

6 Times 1031

Chapter 1031 Alan Fucking Kim and Sean being tied by Joy and Janice!

Alan heard Sean's muffled cry over the loud Talking Heads music, and looked immediately at Kim. She'd heard it too and knew what it was. They both looked to Heather and guessed she was unconscious, but they couldn't be sure. In any case, she seemed too out of it to notice.

Alan considered leaning right up against the closet door and whispering to Sean. But Kim was sitting on top of him now, energetically grinding her hips down onto his stiff erection, so he decided to keep silent. He realized that Sean couldn't talk back with the gag in his mouth anyway, so there wasn't much point in talking to him.

However, Kim leaned over towards the closet door and ran her hand across one of the door's slats. She held up a finger for Alan's benefit and whispered, "Look."

Alan laughed. Some of Sean's cum had dribbled down the slats and could be seen from the outside if one looked for it closely.

Kim smiled and licked Sean's cum into her mouth. She made a loud Meanwhile, inside the closet, Sean's sight was slowly returning. He was so overcome from his climax that he would have fallen to the "Mmmm" sound as she savored the cum. Then she and Alan resumed their grinding.

Meanwhile, inside the closet, Sean's sight was slowly returning. He was so overcome from his climax that he would have fallen to the floor, except there was no room to do so. He lay back against the nearly solid mass of clothes behind him instead, slumping down a bit until his knees pressed against the closet door and prevented further motion. As his mental clarity slowly returned, he realized that a hand was holding up his ass, even as it fondled his butt. Another hand was still holding his penis, which was exciting, but he was still recovering from his recent orgasm.

So he focused his attention on the outline of the head connected to the hands, and slowly the details came into view. Janice! Holy shit! That's Janice! Damn, I should have known. I'll bet Alan is fucking the entire cheerleading squad, except of course for his sister. Shit, between Kim and Heather out there, Janice in here, and his girlfriend Amy, the only one left is Joy! Wow! And to think that just weeks ago I thought he was a virgin like me.

Janice hadn't looked out the slats yet, so her eyesight was much more adjusted to the darkness. She saw the look of recognition cross his face. After giving him a chance to adjust, she whispered directly in his ear. Thanks to the music, there was no chance anyone could hear, not even Kim or Alan.

"Hi Sean. How you doing? Alan's told us aaaalll about you. He said that we're not allowed to fuck anyone, male or female, unless they're on his approval list. That got me kind of pissed off that he'd be that controlling, until I saw who was on the list. And guess what? Can you guess whose names are on the list?"

Sean shook his head 'no', since trying to speak through the tight gag would be futile.

Janice pulled Sean's shirt up to his shoulders so she could run her hands across his chest. "Well, it turns out that we get to have Heather as much as we like, in any way that we like. I've got some serious issues with that bitch and I'm going to have soooo much fun playing with her and teaching her some lessons. But that's not all. We get access to some prime beauties, like Heather's friend Simone."

Her voice then turned pouty and disappointed. "The only problem is that there just isn't much cock on the list, aside from the far-too-busy Alan and Joy's boyfriend Dean." Janice nibbled sexily on Sean's ear, which surprisingly gave him the most incredibly ticklish sensation in his lower back he'd ever felt. She continued whispering while stroking his ear with her tongue. "Which brings me to you. Would you like to be on that list? Would you like to fuck more than half the cheerleading squad and some of their sexiest friends?"

By this time, Sean was starting to get hot. Not in terms of arousal; he'd been at the boiling point for some time now, and his penis was rapidly rising again, thanks to Janice's sexy whispers and the way one of her hands was sawing a finger in and out of his asshole while the other hand was rubbing his penis and balls. His body was getting literally hot as well, thanks to the small size of the closet and their combined body heat. That forced him to take his shirt off altogether. Sweat poured down his face and he trembled with fear and excitement.

He abruptly pressed his face close to the slats in front of him so he could breathe some fresh air. That also gave him a great view of Heather's naked body, not to mention Kim and Alan as they fucked much closer to him. He imagined being on that list and being able to do anything with Heather at any time, just like Janice could. Then the sight of Kim and Heather sucking Alan's cock at the same time popped into his mind, and he imagined that it was him being treated so royally, rather than Alan. It was all so sexy and arousing that he couldn't think straight.

But then his long-held dream of having Heather as a normal girlfriend that was his, and his alone, came back strongly into his mind. He frowned at the implications of the list idea. Did Alan say he was stuffing Heather's ass with a dildo all during school? And now he's calling her nasty names and offering her to Janice and others like a sex toy?! Heather IS a whore, but only because Alan made her that way! He's corrupted her! He IS her pimp! And now he's dragging me into this mess, tempting me with other girls, so I'll be too corrupted to save her! What an asshole! I've been tricked! Why, when I get my hands on him, I'll-

Janice's face was only inches from Sean's, and her body was all over his like an octopus. She sensed his change of mood and saw his bewildered smile turn into a frown, then into an angry grimace. She withdrew into the back of the closet.

A few moments later, she pushed her way back through the clothes up to Sean and put her hands right back where they'd been.

Sean didn't understand why she'd done that, but his mind was busy with other things.

Meanwhile, Heather was starting to stir.

Sean watched intently through the slats as Heather sat up.

She failed to notice Sean or even his cum dripping down some of the slats (since it was mostly on the interior of the slats), instead focusing her attention on Alan and Kim, who were still going at it.

Heather nearly whispered, "Alan? Sir? What are you doing? I thought you invited me here so you'd fuck me in the ass." Her voice turned pouty and sad. "You promised! I was so good and obedient! You said I'd done well and that this would be my reward. Why are you torturing me like this?!" She ran her hands over her chest and stomach, hoping to draw his attention.

"True," Alan grunted as Kim impaled herself on his boner yet again, doing it over and over. "And maybe I will, if you show the right attitude. But you're not the only one I need to reward. Kim, UH! Kim has been so giving, with her house and so much more... She needs a reward too. Mmmm, good! There are other people than you, you know."

"I know," Heather pouted. She stood up and walked to the edge of the bed, keeping her legs slightly spread so Alan had a great view of her juicy snatch.

Alan huffed at her, "Most normal people would have said 'I'm sorry,' especially after the way ... UGH! The way you've been pushing Kim around." Seeing that he'd have to talk some more, he had Kim nearly come to a stop on top of him.

He caught his breath for a few moments, and then continued with his eyes glued to Heather's sweaty skin, "You need to be taught humility. From now on, you're going to be Kim's slave and obey her every command."

Kim squealed with glee and clapped her hands. This was news to her. In fact, it was part of a new plan Alan had just thought of hours before, and he still hadn't told everyone whom it would impact. Kim lifted herself up and impaled herself forcefully on his prick to help show her appreciation.

He continued, "In fact, you're going to- UGH! Kim, stop for a second! Heather, you're going to be the sex slave of all the other cheerleaders, and command the group in name only. You'll be in charge of the group's routines, but they'll be in charge of your body sexually. You're going to be the slave of Simone, too, and anyone else I say, until you learn things like manners, respect, and dare I say it, even kindness."

"HEY!" Heather protested, her usual combative spirit finally showing itself. "It's one thing to be your, um, sex slave, if you must put it that way. I must say I've grown to... tolerate that."

Kim snorted derisively. She couldn't help herself.

Heather shot Kim an evil look, but conceded to Alan, "Okay, I've grown to like it. But only you! Only you have earned the right to treat me like that! Sir. Not those others! Not Janice, especially! That would be a travesty! An outrage!"

"Maybe so," Alan replied, "But that's how it's going to be, or no more of my cock for you. We're doing this to make you a better person. Plus, it's fun to have you as a sex toy. Kim, I said stop! I can't talk when you're fucking me so much!"

"Yes, sir," Kim said obediently. She finally stopped altogether.

"Do I have any say in this?" Heather said in a dejected voice. Her attitude would have been very different except that her need for an assfucking was so great. Her ass was in control and her brain was forced to say what her ass wanted her to say.

"No. What do you think of that?"

Heather thought about it. As with almost everything regarding Alan, she was badly conflicted. One part of her wanted to scream, Yes! Share me with everyone! Loan me out to the whole school! Tie me up naked in a public place and let everyone have their way with me! But another part of her bristled and rebelled. She loved being Alan's exhibitionist anal slut, but she hated the idea of being his slave. If anything, she thought Alan was the one who should be her slave.

She growled with determination, "You can have my body, but you'll never have my mind."

"That's the spirit! I know you. You'll take this as a challenge and rise back to the top within months. Outside our S-Club group, you'll still be the same proud Heather." He lifted a hand to cup one of her buttocks and let a couple of his fingers teasingly tickle her anus. "But inside, deep inside that hungrily bitchy butt of yours, you'll be learning humility... one assfuck at a time."

