

6 Times 1021

Chapter 1021 Glory - Why Can't I Look Like A Slutty Tramp Like Heather Does?

Alan thought he was out of the woods by the time first period came to an end, but he was wrong.

The football players who had played the chair painting trick on him didn't just fade away. Naturally, they were curious about what had happened to him and how he'd managed to avoid embarrassment. They were even madder at him than before for having escaped their trap, and were hardly about to let things go at that.

So when he came out of Mr. Tompkins' physics class, they were waiting for him. At first they kept their distance, lost behind him in the hallway crowd, waiting to see who he might be with. But when it appeared he was alone and heading to his next class, they made their plans and followed him. bender

Alan's first-period class was on the second floor while his second-period class was on the ground floor. The route from one class to another was filled with other students, so the football players knew they couldn't do anything too overt to him, especially given the suspensions that had been given out the week before. As a result, they struck in the most logical place along Alan's limited route: the stairs.

Alan was unaware that a small group of burly guys were following him, so he was taken by surprise when one of them caught up to him at the top of the stairs and stuck a foot out in front of him just as he began to step down the first stair.

The result was predictable: Alan went tumbling down the stairs, completely out of control. He most likely would have been severely hurt except for the fact that the stairway was filled with other students. So, rather than falling all the way down unimpeded, he crashed into some other students. More than one of them fell too, but none of them had the momentum he did, so only he kept going all the way to the flat area halfway down where the stairs turned.

The football players eagerly followed him down, and one of the biggest of them was right there to lend a helping hand when Alan tried to stand up. Or, at least, Alan initially thought it was a helping hand, as he didn't stop to look up at the face first. But as he stood up, he realized the hand wasn't letting go. In fact, the strong grip was practically crushing his hand.

Alan looked into the face of the boy who'd helped him up and realized he didn't know the person's name. But from the boy's appearance - he looked like a young Marine, complete with blond buzz cut -

his grip, and his crowing and malicious smile, Alan could tell he wasn't amongst friends. That feeling grew stronger as the other football players came down the stairs and surrounded him.

"Nasty fall," the football player squeezing Alan's hand said to him. "You should be more careful. Good thing you weren't hurt, but then again, you do seem to be quite lucky today, don't you?"

Alan could guess from this comment that this guy had been somehow involved in the first-period chair-painting prank, although he wasn't in that class or any of Alan's other classes. Needless to say, this bully was only pretending friendliness, like a cat playing with its prey before killing it.

Alan looked around frantically.

Other students were crowding around, wondering what was happening, peering into the tight circle of athletes.

He felt a bit safer because of all of the attention from the other people, but at the same time he didn't recognize any friends in the crowd, much less any authority figures. Worse, people were already starting to drift away as the sight of two guys shaking hands was hardly interesting. They didn't realize Alan's hand was being crushed by a much stronger vise-grip hand.

Alan was strong and muscular, though lanky, but he was no match for this monstrously oversized high schooler opposing him and he knew there was no way he could free his hand on his own. So he said in a very loud voice, "Owww! Let go of my hand. You're hurting me!" He hoped to keep bystanders watching, and he was partly successful with that.

"Oooh, poor baby," the tall and very muscular athlete still squeezing Alan's hand replied sarcastically, applying even more pressure as he said this. From his huge build, he was likely a lineman. He taunted, "What are you going to do now that you don't have any of your teachers to help you? What did you do to Mr. Tompkins to get him to protect you like that, anyways? How many times did you kiss his ass? Or suck his cock?"

Alan was recovering his wits, and went on a verbal offensive, though it didn't seem that way at first. He said in a proud and loud voice, "Yes. I am gay. I'm a flaming homosexual. Here, let me suck your cock, too. Why don't you whip it out?" He reached for the boy's groin with his free hand.

Alan guessed correctly that his attacker was as sexually immature, insecure, and homophobic as the typical dumb jock stereotype, and luckily he was right.

The football player immediately let go of Alan's hand as if Alan had contagious homosexual "cooties" and backed away a few steps, pushing a couple of his flunkies aside in his hasty retreat.

Alan laughed with derision, pretending much more confidence than he actually felt. He knew from previous experience with bullies that the key thing was to not show any weakness, as most bullies only preyed on the weak. He considered making some kind of homosexual taunt, but decided he shouldn't push his luck. Instead, he said in a seemingly sincere voice, "Thanks for the help getting up," and then hurried down the stairs.

He heard one cry of "Fag!" but otherwise the football players didn't say anything or pursue him. While strong, none of them were particularly bright, and Alan's unexpected approach had left them confused. They were only slowly figuring out that Alan's "I'm a flaming homosexual" comment was a form of subtle sarcasm that would more or less render him immune to further homosexual taunts, their preferred insult of choice.

One hour later, Alan entered Glory's classroom with a scraped knee, scraped elbow, and a very sore hand. Needless to say, he was very much preoccupied by his setbacks and hardly paid any attention to Glory or what was happening in her class. He knew that while in one sense he may have foiled his attackers, in another sense his "victory" was actually a defeat because he'd only succeeded in making his enemies madder at him. The only good news was that no one had followed him between second and third periods. He figured they were probably regrouping and trying to figure out how to best get back at him.

Glory however, was confused. She'd spent most of the two previous class periods anticipating the moment when she'd be able to see Alan in the flesh again, only to find him quite disinterested in her. It wasn't that he was consciously trying to avoid her; he simply didn't seem to have her on his mind in any special way because he was so worried about the football players.

She thought, That's odd. And it's doubly odd given that Heather was acting in a very similar way the period before. Instead of glaring at me, as usual, Heather didn't seem to hear a word I was saying, as if she was simply spaced out and in her own world. Just like how Alan's acting right now. I wonder if he's going to be like this the whole class.

But Glory couldn't think about it for long, as she had a class to teach. However, her thoughts kept returning to thinking about Alan and Heather with every free moment she had, especially since Alan seemed to continue to ignore her, though he eventually did appear to focus on the class material a bit.

After some time, she noticed Alan's knee. Oh my God! That looks like a bad scrape. If I'm not mistaken, that looks like it's been bleeding pretty badly. And he hasn't even put a bandage on it or anything. He didn't have that at the end of first period, I know that!

Should I send him to the nurse? No. I have to try to stay low profile and not let everyone know how much I'm noticing him. I can't fawn all over him. But what's the deal? First Heather's limping around and now Alan is all scraped up with fresh bruises, and obviously neither of them have had P. E. yet. Did they get in a fight with each other? That would make a lot of sense. Oh no! What if they were having passionate, balls-to-the-wall sex with each other instead? Sex so wild, passionate, and violent that the two of them could barely stand up and walk away. After all, Alan's much more of a lover than a fighter.

That thought sent a surge of warmth through Glory that she immediately fought to stifle.

Knowing Alan, if he were really angry with Heather, he'd fight her with his weapon of choice: sex. I'm not sure how he'd do it, but I bet he'd find some way to triumph over her sexually, defeating her much more soundly than if he actually pummeled her with his fists. God, imagine that! What if he was angry with me and he wanted to teach me a lesson? Even with all my muscles from surfing, he's so much bigger than me. I'd never stand a chance! Actually, I would, but once he starts waving that cock of his around, I get weak in the knees and turn to mush. He'd attack me, lord over me, tear my clothes off, push me around, and leave me completely helpless to his overpowering sexual drive!

Then he'd rub that huge cock of his all over my face, forcing me to beg to suck it, making me humiliate myself as he smeared pre-cum all over my cheeks and forehead. And I'd suck it, God knows I would. And I'd LOVE it! But that's not all. He'd just be getting started. Once he had my face and mouth soaked in his cum, he'd turn his attention to my pussy. God have mercy on my soul, because he'd fuck me within an inch of my life! He'd fuck me until I cried mercy. In fact, he'd fuck me until I was screaming, moaning, and begging for mercy, and then he'd keep fucking me anyway!

Just like what he did with Heather, he'd fuck me so good and hard that I'd have as much trouble walking as she does! Why, I'll bet that he took her, and threw-

"Ms. Rhymer? Um, hello? Ms. Rhymer?" It was the voice of one of Glory's students, trying to ask a question.

Glory snapped out of her sexual thoughts and tried to answer the question, but she had trouble concentrating. Her nipples were rock hard and her pussy was throbbing.

As the class went on, it seemed that every line of thought she had led back to Alan, or sex, or even more often, Alan and sex. She still valiantly tried to give a lecture instead of just assigning in-class busy work, but she kept stumbling and spacing out, acting as nervously as if it was her first day teaching.

Some minutes later, she looked at Alan and began spacing out again. Damn that young man! He's still not looking at me. What do I have to do to get his attention? Maybe it's these God-damned clothes. Societal rules demand that I have to dress all prissy and conservative as a teacher, but why can't I express myself like everyone else? Why can't I look like a slutty tramp like Heather does?

I wanna teach dressed like a HOT TRAMP, God dammit! That would get Alan's attention and tear his mind away from that evil skank. Hell, it would get everyone's attention, and isn't that part of my job as a teacher, keeping their attention? A tight, hot, shiny, black leather short skirt kind of like what Heather is wearing today, an even tighter fire engine red top with my cleavage exposed all the way down-

She stopped herself as she realized she was running her hand over her chest and the student who had been speaking had stopped and was staring at her quizzically.

Damn again! she cursed. I must be losing my mind! The sooner I get Alan out of my system, the better off I'll be. I just have to get through these next few days and then it'll get easier. It's like going cold turkey from a heroin addiction.

She looked down and sadly realized she was still wearing the same old "prissy" clothes she'd put on that morning. With an internal sigh, she resumed her teaching lesson.

Since she was such a good teacher, a number of students noticed her odd behavior, but they generally assumed that even Ms. Rhymer had an off day every now and then.

Alan, though, was still so absorbed in his own problems that he remained oblivious.

Chapter 1022 Glory - Having A Dream Of An All-Nighter!

When class ended, Glory could hardly wait until the last student besides Alan left, so she could find out what was going on. When she finally had her chance, she acted quite pouty and jealous. As Alan closed the door, she petulantly said from her chair behind her desk, "So, you really can turn it on and off, can't you? One day you seemed to care for me and desire me so much, but now you don't even know I exist! I know we've made a new platonic agreement, but you could show at least a little bit of longing and regret. The way you act, it's just plain, well... insulting!"

He walked over and sat on her desk. "What on Earth are you talking about?"

She looked up at him, a bit frightened to have him so near, but still angry from her jealousy. "Don't play dumb with me, young man! Whatever happened to your pledge to be totally honest with me?! I'm no fool! I know exactly what you and Heather have been up to."

"Up to'? What do you mean?" He thought, She's smart as a whip and knows all the school gossip, but how could she possibly know what Heather, Simone, and I were doing this morning? Unless one of them talked...

"I mean, look at your scraped knee. And your elbow. And the way you've been holding your hand for half the class! And the way Heather's walking so funny! You must have given her the royal nailing of a lifetime! I mean, the other women you're with, I could forgive... no, that's not true. Let's not go there. But Heather! HEATHER! That's a direct slap in my face!"

He laughed inwardly, but was careful not to show any outward signs of his amusement so as to not hurt her feelings. But as he recovered from that, his amusement at her interpretation turned to concern that she would feel hurt if he didn't straighten things out.

"Glory, wait a minute. You've got it all wrong. It's true I played around with Heather a bit before school, but to be blunt, I didn't put myself into her pussy or ass, thank you very much. My scratches aren't from that, they're from tumbling down the stairs after being pushed by some football players! The same ones, I should point out, who were behind the whole painted chair thing!"

"Oh," she said, slowly reassessing. She felt her righteous indignation start to ebb, even though she figured that if he hadn't fucked Heather it was only because he'd fucked someone else. She also correctly guessed that there was a good reason he only mentioned not putting his dick in Heather's ass or pussy, and failed to mention her mouth. The idea of him doing anything sexual at all with Heather irritated her so much that she barely could think about his football player problems.

He continued, "Not only that, but remember that I wasn't scraped up like this when you were cleaning paint off me this morning. And I've had nothing but classes since then."

"Oh. That's right." I suppose I'm just jumping to conclusions and making groundless accusations. Something did make Heather walk funny though, and I have a strong suspicion he's somehow behind it... although she was wearing those ridiculously high heels today, so that could be the reason, or at least part of the reason. The stupid bitch has no idea how to walk in heels.

I have a feeling that his newfound policy of total honesty doesn't involve him volunteering information about the other women he's involved with, though he'll probably answer if I know to ask the right question. But I don't really want to know more about that bitch's twisted sexual games and how she's ensnared poor Alan in them. At least not right now.

The conversation naturally turned after Alan straightened out Glory's misconceptions.

Her feelings of jealousy quickly faded even though she was still miffed that he'd been with Heather at all.

He explained all the latest developments in his troubles with the football players, and got a lot of genuine sympathy from her about it. She fell into the role of nurse, taking out a first-aid kit and cleaning up his scrapes. He didn't just have scrapes on his knee and elbow but in fact had scratches all over, though luckily the others were all minor or superficial. Band-aids took care of the cuts on the knees and elbows where he'd actually bled.

But in the course of examining, cleaning, and tending his wounds, once again she came into very close contact with his body. It was almost more than she could take, especially given the earlier contact. She might have lost control and reverted to all out fondling except for the fact that he kept talking about his assault and the football players, leaving her more angry than aroused. She was very proud that she'd resisted temptation when at long last she successfully disengaged and declared him all cleaned up.

However, she still wasn't in the clear, because he was still in front of her and her hormones were still raging for him. All the close contact with his body had worked her up, even if it was just little things like smelling his body odor and subtly caressing his skin here and there (usually under the guise of patting an area she'd cleaned and declaring it "all better").

After they'd discussed the football player problem and possible courses of action, the conversation turned to his homework. The plan was that he would use lunch with her to actually do some homework, but they ended up talking about homework and his lack of motivation in doing it instead. This was bad news for her, because now that the conversation had moved on and she wasn't so indignant, her mind was free to wander.

She thought, I wonder if he's still hard. I can't see a bulge, which is unusual. But knowing him, he's almost certainly hard. Even with all his football player problems, he must be suffering terrible blue balls on top of all that. I can't immediately help out with the football players, but I could relieve his condition. I guess a proper fucking would be out of the question since we're supposed to be broken up, I mean, since we ARE broken up, but would just a little blowjob or two be so bad, between friends? Look how worried he is. I'll bet ten to fifteen minutes of cocksucking and titfucking would put his worries at ease.

She seemed to take everything he said the wrong way. For instance, he mentioned, "I've fallen really far behind in my English class. I'm going to have to do some serious cramming to catch up."

He intended no double meaning, but Glory heard the words "serious cramming" and went all dreamy. Serious cramming, eh? Well, young man, I have some news for you: you're going to have to do some serious cramming for my class as well! In fact, there's no time like the present. Take that hot, fleshy fuck-hammer and cram it into my tight, slippery hole right now! Pound me with your fuck-hammer, my love! Alan! Please! Don't just sit there, looking at me like that. Do it! Do me! Now!

"Glory?"

"Huh?" Glory snapped back to reality again. "What? Did I miss something?"

"I was just saying that I might even have to pull an all-nighter, if the teacher makes us do that assignment like he's been threatening to do."

Glory immediately fell back into her sexual fugue. An all-nighter, eh? You are going to have to pull an all-nighter, all right, with your favorite teacher! More like a push and pull, in and out, over and over, do it to her all-nighter, hee-hee! It's so hard! So hot! So thick! So tasty and juicy and wonderful! Alan, take me! Right now! Throw me on my desk and do me right here!

She began to visualize such a scene so clearly that her pussy juices began to flow. Make love to your hot tramp of a teacher! No, none of this "make love" bullshit; FUCK ME! Can't you see a woman who needs your expert-

"Glory?"

"Yes? What is it?" She reflexively clamped her legs together.

"Well, it's just that you seem to be staring at me so intently. Is there something on my face or something?" He was genuinely confused since he wasn't in a sexual mood at all, and too flummoxed from his rather stressful morning to notice her usual signs of arousal. The reason she didn't see a bulge in his shorts was because he was flaccid.

"Um, no. I guess I'm just still thinking about the football players and how that one brute tripped you at the top of the stairs. How horrible! We may no longer be intimate with each other, but I still care about you deeply. I'm so worried!"

"Don't worry. I'm going to tackle this, and your help is vital and very much appreciated. Frankly, in the long term, I'm more worried about my homework problem. I feel like I'm in a deep hole. I thought that I was bound for a good college for sure, like Berkeley, but lately..."

Alan's words faded away as Glory glommed onto the phrase "I'm in a deep hole" and ran with it. You are in a deep hole, my young sex stud! My hole! My needy hole is going to be filled so deep by your throbbing, probing manliness!

