Suddenly, just sitting down wasn't enough, because he felt like his entire body was burning up. He pulled his T-shirt off and jumped into the pool to cool down and give himself a chance to think.

What in God's name is going ON?! Is this some kind of a joke? Maybe a test? All three of them naked?! Aunt Suzy I could believe, but Sis and even MOM?! No friggin' way! Not only are they all totally nude, but they're OUTSIDE! Is it possible for any of the neighbors to see them?

He looked around and realized the likelihood of being seen was extremely low. All the houses around the Plummer house had big lots with copious amounts of greenery. It was a veritable jungle between the Plummers' house and any of the neighbors'. And since they were on the uphill side of a gently sloping hill, the only house that could look onto theirs was the Pestrige house, and the only room with windows on that side which could have any possible view was Amy's.

He poked his head out of the water after swimming a few laps.

"Cat got your tongue?" his mother asked in his direction, playfully. "I decided that it's okay to go to the pool topless after all," she joked with deliberate understatement. Jokes from her were extremely rare. But her comment also recognized how much had changed in just one day, with some inebriation definitely playing a role in the new dress code. "Aren't you going to say 'hi'? Would you like another hug?" She giggled at what she thought was another joke.

"Um, Mom, you're totally naked." He didn't mean to say that, but it just slipped out. It was like he was asking for confirmation from someone that he was really seeing what he was seeing. What do you say when speaking in the general direction of three ladies' asses?

Suzanne teased, "No she's not." She pointed at Susan's hands. "Look. She's still wearing her wedding ring." (Suzanne's fingers were bare of any rings. Since she had been de-facto divorced from Eric for years, she generally only wore his ring when she left her house and wanted to cut down on the number of men who were always propositioning her.)

Susan blushed even redder than she already had been. "Suzanne, you're such a meanie today. Why must you flaunt my infidelity?"

Suzanne acted surprised and confused. "Infidelity? Are you thinking of having sex with somebody? I thought that we were just providing Sweetie with some visual stimulation." She thought, Teasing Susan is just too much fun! Now that I've started, I can't stop. I need to behave or I'll scare her off.

Susan blushed about five shades deeper. She stammered, "No! Of course not! You're still married too, you know!"

Alan wasn't quite sure what good pointing that out did, but it made him feel even more insanely aroused than he already was.

He considered getting out of the pool, but thought, Man, how am I going to hide my hard-on in this swimsuit? The damn thing is so insistent that it's threatening to pop out the top. There's no way I can adjust it to hide it, not with all this nakedness going on. It feels like a damn baseball bat. Dang! Well, I can't stay in here forever. Maybe I'll just rush to one of those lounge chairs while their heads are turned.

That's what he did, except that as soon as he got out of the water the others all heard the tell-tale sounds and turned to look. All eyes were glued to the bulge in his crotch until he finally made it to the lounge chair.

He sat down and tried to compose himself. Things were surprisingly quiet; the others were waiting to hear from him.

Finally, he asked, "So... Um, how long have you all been lying there like that?"

"Oh, we've been in these chairs for about an hour," his mother replied. "Pretty much ever since you left to take your nap."

Katherine giggled at her deliberate avoidance of answering his question.

Susan was lying between Suzanne and Katherine and didn't have a good view of where Alan was sitting. So she rose up in the lounge chair a bit and turned on her side somewhat to better look at him, allowing him to see most of her boobs hanging down. Only her nipples were still pressed against the plastic of the lounge chair. She continued, "But it was only a few minutes ago when Suzanne forced us to take off our bikinis, right after I ran up and got you. What do you think; are we more than you can handle?"

"Uuuuhh, no. I'm cool. It's cool."

His sister giggled at that, and then they all giggled. His attempt at appearing casual and nonchalant was laughably bad and obvious to all.

He asked Susan, "Did you say she forced you to get naked?" His head was suddenly filled with images of a sexy catfight in which Suzanne managed to overpower both Susan and Katherine, ripping all their clothes off in the process.

Susan said with obvious shame, "Yes, she forced me. She's such a meanie! She says that I'm not allowed to wear anything around you but my wedding ring! Isn't she cruel?" Her legs twitched and writhed uncomfortably, as if she had been tied up and was struggling to break free.

He was so aroused yet frustrated that he wanted to bang his head on the pool decking and cry. I can look at Mom all I want, but never touch! Heck, even Aunt Suzy doesn't really let me touch her. And they all look so friggin'... touchable!

As if she were a mind reader, Suzanne said to him, "You know what, girls? I don't know about you, but I certainly could use some more suntan lotion. With this pale skin I've got I can get a sunburn from a flashlight. Sweetie, honey, can you help me out here? I'm feeling too lazy to do it myself. Actually, you should help us all out."

His eyes bugged out.

Katherine's and Susan's did too. This hadn't been mentioned as part of Suzanne's original dare, and they didn't know what to think. Susan in particular would have complained except that she was so extremely horny.

Alan managed to nod 'Yes.'bender

Then Suzanne casually added, "Well then, since we all just took off our bathing suits, I'm sure our creamy white butts could especially use some lotion."

Here we go again, he thought, with that mixed feeling of fear and anticipation that he'd come to know well in recent days. More sexy craziness! I love it, even though my heart is pounding so hard it feels like I'm gonna die!

But he merely said, "I'm glad to help. Who wants to go first?"

Suzanne suggested, "Why don't you do your mother, and then do your sister? Then you can do me."

He wondered at the possible double meaning in her tone of voice, especially in the way she said the word "do" each time. He asked himself, Was I the only one who noticed that? I mean, I practically came on the spot the third time she said "do" in that raspy voice of hers. I don't know how, but somehow even that voice is too sexy!

Susan protested, "No! Tiger, please. I'm not ready."

But Suzanne said, "What's not to be ready? You don't need a Ph.D. to have suntan lotion put on you. Sit up and let him put some lotion on your back, already."

Chapter 86 Susan - Lotion

"Sit up"?! Susan was incredulous at what Suzanne was suggesting. If I do that, he's going to see my breasts for sure, even if he's right behind me! She was going to put her foot down and insist that he "do" her last, but somehow the idea of her son looking at her big globes broke her resistance. It was as if her tits demanded to be looked at, and her brain and the rest of her body were just along for the ride.