Mindful that Sean was watching and listening, he let go of Heather's backside and added, "Think about all the dozens and dozens of boys and girls you fucked before you met me. You fucked so many strange guys that it's a miracle you don't have an STD already. But none of them truly lit your fire until you met me. Now I'm going to make sure an entire group keeps you in sexual heaven every single day. What more could you want? Why fight it?"

Heather thought about that. Why SHOULD I fight it? That does sound pretty damn good... No, I'm forgetting my goal. He's trying to push me onto others so he can do other things, things that don't involve me! I am not going to settle for second best. I deserve the best and I'll accept nothing less! I want Alan as mine, and mine alone! Besides, it'll be a cold day in Hell when Janice is my superior in anything! No fucking way! But I'll play along with his latest craziness at least as long as it gets me one more buttfuck. Oh God, I need it so BAD! Then I'll have to come up with my own plan to beat his.

She pretended to look defeated. "Okay, you win. Sir. How can I help? Perhaps we can get Kim off together?" She then proceeded to climb up onto the bed.

Janice had been meaning to say some things to Sean to calm his mood, but instead she and Sean found themselves listening intently to Alan and Heather's exchange. What was said went a long way towards calming Sean's rage, especially the mention that Heather was so sexually promiscuous before she met Alan.

Sean still believed that Heather was being corrupted by Alan, but now he was too confused and distracted to put his thoughts together.

Janice, naturally, was beyond ecstatic at Alan's new dictate. She could hardly wait to take advantage of her new power over Heather. She longed to humiliate Heather while using her for her own sexual satisfaction.

As Heather climbed onto Alan's legs and began to play with Kim's breasts and back, Sean redirected some of his attention to what was happening in the closet. Janice's face was so close to his that he could feel her every breath. He could feel her naked breasts pressing into his arm and her legs snaked around his. One of her hands rubbed his chest and the other played with his asshole. Two more hands gripped his cock tightly and stroked up and down.

Wait a minute, Sean thought. One, two, three, FOUR hands! How can there be four hands?!

He looked around frantically until he noticed a large mass of hair on the other side of him from where Janice stood. He instantly recognized the unique, big hair hairstyle. Joy! Joy's here, too! Of course. It makes sense. She's in on this as well. I guess that answers the question of whether Alan is fucking the entire cheerleading squad, minus his sister. But fuck! I'm in the same small closet with two hot cheerleaders. NAKED cheerleaders, too, if Joy's taken her clothes off like Janice has! This is too wild! TOO. FUCKING. WILD!

Sean got so excited that he almost completely forgot his anger issues with Alan and his desire to have Heather all for himself.

Joy sensed from the way that he turned and bounced about excitedly that he knew she was there. So she squeezed herself in front of him, pressing her back hard into the closet door's slats, and began cocksucking.

Janice, watching Joy, whispered in Sean's ears, "Remember what I was saying about that list? Guess what? Your name's on that list, too. Alan's at the top, of course; he gets first choice of all the women. Then you and Dean. Then all us girls. Then Heather at the bottom - she has to obey any guy or girl who wants her. That means you can take any of us at any time. Why, if you wanted to fuck Joy or me right now, we'd have to spread our legs and obey. What's that, you say? You're ready to fuck right now? Who do you want: me, or Joy? ... What's that? I can't hear you."

Janice laughed a little bit at her private joke, because she knew that Sean couldn't say anything at all, thanks to the gag in his mouth. But she was serious about her list comments. That was basically the agreement she and Joy had made with Alan when he'd made the offer to them just before cheerleader practice.

Satisfied that her verbal efforts were having an effect, Janice dropped down to her knees as well, but remained behind Sean and licked along the base of his scrotum. She couldn't help but chuckle a bit as she imagined just how hard, shocked, and aroused Sean must be.

Sean's eyes rolled into his head and he tightened all his muscles in an extreme effort not to cum. Looking through the slats, he could see and hear Alan and Kim climaxing, and he knew that Heather would be Alan's next target. He didn't want to have a flaccid penis when he watched Alan take her.

He closed his eyes and moaned in such agony that Joy heard his struggle and eased up on her cocksucking just enough to keep him from going over the edge.

He wanted to swat her away, but bound as he was, he couldn't move his hands. He couldn't even wipe away the sweat rolling into his eyes. Somehow, being helpless like this was even more of a turn-on.

He looked back out and saw Kim arching her back dramatically and her arms flailing around above her head as she screamed like a banshee. The only thing he could make out was "YEEESSSS SIIIIIRRRR!" Heather's hands and face seemed busy with Kim's ass, but Sean couldn't see exactly what was happening there. Alan seemed relatively calm compared to Kim, but he too was yelling and thrusting and sweating.

The sight was too much for Sean. What especially got him was seeing Heather's head down low, but her naked ass up high as she wiggled about between Alan's legs. He tried to send a mental thought to Joy. Please! Have mercy! Stop all together or I'm going to lose it! Stop sucking my cock! Please! NoooOOOOoooo!

He lost it. It seemed like gallons of jism poured out into Joy's mouth. It felt as if each time Janice thrust her finger up his ass again, it forced another rope out of him until his balls were drained dry. Once again, he collapsed into the mass of clothes behind him, except this time he was better supported by Janice and Joy.

He'd never had a climax that felt that good. He didn't even know such feelings were possible. He was wiped out. Bender

Chapter 1032 Ass Fucking Heather

Sean retained just enough consciousness to hear what was happening outside.

Kim said, "God, Alan, that was the fuck of my life. Sir! I officially renounce my lesbian status after that. Fuuucck!"

She was just kidding around, and Alan knew it. Nevertheless, he said, with a calm that surprised him, "You never were a lesbian. You're bisexual all the way, but with an aversion to serious male relationships, which I can understand. Most guys are pretty lame. But please don't call me 'Sir'. That term is reserved just for Heather to show she's my bitchslut. The lowest of the low."

"Yes, sir!" Kim replied, and then giggled. But all joking aside, she thought, He's got a point. I do still think of myself as lesbian, but I obviously can enjoy sex with guys sometimes. So, okay, technically I guess I'm partially bisexual.

Alan savored his new word invention. "Hmmm. Bitchslut. I really like that. Heather, if one word can describe the person you are now, that's the word. But we're going to change you."

There was a loud thump somewhere in the room.

Sean leaned forward and looked back out to see that Kim had flopped off the bed and was lazing on the floor. It was Heather's turn and there wasn't enough room on the bed for Kim to rest there.

Heather looked at Kim and growled meaningfully. She thought, Kim, you are so fucking dead. I'm Alan's one and only Bitchslut, and only I can use the word 'Sir'! If you so much as mouth those three letters, your life is going to be a living nightmare! She interpreted Alan's declaration of her being his "bitchslut" and "the lowest of the low" as meaning that she was special. In her mind, Alan was saying that there were two types of women in his life: his special bitchslut, and "those others" who didn't have the "privilege" of calling him "Sir." Such was the way her mind worked, especially when she was feeling really horny.

Heather felt a great need to redeem herself. She'd recovered from her earlier great orgasm and now wanted to sexually overwhelm Alan, to help show that she was worthy of the special status he had granted her. He was flaccid though, so she set to work changing that.

Only a couple of minutes after Kim had rolled off of him, Heather crawled up the bed, dragging her mighty orbs all over his skin. She cooed, "Alan, Sir," - she shot Kim a superior look as she said that - "it's true. I am your Bitchslut. I love that word! I don't care what you say, my body does belong to you. Others may borrow it, but you own it. Especially my ass! Do I not have the best ass? Am I not the best assfuck you've ever had? Take my ass!"

She got so worked up over her ass that she quickly flipped around and shoved her ass up towards his face. That put her chest over his groin, so she pushed her tits together then slid his only slightly turgid penis into her cleavage.

Alan thought to himself, No, Heather, as a matter of fact you're not even close to my favorite ass or favorite assfuck. Amy is the "ass queen" now. But of course I can't let you know that or you'd probably rip her hair out. Instead, he said, "I'll admit, you do have a nice and strong, powerfully toned muscular ass, my blonde anal Amazon, but it's not my absolute favorite and you definitely have room for improvement if you want to become my number one ideal ass. The problem is, you cover it up too much with your conservative clothes."

Janice, Joy, and Kim all snickered at that, but luckily the Stop Making Sense soundtrack still blared and covered up the fact that some of the laughs were coming from inside the closet.

He went on, "Heather, if you have such a nice ass, you need to show it off. Why do you cover it at all, even with butt floss? From now on, you should cut off the backs of all your skirts, shorts, and jeans. No panties, nothing. You should go to school completely bare-assed."

