

## 6 Times 911

### Chapter 911 Are Those Rumors About Heather True, Bro?

The appointment with Akami went much quicker than Alan expected, so when he got home he found Susan and Suzanne both napping on Susan's master bed.

He woke them up, and lost all the time he'd saved in the short visit with Akami with a prolonged discussion about Dr. Fredrickson's scheming and what to do about it.

Not surprisingly, the two women remained naked, making it difficult for Alan to carry on a serious conversation. The only difference from before was that they were washed up and they had their high heels off, since they'd been on the bed for a while.

Suzanne in particular was incorrigible. She commented that it wasn't fair how Alan had fucked Susan's ass so well recently, yet left hers alone. After that, she actually spent some time talking to him while sitting in the other direction on the bed, so he'd have no choice but to enjoy the sight of her ass and statuesque backside.

Even though she was facing away, she made sure that Alan still had a side view of her as she repeatedly shook her tits, causing them to jiggle like a bowl of Jell-O.

It was too much for him, and naturally his penis got hard and stayed that way even though he didn't welcome that. However, he avoided the great temptation of touching either voluptuous beauty, since he was still trying to mourn the recent bad news about Glory wanting to break up with him.

He thought, I'm with two of the sexiest women I've ever seen or ever am going to see, and one of them is my mom! They're naked and love me and want me to fuck their pussies all day long. Now, I know none of that is new knowledge to me, but damn! It's just so incredible. I don't think I'll ever get over it.

Eventually, he had to order them to dress and move off of Susan's bed. They were literally too arousing for him to handle.

Feeling a bit abashed, Suzanne said, "I know that your mom and I get a little overenthusiastic sometimes. But all you have to do is say stop and we will." However, even as she said this, she turned dressing into a reverse sexy striptease.

Both she and Susan put on very light and loose sun dresses, high heels, and nothing else.

Alan thought, Hell, they might as well wrap some toilet paper around themselves a couple of times. That would give them more cover than these totally transparent outfits. Damn. In a way it's worse they're wearing something because now they're gonna be constantly flashing me. Here comes another boner, and my dick just went down a minute ago. I know I shouldn't and my little guy needs a rest, but I love it!

"Sweetie, what are you thinking about so heavily?" Suzanne leaned forward, giving Alan a perfect shot so far down her dress that he could see her bush.

"Yeah, Tiger, what's on your mind?" Susan was less subtle - she not only bent forward too, she used a hand to make sure one of her tits popped free through the gaping hole in the middle of her dress.

Alan groaned with frustration and arousal. "Back to the problem at hand, ladies."

"What about the problem in hand?" Susan nodded at his boner, tenting in his pants.

"Or not in our hands, tragically enough." Suzanne stared at his pole and licked her lips.

"Come on you two, focus."

At that, the two mothers calmed down and more or less focused. Amy and Katherine were still cheerleading at the football game or they would have been included in the discussions. But the three of them decided to come up with a plan on their own.

The three of them eventually concluded the best thing to do was to set a trap for the doctor. They could arrange another appointment and then have one or more people bust into the office where Dr. Fredrickson was watching (and wanking). This time they'd have a camcorder of their own, to beat him at his own game. It seemed the obvious thing to do, but there was much to plan and discuss and they

couldn't do it without Akami. So they tried to put it out of their minds and just enjoy the last couple of hours Alan had before he had to leave.

But Alan was feeling very agitated. Either the Glory or Dr. Fredrickson situation would have been enough to work him up and worry him to distraction, but the combination of both on the same day, plus hearing disturbing news about his father Ron, and worries about the probably uncontrollable Heather, bullying at school, and insecurities about his upcoming fuck with Susan left him nearly shaking with tension. Having to leave for a hiking trip in a matter of hours was bothering him too. He felt as if his world was crumbling down around him. He always had a sense that his sex life was far too good to be true, and that it wouldn't last. Now he had the feeling that this was the beginning of the end.

He paced back and forth relentlessly. He was so worked up that Suzanne made him a rum and Coke and had him drink it down. Then she made him another, and had him drink that too. That helped mellow him out a bit, but he was still depressed and antsy.

The three of them moved downstairs, and then talked while Susan cooked dinner.

When Katherine and Amy returned from their cheerleading for the football game, everyone sat down and ate, and kept talking (Suzanne and Amy left the male Pestrldges at home to fend for themselves, so they could see Alan off). All the females dressed relatively conservatively at Alan's request, although Susan merely kept her revealing sun dress on.

With the two teen girls back in the picture, much had to be explained and discussed all over again, so the conversation didn't make much progress. He was reluctant to discuss Glory in front of the whole group, due to his desire to keep his intimate relationship as much of a secret as possible, for fear of her losing her teaching job and a general desire not to "kiss and tell." But given what Glory had learned, those concerns were essentially discarded for the moment. He had to reveal many details about his intimate relationship with her for the first time, to enable the others to fully understand this dangerous situation so that they could give him good advice about it.

Alan became more relaxed as time went on. He again remembered the results of the investigation into Ron that he'd just learned about earlier that afternoon. The more he thought about it, the better he felt. I loved Ron when I was little, but he's changed so much, and so have I. I don't even want to know anything about the kinky stuff he's been doing in Thailand. It's better if he's out of our lives. Maybe things aren't falling apart after all. Mom said she'd get a divorce right away and give me the Beemer. She told me, "You're the man of the house now, now that you've tamed us all with your big, fat cock."

He pondered, Is that really true? Have I somehow tamed them? Lately they've been acting so... well, subservient. I thought it was just a game and sexy talk, except for Mom. But even Suzanne is acting differently these days. She hasn't done a complete 180 like Mom, but she's... well... different. What does it mean? How will our relationships be defined? ... Yet they seem to be acting so normally now, not counting the way Mom keeps bending forward to show off her cleavage. But on the other hand, all I have to do is snap my fingers and I know any of them will be fighting over who gets to suck my cock next. It's like that's what they're living for now. And they say so many women refuse to even give blowjobs. Weird.

As if emphasizing his points, Susan walked over to where he was sitting and leaned over dramatically. "Is there anything I can do for you, Tiger? Are you fully satisfied? Is there anything I can do to... make you feel better?"

He looked at the deep expanse of cleavage right in front of his eyes. "No, Mom. I'm good. Thanks."

Disappointed, she stood up and went back to the kitchen.

He thought, Dang! Those two things could be registered as weapons of mass destruction! How could I NOT get a boner? But I'm not gonna let her know. Time's running out before I go on my trip, and things have to get done.

Things were so serious that nothing really sexual happened aside from the extensive rounds of welcome home greetings and kisses when Amy and Katherine came back, but those kisses were more friendly than sexual.

But as time went on, the mood gradually lightened. All the women seemed so completely convinced that everything would work out just fine with Glory and the Dr. Fredrickson situations that Alan felt a bit sheepish to protest otherwise. Their optimism was infectious.

Suzanne in particular insisted that Glory would get back with him; she claimed to understand Glory thoroughly, even though the two women had never really met before, except for parent-teacher conferences.

The conversation switched to cheerleading for the football game that Amy and Katherine had taken part in earlier in the day. Katherine said, "Janice and Joy both went without panties. Just the painted on kind."

"What?" Susan didn't know what that meant.

So Katherine explained in some detail about the painted-on panties "tradition" and Alan's role in it all slowly came out. This had never been properly explained to Susan since it was so tied up with the first times Alan had fucked his sister, which they had tried to keep secret until recently.

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Susan got particularly excited, exclaiming, "Wait a minute. Angel, I knew a lot of that already, but I never really put it all together. Kim, Janice, Joy, Heather, Amy, and you - he's fucking the whole cheerleading squad! It's like he's collected the entire group! And he's not just fucking them; with this panties thing he's controlling them! People talk about pussy-whipped, but he's got the whole squad cock-whipped. Tiger, I'm so PROUD of you!"

Boing! Alan thought as his dick immediately grew hard in his pants.

Susan's eyes were fiery with excitement as she told him, "Son, you're boning every single last cheerleader in your school! Do you realize how impressive that is?! They're the elite of the elite!"

He said modestly, "Well, it just kinda happened. And it's not like they're all the most beautiful girls in school. Some other girls, like Christine, Simone, and Donna, are widely considered more beautiful than Janice or Joy."

"But still!" Susan persisted. "It gets me so hot! Amy, help me out here. Isn't that impressive?"

Amy spoke up. "It is pretty cool. Like today, at halftime when Heather wasn't around, the rest of us were all talking about this new rumor that Alan had totally, well, cock-whipped Heather in the halls earlier. Everyone was so impressed! It makes me totally proud that he's my official boyfriend." She paused, and then purred right at Alan while fluttering her eyebrows, "You can cock-whip me any time."

Susan added, "Oh! Me too! Just imagine: your fat thing slapping my face like an angry hand! Or my tits!" She leaned forward in her sun dress, showing off endless cleavage and two very white dangling orbs. It looked like she was suddenly having trouble not ripping the dress off altogether.

Katherine pointed out, "The only bummer is me. The other girls obviously can't know that Brother is boning me too. Otherwise, we could steal him away from the tennis team from time to time and spend the entire sixth period taking turns getting fucked and generally servicing his cock."

Susan's eyes practically popped out of her head, and she clutched at her head. "OH. MY. GOD! That is... SO HOT!"

Katherine asked, "By the way, are those rumors about Heather true, Bro?"

Alan could feel his ego growing with every new comment. He tried to sound modest as he replied, "Well, I don't know the rumors exactly, but probably. How did that get out, anyways?"

"What did you do?" Katherine prodded. She looked over at Susan and slapped her mother's hand as she saw her starting to take her dress off. She was trying to give her brother a much needed break.

He replied, "Heather tried to wow me and tempt me so I'd turn to mush and she'd get the upper hand. But I fingered her pussy and ass so good that she was the one turned to mush."

Alan had explained this encounter to Susan and Suzanne a couple of hours earlier. But Susan got hot as an oven hearing about it again. She said proudly, "Oh Tiger, you're such a BIG boy now! You've not only tamed all of us at home with your big cock, you've tamed the whole cheerleading squad - the best looking girls in school! I should have known. Oh my God! I can't WAIT until you fuck me! I know you're trying to relax and all, but can't I stroke and suck you a little bit? Pleeeeasse? I promise that you'll hardly notice."

He chuckled. Somehow, I highly doubt that! Ha! Pleased as punch with himself, Alan said, "Sure. Knock yourself out."

Susan stuck her tongue out at Katherine as if she was saying, "Nyah! Nyah! See, I told you so." Then she yanked her entire sundress off, leaving her in just her high heels. She dropped to her knees between her

son's legs and fished his stiff dick out of his zipper. She had it between her lips the second it reached open air.

There were a few moments of adjustment as people peeked under the table, but Katherine, Alan, Amy, and Suzanne continued what they were doing as if Susan blowing Alan while buck naked under the table wasn't even worthy of comment.

"That's not all, Mom," Katherine continued, as if her mother was still sitting next to her. She had to speak up a little bit to be heard over the new and extra loud slurping sounds. "You should see how he treats the girls on the squad. They're all lusting after him, big time."

Amy proudly said, "You don't know the half of it! The rest of us talk about Alan aaaaall the time, but usually when you're not there. And it's really cute, because normally Heather is such a, well, she's all Heathery, if you know what I mean." That was about as close as Amy could get to insulting someone. "But when Alan's name comes up, she gets all moony. She's practically one of the gang when we talk about Alan Junior."

The squad talks about my dick?! Alan thought. He considered the fact that Susan was bobbing on his sweet spot under the table, and he couldn't but help feel proud. It certainly does get a lot of attention! He silently snickered at that.

Katherine said, "You've told me about that before, Aims. But you also know there's a lot of talk when I am there. For instance, Bro, just today, us cheerleaders were trading rumors about you and Heather when Heather wasn't around. Big Drag Racer Brother, is it really true that you call her 'cum dump'? And she lets you live?"

Suzanne was doing something in the kitchen. She made a sort of half-strangled snickering noise that she tried to cover up.

Susan by contrast groaned lustily when she heard the words "cum dump." She was inspired to try once more to deep throat him again, but she quickly gave up the effort when her gag reflex rebelled against her yet again.

"Yeah," he confessed. Between the flattering talk and the way his mother was sucking and stroking his pole, he was forgetting to be modest. "She'll pretty much do anything I say so long as I promise to fuck her in the ass. And she actually loves all the trash talk."

Katherine was getting excited too; her effort to be somewhat restrained for his benefit was flying out the door. "That's what the others all say! I never get to see it in person due to the sister thing, but they say she loves it up the ass. Gaawwwd, I'd just love to watch you bang her butt! It's wild. This haughty, arrogant bitch totally melts, and the more crazy stuff he calls her, the more she loves it!"