Ah, what's wrong with me? I need to focus. He's going to ask me a question about some serious problems any minute now, and I need to focus. On his words. Not on the hole. The deep, needy hole. The desperate, wet, and eager hole. No... On his words! The words! Focus! Focus, Glory! What's wrong with me? It's over! Over between us! He'll be going to Berkeley next fall, so it's doomed between us anyway. Besides, think about all those other women he has. Think about him making love to his own mother or sister! Let that cool you down. Incest! Disgusting! bender

Huh, why isn't that working very well? Somehow I get to thinking about Suzanne and her impossibly curvy body. I saw her stick out her tongue once at that one parents' night - it was positively unreal. I'll

bet a tongue like that could jack off Alan's penis like a dainty hand, sliding all around it like a huge snake. Good Lord! ... Quick, think of something else!

I know! I'll think of him with that super-bitch. Imagine the good and kind Alan filling that evil bitch whore Heather with his tasty seed! She doesn't deserve him. It's so WRONG! Think of him pounding that magnificent cock into her slutty, skanky, diseased, and gaping hole. Yuck! How can he be fucking her before school today when, at the same time, I've been reduced to fighting the urge to fondle myself under my skirt driving to school when I stop at every stoplight? It's not right! Alan should be mine! Alan, I love you! I need you! But it's wrong! Wrong! You'll only hurt me. I can't! Can't! Must resist!

"Glory, what's wrong now?" he asked. "Look at the way you're clenching your hands. Did you space out?"

"Oh. Sorry. I just can't get those damned football players out of my head. Let's go back to that topic, because I'm kind of obsessing about it..."

And so it went. She was a wreck. Returning the conversation to the football players engaged a bit more of her attention, but not much. Everything he said seemed to be a sexy innuendo to her, when in fact nothing he said was meant that way.

She was extremely relieved when he left about ten minutes before the lunch period was over.

As he left, she thought, That was close! It was all I could do not to up and rape the poor guy. But these feelings will pass. They will. Won't they? As time goes on the urge has to fade, or else I'm in deep trouble. I'm going to have to do something soon to take the edge off until I can find a new boyfriend or something. Maybe I should go shopping tonight for some new sex toys and simply pleasure myself so much while at home that my pussy is too sore for me to even BEGIN to think about sex. Yes! That not only sounds like a good idea, it sounds like a hell of a lot of fun.

Of course, I'll be dreaming and thinking about Alan the whole time, but maybe if I do that with abandon for the next couple of days, I'll actually get sick of him. Kind of like drinking until you can't even stand the sight of alcohol. Something like that has to work, or else...

I hate to picture it, but just imagine, me, Gloria Rhymer, crawling on my hands and knees, begging him to take me back. That would be so horribly embarrassing... not to mention unbearably arousing! Oh

God! Crawling naked to his toned, muscled, and extremely erect body! That penis, GOD, I love that penis! My own student. Submitting myself, prostrating myself, giving my body and my SOUL to one of my own students! Begging to be filled in each and every hole! Crawling to touch- ... Arrgh! Stop it Glory! Stop it! You're obsessed!

Chapter 1023 Heather And Her Influence

Alan left Glory early because he wanted to check on Heather and see if his "treatment" was working on her or not. His desire to find this out was so strong and his opportunities to make contact with her before school ended were so limited that he decided to do something he'd never done at school before: visit Heather while she resided at her "throne."

Back in the days when Alan ate lunch in the school cafeteria, he knew the "rules" of cafeteria seating reasonably well, and he was sure they hadn't changed in the two months since he'd stopped going there. All the different social cliques had their different zones in the cafeteria, and few ever sat down in or even lingered within the territory of a clique one did not belong to. Heather, naturally, sat at the most prestigious table in the school elite zone.

Alan, thanks to all of his romantic and sexual successes, didn't belong in the nerd zone anymore, but he also didn't belong in the elite zone, as he hadn't put in the time and kissed enough asses to become one of the elites, and he didn't know anyone in the large group of "unaffiliated" students to feel comfortable there either, or with any other group, for that matter. One of the reasons why he no longer ate at the school cafeteria or even visited there much was that he didn't know where he belonged anymore. If he did eat lunch away from Glory, he preferred to be one of the few who sat outside in the sun, especially since Katherine and Amy usually sat there these days (they didn't like the clique battles, either).

So it was a bold move when he simply walked right up to Heather's table and sat down next to her, squeezing in to make room for himself. She was surrounded by her usual flunkies, all gorgeous babes that he had admired from afar at one time or another. But aside from Simone, who was sitting right next to Heather, he knew very few of them by name (other cheerleaders like Kim and Joy sat at a table near Heather's table - not even any of them were "worthy" of sitting at Heather's table, mostly because they hadn't sucked up to her enough lately). In recent weeks, a couple of the girls at the table had chatted him up, fishing for a date invitation, but he'd turned them all down, since he already had more women that he could handle.

Aside from Simone, and Heather's friend and main rival Donna, the table was a uniform sea of tanned skins, daringly exposed cleavage, and blonde heads (usually bottle-enhanced). Simone felt awkward and unwanted at times as the only black girl in the entire female school elite, and often sensed derision from her other black friends, but her love-hate friendship with Heather was so important to her that it overrode all other concerns.

Alan's move was so unexpected that a hush fell over the dozen or so girls at Heather's table (though he was pleased to see people at the other tables were too busy with their own boisterous activities to pay any notice).

Heather, though, seemed oblivious to the possibility that he might be doing something unusual. She merely gave him a friendly smile and cheerfully said, "Hiya! What's up, Sir?" bender

Alan looked at her more closely. She had a very unusual facial expression. On one hand, she had the glazed over look of a happy drunk. But on the other hand, she wore a grimace, as if she had a bad case of hemorrhoids. He knew that the Bitch Trainer was the cause of both facial expressions, but to see the two looks coexist on one face was odd, to say the least.

Further, she was obviously sexually aroused because her nipples were poking through her peach-colored top even more than usual. He could tell she wasn't wearing a bra, since he'd commanded her not to the day before. He made a mental note to finally look into how she so flagrantly violated the school's dress code, day after day.

The other girls were all staring intently at Alan and Heather and obviously trying to puzzle out this unwanted intrusion. The mere fact that Heather didn't reflexively freeze him out of the area and send him packing with her usual haughty sneer helped confirm for the other girls that the two of them had some kind of special relationship. Few had any doubts something sexual was going on. But the exact nature of their relationship still remained mysterious, and the fact that Heather had just called him "sir" without any apparent sarcasm or irony greatly deepened the mystery. So they all erred on the side of caution and didn't say anything.

Alan didn't want Heather's flunkies to overhear, so with a few discreet comments, he got Heather and Simone to stand up and walk far enough away from the table for them to have some privacy.

Then he asked Heather in a low voice, "How's it going?"

"Good!" She said brightly, gazing at him intently. "You're the best! ... Uh, Sir!" She giggled at that. "But it's so sad..." Her appearance completely changed as she said this last bit, and her face turned forlorn as if she recalled her puppy being run over.

He realized he'd never seen her quite like this before. It was as if he was talking to a child. He asked, "What's sad?"

Still with an exaggerated mournfulness, Heather explained, "I heard about what those guys tried to do to you this morning. That's just wrong! I'll tell you, they're going to regret it. Just you wait and see."

He was pleased that she seemed a bit more coherent as she said that, and thought, Wow, she actually cares about me a bit?

But then she spaced out entirely and gazed off across the room.

He wanted answers and fast, so he turned to Simone and asked her in a low voice, "What's happening here?"

Simone murmured back, quiet enough that not even Heather could hear, "As you can see, Heather's kind of spacing out at the moment. It's the Bitch Trainer. It's the only thing she'll talk to me about, practically, when she's actually talking. Most of the time she's happy just to smile and enjoy whatever it's doing to her."

"Wow. I didn't think she'd be affected THAT strongly."

"Me either," Simone admitted. "I can only hope that she'll get used to it soon enough, or else she's going to turn into some kind of living Barbie bimbo airhead."

"Dang. That's not what I want. I'm going to have to work on this and, I guess, try to fine tune things. As usual, she's so frigging high maintenance. But is she with it enough to do something about the football players?"

"Kind of. We've been talking about it a bit, but we haven't had much time and she's just not concentrating that much. Or rather, she is, but not on that topic, if you catch my drift. But we sent the word through the grapevine to find out more, and we've already learned that the problem seems to be with just the defensive linemen. Apparently they're a really tight group. They're all such big motherfuckers they think they can do anything and get away with it."

Simone didn't bother to mask her distaste of them in the slightest. "The rest of the football team seems to be in complete disarray after the suspensions last week and everything. And remember how Heather sowed all kinds of dissent over the weekend? Well that seems to be working, especially since our team got creamed so badly Friday night on the field."

Alan just looked blankly at Simone. "They did? I thought they won just about all their games."

"You mean you haven't heard about Friday's game?!" Simone incredulously rolled her eyes at Alan. "Your sister's a cheerleader, your 'official' girlfriend's a cheerleader, you've got the head cheerleader's ASS wrapped around your dick half the time, and you STILL haven't heard about the most humiliating loss by our football team since, like, ever?!"

Alan, for once, didn't have anything to say. He looked over at Heather's vacant expression, then his eyes drifted down to her lightly jiggling breasts. He quickly tore his eyes away and looked back at Simone.

Simone imperiously held up a hand to forestall any protests of cluelessness on his part. "Never mind. Look, all you need to know is that except for this one group of about eight players, Heather's got them all pretty much pussy whipped into submission. They can't play as a team to save their lives because she's got them at each other's throats, after all the mind games she's played on them lately."

"Ah. Wow."

"Yeah. A pretty neat trick, eh?" Simone flashed her beautiful ivory teeth in a predatory grin before turning serious again.

Alan checked out her busty chest and noted that she at least continued to wear a bra, although it appeared her nipples had gotten hard since she'd started talking to him. He forced his eyes back up to her face as she continued to speak.

Simone noticed where his eyes wandered and felt a flicker of pride that he preferred to look at her charms instead of Heather, standing very close by. "But there's still those eight at least, taking advantage of the fact that about half the male student body either envies or hates you, what with all these rumors going around about you. You should especially watch out for a couple of unusually big guys, Ryan and Jerry, who seem to be the ringleaders. You know them?"

Alan let his eyes drift back down to her inspirational rack, but said seriously, "I unfortunately met, uh, Ryan, I think, today on the stairs, and Jerry is in my first-period class. He's a total ass; he always sits in the back and keeps his head down so he won't get called on. But both of them are like walking refrigerators. They make the guy who clocked me last week look small, so, needless to say, I'm hoping things won't get violent. What's Heather doing about them?"

Simone glanced over at Heather, who was still zoned out. "Not much. Except that she's already put the word out that they should be treated like social pariahs. We didn't even explain why; we just told everyone to treat them like shit, and at least Heather's extended circle will. By now I'm sure those guys are already beginning to feel the blowback. In a matter of days, if 'the bitchy one' keeps sending out the vibes and steps up the pressure, not even their own parents will want to talk to them. And I'm only just exaggerating a teensy little bit on that. Seriously."

"Wow. Double wow. I had no idea she was THAT powerful in this school. That's kind of scary." He thought of the problems Heather had caused the football team and nearly shuddered in fear. But he looked at her standing only a few feet away, and saw she was still happily staring off into space as if she'd had a frontal lobotomy. That fact made him feel a bit better, as it reminded him that she had some very sizeable vulnerabilities. He consoled himself that at least as long as she needed him for his anal skills, he wasn't in too much danger from her vengeance.

Simone leaned in even closer, and conspiratorially whispered, "Why do you think I've stayed such good friends with her? A big part of it is self-protection. I'm beginning to gather you didn't have ANY idea who you were messing with when you started fucking around with her, did you? Hell, I think that she could turn even you into a complete outcast if she wanted to."

"Hmmm. Okay, I'll admit I am a bit clueless about some of this social stuff. I never paid any attention back when I was a nerd, because what did it matter to me? I guess when it came to her, ignorance was bliss. But how-

Heather who'd been standing just a couple of feet away the whole time, finally got impatient and interrupted, "Hey, you guys, what are you talking about there?"

"Oh, nothing," Alan replied, now speaking loud enough for both Simone and Heather to hear, but quiet enough so the girls at Heather's table couldn't. He said in slightly coded language, "I was just checking with my assistant to see how your training is coming along. I think we might need a spot check."

Heather's eyes went wide and she licked her lips. "Mmmm. Delicious idea. I know just the place. Come on!"

So the three of them left the cafeteria. The remains of Heather and Simone's lunches were left behind, unfinished and abandoned, at the table where Heather held court. Speculation ran rampant among Heather's friends as to just exactly what they'd seen (but not overheard) might mean for the social hierarchy, as soon as it became apparent that she wasn't returning to her "throne." The talk focused on her use of the word "sir."

Chapter 1024 Heather And Simone - Being Fucked Up And Crazy!

The three of them headed to the "stinky bathroom" that was almost never used, since they didn't have time to go all the way to the theater room in the five or so minutes left in the lunch period.

Heather kept wanting to run, but her five-inch heels and her Bitch Trainer effectively limited her speed to something that wouldn't get them noticed by a teacher. In fact, the way she swished and swayed in her shiny black short shorts as she attempted to merely walk fast, not to mention her big, braless breasts bouncing inside her shirt, was like a porno film in motion.

Alan hadn't been in a sexual mood at all ever since falling down the stairs, though Simone's ebony orbs had nearly put his dick at attention. He didn't want to get revved up in the last minutes of lunch only to be stuck with a raging hard-on he could do nothing to relieve for the last two periods of school. So he volunteered to stand guard outside, pointing out that spot checks and all other dildo loading and unloading duties were Simone's full responsibility now. He loitered in front of the "stinky" ladies room while Heather and Simone went in, heading into one of the toilet stalls.

Simone had been mostly quiet during the morning Inner Bitch Training session and during most of her previous encounters with Alan, in part because she felt a bit intimidated by him, and because she hadn't

really developed a close rapport with him yet. But left alone with only the strangely subdued Heather, she took full advantage of her opportunity to reverse roles.

"Okay, bitch," she imperiously demanded, "drop those shorts, and then put them over your head so you can't see. Then grab onto something so you can stick your slutty ass up as high as you can. I want to see your ass way up here by my face! Now!"

"But Simone..."

"That's 'ma'am' to you now," Simone murmured menacingly. "Didn't you hear Alan this morning?" She smiled a sweetly dangerous smile at her best friend.

Heather immediately began unzipping her black leather shorts. "Okay, ma'am. But aren't you being mean? I know that I've been slutty, and a bitch, but... I mean, we're still best friends, right?"

Simone looked at her, who was now trying to wiggle and shimmy out of her extremely tight shorts. It took some effort, but she got them down and pulled down her "butt floss" undies with them.

Heather then gave her a sad puppy dog look that Simone hadn't even realized her friend was capable of.

Simone rolled her eyes and thought with chagrin, Great. Now that the shoe is finally on the other foot, she gets all weird on me so I can't even have any fun with it. Why do I like her so much when she's such a pain all the time? I just don't have the heart... especially when she's looking at me like that. Grrr!

So Simone changed her approach. Taking a page from Alan's playbook, she got more aggressive. "Just a minute. You'd better take your top off too. It's in my way."

"In your way? In your WAY?! Are you fucking loony?! How will this tight little powder blue top that doesn't even go down to my belly button stop you from reaching my ass? And what if someone comes in here?! You're going to leave me completely buck naked in a public place!"

"Have you forgotten to say 'ma'am' again?"

Heather stared at Simone incredulously for a few moments, and then smiled. "I think I like the new Simone. Ma'am. She's pure evil." She shimmied out of her tight top and got back on the toilet. "How's that, ma'am?"

Simone gave a naughty smile back. "Now you're starting to get it." She became all business. "Heather, let's hurry. Alan says you can't see your Bitch Trainers yet until you earn that privilege, so put something over your eyes. Meanwhile, can you please concentrate? What are we going to do about these football caveman types?"

Heather considered putting her shorts over her eyes as Simone demanded, but the leather was too stiff for it to easily work as a blindfold. To her great embarrassment, she had to use her "butt floss" panties instead. The only part of them with any fabric at all was the part that fit right over her pussy, and that was soaked through with pussy juice. But lacking time and alternatives and not wanting to upset her well-hung lover waiting just outside the bathroom, she closed the eyes and wrapped the panties around her head.

She even managed to tie them behind her head. She couldn't help but inhale the pussy juice that soaked her nose and cheeks. The smell and the humiliation somehow endeared Alan to her even more, while at the same time inflaming her desire to get him back for his impudence.

Then she stuck her ass up as high as she could while gripping as little of the toilet as she could manage. She sighed. "Simone, ma'am, I just can't get fired up with anger like usual, even after what they did to him. All I can think about is my Bitch Trainer. It's like I'm being fucked in the ass non-stop, all day! It almost feels that good! Do you realize how GOOD it feels? Do you have any idea?!"