She whimpered and kept her eyes closed as she silently sat up. Her nipples were erect and her head was reeling from an overdose of lust and desire. She at least tried to keep her legs together so he could only see a little bit of her dark brown bush.

Alan nervously went to his mother and sat behind her on her lounge chair. His hands shook so badly that he could barely get the lotion out of the bottle. It was the first time he'd really touched his mother, outside of rare occasions like hugging.

Fucking hell! I'm running my hands up and down Mom's back, and she's totally fucking naked! I could reach around right now and cup her bare tits in my hands! Or I could just slide my hands down and caress her bare ass! Dang, she's just so fucking hot, how can I resist?!

Susan was thinking much the same things, except with the point of view reversed. Tiger... Tiger's running his hands all over my nude body! It's like I'm some kind of slut for him! Oh God! Son, I love the feel of your hands on my back, but don't stop there! Turn me around and grope my breasts while you kiss my lips! Thrill me! Possess me! Make me yours! Let me be your naked mommy slut. Let me help you do your thing! Oh God, I want to help you so very, very much! Let me give you an abnormality check right now. No, better yet, let me check it with my mouth! Suzanne talks so much about the utter joy of sucking your BIG COCK! Please, let me suck it!

Needless to say, her moral and religious concerns were forgotten in the heat of the moment, although a forbidden thrill remained. But she just sat there and didn't say a thing or let on how incredibly aroused she was, because she remained very aware that Suzanne and Katherine were nearby and probably watching her every move.

The minutes passed. Alan slowly calmed down and stopped shaking nervously as he grew accustomed to applying the lotion. He could feel that Susan was nervous, but was slowly relaxing as well. But just because they grew more accustomed to the situation, that didn't mean that their arousal levels went down at all.

"Mommy, I want you to stand up and face me. With your arms at your sides. Spread your legs and thrust your chest out so I can play with your pussy and tits!"

"But Son!"

"Do it!"

"Yes... Yes, sir!"

Those were some of Susan's thoughts as Alan continued to run his hands over every inch of her shapely back. She felt like her body was burning up. If it was possible to climax just from a back massage, she was a leading candidate.

As he grew bolder, he considered going further around her sides so he could touch the edges of her breasts. And he did, but just a little bit. He just didn't have the self-confidence with women to initiate

anything on his own, despite going nearly out of his mind with desire as his hands wandered over his mother's nearly perfect form.

His hands went lower, towards her ass. There was no obvious line to stop at, since she was so prudish that she'd seldom been in the sun except when wearing "granny" dresses. So he was able to be bolder there; he went lower than the top of her ass crack several times.

Susan rewarded him for his boldness with some very erotic-sounding moaning.

He would have gone lower still except that he was conscious of the other two watchers.

Eventually he finished with her back. That put him at a loss over what to do next. The safe thing was to do her legs next, but he couldn't do that while she was still sitting up.

Suzanne and Katherine were both keeping a very close eye on his progress. Seeing his problem, Suzanne resolved it by saying, "Sweetie, your fuddy-duddy mother never goes nude, so her butt is really white. Make sure to pay special attention to that with the lotion, or it'll get burned."

Susan said, "Darn you, Suzanne, we didn't agree to that. And I'm no fuddy-duddy. I just happen to believe in some bedrock Christian values."

"Well then, prove it by lying down so he can have proper access to your ass."

Frowning, Susan pretended great reluctance as she did so. "I'll have you know that I'm only doing this under duress." But on the inside, she couldn't have been more thrilled.

Suzanne's suggestion for Alan to pay special attention to Susan's ass didn't make much sense - just like the even paler Suzanne, Susan's skin wasn't any more pale on her butt than anywhere else since she didn't really have any tan lines. However, it was a good excuse for Alan to completely explore her ass, and he planned to take full advantage of the opportunity. While he wasn't brave enough to initiate things on his own, he was able to take advantage of any openings that were handed to him.

Susan continued to complain as she lay down, "You said he wouldn't touch us in any sensitive places and only do our backs."

Suzanne responded, "I never said anything about sensitive places; I just said you'd only have to lie face down. Well, you're lying face down. Do you want to get a big sunburn on your posterior? We can call that the fuddy-duddy tan."

"Oh, poo! Very well. I am not a fuddy-duddy. I'll show you! Tiger, my cutie, I suppose it's okay if you do my ass. Please be careful though, okay?"

bender

He wanted to shout "Do your ass!? Don't mind if I do!" Instead he just nodded, but then realized she couldn't see that. So he said "Okay" as he started to rub. He didn't really know what "be careful" meant. For the moment, he decided to touch only the relatively safer areas of her ass cheeks and upper thighs and avoid exploring her ass crack. This was the first time he'd been able to really fondle her ass for any length of time. He was surprised at the sheer amount of flesh, especially since Susan was nearly six feet tall and thus no pixie. There was no excess flab to be felt anywhere.

Man, I can't believe I'm fondling Mom's ass! And with Sis and Aunt Suzy watching, no less! Too hot!

He was content to keep kneading her ass cheeks. Not only did her buttocks feel fantastic - soft and yet somehow firm at the same time - but before long Susan relaxed even more and started steadily purring with pleasure. At first, her purring just sounded like shallow breathing, but then it slowly began to sound more sexual, more passionate. His erection was so stiff and engorged that he couldn't get his mind off it; it was constantly calling out for attention, craving release.

The supposed application of suntan lotion had turned into a massage if not an outright assault, but Susan didn't seem to mind. He only applied some new lotion to his hands when he wanted more lubrication so that his hands could continue to slip and slide easily over her silky smooth skin.

As he massaged her ass, he noticed that she was keeping her legs very firmly closed so that he couldn't get anywhere near her snatch. Her whole ass was repeatedly clenched in an apparent attempt to keep even her ass crack from being invaded. But as the minutes passed and she relaxed more and more, the clenching ended and her legs even separated a bit.

Susan felt like she was having an out-of-body experience; her head seemed to have no power to control what was happening to her body. After she belatedly realized that her legs were no longer clamped tightly together, she thought, Goodness gracious! Tiger can see everything now! He can probably see my labia, if he's a naughty boy! I really should hold my legs together. What kind of mother spreads her legs for her son?