Susan thought she would faint with excitement at the thought of her son saying and doing such things to her. She was forced to resort to mere licking for a few seconds as she said, breathlessly, "Angel, stop, please! That's just too exciting!" She swallowed the cockhead for duration of a couple of long, powerful sucks, and then continued, "I can't say I blame Heather in the least for being cock-whipped. Oh, Tiger! Whip me with your cock!"

#### Chapter 914 I Want To See How You Fuck Her In The ASS!

Susan wanted to make eye contact, so she pulled up the tablecloth that hung down over Alan's legs. She looked up at her son with a gaze so intensely smoldering that he nearly yelped in surprise. She was already stroking and licking his boner through his open zipper, but that wasn't good enough for her. She suddenly unbuttoned his pants, lifted his ass up, and yanked his pants down. "God, help me, but I need this!"

She dropped her mouth over his thick dick and stuffed all of his cockhead into her gaping maw.

The others didn't even blink an eye at that. In fact, everyone was a bit surprised that Alan had managed to make it through all of dinner and then some with his pants on.

"Wait a minute, Mom." He pulled his dick out of her mouth. At first she seemed completely crushed by that, but he had a plan in mind. Her face was deep in his crotch as her lips lingered less than an inch from the tip of his dick and her tongue reaching even closer than that. So it was very easy for him to simply grasp his shaft with one hand and start "whipping" her cheeks with it, and that's exactly what he did.



Susan's eyes lit up like a bright neon sign as she realized what he was doing. Her look could only be described as feral and animalistic. "Tiiiiger! Oh BOY! It's like a whole new way of taming!"

She loved the way he was slapping one cheek and then the other with his dick, while sometimes hitting her nose as it crossed back and forth across her face. What he was doing "hurt" her only about as much as slapping her cheeks with a pen, but it was the idea that she absolutely loved. However, he was only able to make a few dick slaps on either side because having his stiffness that close to her mouth was simply too tempting. Soon she was happily sucking away on it again.

Suzanne was not immune to the rising tide of lust in the room. As she drifted from the kitchen to the dining room table, she commented, "Could someone please put on some music? All I hear is the sound of slurping, slurping, slurping. If I don't hear something else soon, I'm liable to join Susan down there."

Katherine quipped. "And that would be bad... how, exactly?" She giggled.

Amy also giggled, but she said, "Oooh! Great idea!"

Suzanne saw both girls starting to sink down in their chairs, and she could guess well enough where they were headed. She held up a hand. "HEY! No! Give the kid a break. I have no idea how Susan finagled her way down there, but we're supposed to just be having a normal conversation here. So can someone put on some music already?"

Amy stood up. "Bummer. And what to put on? I wish there were a lot more cocksucky kind of songs out there."

Suzanne sat down at the table, one chair away from where Alan sat, since the girls were closer. She was curious about the practicalities of what the girls were saying, and asked them, "How do you all do it right in the middle of school so often and never get caught?"

Katherine replied, "I know. Isn't that weird? The thea- Hey Mom, can you tone down the slurping sounds? Aunt Suzy has a point. I can barely hear myself over all the cocksucking."

"Sthorry," Susan mumbled. She was getting very talented at breathing through her nose, so she hardly ever had to pause.

Amy hurried back to the table, just as "Rock Lobster" by the B-52's began.

Suzanne groaned unhappily. "Ugh! This again? Amy, I know this album backwards and forwards. If I hear the B-52's greatest hits one more time, I'm gonna give you a one way ticket to your own private Idaho."

Amy giggled at that reference to one of her favorite B-52's songs. "Hey, it's upbeat, and it's something we all can agree on."

After Suzanne thought about some of the other dance pop artists Amy liked, she decided that hearing the B-52's one more time wasn't so bad after all.

Katherine continued her comment before she was interrupted. "Anyway, the theater room is essential, especially since the stinky bathroom is, well, stinky. Heather has the only key to the theater room, aside from maybe the janitor, but no one else ever goes there."

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Alan fished into his pocket, as his pants were still in reach, and he pulled out the theater key. He flashed it about proudly as he said, "Correction. Alan has the only key!"

Amy and Katherine hooted, "Woo-hoo!" and clapped.

Susan was disturbed to see his pants still covering the lower half of his legs and took them all the way off. Impressively, she managed to do that without ever pausing pleasuring him with her slathering tongue. Not only was her tongue busy, but she was bobbing with long strokes, taking in about one-third of his dick with each down stroke.

Amy gave him a toothy grin. "You know what that means? You can take me in there at any time and totally do me! I can hardly wait for you to rip my clothes off and shove your big log up my butt!"

Alan was amused at the contrast between her slutty words and her angelic innocence as she sat at the table smiling at him. He pointed out, "Aims, I can't exactly rip your clothes off at school."

"Who said anything about waiting until school?" she teased and wiggled her butt in her chair.

That got a lot of big laughs.

Suzanne asked him, "Am I right in assuming that this means you've wrested control from Heather as to who can get fucked at school and when?"

"Yep!" he beamed.

Susan was nibbling on his cockhead, but stopped to let out a "Woo-hoo!" She switched over to a titfuck so she could talk at greater length. "You guys, you have NO IDEA how incredibly joyous I am right now! Hearing about Tiger fucking the whole cheerleading squad while his big cock tickles my tonsils... OH! And the cock whipping! I could just DIE of pure JOY! My son is in CHARGE and there's nothing we big-titted babes can do but SUBMIT!"

Alan looked around at the others. Even though Susan was just stating the obvious in terms she loved to use every day, he noticed their chests were nevertheless heaving more than before. It was a breathtaking sight, even with everyone sitting at the table fully clothed.

Susan looked down into her chest and tried to lick his cockhead as it came near her mouth, but she couldn't really do that and talk, so she just talked. "Suzanne, are you thinking what I'm thinking? I have a sudden desire to stop by that high school more often. Especially that theater room. Wouldn't it be great if we were kids again? I get so excited, picturing myself on the cheerleading squad, especially since it's now Tiger's personal pussy squad. The only panties I'd ever wear would be the painted on kind, if even that. Then Tiger could just flip up my short red skirt and slip inside me at any time!"

A thought suddenly occurred to her as she licked at his tip with more success. She was providing all the motion in the titfuck by moving her breasts up and down so she could lick him at the same time. "Hey Tiger, you remember that Tuesday Heather came over here to study with you?"

"Yeah?" He looked down at his dick sliding through her cleavage. It looked as good as it felt. He was getting close to blowing a load, but he was having too much fun to call for a strategic break.

"Tell me the truth. Were you fucking her in your room?"

"Yeah." He was a bit abashed, but proud too.

"I should have figured! Tiger, you're a fucking stud! It makes me tremble, knowing that you can conquer any woman at any time. I'm literally trembling with excitement! When anyone asks me why my own son fucks me at will, I'll just point out that he fucks the elite of the elite at his school, the prettiest and sexiest. He fucks the entire cheerleading squad and then some!"

"Um, Mom, no one's actually asked you that, right? By the way, I think I need a strategic break."

She stopped her titfuck, but she kept his dick trapped in her chest and since she was heaving with excitement, the break wasn't really much of a rest for his dick. "Don't worry, Son, I may not stand a chance of outsmarting you and your big cock, but I'm not stupid. I mean talking to someone in the know, like Brenda or Akami. You know how Brenda and I love to talk about this kind of stuff. Tell me, have you finished taming even Heather with your big fat cock?"

Alan thought about his meeting with Heather the day before, with the intense anal sex and strange bursts of tenderness. Then he thought about her haughty attitude today. "I'm working on it. But not really. I don't think she's completely tamable."

"Nonsense. You're just being modest. No woman can resist, once you've given her a few strokes of your sweet fuck stick. Not once you shove your big fat cock down my throat and make me suck on it so hard it creates a total vacuum!"

Katherine giggled. "Um, you mean down her throat, don't you?"

"Down all our throats! Son, promise me you'll bring her over once you've completely tamed her, okay?" Susan was so worked up by the talking that her hands started to slide her breasts up and down over her son's dick even though she was trying hard not to move them. She just couldn't contain herself.

She added, "I don't necessarily want to be with her, but I'd like to see her big tits swing as you make her crawl from room to room. I wanna see you tie her up and spank her HARD while she begs for mercy!"

And then I want to see how you fuck her in the ASS!" All the time she talked, her tits rhythmically rose and fell on each side of his erection.

Katherine could see that her mother was close to climax, and that her brother was about to blow. Since she was sitting next to Susan, she tweaked and twisted her mother's nipples.

That pushed Susan over the top. She squealed. "Oh! Ooooooh! Angel!" She was so excited that she fell back from Alan, her breasts pulling away from the titfuck. She dropped her hands down to her crotch and shrieked even louder as she diddled her clit.

Alan was relieved, since he figured that now he could get a real strategic break. He sat back and recovered his breath.

While Susan sat on the floor recovering, Suzanne said, "Susan, you've been a bit of a cock hog today, I hate to say. That's enough for you for a while. Would someone else like to take over?"

Amy acted fastest. Her hand shot up in the air like a student eager to ask a question. "Ooooh! Me! Me, me, me, me, me!"

Alan laughed. So much for a break! He said, "Okay, Aims. But take it real slow and easy please. Mom was getting real carried away there, and I'm already on the verge of blowing."

"M'kay!" She made to stand up.

"Wait. Give me a couple of minutes first. I really need that strategic break."

"Don't worry, I'll be totally mellow. You'll hardly even notice your thingy is sliding around in my cleavage. Just you wait and see." Somewhat surprisingly, she was still fully dressed, as was everyone else, except for Susan, plus Alan lacking his pants. The group was still more or less in dinner mode. But Amy hopped up and stripped all her clothes off in a flash. There was a cup of melted butter still on the table, and she poured some of that down her cleavage with a naughty wink in Alan's direction.

## Chapter 915 Everyone Having So Much Fun

Amy sat between Alan's legs and immediately took over for the titfuck that Susan had been doing. She did keep her promise and go slowly. But just the sight on her naked and on her knees while staring lovingly up into his eyes, not to mention the melted butter dripping down and soaking into her skin, was nearly enough to push him over the edge.

Katherine wished she could be in Amy's spot, but this time she had no one to blame but herself. She'd been spacing out, thinking about some events with Heather earlier in the day, and missed the call for a volunteer. Sitting next to Alan at the table, she had a great view of Amy's boobs alternately sliding up and down on either side of her brother's dick, over and over. She could have reached out to lend a hand just as she did to spur Susan's climax, but for the moment she was content to watch.

Katherine said, "You know, Bro, I keep thinking about Heather. I'm just so blown away at the change that's come over her lately. The whole squad is talking about it, though not to her face, of course. The most interesting thing I was going to mention is that Heather also did the painted-on panties thing for the game today. Not only did she do it, but she was, like, waaaaay into it. You know how we wear our cheerleader outfits all day on game days?"

"Yeah?" Alan was getting really excited hearing about this, and he wanted Katherine to hurry with her explanation. He didn't mentally register that Amy was picking up the pace of the titfuck in response to his growing eagerness, but his butter-covered hard-on certainly appreciated it.

His sister said, "Well, I thought that she had worn only the black painted-on panties all day, just like Janice and Joy. But then when cheerleader practice starts, she bends over and we find out that she wasn't even painted! She went totally commando and unpainted, like, all day long!"

Alan immediately thought back to his hallway encounter with Heather. Holy shit! That means that she didn't even have a painted pretense of panties when I was feeling her up! Now that I think about it, I don't remember the feel of paint, or anything else but silky smooth skin, but for some reason I wasn't thinking. Simone and those other girls standing around must have totally seen everything as my finger plunged into her asshole! No wonder they were so wide-eyed. They were gawking at her tanned bare ass, hanging out in the open right in the middle of the hallway! Jeeee-sus. Is Heather totally reckless or what? That was almost crazier than the parking lot incident. Man, I really need to get away from her before she gets me in big trouble.

But Katherine was already talking some more, so Alan stopped his train of thought and listened.

"Heather was acting strange the whole day, especially at lunch and afterward. We have this kind of cheerleader camaraderie on game days, even with Heather, since it's our job to wear our uniforms and raise team spirit. But she was all dreamy-eyed and seemed more keen on raising erections than spirits, if you know what I mean. She was out of control! She kept telling us other cheerleaders to grope her whenever we could, and of course we did, within reason. I mean, she's a bitch, but she's totally hot!"

Amy giggled in agreement.

Katherine went on, "Like, I'd have my hands on her shoulders in a friendly half-hug gesture, and she'd whisper to me, 'The ass. Do my ass!' She wasn't even that bitchy, 'cos she was so blissed out."

Alan was distracted with Amy's titfuck, even if she was still going relatively slowly. But he was listening enough to ask his sister, "So, did you do it?"