"Oh my GOD!" Heather nearly screamed. She was extremely aroused by the idea. If there was one thing she loved as much as all things anal, it was public exhibitionism, so the thought of exposing her ass in public was beyond fantastic. She was so aroused that she dropped down and licked Alan's flaccid penis, still covered with a condom and Kim's juices. She surprised even herself by pulling the condom off with her teeth, then she licked his penis clean as it slowly rebounded back to full size.

Alan's words were exciting himself too, and he even found enough strength returning to run his hands over Heather's trembling ass cheeks, which were still inches from his face. He said, "Heather, what if I'm walking down the halls in school and I see you, and I feel the urge to fuck your ass then and there? I don't want to bother even flipping a skirt out of the way, and I certainly don't want to waste time pulling panties aside. Your only role is to bend over, touch your toes, and present me with a lubed up asshole whenever I see you."

"God YES! Alan, Sir, please! No more talking! Fuck me now! Take my ass, NOW! Dammit! Do it!" Mere cocksucking wasn't enough to show her excitement; she began frantically pumping Alan's revived erection through her cleavage, and licking the tip as it popped through.

He continued to explain, while mauling her ass cheeks and probing her pussy and asshole as if he owned them, "However, there's a problem. From now on, your ass is usually going to be stuffed with plastic cock. I think that in the future we should only use the kind that sticks out for many inches. That way, everyone will know you're my butt slut. You won't be able to sit down in class because of this giant Bitch Trainer sticking out of your naked ass all day. You'll have to stand in front of the class, facing the chalkboard, showing off your completely exposed, dildo-stuffed ass to everyone! It may make it hard for anyone to focus on the teacher, especially as you'll constantly flex your butt cheeks and bend over, but that's how it goes. Of course, everyone will lust after your ass if they don't already, but only those on the S-Club list will be allowed to touch it."

"But what if... what if others want to touch it anyways?" Heather asked, breathless with excitement as she vividly imagined his scenario.

"Of course all kinds of people will grope you there and elsewhere all day long, but maybe if I put a big tattoo on one ass cheek that says 'Alan's' and another tattoo on the other that says 'Bitchslut', that might cut back a bit on the random fingering of your pussy and asshole." bender

Heather turned around so she could look Alan in the face. Surprisingly, there were tears rolling down her cheeks. "Alan, Sir, please! For the love of God, fuck me now! If you keep talking so sexy like that, I... I can't take it! I can't take it!" She whimpered and her whole body shivered with pure lust. She couldn't

believe how much the idea of having a large tattoo proclaiming Alan's ownership of her ass turned her on. It repelled her greatly too, but that was a big reason why it aroused her.

Meanwhile, back in the closet, Sean was amazed to find that he'd re-grown his erection almost as quickly as Alan did. Sean had already cum twice whereas Alan had cum only once, and Sean never, ever, recovered this quickly. But Heather had a special, spellbinding effect on him. He'd always been focused on her breasts (although he loved her ass too), but all this talk of her walking down the busy school halls with a skirt on her front half but nothing covering her ass was rapidly turning him into more of an ass man. The fact that her ass was right there in front of him, constantly squirming and flexing as if prowling the air, searching for something to be impaled upon, helped matters considerably.

He heard some urgent whispering between Joy and Janice, right behind his head.

Suddenly Janice turned him 90 degrees so he was staring at Joy's back. She whispered, "Joy won the bet. She gets to be fucked first. For some reason, we're both in the mood for anal so bad all of a sudden, but we don't know how. We need Alan to show us how to take a cock that way for the first time, I'm sorry. But that means you get to do her doggy-style instead."

Joy was on all fours now, pressed in the narrow space between the clothing and the closet door. Janice pushed Sean to his knees, rolled a condom onto his cock, and then used her hands to feed his cock into Joy's steamy pussy.

But Janice herself was so turned on that she continued to stroke and fondle his thick and sticky erection for quite a long time, and in fact seemed unwilling to give it up. The only reason she eventually relented and pushed his boner into Joy's hole was because Joy was starting to make annoyed moans, and Janice worried about Heather overhearing them.

Finally, Sean was in. However, the prospect of fucking the sexy brunette cheerleader only held but a fraction of his attention. He turned his head and plastered his eyes to the slats so he could see what was happening with Heather. Now that he was on his knees, he was nearly level with Heather's ass, wiggling just a few feet in front of him. He could make out every single bead of sweat and drop of girl-cum so clearly that he could almost taste her skin.

Janice did not have to worry about Heather overhearing anything - Heather was completely insane with her lusty anal desires.

Alan leaned over Heather and got into a doggy-style position of his own, with their butts pointed towards the closet. As he lined up his big erection with her asshole, he said matter-of-factly, "The other problem with keeping you stuffed with a Bitch Trainer like that is we've got to get that out quickly if the urge to fuck your ass suddenly hits me. So Simone will have to be with you at all times. She's your official dildo mistress, as you know. She's also pretty muscular and athletic, so she can help fend off all the gang rapists from getting to you ... most of the time. Of course we'll have to let them win a couple of times a day at least, or it would just be too cruel on the guys. And if she walks around topless, that'll help divert some attention from your ass. In fact, you should walk around topless too, so there will be crowds in front of AND behind you wherever you go."

The more outrageous his fantasies, the more she loved them. She shrieked, "Oh, Sir! If you don't fuck my ass this very instant, I'm going to die! DIE! PLEEEAAASE!"

Alan finally showed some mercy. His cock was drenched with cum and pre-cum, so he rammed it into her with one big push. He was surprised to find that her sphincter was still remarkably tight despite the fact that such a big dildo had been inside her all day. Yet she was still nowhere near as tight as Amy. He was able to get it all in with one massive and (for Heather) very painful push.

Heather screamed as if she was being split in two. There was an incredible agony in her voice, as if she'd just been branded with a hot iron.

Alan worried that he might have really hurt her and caused Heather's ass to bleed. However, he needn't have worried so much because Heather had an unusually strong and muscular ass that could take a tremendous amount of abuse. At the same time, her voice carried the unmistakable sound of pure ecstasy. As her cries continued, less pain could be heard, and more pleasure.

Her whole body convulsed and shuddered as her asshole rippled powerfully up and down, all along and around his deeply embedded erection, as a great orgasmic wave of deep anal fulfillment washed over her.

Alan had only gotten hard a few minutes before, but he very nearly lost it from the way her ass kept clenching and squeezing his entire cock in unexpected ways. At times it felt as if his dick would be completely crushed, but it "hurt so good". Finally, Heather's tremendous anal climax ended and her body fell back and to the side, taking the still-attached Alan down with her and crashing him into the closet door on the way down.

Alan's ass only lightly banged the closet door as they collapsed together, but it was enough to cause Janice and Joy to scream in surprise (Sean yelled as well, but that muffled sound could hardly be heard by anyone).

Alan and the rest thought that their ruse had been discovered by Heather for sure, but Heather was so out of it that, if asked at that moment what her name was, she wouldn't have had a clue. The screaming of very close female voices registered in her head at some level, but her brain wasn't really capable of thinking about anything beyond her butt at the moment.

He was also too overcome to do much. He thought about pulling his cock out just to rest a while, but that took more energy than leaving it where it was inside her. Besides, the aftershocks of Heather's anal orgasm were still rumbling through her, and they felt so good to him that he wouldn't miss them for anything, so he left his still hard pole in her. Although he hadn't actually cum himself, he felt like he'd just had one of the best orgasms of his life.

Chapter 1033 Fucking Heather Continued

Several long minutes passed. The Talking Heads album was coming to an end and the song "Take Me to The River" was playing. For a while, Alan lost himself in the music, singing along: "Take me to the river. Wash me in the water. Dip me in the river. Washin' me down" He was loving life, even though his body was surprisingly exhausted. The only other sounds he could hear were a gentle, rhythmic thumping coming from the closet behind him, and the pounding of his own heart.

All of a sudden Heather began talking in a voice that was nearly a mad rant. "You see? You see what I mean?! Everybody thinks I'm crazy. 'What happened to the old Heather?' Why do I let myself get pushed around? Why am I LOSING?! I never lose! But how can I resist that kind of assfuck? It's like a drug. Like the most addictive crack imaginable except it's my ass crack!"

She burst into delirious laughter at this minor joke, and laughed so loud and so long that Alan half-worried that she was really losing her mind. He wasn't even sure if she'd been talking to him, or herself, or what.

Then, just as suddenly, she turned her head back around to look at Alan and said, "Alan! Sir! Bitchslut Heather reporting for buttfucking duty. Sir!" She gave him a military salute, and then laughed a bit more, giddy as a little schoolgirl and not her usual bitchy self. "Will crush cocks for cum, Sir!" she

enthusiastically added. Her asshole rippled and throbbed with powerful muscular contractions all around his deeply imbedded cock. bender

The strength of the pressure she exerted caught Alan by surprise.

