

## Chapter 7

I sat on the living room couch watching a movie, dressed casually in a plain blue T-shirt and midnight shorts, while I waited for Karen to show up. Mom had finished showering and was dusting the living room, still nude, her body patted down dry, but her dark brown hair stayed damp.

I had just stepped out of the bathroom, too. I had to shower separately from my mother because bathing together would mean a lot of time wastage. I was a guy in his early twenties, which meant my sex drive was through the roof. Combined that with zero self control, and a beautiful woman that couldn't say 'no' when I demanded sex, it was a recipe for disaster.

Even though I had dressed casually, I still wanted to look—and smell—good for our honored guest. I hoped the new fragrance from Tom Ford was a hit on the ladies, because that was what I was wearing. Mom told me she found it delicious, but her brainwashing made her worship me. I figured anything I do would seem amazing to her.

The film playing in front of me was a blur. I tried to concentrate on the Marvel movie, but the anticipation of Ms Thompson coming over had me bubbling with excitement. I was going to have sex with her again—there was no doubt about that. But it wasn't just that. Having a girl over was new to me. It felt like I had a girlfriend, and the thought of that made me smile.

Men would kill for a girlfriend like Ms Thompson. I pitied the guy that she just broke up with. I couldn't even remember his name, but I could imagine the confusion and disparity he had felt when a goddess like her severed all connections with him. It was my doing, of course. Using the drug and hypnosis, I had made myself the only desirable man in her eyes, so it was only a matter of time before my beauty would have dumped him. I was just surprised she did it so quickly.

The doorbell rang, making Mom jump. I watched her teardrops bounce delightfully. I would never tire of watching that.

"Daddy, is that h-her?"

I chuckled at her nervousness. My mother was a very confident woman, so seeing her like this was endearing. I had made her be fine with not wearing clothes around the

house, and I had made her think it was ok for her son to stare at her deliciously nude body.

What I didn't do was implement thoughts that she was comfortable with *strangers* looking at her naked. In her mind, this was new to her, and so she fidgeted as the doorbell rang again.

"Yes, it is," I told her, standing up. "Come greet our guest."

My mother trailed behind me as I headed towards the door. I opened it and there stood my Karen.

"May I come in?" she asked shyly.

She certainly could. At school, Karen's outfits had gotten more daring, to the point that she was getting long looks from the guys and frowns of disapproval from the principal, but to date she hadn't crossed the line of impropriety. Here, in my living room, she had sailed right past that line. My little love doll was wearing an exceedingly short and tight spandex skirt, and a tube top that was stretched to the limit by her big juicy tits. She had more makeup than I'd seen on her before, and her hair was teased and styled to the max. She looked like my wet dreams that had come to life.

I stepped to the side to allow my beauty to pass. My erection was visible, straining against my shorts, and a small smile played on my teacher's lips as she noticed it. Her hand brushed against the tent on my pants as she entered the house, heels clicking on the tile.

I watched her smile disappear, and she grew pale when she caught sight of my mother standing nude a distance away.

My teacher looked at me. "Um, Tom, Master, I didn't—w—who's this?"

"That's my Mom, Karen. Mom doesn't like to wear clothes, and she's not ashamed of her body, so she goes bare at home. Isn't that right, Mom?"

Mom smiled a warm, affectionate greeting and extended a hand. "Yes, Master. Clothes seem to bother me these days. My name's Cindy."

Karen took her hand, but only for a brief moment before dropping it back to her side. Turning to me showed she was extremely uncomfortable.

“Um, Tom?” My teacher pressed her hands together. “She called you Master... Does that mean...”

She trailed off, but I knew exactly what she meant.

Karen was darting her eyes between me and the open door, and I stepped forward to close it, clicking it shut and locking it.

“Yes,” I told her. “Cindy serves *all* my needs.”

“Oh.” My teacher uttered the word out like a squeal. “But she’s your mother...”

“Yes.” I took a step towards my astonished teacher, but she backed off. I didn’t expect this reaction from her, but thinking it rationally, I should have foreseen this happening. “But I don’t see it that way anymore. Cindy is my slave now. Just like you.”