"What?"

"Grope her ass."

"Of course. How could we resist an ass like that? She may be, well, Heather, but she has an incredible, perfectly tanned ass. But not in public. We were popping off to bathrooms every chance we could get. But that wasn't good enough for her! It seemed the more publicly and blatantly we groped her, the more she loved it. She really wanted it in the hallways with everyone walking around. It was like she WANTED to get caught! She kept mumbling something about a 'naked Heather day,' whatever that was."

That sent a bolt of excitement through Alan, knowing that Heather was taking his fantasies so seriously and was actually eager to act them out. He realized she probably did want to get caught on some level, since that was part of his fantasy. That helped explain her reckless behavior with him in the hallway. Man, I've sort of created a monster! A sexy, steely, bubble-butt monster.

Katherine continued, "We were all a bit scared, 'cos with Heather you never know if she'll turn on you, plus the danger of getting caught. Kim and Amy were the boldest. I swear, Amy, if it weren't for me holding you back, you'd just shuck off all your clothes and throw yourself into a lesbian cheerleader orgy right in the middle of the school!"

Amy giggled. "Oopsies. But it is fun." Now that she had the floor, she asked Alan about the on-going titfuck. "Boyfriend, how am I doing?"

"Great. Perfect. It's a nice, constant buzz. Not too intense. Thanks so much." He looked around the room. Susan was still sitting on the floor and recovering from her orgasm. She was nude and leaning against a wall just a short distance behind Amy. Suzanne and Katherine, by contrast, were sitting at the table with him fully dressed. Then of course there was Amy, naked and sitting on her heels between his legs with a big smile on her face and his stiff dick sliding through her cleavage. He felt like he was caught halfway between a Norman Rockwell painting and a porn shoot.

He was physically situated right between the two worlds as well. From a view across the table, he appeared to be fully dressed and just having a normal chat with Katherine and Suzanne. But a below the table angle on his side of the room showed that his pants were off and his dick was sloshing in between sweaty and buttery tits.

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Katherine continued her story. "Things were pretty chill until lunch. All us girls on the squad had a certain amount of restraint. But then Simone shows up and whisks a bunch of us off to the stinky bathroom. She's as reckless as Heather is! I felt obliged to stand guard at the door, 'cos SOMEone had to be responsible. They were totally fucking standing up, and had it not been in the stinky bathroom, they would have stripped and done it on the floor, I'm sure."

Alan asked, "Hey, how come you're the responsible one with Heather, but never with me?"

She smiled. "That's 'cos I'm your fuck toy. Fuck toys don't hold back and they don't say no."

He rolled his eyes at that. Then he asked, "So wait. She did get painted before the game started, didn't she? She's not THAT crazy."

"She IS that crazy, but she did get painted, I'll admit. I was just getting to that. After cheerleading practice started and she bent over, like I was saying before, she announced that she needed some painting help. Ever since you gave up your painting duties, Kim has become our resident painter, so the two of them went off for a while and the rest of us pretty much stood around gossiping. There's not



much reason to practice on game day, since we already know the routines by heart. When Heather came back, she was, like, in la-la land. First, she and Kim did a lot of eating each other out before any painting actually happened. Of course, they did it on purpose just on the other side of the room, so we could totally see and get hot and bothered by it."

Alan looked over at his mother. She was lifting her big tits up and pinching her nipples. She realized he was staring her way, so she smiled and winked at him.

Katherine went on, "Then, when she actually deigned to lead us in reviewing our routines, it seems she was mostly looking for excuses to complain so she could put her hands all over our asses. Especially the other two panty-less ones, and Janice in particular. She said she wanted to check to make sure the paint jobs were done right, but it seemed like all she wanted to check was how deep her fingers could probe inside their pussies."

"Hey, it was fun," Amy said. Alan was holding her tits together now so she could diddle herself as the titfuck continued.

"I'm not denying that," Katherine replied. "But the whole thing pretty much devolved from there. I mean, we have our routines down cold, and everyone on the squad is bi to some degree except for Joy, so why not have some kinky fun? Joy's a good sport about it. You should'a been there. Clothes started coming off and then Heather brought out a box of dildos and it was all over. I think Janice and Heather fucked each other a good half of the remaining practice period."

Even Suzanne was subtly fingering herself now as she mentally pictured an all-out cheerleader orgy.

Alan asked, "Janice and Heather? Are you sure about that?"

Katherine continued, while also starting to give herself a fingerbang, "I know. It's so ironic because they still hate each other's guts, but that just seemed to make both of them more aroused. You should have seen the way they were viciously insulting each other while sawing away in the others' hole. Heather really gets off on that. Janice was yelling 'Take it, bitch!' while ramming the dildo in and out, and hot damn, Heather was taking it! I dunno, Bro, maybe it reminds her of how you treat her."

Amy added, "It totally rocked! Kim's such a good pussy lick. Alan, you should stop with that silly tennis stuff and just join the squad somehow."

Katherine chimed in, "Yeah! Normally Heather is a pretty stern taskmaster and actually rides us pretty hard. I don't know why she was acting all different today. But with you there, she'd melt and then YOU could ride us all pretty hard." She giggled.

Alan was increasingly convinced that the main reason Heather was acting strange was his "Naked Heather Friday" sex talk. He'd had no idea it would affect her so strongly. Worse, he didn't know how to undo what he'd done there.

Susan had been slowly reviving, mostly thanks to her self breast exploration, and she was fingering herself too. One could hardly hear the B-52's music playing in the background for all the squishy noises throughout the room. She finally spoke up. "Tiger, did you hear that? It sounds to me like you really have tamed the whole cheerleading squad, including Heather! I'm so PROUD of you! They're the cream of the crop!"

Katherine joked, "Cream of the crop, or cream on his cock? But Brother, you do effectively own the team, and Simone too. You could snap your fingers and any of 'em will come running."

Susan said, "I don't know a football from a hole in the ground, but Suzanne I think we need to go to more games and cheer these two cheerleaders on more often!"

Suzanne was in a fairly quiet and subdued mood, even while everyone else was getting increasingly worked up. She alone still had all her clothes on even as she frigged herself underneath her dress. But she nodded. "I have to admit I love the whole painted panties idea. I'd like to see that in action."

Katherine said, "You could do more than just watch. Kim and I were the bread of a fuck sandwich and Heather was the yummy stuff in the middle. If you were a cheerleader, that could be you. Or you, Mom."

Susan turned her head up, startled. "Me? With Heather? I don't know." She frowned, but her chest started heaving more than before.

Katherine noticed her physical reaction, and tauntingly teased, "Mom, do you have a thing for Heather? I think you do."

Susan looked a bit embarrassed. But she spread her legs wider and fingered her pussy with more vigor. "No! ... Well, maybe just a little. She does have a gorgeous face and those big firm teen hooters, even though everyone knows they're just silicone. And she seems so... strong. And in control. But I'll only really be turned on if I get to see her tamed by my son's cock. Tiger, I wanna watch you fuck your way deep into her stuck up ass! That would get me so hot!"

Katherine rolled her eyes in pretend aggravation at everything making her mother "so hot" all the time, but the same ideas turned her on too. She continued, "Moving on, I don't even want to know what happened to Heather and Kim in the supply shed during half time, but I can guess. I swear, Heather was on fire all day! Seriously in heat, and it kind of got to all of us, too."

Her fingers were really pumping in and out now. "Her pussy got quite wet before Kim's paint job properly dried, so her paint job was patchy and she was showing all kinds of things during the game. Of course that just excited the rest of us all the more! She flashed the rest of us cheerleaders more than the crowd, because she liked it that we knew."

Suzanne said, "I still don't understand how you all have so much sex in school and don't get caught."

Amy smiled, and said, "Even I know the answer to that. Three words: location, location, location. The theater room rocks!"

Now that Susan was starting to get seriously horny again, she didn't want to miss out on the action. Everyone was so aroused and busy playing with themselves or with Alan that it was clear the conversation was over. But Susan didn't want to be a "cock hog" and elbow in on Amy's titfuck, either. So she turned her attention to her daughter.

She stood in front of Katherine on one knee to get to the right height, and soon her daughter was suckling at her breast. Cleverly, she was within arm's reach of Alan as well, and a couple of minutes later he joined in, pulling her and Katherine close so he could suckle on her other breast while Amy continued her titfuck.

Only Suzanne was out of the action. Again, she felt the need to be the responsible one and didn't want to overwhelm Alan when the others were acting unusually needy and pushy, since everyone was aware that Alan was going to be gone all weekend. But she was also being strategic, saving up her energy and

her turn for when things soon got really wild. She figured she wasn't gonna let him leave on his hiking trip without fucking her first.

Almost nothing could have made Susan happier than having the mouths of her two children on her nipples. She wanted to cry out: "My children are going to milk me! My titties are going to squirt real milk! Come here and get your daily milk delivery!"

But she knew that to say things like that would ruin her big lactation surprise, so she just moaned loudly instead. She knew that every moment her nipples were being sucked would bring the moment of her first lactation that much closer, and that excited her even more.

She came again and again.

## Chapter 916 Where's The Righteous Anger?

Christine couldn't believe what she was doing. She'd gone to the school football game, but after the game was over a long and lonely weekend loomed ahead. She was thinking about Alan a lot lately, but she knew that he was going on a hiking trip and so there wasn't any chance to see him. She sorely regretted that she wouldn't be able to go on another date with him over the weekend, even if it had to be a non-romantic "practice" date. He had told her they would have to wait until the next weekend at the earliest for their next date, due to his hiking trip, but right now that seemed like years away.

She knew that she would spend the weekend doing her two usual pastimes, studying and martial arts practice. At least the martial arts allowed her to burn off her frustrations. But in addition there was something else she'd hardly done before that had become a new obsession: masturbating.

So that's what brought her to this place, to a lingerie and sex shop named "Stephanie's." She'd rubbed herself practically raw masturbating since her last date with Alan and had finally broken down and decided it was time to buy a dildo or two to help out. She'd picked this shop because it was a ways away, and she figured that would reduce the chance of running into other people she might know. (Little did she realize, but she was hardly the only person who used that exact reasoning.)

Christine walked into the store wearing dark sunglasses. She was a girl used to being always on the moral high ground and confident in what she was doing, but now she felt very nervous, like she was

committing a crime. She walked into the inner part of the store where the sex aids were sold. She noticed just one employee sitting behind the cash register.

The employee said in a friendly tone, "Welcome to Stephanie's. Is there anything I can help you with today?"

"No thanks. I'm just looking around." The last thing Christine wanted was help from an employee.

The employee's name was Ginger. Christine had no way of knowing it, but Ginger had gotten involved in some sex games with Suzanne, Xania, and other women who knew Alan. However, as of yet Ginger didn't know who Alan was. Like Alan, Ginger also had a voracious sexual appetite and she had a stable of lovers even larger than Alan's.

Ginger knew how to judge her customers. Although she was tremendously impressed with Christine's looks, she could tell from her dark glasses and her nervous and skittish behavior that she needed to be left alone or she'd probably bolt from the store altogether. Ginger figured the odds of successfully seducing her were next to nothing, especially since Ginger's well-honed "gaydar" didn't detect even the slightest twinge of bisexuality in her. So Christine was left to shop in peace.

Christine snuck into the dildo and vibrator section like a guilty thief. She had no idea what she wanted; she just wanted to get something fast and get back in her car. But she couldn't just grab any dildo like it was a can of corn; at the very least she needed to figure out what size she wanted. Looking at the wide range of choices, it quickly became obvious that picking a size wasn't her only problem, there was also shape, texture, materials and colors to choose from in an almost dizzying variety. Since her hymen was still intact, she decided on a small bullet vibrator. Without looking at price or details, she grabbed one of the bullet models and headed for the counter.

She heard a familiar voice behind her say, "Interesting choice."

Christine whirled around and saw Simone standing there. She was so surprised to see someone she knew that she panicked. Her hands instinctively flew to her face as if to cover it, causing her to drop the bullet vibrator to the floor in her nervousness. She fumbled about, uncertain what to do with her hands.

Simone, on the other hand, was cool as a cucumber. She was enjoying this. She too had gone to the football game and was looking to make some discreet purchases afterwards. When she saw Christine

entering the store just as she arrived herself, she'd made sure to wait and sneak up on Christine for maximum impact and amusement (at least for herself).

She bent down, picked up the dropped vibrator and handed it back to her classmate. "Hi, Christine. Funny meeting you here." She added with joking sarcasm, "Boy, I don't know how I ever recognized you behind those sunglasses." Her eyes visibly flicked briefly down towards Christine's inimitable bustline before returning upwards to her telltale blonde drill curls. She saw two rosy spots bloom on Christine's pristine white cheeks.