A naughty mommy, that's what kind! I'm just so horribly naughty. So deliciously, wonderfully naughty! I really should close my legs. That WOULD be the proper thing to do. ... I really should...

But her legs didn't close. She was lost in a lazy, happy, erotic haze, and any movement seemed like a huge bother.

He did see her pussy lips, but only a hint. They were mostly hidden in the shadows between her legs. He could easily see her anus though, especially when he spread her ass cheeks wide to get a good look at her ass crack. This was the first time he'd seen it up close, and the sight powerfully affected him.

He lost track of time while massaging her ass, but eventually he realized he'd been at it so long that if he didn't get to her arms and legs, she actually would start to get a sunburn on them. He loved her dearly and didn't want that to happen. So he reluctantly pulled away from her ass, but as a parting shot his fingers made a few passes right into her ass crack.

She responded with even more sexy purring and moaning.

He was actually relieved to work on her arms and then her lower legs for a while. His erection couldn't stay so hard forever. It didn't exactly go flaccid, but it did soften a bit while he worked on her extremities and tried to think of nonsexual things, such as imagining Rosanne Barr and her TV husband John Goodman sitting around naked and sweating profusely. That helped a lot.

He realized that he'd leaked so much pre-cum that he had a big wet spot on the front of his swimsuit, but there wasn't much he could do about it. He also repeatedly inhaled her aroma, because the smell of Susan's wet pussy filled the air. That was one reason he had such a difficult time becoming flaccid.

He slowly worked his way up her thighs until his fingers got within a few inches of her slit. He was continually staggered that there was no bikini or bathing suit to reach. His erection again grew hard as

diamond, but he didn't push his luck and try to get any closer. He was absolutely ecstatic at being allowed to touch her skin in this sensual way anywhere at all, and didn't want to blow it.

When he was done, Susan slurred, "Shhanks a ton, shport," and then hiccupped.

Only then did he realize just how tipsy the women all were. He finally took a look at something other than his mother's naked body, noticing not one but two empty wine bottles on an end table next to their chairs, plus a third bottle that had been opened. This must explain their collective insanity. I wonder what they'll think of me when they all sober up. I guess I should enjoy it while it lasts. I'll bet Mom is the most affected; she can't hold her liquor at all.

Susan had kept her eyes closed during nearly the entire massage. After Alan got off her lounge chair, she drifted off to the netherworld between sleeping and waking. She didn't hold her alcohol well, and she tended to get sleepy after only a very few drinks.

Chapter 87 Katherine - Lotion

Next it was Katherine's turn. To Alan's simultaneous delight and dismay, she seemed extremely eager for him to get started on her. She looked ready to burst.

All throughout the lotion application on his mother, Katherine had fidgeted about, kicking her legs restlessly. Sometimes she even ran her hands over the parts of her body which mirrored Alan's caresses on their mother as she fantasized about her brother touching her that same way, and more. She was already in an orgasmic nirvana before he even touched her for real.

Alan continued to be amazed at how dramatically she'd changed from the girl he thought he knew. That girl would never have considered going topless, much less bottomless, and the idea of a man then applying lotion to her naked skin probably would have caused her to faint with dismay. Yet here she was, her nonverbal communication practically begging him to run his hands all over her. Verbally, she remained silent.

He didn't realize how much her earlier ways had been a pose, designed to ward off unwanted attention and also to keep her mother happy. His sister may have looked the part of a prude, but she didn't hold those values in the same way that her mother did. On some level she'd been saving herself for her

brother, even when she thought that there was at most a slim chance that anything would ever happen between them.

He wondered to himself, Does she think this is all some kind of game, like tickling when we were younger? This is so much more serious than that. Does she just want to help me do my thing, or does she want more? It's tempting, but I'm not going to do anything a brother shouldn't do when applying lotion to his sister. In fact, because she may be willing to go further, I'm going to have to be even more careful, for both of us. This is no time to get something going, not with Mom sitting a few feet away!

With his mother, Alan had sat behind her to apply the suntan lotion and started with her back. But now with Katherine he sat next to the lounge chair and started with her feet. He wanted to get used to touching her before getting to the "good stuff."

He discovered that he really enjoyed the feel of her skin, which was covered with a youthful peachy fuzz. Also, even though Susan was extremely fit from working out daily with Suzanne, Katherine was even firmer and fitter (thanks more to youth than effort). She had a tight and hard but not overly muscular body. He found himself running his hands all over her, just for the feel.

She didn't mind, even though it didn't have much to do with applying lotion or even massaging. Just like Susan, she started purring and moaning lightly.

He also took the time to appreciate her lovely aroma. With Susan he'd been so nervous that he'd barely noticed her smell at all, at least not until the scent of her wet sex became obvious.

Soon after he started applying the lotion, Katherine spread her legs a bit, allowing him to stare at her labia as he worked his way up her legs. As he moved his hands higher and higher up her thighs, she didn't say a word or make any noise to discourage him.

He wondered just how far he could probe. He found his excitement rising even higher as he contemplated touching her pussy. Dang! What if I just fingerfuck her right here, with Mom and Aunt Suzy lying right there? Would Sis want me to do that? She totally would, I can tell. Her groans are getting so loud and erotic as I near her pussy that I'm gonna cum any minute for sure.

But in the end he backed off, mostly because it was just too risky. Not only was Susan bound to notice, but Katherine might slap him for being too presumptuous. He resolved not to do anything a brother or a professional masseuse wouldn't normally do.

After he finished 'applying lotion' to most of Katherine's body, Suzanne made another "helpful" suggestion. "Sweetie, it looks like you have magic hands. I can hardly wait until you come over here. You should straddle her legs for easier access." Her words had deliberate double meaning. She even had a long pause after "come," implying that she meant "cum, over here."

He sat on top of his sister's legs to do her ass and back. It occurred to him that his erection, still frantically trying to fight its way through the fabric of his swimsuit, was now mere inches from his sister's naked slit. That thought didn't help him cool off, especially since her legs were spread wider than Susan's, giving him a better view of the lower part of her pussy.