“But she’s your mother, Tom.” Her gaze flitted between mom and me. “H-how long has this been happening?”

I sighed and looked towards my mother, who was just standing there, hands clasped in front of her.

One word to her and she left the room, leaving me with my frightened teacher.

I needed to keep this under control, so I said the only words that could make my teacher calm.

“Sleep time little Karen.”

She fell limp to the side, and I caught her quickly. I wrapped a hand around her legs and lifted her up in my arms. I was scrawny and had little muscles, so I struggled to get her to the couch, but somehow I managed.

Her hair was still perfectly styled even after my rough handling, and I took a second to admit my little angel. Fuck, she really looked perfect. Karen could really pass as a recent college graduate with her soft porcelain skin, young attractive features, and her curvy body.

And she was all mine. I was the luckiest man alive.

“Karen,” I whispered, my hand reaching for her soft cheeks. I couldn’t help myself but to touch her if she was this close to me. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

I nodded, skating my hand from her face down to her neck. It felt so smooth and soft, and she smelt so delicious. “Good.” I took a gulp of saliva before continuing. “How do you feel about Tom’s mother being his slave?”

No hesitation. “I think that it’s disgusting for Tom to be having sex with his mother.”

“But shouldn’t a Master have a right to his slave?”

“No.” Even in a monotone, there was no mistaking the firmness in her voice. “Incest is disgusting.”

I sighed. Reasoning with her while she was in a trance was proving to be fruitless. But what about implementing thoughts while she was in this deep state? It worked before, so there shouldn’t be a reason it wouldn’t work now.

I was as direct as possible. “Karen, you’re okay with Tom having sex with his mother.”

Another immediate reply. “No.”

Rubbing my temples, I thought long and hard. It seemed like Karen was so opposed to the idea of incest that even being in a deep trance wasn’t going to alter her psyche on the matter.

There was one thing I knew that had the power to alter a person’s core identity, though...

Fuck, I really didn’t want to inject her with the super drug again. How many doses had she taken already? Four?

Five was definitely going into uncharted territory. There was no telling how her body and her mind would react to such extreme dosages.

But did I have a choice? She had accepted me as her Master, but she still opposed my values. That had to change. A slave had to agree with whatever her Master believed, and it was clear as day to me that Karen still held her own beliefs and core values. I needed to completely strip her will away. And for my stubborn teacher, four shots weren't enough to accomplish that.

Resigned to the fact that I might just kill my beautiful slave, I headed to my room and prepared the syringe.

It didn't take long. Five minutes later, I was dabbing her arm with an alcohol wipe and then penetrating her skin with the cold metal.

My beauty inhaled sharply as the drug entered her system and her eyelids flew open when I withdrew the needle and set it aside.

My hand came back to her face, and I used a thumb to stroke her cheek. I really adored her, and perhaps I was in *love* with my teacher. She was constantly in my mind, and especially in my dreams, even more so now after I had tasted that exotic pussy of hers and took her virginity.

"Can you still hear me, Karen?"

Her voice was slightly deeper now, but she still held that monotone. "Yes."

I went with the direct route again. This time, with the super drug coursing through her system and opening her mind up to me, it should go very differently.

"You're complete fine with Tom having sex with his mother."

I was right. She showed no hesitation as she opened her rosy lips.

"Yes."

A smile crossed my face. That was it. I had completed my goal, but with her mind vulnerable, I could use this opportunity to squeeze in more dirty thoughts into her.

"In fact, you get turned on when your Master, Tom, fucks his mother."

"Yes."

“And you will harbor no ill feelings or jealousy,” I added. I liked the idea of Mom and Karen fighting over me, but if I was not careful, it could go ugly. It was better to just avoid it altogether. “A slave’s role is to please her Master in whatever way or however He wants. A slave shouldn’t get her personal feelings mixed in with her job.”

Again, no hesitation from Ms Thompson.

“Yes.”

“Good. You’re Tom’s slave, aren’t you, Karen?”

“Yes.”

“He can use you in whatever way he wants.”

“Yes.”