Christine's heart was still in her throat and she held the vibrator like she'd just been handed a still-smoking murder weapon. There was panic in her face but she was a fast thinker. She lied, "Yeah, funny. Speaking of funny, I'm just buying a dildo as a gag gift for a birthday party."

Simone, though, wasn't buying it. "Sure you are. So your birthday is coming up, then? Congrats." She laughed merrily. "I'll have to ask around to learn your birth date."

"It's not what you think!" But her overly loud and nervous voice made it clear that it was exactly what Simone thought.

Simone laughed. "I'm sure it's not. You just thought you'd buy a vibrating paperweight." She laughed some more. "Come on, girl. Don't treat me like a fool. Relax! I COULD tell everyone that our school's paragon of virtue, the Ice Queen herself, is buying a little pocket rocket. But I'm not gonna do that."

Christine was slowly realizing the potentially disastrous impact this chance encounter could have on her reputation. "You're not?" Her eyes narrowed. "What is it, then? You're gonna blackmail me to keep quiet?"

Simone laughed again. "Hey, you're giving me some good ideas. But no, I'm not gonna do that either. Don't worry; your secret is safe with me."

The idea of Heather's best friend not giving her grief over this was simply too much for Christine to accept at face value. "It is? But why? I mean I hate to look a gift horse in the mouth, but I have trouble believing that. You're Heather's right hand man, er, woman. And everyone knows there's no love lost between Heather and me."

"That's true," Simone conceded. "And I do mind the way you and your little band of "Goody-goodies" are always sticking your noses in everybody else's business and privacy be damned. But the fact is, I'm my own woman; I'm not just some flunky of Heather's, even though we're best friends."bender

"You're not?"

"No. I think I flunked flunky class. Call me a flunky flunkout. Or a flaky flunky." She giggled. "Heck, I'm a funky flaky fluke-y flunky who flunked." She laughed at her own word play. "Don't mind me; I've always been a weirdo. The point is, I have my own mind."

Christine visibly relaxed, and Simone's silliness helped calm her. "God! Oh, thank God! I hope I can believe you'll keep this secret because you have me over a barrel. I can't believe how ashamed I am to be seen in here."

"Christine, that's one reason I'm not going to say anything, because you need to be encouraged about this stuff, not shamed. I'm guessing your parents are far too strict and really messed with your head when it comes to sex. There's nothing to be ashamed about with buying a dildo or two. Nearly all women masturbate these days; it's a natural, healthy thing to do. It's just that everyone pretends only boys and men do it." She rolled her eyes as she added in a joking, mocking tone, "After all, we all know that only men have sexual urges. We women, we're far too dainty and busy knitting sweaters."

Christine blushed at the mere mention of masturbation. "Still, this is too embarrassing. I wish you wouldn't use that word."

""Sweaters?"" Simone laughed.

Christine was still too mortified to be amused. "No, that other word. The 'M' word. That's just not something people talk about, you know? I feel so weak, so ashamed, that I'm giving in to my base needs."

Simone shook her head sympathetically. "Damn, girl, someone really did fuck with your head when you were younger. Don't be ashamed. Sex is part of life and part of you. If you don't embrace it, it'll eat you alive. Keeping it all bottled up inside is not good at all. So I'm glad to see you're finally coming around on that at least a little bit. I'll be glad to help you shop."

Simone started to turn her attention towards the store shelves, but suddenly she turned back to Christine, looked at her dark sunglasses, and smirked. "What are you, a CIA agent or something? First let's take these glasses off," she said as she reached out and did just that. "Where's the overcoat? Did you leave that in the car?"

Christine was slightly offended at Simone's forwardness, but kept her mouth shut. She realized she could really use Simone's help and that Simone wasn't laughing at her but just trying to lighten the mood.

Seeing Christine wasn't going to respond to that, Simone asked, "What finally woke up your sleeping libido? Wait, don't tell me. Let me guess: you have Alan fever."

Christine blushed even more. "No I don't! We're just friends." But the strength of her reaction showed that Simone's guess was spot on.

Simone chuckled. "Girl, don't ever try to become an actress. As the saying goes, thou doth protest too much. Don't worry; it's cool. I won't tell anyone about that either. Not like it's that big a secret in the first place. Everyone knows that these days you're always asking about him and who he's been seen with. And the other day I couldn't help but notice how you were eavesdropping so intently when Amy was talking to Donna and me and some others about Alan."

Christine was going to deny that, but realized Simone would see right through that little ploy as well. Feeling calmer, she deflected the discussion about her feelings for Alan by asking, "Simone, why are you being so nice to me?"

"Hey, I'm a nice person. Is that so hard to believe?"

"Well... yeah! No offense, but you're Heather's best friend and she's like the Hitler of our high school."

Simone pretended great indignation and joked, "I guess that makes me, what... Goering? No, I hope I'm not that fat. Himmler, maybe? Hmmm. Those are the only Nazis I know by name." She mockingly made a Nazi salute. "Heil Heather! Boy, I sure hope Heather buys my story that I'm Nordic just like you, except that I've been REALLY working on my tan."



Christine still wasn't amused despite Simone's infectious, jovial mood. "Very funny. Though you shouldn't joke about stuff like that. What do you see in her anyway?"

"Who? Hitler Morgan?"

Christine couldn't help but finally grin at that. "No. Close, though. Heather Morgan."

Simone turned serious to answer the question. "Hmmm. It's a long story. You gotta remember that she and I have been friends since, well, pretty much forever. Since we were in diapers, practically. She treats me completely differently than just about everyone else so I look at her differently too. I kinda feel it's my responsibility to smooth out her rough edges and limit the damage she causes. On top of that, her bitchiness is a constant source of entertainment and amusement to me. You have to admit that Heather is nothing if not interesting. I really can't imagine life without her; it would be so dull and boring. And frankly, there are a lot of advantages to being closely tied to her."

"Yeah, I suppose..." Christine didn't feel frightened by Simone anymore, but she felt awkward to still be holding the vibrator she intended to buy.

Simone's eyes also drifted down to the package in Christine's hands. She suggested, "Here, let me help you out. Don't limit yourself to a little thing like that. Why not buy a variety? Since you've got Alan fever, why don't you buy something, well, a little more Alan-esque?" She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively and giggled.

Then Simone turned and walked a few steps down the aisle until she came to a dildo that was about eight inches long and a little thicker than the average real penis. She picked it up and attempted to hand it over.

To Christine's eyes, it looked freakishly huge. Thanks to her hymen, putting the tips of three fingers into her pussy was pushing the envelope. She couldn't imagine how such a big thing could fit inside her.

"Here," Simone said confidently. "This looks about right. For all the many nights when the real McCoy is busy with all his other babes. The problem is that Alan fever is contagious. I think I've caught a little bit of it myself, as a matter of fact. Symptoms definitely include increased lubrication you-know-where and a hardening of the nipples." She laughed.

Christine's face was already red, but now she broke into a deep blush that spread down to her chest. "Um, Alan and I haven't actually... Well, er, my hymen is still, uh... He hasn't even really kissed me!" She definitely was aware of the French kiss she'd recently shared with him, but she'd told herself that didn't really count. Besides, she wasn't keen on sharing that with Simone.

"OooooOOOOoooooh! Say no more! You are still a virgin then." Simone considered making a joke about that, but then thought better of it. She was also fairly staggered that a woman with Christine's incredible body could still be a virgin, but wisely avoided making any comment about that either. Instead, she just asked, "Okay, we'd better not buy that one. And what's this about Alan not even kissing you? What's wrong with that boy? You look completely edible to me."

Christine painfully admitted, "He says he just wants to be friends. We're hanging out some, but in a strictly platonic way."

"So then what's with the dildo purchase?"

By that point Christine really wanted to just crawl into a hole and die. "Simone, you're making this so painful! It's a long story. The bottom line is that I'm a lonely virgin and that's not going to change anytime soon, okay? What more do you want from me? Blood? Haven't you shamed me enough already?!" She flashed an angry look.

"Whoa! Back off, girl; I'm just trying to help. I swear, all your secrets are safe with me. To be honest, everyone at school assumes you're still a virgin so there's no big secret there. I don't wanna razz you about it at all. Honestly, I kinda respect you for it. It's just that I got the mistaken impression from what you said earlier that Alan had recently, er, fixed that situation. My bad. In any case, let's see what we have here." Simone turned her attention back to the dildos on display.

She pulled one off the shelf. "Here. This is a vibrating egg. You can have a lot of fun with that and not worry about your hymen breaking. When you put that on your clit, whoa! Fireworks." She winked. "Trust me." She handed the egg to Christine and went looking for an egg that had multiple settings. Then she stopped and turned back because Christine was standing there just staring at the egg.

Simone tried to make light of Christine's discomfort. "I can assure you, that's NOT a cleverly disguised bomb."

Christine snapped out of it and looked up. "Sorry. It's just that I'm so out of my element in a place like this. I feel guilty."

Simone tsk-tsked, then joked, "You are guilty. Guilty of unpremeditated sexiness in the first degree." She winked to help take the edge off. "Come on, let's see your pearly whites. What's a gal gotta do to get you to smile around here?"

Christine smiled for the first time, and meant it. She was grateful for Simone's help and easy-going, light-hearted manner.

Simone helped pick out a few more things, though Christine turned down most of her suggestions. For instance, Christine considered all anal toys completely out of the question and thought nipple clamps to be both too lewd and probably too painful. She found it weird to even think about them, especially after Simone brazenly stared at her chest and confidently mentioned that Christine most definitely had the nipples for it if she ever changed her mind.

In addition to a number of small vibrators, Simone did convince Christine to buy one large and very anatomically-accurate dildo about the size of Alan's penis, complete with veiny bulges. As she put it, "Listen to me, girl. With your looks and especially your big cantaloupes, it's just a matter of time before Alan taps your honey pie. He's really unusual in that he's got this thing for totally hot girls with big breasts."

She laughed at that, and Christine laughed a bit too. She joshed, "I think you more than qualify on both counts. In fact, if there were SAT tests for such things you'd get perfect 800s."

Christine had no idea what to say about that. She wasn't good at responding to compliments, and she didn't get many due to her usual "ice queen" demeanor. She actually resented most compliments about her breasts since she wanted to be known for her brain and her achievements and not the two big lumps of flesh that she just happened to have on her chest. The fact that most such compliments generally came from crude guys saying things like "Check out the rack on that babe!" didn't help matters.

Simone could see that her comments had only made Christine more uncomfortable, so she shifted gears and said seriously, "Look, I don't know what the issues between you two are that are keeping you apart, but his rampant dick always seems to get what it wants. And believe me from personal experience, you'll be one very, very, VERY happy camper if and when he does have his way with you, so why fight it?"

Christine was still blushing and staring intently at her shoes.

"So, taking it as a given that he's gonna pop your cherry, you need a dildo like this one to practice your blowjob skills on. If there's one thing he likes, it's a good blowjob. Any girl can give an average blowjob, but giving a really good one requires talent and practice. In fact, let's go get some sex books for you so you can start learning a few things too. There's one called 'Tickle His Pickle' that I personally really like and recommend."

Christine followed Simone into the book section of the store without saying a word. She hoped and prayed Simone was right that Alan wouldn't be able to resist her for long. She thought to herself, This is ridiculous. Taking it as a given he's gonna pop my cherry? I should be outraged. Why do I merely feel tingly when I think about that? Where's the righteous anger?

She found herself wishing she could ask Simone all kinds of questions, such as what having sex with Alan was like and how best to seduce him. But she was far too embarrassed to discuss things with someone she hardly knew. She hoped the books would provide most of the answers to her many questions.

By the time the two of them were done, Christine held a stack of over a dozen books about sex. She thought about the limited number of hiding places in her room, and the look on her mother's face if she found the books. She ended up putting half of the books plus some of the toys back onto the shelves.

Simone looked at the remaining pile of Christine's purchases, especially the books, and said, "You know what? I just had a realization. I don't know you that well, but I do know that you excel in everything you put your mind to. Everyone knows about your big academic prizes, and I hear you do martial arts and a few other things besides, and you probably excel at all of them. You're like Little Miss Innocent when it comes to sex right now, but I've got a feeling that you'll read all these books and before long you'll be the champion of sex too. Hell, you'll probably blow the rest of us away, so to speak. There's no way Alan will be able to resist you."

Christine was amazed at how much she was opening up to Simone. She hadn't admitted her true feelings for him to anyone yet besides Amy, but she said, "You think? I don't dare to hope."

"Pffft! It's in the bag, honey. Trust me on this one."

Christine was surprised at how good those words make her feel. She took her selection to the counter to pay for her purchases. She felt like she was floating on air all the way there.