It also didn't help that, while his mother had limited herself to moaning, Katherine started to murmur some words that only he could hear. She said things like, "Mmmm! ... Good! ... That feels so good! Mmmm... Do me there. Yes! Do me there! ... More." He at least felt relieved that he was wearing conservative bathing trunks that were really more like regular shorts, instead of those tiny thongs that European men wore. He was embarrassed enough as it was, and could do little to relieve his raging boner.

He gave her ass a very thorough working over, but again avoided all but the fleshy cheeks. It wasn't that he didn't want to explore her ass crack, but she was getting so into it and getting so vocal that he worried about what she might say or do. He imagined Susan rousing herself from her drowsy slumber as Katherine shouted something like, "Oh yeah! Plunge your fingers into my hot box! Go for it!"

He also felt self-conscious because he knew Suzanne was very much awake and carefully watching every move he made from behind her dark sunglasses. She wasn't saying anything, neither approving nor disapproving, which made him feel a bit nervous.

He was getting close to cumming, causing him to try and pace himself. He tried hard not to look at his sister's pussy so much, but couldn't help staring at it sometimes.

But then impulsively, just as he was about to finish with her butt, he grabbed her ass cheeks with his hands and dug his fingers into them as far as he could.

She responded by opening her legs even wider than before.

He found himself staring at her asshole and much of her pussy. But as he moved his hands in towards her ass crack, she cried out, "Oh, yes! Like that!"bender

He looked over to Susan in fright to see if that had woken her, just as he had been fearing would happen. But she was either still asleep or in a happy daze. Spooked by the close call, he pulled his fingers away from her flesh.

"Noooo..." his sister moaned petulantly.

Alan knew he should stop. Katherine's voice was getting too loud, too obviously sexual. It was too dangerous all around. But he was so aroused that he kept going. He planted his fingers back into her ass cheeks and started probing her ass crack with a stray finger or two.

"More like that!" she said loudly. "More in the butt! So good!"

He started working his fingers like a baker working raw dough.

"Yes!" she cried out. "Like that, Big Brother! Mmmm, yeah! Deeper in the butt!"

Alan looked over at Suzanne and saw her giggling behind her sunglasses. He didn't realize it from her hard-to-read expression, but she was amused at his distress at being torn between wanting to go further and knowing that he should stop.

He had a sudden attack of guilt, mostly brought on by Katherine's use of the word "brother." I AM her brother. Her older brother. What am I doing? I'm taking advantage of her. She probably doesn't even know what she wants, and I'm practically molesting her. She must be confused by all this, this "help him do his thing" and "provide visual stimulation" talk. He got up wordlessly and backed away, almost as if in horror over what he'd considered doing.

He'd completely misread her. She griped in a pouty voice as she felt his body lift, "Is that all?" Seeing that he was really finished, she turned her body so that she was lying more on her side than her front

and said, "Thanks, Bro. I really enjoyed that." She was flashing him with a full view of her pussy and tits as seductively as she could, running her hands over the front of her voluptuous body as if she were still tingling all over from his touch.

Alan smiled weakly and gulped. Dang! But she IS still my sister! Shouldn't I be trying to stop things? God, I don't know anything anymore. I just know I have to cum so bad that I wanna fall to my knees and cry!

He was deeply conflicted. The very taboo of their touching intensified his erotic urges. His sister's moans and cries, her willing, open legs, the feel of her clenching ass cheeks, the thought of her grabbing his erection in the water earlier - it was all too much for him to take. Dammit, fuck it! Maybe I should just throw all caution to the wind, pull out my dick, and fuck Sis right here! Fuck it! I'm so close to just losing my mind! If only Mom and Aunt Suzy weren't here, I'd do it!

With that thought, he was reminded that he still had to do Suzanne.

He looked over at her. Her legs were closed with one over the other, but her big pale tits were exposed for him to see. That made him all the more excited, so much so that he was ready to all but attack her. If not her, then somebody, anybody. I can't take it anymore! I have to cum or die!

He spoke up. "Um, Aunt Suzy? I was just thinking. It seems like we're running low on wine. Why don't I go inside and get some drinks? And some snacks too?"

She knew what he really wanted to do: go inside and masturbate. Taking off her high heels and sunglasses, she stood up in all her naked glory. "Oh no you don't! I know what you're planning on doing in there. Don't worry, though. Trust your Aunt Suzy." She started forward.

He thought she was coming at him, but she walked right past him.

Chapter 88 Underwater Handjob - Suzanne

Suzanne took some more steps towards the pool. Then she jumped in. She picked a depth where her feet could reach bottom before her head got wet. (She hated getting her hair wet, since it ruined her carefully-cultivated wavy hairstyle.)

Alan loved watching her naked body in the water. It made him want to cum. Everything now made him want to cum, need to cum, almost beg to cum. He knew that if he touched the bulge in his swimsuit, he would make a big mess for sure.

Standing in the water near him, she suggested, "You must be hot, Sweetie, so jump right in!"

So he did. He figured it could only cool him down, in more ways than one.

But only a minute or two after he jumped into the pool again, he found himself in water that came up to his chest with the nearly-as-tall Suzanne standing right in front of him, eyeing him.

She silently worked her way towards him with a deadly serious gaze, like a tiger quietly stalking its prey.

He backed away from her naked body, until he backed right into the side of the pool.bender

She kept coming towards him, finally pinning him to the wall, putting her arms on the rim of the pool on each side of him.

He felt like she was the predator and he was the prey. He instinctively tried to duck down to get away from under her arms, but she kept coming forward and squashed her tits into his chest as she embraced him. He gave up trying to escape and stood back up.

One of her hands reached down to his swimsuit and went inside. She put her head right next to his and whispered, "Don't worry; let Aunt Suzy take care of you. She wants to make you happy - very happy. She loves you very much."

That was about as close as she'd ever gotten to telling him directly of her deep love for him. Unfortunately, he didn't pay it much attention because he was so distracted. Her exploring hand quickly found his hard-on and grasped it tightly.

Alan was ready to panic. He looked over at Katherine, who was looking right back at him. He wondered how much she could tell was going on.

Suzanne finally spoke out loud, though still using a quiet voice so to avoid waking Susan. "How are you holding up, Sweetie?" she said teasingly as she began stroking his erection underwater. "How are things hanging?"