He had never seen her so happy and carefree. It was as if all her walls and facades had seemingly come down all at once. At first she seemed crazy, but she passed through that and now she seemed kind, loving, and just plain adorable. She wore a very silly grin with the pure innocent emotion of a little child.

"It's just my gut feeling, but I seriously believe that there's a loving and wonderful Heather in there, somewhere, trying to get out." As he looked at her, he heard his own words from that morning echo through his mind. Wow. I guessed right... and what a wonderful woman she is. I can hardly believe it!

Meanwhile, Sean continued to plow into Joy with abandon, still going doggy-style, and flopped over her with his hands behind his back.

Janice had tried her best to get involved, but had some trouble since she was facing his back. But after a little while she'd knelt and used one hand to alternately feed Sean's cock in and out of Joy, or play with his balls. Her other hand worked on her own clit and pussy.

The only problem Sean faced was that he wanted to watch Heather in action more than anything, but couldn't always keep his face near the slats, since he couldn't move his hands or arms. But he caught enough. He was especially transfixed by the sight of Heather in her post-orgasmic glow. In fact, seeing her like that was almost an epiphany.

He thought, as if struck by a religious vision, Yes. That's her. The girl of my dreams! The Heather I've known all along. The pure Heather. The good Heather. MY Heather! Thank you, Alan! I don't know about what you did with her before, but I forgive it all now for giving me the chance to see this unforgettable sight.

Sean was so overcome with euphoria and a renewed sense of purpose to make Heather his very own that he very nearly forgot he was in a fuck sandwich between two cheerleaders. The pleasure they were giving him was almost incidental. Luckily, his hips and cock were able to run on autopilot, because his mental focus was almost entirely devoted to Heather.

Heather, with Alan's cock still deep in her hungrily clutching ass, raised her top half up on her forearms and looked around the room as if trying to figure out where she was. Her eyes fell on Kim, sitting on the floor next to the bed. Both Alan and Heather had temporarily forgotten Kim was there.

Kim sat naked, basking in her own self-induced orgasmic glow. She seemed quite content to quietly watch and listen.

Heather took Kim's presence in stride and said, "Kim! Did you see that? Alan just gave me one of the most mind-blowing orgasms of my entire life, and all he did was put his dick in me! He didn't even move it around or anything. That's still coming up! Can you believe it? He did it all with anticipation. All that talk about me walking around bare-assed. Fuck! I'm getting so hot just thinking about it again, not to mention this giant tree trunk still plugging my ass. I'm in heaven!" She arched her back and stretched languidly, while her ass rippled and pulsed strongly with pleasure around Alan's imprisoned cock.

Kim looked a bit wistful. "I know. I saw it. I heard it. It was amazing. I just wish someone would say those kinds of things about me and my ass, but I'm still so bony back there."

Alan, being the chivalrous guy that he was, kindly said to Kim, "You're still growing into your body. Heather's a little older than you, and she's matured faster, but you'll catch up. You know as well as I do that getting on the cheerleading squad isn't so much a matter of skill as it's a matter of beauty, so that makes you one of the very most beautiful girls out of the one thousand plus girls here in this school."

Heather replied before Kim could. "A great fucker AND a gentleman. I WANT this man! Alan. Sir. Your Bitchslut's ass is ready for a good solid pounding. Ready for buttfucking whenever you are, Sir." She pulled herself and Alan back up into a better fucking position.

Kim smiled at Alan and stood up to put on some more music, given that the Talking Heads album had just ended.

Back in the closet, Sean's mouth hung agape. He couldn't square the new vision of the "angelic" Heather he'd just caught a glimpse of with the words she'd just uttered and what she was doing. It appeared that only her face had changed; her mind was as wanton and sinful as ever. Then, as Alan began to rhythmically thrust into Heather's ass, to her obvious and very vocal delight, it really hit home to Sean that another man was fucking his dream girl while he was merely secretly watching. He suddenly felt ashamed that he was fucking someone else, and he nearly went flaccid in Joy's pussy. Nearly, but not quite: what Joy and Janice were doing together was simply too arousing for his body not to respond.

As Alan and Heather picked up the pace of their fucking, Alan called Heather dirty names more and more enthusiastically as his energy level began to surge.

Heather replied with even more enthusiasm. The two words of the day seemed to be Alan's new invention, "Bitchslut," and "Sir." Heather positively loved the word "Sir", now that she knew it was a word for her alone. She was saying it seemingly every other word. In her mind, "Sir" definitely needed to be capitalized. She even pulled her ponytail out of its tie so as to whip her hair around with increasing energy and excitement as she thrashed her hips in time with Alan's penetrating thrusts.

For instance, he cried out, "Bitchslut, why did God give you those tits?"

"For you, Sir, only for you!" she replied. (Both of them conveniently forgot that in fact her breasts had been surgically augmented.)

Then he cried out, "Why did God give you your hot cunt?"

"For you, Sir! So you can poke your huge cock in it, all day long!"

Bringing up a lingering sore point, he asked, "But I thought I was a 'mere nerd?'" That reminded him that Sean was there and probably listening in. However, he was too excited to tone down his sexual talk.

Surprisingly, she replied, "You ARE! But that's GOOD! Nerds are smart, and you're smart! Nerds rule! Now, rule my ass!"

He was pleasantly surprised at that response and laughed out loud. Then he thrust into her even harder than before.

Every so often, Heather would ram her ass back onto Alan's stiff cock and shake, rattle, and roll through another anal orgasm while he flexed his PC muscle. Afterwards, they'd change positions and start fucking again, sometimes even before she had recovered. His control and stamina seemed almost inhuman in the face of her sexual demands as he rode her on the bed, off the bed, while he was pinned against the wall, then pinning her against the wall, and all around the room. The two of them were practically insatiable. She just couldn't stop cumming.

Kim had revived and could have joined in, but Alan and Heather were so involved with each other that it didn't feel right to her to butt in. She merely kicked back and enjoyed watching them fuck up a storm.

Before long, Sean found himself feeling very depressed. Partially, he was sad and hurt at seeing the insults given and so gratefully received. But more than that, it struck him that Alan was extremely talented at sex. At first, he was filled with bravado, and thought, Alan, you think you're so good, but I'll show you! When Heather makes love to me then she's going to know what pleasure really is, because I'm the one who really loves her. I'll be just like Darth Vader telling Obi-Wan Kenobi, "When I left you, I was but the learner. Now I am the master."

Sean hoped to buoy himself with those words, but instead they just made him feel worse, and he actually broke into tears for the first time in years. No. Who am I trying to fool? This isn't some fucking movie; this is my best friend really fucking MY Heather! I've been learning so much this last week, mostly thanks to Xania, but there's no way I can compete with that. He knows exactly how to hit every single one of Heather's buttons, as if he can read her mind. I'll never be able to please her as well as he's pleased her today. There's no way! All that talk about him owning her body isn't just talk - it's really true! He's playing her like a master musician playing a violin. She clearly loves him in some weird way, and she still barely knows I'm alive! She'll never be mine. Never!

He sighed as the tears rolled down his cheeks. But on the other hand, she'll never really be Alan's either. She had dozens of partners before she even met him! She IS a wanton slut! Look at her! All the names he's calling her are true! But I don't care. I love her! I know it'll only give me pain and sorrow, but I'm going to keep on loving my beautiful angel Bitchslut whore no matter what!

Sean's body seemed to be acting as though it was completely divorced from his mind. His cock kept fucking even as he cried and felt sorry for himself. His cum finally erupted into Joy (though, actually, into the condom he was wearing).

He was relieved the sex was over, for him at least. He didn't want to be with Joy or Janice anymore and didn't want to see or hear Alan and Heather anymore either, although Heather's seemingly incessant cries of anal pleasure made that rather difficult.

He cried out into his gag so much after the sex was over that eventually Joy responded and pulled the gag away. She could see he was still crying, so she and Janice took turns French kissing him.

That distracted him enough that his tears stopped flowing, but his heartrending sorrow remained.

Sean whispered to the two cheerleaders that he needed his arms free.

Together they managed to take the ropes off. They could see he'd been crying and asked in whispers what was wrong, but he didn't reply.

He'd wanted to do so many things with his hands, earlier, but now that they were free his spirit was low and all he did was stretch his arms and hands to get the blood flowing again. Then he put his hands over his ears so he wouldn't have to hear any more of Heather continually begging Alan to pound her insatiably needy asshole.

Sean had as much as he could take, and still his dream girl kept thrusting her butt onto another man's hard erection and grinding her hips into him with lustful abandon, obviously with no intention of stopping anytime soon. The fact that Kim had picked another lively album to play (Sly and the Family Stone's greatest hits) at least helped to drown out the sounds of hot and heavy sex, but that was small comfort for him.