Ginger had been silent all the while, but paying close attention to what the two girls were saying to each other. She'd discovered that working at a sex shop was a great way to find new sex partners and learn interesting things. She figured she could hear more by acting as a fly on the wall instead of reminding them that she was there by helping them make their selections. Listening to the two of them, she'd heard no end of fascinating details about this boy they called Alan. She made a note to herself to find out more about him when either of them came back to shop again, as she was sure they would.

Christine and Simone did not depart as close friends, since Simone's close ties to Heather was still a sore point with Christine that limited just how close they could get. But they had definitely developed an understanding and a bond that hadn't been there before. Christine was genuinely impressed with Simone's good nature and hoped she could turn to Simone in the future if she had more questions about sex. But at the very least, she first needed to see whether Simone was capable of keeping this entire encounter a complete secret.

Simone for her part really did take it as a given that Alan would be fucking Christine before long. She wanted to get on Christine's good side now in hopes that the two of them could fool around together when eventually they both wound up in the same bed with him. She herself found Christine very desirable, although she hadn't shown the slightest hint about her own interest in that direction aside from a few compliments.

Also, as she'd promised, she didn't tell anyone, even Heather, about the encounter. However, she had always had a mischievous and joking streak, so she warned Christine that she'd tease her about her dildo purchases in the future, but only when they were alone.

## Chapter 917 Fucking Amy

Christine hurried home and quickly put her purchases to use. She felt guilty about using her sex toys, but it was so much better than just fingers that she couldn't resist using them. She found to her surprise that she liked the first vibrating egg that Simone had selected the best of all of them.

Later, as she lay in her bed in the dark using her new favorite toy, her thoughts went back to some of the things Simone had said. Simone told me, "With your looks and especially your big cantaloupes, it's

just a matter of time before Alan taps your honey pie. I don't know what the issues between you two are that's keeping you apart, but his rampant erection always seems to get what it wants."

God, I hope that's true!

I have too many hang-ups. I can't seem to get past the promises I made to Amy, and I can't forget about all of his other women. I can't just throw myself at him with those issues hanging in the air. Besides, I don't have the nerve to do it anyway. For anything else, I have iron willpower and nerves of steel. I feel I could go toe to toe with anybody in a fight or battle of wits or anything else. But when it comes to making a move on Alan, I'm a hopeless and helpless case.

Christine began to fantasize.

But none of that will matter because Alan's gonna come to me. All my issues will be rendered moot because he's gonna mow me down with that big erection of his and ravage me whether I want it or not. He's gonna make me a woman, and he'll do it gently, roughly, and every way in between. There's no stopping him! I'm gonna be one of his "babes." One of his girls. When he wants his cock sucked - and there's no doubt it's a COCK and no mere penis - I'm gonna open my lips, stick out my tongue, and say "aaaaaahhh"!

I can just imagine. I'll be eating lunch with him in the cafeteria and talking about some interesting thing with him and he'll just casually say to me, "Blow me. Now." As one of Alan's official girls, as one of his sex toys, I can't say no. I have no free will in the matter! I'll just have to go with him to some private place and get down on my knees and suck. I'll "polish his knob" with every trick I know and by the time I go through all the books I bought today I'll know them all. Hell, I'll be lucky if I can retire to a private spot - he may want me to drop to my knees and suck his cock right there in the crowded cafeteria! If I dare refuse him, he'll probably strip me naked and give me a good spanking! We can't have that. No!

By this point Christine was very busy playing with herself, using both the egg and her fingers. Despite her mental protest against the idea of a public spanking, her pussy and fingers found it very exciting.

The fact is, fate has made me a fit and "totally stacked" girl with a 38F bust who is in the same high school classes as Alan. That sealed my fate to be an "Alan babe" right there. My morals, my issues, my opinions - none of those things matter. I have no choice but to spread my legs and take it - HARD! Alan's gonna use my pussy for his pleasure any time he likes and that's just how it is! He's gonna keep me topped up with that notoriously tasty cum of his at all times, day or night! I'm gonna be walking around school bowlegged and wobbly from the way his jackhammer cock constantly lives in my pussy! Look, he

even turned Heather into another one of his cum dumps, so if that scheming bitch can't fight him, I don't stand a chance!

Oooh! "Cum dump"! That is soooo nasty and wrong!

Christine's fingers frigged with abandon as she thought about that term. She pressed the egg down hard on her clit. The intense vibrations caused her to lift her ass completely off her bed.

I don't know what Simone came to that store to buy, since she left after I did, but I'm sure it was something extremely nasty and naughty. She did mention something about it being "Naked Heather Day," whatever that is. I'll bet Alan, Heather, and her are in the middle of some big orgy at this very moment. Maybe other girls too! He's drilling and impaling pussies everywhere good and hard and deep, just like he's gonna do mine! I wish I didn't have my hymen so I could jam a goddamned honkin' huge dildo way up inside, just like Alan's cock!

Christine continued to work herself into a lather while thinking about Alan. It always took a lot for her to cum but her raunchy thoughts were so exciting that eventually she hit her peak and had a great screaming orgasm while keeping her face mashed into her pillow.

When it was over, she lay in bed thinking more subdued thoughts. What's wrong with me? I know exactly what's happening. I keep thinking about how relentlessly and inevitably Alan will dominate me, because if he does that it takes away my moral responsibility for getting involved in a grossly unequal and unwise relationship. Or at least I trick myself to think that's the case.

Whatever happened to my sweet romantic dreams of the old Alan? ... They were destroyed by Amy and all his "helpers," that's what. Let's face it, I'm never going to have the new Alan all to myself, not after that crazy open relationship arrangement Amy agreed to. I'll just have to take what I can get. Maybe if I memorize all these sex books, I can become his favorite in bed and the one he loves the most. At least that would be something.

God, you're pathetic Christine. Pathetic! I wish my sexual side would never have awakened. I wish that so much. I wish I hadn't turned down Mr. Don Juan when he could have been all mine, that's what I really wish!

She lay in bed with her eyes open for a long time before falling asleep. Thinking about what might have been with Alan was depressing. It was much easier just to fantasize about Alan dominating her and forget all the complicated realities and entanglements. Despite her post-orgasmic blues, she knew she'd be getting a lot of use out of her new toys before the weekend was over.

Back at the Plummer house, things were heating up. By now, Alan, Susan, Amy, and Katherine were all fooling around with each other, and only Suzanne remained aloof.

Alan looked over at Suzanne, now sitting nearby and lightly rubbing her pussy lips, but all alone and the only one still fully dressed. He wondered what she was thinking, and wanted to get her involved.

He needed a strategic break from the delightful titfuck Amy was giving him, so he disengaged from her and stood up. He cleared his throat and announced, "Hold on everyone." His words caught their attention, but the sight of his penis bouncing wildly from his rapid rise insured that their attention remained a bit lower. "My cock is in a very good mood, and I really want to stick it somewhere special. I love what you all are wearing, but it's time for everybody to get naked."

The others got up and shed whatever clothes they still had on. Even Suzanne happily stripped. A quick look at the clock showed it was only 6:15, and they had 45 minutes before Alan had to go (although they were aware it was highly unlikely the scout van would arrive on time).

"What are you going to do, Big Bayonet Brother? Or should I ask, WHO are you gonna do?" Katherine asked this seductively as she even more seductively pulled her shirt up over her head and tossed it aside. She'd already lost her skirt some time before so she could play with herself. bender

"Well, Little Sis, I kind of wanted to finish talking about some important things, actually. I'm thinking it's time we finally hash out where we're all going with this harem or whatever it is. But I can't concentrate until I get rid of this boner. Time is running out, so I was thinking I could give a little bit of it to everyone. You all look so good that I can't pick just one of you! Why don't we play 'Duck Duck Goose'? I'll stick a little bit of cock here, a little bit there, and see where I end up when it's time to blow. Meanwhile, you keep playing with each other - in pairs probably is best - so everyone can get plenty of orgasms whether I'm there or not."

Everyone thoroughly approved of that idea. Some dildos were brought out of what was rapidly becoming known as the "toy drawer," the top drawer of the underwear cabinet by the front door. There was some cream there too, and all the females helped each other get their asses properly lubed up.



Then the entire bunch moved to the living room. Amy lay on top of Susan face to face on one couch. The two of them stayed paired mostly because Amy couldn't be with Suzanne. Katherine lay underneath Suzanne in a sixty-nine on the other couch.

All the while, Susan kept up a running commentary about how much she thoroughly approved, how this showed who's who and what's what, and how this proved just who was the man of the house.

The others rolled their eyes at Susan's words, but they all got a kick out of them too.

Alan watched the women get started with each other. He paused to just admire the scene. Man, what a sight! Four total hotties, and they're all mine! This is so bizarre. Every single minute in this house is sex, sex, sex, and I never get used to it, never get tired of it. This is like, a full-on family orgy!

Suzanne looked up and made eye contact with him. She purred in a voice that was at once smooth and its usual scratchy self. She stretched and writhed about over Katherine, knowing he'd love the sight of her pale body on top of the younger tanned one. "Admiring the view?"

"You know I am." But he headed towards the other pairing. He looked into Amy's hazel eyes and said, "Aims, I'm gonna fuck you right now, but just a little. So don't let me get too into it, or I'll let the others down."

"M'kay!" Amy said with great happiness. "He picked me first!" she thought out loud. "My turn to get fucked! Super awesome!"

Katherine grumbled from across the room, and complained, "Brother, don't forget your two to one promise." That was his promise that for every time he'd fuck Amy, he'd fuck Katherine twice. She planned to hold him to it, permanently, and didn't care if the others in the house knew about it or not.

Amy had been kissing Susan and using her hands to help mash her big melons into Susan's even bigger ones. Susan had been driving Amy's clit to orgasm with one of her hands and kneading ass cheeks with the other. The two females continued to kiss and rub their hooters against each other as Alan climbed on top of them both.

Amy stuck her legs straight out on each side of her crotch, as if she was a gymnast making perfect splits. But she was bent at each knee, and her lower legs came back in so that her feet ended up tucked between Susan's legs and the couch. She couldn't look any more wide open and fuckable for Alan to take her doggy style.

Alan paused to consider the contraception situation. Amy of course was already using birth control, but Susan and Suzanne had reminded him in the past day or two to pay more attention to using protection, so he asked, "Aims, are you wearing a diaphragm?" He wanted double protection, just to be on the safe side.

"Totally! I'm all set. I was kinda hoping you'd skewer me and stuff. Now you can do it all bareback-y!"

He chuckled at that. As usual, he didn't have the heart to correct her unique grammar. He looked over at Suzanne for approval.

"All right, kid," Suzanne replied warily. "You can bang her bareback this time. But if you knock my daughter up, so help me God..."

Alan wondered what kind of threat Suzanne would follow through with if that came to be. (The truth was, Suzanne didn't know either.) But the mere talk of him knocking up Amy got his crank even more wound up. He started to rub his dick back and forth over Amy's pussy lips to get her really excited too.

But right as he was ready to plunge in, Suzanne announced to the whole group, "I want everyone to know that what Sweetie is planning is not all that smart. Going between the vagina and anus, as I'm assuming he's going to do, can be very unsanitary, especially if done between different women. Going from cunt to ass is okay, but the reverse can potentially cause problems that are no fun at all. But since this is a special occasion we can let it slide if everyone agrees to some serious douching and cleaning as soon as the van comes to get him. But please, let's not make a habit of it."

Alan focused on his task at hand. He kept rubbing his dick over Amy's pussy, which was already temptingly ripe and wet. He wanted to be sure Suzanne was done.

Amy giggled and exclaimed, "Mom, I totally agree we need to 'let it slide!'" She giggled even more. "Come on, boyfriend! Let's do some sliding! Slide it in all the way!"

Alan was all in favor of that idea. He thought, Dang, this is too awesome! FOUR total babes, all for me, right here, right now! I'm like a kid in a candy store!

However, just as he pulled his hips back for a big forward thrust, he was interrupted again. But this was a very pleasant surprise as he felt a strange hand grab his pole. He realized with a start that the hand belonged to Susan. He thought, It's hot enough that I'm fucking my girlfriend while she's lying on top of Mom, but to have Mom guide me in? This is too much!

He was so excited that he almost came just from the sight of the unexpected, grabbing hand. The fact that the hand began stroking and squeezing even as it guided him in made it that much tougher to hang on, but he clenched his PC muscle and the crisis passed.

Susan said, "Son, just think. In a little while, that'll be my cunt you're sliding in. It gets me SO HOT! Knowing that I'm a slave to my son!"

Her hand slid his pulsing organ into Amy's tight slit.

He said between grunts, "Mom... You're not... A slave..." He just paused for a while until his dick had recovered and was ready for more. He made a vague mental note to have a talk with Susan and make her understand that she shouldn't call herself a slave. If Brenda wanted to call herself a slave, he was perfectly fine with that, but if it was his own mother, that bugged him. However, such things were bothering him less and less and arousing him more and more as the days passed.