There was a heavy emphasis on the words "up" and "hanging" as she subtly lowered her voice to a gentle and seductive whisper in his ear. "It's about time for one of your daily stimulations, isn't it?"

"Um... Yeah... Well, uh..." He was struck dumb by her great beauty, not to mention the danger of the situation. He looked over at Susan and saw that her eyes were still closed. He looked again at Katherine. Does Sis know what Aunt Suzy is doing to me? I mean, we're standing in pretty deep water here, but my aunt is all over me like white on rice. She must at least guess, right?

However, he held his tongue. He didn't want to say or do anything that would draw Katherine's or Susan's attention. The one good thing about his position was that he was on the same side of the pool as the lounge chairs, which meant that the very fact that Katherine and Susan were so close to the deck made it impossible for them to see much more than his and Suzanne's heads.

Suzanne worked his swimsuit all the way down his legs to get it out of the way (with his willing assistance), and then started to stroke his erection in earnest. At the same time she said, and not too quietly, "Angel knows. Your sister knows I'm jacking you off. I'm stroking your cock!"

He finally lost it. His body seemed to crumble as he shot off into Suzanne's hand, but she hugged him tighter and held him up. Rope after rope of cum squirted into the water, most dissipating immediately. But some of the bigger strands stayed intact and floated away, at least for a little while.

He wasn't sure whether he'd passed out or not, because the next thing he knew he was still in the pool, still being hugged by Suzanne. However, his breath was fairly calm and his mind was more at ease.

Suzanne knew how overcome he must have been, so she simply held him in a tender embrace until he recovered. The fact that she was naked and his swimsuit had somehow floated off didn't matter because Suzanne was there to support, not to arouse.

But after a while, they each grew more aware that they were naked and in an intimate embrace.

He felt so satisfied that it seemed to him that he'd never need to cum again in his life. But as he rested in Suzanne's arms without speaking, with her heavy breasts pressing into him, he found his penis rising once again.

She could feel it rising along her thigh as it filled with blood, seemingly heading with a purpose the short distance towards her snatch. Her nipples grew erect again and she whispered, "Am I under attack by a mini-submarine, or are you just happy to see me?"

He laughed, and then said, "I'm just happy to see you. VERY happy to see you. Aunt Suzy, you mean so much to me."

"Oh, Sweetie!" She leaned forward and tilted her head, closing in for a kiss. But at the last minute she remembered she wasn't supposed to do that, so instead she ended up merely kissing him on the nose. To make up for it, she then ran her tongue along his cheekbone to his earlobe and licked all over his ear.

He was surprised at just how pleasurable that was. It helped inspire his erection to reach full size just as she grasped it again.

She brought both hands to it so she could really go to town under the water, but he kept his arms around her so that their hug didn't end either.

They both looked over to Susan to see if she was awake yet. She was, though she still seemed kind of out of it and she hadn't really focused on them yet. Then they looked to Katherine to see if she was looking at them. She was, with a big approving smirk on her face, no less.

As Suzanne stroked, she started carrying on a conversation to make it look like they were facing each other closely just to converse. She said in a reasonably loud voice, "So, Sweetie, I've been thinking about your stimulation problem."

Needless to say, she purposely picked a topic that would further fluster and arouse him (as if that was even possible at this point!). "I've been thinking about different ways the three of us could better inspire you to reach your daily target."

"I think you're doing a great job," he replied, while nodding down toward where her hands were busy sliding back and forth along his shaft.

She smiled. "Oh, do you? Did you hear that, Susan? He says that I'm doing a great hand... job. I mean job. Great job!" She laughed. She'd misspoken on purpose, knowing from experience what Susan looked like when she wasn't paying attention.

"Whaa...? Wha was... Shhhomewaah talkin' to me?" Susan didn't get up, but adjusted herself in the lounge chair so she could look over at Suzanne. She was still completely naked, of course, but too out of it to realize what she was showing.

Alan was alarmed by that, but, not surprisingly, also very aroused. He had a fantastic view of the front half of his mother's perfect bombshell body. What frustrated him was that he couldn't say anything to Suzanne to give her a hard time for courting danger. He couldn't even give her a look without now potentially drawing Susan's suspicion. But then he realized that Susan's view of them was from their shoulders on up. So he reached down and pinched Suzanne on the thigh.

Suzanne said to Susan, "Yes, I was just talking to my Sweetie here. We're discussing ways to improve the quantity and quality of his daily stimulation."

Susan sat up, giving Alan an even better view of her voluptuous nudity. She was trying to focus so that she wouldn't miss any of this important conversation.

Suzanne kept talking to Alan on the subject. But she spoke clinically and in a nearly emotionless tone even while her hands wanked him underwater with enthusiasm. She used generic words and phrases, discussing such things as the need for additional "tactile agitation" and "oral stimulation," but the obvious meaning was more handjobs, blowjobs, and the like. Additionally, her words were filled with double meanings and puns. For instance, with the fingertips of both hands pumping on his shaft, she talked about the need to "stroke his ego" so he could "stand tall and make a big splash with the girls."

Alan imagined that Katherine's and Susan's eyes were boring into the back of his head, but he had no way of knowing if they were looking at him or not. In any case, there was nothing he could do about it except stay as quiet and still as he could and act casual, since he was totally in Suzanne's power.

He'd thought that water would be a great lubricant for sex, but that turned out not to be the case. In fact, because his pre-cum dissipated in the water rather than providing lubricant, being submerged made it more difficult for Suzanne to jack him off. But in the end that difficulty ended up helping him last a little longer than he otherwise would have.

Still, he couldn't last very long, since he was thinking about his totally naked mother and sister while Suzanne rubbed her big tits against him and covertly stroked his stiffness.

As he approached climax, Suzanne continued to talk to him in a flat monotone: "So again we return to the question of assistance in achieving your stimulation target. Would it be proper for others to assist you manually, or orally, or perhaps stimulation through the soft flesh of a woman's cleavage? And if so, who exactly would be willing to assist you in this manner? Do you think, perhaps, one woman is not enough? Would you prefer two tongues on your erection at once, or maybe even three?"