"You've only told me about a million times in the last couple of hours," Simone pointed out, while rolling her eyes.

"Sorry. But it's true! Alan is so awesome. So manly. And to think that I was going to actually-" She abruptly cut herself off, then gasped as she felt Simone's fingers penetrate her asshole.

"What?" Simone asked as she found the Bitch Trainer with her fingertips. "All right slut, push that Bitch Trainer out of your ass right now and show it to me. Like you did this morning. C'mon, push! Now, what were you going to do?"

Heather bore down with her powerful internal muscles, and with a sexy groan her tight asshole slowly opened up, until eventually a couple inches of dildo suddenly slid out. She then stopped pushing long enough to pant, "I... Well, it's mostly Ms. Rhymer that needs to be taught a lesson, but that's neither here nor there. I just don't feel like striking back at... Wait. Let me try to think about the football problem instead... Uh! Shit, I cannot believe you have me buck naked in a public restroom. OH!"

She let out a little shriek as Simone suddenly took a firm grasp of the dildo protruding from her ass and pulled it all the way out in one long drawn out stroke. Her asshole even made a popping sound as her Bitch Trainer left her butt.

"How does that feel?" Simone asked, playfully spanking a trembling butt cheek, but clearly referring to Heather's newly vacated ass.

Heather waited a long time before answering. "Strange. Good, in a way. I've been kind of longing to get it out. I've been feeling bloated like I'm having an enema aaaalll day. Can you imagine what that feels like?" She suddenly sighed, inhaled deeply of the cum-drenched panties covering her eyes and nose, and then spread her legs open a little wider. "But it's funny: now that it's out, I want it back in!"

Simone smiled. "I think that can be arranged." She slowly forced the big dildo all the way back inside Heather's shivering backside.

Heather instinctively curved her back so as to present the best possible angle for the penetration of her powerfully throbbing asshole.

"Ugh! Oh! God yes! FUCK! Fuck, that's good. Thank you, ma'am! Oh Jesus Christ, do I love that! But now that it's in, there's a part of me that wants it out. I don't know if I can make it to the end of the day, feeling that full." "I think you should take a look at

"Well, we'll work on that in a minute. But first, what are you going to do about the football players?"

"God, I don't know. Ask me again after school, after I've recovered from this ... thing! This invasion! Oh, fuck, it feels so good. But, uh, I'm thinking, simply putting those guys on the shit list isn't going to do it. In fact, that'll probably just make them angrier and more desperate, like cornered rats."

Simone teased Heather's anus with delicate brushes of her fingertips, which made her asshole flutter and throb as her entire body shuddered. She noted, "Good point." She found herself fascinated by the way Heather's tanned muscular buttocks were clenching and jumping, making them wobble slightly out of sync with each other.

Heather continued, "We should try to use the rest of the football team to- oh! Ungh... Put peer pressure on them. Divide and conquer. We've already neutralized or- ah! ... co-opted most of the other players; now we can use those guys like weapons. Peel off the timid or half-hearted out of this lineman group and then go for the jugular with the core troublemakers."

"I like it." Simone was glad to see Heather could still plot with the Bitch Trainer in, if she put her mind to it and didn't just space out. "A typical Heather move. But what kind of fatal blow were you planning on giving them?" She pulled her hand away, wondering what Heather would do.

Heather paused. "I- I don't know. Something like expelling them, but that just seems too mean somehow."

Simone raised her eyebrow. She'd never heard Heather ever describe any tactic as "too mean" before. She decided to postpone the rest of this conversation until after school, when Heather would presumably have more of her bitchiness (not to mention her brains) back after an hour with her ass empty during cheerleader practice. "Hmmm. Well, let's finish up here first. Everything seems in order with your Bitch Trainer, but we can't be too thorough. Let me check again..."

Heather bore down a second time, putting pressure on her dildo (and obviously enjoying doing so) until it breached her anus once more.

Simone then pulled the dildo all the way back out, ever so tantalizingly slowly with one hand, while reaching forward and running her fingers over Heather's pussy lips with the other.

"FUCKING GOOD!" Heather arched her back again and lifted her blindfolded head up high, gasping as she fought the urge to rock her hips back and forth.

"Ssssh! They'll hear you in the hallway," Simone chided as she tweaked Heather's clit.

"God, don't remind me!" Heather yelled far too loudly as she very nearly had a great climax.

Simone rolled her eyes because she knew that what Heather meant was that the prospect of other people overhearing was so deliciously intoxicating that she couldn't stand to think about it at the moment, as she was too aroused already. But Simone could hardly chide Heather about this, because she found the idea of getting caught to be a huge turn-on as well. She pulled on Heather's clit yet again, but she knew Heather's sexual responses well enough to keep her just short of her much needed orgasmic relief.

"Yeah! Oh, Simone! Just like that! Ma'am! Yes, ma'am!" Heather giggled with pure joy as her asshole throbbed powerfully, clenching and relaxing around her slowly departing dildo.

There was a knock on the door, and Alan poked his head in. He couldn't see Simone or Heather as they were inside one of the toilet stalls, but he said in a low voice that carried across the room, "Hey, you two, the hallways have emptied out. I can't wait any longer! The school bell is going to ring any second. I've got to go!"

Simone popped her head out of the stall and looked at Alan with pretend concern. "We're got a problem. You have to come see this."

Alan took a peek back out at the hallway, and then reluctantly decided to come in. "Okay, but just a sec. What is it?"

"Look at her," Simone said, moving aside so Alan could have a full view into the stall.

He looked. After a couple of long moments he asked, "What?"

Simone gave him a wicked grin. "Isn't she sexy? I mean, look at her! Not only is she totally naked aside from her black heels, but do you know what she's using for a blindfold? Those are her cum-soaked panties! And just look at that ass. My God, what an ass! How can I not be bisexual, looking at an ass like that? Her asshole's all full now, but her pussy's empty and needy. You could help her out with that." She huskily whispered that last sentence directly into Alan's ear.

Alan groaned with arousal. "You're evil, do you know that? My whole idea was to not get a boner, and you screwed that."

Simone ran a hand up his arm, squeezing and admiring his muscles. "Hmmm. Guess you'll just have to fuck all that evil out of me. Let's get you a hall pass so you can stay and play."

Alan was sorely tempted, but the fear of getting caught drove him back to the door. "That's totally nuts! You don't even have someone standing guard now. I've gotta go!"

"You go then, Sir," Heather answered, her heavy breathing betraying the rising tide of her lust. "Simone, ma'am, I think this spot check is just getting started, don't you?"

Simone laughed. "Yep! Alan, don't worry. Heather and I have the same class for fifth period, and she has the teacher wrapped around her little finger. We can be as late as we want. Everything seems fine over here, but we're just going to do a thorough in and out check to be sure, oh... another couple dozen times!" Simone and Heather both laughed heartily at that. "You sure you don't want to stay?"

"Can't. My next teacher isn't so spellbound by my nipples," he joked. "I'm out of here. Be careful!" He closed the door and ran down the hallway to his next class, cursing his renewed erection.

The bell rang just a few seconds later.

Simone slowly pushed the dildo back into Heather's hungry ass, while her fingers worked their way up into the haughty blonde's pussy. Everything she did caused Heather to moan and groan louder and lustier than before. "Ssssh!" she whispered. "Let's not get caught the first day. He does have a point about needing a guard, even if we are in this stall."

Heather reflexively lifted her head up and turned to look over her shoulder at Simone, but blindfolded as she was with her own wet "butt floss," she couldn't see a thing. She gasped out, "The first day? Oh yes. The first day of spot checks! I think we're going to need a lot of these spot checks, don't you? And then I'm going to have to check you out pretty thoroughly too. It might even take the whole lunch period sometimes!" Her entire body shivered with anticipation.

"Agreed, girl! This whole Bitch Trainer program is quite complicated. I'm going to have to fill you in on a few points, if you know what I mean." Simone ground the dildo in even deeper to illustrate exactly what kind of filling she was talking about.

"I do!" Heather laughed and groaned, as the dildo slowly came out. She was so excited that her pussy was flowing like a raging river. Further, her nostrils were so filled with the smell of her own juices that she thought she would pass out.

Simone impulsively leaned forward and kissed Heather as high up her body as she could easily reach, which was her upper back. She wanted to kiss her on the lips, because she felt so happy and intimate with her. She'd made love with Heather seemingly countless times before, but there was a different vibe in the air this time.

She thought, If the old Heather saw herself like this, bent over in the "stinky bathroom" and begging to take a big fat dildo up the ass while wearing her undies on her head for a blindfold, making an already ridiculous scene seem even more messed up than even I could imagine, she'd have blown her top and gone thermonuclear on anyone who saw her! And yet here she is, loving every second of it. And somehow it makes me love her even more. I love her when she shows her strength, but also when she shows her weakness, too. So who's the more fucked up and crazy, her or me?

Simone didn't yet fully understand how Heather was temporarily transformed by the dildo, but she liked what she'd seen so far. And, she realized, if she ever wanted or needed the bitchy Heather, for instance to scheme against the football players, she could simply keep her ass empty for a while.

Chapter 1025 Christine's Plan To Steal Alan From Amy

Alan was careful to walk from class to class with a friend at all times, just to be on the safe side. He was grateful that Christine seemed keen to stick to his side as much as their mostly-overlapping class schedules made possible, since he knew that she had significant martial arts training. He did get some nasty looks and muttered insults from the football players or their friends, but that was all.

He started asking around and confirmed that the bully who had tormented him in the stairway was indeed a defensive lineman named Ryan. But Alan found out little more than what Simone had told him, since Ryan and his friends were in the remedial educational track, just squeaking through to graduation, and no one Alan knew was in that track. Ryan was said to be surprisingly smart for a remedial student;

apparently he just didn't apply himself in class. Alan resolved to learn more about his enemies, and quickly.

He considered going to the vice principal or some other school official to get help, but he knew they could only do so much. He suspected that Ryan or his allies might use some underhanded and not exactly legal tactics of their own to fight back, so it would be prudent to keep the authorities out of the squabble at least for the time being. He specifically thought about possible help from Heather, which might be simultaneously both the most helpful and the most morally dubious. He knew that Heather would have to be rewarded for her help, which could cause all kinds of conflicting troubles if she continued to otherwise act so rebelliously, as he strongly suspected she would.

Alan had plans to go to the S-Club meeting/orgy directly after school, but since Sean would be there he'd confirmed with Katherine and Amy just before the start of P. E. that they wouldn't attend this time. In addition to letting them know about Sean's attendance, he also gave them a very truncated account of what had happened between him and the football players.

When he walked to the P.E. building for his sixth period tennis, he was surprised to see Christine waiting there for him. Her arms were crossed under her tremendous breasts. She asked in a peevish tone, "Just where do you think you're going?"

"Um, tennis? Where else?"

She looked down at his scraped skin. "Like that?"

"What? They're just scratches. There isn't even any blood."

"So? You've got a lot of bruises. You've already been traumatized by TWO incidents against you today, and those guys are still gunning for you. You know a great place for an ambush?"

"Where?"

She pointed to the building they were standing in front of. "In there! You've got a bunch of big jocks out for blood. Why don't you go straight in to where they're all gathered and say, 'Please, just kick my ass now?'"

"Hmmm. Good point," he admitted. "I hadn't thought of that."

She said with exasperation, "That's because you're mentally retarded! I'm gonna keep you safe whether you like it or not." She started walking away from the building, expecting him to follow.

He followed, but then asked in confusion, "But... what about... coach? He's not going to like it if I just fail to show up."

"That's why, when you were doing God knows what during lunch, I was thinking ahead and making arrangements. I got you permission to go to 'study hall' instead for today." She made mocking air-quotes as she said "study hall."

"Well... cool! Thanks. But what about you?"

She sighed huffily. "As if I'd just leave you alone. I got a pass too, dummy. You see, I'm a witness to the chair-painting incident. The only thing is, you and I have to spend our study hall writing up our accounts of what happened."

"Oh, well, that should be pretty easy." Then he realized he'd already put his backpack in his locker since he didn't need any of that stuff for tennis. "Let's go this way then. I need to stop by my locker."

She pointed to her backpack, slung over her shoulder. "Don't sweat it. I've got pens and paper for both of us in here."

"Oh." He resumed following her. "You've thought of everything, haven't you? Where are we going then?"

She looked back at him and smiled. "I figure Mr. Tompkins had the right idea today, having the class outside. Nobody is gonna bother to supervise our 'study hall,' so why don't we relax on the grassy knoll where we sometimes sit, near the cafeteria."bender

He grinned. "Ah. The grassy knoll. Okay. You know, you're pretty smart... for a blonde." He winked impishly, hoping she'd take that in the joking spirit he intended.

She was not amused, so she looked back and rolled her eyes. "I would kill you now, but I have a rule about not attacking the wounded."

He pretended to wipe his brow. "Whew! Close call."

"Come on, you big dope, with your stupid dumb-blonde jokes. You know why brunette guys like dumb-blonde jokes so much?"

"Why?"

"Because they can understand them."

"Ouch! ... But honestly, one reason I like that kind of joke is because, for the good ones, sometimes you have to stop and think for a second to get the punchline. For instance, this guy got on a plane in New York, but he had a middle seat, and the plane was going all the way to London. How did he get the blonde sitting in the window seat next to him to switch seats?"

Christine said, "I'm afraid you're gonna tell me."

"Yep! He explained that it was just the middle seats going to London." After he heard Christine grudgingly snicker, he said, "You see? It's not obvious at first, and you need details like the plane going non-stop over the Atlantic for it to work."

"Yeah, whatever. How 'bout a smart-blonde joke for a change?"

"Okay, sure. What do smart blondes and UFOs have in common?"

"What?"

"You always hear about them but you never see them."

She put a hand over her mouth to hide her reaction, but she couldn't help but chuckle at that.

"A-ha! I heard you laugh," he said triumphantly. I think you should take a look at

"No, that's just a sound I make right before I kill someone." She gave him a fierce look, and then laughed playfully. "Someone who knows too many dumb-blond jokes!"

They both had a good laugh at that.

They reached the grassy knoll. They found two close-together trees and each sat under one of them, so they could get comfy and face each other. Christine took out her writing materials and explained their assignment.

They each finished their report in less than five minutes.

Alan said, "Geez, that was easy. Are you sure that's it?"

"Yep!"

"What now, then?"

"Nothing. We can just kick back and relax. You've had a busy, stressful day. You could use a break."

"You could say that again! Do you mind if I just close my eyes and chill out for a few minutes? I don't plan on taking a nap but, like you said, it would be nice to kick back and relax for a little while."

"Okay. Sure. I guess I'll get started on my homework." She pulled one of her textbooks out of her backpack.

Alan closed his eyes. That figures. Her study habits put mine to shame, especially lately. Still, I could use a little "zone out" time. Today has been extra busy and very stressful! I got attacked... TWICE! Then there was that whole weird thing with Heather and Simone and the dildo in the bathroom. And I had some interesting moments with Glory; the tip of my dick very nearly bounced off her nose! Heh-heh! Going further back, I had a nice time fucking Simone before school. And the double blowjob with her and Heather was outstanding! Dang! And what about all the fun I had with Mom and Sis before I even left home? My dick was being licked pretty much from the moment I woke up! Then, of course, I've got another S-Club meeting to look forward to shortly.

Yep, just another typical day in the life of a typical teen! Heh!

But the thing is, I know it sounds ridiculous, but having so much sexual fun REALLY IS stressful! I swear, everything is so exciting that my heart pounds hard just as if it were the first time I'd ever done any of these things. If this keeps up, my heart is gonna give out before I hit twenty. Taking a little rest is exactly what the doctor ordered.

He relaxed under his tree for a few minutes. But the smile never left his face, since he was ruminating about the fun sexual experiences he'd had earlier in the day. He was mostly focusing on his time with Heather and Simone before school, since that was the most prolonged stimulation he'd had that day.

However, those happy and arousing thoughts created a problem. Alan had pretty much given up the practice of wearing undershorts, even to school, since they were just an obstacle that slowed down his sexual fun. Normally that wasn't a problem during school hours, because he was mindful of the situation and generally sat with a desk blocking the view of his crotch.

But he was feeling both mentally exhausted and relaxed, so he let his guard down. Without realizing it, his dick went from flaccid to fully erect in his outerwear shorts as he thought about that morning's fun with Heather and Simone.

Christine had been reading her book, but when she glanced over at him to see if his eyes were still closed, she noticed something. Is that...?! Yes, it is! That's his penis, winding down the side of his thigh like a thick snake! And that's his... Oh my God! That's the tip, poking out!

Sure enough, part of his cockhead was poking out the bottom of his shorts. And it just so happened that Christine had an ideal view of it, sitting under her tree just a few feet away.