He noticed that his mother was still holding his hard-on and trying to jack him off as best as she could with the inches she still had left to work with.

It felt great, but he said, "Um, Mom, you kinda gotta let go."

"Oopsie daisy! Sorry. It's just that it's so HOT and HARD and... pulsing... I'll be good." She let go.

He was finally able to press forward all the way. He found himself lying on top of both women. As he lay with his manhood fully extended inside Amy, he once again noticed just how remarkably tight her pussy was. It's more like fucking an asshole than fucking a normal cunt. Will she grow looser with time, or will she always be tight like this? I sure hope the latter, because my dick loves a good squeeze!

Amy had been kissing Susan more often than not, but she had to stop to yell and let her feelings out. She cried, "Gosh, Alan! Wow! ... OH WOOOOW! NO WAY!" She yelled even louder and incoherently as she began to cum just from him slowly sliding his penis deeper into her.

Susan's hands grasped Alan's butt. He felt as if he was fucking his mother just as much as he was fucking Amy, which was clearly what his mother intended.

Amy continued to yell. "Fuck me, Beau, fuck me more! It feels so good! Super double yummirific!"

Alan laughed out loud. Amy's gotta be the only person who would yell "super double yummirific" during sex. I love it! She's so adorable! Plus, she's a great, tight fuck! UGH!

Susan, still underneath Amy, was moaning too quietly for Alan to catch her words. She still clenched his ass, and in fact one finger found its way in his asshole and started poking up towards his prostate gland. That felt like an orgasm in and of itself.

Alan fucked Amy for only a couple of minutes. He thought, Tight. So tight! Fuck, that's a squeeze! If her cunt is this tight, I wonder what her asshole is like. If one hole is tight, does that always mean the other one is? I can't believe I've never fucked that giant, delectable, round ass of hers. Maybe today's the day! I can do whatever the hell I want to any of these centerfold-perfect women!

## Chapter 918 Everybody Having Sex

Then he suddenly pulled out. He figured there was no time like the present. Amy grumbled, but he said, "Don't worry. I'm just switching holes."

"Oooh! You're going to take my ass? Awesome! Hey, everyone, my boyfriend is finally gonna take my anal cherry!"

There was a round of applause and hollers from everyone.

Meanwhile, Amy and Susan repositioned themselves so Alan could aim at her anus.

Alan tried to push his thickness into Amy's well-lubed back hole, but no matter what he did, it just wouldn't go in.

Amy repeatedly pushed her voluptuous ass back towards him, but that didn't help either.

After a few moments Alan asked Susan to remove herself from the body tangle so he and Amy could position themselves just right.

Susan did move to the side and away, but that still didn't help.

Alan thought, Shit. I was right. Amy's asshole is even tighter than her cunt, and that's really saying something! Wow. If I ever get in there, she's going to squeeze my dick right off... Ugh! Damn! Nothing's working! I'll never understand how big dicks fit into tiny little assholes, especially one like Amy's.

Suzanne could hear groans of frustration coming from Alan, Amy, and even Susan. Suzanne considered herself the resident sex expert, so she yelled from across the room, "Sweetie, you having some trouble over there? Do you need my help deflowering my daughter's butt? Sheesh, I can't believe I'm saying that. But you both probably just need to relax a bit. Alan, even a big dick like yours can get into the tightest ass if you do it right. Here. Let me help." She started to get up.

Alan pondered that for a few moments. "Nah. Thanks, but we can save it for another time." He knew the whole procedure could get pretty time consuming, and there was no time for that now.

Suzanne just shrugged and went back to her sexual fun with Katherine.

Alan continued to think, and the more he thought, the more frustrated he grew over what he'd almost done. "Sorry, Amy. I don't know WHAT I was thinking. Now's not the right time to do this. Taking your virgin ass is a big, big deal and should be treated as such. I guess I got carried away. Classic case of thinking with the wrong head. When I get back, we'll do it right. I want to make it a really unforgettable experience for both of us."

"M'kay! That sounds great. And the cunt fuck was GOOD! Super duper way good! Even if we didn't finish it, but I understand why, what with all these other holes needing filling. Gosh, I can't wait until you get back! My ass is soooo gonna be waiting until the very minute you get back!"

He explained, "My first priority when I get back naturally has to be fucking my wonderful mother." He looked at Susan as he said this, and she beamed with pride and arousal. "Sunday night I'm going to be alone with just her. But then I'll try to make it up to you, and Sis and Aunt Suzy on Monday, okay?"

Amy said with worry, "Gosh, Beau. That seems like such a long time. Three days!"

He was already wondering how he'd manage all that sex. But it was a great problem to have.

Susan reacted slower, and said in a lazy voice, "Tiger, I'm so happy. Sunday night..." She spoke as if she was high on opium. "My cutie little Tiger is going to be a motherfucker..."

He responded, "Mom, it's tough for us to wait, but it'll be worth it. I'm gonna make it such an unforgettable experience. After a weekend without, I'll be so full of sperm you'll be able to bathe in it!"

Her eyes opened wide. "Oh yes! Yes! Drown me in your cum! Fuck me now! Fuck me up the ass!" She started to squirm in excitement. "I've been a bad mommy, and bad mommies need to be hosed down with sperm!"

"Mom, I'd like nothing better than to fuck your ass. Somebody's ass is going to get fucked around here, that's for sure. But let me just catch my breath a bit here."

"Okay... Mmmm. Your mommy is ready. So ready! It's such torture to be so close to all this fucking, but not have my cunt on the receiving end! Amy, let's keep ourselves busy while our favorite fuck stud takes a break."

Amy climbed back on top of Susan and they frigged and kissed each other to more intense orgasms.

Alan tried to stay out of the action as much as possible until he recovered. He slid down and away from the other two to remove his dick from anyone's reach, and ended up getting off the couch all together.

He looked over towards Katherine and Suzanne to see how they were faring. Katherine was lying on top of Suzanne now, sucking one of Suzanne's nipples. They looked to be having a grand time without him.

He wanted to join them, but he had some unfinished business with his mother first. He thought, So many holes, so little time! And not just any ol' women. I love all four of them more than I could ever possibly put into words. And God, they're too fucking SEXY to be believed! I have half a mind to just say fuck the hiking trip and stay here and fuck all weekend long! And I'd do it too except that I know my dick seriously needs the break.

While he waited for his constantly hard penis to at least have a decent rest, he lent a hand to help others. He knelt at the end of the couch where Amy and Susan's feet were dangling. Leaning forward between all the feet, he was able to reach both of their asses with his hands, and began fingering and rubbing all the naughty bits that were accessible. The hands of three different people took turns inside Amy's and Susan's pussies.

After about five minutes of this, Alan felt he'd achieved his second wind, and he was painfully aware that time was running out before he had to leave for the hike. "Amy? Mom? I'm ready."

They were so lost in pleasure that he had to repeat their names several times before he could get their attention. "Aims, why don't you have Mom switch places with you? Lie down on your back on the couch. Mommy, lie on top of her, face down."

Susan moaned like she was in the middle of a powerful orgasm, "He called me 'Mommy!'" She was deep within her sex fog. "He's going to fuck his mommy's ass!"bender

He answered calmly, "Yes, I'm going to fuck your ass for a bit. But don't let me cum."

"I don't know if I can promise that, Tiger! I want you to cum inside me! Remember, my ass is all lubed up, since I've been hoping this would happen. Spill your seed deep inside your hot-assed mommy!"

Susan and Amy were again facing each other tit to tit and pussy to pussy. They continued to take advantage of that fact, grinding into each other everywhere they could. Their big spongy tits pushed into each other rhythmically. Susan wrapped her legs wide around Amy. She couldn't perform the same

gymnastic stunts Amy's flexible cheerleader body could, but she nonetheless managed to spread her legs wide enough to create a welcome opening to her ass.

Alan knelt behind them, putting his body between four legs. He could hear his heart pounding in his ears.

Susan's ass was wiggling in anticipation, so much so that it was like trying to hit a moving target.

He grabbed her squirming behind with his hands and held it in place, which made her groan and gasp expectantly. He said, "Mommy, you HAVE been very bad. So I have to hose you down with my cum... with my sperm!" In truth, he considered her a nearly perfect mother and couldn't think of anything she'd done wrong lately at all. But he knew that was what she wanted to hear, and it turned him on too to say it. Then he spanked her ass cheek with a hard slap.

"Oh! Son! MMMM! YES! You're so FORCEful! And commanding!"

Since she loved that treatment, he slapped her other ass cheek.

She moaned loudly as a mini orgasm hit her. "Oh! TIIIIIGER! You're really showing me who's who and what's what and who rules the roost around here! Spank me more! I'm a bad mommy!"

He laughed with glee, because he was amused at how easy his mother was to predict and to arouse. He pushed his cock into her ass, again marveling how much fucking an ass was just like fucking Amy's tight pussy. Then once his cockhead passed inside her, he gave her left ass cheek another slap.

It seemed like Susan's screams of joy could be heard from miles away. "TIGER! YES! Show Mommy who's boss! GOD YES! NAIL my ass! GOOD!"

Amy didn't think to guide him in like Susan had, but once he was in, Amy's hands explored that whole area, holding his rock-hard pole as it pistoned and caressing the entrance of Susan's throbbing asshole.



Amy felt his erection slip through her hands into his mother's asshole, and she greatly enjoyed the feeling. "This rocks! It's almost like I'm getting fucked in the ass too!" She asked more seriously, "But Beau, why do you fit into her hole so easily but not mine?"

Katherine knew that neither Alan nor Susan were in shape for lengthy explanations at the moment, the way they were huffing and puffing. So, from a few feet away, she said, "Aims, that's 'cos of the butt plugs she's been using to condition her hole to take something that big back there. Plus the anal flexing exercises she and I have started doing to work on our muscle tone helps too."

"Cool beans! Can you teach me that stuff, too? I want my well hung boyfriend to plunder my ass whenever he likes!"

Before Katherine could reply to that, Susan cried out, "Fuck me, Tiger!" Her joyous screams grew louder and louder as she yelled something each time he pulled back to ram in again. "Fuck my tight pussy! ... Fuck my juicy, tiny, little cunt! ... It feels so good! ... My cunt can't handle... such... such a big cock! ... Pound it! Pound me open! ... Make me take it! Every motherfucking inch!"

At first Alan was confused, not sure if his mother wanted him to change holes, or if she was somehow mistaken as to what hole he was in. Then he realized she was role-playing again, pretending he was in her other hole. He loved the idea. He exulted, "I'm fucking my mother's cunt! Yes!"

There were gasps around the room until Amy said, "No he's not, guys! I can feel it with my hands as it goes in and out of Susan's butt. He's just joshing."

Susan kept on crying about her "tight cunt" whenever she could gasp a few words out, and Alan went on about his assfucking.

Amy was very nearly as aroused as both mother and son. All three of them grabbed each other and held on for dear life.

Alan spanked his mother's ass a couple of times while he was fully impaled in her.

Amy cried out, "Totally cool! I can feel that!" She giggled. "It's like you're spanking me too!"

It was all so arousing that even all his PC muscle squeezing wasn't enough. He was forced to withdraw again after only a couple of minutes. His mother's words alone kept him teetering on the verge of orgasm. Between her constant moans, she still managed to occasionally gasp out a few words like, "Tiger in my cunt!" and "Motherfucker!" and "Fuck Mommy good!"

He rolled off of both of them and fell roughly to the floor. "Mommy, I have to stop, but that was ... wow. The role-playing was too much. I was about to cum!" He really, really didn't want to cum until he'd had fun with all four of them.

"Thanks, Tiger!" she said with glee while remaining on top of Amy. "Flattery will get you everywhere. And I do mean everywhere, if you know what I mean!" She ran her fingers up and down her pussy lips to make her point clear, then slowly pulled her pussy lips open to show him the glistening wetness flowing out from deep inside her. Her nether lips were red and puffy, like they'd just been thoroughly fucked.

Just seeing them like that made him giddy and dizzy. Fuuuuuck! What a day!

She rested for nearly a minute while she caught her breath. Then she added, "Son, you should do more of that. Now that you've got so many big-titted babes to fuck, do 'em twice at a time! It's actually really fun for the woman in either position. Right Amy?"

"Totally! It's like super good all around. The only bummer is when I'm on the bottom. Then I get all squished up after a while."

Susan sighed with longing. "This is going to be the longest weekend ever. Forty-eight hours until we can fuck! Soon you'll be sliding in my tight, wet cunt tunnel for real!"

"Ugh!" he moaned in response to that. His cock was so filled with pleasure and pain by now that it felt numb more than anything.

Susan and Amy moved into a sixty-nine, now that he was off them. He'd left them right on the verge of climaxes too, but unlike him, they didn't need to hold off anymore. They could cum as much as they liked.