As she said this, her hands flew up and down his shaft as fast as she could move them through the resistance of the water (which, admittedly, wasn't that fast).

He felt himself gearing up for another big climax.

But all of a sudden, Suzanne pulled away. He didn't even have anyone to hug anymore. He watched, perplexed, as she started to get out of the pool.

Chapter 89 First Touch @ Aunt Suzy's Pussy

Susan appeared to be rousing herself a bit more, though she was clearly drunk, while Suzanne and Katherine were merely tipsy. She pointed an accusing finger at Suzanne. "Whaa are you two guysh doin' o'er dere? Shumptin's fissshy." But Suzanne by this point was already climbing out of the pool.

Susan saw that Alan was watching Suzanne get out of the pool, and pointed with alarm, "Look out, Shusee! He can totalllee see your pussy!"

Suzanne pretended to mind, partially covering her bush with a hand. She stood right in front of Alan, towering over him as he looked up at her from within the pool. "Are you trying to look at my pussy, Sweetie?" She placed a hand defiantly on one of her hips.

"Not that much," he replied. That was mostly true, because he was looking over all of her incredible body as she stood above him with her big tits dangling down, and not just at her pussy.

Suzanne walked back to her lounge chair, still completely naked and boldly visible to the world. Cleverly, she'd brought Alan's swimsuit with her. "You see that, Susan? He's not staring at my pussy that much. So no problem."

Susan didn't know what to say to that. She had the feeling that something wasn't right. She looked all around. Suzanne, no clothes. Angel, no clothes. ME, no clothes! Don't people usually wear clothes? She assumed that Alan was still wearing his swimsuit, since she could only see him from his shoulders up, and she hadn't noticed Suzanne unobtrusively carrying it to her chair.

Katherine was resentful that Suzanne had gotten to have all the fun in the pool while all she could do was watch from afar. She fretted, but kept quiet. She knew that, as Alan's sister, there were more limits on what she could do with Susan around than what Suzanne could do.

Alan thought, Aunt Suzy obviously isn't going to return my bathing suit. She's having too much fun stealing it and then watching me squirm. Damn! And Mom is slowly waking up, so the quicker I get out of here, the less she's going to mind.

He waited until Susan closed her eyes, as she seemed to briefly drift off into some sleepy daydream now that nothing interesting appeared to be happening in the pool. Then he hopped out and hurried over to Suzanne's lounge chair, cupping his privates with both hands. As soon as he got there, he wrested his swimsuit back from her. Luckily for him, she didn't put up much of a fight, since she'd only wanted to tease him a little bit, not make things impossibly difficult for him.

He managed to get it back on before Susan opened her eyes and looked his way again. He considered himself very lucky.

Suzanne remained sitting naked on her lounge chair right next to him. She started vigorously drying herself with a towel, though it seemed that the only parts that were getting rubbed were her breasts.

"Now that I'm all wet, you're really going to have to do me," Suzanne said to Alan in a scratchy voice filled with innuendo. "But first, please dry me off with the towel." She lay face down on the lounge chair.

It was such a hot day that he didn't care whether he was wet or dry, so he didn't bother to towel himself off first. He had better things to do. He realized Suzanne's request was just a thinly-veiled invitation for him to explore her body, so he did.

Suzanne seemed to enjoy the rough feel of the towel over her skin, so he rubbed her more vigorously with it. The harder he rubbed her the more happily she moaned. He moved the towel in big sweeps all over her body, so she never knew what spot he'd attack and explore next.

He could have done that all day, but he realized putting lotion on her directly with his own hands would be even better. So he put the towel aside and started in with the suntan lotion. He was calmer now than when he'd been in the pool, since he'd climaxed twice recently, but his penis was still very erect and aroused.

He leaned forward and whispered, "Mom is right. You are a meanie. You left me hanging back there."

She looked over at Susan, who was looking away. Then she briefly cupped the impressive package in his swimsuit. "Looks like you're still hanging, big boy."

He just shook his head in disbelief. He knew everything she did was designed to give him pleasure, so he could hardly get upset at her devious ways. Instead, he squirted some lotion on his hands and started with her legs.

Suzanne complied by spreading her legs wide open. They were spread even wider than Katherine's had been, so that her feet and lower legs hung clear off the sides of the lounge chair.

As he worked his fingers up towards her thighs, both of them got increasingly excited. Once he got near the top of her legs, Suzanne said, "Straddle me!"

So he did.

She added quietly, "It's time you do your favorite cocksucker!"

Susan sat up blearily in her lounge chair. "Whadjoo juss say, Suze?" she asked as she tried to stay propped up.

Alan looked over and saw her large, firm tits bouncing around on her chest. They finally came to a halt and dangled there temptingly. Then he looked at the equally delectable and curvy Suzanne right in front of him and thought, Today is a great day. A very, very great day!

Suzanne said to Susan in an easily understood voice, "I said, 'It's time you do your favorite cocksucker.' As in one who sucks cocks. As in me, since I've been sucking his cock."

She giggled nervously, realizing that she was pushing her luck. But she was fairly tipsy and knew that Susan hardly had the right to complain. After all, Suzanne had told her about the blowjobs in such detail that it was practically as if Susan had been in the same room watching them.

Susan nonetheless whined, "Shushanne! Sho wery impwoper! Shuch wangwauge."

Everyone had a good laugh at that, as Susan's voice really sounded ridiculous, almost like Elmer Fudd's. The idea that she would object to the use of the word "cock" or "cocksucker" but not object to her friend actually sucking her son's cock was also fairly absurd.

Susan flopped back down onto her lounge chair and closed her eyes again. She lay face up - a fact that Alan certainly appreciated. She struggled to stay awake, sometimes closing her eyes, then fighting to keep them open at other times. She was trying to make sure that Alan and Suzanne didn't go too far, or at least that, if they did, she'd get to watch.

Alan worked his way up Suzanne's legs. Because she was so pale-skinned, he decided he really should cover her thoroughly with lotion before playing around. So he did her arms and back fairly quickly, rushing to get to her ass.

Once he finished covering her ass with a quick coat of lotion, he kept at her ass but at a more relaxed pace. Sitting on top of Suzanne's legs, with her ass cheeks in both hands, he thought, YES! Now, THIS is the life! My naked Amazon buxom aunt in hand, and Mom and Sis lying naked nearby and looking on. And in the great outdoors, no less. It doesn't get any better than this!