Her first reaction was dismay, if not downright disgust. She was very big on rules and proper behavior, and this clearly was out of bounds. But then she realized that he was either sleeping or close to it, and so was doubtless unaware of what he was showing. That led her to consider how to fix the problem.

She averted her eyes, even shielding her face with a hand. Dear God! What am I gonna do?! I can't just say something. "Hey, Alan, you might wanna tuck your penis in there. It's kinda hanging out." No way! But if I don't say something, how's he gonna know?!

Her heart was pounding like mad. Soon she found herself peeking between slightly splayed fingers. Oh God, there it is! It's just... hanging there! And it's not just the bit peeking out that's so shocking. God knows I've seen him sport erections often enough, since forever. It seems like he always has one whenever he's around me. But I've always done the polite thing and averted my gaze, so I'd only get a brief confirmation that, yes, there's a big bulge there.

But now? Now I can just stare and stare! Just LOOK at that thing! It's just so THICK! And LONG! No wonder it's poking out. The amazing thing is that it doesn't reach down to his knee!

She forced herself to look away. No. I can't. It's rude. It's not what a nice girl does. But then it was just as if a devil on her shoulder appeared. But then again, who cares? I don't want to be just a nice girl anymore. I've done that, and it sucks! I'm so alone. Besides, if girls like Amy are to be believed, I'm really, really missing out on a lot of sexual fun, 'cos I don't have a boyfriend.

She looked back at his dick with renewed determination. It was almost as if she were playing chicken, daring herself not to turn away. So... weird! It's just a fleshy appendage, in the greater scheme of things. And all I can see is some tenting of fabric and the tip just peeking out. What's the big deal? But... it's making me seriously horny! I mean... Alan kissed and fondled me on our last practice date. What'll happen if we do that again next time, and even more?! I could wind up... playing with that thing! And who knows where that could lead.

That idea was both daunting and electrifying. She gasped loudly, belatedly bringing a hand to her mouth, as if that would somehow help. Look. I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm gonna do this! I'm gonna sex up my life. Cast my virginity and abstention aside. Be like a normal girl for once, dammit!

No more "goody-goody" or "Ice Queen Christine" for me! I want more! More kisses! More hugs! More touching... everywhere! I want Alan! Gaawwwd, I want him so much! I want that... dick!

I can't be passive. I'm a winner because I'm a go-getter. I'm gonna get what I want here too. I have to be sexy. Flirty. Fun! Provocative. Funny. Cute. Charming. I can do that. I'm not going to let my ossified sense of propriety hold me back anymore. True, I certainly don't want other people to see, but this is an ideal situation. We might as well be on our own planet, because everyone else is in class. Even if someone did show up, we'd be able to see them from a ways off.

Here's the thing. Alan's penis is a weapon. It is! Like a magical wand. It does things to my body against my will. Just looking at it right now, my heart is racing a mile a minute, my nipples are poking out lewdly, and even my pussy is feeling funny. But I've got my own magic weapons too. In fact, I have a whole bunch of them. Especially my two breasts. But really, practically any part of my body will work, if I just know how to strut my stuff.

"Strut my stuff." That sounds so stupid. This isn't me. But dammit, it's going to become me! I have to change or I'll be left behind. Alan is on the fence. He's got a great, sexy girlfriend already, and other lovers besides. To kick him off that fence and into my heart, I'll use every trick in the book!

While she continued to stare at his erection like she was trying to memorize every last bit of it, she thought about what she was wearing. Let's see. I'm wearing my Wonder Woman T-shirt. That's a lucky break. It's his favorite!

But then she reconsidered. No, it's not. He's seen it a million times. Been there, done that. Dammit, what if I could dress like Heather, just for once, without any social consequences? I know objectively that I have an outstanding body. What if I outright flaunted it? I want to be scandalous, for once in my life! Then Alan wouldn't be able to resist me!

She pictured herself wearing a skimpy top and even skimpier pair of shorts, a combo so revealing that even Heather wouldn't dare wear it at school. She snickered, imagining all the people that would be blown away when they saw her.

Okay, obviously THAT isn't gonna happen. But I have to shake things up somehow! What can I do? Is there any way I can adjust it to show off some cleavage? No. Or what if I pull it up and tie it just below my breasts? No, that's not me. True, it would look sexy, but I'd feel stupid. I've gotta feel sexy too; that's half the battle. I have to think of something else.

She considered the rest of her clothes. I'm wearing shorts. I suppose that's a step forward from keeping my legs completely covered all the time. But still, that's what ninety percent of the other girls are wearing today. No big deal there. What if I kick off my shoes, since we're on the grass?

That was a no-brainer, so she kicked them off. But she also realized, Feels good. But that's not a game-changer. I need a game-changer! I want to see his jaw drop and his tongue hang out like he's some kind of cartoon wolf.

There is one option, but no... I couldn't...

Why the hell not? School is almost over. No one else will see but him. I'll make up an excuse to explain it, so he won't think it's weird. Also, I've got my backpack here to hide the evidence. Okay. Dammit, I'm gonna do it! Fortune favors the bold!

The option she'd been kicking around in her head without actually verbalizing her thoughts was taking her bra off from under her T-shirt. While she still had her burst of inspiration and Alan was sleeping, she reached inside her shirt, released and removed her bra, and quickly hid it in her backpack.

There! I did it! No going back now. I'm going to win Alan, no matter what it takes. I'm not gonna steal him away from Amy; that would be too mean. But they'll break up sooner or later, right? And in the meantime, he can still go out with me. If I tempt him enough, by the time our next practice date rolls around he won't be able to keep his hands off me!

And if I can get him to go on another beach trip, there's no telling what'll happen. I could wear a revealing bikini, and he'd naturally have to put suntan lotion on me... back AND front! Once he gets his hands on my breasts his willpower will crumble and we'll be French-kissing again in no time!

She experimentally shifted positions while remaining seated on the grass. Each time she moved, her huge boobs wobbled freely inside her T-shirt. God, I feel so slutty. I never do this, not even at home. It's weird how it practically feels like I'm not wearing a shirt at all. It's like I'm sitting here topless in the middle of school, staring at Alan's stiff dick!

Her arousal level continued to escalate. She tried changing positions. Oooh! I'd better not do that too much. The way the fabric rubs across my erect nipples... way too sensitive! She looked down. And look! You can totally see just how erect they are now! Even before, my shirt was so thin that you could kinda

tell. I guess that's a big reason why he loves this shirt so much. But now? Geez! It's crazy how my nips are tenting the fabric! He's gonna love that!

Ha! Now, this is what I call using the weapons I have. Alan's a great guy - a really nice, caring guy - but he's also a teenage boy driven by his libido. Guys his age are all hormones. He's resisting me now, but once I deploy all my weapons and wiles he won't stand a chance!

Chapter 1026 Wow! Christine... The Shirt! The Shirt Of Greatness!

She was too excited to wait any longer before putting her flirting plan into motion. She coughed loudly, several times, hoping that would bring Alan awake.

Sure enough, he started to stir.

Christine quickly picked her book back up and pretended to be reading it. But then a thought hit her. Uh-oh! Don't blush! I can't blush! That'll give away that something is different. I want him to get all horny without really understanding why. And I show embarrassment so readily, especially with my fair skin. Through sheer force of will, she managed to concentrate on her book and actually read a little bit. She avoided blushing, even when she could sense Alan's eyes on her.

Sensing the time was right, she looked up and pretended to be surprised to see that Alan had his eyes open. She cast a quick, furtive glance at his shorts but was disappointed to see that his cockhead was no longer visible, because he'd sat up and repositioned his legs in the process. Damn! But that's okay. I don't want to get distracted. No more fooling around here. I have to take flirting seriously. It's a skill to learn, just like everything else.

She gave him a warm smile. "Hey. Have a nice nap?"

"Yeah. A really nice one. Don't tell me I slept the whole period away though?"

"Oh no. You were only out of it for about ten minutes. We still have plenty of time. Half an hour at least."

"Cool. So what do you wanna do?"

"Just hang out and chat." bender

He smiled. "Sounds good. What are you reading there?"

She was frustrated that, for once, he was looking at her face and not her chest. Although she was embarrassed to be braless, she was also eager to kick her flirtation campaign into a new phase. So she said, "Homework. Who wants to talk about homework on a beautiful day like this? Besides, I think there's something wrong with you."

"What's that?"

"I've been talking with you off and on all day, like usual, and you haven't commented even once on my choice of T-shirts." She sat up ramrod straight, even thrusting her tits out some.

Alan's eyes practically bugged out once he got a good look. Sure, he loved her Wonder Woman T-shirt, since not only was it the only T-shirt she wore to school, but it was unusually thin and tight. But she was right that she'd worn it so many times that he'd been taking it largely for granted. Now, however, he noticed something different. He wasn't sure what it was, but it was very sexy. His jaw very nearly did drop wide open in the cartoonish manner she'd envisioned earlier.

"Wow! Christine... The shirt! The shirt of greatness!" He'd been bleary from napping, but he suddenly came fully awake as he punched a fist high into the air. "Yes! Great Hera!"

She chuckled at that, since "Great Hera" was one of Wonder Woman's catch phrases. She loved his unbridled enthusiasm. She asked slyly, "Notice something different? I've been waiting all day for you to notice. I figured if anyone would notice, it would be a boob fiend like you."

He stared closer at her boobs. To his great delight, she shifted slightly to the left and then slightly back to the right, causing her heavy tits to wobble freely inside her shirt some more. He exclaimed, "Wow! I don't know what it is, but whatever it is, I love it!"

She beamed. "It's my new bra. It's custom made and seamless. Very expensive. But so much more comfortable. It doesn't squeeze me half to death like those other ones."

He took a closer look. "Yeah. Now that you mention it, I don't see any evidence of bra straps, like, at all! That's amazing!" He sat back. "Wow. You know what you have? You have the real wonder bra. I'm not talking about the Wonderbra brand name; I'm talking about a bra that's a true wonder. Which is just too damn appropriate for your Wonder Woman T-shirt!" He laughed. "How funny is that?"

She laughed too. She made sure to put her whole upper body into it, causing a prolonged series of tit-quakes.

Alan saw that and his eyes practically bugged out of his head. Oh SHIT! Her bra is AWESOME! Somehow it keeps her fantastic tits up firm and high, yet they bounce freely like she's not wearing a bra at all!

Christine would have been amused at that thought, since of course she actually wasn't wearing a bra at all.

He continued to think, But damn! I kind of hate it too. It's TOO good! I think I had an erection before, but now it's like a super erection! My dick is so fucking needy all of a sudden! And I've gotten spoiled. I'm starting to expect some kind of penis tending or something, but there's no help in sight. Oh, man! Blueballs city!

Christine wasn't too worried that he'd realize she was braless, because she was counting on the fact that he considered her so moral and honest that he wouldn't imagine she was lying. Plus, she figured the idea of her not wearing a bra at school was so inconceivable that he wouldn't even consider it to be an option (especially since he would have assumed she would have had to go braless the entire school day). Still, she was relieved to see from the look on his face that she hadn't misjudged the situation.

He said with obvious sincerity, "Christine, thank you for pointing that out. Now I can die a happy man. When I'm old and dying, I'll be able to look back on my life and say, 'I was there that day when Christine wore her Wonder Woman T-shirt AND her wonder bra on the same day!'"

Christine laughed some more, which of course set her boobs jiggling even more, like shaking plates of Jell-O. "You're too much."

Dang! Alan thought. Be still my beating heart! No, beating doesn't begin to cut it. If hearts can hyperventilate, that's what mine is doing right now. Does she realize I can totally see her nipples? And not just a little bit of bumpiness, like before; it's like she's topless! I feel so sorry for her old, worn-out T-shirt. Trying to contain those two bouncy milk jugs, I swear, is gonna rip it to shreds!

I'm almost afraid to make her laugh some more. If that doesn't ruin her shirt, it'll ruin my shorts. I wish Aims was here to describe the "incredi-super-wondertastically" stiff dick I have!

He didn't know how much was a joke and how much was serious when he held his hands out with clutching fingers right in front of Christine's chest. He'd previously joked like that with her, but since he actually had fondled her breasts on their last practice date, this time there was a much more sexual vibe in the air. He said, "It does sound like a pretty great bra, but I won't really know until I can apply the touch test."

Christine grinned knowingly, while leaning back a little to make sure his fingers didn't quite reach. "I see. And let me guess. Does this 'touch test' involve you fondling my breasts to your heart's content? Perhaps even slipping your hands under my T-shirt so you can feel them directly?"

He grinned back. "Well, that would be the most scientifically-accurate way. Of course I have no real interest in your breasts at all; it's just that I'm highly fascinated by this new bra."

She giggled a little. "Of course. And if you happen to fondle my boobs a bit while checking out the bra, that's just an unfortunate side effect."

He tried hard to frown without really succeeding. "Indeed. Very unfortunate. But sometimes these things can't be helped."

She smiled widely; she loved this kind of banter. "I suppose, since this is all in the name of science, it would be even better if you fondle me while I'm wearing the bra, and then again while I'm not wearing the bra, so you can tell the difference."

His eyes lit up. "Great idea! After all, we need a, a... control group! That's it! And after all, it is for science... the pursuit of truth!"

"Okay."

"Huh?"

Christine smiled mischievously. "I said okay. You can fondle my breasts. But limit it to no more than a few minutes, okay? After all, we're in a very public place."

"Are you serious?!" He simply couldn't believe it, even with his run of incredible sexual luck.

"Of course. After all, it is for science." She raised both hands behind her head and thrust her chest out, causing another tit-quake. But then she winked. "Gotcha!"

"Huh?!" He sat there with his fingers just inches away from their prize.

"Boy, you're extra brunette today, aren't you?" That was in reference to the dumb-brunette jokes she normally told him as rejoinders to his dumb-blonde jokes to her. "Did you take a slow pill? I said 'gotcha.' You didn't think I'd REALLY let you fondle my boobs right here in the middle of school, where anybody could see?"

He looked around. He was so horny that he was in a daze, so it took him some moments to reorient himself to where he was. He couldn't hide his disappointment. "Um, no. Of course not."

She was still smiling brightly, and knowingly, while maintaining her sexy chest-thrust-out pose. "Well, that's too bad, because I'm willing if you're willing."

"What?! Really?!"

She thrust her chest out even more, until it was only a couple of inches from the tips of his still-clenching fingers. "Why not? You touched them the other day. But you have to promise only a couple of minutes or we could get carried away. And you can take my bra off, for the scientific comparison of course, but don't take my T-shirt all the way off. Okay?"

Alan sat there stunned. He was so horny and eager that he thought his head would explode. But he still needed to make sure, because it sounded too improbably great to be believed. "Are you serious?!"

She suddenly leaned back and shot him an incredulous look. "NO! Of course not! What, do you think I'm crazy? You can't do that in public. Geez." Then she added with a sexy tease, "Well, not unless you really want to." She winked.

He put his head in his hands. "Brain... melting... erotic... overload! ... Hands... crying!"

She laughed. "Your hands are crying?"

He lifted his head back up and grinned impishly. "What can I say? They're really sad, 'cos they love big boobs just as much as the rest of me. You ARE fucking with my mind, aren't you? It's slowly dawning on me that there's no way you'd ever really let me do that."

She chuckled. "Alan, get real. Not only are we in a public place, but on our last practice date we vowed to stay strictly platonic. Remember? I was totally screwing with your mind, and it really is hilarious! You should see the look on your face!"

He rolled his eyes, and finally dropped his clenching hands. Dang! So close and yet so far, especially after being able to touch them last Thursday. Just look at them bounce and jiggle, even while she's sitting there and hardly moving! Dammit, why did I wait? I should have just started fondling them as soon as she made the offer! Then, even after she protested that she was only joking, I still would have had my hands on them. Who would have been laughing then? But no, as usual, I'm too damn polite. She knew that and took advantage of it to tease the hell out of me. That's the curse of being "a nice guy."

παΠδασNovel.com He considered his erection. And what about my suffering super-stiff boner? I wish it were possible to flex my PC muscle some and actually rip a hole in my shorts with my cock. Boy, would that surprise her! But that's how damn horny I am! Dang, I can't even look at her sexy chest anymore or I'm gonna cry!

He said, "Very funny. I guess torture is the new comedy. I'll remember this too, you know, in my dying days. On my death bed, I'll look back on the day of two wonders with joy, but then it will turn to the deepest sorrow when I remember how that very same day led to tragedy."

"Tragedy?" She was still all smiles, because she could tell from his face that he was kidding around in a melodramatic way.

"Yes, tragedy. Because that also was that day when, after some extremely cruel teasing, my hands were so sad at the missed fondling opportunity that they committed suicide. They simply fell off my wrists and crawled away." He held his hands up and stared at them. "In fact, it's bound to happen any moment now."

She chuckled some more. "Sounds serious. I'm waiting. I'd like to see this."

He shook his wrists a little bit, acting like he was expecting his hands to separate and fall off.