“When you wake up, you will feel so horny. It will be the horniest you have ever felt. You come to your Master’s home to get fucked and to be used. Nothing else. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Shit, I was so hard. I thought of fucking her, right here on the couch, as soon as she regains consciousness, but I had to practice patience.

I had better plans than just a quick fuck. I was going to hold back sleep tonight just so I could ejaculate into her as many times as possible. But first, I wanted to have some fun.

Patience.

“Wake up, Karen.”

She inhaled a sharp intake of breath, and her head shot up. I saw life coming back into her glassy pupils and I helped her up to a sitting position.

“Are you okay?” I asked her.

Karen continued rubbing her temples while she blinked tears away from her strained eyes. She didn't reply to me, just nodded.

I held her for a few more minutes until she was fully back to the present.

"W-what happened?" my teacher asked me, her green eyes searching mine. "Why... why am I here? I was standing at the door... and then..."

"Nothing," I lied, my hands sliding down her curves and grabbing her juicy ass, feeling her up through her skirt.

Karen's breaths grew louder as I squeezed and pinched her cheeks. The old Karen would have been so against this. I was just treating her like a sex toy, but in her drug induced state, I was certain I could make her do anything.

And believe anything.

Her emerald eyes zeroed in on me and her lips opened ajar. "Fuck me, Tom. Please."

I shook my head, one hand leaving her cheeks and skating towards her lips. She bit down softly on my ring finger when I slid it between her lips. "Don't call me that in my house. Address me properly, slave."

"Master," she corrected herself, the edges of her lips twitching. "I'm sorry, Master."

"Good girl."

She began sucking on my finger. "Please fuck me, Master."

I chuckled. "Later. I want you to do something first."

"Anything."

And by the seriousness in her tone, I had no doubts she would indeed do *anything*.

I didn't say another word. Instead, I started for her tube top. She raised her arms and allowed me to pry it off her, revealing large breasts and erect nipples. It really was crazy how big her busts were, considering how petite her frame was.

She stood up and stayed silent as I took off her skirt. I smiled with satisfaction when I saw she wasn't wearing any panties. Her cunt seemed to be freshly shaven, and it was practically dripping. So ready for me.

With my hands on her ass, I leaned forward and captured her lips. She seemed eager to kiss me back, sucking on my lips with such passion, as if she was totally in love with me.

I had to break up our kiss after a few beats, because any more of that and I would lose control.

I nodded to the kitchen. "Cindy is cooking dinner. Go and help her."

She seemed devastated by my command. My beauty looked on the verge of tears as she nodded and reluctantly pry herself from me and headed for the kitchen, her bare ass swaying side to side.

Karen didn't know it yet, but she was going to move in with us very soon, and she needed to get used to being in the kitchen. Because in there and in my bedroom were the only two places she would spend time in.

I debated whether to strip off my clothes. Right then, I was the only person in the house wearing any article of clothing. I decided to keep my clothes on.

One reason for that was to give me some self-control. If my cock was out, it would be so easy to slip myself inside either one of my beauties and get lost in pleasure. Having shorts acted as a barrier, and it could be useful for some self restraint.

Two, it divided me from my girls. I had something that they could not have. My clothes felt like it was a badge of ownership over my two slaves. Mom was always nude, and I was going to ban Karen from ever wearing clothes within these walls.

Life was about to get *very* interesting.

Dinner was served twenty minutes later. I stood up from the couch and walked over to the dining table where Karen was laying down plates that held medium cooked steaks and Mom was setting down wine glasses, then filling them up.

We had a pleasant evening, my two naked beauties and I. I sat at the head of the table with Mom on my left, and Karen sitting close to my right, which proved to be a



problem. My teacher clearly craved my cock. While we ate and chatted, she would rub her feet against my calf, or she would slip a hand under the table and rub it against my thigh.

It took all of my effort to finish my meal and not lift her up to the table and fuck her.

“So, Karen,” Mom said, sipping on her glass of red wine. “Master tells me you teach mathematics. Is that right?”

My teacher finally tore her gaze from me. She nodded. “I teach Calculus. Although...”

Mom smiled at her. “Although what, dear?”