Okay, if I was getting blown at the same time, it would be better. But only just barely, that's how ecstatic and aroused I am!

He spent a very long time on Suzanne's ass. Since it was Suzanne, he felt freer to get overtly sexual, especially when Susan had her eyes closed.

Susan appeared to be drifting in and out of some kind of sleepy daydreaming state. Sometimes she let out the "mmmm" sound she often made when quite aroused.

He was getting a very rapid education in women's asses. First he'd caressed Susan's, then he'd more vigorously probed Katherine's, and now he felt free to go even further on Suzanne's. He started where he had left off with Katherine, by digging into her ass cheeks and mauling them. He alternated that with softly stroking them, keeping his hands a fraction above her skin so that he lightly grazed her fine hairs.

That gave her goose bumps, and the alternation between styles also seemed to increase her horny moaning.

This time he also didn't hesitate to explore her ass crack. He discovered that when he probed it, or her perineum - the area between her anus and her pussy - that created a lot of especially happy moans. However, he was too shy to get near her asshole itself.

Katherine grew intensely jealous as she watched from a few feet away. She could see just how he was going much farther with Suzanne than he had gone with her. That made her wish that she could have been last.

So far, he had avoided directly touching Suzanne's pussy, even though he had great access to it between her legs. He'd come quite close, but wanted a sign from her before he took that next step. After all, just the day before yesterday, she'd let him closely examine it, but she'd made it very clear that he wasn't allowed to touch it.

The awaited sign finally came - one he couldn't possibly misunderstand. Suzanne, seeing that Susan appeared to have drifted back to sleep again, reached around behind her and grabbed him by the wrist. She guided his hand right to her pussy and said, "You missed a spot."

He began exploring it very thoroughly. Early on, Suzanne reached back again and brought his fingers to the little nub above her slit. She said quietly, "That's my clitoris, my clit. Rub it a lot, but very gently. Think of it like the penis for women. It gets erect too. All the pleasure nerve endings you have in that big dick of yours, and a lot more, are packed in this tiny little thing."

He really went to work on her clit after hearing that.

She loved it so much that she threw caution to the wind. She turned over to give him even better access to her crotch and, especially, to her clit. She didn't mind that Katherine was watching, but she crossed her fingers and prayed that Susan would remain asleep.

This was the first time he'd had a good chance to both touch and study a woman's pussy up close. He tried to memorize every last detail, as if he would never see another. He paid close attention to how Suzanne was leaking her own juices. He petted her bush, stroked the outside of her engorged outer labia, and especially kept working on her clit, but as of yet he hadn't put his fingers inside her nether lips. He wanted to take things one step at a time, and there was no shortage of fun new things to try.

After some long moments of exploring, he'd obviously got Suzanne really going, judging by her happy coos and moans. Emboldened, he finally started to press two fingers between her labia.

But to his great surprise and disappointment, Suzanne immediately swatted his hand away just as he started to penetrate her. Yet she said nothing, and he couldn't read her facial expression.

He didn't understand the rules of what he could and couldn't do, so he gave up on that line of attack for the moment. He guessed that maybe she didn't want to get too hot and heavy with Susan threatening to stir at any moment.

However, he was allowed to keep touching her clit until she'd had a nice, and very quiet, climax. He was proud of himself for making her feel good.bender

Then she turned back over and whispered, "Sorry, Sweetie, we should end it there. Your mom is waking up again."

So he finally climbed off her. He'd easily taken twice as long with Suzanne as he had with either of the other two, all in all.

Once he got off her, she said, "Thank you, my Sweetie; that was very nice." Then, more to the others, she said loudly, "Alan does a very thorough job. Veeeerrry thorough!"

He was surprised to hear his sister Katherine reply, perhaps with a touch of jealousy, "Yes! A little too thorough if you ask me."

"That was very nice, Sweetie," said Suzanne again, "but I think it may almost be time for us all to turn over, don't you think, girls? Oh, and you may have to put more lotion all over our fronts. We're just so exposed!" She made the last part sound like she was a helpless girl being ravaged. "You should start with your mother again."

Alan looked over to Susan.

To his surprise, she was awake and staring at him. She turned over and said, "If I turn over, Tiger's gonna see my pussy." She was looking up at the sky with an expression of pure euphoria, perhaps even unaware that she'd already turned over and was showing him everything on her front side yet again.

It was too much for him to take. It's not that he didn't want to see them naked from the front - he most certainly did. But he was on the verge of orgasm again from all the excitement, and the sight of his mother turning over and lying there with her legs spread wide and knees bent looking so completely fuckable actually frightened him.

It wasn't just that he feared he would cum in his swimsuit at any second. Worse than that, he feared he might lose all mental control. By this point he was thinking of little other than fucking all three women, one after another. He suddenly imagined himself raping his mother right on her lounge chair, while she futilely punched him with her fists. Even worse, he imagined her quickly giving in and crying out in an ecstatic voice, "Sho very impwoper!", of all things, while he pumped into her. It was too much for him to take. He felt his dick would erupt with a torrent of cum at any second.

Finally replying to Suzanne's comment about turning over, he said, "Uh, why don't you do that, but I've really got to go! See you later!" He bolted off like a deer for the house. He heard the sound of more tipsy giggling as he sped away, but didn't look back again.

Back in his room, he shot his load almost as soon as he could get a towel around his boner. Then he collapsed on his bed and fell asleep for a second nap.

Chapter 90 Are You Already Tired Of Me?

The experience at the pool left Alan completely drained, both physically and emotionally. He thought he'd had it for the day, and things appeared to have calmed down completely by the time he did some homework in the late afternoon. But there was still the whole evening to go.

Dinner was very awkward. Suzanne wanted to stay and eat with them yet again, but this time she was unable to escape from her obligations with her own family. So it was just Susan, Alan, and Katherine who ate together that night.

Susan appeared to be suffering from a hangover from all the alcohol and sun that she'd had that afternoon. She was a mess and had a pounding headache.

Luckily for Alan and Katherine, this prevented any kind of serious discussion about what had happened earlier. They each ate a TV dinner in near total silence.