Their sounds of licking soon gave way to sounds of screaming, especially from Amy. She was quite a screamer.

#### Chapter 919 Fucking Suzanne And Katherine

As Alan came somewhat back to reality, he got up and staggered to the bathroom. Mindful of Suzanne's lecture about the danger of mixing vaginal and anal, he quickly washed his privates with an antiseptic soap, working it into all the folds around his cockhead, then rinsing it extensively.

While there, he thought, Wow, man. Totally nuts. Is this what my life is going to be like from now on? How can I keep even four sexually voracious women satisfied? There's never enough time... Although the two at once thing is pretty fun. I wouldn't want to do it all the time, though.

Speaking of time, shit, the damn scout van! I need to have a serious conversation before I leave, but it's too much fun to stop. I mean, where are we going with all of this?! Once I shoot my load, then we can talk.

As he came back into the living room, he asked in the general direction of the four naked vixens, "Does anybody know what time it is?" He brought a wet towel back with him.

Amy and Susan were still fully occupied, so Suzanne took it upon herself to answer the question. "Oh shit," she said in fright. "Your pickup is coming by!" She was underneath Katherine, but she reached out to an end table where she had her watch in her pocket. She said in a much calmer tone, "Oh, it's okay. It's only a little after 6:35. Lots of time for fun, still."

"Does that watch have an alarm, and if so can you set it to 6:50?" He got up and stood over Katherine and Suzanne.

"Check," Suzanne said as she set the alarm. "You're good to go. But wouldn't it be funny if we forgot, or they got here early, and a whole troop of young boy scouts walked in on this scene? Then we'd just have to fuck them all to keep them quiet!"

"No we wouldn't!" Katherine said somewhat testily as she removed her mouth from one of Suzanne's nipples. "The only man I'm ever going to let fuck me is my brother!"

"Yeah! Same here!" Amy chimed in, lifting her head from Susan's pussy. Long lines of Susan's cum stretched from her mouth down to Susan's pussy. Then Amy repositioned so she was face to face.

Susan said somewhat crossly, "That 'joke' wasn't very appreciated." She found the mere idea of having sex with other males a huge turn off.

"Sheesh. Sorry already," Suzanne replied. "It WAS just a joke, you know. I'm fully committed to my Sweetie too."

That comment triggered more thoughts in Alan's head. Commitment. That's what we need. We need to make commitments, or this craziness just isn't real, somehow...

He watched with interest as Amy's boobs squished down into Susan's larger ones, like two marshmallows pressing into two more marshmallows.

Susan said between ragged breaths, "Tiger's the only ... the only one. For me. Uh! ... Ever." She was still bothered by Suzanne's joke.

Suzanne complained, "Me too, obviously! But can't I pretend otherwise just in jest?"

Susan responded with a surprising number of words, given how worked up her body was. "No! You know from our morning practices that those kinds of fantasies are out of the question! They're an insult!" She panted to recover from that. "It feels like cheating. Tiger's cock is the only cock on Earth, as far as I'm concerned!"

"Okay! All right, already." Suzanne turned her attention to Alan. "Speak of the devil, Sweetie, are you just going to stand there or are you going to put your hot rod into me or Angel? Take your pick, but act fast. Time is running out."

"Tough choice," he admitted. "Okay, wait a minute, I've got an idea. Let's get on the carpet."

Alan, Katherine, and Suzanne moved to the floor next to the couch. Suzanne lay on the floor, face up, and then Alan directed Katherine so she lay on top of Suzanne, face down. Their boobs pressed against each other delightfully, and they were quite happy to remain that way.

Alan said, "Okay, now, Aunt Suzy, I want you to spread your legs really wide. Just how I like 'em... Wow, that's wide. You should be a cheerleader. And Sis, drop your knees to each side, above her legs. Excellent."

The net result of all of this was there were now four holes closely lined up, all waiting to be fucked. Suzanne's asshole was at the bottom, followed by her vagina, then Katherine's vagina, and finally Katherine's asshole at the top.

"Okay, ladies," Alan said to Katherine and Suzanne. "There are four holes there. I'm going to fuck all of 'em." He scooted himself up and draped himself over Katherine so that his rod was now in reach of all four holes.

Katherine and Suzanne braced themselves to see what Alan would do next.

"Bottoms up!" Alan cheered as he stuck his boner into Suzanne's anus. He stroked several times into Suzanne's asshole, and then pulled out.

Then he put his penis into Katherine's anus, and began stroking some more. But just as Katherine was starting to really get into it, he pulled out.

Neither of their asses were super tight to begin with, and they'd been using butt plugs too in recent days. As a result, he was able to get in and out without any big ordeals. (Only Amy was a bit behind the curve when it came to anal preparations.)

Picking up the wet towel that he'd left at his side, he wiped his erection clean to cut down on anal-to-vaginal infection. Then he stuck his hot, throbbing pole into Suzanne's pussy.

Suzanne let out a great big groan and sigh. She felt like she'd been waiting all day for this to happen. GOD YES! What he DOES to me! He's filling me up! I'm so happy I wanna cry!

Susan was watching closely and asked her somewhat snarkily, "Still thinking about fucking those boy scouts?"

"No, Susan! Sheesh. It was a joke. Forget I ever mentioned that, already. All I can think about is this master cocksman! Sweetie, you're so good!"

After a couple of minutes, Katherine asked, "Is it my turn yet?"

Katherine's ass cheeks sat right in front of him like the halves of two bowling balls. They were lightly bouncing up in time to his thrusts and Suzanne's gyrations.

Recalling how much Susan had liked him spanking her a few minutes before, he said, "I know one fuck toy that's getting too uppity!" He raised his hand up and gave her a couple of swats on each ass cheek.

Katherine was beside herself with joy. She ground her body down onto Suzanne's more than before, setting off new tremors of pleasure in both of them. "Keep spanking me, Brother! Fuck toy needs a lesson!"

Suzanne immediately yelled out, "And don't stop fucking me! Sweetie, you're in so deep! So deep! You went right into my fornix, alongside my cervix!"

Some long moments of hard thrusting went by, and then Suzanne screamed at the top of her lungs, "JEEEESSUUUUSS!" She was walloped by a powerful orgasm.

Her body went limp, but she seemed content to remain lying underneath Katherine. The heaving of her lungs caused Katherine to rise and fall on top of her with each of Suzanne's breaths.

Alan took her orgasm as his cue to change holes, after he spanked his sister a couple more times, just for fun. He was flying high on lust and power.

He pulled his hard-on out of Suzanne and stuck it in Katherine. Her pussy was completely soaked, but then again so was Suzanne's. Yet both pussies were still snug fits.

He waited, gasping for breath in an attempt to at least somewhat recover. Finally, he began to move. His pistoned in and out for about ten slow strokes.

Suzanne was still sweaty and limp as a rag, but she felt compelled to share her thoughts. "You know, you two, I've had a lot of sex before Sweetie. Lots. But I've never been in a fuck sandwich before, even though Xania and I double-teamed some guys back in college. This feels so... interesting. Angel, I can feel him in you, like he's in me. I can feel every twitch of your stomach muscles, everything! This is really nice."

Another minute of joyful thrusting went by. Katherine was trying to move her hips in time to heighten the impact on her brother's thrusts, but it was a bit tricky while lying on top of somebody else.

Out of the blue, she asked, "Brother, is it in yet?"

"What?" He was confused.

"Your dick. Is it in me yet?"

He felt hurt, and was incredulous. "You can't feel my thrusting? What the hell?!"

Suzanne clarified, "Of course she can, Sweetie. She's just being cheeky."

"Uppity, actually," Katherine clarified, then burst into giggles.

He growled, "Oh, you! I'm gonna get you!" He started thrusting much harder and deeper.

"Bwa-ha-ha-ha! That's the plan!" She giggled some more.

After another minute of hard thrusting, he panted to his sister, "Do you feel it now?"

"Definitely! God, yes!" In fact, she almost regretted goading him on because he was slamming into her so hard. Plus, she wasn't lying on a bed, but on Suzanne, and she felt like the two of them were thrown about on some wild amusement park ride.

Then Susan shouted to him, "How's my favorite sister fucker doing over there?"

"Good, Mom!" Alan shouted back. He wiped his brow, as he was sweating profusely, especially now that he was really pounding Katherine. His heart was still pounding a mile a minute.

Suzanne shouted to Susan, "Having a good time playing with my daughter there?"

"Very!" Susan said back. "And how are my two children treating you?"

"Most hospitable, I must say! You raised them to have such manners. For instance, Katherine knows not to talk when her mouth is full ... of my pussy!"

They all laughed.

"Speaking of full, Aunt Suzy," Alan interrupted, "my cock is coming your way again. Get ready to feel it fill up your cunt." He pulled out of his sister. Then he paused to catch his breath and wipe yet more sweat from his face.

"Good Lord, I don't know if I can take it," Suzanne muttered, sincerely. She was still wiped out from her big orgasm.

He started to push in some, but once his knob was all the way in Suzanne, he pulled it back out. "Okay, well, I'm gonna plow Sis a little more then. She needs a big climax, too!"

Suzanne wailed, "NoooOOOOoooo! I didn't mean that. I was just saying!"

But Alan was back in his sister now. She let out a sexy groan as he resumed thrusting in her.



Suzanne moaned, "Susan, your son is such a meanie! He sticks it in, then pulls it right out and makes me want him twice as much as before!"

By that point Susan was locked in a sixty-nine with Amy, so she was in no condition to reply. Even so, it really turned her on to hear that her son was playing Suzanne like a fiddle.

Alan's head was spinning as his chest swelled with pride. I'm the fucking king of the world! Taking my pick of pussies - I need to do this more often!

Suzanne realized that Alan wasn't likely to plunge back into her sheath until Katherine had a nice cum. So she reached up and began fiddling with Katherine's clit while Alan's dick slid right past it, also giving it stimulation. Her other hand groped one of Katherine's nipples. She knew that between the fucking and the clit and nipple action, it wouldn't be long.

Sure enough, about a minute later, it was Katherine's turn to cry out like a stuck pig.  
"BROOOOOTTHHEEEEEER!"

But that wasn't enough for Alan. Even as his dick was sheathed all the way in her, with her pussy walls wildly contracting all around him, he squeezed in an extra finger above his dick, despite her pussy seemingly being as full as it could get. Then he wiggled his finger around on the inside, trying to hit her G-spot.bender

Katherine's shrieks went on and on. As if she caught the feeling by osmosis, Suzanne began shrieking too. Then Amy and Susan began yelling along with them.

The only person not screaming and cumming was Alan. His dick desperately craved release, but he knew he only had one load left in him before the van came by to pick him up for the scouting trip. He fought the urge with all his might and just barely managed to hold out.

But the fight wiped him out, at least for the moment. He slumped down over Katherine and lay on top of her, trying to catch his breath.

Panting like she'd just run a marathon, Katherine huffed, "Brother... That... was..." There was an even longer pause, and she finally managed, "great."

To show her appreciation, she gave his erection a few powerful squeezes, since it was still in her pussy.

But Alan wasn't thinking or trying to fight cumming, yet he was still on a hair trigger. He was taken by complete surprise when he felt his balls tightening up. "Oh shit! Cumming!"

He was extremely frustrated, since he'd just spent a lot of energy fighting the urge and thought that he had won. He really hated being flaccid around four stunningly fuckable women. But he tried to make the best of it. Since his dick was in his sister's pussy, he resumed his thrusting and tried to give her as much pleasure as he could while he still had something left.

Katherine cried out with surprise, and joy, "He's cumming in me! Brother! Brother! I'm your fuck toy! Fuck me up! AAAAAIIIIIEEEE!" She came too.

Just when it felt like his orgasm was starting to taper off, he felt Suzanne's index finger plunge into his anus. She expertly massaged his prostate gland.

It was like he had an orgasm on top of his existing orgasm. Suddenly, it was his turn to cry out like a stuck pig, something he didn't often do. "AAAAAAAH! AAAAAIIIIII! FUUUUUUCCCK!"

"Phew!" he gasped as he withdrew once he'd finished shooting his load. He rolled off both Katherine and Suzanne. Katherine rolled away as well, leaving the three of them all lying on the floor next to each other.

As Alan lay there with his eyes closed, he thought, That feels way beyond good. I can't even begin to put into words how overjoyed I feel at all this love and sex. The big question is, how will I be able to handle even two days away from my four favorite ladies? I should just cancel the stupid trip.

## Chapter 920 Mom And Aunt Suzy, Will You Have Me?

After another minute or two, he felt Katherine tap him on his arm. "Hey, Bro. You really filled me up with baby batter. I can feel the little spermies wiggling inside me, trying to reach the egg."