Then she gasped, although that too was also just part of their pal-ing around. "Oh, wait! I just had an idea. Perhaps I should let you fondle me after all. Maybe it's not too late to save your hands!" She scooted close and thrust her tits towards him again.

He raised his hands back up in eagerness, but then he lowered them again. "Damn. You almost had me going again. This is my new lot in life, isn't it? Now that you're coming into your own sexually, getting comfortable with your body, you're gonna tease me until my hands really DO fall off in frustration!"

Leaning back, she rubbed her hands together like a mad scientist making plans. "Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha! Yes, you're putty in my hands now. Bow down and pay homage to your new blonde leader, or face my booby wrath!"

He quipped, "I was all set to bow down, but actually, facing your 'booby wrath' sounds like a lot of fun."

She laughed heartily, setting her braless boobs bouncing around some more. That does sound like fun. In fact, everything is fun. I'm having a blast! I can't believe how friendly and comfortable we've gotten with each other lately. This is great!

They continued to talk and joke, although the discussion finally moved away from Christine's big breasts to more mundane topics.

As usual, Christine was so smart that she had no trouble talking about one thing and thinking about something else. She thought, Just look at his face. Not to mention his crotch! True, I can't see the tip of his dick poking out like before, but it's almost the same because his penis is straining against his shorts so very desperately that I can almost see the veiny bulges!

Now, THAT, girl, is what I call using your assets. Using your weapons! I totally have him eating out of the palm of my hand, because I'm learning how to seriously flirt. If I can keep this up, things'll just build and build. Then, at our next practice date, his lust will explode all over me!

Hmmm. Maybe not the best choice of words there. I'm not really keen to find out what male cum is like. But still, I know what's going to happen, because it's basic science. When pressure builds up and up and up, it HAS to find release, one way or another. I've had this body that everyone thinks is so great, but I never actually used it that way. But Alan's right that I am coming into my own and finally getting comfortable with my body. And that means that soon he and I will be kissing and hugging and having so much fun! I can't wait!

After a while, Christine said with a smile, "This is nice, just hanging out. No pressure, no rush. We don't even need to talk if we don't want to."

"Yeah." He grinned back. He was feeling extremely relaxed and content.

"What I want to know, though, is when are we going to do this again at the beach, or some place like that?"

He asked, "The beach?"

She gave him an annoyed look. "Yes, the beach. I believe you know what it is. A big long thing, covered in sand, that has waves crashing on it?"

"Oh, THAT beach!" He grinned impishly.

She rolled her eyes. "Seriously, what's happening here? It's been nearly two weeks since we went to the beach together. I had a really fun time. Didn't you?"

"Of course. It was great."

"I've been dropping some fairly heavy hints that I'd like to go with you again. I even promised I'd wear a bikini next time. But I get the feeling you're resistant to the idea, for some unknown reason."

He seriously considered confessing his resolve not to get intimate with her because her personality style was incompatible with his harem life, and he treasured her too much to simply "love her and leave her." But he feared that if he said that, it would only spur her curiosity about his other lovers, challenging her to even further measures to overcome his reluctance. He felt he could handle going on "practice dates" with her, but seeing her in a bikini seemed to be tempting fate too much, especially with the way they'd applied suntan lotion to each other the previous time.

So instead, he came up with an excuse on the fly. "Well, there is some truth to my being resistant. I'm worried about someone we know seeing us. No way could we even think of going to the White Sands Beach, where Heather rules her roost."

"Obviously," Christine said.

"But even a more distant beach carries a certain risk. If another student did see us together, you know the rumors would start to fly. It wouldn't be too bad for me. But given my reputation after what Amy said about sharing me with others, you'd be the target of all kinds of nasty stuff. Who would seriously believe that we're just friends and nothing more?"

Christine felt like growling and clenching her fists. That's because we shouldn't be 'just friends and nothing more!' Why don't you make a move already?! I know you want me, and I certainly want you, so what's the problem?! GRRRR! But she kept her outward cool and said, "That's a good point. But we could just drive a little further and pick a beach where the odds of seeing someone we know are next to zero."

"True. But if we're gonna drive an hour there and an hour back, that's kind of silly for a short stay, like last time. If we put all that effort into it, we should make a day of it."

"Exactly! Now you're talking some sense!"

"But the problem there is finding a full day. That limits it to the weekends. And right now, I'm so backed up on my homework that it's not even funny."

She was extremely frustrated at that, because it meant another beach trip wasn't going to happen soon. It occurred to her that using the swimming pool in her own backyard would take care of his concerns, and that would be a much better setting to get intimate than a public beach. However, she didn't want to appear too pushy or needy, so she decided to drop the issue, at least for the moment.

The rest of their time sitting on the grass and waiting for the school day to end was a fun and sexy time. While their flirting never got as outrageous for the rest of the hour, a strong erotic buzz lingered the entire time. Alan's dick had no chance of going flaccid. Even when they were discussing serious things, he couldn't forget that Christine was wearing her special "wonder bra" (which in fact was no bra at all), and the sight of her massive tits bouncing around in her tight T-shirt practically drove him to the brink of insanity.

He only got a respite at the very end of the hour. Christine started to worry that the bell would ring soon and then the other students would flood out of their classes and see her braless condition. (She could have simply left school early, but she was so used to adhering to school rules that that option never even occurred to her. Besides, she wanted to hang out with Alan as long as possible.) As a result, she took the textbook that she'd had out and clutched it tightly to her chest. She knew that as long as she held it there, people wouldn't be able to see her still very erect nipples poking through her thin T-shirt.

Alan was actually relieved when she started doing that, because his penis needed a break. He'd had so much non-stop sexual success lately that he wasn't used to such intense blue balls, and for so long. He mentally breathed a sigh of relief when his penis turned flaccid.

But he couldn't complain about suffering too much, because he knew he'd be able to get relief not long after school ended. For starters, there was an S-Club meeting planned and about ready to begin, and he had arranged some special events for it in advance. So, although he'd had a great time with Christine, making his earlier troubles with the bullies seem like a distant memory, he remained in a very happy mood when they finally parted.

When the final school bell rang, Alan knew that his school day wasn't quite over. He headed to the bicycle rack for a prearranged meeting with Sean.

But before he could get there, Simone hurried up to his side and got his attention. As the two of them kept walking, she muttered to him quietly so that none of the other students walking nearby could hear. "Alan, your bitch-taming assistant is reporting for duty. Got a moment?"

"Sure. What's up?"

"The, uh, 'spot check' went well. Heather passed with flying colors."

Both of them giggled at that.

Simone went on, "She managed to make it to the end of fifth period before I unloaded her. All in all she was pretty much a model patient, especially by Heather standards. She did mumble something about trying to get revenge on Glory, though. I'll try to stay on top of that."

"Good. Good work. And really good work all around. I'm very proud of you."

"Thanks." She beamed with pleasure. She was getting to like him more and more. If nothing else, he was polite and appreciative. She also liked the way he discretely checked out her body: he wasn't too obvious or forward, but he let her know that he liked what he saw. She proudly arched her back and thrust her chest forward to encourage him. She knew some people they walked past might see and wonder at her behavior, but she didn't care. Certainly it was just a little thing compared to all the things Heather had done that day.

But she wouldn't have been pleased if she'd been able to read his mind at that moment. He thought, Dang, Simone looks fine. I dare say she's even more muscular than Heather, and just as curvy and sexy. I wonder if those tits are mine yet. What would she say if I told her right now to go with me to a quiet place so I could play with her tits? I wonder if she's going to try to find another boyfriend.

That would bum me out. She shouldn't have one, period. I don't mind if Janice, Joy or Kim have boyfriends; they don't mean that much to me. But I don't want to share Simone. I wonder if I fuck her some more, if she'll come around to saving herself just for me. And I do plan on fucking her some more,

a lot more! Not only is she a great fuck, but she and Heather make a great duo. Before this school year is over, I expect to have more threesomes with them than I can count!

Then he remembered his resolve to get Heather out of his life. Okay, maybe not that long, and maybe not that much. But still, I'd like to keep fucking Simone a lot. With any luck, maybe between Heather and me, we could keep her sexually satisfied enough that she won't need to be looking too hard for a new guy.

But he kept all these thoughts well hidden, and merely said to her, "Anything else?" They were getting near the bicycle racks and he wanted to keep the conversation short. He made this obvious with his voice and mannerisms.

"Nothing that can't wait."

"Okay. There is one thing to mention now, though. Here's your assignment for tonight. Since we don't really have a 'yuletide log dildo' we need to get some bigger toys than what we've got. You know how Heather's never satisfied."

Simone smirked. "Yes, I do know that... but how did you know that she humbly asked for something 'a little bigger tomorrow' when I unloaded her for the day?"

He chuckled mysteriously. "A Bitch Tamer must know his bitch, inside and out, if he's to tame her."

"Sounds like a hard road to enlightenment..." she teased.

"Oh it is. Very, very hard. It's bound to leave a weary trail of hard dicks, hard nipples, hard clits, and all kinds of hard things." He grinned. "To be honest, I was just wanting bigger ones on hand to use as punishments should she screw up. Do you have time to go and buy a wide selection of anal sex toys after school?"

"Sure, my whole afternoon is free. But who's going to pay?"

He was stymied by this question for a few moments, but then the answer became clear. "Heather will, naturally. After all, they're for her. But don't let her see what you buy, okay? We'll give her the bill later, so she'll be pleasantly surprised with something new tomorrow. Oh, and buy yourself a new strap-on that can 'compete' with her new Bitch Trainers. It's one thing to simply be stuffed all day at school, but it's quite another thing to come home and get reamed out all afternoon by your best friend until she gets tired of fucking the ass of my bitch because her hard-on just won't go down. We can add that to our list of rewards and punishments if you like."

He suspected from the sound of Simone's hissing indrawn breath that this idea appealed to her very much.

She replied, "Hooo yeah! As much as she loves to take it in the ass now, she'd never let ME do her like that. I guess she didn't want me to have any leverage over her. I'm telling you, I absolutely love this assistant job. You'll be pleased with what I get her tomorrow." She grinned wickedly.

Looking at that grin, he cautioned, "Just remember that while discomfort for her is okay and maybe even necessary for her training, outright pain is not. I know you've got some big resentments built up, but don't be getting all sadistic on us, okay?"

"No worries. Listen. she's my best friend and sex partner. I know she's the biggest royal pain in the ass that you're ever likely to meet, but I do love her for some completely unfathomable reason. I'm not into inflicting physical pain on her." She smiled wickedly again. "Mental, yes, but physical, no."

"Sounds good... I guess." He pretended doubt and gave her a considering look, but then said, "Seriously, I trust you. I instinctively feel you have her best interests at heart."

"I do. By the way and on a completely unrelated note, where do you think I could buy one of those ten-foot long, massively thick bull-whips? ... Kidding! Just kidding. I'll see you later." She laughed and walked off.

A few minutes after school let out, Christine looked up to see Amy running towards her with a worried look on her face. Christine quickly closed her locker so she'd be ready for Amy.

Amy stood there in front of Christine panting. "Phew! Thank God I caught you!"

Christine asked, "What's going on?"

Amy looked all around suspiciously. "Can we talk somewhere in private?"

"Um, sure. I'm not sure where's good though."

"Let's just go outside, like we're leaving school anyway. It's too people-y around here."

So the two of them walked out of the hallway until they reached a patch of grass where they could speak without being overheard.

Amy immediately asked with great concern, "Did you hear about what happened to Alan today?!"

Christine asked, "You mean... what happened to him in the stairwell?"

"Of course that's what I mean!"

"Sure. How could I not? He's all scratched up. He told me all about it between classes. And that's not to mention the recent chair-painting incident. It's quite concerning."

Amy waved her hands in the air with great agitation. "Well, don't just stand there all calm-y and stuff! We need to DO something!"

Christine chuckled slightly at Amy's language. "Yeah, but what can we do? You act like you want to rush off with me right now and beat up some people." bender

Amy said, "That's exactly what I want us to do!" But she seemed to calm down and turn sad. "Unfortunately, I'm the most un-fight-y kinda person there is. I couldn't even punch my old teddy bear, Mr. Bangles. But we can't just stand here! What if the same guys who attacked him today attack him again?!"

Christine replied, "Don't get too upset, but that's probably what's gonna happen. Alan's made a lot of enemies."

"But why?! He's the nicest, super-est guy ever!"

Christine grinned a bit at that. "True, he's pretty cool." Then her expression turned grim. "Unfortunately, you opened a Pandora's box with your boasting about his sexual prowess. Worse, your attitude on sharing didn't exactly win him any friends."

Amy growled in frustration. "Why do people have to be such... bummers?! Why can't they just live and let live?! So Alan's all studly and sexy. You could suck his thingy with me for an hour and he'd be ready to go again ten minutes later. That's just who he is. Why do some guys get so upset that they wanna hurt him?! I don't understand!"

Christine blushed a little at the mention of sharing Alan's "thingy" in a prolonged blowjob with Amy. Good grief! Doesn't she have a clue about what she says out loud? Now I've got that disturbing image in my mind. No wonder so many people are jealous of him, if she talks like that all the time.

She said, "I know, it sucks. But that's human nature. However, that's in the past. You're not still boasting about his sexual prowess, are you?"

Amy motioned as if she were zipping her lips shut. She shook her head firmly in the negative. "I can talk freely with you, but I'm being super careful with other people."

Christine nodded with relief. "Good. He needs to lay low for a while."

Amy interrupted, "It's hard though! I mean, he's just so impressive! And his thingy! Not only is it HUGE, although not so huge that it hurts... just the right size, actually. But the things he can do with it! And do you know how much fun it is to suck on it? Or squeeze it with your boobies?"

Christine sighed and rolled her eyes. Yet hearing things like that was making an impact on her ideas about having sex with Alan. "You're not going to say that to someone else, right?"

"Right!"

"Good. If you and he act like a normal couple and nobody says anything weird, I'm sure the whole thing will blow over eventually."

But Amy wasn't mollified. "Maybe, but maybe not. What if they attack him again tomorrow?! What then? And besides, things can't return to normal. It's not just a matter of what I say. What about his other lovers?"

Christine's curiosity shot through the roof. "Such as?!"

Amy opened her mouth, as if she were about to start naming names. But instead, after a pause, she said, "I think it's pretty well known that he's involved with some other beauties around here. Heather, for instance. And she's not exactly subtle about her feelings towards him."

Christine groused between gritted teeth, "Heather!" She clenched her fists and raised them, as if she were tempted to punch Heather in the face right then and there.

Amy sighed. "I know. She's not my favorite person either. But it is what it is. Your 'lay low' plan isn't gonna work, if only 'cos of her. Besides, what if someone from school sees you and him out on one of your dates?"

Christine gasped. She was so shocked that she immediately blushed, even covering her mouth with her hands. But after a long moment she realized that was a stupid thing to do, especially since she hadn't been talking in the first place. Finally, she asked, "You know about that?!"

Amy shrugged. "Of course I do. He's my official boyfriend. You two started that before we became official, but he wouldn't keep doing that without my permission."

Christine hastened to clarify, "You know those are just practice dates, right?!"

"Sure. And that's cool. But I also know that last Thursday night you did a lot of practice kissing with him."

Christine's blush deepened, turning her face cherry red. She literally wanted to crawl into a hole and escape. "Oh my God! I'm soooo sorry! That was a total accident! And it was just a one-time thing!"

Amy seemed not to mind at all. In fact she giggled good-naturedly. "'A total accident,' huh? Did you two trip and fall forward at the same time, and then your lips got stuck together?" She giggled even more.

Christine was still mortified. "No, but it was... Oh, I'm so, so, soooo sorry! But it was a freak thing, and we haven't kissed since! We promised it wasn't gonna happen ever again, and I'm determined to stick to that!"

Amy just smiled. "Hey, chill. Don't worry. I know you've got the hots for him."

"I do not!"

Amy rolled her eyes with amusement. "Please. I know I'm not all genius-y like you, but don't insult my intelligence, m'kay? I'm not upset. After all, you know my policy about sharing him. If he's cool with it, then so am I."

Christine stood there stunned. She knew that already, but she still couldn't believe it because it ran so counter to her way of thinking. She started to say, "How do you-"

Amy brushed that off with a wave of her hand. "Let's not talk about that now. There are all kinds of evil meanies out to get him. I'm thinking I can put your lusty desire for him to good use."

Christine protested, "I do not have a 'lusty desire' for him..." But her voice trailed off, because she realized how ridiculous she sounded. "Okay. So I'm kind of attracted to him. But I am NOT going to act on it! Ever! We're just friends, and I like it that way! The practice dating is just that: practicing!"

Amy said dryly, "Yeah, never act on it, not counting the hot-and-heavy make-out session at the Nut House."