Karen looked down at her plate, poking at her half eaten steak using a fork. “I haven’t told anyone this, but...” She sighed, long and loud, her shoulder dropping. “I lost my passion for teaching. I don’t know why or how, but all I could think of these days is...” She looked at me and her expression instantly brightened.

Mom nodded understandingly. “That’s strange. All I could think of these days is Master, too!” Her smile grew warmer. “If you lose your passion for teaching, quit your job, dear. Master will take good care of you.”

Karen’s eyes widened. I took her hands and squeezed.

“That’s right, baby,” I told her. “I want you to move in with us. Quit your job and stay here. Can you do that for me?”

Tears sprung out from my teacher’s eyes as she nodded. “Yes! Oh, yes! I would like that!”

She leaned forward and threw herself at me. I accepted her lips, her exotic taste exploding in my tastebuds. She grinded against me, soaking my shorts and making me grow even harder.

“Come, baby,” I told my eager teacher as I withdrew from her plump lips. I licked my own, savoring as much of her taste as possible, before I stood up and took her in my hands and led her to the bedroom. With a gesture towards Mom, she trailed behind us.

When all three of us were inside and the door was closed, I told Karen to sit on the ottoman while I stripped my clothing and hopped onto the bed, my mother already there.

My teacher was in a mess of confusion, but she did what she was told and lowered herself to the small seat, twiddling her fingers, her emerald eyes on me. Her cunt was leaking juices, and I watched as a drip of arousal slid down her thighs before running out of steam before it reached her ankle.

What I was doing to her was downright cruel. But I wanted to 'punish' her for being so stubborn and refusing to completely give herself up to me. All she did was fight against my control. But that wasn't the only reason I was withholding myself from fucking her. When I entered Karen tonight, I wanted her as wet and as ready for me as possible.

Sure, she was soaking now; her glistening pussy practically begging for my cock to enter her, but I knew I could push her further. She had to be on her knees with tears on her face and begging for me to finally fuck her. I could just command her to go on her knees and beg me, and she would obey, but I wanted that reaction to be from her heart. The sight of my beauty on her knees like that would no doubt send me over the edge and make me lose all signs of self-control.

I would fuck her then.

But while I stalled for that to happen, Karen had made me so fucking hard at dinner time, and I needed a pretty hole to dig myself into and release all my sexual frustrations. And Mom was the best candidate for that.

"Karen, baby," I called out to her as I positioned myself behind my mother and urged her to go down on all fours.

She was breathing as hard as me, her chest heaving in and out, her nipples hard as rocks. "Yes, Master?"

"I want you to play with yourself while you watch us. But under no circumstances can you orgasm without my permission. Do you understand?"

"Masterrrrr," she pouted, and pushed her lower lip out.

It was comedic watching her act like a child, especially since she was my teacher, but I hid my smile.

“Do you understand, baby?” I asked again, absentmindedly stroking my mother’s clit while I talked to her. Mom moaned, and I felt her shiver. She was as wet as Karen and was breathing just as hard, our combined breaths the only sound in the room.

Karen took a few moments before she nodded, not looking pleased at all.

“Yes,” she replied, barely audible.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Master,” she said, a little louder, her voice all low and husky, and all so sexy.

“Good girl. Don’t worry, baby. You will get your chance. Just obey my every command and I will reward you soon, okay?”

“Okay.” She breathed the word out so sexily. I swear to god I wanted to ditch Mom and bury my cock inside her.

Patience.

“Okay,” I repeated, feeling a little woozy at how sexy my teacher was looking. Completely naked, with her cunt dripping wet. And all for me. Holy fuck, my life had changed drastically over the course of a week.

I shouldn’t be discounting Mom too, who looked like a supermodel, and had the body to work as one too. Both my beauties had stunning physiques and were blessed with beauty few women possessed.

I felt like the luckiest guy in the world.

Leaning forward, I pressed my cock at the entrance of my mother’s pussy, tipped my body to the side and kissed her when she turned to meet my lips.

I had to show my mother that I still loved her, even when I had a new fuck toy in the house. My mother had always been good to me and raised me well, and I would repay her with lots of sex.