Finally, at long last, the end came as Alan and Heather climaxed together. Alan once again made a point of pulling out of her, painting her straining butt cheeks with his seed while her recently vacated butt continued convulsing in a powerful orgasm, completely overwhelming her senses.

Sean couldn't help but hear yet more orgasmic yelling coming from the bed as their climaxes seemed to go on and on forever. But even that too eventually faded away, and then there was nothing but songs like "Everyday People" and "Stand." The happy mood of the songs seemed cruelly ironic to him.

Heather ended up falling again, and wound up on the floor this time. She sat up against a wall for a while, silent, letting the intensity of the shattering experience wash over her as she panted for air. She'd never felt so drained or so profoundly satisfied in her life.

She thought, Good God, if I wasn't an anal addict before, I sure am now! Nobody's ever made me feel like that before. Fucking hell, he pounded my hole but good.

She felt a deep sense of contentment radiating outwards from the sexual heat still burning inside her well fucked ass. Now if only he'd flood my ass with that delicious cum of his, life would be perfect. Her internal muscles pulsed and throbbed in eager endorsement of that idea.

Joy and Janice continued to kiss Sean and try to cheer him up. They were slowly making progress, although he was still flaccid.

But the three froze when they heard Heather say in a loud but weary voice, "By the way, Sir, what's all that noise I've been hearing coming from the closet? Is it just my imagination, Sir? I vaguely recall even hearing some screaming from in there while you and I were busy. Now that I think about it, I'm almost sure of it."

She got up off of the floor onto her own unsteady legs and began weakly trying to pull the bed away from the closet door so she could open it.

But then Alan got up too (he was none too steady either while standing up) and whispered in her ear. Remarkably, he said something that made her abandon her efforts.

Alan, Kim, and Heather walked out of the room together a short time later, although Alan and Heather more staggered and wobbled than walked.

Chapter 1035 Revelation Of Sean!

Some minutes passed, and then Alan and Kim came back into Kim's bedroom. They moved the bed the rest of the way away from the closet.

Alan said to the closet door, "Heather's gone now. You can come out."

Sean, Joy, and Janice opened the door together, and they all stumbled out into the bright light of the room. The three of them seemed dazed, especially Sean, and for a minute or two they just stretched and adjusted to the light while saying a few things like, "Wow," and "Crazy shit."

Then Sean stood before Alan and stared into his eyes. He said, "Man, I don't know. I don't know if I should punch you or hug you or praise you or kill you or what. My heart was pounding like a jackhammer nearly the whole time. I don't know if I'll EVER recover from that. What a mind-fuck! And other kinds of fucks!"

He stared at Alan some more, then impulsively gave him a hug. But both of them were naked, and as they realized this fact they jerked away from each other, ending the hug nearly before it began.

Alan sat down on the floor and leaned back against the bed, exhausted, while Sean flopped on the bed and the others plopped down and collapsed elsewhere in the room. Sean covered his crotch up with the corner of a bed sheet, but Alan had been naked far too often lately to bother with covering up.

Alan said wearily, "Sean, I know you must be confused right now. This is like shock therapy. You saw how much of a slut Heather truly is. But did you see the good side of her, too? I did. It comes out sometimes when her ass is full. I know that sounds crazy, but it's true."

"I did! I saw it," Sean enthused, happy to be talking about that positive point. "And I can't wait to make her feel that way and bring that out of her. But dude. Why did you trap me in there with Joy and Janice? That was seriously over the top."

Alan looked around to Joy and Janice. Both of them had broad smiles. It was clear they'd had a good time.

Then he focused his attention back on Sean. "My friend, are you telling me you didn't enjoy that? Don't even answer. I can see from your face and all the sweat and cum on everybody that you had a good time. That was all part of the plan. I just want everyone to be happy. Oh. And before I forget, I explained to Heather as she and I were walking out just now that Janice and Joy were in the closet and were getting off on just watching. She knew someone was in there, so I had to say something. Clever girl that she is, she'll look for and find Janice's car on the street, but she doesn't know what your bike looks like as she hardly knows you at all, so she'll have no idea a guy was in there too."

"Wait a minute," Sean said. "Is it true what Janice told me about some kind of list? You're at the top and Heather's at the bottom?"

Joy added, "Yeah. Is that true? Or is that just a sexy turn-on like Heather not covering her ass in school?"

bender

Alan replied, "It's true, if you all want it to be. I've been giving this a lot of consideration, figuring out how to keep Heather on the path to some kind of correction. I think it'll work better as a team effort. She needs her pride broken, so the more you all sexually use and abuse her, the better. Plus, this way, as a sexual team, we don't have to worry about sexual diseases."

He didn't add that really a key reason for his new list idea was the football team attacks on him and the need to gain allies to fight back. That explanation would come later, once they got used to the list idea.

Janice asked, "But what about Joy's boyfriend, Dean? And what if I want to have a boyfriend? I have one more often than not. Or Kim? Or Simone?"

Alan explained, "Dean doesn't know yet, but Joy told me that they have an open relationship." He looked to Joy for confirmation and she nodded. "That's one lucky thing that would make this work. I'm sure Dean is going to be very pleased with the setup, given the male-female ratio in the S-Club and the quality of the females involved."

He winked, and the girls gave a bashful but pleased reaction. "Anyone else can play the field to find their own serious boyfriend, but if you get to the point in heavy petting where you could transmit a sexual disease, no matter how tiny the odds or the contraception used, stop there. Only take the next step if you think it's going to be a really serious relationship and if you think the person would be into an open relationship. Then the rest of us should vote on if that new guy or girl should join. And I have veto power, because I feel like it. Does everyone agree to that?"

Alan looked around the room, and watched the three girls and Sean nod.

Then Joy asked, "But what if I have plans to have sex with my boyfriend Dean, and you come along and want to fuck me right then?"

"Then Dean will have to wait. Dean may be your boyfriend, but as long as you're in the S-Club, I have top control of your body and will do with it what I like. If you have a problem with that, you can always leave. But that's not likely to happen very often. I'm very busy. Anyways, if you had a chance to fuck Dean or me, who would you pick?"

Joy blushed as she lay back on one of the couches and recalled the intensity of her recent fucking. "You. Hands down."

Alan winked at Joy. "See? Non-issue."

Sean, rather bewildered by all of this, said, "Dude, Alan, when did you get so, well, cocky? You used to be Mr. Go-with-the-Flow. And now you're like, 'I have veto power, because I feel like it.' It's just strange."

"Sean, believe me, I'm not naturally like this. I'm not some kind of hedonist at all. I just keep getting drawn into more and more sexual stuff because, well, I don't really know why it happens, but these things keep happening to me. Things come my way, and it's too pleasurable to say no. But as long as all this is happening, there needs to be some kind of order. The only way it'll work is if I take charge, so I'm taking charge. Believe me, I'm NOT happy about this. It's a struggle, a constant struggle. With Heather, it's an all out war, and I have to win every single battle, or I'll end up HER bitch."

Recalling what he'd learned at lunch, he added, "I think the only way I've managed to stay on top until now is that I had no clue about just how powerful she is in the school. If I'd have known, I probably never would have dared to touch her in the first place. I just thought she was a hot bitch. Literally."

Kim commented, "Alan, you're the alpha male now. Not just kind of, but all the way. You've even handled the likes of Heather, which shows you can get any girl you want. And with a troop of apes, the alpha male gets all the females, doesn't he?"

"Yes," Alan admitted, "but I don't want to be fending off challengers for the rest of my life." The desk painting incident from earlier was naturally at the forefront of his mind as he said this. "I just want peace, stability, and happiness. I need the support of guys like Sean and Dean, and the support of all of you. I want to keep everyone so happy that they'll never want another arrangement. Sean, I'm really hoping that you'll be able to take Heather off my hands, because frankly, she's my biggest problem right now, although I do have others." The scratches on his knee and elbow were an easy reminder of another big problem for him.

Janice joked, "You want peace, stability, happiness, oh... and your own high school harem of primo pussy." I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

Everyone laughed. But then Alan said, "True, but also not true. I'm getting extremely primo pussy back in my neighborhood, what with Amy next door, some amazing older women nearby, a new sexy woman with tits out to here" - he held his hands far out in front of his chest - "who seems to want to be my slave, and all kinds of other stuff."

Alan continued, "Frankly, I'm looking more to change to a kind of emeritus status with this S-Club group. I need to focus more on my core group."

"Emeritus?" Joy asked, perplexed.

"That means like I'm kicked upstairs to a more symbolic post and I leave the day to day running of things to others." He looked at Sean significantly. "I'll just come by once in a while to see how things are going. Maybe poke around a bit." He winked to let everyone know he intended the double meaning of "poke around".