If there was any chance that Christine's deep blush could have faded, that comment took care of it. Christine stammered, "Well, uh, I just... It was just an accident, like I said. It really was! And it was NOT 'hot and heavy!' Anyway, how do you know... Oh God! He tells you EVERYTHING, doesn't he?!"

Amy replied, "No, not everything. Most definitely NOT everything. For instance, sure, I know when one of his dates with you is happening, but all the detail-y stuff that happens on those dates, that's just between you two. I don't even ask, 'cos it's not my business. But the French kissing, that was important enough for him to break confidentiality to tell me just that one thing. After all, I AM his official girlfriend."

Christine could understand why Alan had told Amy that. She repeated herself. "I am SOOOO sorry! We were only studying together, and then-"

Amy cut her off with another wave of her hand. "Don't stress. Really. It's okay with me. I don't want to know the details anyway. But like I said, let's put your interest in him to good use. You care about him a lot. You two have been good friends for a long time, and now that you're all horny for his big cock-"

It was Christine's turn to interrupt. "Hold on! I'll admit that I have certain romantic feelings about him, but that does NOT make me all horny for his big... well, you-know-what!"

Amy giggled. "No, what?"

Christine looked away in embarrassment. "You know."

"His cock?" Amy giggled some more. "Geez, Louise, it's just a word. Besides, it is all big and awesome-oriffic!"

Christine wailed unhappily, "Aaaaaaamy!"

Amy kept on giggling at Christine's prudishness. But she calmed herself enough to say, "My point is, you like him a lot. AND, you're, like, super ninja woman! You're supposed to be really good at Karate and stuff, right?"

Christine corrected her, "Not Karate, although I do have some martial arts training. But where did you get the idea that I'm really good?"

"Is it some kind of secret?"

"No. But then again, I don't go around advertising it. In fact, I strive to be modest and not talk about it at all."

Amy rolled her eyes. "First off, Alan must have mentioned how good you were a time or two. He really admires you, you know. But even if he didn't say anything - geez, you're Christine! When did you ever NOT excel at whatever you do? For instance, I heard about how you were the hero of the softball team last year, and the word is you don't even bother practicing."

Christine was pleased by Amy's praise, but was too polite to admit it so she again looked away in embarrassment. "I wouldn't say 'hero.' It's true that I'm on the varsity team..."

Amy pushed her shoulder playfully. "Come on! I don't even follow sports, but I've heard all about your heroics. Like the way you hit that home run that won the playoff game. It was all over school! And that's not even counting how well you do in other sports, plus being all smart-y and stuff. You rock!" She raised a fist in triumph, like she was cheering a great encore at a rock-and-roll concert.

Christine had a hard time dealing with compliments. Still looking anywhere but at Amy, and still with a cherry-red face, she said, "I don't know about all that."

"Well, I do! So if you do all that Karate stuff, then of course you're gonna be awesome at it!"

Christine finally looked back, hoping the barrage of praise was over. "Thanks. By the way, it's Aikido, not Karate. But yes, I have to admit that I've trained for years, so I do know what I'm doing."

"Cool beans! Soooo... since Alan's in danger, and you're all scary good at that stuff, then doesn't it make sense for you to... you know... protect him?!"

Christine's blush was finally fading. "Of course. If I'm nearby when he's in danger, then I'm gonna do all I can to help."

"Well yeah, duh! Even I'd do that much, although I wouldn't have a clue about what to do. But can't you do more? Like, what if you were to kinda become his bodyguard during school hours? That would help a lot!"

Christine pondered that. "I don't know. I mean, I don't think he'd want that. You know how guys are. They have their pride. Being protected by a girl is gonna go over like a lead balloon. And what would other people think? That'll just cause even more difficult rumors for him."

Amy wasn't easily discouraged. "Be sneaky, so other people don't notice. And of course ask him first. I'll bet he'll be open to the idea. After all, he knows that he's a lover, not a fighter. And what a lover he is! Mmmm!" She licked her lips sensuously, and then winked playfully.

Christine was able to grin at that, since she wasn't dying of embarrassment anymore - she knew that was just Amy being Amy. However, her grin faded as she spoke. "Maybe I will. But the thing is... the idea occurred to me already, and... I just don't know. I mean... I guess it's pretty hard for me to deny that I have... certain feelings for him. I don't want those feelings to grow! I really don't! That kiss the other day was a total disaster, from my point of view."

Amy cocked an eyebrow. "What?! You didn't like his kissing? He's a great kisser!"

"No, I don't mean that. I do like his kissing... a lot. In fact too much! It was a disaster because it was the exact opposite of what should be happening to help me turn off these inappropriate feelings. And if I become some kind of de-facto bodyguard, that means I'll be around him a lot more, and the more I'm around him the more I'm gonna like him! Before long... well, I don't know what'll happen, but it's not good!"

Amy appeared to ponder that for long moments. "Hmmm... I see." She looked at Christine intently, which made Christine more than a little uncomfortable. Finally, she said, "You know what? I think the main thing here is keeping Alan safe. If that means you spend a lot more time with him, then that's how it needs to be."

Christine asked plaintively, "But what if my feelings grow? What if something happens again like what happened last Thursday? Like I said, that really was just some kind of accident, which happened simply because we were sitting next to each other and having a great time."

Amy shrugged. "Then so be it. I trust my boyfriend. Frankly, if he wants to get it on with you, then..."

"What?!"

"Never mind."

Christine complained, "You can't just start to say something like that and then say 'never mind.'"

"I just did." Amy giggled.

Christine was startled to recall that she'd said the exact same thing to Alan during their beach outing together a week and a half earlier, when he'd complained after she'd also started to say something and then stopped in mid-sentence. That memory made her very wistful, because she'd had such a great time with him at the beach. She'd been dropping some heavy hints lately that they should go to the beach together again, but he'd claimed he was too busy. That frustrated her a great deal, especially because she strongly suspected that his "too busy" was with other women.

Amy relented, adding, "M'kay. What I meant to say is that I trust him. He has self-control. Besides, you do too. In fact, you're kinda famous for your willpower. So what's the problem? The thing with that French kissing the other day was that it sneaked up on you all sneaky-like. If you're aware and prepared, then it won't happen again, right?"

pandasnovel.com "Right, I guess." But Christine was far from convinced, as the glum look on her face showed. Awww, who am I kidding? That kissing wasn't exactly an accident! The way I dressed... I was a total slut! Okay, maybe not a TOTAL slut, but I was pretty shameless; I was all but asking for something like that to happen. And nobody would be happier than me to remove the 'practice' from our 'practice dating!' But at the same time, I'm truly determined to not give in to my desire and wind up kissing him again.

How can those contradictory things both be true?! But they are! I'm all messed up, I know that much. And being his bodyguard would only throw fuel on the fire. Yet Amy's right that the most important thing is keeping him safe. If I'm a true friend, how could I not volunteer to help?

She sighed heavily. But then she spoke with new resolve. "Amy, you're right. His safety comes first. Tomorrow I'll figure out some not-so-obvious way to bring up the idea of protecting him more. And don't you worry; I've made a vow to myself not to kiss him again, and I'm going to keep to that! I promise you-"

Amy cut her off. "Hey, don't promise me. That's between you and him. If you two wanna fool around some, that's cool with me, just so long as you don't get big ideas of wanting to be his Official Girlfriend or anything like that. THEN we would have a big problem!" She tried to give Christine a stern, forceful look, but without much success since it was so hard for her to make her face look like that.

Still, Christine got the idea.

Amy stuck out her hand. "Let's make a deal. You and I, we're both gonna do whatever we can to save Alan from the evil meanies, the guys who are trying to throw him down the stairs and stuff. Katherine, naturally, feels the same. Are you with us?"

"I am." Christine shook Amy's hand.

"M'kay!" Amy pulled Christine in and gave her a solid hug.

Christine wasn't comfortable with hugging, especially in a public place, so she kept her hands to herself. When they disengaged she smiled and said, "And Amy... I know I'm repeating myself, but I'm soooo very sorry about kissing your boyfriend."

Amy nodded. "It's cool. I'm not mad at you. Really! If I was, I would have said something before this."

After they parted, Christine simply couldn't get over how generous Amy was being about sharing Alan in a sexual way. I swear, Amy must be brain-damaged or something. She's not a true moron; it's just that she has no common sense! I mean, if Alan were MY boyfriend, I would hang onto him for dear life. No

way in hell would I let him so much as kiss another girl. But here she is boasting to me about his 'big thingy,' like she can't help what she says. And she didn't even use the word 'thingy' this time! Crazy!

And what was she gonna say to me before she said 'never mind'? I could tell that her clarification was carefully edited. "Frankly, if he wants to get it on with you, then..." Then what?! He'll just do what he wants, and what she thinks about it doesn't matter? Or was it that what I think doesn't matter? Would he just aggressively have his way with me, overwhelming my resolve so much that I would let him and welcome it? Is that what she meant?

She shuddered. But she also felt a lusty tingle deep inside.

Chapter 1028 Naughty Naughty! Things Go Up A Notch.

When school let out, Katherine left immediately to go clothes shopping, looking in particular for 'catty' items like those with leopard skins or tiger stripes. She hoped she could talk some of the others in the family four into going to a sex shop later on so she could pick up even more outrageous items. This left Amy by herself as she bicycled home.

Amy was very distraught by what she'd learned of Alan's near disasters. She hurried back to the Petridge home, dumped her bicycle in the garage in haste, and rushed inside. "Mother! Mother! Mother!" she yelled as she burst into the house from the garage. She made a point to refer to Suzanne as 'mother' and not 'mom' anymore, since that term was now reserved for Susan.

Suzanne was upstairs in the family den, typing away on the computer. As Amy bounded up the stairs taking two at a time, Suzanne idly replied in a loud voice, "Yes, Honey Pie? I'm in the den." More often than not, Amy's great excitements turned out to be minor matters, so she wasn't terribly concerned about this latest supposed crisis.

But Amy ran right up to her, practically breathless, and gave her a very worried look. "Mother! It's Alan! It's serious. He's hurt!"

All the air rushed out of Suzanne's lungs and she nearly fell out of her office chair in a faint. "My Sweetie?! No! Where?! Is it bad?"

"In the knee! AND the elbow! It was so bad he bled for a while and everything! We're talking a serious scrape!"

Suzanne felt a great relief, followed by a desire to soundly box her daughter's ears. "Amy! Is that all? You nearly gave me a heart attack. Well, at least you have my full attention, that's for sure. Start from the beginning and tell me everything."

So Amy told Suzanne all she knew about the painted chair incident and the stairway "accident." She told the whole thing breathlessly, as if she'd never recovered from running up the stairs.

When she was done, Suzanne said in a calm voice, "Now, Amy, my Honey Pie. Really, it's not that bad. We know Alan, don't we, and he knows how to handle these kinds of things. I'm sure he's going to teach these bullies a lesson or two."

"But Mother! You should see how big these thugs are. They're gigantomonstrously huge! Don't you remember his black eye from last week? Think what these guys could do to him. They could break even a strong guy like him, just like a twig! And there's all these rumors everywhere about Alan, and they're not good, and they're all my fault! I talked too much about how he fucks all the girls so good, and now everyone is so jealous. It's like the whole school wants to take him down a notch. We have to fix it. You have to use your special powers!"

Suzanne laughed. "My special powers? Don't you remember? It was Susan who wore the Wonder Woman outfit at the last costume party."

"No, silly, I mean your scheme-y powers. Do your scheme-y thing and make it all better."

Suzanne chuckled some more, pleased at how much faith Amy had in her abilities, and how much she cared for her boyfriend. "Sorry, my darling, but I don't know the first thing about all the high school dynamics and intrigues. Proper scheming requires a lot of information and preparation, and without that I'd probably only make things worse. But don't worry. You can help him all you can, if you get the chance, but you should trust that he's going to come out on top." Suzanne smiled dreamily. "He always does, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah..." Amy said, suddenly a bit dreamy eyed herself. The "on top" comment caused both of them to start thinking about Alan's sexual prowess. They were both so easily turned on by Alan by now that it didn't take much to get their nipples hard. Even a little comment like that could do it.

But then Amy got excited and breathless all over again. "Oooh! That reminds me! Guess what he told me, just after he told Sis and me about all that bad stuff, right as he was walking away?"

"What?"

"He said tonight is the night for you and me, together! Can you believe it?! Last night he took my ass, and tonight he's going to watch while you and I are going to go all the way for the first time! Does life get any better than that, or what?"

Suzanne smiled, calm serenity personified. "Nope. It doesn't."

Amy looked at her mother curiously. "Mother, what's wrong with you? How come you're not all excited?"

"Well, for one thing, you've forgotten the Golden Rule: no one talks about anything sexual in this house, no one does anything sexual in this house, and in fact, no one even thinks anything sexual in this house. I don't care if Brad and Eric are both gone for the whole afternoon, we have to be consistent about that, because you just never know."

παΠδσNovel.com "M'kay, Mother," Amy said, dropping her head. "Except that I'm thinking something sexual this very moment. I'm thinking about you, and what we're going to do to each other tonight." She looked up into her mother's green eyes, a bit more excited. "And since I just told you that, that means I'm talking about something sexual, too. And I'm even doing something sexual. I'm so bad!"

"You are? Doing what? Where?"

Amy was standing right in front of Suzanne, who had swiveled her computer chair to face her. Now Amy lifted up a leg, moved her foot underneath Suzanne's skirt, and then placed her foot on top of Suzanne's pussy. She began rubbing her foot up and down the silky panties covering Suzanne's crotch. She did all

this in a matter of seconds, then once she started the rubbing, she said in a deadpan voice, "I'm doing this."

Suzanne laughed again. "Very cute. But please stop. This is our house. The Petridge house! Sex here is totally taboo!"

Amy continued to rub her mother's crotch with her foot. "Even sex with your own husband?"

Suzanne laughed yet again, although scornfully this time. "Especially sex with Eric! You know that. I don't even let him kiss me anymore. I'm Alan's woman now, just like you and everyone else, I might add. But even talking about these things here is completely forbidden. What if Eric has gotten suspicious and has been bugging the house, for instance? Amy, what's gotten into you?"

"You've gotten into me, Mother, or at least you will be getting into me tonight. I'm so excited that I'm gonna burst! And as for doing it here, aren't forbidden things the funnest? Like fucking Alan, your own son? Or even your own real flesh and blood daughter, little ol' Amy?"

As Amy said this, she pressed hard with her big toe into Suzanne's pussy lips, causing the panty fabric to give. Her big toe penetrated the entrance to her mother's vagina, which brought a shocked expression to Suzanne's face. Amy began making little strokes and wiggles with her toe, a move that was surprisingly effective, given the inherent limitations of what toes can do.

Suzanne cried out, suddenly distressed, "No! Amy, no! Not the cunt! Please, anywhere but the cunt!"

But Amy didn't stop her toe-fucking or say anything.

So Suzanne added in a near-whisper, "You know the problem with my cunt."

Amy giggled mischievously. "No, I don't. Uh-oh. Don't tell me you have one of those nasty yeast infection thingies. Here, let me make it better with my toe." She giggled some more as she kept wiggling her toes.

Suzanne groaned with frustration and lust. "No! Amy, you... meanie! I was almost going to call you a worse name, because I've never seen you like this. I'm trying to do some important things here. What's gotten into you? You've always been so obedient."

"Actually, I think the question is: what's gotten into you? Uh-oh. Looks like I've put my foot in my mouth... or somewhere. I think I've gotten off on the wrong foot, hee-hee. Or maybe you're getting off on my right foot!" She giggled hard with this last comment, especially since her right foot was indeed pressing ever deeper into Suzanne's pussy. Her entire big toe was now swallowed up in Suzanne's nether hole.

Suzanne, too, couldn't help but chuckle a bit. "Okay, very cute... but stop! You know the problem with my cunt: it rules my brain. Once my cunt gets excited, I abdicate all responsibility, and who knows what will happen after that? Do you want to save all the best stuff for when Alan is watching tonight, or are we going to do it all with each other right here and now?"

Amy suddenly frowned, and made a tiny, "Oh." She quickly removed her foot.

"Phew! That's a relief!" Suzanne collapsed with a sigh. She readjusted her skirt, covering up her crotch in the process. "Honey Pie, believe you me, I'm just as excited about the promise of tonight as you are. God, it's been a long time coming. But long ago I learned about something called patience. Tonight will arrive soon enough. In the meantime, savor the anticipation. Dreaming about what will come is half the fun. Okay?"

"M'kay," Amy replied forlornly. She rubbed her toe into the carpet bashfully. "But I'm not good with the whole waiting thing. When I get all nervous and 'fraidy, I just wanna suck on Beau's cock to relax. But he's not around! He went off to another stupid SA-Club orgy without me."

"You know that's his right and privilege," Suzanne pointed out. "He's been very up front about it. That's the price we all pay for being in love with a man who's earned himself a harem. We have to wait our turns."