Breaking away from her lips, a strand of saliva stayed stuck to both of our lips. My mother smirked and broke the strand with her tongue, then licked her lips and winked at me, her dark eyes heated with lust.

I was already so close to the edge. I had been ever since Karen walked through the door, so I wasted no more time. I positioned myself back behind my mother, and with no foreplay, pushed my cock forward, penetrating her.

Groans and moans floated around the room. But it wasn't just from mom and me. I looked to the side and saw Karen with her fingers deep inside her sex, thrusting in and out, her hips swaying, her mouth ajar, her eyes half closed.

I smiled, then rolled my hips backwards before thrusting back in, properly fucking my mother. I found a steady grip on her hips and sped up my rhythm, slamming my balls against her ass while I rammed my cock into her swollen pussy.

It didn't take me much to orgasm. Teetering on the edge the whole night was both a fun and unfun experience. What sent me over wasn't the pleasure of my mother's pussy. It was fucking amazing, as always, but what was more erotic was the sounds that came out of my teacher's mouth.

While she was watching us, soft cries of my name came out from her lips.

"Tom," she moaned, thrusting her fingers in and out. "Tom. Tom. Tom."

I couldn't hold it back anymore. Not after hearing that. With a cry, I exploded into my mother for the fifth time that day. I swore, with the gallons of semen I was pumping into my fertile mother, she would be pregnant several times over if I hadn't made her take birth control pills.

The slick walls of my mother clamped down on me as she came. She squeezed more out of me, screaming her delight. My mother was always vocal when it came to sex, so her cries drowned out my teacher's soft moans as pleasure wrecked her body.

When I was done dumping my load, I fished my cock out from my mother. She dropped limp on the bed, still writhing in the midst of an orgasm. Her hand slipped inside herself and she rode the rest of her release by herself.

My eyes were back to my teacher. She was still breathing hard, literally panting, and judging by how flushed her face was, and how turned on her expression looked, she was so close to the edge.

Turning back to my mother, I placed a hand on her face cheeks and turned her so we were both looking at each other.

“Can your pretty pussy take more?” I asked my mother with such crudeness, I would have been slapped if her mind wasn’t so messed up by all the programming.

She couldn’t speak. Just nodded.

“Good,” I said. I looked back at Karen and gestured for her to come onto the bed.

My beauty obeyed. As if in a daze, she stood up, withdrew her fingers away from her cunt and hopped on the bed, going down on all fours and crawling towards me.

She tried to kiss me, but I shook my head.

“I want you to do something for me, baby,” I told her.

Karen whined. She knew I wasn’t going to fuck her just yet.

“Mom.” I placed a hand on my mother’s thigh. It felt so warm. “Spread your thighs.”

I was really getting off to my girls obeying me. All I needed to do was speak some words and whatever I said came to fruition. I loved this power.

“Karen, baby.” I switched my attention back to my young beauty.

She seemed unable to speak as she whispered back. “Y-yes Master?”

“Have you ever eaten a girl out before?”

“A g-girl?”

I smiled at her nervousness. “Yes, a girl.”

Obviously, she hadn’t. She had been a virgin not long ago, but I just wanted her to answer me.

“No...”

“Then you have to learn,” I told her. “Because you will be eating out Mom a lot.” I placed a hand on her lower back, feeling up her curves, and urging her in between my mother’s thighs. “Go. Eat her out. Do it for me.”

“Come, Karen, dear,” Mom said, smiling that warm smile of hers.

With one final long look at me, Karen crawled towards Mom and settled in between her legs.

I started stroking my cock, which was still lubricated with my mother’s pussy juice. I always loved watching lesbian porn, so this was going to be interesting. Two extremely hot women were going to be fucking each other, and for my own personal enjoyment.

Karen still seemed uncertain. She looked back at me, and I gave her a nod. She gulped, nodded back, and stared at my mother’s swollen pussy like she had never seen a vagina before.

“Go ahead, baby,” I urged my teacher on. “Eat her out.”

“Don’t worry, Karen,” my mother said. “Start slow.”

My teacher leaned down and forward. I watched her, in a daze myself, as Karen extended her tongue and licked over Mom’s clit.