"Can you?" he asked. He had no real idea what a woman actually felt during sex.

"Nah. Unfortunately not. Especially given I'm wearing a god-damned diaphragm. Actually, I feel most of your sweet cream leaking out already. Hey Aunt Suzy, you want to lick me clean?"

"I'd love to, but we don't have time."

Suzanne picked herself up off the floor, sat down on a sofa, and took charge. "Okay, everybody, listen up. We've got like three minutes if the scouting van is on time. Luckily they're always late, but let's be on the safe side. Sweetie, run upstairs and take the fastest shower you ever took in your life to get the smell of sex off of you. Susan, you do the same in the other shower in case you have to be presentable. I'll throw on some clothes and stall 'em if they come in the meantime."

Everyone rushed around frantically, except for Suzanne who put away the cum-stained sheets they'd been rolling around in while she kept watch on the front door. She also used a big amount of air freshener in a futile effort to get the smell of sex to go away.

Amy and Katherine took showers once Alan and Susan got out. (Amy and Katherine shared a shower, but they didn't have much time for hanky-panky, although Amy did suck out some of Alan's cum from Katherine's pussy.) Alan went over his backpack and other belongings one last time to make sure Susan had packed everything he needed.

Alan was the first to come back from the shower, since the women liked to pretty themselves up at least a little, no matter how rushed they were. He took one look at Suzanne in the living room and laughed.

"What?" she asked defensively.

"You think you're gonna answer the door in that?"

She looked down at herself, puzzled at first. Then she saw his point and had a good laugh. "I suppose it is a bit revealing."

"You suppose? Geez, there's enough miles of cleavage on display to land a jumbo jet."

She grinned widely. "True. It would have to be a microscopic jumbo jet to squeeze in the crack, though." She laughed and pressed her breasts together. "Wow, what a perfect segue. Speaking of squeezing jumbo-sized items in my cleavage..." She stared pointedly at his crotch (even though she knew he was still flaccid), and chuckled.

He chuckled too. "Down, girl, down! What's up with you all today? You're all so needy."

"You're going away for the whole weekend, Sweetie. We just wanna get our last licks in, so to speak. It's gonna be terribly boring without you, I'll tell you that much. It would be tough enough waiting on my own, but I'm gonna have to endure two solid days of your mother talking about you and your big 'mommy-taming' dick."

"Yeah, I could see that's not gonna make it any easier on you. Just tell her to cool it."

"Easier said than done. It's funny, given that she's your mother, but she's in that mad puppy love stage. She's absolutely totally head over heels in love with you. And she's not the only one." She blushed a little bit, making clear that she was talking about herself.

Alan found that really moving, especially since Suzanne was far more reluctant than any of the others to openly talk about her feelings for him. "I feel the same way about you, Aunt Suzy. I love you!" He walked up to her and kissed her hard on the lips.

She wanted their snogging session to go on forever, especially since he was fondling her breasts a bit, but eventually he slapped her on the ass, and said, "Now you need to shower too. Don't get your gorgeous red hair wet, so you can come back in record time. I miss you already."

She stuffed her boobs back into her top and walked away, but complained, "Damn you, my pussy is gushing already. How do I make it stop?! Stop throwing the 'L' word around, you handsome beast." She was so happy she practically floated to the bathroom.

At ten minutes after seven, all five of them had finally drifted back to the living room. They were fully clothed in the sense that their privates were covered up, but if the boy scouts were able to see them, jaws would drop.

After a minute or two of everyone just sitting quietly and recovering from all the running around (not to mention the sex beforehand), Alan said, "Okay, let's face facts. The scouts are always late picking people up. They go around picking people up all over town, and there are always delays. I'd say we still have at least half an hour, and probably more than that. I propose we talk until they arrive. I know it's a problem that the conversation might get yanked to a halt at any moment, but there's stuff I'd really like to get off my chest before I go."

"Like what?" Amy asked.

"Well, this whole Glory thing, obviously."

Amy raised her hand, and Alan called on her. "I thought we're not supposed to talk about her? And yet we've been talking about her a lot today."

He sighed. "True. Generally speaking, we have to be careful about mentioning her name, since her job is on the line. But I'm going to make an exception for official family meetings like this, because I really need feedback from all of you. The situation with her is bothering me even more than the Dr. Fredrickson situation, because I'm much more confident that we can beat that one. But Glory? I'm really worried. And I know we already talked it into the ground, but it raises all kinds of issues. I mean, where do I stand, exactly? Not just with her, but with all of you? What if she says, 'define your relationship with your mother, or with Amy?' It's all kind of nebulous, isn't it? Let's look at the really big picture here, okay? Just amongst the five of us, how do we want things to work?"

Katherine answered, "I think things are working out fine, Big Scimitar Brother. Let's just keep doing what we're doing."

Amy objected, "You can't call him that! Scimitars are totally curvy, but his thingy is pretty straight."

"Amy, it's just a rough approximation. Anyways, I like the way that his 'thingy' has a slight-"

Alan cut them off. "Hey you two, can we focus here? Or do you want to talk about my dick all day? On second thought, don't answer that question. Seriously, Sis, we can keep going as we are, but don't we want to define things, make commitments? How do I know that I won't lose one or more of you, too? I lost Glory. I don't want to lose another!"

Suzanne spoke up. "Sweetie, you did not lose Glory. Would you stop saying that? I'm 100% certain she'll come back to you. But let's not rehash that. I understand your need for certainty, and I agree. Who's to say for instance, that Angel might not go off to college and find some nice young man instead of you?"

"I'M TO SAY!" Katherine replied huffily with an angry edge. "Don't say that! Don't even THINK about it! I agree with Mom that as far as I'm concerned, there's only one man in my life from now on! It's Brother or nobody!" She folded her arms and looked stern and determined.

Suzanne responded, "Just to play devil's advocate, some people might say that incest isn't natural, and that it would be better for you to eventually find someone else."

"Screw the devil!" She went over and hugged Alan. "I'm with my brother for life! I hope you're cool with that, Brother."

He nodded, and then gave her a loving smile. He looked calm on the outside, but his heart started pounding as he realized what a huge commitment she'd just made. "I'm very cool with that, Sis."

She looked relieved to hear that, but turning back to Suzanne, she added, "He's even said that he's going to be the father of my children, so there!"

Suzanne raised an eyebrow at that, and Susan's mouth dropped open in surprise.

Alan pointed out, "You see? This is what I'm talking about. Nobody is certain about anything, because nothing's been defined. Sis even had to say 'I hope you're cool with that' because we've never discussed these things. And the having children thing, is that serious or just sexy talk meant to arouse? Even I don't know. Everything's up in the air. I guess everyone was afraid to rock the boat, and spoil the magic, but now's the time."

Amy raised her hand. "Beau? Are you happy with what Katherine just said? Because I want the same thing. Could we make babies too? Please? I wanna have your baby!"

Alan raised his hand and said, "Whoa!" But it wasn't just in reference to what Amy was saying. He was also reacting to what she was doing: she pulled down the low-cut blue dress she'd just put on, freeing her bouncy boobs.

She laughed and played dumb. "What? You said you have some things you want to get off of your chest. So do I. Clothes... Bwah! Yuck! And with my breasts getting bigger and bigger, my tops are getting tighter and tighter." She giggled some more. "I don't think it's fair to make me wear any tops anymore."

He laughed, and let the point slide. Even with the scouting van coming, he realized that trying to get Amy to keep her clothes on inside the Plummer house was a losing proposition.

Amy continued as she hefted her flawless teen tits in his direction, "I want to be with you forever and have you be the father of my children too. I don't know if that means I'd be your girlfriend or wife or mistress or harem girl or what, but it doesn't matter that much to me. I know you'll love me in any case. I'll be with you, by your side, no matter what you want to call me."

Katherine interjected, "And I'll be by your other side!" Not to be outdone, she also pulled her top down and let her tits spring free.

"Whoa, whoa!" Alan held his hands out in a placating gesture. "One at a time. This is great. This makes me feel better already. Amy, Sis, that would make me very happy. I'd be proud to have both of you by my side. Let's stay together forever."

Amy rushed over and hugged him, and then Katherine did the same. Now they were not only metaphorically but literally by his side, one on each side of him. Their hugs were full of love but also lust, as they both rubbed their bare breasts up and down his arms while practically squeezing him to death with exuberant happiness.

Susan spoke up. "Wait a minute. I love that you three are making these commitments. It makes me incredibly happy, and I think it's so right. But are you SURE you really mean it? I mean, Amy, you've only been Tiger's girlfriend for a week or so. One week! Are you in it for the long haul?"

Amy replied, very seriously, "Aunt Susan, I'm hurt you'd even say that. I don't consider myself just some girlfriend. I feel like the Plummer family is just as much my family as the Pestridge family." She turned to Suzanne briefly. "This house feels more like home to me than my own house does. Sorry, Mom."

Suzanne nodded with understanding. "No offense. I feel the same way."

Amy continued, "I'm SOOOOO totally super duper in love with Alan." She looked at him with loving eyes. "I love that he's my boyfriend, but that hardly begins to cover it. It's like we're bonded. I CAN'T break up with him. It would be like breaking up with family. Beau, it's like... you're my brother. You're... my soul mate!"

Their eyes locked and Alan and Amy started passionately kissing. bender

The other three watched for a while. Amy somehow managed to take the rest of her dress off in the middle of the kiss, and then wrapped one of her legs around the backsides of his legs. She was all over him like an octopus.

Slowly, he felt his weary penis start to rise in his pants. He had to laugh, despite the on-going kiss, because before it was even half-hard, Katherine had his fly unzipped and her hand stroking up and down on it.

Then Katherine started tapping on Alan's shoulder until she had his attention. She said, "Everything Amy said goes for me, too. 'Soul mate.' I love that! Brother, I'm yours for ever and ever!"

"Sis!" He dipped her and started making out with her too, while she kept jacking him off.

But he'd never really disengaged from Amy, and she kept her big bouncy tits pressed into his side and even kissed his cheek and chin while the other two necked. Eventually, the three began kissing each other's mouths all at the same time, as much as that was humanly possible. Their lips touched and tongues darted in and out of mouths, and both girls shared in the rubbing of his now very stiff boner.

Suzanne coughed, causing them to stop. "Susan, does that answer your question?"



"Yes, it does. And it makes me totally hot! Look at them, Suzanne. Look at the three of them all holding each other so tenderly, and how the girls both are stroking his cock so lovingly. Doesn't it just warm the cockles of your heart?"

Suzanne looked at one hand each from Amy and Katherine rising and falling together over Alan's bulge in his pants. "Yes, it does." She quipped, "Lots of cockles and cocks seem to be getting warmed up right now."

Then Susan said more passionately as her eyes fell on the bare chests of the two girls, "I don't care about that stupid scout van. When I see all that naked, bouncy busty goodness, I just have to take off my top too! Suzanne, hopefully you can answer the door if someone comes knocking. And no one can see this far into the house, anyway."

She pulled her top over her head and tossed it aside. "Ah. That's better. I'm sorry, Amy, I don't doubt what you said. I just want to be absolutely sure. I love how you are all making lasting commitments. But what about the older generation?"

She raised her huge melons, to help make sure he wouldn't forget his "older" women. "Son, I know you can't get Suzanne or me pregnant, though that doesn't mean we can't practice trying quite a lot..." She winked. "And I know we aren't young and pretty like our daughters..."

"Hold on!" Alan interrupted. He talked with such calm and poise that it was hard to believe two smoking hot teens were busy jacking him off. "Who isn't young and pretty? Mom, Aunt Suzy, you two are two of the most beautiful, lovely, and loving people on this planet. Period! Pregnancy doesn't mean much to me. I don't want to have kids for a loooong time. Amy, Sis, are you in any rush to have kids?"

"No," Amy answered right away. "I was just thinking and hoping that eventually..."

Katherine took longer to answer, as she thought about what to say while still stroking her brother's pole. "I guess not," she said half-heartedly. "It doesn't have to be RIGHT away, I suppose..."

"Good. So that's one issue we can deal with later." He spoke to the whole group. "What I do want is to have all of you. All four of you. Age be damned! Mom and Aunt Suzy, will you have me? Do both of you want a permanent relationship and a permanent commitment?"

The two older women rushed up to him and hugged him tightly.

Katherine and Amy had to pull away and step back because the other two females simply smothered Alan with hugs and love. Their hands took over stroking his boner in the exact same way their daughters had been sharing in the task.

Suzanne thought, Screw it. Why should I be the only female wearing a top? Why am I always the responsible one? Technically, I don't even live here. Hell, if I hear the doorbell I can throw something back on pretty quick anyway.

So soon Alan had four bare breasts rubbing up against his chest again as he made out with Susan and Suzanne one by one and sometimes all three of them French kissing each other at the same time.