Alan thought that if Susan were feeling better she would have given him and his sister a moralistic lecture about what had happened by the pool. Scantly-clad flirtation was out, given Susan's bad mood, which Katherine also wisely understood and respected, so she had dressed like her old self.

The rest of the evening started out very mellow, as everyone continued to recover from the afternoon. But then Suzanne and Amy came over again. Both were fancily dressed.

Suzanne walked into the house like she always did - as if she were family. She gave Alan a friendly wink as she walked past him.

But Amy stopped at the sight of Alan and looked at him as if they were having a dramatic and very joyous reunion. With arms outstretched and an even happier smile on her face than usual, she shrieked "Alan!" and gave him a big hug.

Amy was very touchy-feely and prone to hugs in general. Even so, this was unusual in the Plummer household, where physical displays of affection were rare because Susan had been raised to believe that such intimate contact was improper. In consequence, Amy normally restrained herself around their prudish household.

So Alan asked her quietly, "What's the occasion, Aims?"

"Oh, nothing much. Just glad to see you. Mom and I were at some boring, fancy dinner party thing. Everyone was so stuffy. I'm just so glad to be back with normal people!" Amy continued to cling to him. She wasn't wearing much, as she'd already taken off some of her formal attire. Furthermore, she was wearing a low-cut top, something that her mother almost never allowed her to wear.

He realized to his horror that his dick was erect and pressing into Amy. He commanded it: Down, boy! Down! Can't you even take a few hours rest?! But it didn't help. He rather forcibly but politely disengaged from the hug.

Amy didn't seem to mind at all; she just ran off to hug other people.

Alan thought, I guess that was just an innocent hug. I must still be aroused from everything earlier. I can't allow myself to get that kind of reaction when near the pure and innocent Aims. I shouldn't have taken advantage of her yesterday when I played with her nipples. In fact, Aunt Suzy would probably be upset with me if she knew. Why, I remember just a few years ago when Aims was a complete tomboy. I guess her mother's super-sexy genes are kicking in. Does she know her effect on men, or is she still a tomboy at heart? Now that I've seen her naked, I can't think of her like I did before.

The three Plummers and two Pestrldges settled in and watched TV. The evening continued to be a mellow one as all but Amy were still mentally and physically recovering from their afternoon fun. Thus their energy level continued dropping until it seemed like all four were lifeless slugs, fused into the sofas.

Amy, though, remained bubbly, seemingly oblivious to everything.

Alan was very selective about what he watched on TV, so when nothing good appeared to be on he went back to his room to read. He was really into J.R.R. Tolkien since The Lord of the Rings movies had

started coming out, and he was re-reading all the books by Tolkien that he'd read previously. By this time his energy level had revived, no doubt helped by the fact that he hadn't had any alcohol, unlike the other three.

But the one thing he didn't want to do was think. He was so blown away by what had happened earlier at the pool that he wanted a night to sleep on it before figuring out what it all meant and what he should be doing about it. He was fully on board for lots more sexual fun with Suzanne, but his feelings about what to do with Susan and Katherine were more conflicted. He just wanted to be alone and read his engaging book. He buried his nose further into it and tried to avoid any mental distractions.

However, Suzanne was on a very different wavelength. She held her liquor much better than Susan and Katherine (in part because she knew how to limit how much she drank), and didn't feel bad at all. In fact, given a few hours to rest in the late afternoon, she now felt downright energetic and horny.

The "suntan lotion application" at the pool had been like a dream come true for her. She'd wanted Alan badly for months, if not years. Now it was all coming together for her: not just her plan to seduce him, but even her larger, more ambitious plan to seduce the entire Plummer family (minus Susan's almost-always-absent husband, of course). Lying naked outside with the other two women and even bantering about cocksucking with Susan seemed like a stone's throw away from the completely open, communal, sexual relationship that she was envisioning could someday happen between the four of them. She was beside herself with excitement.

Susan had drifted off while watching TV, and Katherine and Amy seemed fully occupied by whatever program was on.

So Suzanne stole away, rushed up the stairs, and practically burst into Alan's room. But when she opened the door and took a good look at him, she could see their moods didn't jibe. For once, sex wasn't even on his mind. It didn't help that she wasn't dressed even slightly provocatively: she was still wearing her clothes from the formal dining engagement that she and Amy had attended with their family, and she even still had on her underwear. But she wouldn't be denied the needs of her voracious sexual hunger.

She sidled up to Alan, who had put down his Tolkien book and was fully engaged with her presence. "Alan, my Sweetie, how are you doing?"

"Okay," he grunted. She stood in front of him and stooped down a bit to where he was sitting at his desk.

She put her hands on his shoulders and massaged them. She worked in towards his neck with a vigorous massaging motion. With a voice all sweetness and light, she said, "Sweetie, that handjob was fun in the pool, don't you think, but I realized I haven't had a chance to give you your daily cocksucking today. How would you like that now?"

He replied honestly, "I don't know. I'm feeling kind of exhausted. After all, that's the problem that's causing all this - my tiredness." He didn't want to talk about what had happened at the pool.

"Awww. I'm hurt. I've only been helping you for a few days, and already you're tired of me and my cocksucking lips."

"No way, Aunt Suzy," he protested. "It's not like that. I could never get tired of you. Really. You're amazing!"bender

"Well then, I'll bet I can get you into a sexier mood so you can do your thing. Have you done it six times today yet? I'll bet you haven't."

"You've got me there," he admitted. He'd done it once upon waking, then school took most of his day, then there were three times in the afternoon. Even though the poolside experience was the most amazing erotic experience he'd yet had in his life, it had been mostly one of blue balls and very little actual direct stimulation except for what Suzanne had done to him underwater. It dawned on him that the last time he'd cum, just after the pool where he'd run inside and came almost before he could pull his swimsuit down, probably didn't count at all, according to Akami's rule that the only ejaculations that could be counted were those that directly followed prolonged tactile stimulation.

He calculated, and then said, "I think, honestly, just three times today so far."

Her eyes lit up. "Then you really need some help. I'm feeling randy as a goat. The way you touched me all over earlier - it gets me so excited just thinking about it. Let me get rid of all these annoying clothes."