“Ohhhhhh, Karen.” Mom’s chest heaved in and out. Her back bowed when Karen licked over her clit for the second time. “Ohhh, that’s it, Karen. More! More!”

I didn’t know if my mother was exaggerating her pleasure to encourage my inexperienced teacher, or if she was really enjoying herself. Probably the former. I knew Mom was straight as a ruler, same as my teacher, but the fact that both of them were doing this just for my entertainment was turning me on so much.

I watched in delight as Karen shifted her attention to her pussy. She flicked a swipe inside Cindy’s depths, and the moan that followed from my mother lit up the entire room.

“Yes, dear. Oh, god, yes!” My mother squeezed her eyes shut. “That’s good, dear. Mhmmm.”

Karen started working hard, and soon her mouth was buried deep inside Mom. I moved in closer to look.

Karen was licking and sucking Mom's clit with vigor, stimulating it with her tongue and taking it between her lips. She alternated her attention between my mother's throbbing clit and deep inside her pussy, where my teacher lapped her wetness up.

Mom looked almost like in an epileptic, kicking out with both legs, breasts bouncing, gasps of pleasure and ragged breaths coming from her open mouth.

Finally, Mom grabbed Karen's head with both hands and shoved her in deeper. Mom was in a frenzy now, obviously near her peak. "Oh, dear! DON'T STOP! YES YES! Oh God, I'm cumming, Karen, YES YES YES!"

Mom was thrusting her hips against Karen's face, fucking her with furious intensity. My teacher's nails dug into the bedsheet as she held on for dear life. Mom's orgasm was always long and full of wild energy, and it was the same here. A minute passed before my mother came down from her high. By that time, my poor teacher's face was soaked with arousal and her entire face flushed a cute pink.

She really looked like she didn't enjoy the experience and was a little traumatized. I didn't blame her. It must have been a crazy experience for my teacher, from being a virgin to doing all these sexual acts she never thought she would be part of in a million years.

Welcome to your new life, Karen Thompson.

"Good girl," I told my trembling teacher. I left Mom to heave on the bed while I pressed a palm against my teacher's face. "Thank you. I enjoyed that show."

"Please," my teacher begged me, her eyes watering. "Please, Master... I can't... please please please fuck me now."

"Shhh." I moved in to kiss her. Her lips were trembling so badly, and I steadied them by sucking on them with my own. The taste of her sweetness mixed in with mom's arousal was bizarre—and fucking delicious.

I could feel her tears leaking down her eyes and onto my cheeks. I kissed her long and slow. No tongue. And when I finally pulled back, she was crying. I have tortured her enough.

"Please," she begged. "Please fuck me."

"You want this, don't you?" I reached for her pussy, and holy shit it was soaked, so god damn wet. Inserting a finger into her sex, I looked into her emerald eyes, full of tears and lust.

Karen gasped as I pushed another finger inside her. She moaned, even louder than mom, and I knew she was going to orgasm any second now.

"Don't," I warned. "Don't cum."

"PLEASE MASTER!" Karen moved her hips back and forth, fucking my fingers. "PLEASE!"

Chuckling, I decided to end her punishment. I captured her lips again, pushing my tongue through her seam and meeting hers. Her tongue lashed out at me, licking me with wild intensity. I matched her rhythm, just as hungry for her as she was for me. I crushed my chest against her breasts and pushed her forward.

My teacher toppled backwards, landing on her back with a soft thud, and wasting no more time, I shifted my hips forward and entered her without warning.

Her entire body tensed, and I swallowed her moans. Her slick heat grabbed onto me, and her tight walls clamped down onto my length desperately.

Fuck. How the fuck was she so tight?

I felt her shiver and tensed again. I broke the seal of our mouth and quickly spoke. "Don't cum, love. Don't cum without my permission. Do you understand?"

"I-I can't Master." She was crying, her hiccups mixed in with moans of pleasure. "I need to... PLEASE!"

"Wait for me, baby," I said, clenching my jaw as I forced my way through her compact inner walls. Finally, I was fully inside her. The jolt of pleasure that shot through



me almost made me cum right then and there, but I was adamant to ride out this pleasure for as long as humanly possible.