"I know, I know. But it's still a bummer. I thought that if you and I played around a little bit, I'd feel better. Can't we at least make out? Just a teeny weeny French kiss and tit grope?" "I think you should take a look at

Suzanne's chuckled. "Sorry, my love. Once we get started with something like that, we won't be able to stop. Things have been building up between us for a long time, and now it's all about to explode. If you would have tried that toe stunt of yours at the Plummer house, I would have completely lost it, for sure. Let's not blow it when we're so close. Just let a few hours go by. Do some homework for once. Maybe think up ways to get back at those football players. I can help you with that later this afternoon, if you promise no touching."

"Cool! Mother, if I could help him beat those thugs, he'd be so proud of me! Proud of us! Even though we're all family now, you and I will always be a special team, right?"bender

"Right. That reminds me. I have some interesting news on the divorce front. Good news."

Amy's eyes went wide. "Oooh! Super awesomeness! Who's divorce, yours or Susan's?"

Suzanne smiled like the Mona Lisa. "You'll just have to wait until tonight to find that out, too."

"Grrr! Mother, you're so mean! How am I going to make it? That's hours and hours and hours away!"

"Well, we may not be allowed to touch until tonight, but I'll bet Susan or Katherine wouldn't mind a friendly hello. Maybe both of them together, even. I'll bet Susan's breasts are swelling up to an obscene size, waiting for someone to suck all the milk out of them."

Amy's eyes went even wider.

Suzanne added, "Too bad she doesn't have any considerate daughters to help out..."

"I'm outta here!" Amy yelled back at Suzanne, because she was already out of the den and leaping down the stairs in a flash. "I'll be back for the football scheming. Can't wait till tonight! Later!" By the time she got to "later," she was already out the front door, which she then slammed behind her.

Suzanne just chuckled and shook her head like the amused and chagrined parent she was. She strongly considered masturbating herself to thoughts of her daughter, but she remembered that she had some

urgent and important things to do. She went back to her computer screen, which was filled with legalese about divorce law.

Alan and Sean met at the bicycle rack and biked to Kim's house together. Alan had already explained to Sean much, though not all, of what they would see and do that afternoon. He told him more about the S-Club as they biked there. He joked, "Some call it the SA-Club, which can mean the Service Alan Club, but on a day like this it'll also mean the Sean Action Club. Don't worry, you're going to have a hell of a lot of fun."

Sean gulped nervously. Mere days ago he'd been a complete virgin. Things were moving too fast for him. "Christ, you're kidding me. The Service Alan Club?! How the hell am I supposed to compete with that?"

"Relax, it's just a jokey name. They don't mean anything by it." Alan knew that wasn't true, but he wanted to put Sean at ease. "Besides, sex is so easy. Before I started I thought it was this really complicated thing, and sure, you can spend time learning advanced techniques, but the basics come completely naturally. And that's all you need." That wasn't entirely true either, but he figured it was close enough.

"Thanks, dude. I hope so. I'm really nervous."

Alan patted him on the back. "Chill. You'll be awesome."

Kim met them at the door to her house, but they didn't dawdle with pleasantries. The three of them walked straight up to Kim's bedroom, and then Kim went off to get some things.

Alan still saw concern in Sean's eyes, and understood it. For one thing, he'd told his friend to expect to be severely tested today. For another, he'd told him that he'd probably end up fucking a number of girls today, perhaps even experiencing more than one girl at a time. That was a lot for a self-confessed complete nerd to take, especially one who still strived to maintain some kind of loyalty to his one true love, Heather.

Alan knew exactly what Sean needed to hear, and told him, "Don't worry. Remember, you're doing this for Heather."

Sean sighed heavily and said, "I know. I've been thinking a lot about that. It's like Heather is a fallen angel, an innocent girl trapped in a whorehouse. I have to come in there and rescue her. But the only way in is to pretend to be a customer: just another John. I'll have to treat her like dirt and act like an uncaring John at first, as I slowly gain her trust."

"Exactly!" Alan agreed as he sat down on Kim's bed. "Excellent metaphor. Better than the sci-fi ones we've been coming up with lately. And like a John, you've got to have sex with some other whores and see her have sex with some other Johns as part of this undercover operation. That's what happens in a whorehouse."

Just then, Kim walked back in, carrying some rope and a piece of cloth. She smiled but said, "Hey, who are you calling a whore?"

"Certainly not you," Alan said very sincerely, but at the same time he unzipped his shorts, flopping out a very erect dick. "If you were a whore, I'd have to actually pay you to suck my cock." However, he winked and said this good-naturedly. There was a certain inherent goodness about him that allowed him to get away with an outrageous joke like that.

"Bastard," Kim complained as she stuck out her tongue playfully. Then she dropped to her knees in front of him and began to eagerly suck him off.

Sean, sitting next to Alan, looked over in complete shock. "H-how...? How did you do that? You say this cutting, degrading thing, and then she drops to her knees to blow you. I don't get it. If I were to try something like that, I'd get slapped, big time! That kind of thing doesn't happen in real life, does it?"

"I know what you mean," Alan agreed. "It's all in how you do it. I've stumbled on to the fact that a lot of women love a guy who's domineering, yet still has true love and affection for them that can't be faked. It's all about knowing when to be naughty and when to be nice. Everyone likes some naughty stuff from time to time, if they're really honest with themselves, and that doesn't make them a lesser person. Keep that in mind when you watch me fucking Heather in a few minutes."

"WHAT?!" Sean stood up, instantly defensive of his dream girl. "You can't be serious!"

"I am," Alan replied, still calmly sitting there and showing no sign that Kim was fervently sucking his dick. "Remember what I said about you being on the fast track? This is the very fast track. You're never going

to get it right until you see with your own eyes exactly what she likes. But when you see me calling her all kinds of rude names and treating her like a whore, remember that there's love and affection there. I'm giving her what she really wants. I'm doing all I can to make her happy. Sometimes it's funny what makes a girl happy. You'd be surprised and delighted."

He looked down at his crotch as he continued, "Take a look at Kim here. Even though she doesn't really like guys or want a boyfriend, she absolutely loves sucking cock. All I have to do is flop out my dick and lean back, and she's happy to slurp and lick me all afternoon. Isn't that right, Kim?"

Kim sexily moaned a hearty affirmative, with Alan's cockhead tickling her tonsils. She was trying to deep throat him, as it was something she'd been reading and thinking about, plus she figured the less Sean saw of Alan's penis at that moment the less traumatized he'd be. She was unable to get past her gag reflex, but she nonetheless was getting a great deal of Alan's shaft in her throat.

Sean said with growing exasperation, "But... You're just sitting here talking to me like she's doing nothing. How... What's... How do you DO that?!"

"You think it's easy?" Alan asked, while still sounding as calm as could be. "It's not easy. I'm feeling an incredible amount of pleasure right now, thanks to Kim's busy tongue and lips. But you have to know your lovers. I've noticed that the more I ignore Kim, the harder she tries to please me. Right now, she's so determined to get me to blow or at least moan loudly that she barely even knows if she's cumming or going herself. Right, Kim?"

Despite her condition with his stiff rod filling her mouth, she managed to joke with a muffled shout, "Cumming!"

Caressing Kim's silky soft hair with one hand, Alan continued, "In fact, Kim is so hungry to suck cock, as you probably know first-hand from your own training sessions with her, that I could treat her any way I liked and she'd still come crawling on her knees for more. But she'd do it despite that rude treatment, not because of it. So I wouldn't do that to her. Whereas with Heather, it's the opposite. She'll hardly get aroused unless I call her a bitch and a slut, and that's just for starters. So I treat them differently."

Sean backed away in amazement and even horror. "Dude, I know what you mean. On one level, an intellectual level, I get it. Kinda. But I can't see it with my own eyes! Heather. You, doing Heather! Shit! And calling her names?! Give me some time to adjust!"

"I am."

"Wait. You're actually sticking your dick in Heather's vagina. Like, in it, and everything!"

Alan grinned at Sean's incredulity. "Yes."

"My GOD! Like... IN her body! Your dick is gonna go in... inside... her!"

"That's generally how it's done," Alan deadpanned. "Why is that so hard to believe?"

"She's Heather! Heather fucking Morgan! She's like royalty! And you, well, no offense, but you're just you. Shit!" He was pacing back and forth now, almost completely forgetting about the blowjob taking place in front of him due to his nervousness. "Is she gonna be here? Soon?!"

"Yes. Deal with it." Alan felt strangely calm, but also unusually relentless. He knew he had to shock Sean into accepting the new reality. "I know it'll be difficult. That's why we have the rope here, and a gag for your mouth. My plan is to put you in the closet over there, and you'll watch me do Heather through the slats of the closet door without her knowing. That way, you don't have to worry about yelling or anything. We'll put some music on to cover any noise you might make, too. If it gets too much, just close your eyes. Kim is supposed to tie your arms behind your back, but she's a bit preoccupied, so come closer and I'll do it. You were just telling me on the bike ride over how you're a man, how you can handle anything. So prove it! This is your big test."

Sean paced back and forth, still trying not to look at Kim's bobbing head in Alan's lap. He was amazed how unfazed Alan was about the blowjob, but he felt too awkward to discuss it. "I don't know, dude. I don't know. Can't you do it with another girl first, as like a Heather stand-in? It's shocking enough just to see another guy have sex. And you're my best friend. I don't want to see you like that. That's freaky!"

"No, it's got to be Heather. I don't treat anyone else... anyone... the way I treat her, and you have to learn Heather's true sexual nature if you're to stand even a ghost of a chance with her. But don't worry, you're going to be shocked, but you're also going to enjoy yourself. I have a surprise or two for you."

Alan laughed at that, but Sean couldn't figure out why.

So, a few minutes later, Sean found himself in the bedroom closet, with his arms tied behind his back and a cloth stuffed in his mouth and tied around his head. The closet was stuffed to the brim with clothes on hangers, so he found himself in a narrow space between the clothes pressing against his back and sides and the slats of the door just a few inches from his face. The bed had been moved right up to the closet so he could have a better view, based on the downward angle of the slats. The repositioned bed also trapped him in the closet, since the closet doors opened out and now they couldn't be opened.

Chapter 1029 Kim Sucking Alan And Heather Doing A Striptease!

Alan sat on the edge of the bed as Kim resumed sucking him off. Then everyone heard Heather open the front door downstairs.

She'd been told to let herself in and come upstairs, which is exactly what she did. Just before Alan had pushed Sean into the closet, he'd explained that he wanted Heather to discover Kim cocksucking him, but he didn't explain why.

Heather climbed the stairs and called out, "Alan? Kim?"

She came into Kim's bedroom and opened her mouth in surprise at the sight of Kim taking long slurps on Alan's turgid erection. "Hi! Uh, everybody..."

For some moments she just stared, her lips thinning with annoyance as Kim continued to orally pleasure Alan without pause. There would have been an awkward silence, except the Talking Heads' "Stop Making Sense" album was pounding loudly from the stereo system.

She thought, Dammit, I should have figured. As soon as I walk through the door, Alan's already showing his total domination over me, as well as getting me hotter than molten metal in the process. Wait - what am I saying? "Total domination?" I'm the only one who should be dominating around here! I've gotta figure out some kind of way to seize control of this situation. But first, uh, I, um, I kinda... Maybe if I suck on his cock a little bit, that'll take the edge off my lust so I can strategize on how to take charge. It's impossible to think with all that fucking slurping going on!

She walked up to Alan and Kim, and said with unusual uncertainty, "Hi. Um, uh, Alan? Sir? I've been really good today, haven't I? Haven't I been the perfect little butt slut? Can I, um, have a little bit of that cock, too?"

Sean gasped from within the closet.

Alan looked up at her as if he'd only noticed her at that moment. "Oh. Hi, Heather. No, I'm afraid not. You don't even know the meaning of the word 'good.' But you can stay and watch me fuck Kim if you like." He tried to play it cool, but he could somehow tell with just a glance that the "old" Heather was back. It was as if the Bitch Training session had never happened.

The anal dildo had been out since the end of fifth period, and she was no longer feeling subdued. All of a sudden a great anger welled up in her. "Now just a fucking minute, you selfish, arrogant fuck! I've been waiting ALL FUCKING DAY for you to fuck me! It's not fair! You're a fucking monster! A monster!"

Her anger quickly died down, and even before this tirade ended she was more whimpering than yelling. She knew the yelling approach wouldn't get her what she wanted, but she couldn't help herself. "Sir," she added belatedly.

Alan stared at her, showing disgust at her outburst.

Dammit, just listen to me! I sound fuckin' pathetic! But I can't help it. Gaawwwd, I need that cock! I'll get my revenge on him and his arrogant ways soon enough, but first I need to get my satisfaction. She tried a different tack. "Please, Alan, please?! I can't take it! Have mercy, Sir! Please, please fuck me?"

Kim was loving what she was hearing. She was in seventh heaven already just from being allowed to suck on Alan's erection, but to be able to do it while listening to Alan take Heather down a peg was almost too much fun to handle. She didn't hate Heather passionately like Janice and many others did, but Heather's bitchy ways had certainly made her life miserable on more than one occasion.

Alan tsk-tsked as he played with Kim's smallish breasts. It was growing increasingly difficult for him to concentrate on talking while Kim continued to try and deep throat him. While she hadn't succeeded yet, the sensation of nearly three-fourths of his dick sliding deep into her mouth was threatening to push him over the edge.

He pretended to sit there in contemplation, but really he was struggling with his PC muscle. He placed his hands on Kim's head and gently but firmly pushed her back until she was merely lightly blowing on his shaft. As he struggled to recover, he managed to say in a relatively normal voice, "Heather, you disappoint me. Have you forgotten your place already? You don't make any demands on me, ever."

"Sir! I'm so sorry, Sir! Please! If you don't fuck me in the ass, I'm going to cry. Don't make me cry!" This time, she started out very apologetic, but her last statement was more of a threat, even though she really was on the verge of tears. She was clearly very frustrated, torn between extremes of irritation and need.

Alan pretended to contemplate that deeply, when in fact he was just stalling for time. "Hmmm, I dunno," he finally said as a further time-wasting move.

But he was in a bind, because he couldn't overtly tell Kim to take a break without damaging his sexual reputation in Heather's eyes at least a little bit. And Kim hadn't gotten his message to stop through his non-verbal cues. He hadn't even been resting half a minute when she started licking the tip of his cockhead again.

Earlier, Kim had sucked Alan's hard-on with her hair flopped down over his crotch and generally deep throated him (or tried to) so Sean couldn't see much. But now that Sean couldn't see anything from inside the closet, Alan's legs were spread wide and Kim moved off to the side as much as possible, in a deliberate effort to give Heather a great view of Alan's erection. She rolled her tongue around the tip over and over, allowing Heather to see most of Alan's eight inches.

The sight had a visible effect on Heather. She frowned and her lips trembled. Her nipples had already been erect even before she arrived, just from the anticipation, but now they poked even harder into her tight-fitting top.

Heather finally whispered, desperately, "Please, Sir, please!"

Alan said, as he subtly pushed Kim's head a little further back from his overheated dick, "Well, maybe I'll relent, if you show the proper attitude. Heather, are you a good girl or a bad girl?"

Heather straightened up instantly, as if called to attention. "Bad. Sir." She seemed proud about it. I think you should take a look at

"That's right. And how do bad girls dress?"

"Like sluts, Sir. You see this revealing top? I wore it just for you. I'm obviously not wearing a bra." She raised her arms over her head and thrust out her chest, showing off her thinly covered rack like a porn star. The exact shape of her aroused nipples could be clearly seen.

"And why aren't you?" Alan prodded. His voice was stern and slightly disinterested, as if Heather was an irritating distraction keeping him from fully enjoying the blowjob he was getting.

"Because that's how you want me, Sir. And as Alan's girl, I must obey."

"One of Alan's GIRLS," he corrected. "Do you think my dick exists just for you?"

"Um, no... Sir."

"Don't you think girls like Kim should get a chance to taste it and fellate too?"bender

"Of course. I'm just saying two tongues are better than one." She blushed and grimaced in frustration. A dual blowjob wasn't what she wanted; her ass cried out to be filled. But she would take what she could get, for the moment. She started to mentally vow revenge upon Alan, but then remembered the problems inherent in biting the hand that feeds you. Instead, she resolved to try to go with the flow for the time being.

"So you think you're worthy of sharing my cock with Kim."

She struck a sexy pose. "Yes, Sir. I am. Am I not the head cheerleader and soon to be the Homecoming Queen?"

pandasnovel.com "Perhaps. If you're not wearing a bra, then prove it."

"Yes, Sir!" Smiling for the first time since arriving, she pulled her top up and over her tits. Getting sexually involved and exposing herself was fun and she had no problem with that. She left the thin fabric loose around her neck and shoulders, hoping that would be more appealing than going completely topless.

Sean had been hearing all of this from inside the closet with a growing anger. He'd had thoughts like, No one treats my Heather like that! Not even Alan. I won't allow it!