Janice joked, "Boy, Alan, you really have it tough. 'Sir.'" She said the latter in an excellent parody of Heather's voice.

Alan said a bit defensively, "I don't know why everyone enjoys having sex with me so much, but they do, so I'm going to enjoy it to the max while I can."

Janice snorted in disbelief. "Sheesh! That's a hard one to figure. Joy, can you possibly imagine why girls like to get fucked by this guy?"

Joy joked, "I think it's his haircut."

Kim laughed. "Yeah. Definitely his haircut." She made air quotes around the word haircut because his hair, while fairly short, was quite unruly.

Alan conceded, "So I like sex and I'm good at it. Is that so wrong? Maybe I'm being a bit greedy, but I want everyone to enjoy themselves and have fun, and no big psychodramas or heartbreaks. That's why I'm taking a firm hand, to prevent chaos. You all are free to walk away at any time. I don't want to force anyone to do anything. I'm just trying to make it too much fun for anyone to want to stop."

There was silence for a while.

Alan was contemplating his various sexual "burdens" and risks.

Sean was mostly thinking about Alan's comment that he needed Sean to take care of Heather. He was still in a wistful mood thinking about his shattered perception of Heather, and the possibility of sex with others seemed unreal and unimportant at the moment.

The girls, to varying degrees, were wondering why they couldn't be the alpha female, and what that would be like if they could.

Then Janice, who had the most feisty personality of the three girls, asked Alan, "Why is it Sean and Dean are a level above all the girls? I mean, for one thing, Dean and Joy are boyfriend-girlfriend."

"Good question. The way I figure, below my level, there are two guys and five girls. Six girls, if you count Amy, but I hope it goes without saying that she's only allowed to take part if I'm the only guy or there's no guy. Seven, if my sister wants to take part in all-girl activity."

He lied, to deflect any suspicion of incest, "But she's so prudish and straight that I can't imagine that happening." He continued, "So it's simple supply and demand. If the sexual ratio gets more even, then we'll come to a new arrangement. Dean and Joy can do whatever they want together, but Dean has to share Joy in order to enjoy the other girls. Joy has told me he'll be more than willing to do that, won't he?"

Joy nodded, but before she could reply, Kim blurted out, "I think you've more than earned the top spot, Alan. You just gave me the fuck of my life, and then you turned around and nearly fucked Heather to death! No offense, Sean, I like you a lot, but Alan's on top. That's just a fact. That's simple supply and demand, too."

Janice agreed with a nod, and added, "Not to mention stuff like having Joy and I hide in the closet and surprise Sean. That was so much fun once we got past the boring waiting part, but who else would think up and actually implement something like that except Alan? But Alan, I just hope you're not too serious about this emeritus thing."

"Yeah!" Kim agreed. "Alan, you control our pussies now. But we're going to get restless and the whole thing will fall apart if you don't 'poke around' here quite a lot." She wanted to say much more about her feelings for Alan, which were growing daily, but she restrained herself because she didn't want to say too much in front of the others.

Alan looked a bit pained. "I'll try. I never wanted or expected to be alpha anything. I fear that I've gotten too greedy and involved with too many women, and this is all going to blow up in my face someday soon. I do need to lower my profile for a while. Listen. I'm opening up and laying it all out on the table here. Anyone here could screw it up and ruin it for everyone. I'm relying on your trust and your discretion, not to mention your own self-interest. Let's not blow a good thing. I need allies, and I need your support to keep our special sex club alive."

There were more nods. But everyone was too tired to talk much, or even move. They all just lay there for a while, stretched out and naked.

After a while everyone started to revive, except for Alan. With so many naked, attractive, and horny teens in one room, all with most of the afternoon left to kill, the prospect of more sex was a near certainty.

But Alan didn't want any part of it, as he was saving himself for his mother. He knew Susan would be waiting, ready to give him a very warm welcome home from school. So he said to the others, "I hate to be a killjoy, but I really need to take a nap and rest up a bit before I go home. My energy level is crashing. Kim, can I go sleep in another room?"

Kim nodded.

Alan stood up. "The afternoon is still young for the rest of you. Maybe the three of you would like to get to know Sean a little bit better. Or each other, for that matter." He winked at Sean.

Sean really wanted to talk at length with Alan in private; he felt like crying in despair, and also for joy at the same time. Mostly, he couldn't get the image of the radiant "good" Heather out of his mind, and he didn't know what to do about those feelings. But Alan looked wiped out, so he decided to save that talk for later.

Alan made his way to the only other bedroom in the house and lay down to rest. He closed his eyes and began to drift off after a few minutes, but then it occurred to him that he should set an alarm to make sure he didn't sleep too long. So he roused himself and went back to Kim's room to ask for an alarm clock.

But when he looked into Kim's room, he immediately began to reconsider his nap plan.

Sean was literally smothered in female flesh. The whole group had hit a second wind, and they were going at it with abandon. Sean was fucking Janice with a steady rhythm, while the lightweight Kim was draped over his back like a fur coat, her hands roaming all over him, and Joy was feeding one of her nipples into Sean's mouth.

Janice noticed Alan watching before anyone else did, since she happened to be facing the doorway. She said, panting, "Alan, we need help! Look at all these holes that need filling! Have you ever done a double penetration on a girl with another guy? I think I need to be your first customer. Look at my mouth. It needs a filling of sweet cock-meat. Forget that silly nap. Take me right here, right now! Or do me in the ass while Sean fills my pussy. Come on!"

Alan wavered.

Sean pulled away from sucking on Joy's nipples and said, "The girl does make a persuasive case. Come on, mi amigo. If you don't help out, these three are going to kill me with their loving!"

"Well..." Alan said hesitantly, his resolve weakening by the second. "I suppose one little blowjob never hurt anyone. God knows I'm a sucker for blowjobs. But I really don't have time to linger. I have some important things going on at home."

"Mmmm hmm," Janice replied with an amused voice. "We'll see about that. Now come on over here. I imagine a stud like you has had a double blowjob lots of times. But have you ever had three tongues on your prick at once?"

"Ooooooh," Alan said, smiling broadly now as he relished that possibility. "The girl does make a persuasive case indeed." He closed the door behind him and stepped forward towards the pile of tangled flesh.

Chapter 1036 Susan Finds Cocksucking So Calming.!!

Susan was folding laundry when the telephone rang. She was wearing nothing but a sexy apron in anticipation of Alan arriving home. She rushed to the living room, where the nearest receiver was, holding her barely supported breasts to keep them from bouncing all over. She stopped and picked up the phone, but left an arm underneath her hefty rack. "Plummer residence."

"Susan! My mistress Susan! Thank God!" It was Brenda. Her voice sounded panicky.

"Hi Brenda. Is there something wrong?"

"Oh, it's horrible! Just horrible! I'm so horny and frustrated and there's not a damn thing I can do about it!"

Susan smiled. Apparently there was no real emergency, just the usual hunger for cock that afflicted everyone in Alan's harem. "Why not?"

Brenda whimpered. "You know why! I hate to sound the tiniest bit like an ungrateful slave, but it's so hard not being allowed into your house on Tuesdays. I've been climbing up the walls all day! Furthermore, I'll have to wait aaaalll the way until tomorrow night before I can tell Master Alan that I'm going to fully dedicate my life to sexually serving him and his family. It's torture! Pure torture!"

She squealed in agonized distress, "I need his thick fuckmeat in me this very instant or I'm going to DIE!"

Susan said sympathetically, "I know exactly how you feel. Exactly! Especially the craving for a long pounding of thick Alan fuckmeat; after you've had it once, it's a constant craving that never dies." She clenched and unclenched her exposed ass cheeks as she savored that thought.

"I know! I have that craving already!" Brenda wailed in frustration.

"Yeah, well, that's because he's fucked you good! Just wait until AFTER he starts pumping your hot cunt to overflowing on a regular basis. You think you're suffering now? Ha!"

"But I AM suffering!" Brenda whined.

Susan said more sympathetically, "I know. Just hang in there."

"But it's HARD!" Brenda whined some more.

"It IS! And thick and long and tasty, too!" Susan joked. It was hardly the most original joke in the world, but it cracked both of them up.

That eased Brenda's tension some, so Susan continued more seriously, "Today hasn't been the best of days for me either. Even though it's a Tuesday, here it is, nearly four o'clock, and my son hasn't deposited a single load on me or in me, or practically even near me! Angel got to sleep with him all night last night and got a big deposit of his morning sperm load to boot, and then he rushed off to fuck some high school pussy before classes started. Then last night he said something about having an SA-Club meeting after school, which is mostly a collection of cheerleaders and other hotties dedicated to servicing his penis. And naturally, 'SA' stands for 'Servicing Alan!'"