I withdrew my cock, just halfway, just before slamming it back into her. She quacked from the impact and another plea burst through her lips.

“I’m so fucking close.” Her emerald eyes were wide. “Please, please, please, PLEASE!”

“Shh.” I buried my lips into her neck, licking her salty sweat and giving soft kisses. “Wait for me, baby.”

She didn’t need to wait long. Her pussy felt even better than Mom’s, which was an impossible feat on its own. Her cunt was a drug I was sure I would be hooked on for the rest of my life. I gritted my teeth together, trying my absolute best to hold my orgasm off, but I couldn’t hold the dam for a second longer.

“Now!” I cried, shutting my eyes and raising my head towards the ceiling, moans spilling out from my throat. “Cum now!”

I didn’t even finish my words before her walls clamped even together around me and I felt her arousal squirting all over my legs.

“Fuck,” I grunted out, punctuation each curse with a rough thrust forward. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”

Karen was moaning curses out too, but I drowned them out as ecstasy ripped through my body, causing my head to pound and my heart to feel like it had burst.

It was the longest orgasm of the day, and by the time I was done with her, my teacher was left a trembling mess of tears and whimpers on the bed, her hair now a wild mess.

I saw my beauty move, and I could barely see her greens with her hair all around her face, but I could see her lips moving.

“Thank you.”

“Are you okay?” I moved close to her and pressed myself against her back, feeling all the wonderful curves against my front.

I felt her nod. She looked completely spent, but there was no way I was going to let her go. No, her pussy still could take more.

“Come,” I told her, grabbing her hips and sitting her up. “You can blow me, right? Could you do that for me, baby?”

All I received was a tired nod. Karen wiped the strands of hair from her face and leaned down, extending her tongue. My cock was sore, but the tenderness became muted as I felt her tongue.

My teacher was sloppy with her blowjob, clearly inexperienced, but Mom took care of that. Fully recovered, my mother joined in on the fun.

Gathering her hair into a ponytail, my beautiful mother joined the licking and sucking. My deflating cock was quickly brought back into hardness, their mouths on either side of him, their lips and tongues meeting as they jointly licked and sucked him from top to bottom.

I closed my eyes and just allowed the sensation to overwhelm me, feeling their lovely tongues. Then, I felt Mom licking down my shaft and towards my balls, where she caressed them with her warm, wet mouth. Karen took my tip, swirling her tongue around it as if she was licking an ice cream cone.

That was it. I was about to orgasm again, and for tonight, I was going to let a drop of semen go to waste. Every time I spilled cum, it had to go inside either of my beauties' beautiful cunts.

I quickly took charge. Opening my eyes, I issued orders. “Karen, on all fours in front of me. Mom, spread your pussy wide for Karen.”

Mom was quickest to obey, shifting in front of my teacher and spreading her swollen pussy out for her. Karen seemed nervous. She afforded a look back at me. I nodded. She gulped, then dove in.

Mom's cries filled the room, but I wasted no time enjoying the music. I was so fucking hard again, and without a moment's hesitation, grabbed my teacher's hips and pushed forward, sliding my cock back to where it belonged.

Now Karen's moans overwhelmed Mom's. She cried out as I took a quick rhythm, slamming my cock inside her over and over. Her body shook and her tits swayed at every thrust, and she was enjoying it massively. Karen was deep in between mom's thighs, growling with pleasure, her tongue doing wonders inside my mother.

Mom came first, shrieking, writhing in convulsion, and then I came too, exploding inside my teacher. Then it was Karen's turn, and the house shook with our combined moans as we all unraveled with sweat, cum, and limbs tangled up everywhere.

Mom licked me clean. Karen was too tired to even open her eyes, and she was snoring softly, her breasts pressed against my back. My mother snuggled on my front after she dutifully licked every glob of semen, making sure none went to waste. Four breasts pressed against me, their warmth enveloping me into a deep, peaceful slumber.

When I woke up the next morning, it was almost noon. I guessed my body needed a lot of rest after the fuck fest the night before. Mom was still snoring close to me, looking so angelic. But when I rolled to my side and looked for my younger beauty, I could only see empty space.

Karen was gone.