Alan knew that Sean could only take so much initially, which is why he'd kept the closet doors closed. But now that Heather was starting to strip, he reached back and surreptitiously opened one of the doors a little bit so Sean could see out.

Sean felt like he wanted to burst out and attack Alan. But as Heather exposed her rack, Sean's anger was overwhelmed by his lust. He'd never actually seen Heather topless before, despite countless peeks down her outfits in school, and countless dreams where she'd been naked. He gasped so loudly that Heather surely would have known someone was there had it not been for the Talking Heads music and the gag in his mouth. Despite the peeks he'd made down her tops in the past, he hadn't considered the possibility that she might not have any tan lines at all.

She started to wiggle to the beat of the song "Burning Down the House," and said to Alan, "How do you like my tits, Sir? Or should I say your tits? They belong to you. My whole body is yours." It stung deeply for her to say that, but at the same time it turned her on.

Sean groaned with frustration as Heather said that. It was like one of his great fantasies coming true, but for Alan, not for him. Still, he was too aroused to do anything but moan and groan.

"That's more like it," Alan replied, while Kim licked his rod from base to tip. Her jaw was tired so she was switching to tongue work for a while. He hadn't wanted Heather to say that her body belonged to him while Sean was there, but there was nothing he could really do about it.

Heather's wiggling turned into a full-on striptease within seconds. She took her top off the rest of the way, then threw it into a corner of the room. Wildly gyrating by now, she spent a fair amount of time pulling her skirt down, and then up, down, and then up, making a bit more progress with each pass. Finally, she took the skirt off all the way. She held the tiny garment in her hand, and then started to twirl it around as true striptease artists so often do. The only major difference between Heather's performance and that of a professional exotic dancer was just how wildly she danced to the pounding beat.

Alan was mighty impressed and grunted with arousal and approval. Her dance was such a turn-on that he had to grab Kim's head and push it back until she got the message to stop even her gentle licking for a while.

Grunting with exertion as he squeezed his PC muscle hard, he said to Heather between gasps, "Good show! ... If you keep that up... I might even let you share... share... share cocksucking duties with... with Kim. Uh. After all."

"Thank you, Sir!" The prospect of doing just that was getting Heather really hot. As she ran a finger over her pussy lips, she thought back to how she used to hate giving blowjobs. That attitude seemed almost laughable now, given how many times a day she found herself daydreaming about sucking Alan off.

Recovering his breath a bit, with Kim leaving him be, he added, "Although Kim is a much better cocksucker than you could ever be. Kim is a good girl. Did you see how she's been very nearly deep throating me today? Kim, why did you take the time to learn how to do that?"

Kim was playing with his balls now that she understood that his cock needed a break. She was wildly aroused and it was torture to only be able to do that much. She replied excitedly, "To please you, sir."

She'd never called him "sir" before, but she quickly picked up Heather's lingo. She was a natural submissive, albeit a casual one, and such language came to her easily. Alan had never fully taken advantage of her submissiveness simply because her thin body didn't compare with the more voluptuous types he preferred.

Heather, though, shot her an extremely nasty look. She was making claim to the word "Sir" and looked like she was ready to rip Kim's heart out if she used it again. She knew Alan had other women, but things like him allowing her the use of the word "Sir" gave her the happy feeling that she was his very special slut.

Alan smirked - "Bad Alan" was in firm control now. He said to Heather, "There. See? She wants to please me. You just want to please yourself."

"No, Sir! That's not true! Let me try!" Heather dropped to her knees before him. "It's true I told you I don't like cocksucking, but that was then. This is now! I luuuuve sucking YOUR cock! I'll give you the best fucking blowjob you've ever had! I want to be your number one slut! Please! Please? Let me, Sir!"

Chapter 1030 Kim X Heather

Alan was silent, but Heather's lusty need was overwhelming. So she took the lack of a "no" to mean a "yes." She crawled forward next to Kim and began licking Alan's erection. Being Heather, she swallowed the whole head and more or less pushed Kim out of the way.

But as soon as she had his erection deep in her mouth, Alan said, "Look at that. What a selfish slut. You just take and take and take. What about Kim?"

Heather apologized without taking her mouth off Alan's stiff pole. "Schorry, shir. Schorry, Kim." She reluctantly made room for Kim at the head of the cock.

Both of them knew Alan's most sensitive spot was right below his cockhead, and both of them wanted to outdo each other without looking pushy. So their tongues generally worked on that spot from different angles. Their tongues actually pushed up against each other at times as they both tried to lick the exact same spot.

Alan was grateful that he'd just had a minute or two break, but with the way both of them were going he knew he'd lose his load in a minute or so. He didn't want Heather to start thinking she could control him by getting him off, so he said to her, "What about your skirt? Show me your skirt. Were you really dressed like a true slut?"

Heather groaned. She was really loving giving him a blowjob, and she didn't even mind Kim being there that much, as long as Kim gave her enough room. But she relinquished the pleasuring of his boner to Kim and stood up to show off her black leather miniskirt. She picked it up off the floor and put it back on so she could show it off. She resumed swaying to the music, eager to dance and get naked all over again. "Look, Sir. Your slut dresses just to please you. Like these five-inch heels."

Heather's eyes flashed dangerously as she let an edge of steel tinge her voice. "Do you have any idea how fucking difficult it is to walk in these things?!" Then just as suddenly, the glint of raw anger in her

eyes melted to be replaced by an all-consuming lust as she stared hungrily at Alan, and especially at the sight of Kim lapping away in circles around his cockhead. "But I get so hot just thinking about how I'll dress for you. I was wearing butt floss earlier, but I took even that off when I left to come over here. Look!"

She turned around and bent over. She spread her legs wide and angled herself to give Alan a perfect view.

That also put her pussy and ass in sight for Sean to ogle. Sean was still outraged, not to mention intimidated by Alan's seemingly effortless domination of both Heather and Kim. But more than that, he was aroused. Painfully, incredibly aroused. He nearly came just from watching Heather bend over.

She effortlessly reached down and touched her toes while keeping her legs perfectly straight. She looked back at Alan from between her legs and said, "How's that? Don't you like my pussy and my ass? These are YOUR holes!" Suddenly, Heather stopped being proud and arrogant and instead became pleading and needy. "Why won't you fuck them? Why?! They need you! Sir!"

Alan asked, "What do you think, Kim? Is Heather sincere? Do all her holes belong to me, and me alone?"

Kim was surprised. She'd been content to just suck Alan's dick or fondle his balls when he allowed it, and otherwise sit back and enjoy Heather's constant humiliation. Furthermore, the question was tricky. Heather might be docile and submissive now, but if Kim said the wrong thing she was sure Heather would make her pay dearly soon enough. So she thought and then replied, "I think she definitely means it as she says it."

Sean was so aroused by the sight of Heather's ass and pussy lips framed by her hot leather miniskirt that he came even closer to cumming. He found his cock painfully trapped by his shorts, and with his hands tied behind his back, he was unable to do anything about it. While he generally adored Heather as an "angel," at the moment he was thinking of her more as a hot piece of ass.

"That's true," Alan admitted in a grudging tone. "But what will she think tomorrow? She's always changing. Heather, I'm so disappointed in you. You behaved well enough while your ass was stuffed full with a big Bitch Trainer dildo all day, but as soon as it's out, you start yelling at me and giving me this shit." He turned away as if dismissing her. "You're incurable."

She was humiliated by having to argue while bent over in such a lewd position. But she said passionately, "No I'm not, Sir! I can do better. I'm a total slut, an Alan slut! Nobody else has what I need but you. I'll do ANYTHING for you, Sir! Anything! Stuff your cock up my butt and I'll show you how good I can be!" She slowly spread her legs farther and farther apart to hopefully create an even more inviting target for his cock to aim for.

From where Alan sat, he almost couldn't see the miniskirt at all, since it had ridden all the way up, exposing the entirety of her luscious ass. Her asshole appeared to be a bull's eye exactly in the middle.

By this point, Kim's loving cock-licking and Heather's wiggling to the music and the things she said were getting to be too much for Alan to handle. He'd reached a point where he could lose control at any moment, no matter what he did with his PC muscle.

He pulled Kim away from his lap so his dick could have a longer chance to recover, saying to her, "There's a tasty pussy snack, Kim. Go get it. Just make sure she keeps her legs perfectly straight and her hands on her ankles at all times."

"Yes, sir!" Kim said as she bolted up and went to Heather. Wow! I thought I was having a great time already, but this is unreal! Although she detested Heather's bitchy nature, she loved playing with Heather's busty, fit body. She'd been wearing a loose skirt of her own, but she let it fall to the floor just as her mouth reached Heather's wet pussy lips.

Alan said, "Kim, please don't call me 'Sir.' That word is reserved only for true sluts and bitches like Heather."

By the time he finished saying that, Kim was so involved in licking Heather out that she couldn't or wouldn't respond. She seemed to be forcing her tongue as deeply into Heather's pussy as it would go. She did nod vigorously, but Alan couldn't tell if that was meant to excitement shot up and down her spine as he confirmed that word was reserved exclusively for her use alone.

be a reply to his comment or merely part of her new sexual task.

Heather was about to protest being pawned off to Kim, but that comment from Alan silenced her. Tingles of pleasure and excitement shot up and down her spine as he confirmed that word was reserved exclusively for her use alone. bender

But then she thought, What the fuck is wrong with me?! Why does my brain turn to mush whenever Alan is near? Just look at me, look at what I'm doing! I'm bending over in this totally obscene position and letting Kim have her way with me just because Alan says so. This is fucked up! I need to reassert myself! Reassert CONTROL! I'm not just some puppet for his amusement!

However, Heather was feeling so much pleasure that she was helpless to stop herself. She was loving every single thing Alan was "making" her do or say, and deep down she knew it.

For most of the time since Heather had arrived, Alan had completely forgotten that Sean was hiding in the closet. But now that Kim was no longer sucking him off, he was able to think more clearly and take stock of the situation, and he finally remembered Sean. He hoped that he hadn't gone too far in his domination games for Sean's sake, but it was too late to fix that if he had.

With Heather and Kim now fully preoccupied with each other, Alan moved from sitting on the edge of the bed to sitting up against the closet door behind it. He tapped twice against the door, which was a prearranged signal to Sean, asking if everything was all right.

It took some time because Sean was practically out of his mind with arousal, but Sean eventually replied with two knocks by using his forehead. That meant that he was okay. Actually, Sean had a whole host of things he wanted to tell Alan, but he couldn't exactly talk with a gag in his mouth.

Sean did have a "bad" side, even if he didn't really realize it himself. But Alan had guessed it was there from little things he'd observed, like an occasional cruel streak in Sean's humor, and that was a major reason why he'd chosen Sean as his sexual apprentice. If Sean had been able to speak, he would have raved about how astounded he was that Alan's treatment of Heather was actually arousing him. True, he was furiously angry at Alan, too, and probably would have punched him for insulting his "angel" if his hands were free, but the very fact that he saw Heather as an angel amplified his sexual arousal upon seeing her act like a devil and treated like a whore. The fact that she responded so eagerly to this only added fuel to the fire of his lust.

Alan leaned forward towards the girls and said to Heather, "Heather, it's nice of you to say that your body belongs to me, but I know that's not true. For one thing, you're far too much of a skanky slut to save yourself only for me. You can hardly go twenty-four hours without sticking something in one of your holes. And to be honest, I'm generally too busy with pussy much more tasty and tempting than yours. Hey. Are you listening to me?"

After some grunts, Heather answered in a somewhat strained voice, "Yes, Sir!" Kim's mouth was locked onto Heather's pussy like a leech. That, plus Heather having to keep her hands around her ankles, with her legs straight, made it very difficult for her to concentrate. But her position caused her large, tanned boobs to dangle and bob in the most delightful ways as she trembled and shook from the pleasure she was getting from Kim eating her out, something both Alan and Sean greatly appreciated.

Alan continued, "All I ask is that you only have sex with the people I say you can have sex with. Obey me, and I will reward you with many quality partners, such as Kim here. So think of me as a kind of pimp. Except that you're such a slut, you'll fuck anyone I tell you to fuck, and you'll do it for free. How do you like that?"

"Oh, yes, Sir! You're my pimp!" Tingles of excitement shot through her as she contemplated that delightful idea.

"In fact," Alan went on, "you're such a slut, that maybe I should make you into some kind of anti-whore. Rather than having people pay to fuck you, you should pay THEM hard cash for doing you the favor of filling up your holes. What do you think about that?"

She was nearly delirious with lust. "If you say so, Sir! Thank you, Sir! But the only thing I really want in me is your big thick cock! Everything else is just marking time, Sir."

Kim snorted while pussy licking, as if to say, "What about me?" But Heather didn't pay that any mind.

Meanwhile, Alan knocked some more on the closet door in a way that did not fit any prearranged signals between him and Sean. This set Alan's previously mentioned mysterious "surprise or two" in motion.

Sean had been trying to rub his dick against the closet door slats in a desperate attempt to get some kind of friction going. But he stopped when he heard some very loud rustling coming from behind him, deeper in the closet. He jerked his head around and saw movement, but it was so dark that he couldn't tell who or what it was. His eyes had been staring out through the slats into the bright, sunny room, so he was effectively blind when looking into the back of the closet.

But he could sense something drawing nearer. His heart pounded with fear and excitement. As a child, he'd had the usual irrational fear of a monster hiding in his closet (with another monster under his bed), and in his emotional turmoil he momentarily imagined that the monster was real after all and had finally

come to get him. But then he heard a voice above the Talking Heads blaring on the stereo. It whispered, "Hi." That was all. He couldn't figure out who it was just from that one word, but he did determine that the voice was female.

That was a great relief for him. In a flash, he realized, Shit! Alan's had someone else buried in the closet all this time, just to surprise me! Fuckin' A. It sure as hell worked! No way! That's totally whacked! But who is it? Fuck, with everything I've been learning about my friend, it could be anyone! The only thing I know is she's probably hot and ready for sex!

He could feel the woman's breath on his face, she was so close. He could also feel her arm pressing into his as she finished pushing her way through the rack of clothes so she could stand next to him. He still couldn't see much, though, except for an outline of her head that showed she had very short but stylish hair. Then he felt a hand go to his leg and work its way to his crotch.

She felt the large lump in his shorts, and her voice made some appreciative purring noises.

He expected her to unzip his shorts next, but instead, he felt two hands on the waistband of his shorts, and then, moments later, found his shorts dangling just above his knees.

He was so aroused that he knew it wouldn't be long before he reached a great climax. He'd lost track of what was happening out in the room, but he turned some of his attention there to help himself go over the edge.

Alan was now sitting on the floor licking Kim's pussy, while Kim was sitting up on her knees, licking Heather's pussy. But this didn't last for long.

Heather cried out, and her legs buckled as a tremendous orgasm swept through her body. It took her so unexpectedly that she fell forward and crumpled to the floor in a heap. She had just enough presence of mind to stick her arms out and break her fall enough to prevent herself from getting hurt.

Alan said to Kim, "Someone who can lick that selfish slut nearly to death deserves a reward. How would you like it? In the mouth? The cunt? What's your pleasure?"

Kim thought, Boy, today really is my lucky day! Alan hasn't been seeing me much at all lately, and now this. She said, "Hmmm. Tough call. I guess the cunt, since we haven't done that in a while."

Alan paused for a moment. Kim was using double protection now and Alan was tempted to fuck her bareback as he had promised a week ago. However, he had asked Kim to fuck Sean twice since then. Sean knows that he's supposed to always use a condom, but I know it's all too easy to get caught up in the moment. Fuck! As much as I'd like to fuck Kim bareback, I've really got to be careful from now on... especially since Dean will probably be joining the club as well. Alan nodded, then went and got a condom out of the backpack he'd brought.

He asked Kim, "Are you cool with everything that's happening today? Have you minded how I've treated you?"

"I'm cool. Very, very cool! I just wish there could be more days like this. My house is your house for things like this, and please don't forget it."

He nodded again, while seeming to be lost in thought.

Sean looked at Heather sprawled out on the floor, lying on her side. Her tight black leather mini-skirt was now mashed up around her lower back, leaving her ass entirely exposed. Her pussy and sex juices could be seen clearly too. She happened to be facing the right way so he could see most of her sizable chest and gorgeous face as well.

Seeing her like that was keeping him right on the edge of climax and he'd been that way for an unbearably long time now. (He'd started to learn PC muscle control based on Alan's recommendation, but he hadn't progressed very far yet.) But then the mystery hands that had dropped his shorts and left him like that finally took the next step. As soon as he felt two hands grasp his cock, he lost all control.

One big reason why Sean had been fighting his climax strenuously was that he didn't know where he could safely shoot his cum. But by now he was too horny to care. He let out a great yell (largely muffled by the gag) and spurting all over the slats in the closet door in front of him.