Brenda already knew about the SA-Club and what the 'SA' stood for, due to her frequent phone calls with Susan, but she loved being reminded about it just the same. "OH MY LORD! That's so exciting!"

"I know! How can I resist a boy who has all the sexiest, bustiest girls in school under his heel?"

"You can't, Susan; you can't! Oh Jesus! I'm... I'm... I'm playing with myself already! Not that it's even slightly surprising, knowing him! I'd be surprised if he DIDN'T have a collection of big-titted hotties at his beck and call at school! How do you think he does it?" bender

Susan was bursting with pride as she theorized, "Well, I imagine he scouts the school for the sexiest girls he can find. You know, the ones with the sultry faces, curvy and fit bodies, and of course the hugest, shapeliest tits. Then, when he finds a new one, he'll invite her to the SA-Club without explaining what that means. She'll go, thinking it's some kind of extracurricular club that she can use to pad her resume and get into a good college. Only she'll show up and find my Tiger in the center of a bevy of naked busty babes, all taking turns on his cock!"

Brenda interrupted. "Oh God, oh God! That's HOT! She'll be shocked, but she'll see there's no way to resist!" Without realizing it, she started speaking as if this new recruit was her. "The other girls will all rip my clothes off and tie my hands behind my back! Then, naked and on my knees, I'll be forced to suck Master Alan's magnificent prick while the others all stand around and watch! At first I'll resist, but soon I'll be slurping and stroking it like my life depends on it! They'll all groan with desire as he shoots a big load of his tasty cream down my throat!"

Susan moaned agreeably. "Mmmm! Yes! So tasty!" She pinched a stiff nipple while she repeatedly swallowed.

Brenda enthused, "But that'll just be the beginning! Since I'm the new recruit, he's gotta fully break me in! Break my spirit, break my will to resist! He'll take me in every hole, totally taming my body, my mind, and my SOUL!"

With fingers pulling on her clit, Brenda was rapidly approaching orgasm. But she suddenly remembered that she was on the phone with Susan, and added in a sheepish tone, "Um, at least, that's what I think would happen. Is that what happens?"

Susan chuckled, even though she too was busy frigging herself and getting close to her own climax "I noticed you changed that from talking about a girl to talking about you."

That embarrassed Brenda, but she said, "Well, it could be me, couldn't it? ... Hey! Do you think he'd let me join a meeting like that? For real?!"

"You could ask, but I really doubt it. Anyway, I don't really know what happens at these SA-Club meetings, but I have to assume it's something like what you described. After all, who could resist? Who would WANT to resist?"

"Not me!"

Susan sighed. "But there's a downside in having such a studly son, when my pussy and nipples, and heck, my entire body, throbs with need waiting for him to come home. Who knows how much teen twat he'll be fucking for how long before he finally gets around to me? And on a Tuesday!"

"God, that's so HOT!" Brenda wailed with excitement. "He's totally putting you in your place, isn't he? Making you wait, making you beg, even on your special day!"

"He IS!" Susan agreed, finding her frustration highly exciting and arousing when it was put that way. Her fingers pulled on her nub and she gasped, "I'm gonna cum!"

Brenda gasped, "Me too! I'm totally WET already! I'm soaked! He's such a stud! He's... he's... Well, I can't even put into words what he is and what that does to me. 'Stud' just doesn't cut it!"

"I know, Brenda, and I agree one thousand percent! How can I stay angry at him when he's just so sexually overpowering? I just have to do what I'm told, and so do you! There needs to be a better word than just 'stud.'"

Brenda breathlessly suggested, "What about 'fuck lord'?!"

"I appreciate your enthusiasm, but let's not get sacreligious." "I think you should take a look at pandorasnovel.com

"No, not THAT kind of lord, I mean 'the lord of the manor' kind of lord. As in lords and ladies."

Susan's face brightened. "Oh! Right! I like the sound of that!"

"Yes! Master Alan! My Fuck Lord!" In Brenda's mind the words were capitalized. "Can you imagine him saying, 'I am your lord and master?!'" She shivered lustily, because the phrase "lord and master" held an extra erotic thrill for her.

"OOOH!" Susan shivered lustily as well. She'd heard Brenda describe her pivotal "lord and master" conversation many times, and that phrase was starting to give her an extra special thrill as well.

"You're not mad at him, are you? A Fuck Lord like him NEEDS to spread his seed around!"

Susan could feel her pussy quivering as her orgasm rushed over her. "Oh God! It's true! It's true! He's going to FUCK them all, and probably impregnate them for good measure! AAIIIEEE!"

Brenda had been holding back, just barely, waiting for Susan. But upon hearing that, she gave in to her lusty feelings and came hard. Thinking about getting impregnated by him too, she screamed loudly into the phone with an incoherent wail.

After a minute or two, Brenda recovered enough to say into the general direction of the phone, "Wow. Phew! That was just what I needed. Even when our master isn't around, he fucks me so good!"

"Ain't that the truth," Susan agreed, managing to sit back up. "Every day, I have more orgasms just thinking about him than I do actually with him, and probably most of them are when I'm talking with you. But it's just not the same. I'm still climbing the walls. I mean, I'm absolutely undeniably climbing the walls! Brenda, tomorrow night is your special time with your unveiling as house maid and everything, but Tuesdays are supposed to be MY time. You and I just have to cope during these tragically unfucked and unfondled hours."

Brenda grunted needfully.

Susan fidgeted, but that only caused her to rub her legs together and made her more aroused. Fighting the rising desire, she said firmly, "We have to be strong!"

"But how, Susan, how? He's just so dreamy and dominating, not to mention well-hung. All I can do is think about serving him, helping him cum, feeling his thick cock sliding into my-"

Susan cut her off before her ultra-buxom friend could get both of them too excited again. She replied in as calm a voice she could muster, "Well, for instance, you know how Suzanne and I enjoy passing much of each morning exercising, and I've told you how that makes his time in school go by a lot faster. In fact, today we exercised for over three hours!"

"Non-stop?!"

"No. Off and on. But regardless, it feels good to know that I'm making my body more fuckable and sexually pleasing to my son with every weight I lift, every mile I run."

"Ooh! That's really sexy! I'll bet you look really sexy doing it, too!"

"We do! Lately, we've been taking pictures of ourselves working out from time to time, because we look and feel so sexy and it's not fair that Tiger doesn't get to see us like that. In fact, I have one of Suzanne over here somewhere. Ah, yes." She picked up a photo. "Do I love her body or what?! What a body..." She lost herself staring at the photo.

But Brenda brought her back to Earth. "I wish I could see all that with my own eyes."

"Yeah, well, I'll show you some next time you come over. But my point is, we not only do the usual workout stuff, which we've been doing for years, but in recent weeks we've also been practicing our Kegel muscle control to better squeeze and please Tiger's cock with our tight cunts, deep throating and other cocksucking techniques to please his cock, working on anal muscle control, which also helps please his cock... In fact, pretty much everything we do is designed to better please his cock one way or another!" She giggled gleefully, not at all bothered by that.

"That's so brilliant!" Brenda stated very firmly as she started to play with her pussy lips some more, "And as it should be."

Susan sighed happily, cupping the sensitive undersides of her breasts. "It makes me feel so good, knowing that every single day, I'm becoming a better sex toy mommy." She hefted her boobs up as if showing them off for her son. "And Suzanne and I usually help each other get a few orgasms in, which helps take the edge off of waiting a little bit. Just like with you, whenever I talk about all the things Tiger's done to us recently, it's almost as good as really doing it all over again."

She'd been hoping to talk about something calm and non-sexual, but belatedly realized her topic didn't exactly help matters.

"That sounds great," Brenda sighed. She longed to ask if she could join in future workout sessions, and Susan might have been receptive to the idea, but Brenda felt that as house slave it wasn't her place to ask for such things. However, she resolved to immediately step up her own exercise regimen. She'd never entirely lost her baby fat, and she worried sometimes that she was too chubby, even though she hadn't gained any weight in years.

She frowned as she imagined neither Alan nor Adrian desiring her. "But I don't have what you have with Suzanne. Worse, Adrian is home from school already, looking so cute and fuckable. How I long to suck his balls dry to mark time until I can be with my master. My Fuck Lord!"

Her own use of this new phrase caused Brenda to suddenly pant so much that she had to take a few moments to calm her voice. "Like you, I need something to take the edge off, and I've discovered cocksucking makes me feel so peaceful and content. It's like having a pacifier in my mouth. I could suck cock for hours! Days on end!"

The idea of sucking on Alan's cock for days without stopping got Susan so excited that she suddenly lost her remaining cool and grabbed at her pussy again. Since she was wearing nothing but an apron, there was little impediment for her to reach her dripping slit. "Oh! Me too! Me too! I've told you how I find cocksucking so calming, even as it's endlessly exciting. How is it the same with you?"

"I don't know. It just is."

After a few moments, Susan cooled down a bit and pointed out, "Brenda, you and I are so similar in so many ways. It's our big tits, I think. You know my Big Tits Theory."

"Know it? My mistress, that theory has become the guiding credo and code for my entire life! I just hope he's knocked off a couple dozen of the sexiest and most stacked girls in that club of his, so they can all learn the truth too."

"Knocked off? Do you mean knocked up?"

"SUSAN! Good God! That's so sexy! Yes, knocked up! I hope he knocks them up right there in his classes, one by one, while the other just stand and stare, waiting for their turn to be fertilized by his superior seed! Wouldn't that be great? Can you just imagine DOZENS of the sexiest girls in the school, all walking around with fat bellies, all proudly admitting that Master Alan is the daddy?" She had to pause for breath because she found that idea so arousing.

Susan gasped with pleasure as she friggged herself with her free hand. "Oh, I agree, totally! That would be SO HOT!" But then she said in a sadder voice, "If only Tiger could breed me. Sometimes I feel so... useless. What I wouldn't give to have him breed me!"

Knowing from previous experience that that topic tended to greatly depress Susan, Brenda quickly changed the topic. "What are you wearing?"

"Oh, it's my erotic-apron look. You know, just an apron and nothing else. It never fails to get Tiger thick and hard, and it doesn't get in the way of any of my 'naughty bits' at all." She could hear the sound of rubbing fabric from Brenda's line. She asked with an increasingly ragged voice, "What about you? Are you naked?"

Brenda looked down at her black dress in frustration. It was on so tight that she didn't have good pussy access, forcing her to rub herself through her clothes or lift her dress up. "No, sadly. Suzanne won't even let me walk around topless when Adrian is around. I've probably ruined this dress, I've gotten so wet... But I'll fix that! I'll be back in a minute! Oh, and switch to a speaker phone! I know I will!"

Susan chuckled because it wasn't her intention to get Brenda naked; she'd just wanted to hear a sexy description of what her bosomy friend was wearing and doing. But this was better.

Both Susan and Brenda rushed off to find their speaker phones. Susan's was located on the wall by the kitchen counter, and she made it there quickly.

Brenda took longer undressing, so Susan kept herself busy playing with her clit, slit, and boobs. She didn't take the apron off, but just moved it more out of the way. She was soaking wet between the thighs already.

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Finally, Susan heard a very breathy, excited, and totally naked Brenda returned to the phone.

"Mistress, sorry that took a bit. We have video monitors all over the house now, as you know, and I don't want Adrian listening in. He's taking a nap right now, but I have to assume he could wake up and spy on me at any time. I had to disconnect the speaker phone from another room and bring it into my bedroom closet, the one place I can go where he can't see."

"The one place? Don't you want some privacy?"

"Absolutely not. Why should I? How can I serve my master or my son if I'm hidden in my room? Plus, it's so damn hot to be on constant display, always knowing he could be looking at me, even if he isn't! It makes me feel like a sex object all day long."

Susan couldn't disagree with that sentiment. "That sounds pretty nice, I must admit. But what about your bathroom? I assume you have privacy there, right?"

"No! Especially not the bathroom! I get so wet knowing that Aidy's probably jacking off most every time I take a shower. And you should see how much I get into my showers lately as a result. God, it's so good! I could lather up my tits and ass for hours, knowing that my son is watching - you should try it!"

"I think I will! Truth be told, we've hardly begun to tap the video surveillance possibilities over here, though Suzanne and I did watch the footage of Tiger fucking Angel this morning after they left for school, when we were doing our morning workouts. But I'd want privacy when I go to the toilet, at least."

"Well, actually, that is the one other private spot. When Mistress Suzanne helped with the installation, she made sure there was no camera pointing in the toilet seat area, since that's separate from the bathtub area. She said she didn't want Adrian to get some kind of weird water sports fixation. She's such a wise mistress. But other than the toilet and my walk-in closet where I have my computer set up, his eyes can follow my body just about everywhere I go! Frankly, I get horny just remembering that I have no privacy, that my every move is on display for his lustful eyes, that he could be shooting hot spunk into the air while looking at me at any given second! Even if he's not home, I walk with an extra bounce in my step and an extra jiggle in my tits, knowing that he theoretically COULD be watching."

"Good Lord!" Susan breathed heavily. "That does sound really hot! Total devotion. Total submission. Total nakedness! I love it. We still have many rooms in this house not under video surveillance. I'm going to have to see about changing that. Although I don't know if the others would agree, especially Suzanne. Heck, and probably Tiger, too. Oh, poo! But in any case, you were talking about stuffing your son's cock down your throat for hours and hours! Let's get back to that. Tell me more!"

"Sadly, it's just talk at this point. I can't even so much as fondle his dick yet, much less give him my tits to plow and plunder. GOD, I'd love to get titfucked by my son all afternoon! But Mistress Suzanne won't let me do anything!"

"What?! Why not? Surely she knows that good mommies fuck their sons. Why, that's practically the very definition of a good mommy. That's what we do! That's why Suzanne and I and everyone agreed to give you a special exception so you could fuck Adrian until he gets a worthy girlfriend. Surely Suzanne would understand that you need to take the edge off when Alan isn't around, and you'll be helping Adrian mature at the same time. So why wait?"

"I know, I know! But Mistress Suzanne said yesterday that I have to slowly seduce him. She says that I've got to draw it out and slowly teach him all along that Master Alan's sexual needs come first. She says it'll be tough for Adrian to understand that his mother is a sex slave willingly owned and controlled by some strange eighteen year old boy. I can see she has a point there. Since Adrian is male, he'll have trouble quickly recognizing my master's natural sexual superiority, and Alan's need to have a large harem of nothing but the sexiest big-titted nymphos around, including me. In fact, Adrian might find the whole thing completely absurd and do something crazy. He's naturally going to wonder why his mommy doesn't spend all her time fucking her own son."

"Naturally!" Over the last two months, Susan had come to consider mother-son incest almost a moral imperative for nearly any family. Neither she nor Brenda had any idea how absurd their conversation might sound to an outsider.

"So it's complicated, my mistress. Suzanne's got a whole progression of seduction steps planned out for me. But it's going to take forever, it seems! I hate to be so uppity, but I want my Pooh Bear filling my tight, needy hole right now! Good God! I've got a big dildo in me at this very moment, but it's just not the same! I want flesh and blood! More than anything, I want Master Alan's eight inches! But all I've got is this double-headed plastic thing."

"I'm so with you, Brenda. I hardly even use dildos any more unless someone's pushing it in me, because after you've been to heaven, nothing else comes close." Susan looked down at her own fingers pushing in and out of her steamy hole and sighed at how inadequate they seemed. "But you were saying?"

"Yeah. My frustration! Between my having to stay away from Alan AND Adrian AND the Plummer house altogether, today has been sheer living hell. Well practically, though the pain of the anticipation feels good in a weird way too. I'm sorry to take up your precious time with my petty problems, but I just had to vent to someone. Please forgive me, Mistress!"

"Don't worry, I don't mind," Susan said honestly. "In fact, this is just the kind of thing to help take my mind off waiting around for my well-hung son to return to me."

"Oh, Mistress! You're far too kind." Then, after a long pause, Brenda asked, "Susan, I haven't known you very long, but I already consider you my best friend. What you think means the world to me. So tell me: do you ever have doubts about endlessly serving your master as a sex toy?"

Susan asked, "Are you serious?"

"Of course I'm serious."

Susan spoke with great passion. "Brenda, may I remind you that we don't have any choice in the matter. That's what the Big Tits Theory says. We were born this way, born to serve. Just like a lion is born to eat meat and a lamb is born to eat grass, we were born to suck and fuck superior cock! But even if there WAS a choice, I wouldn't change a thing. I've never been happier in my life!"

She went on, "That said, of course I've had my doubts, and I still do sometimes. I have pangs of guilt from remembering that I'm still a married woman, or thinking about what my parents or siblings might think if they knew about my new lifestyle, that sort of thing. I especially wonder from time to time if I can square my lifestyle with being a good Christian. But those kinds of feelings are usually fleeting, and as each day passes, they bother me less and less. What about you?"

Brenda replied, "You're so right, as usual. Times like this, the waiting, it's so frustrating. I have my doubts too, especially during these between times when we just wait and wait. But I'm just like you in that my doubts seem to be lessening day by day. Except for the problem of having sex with Alan and Adrian at the same time. I know that's going to be big trouble before long."

Susan said, "You're almost certainly right about that. But never fear. Alan and Suzanne will manage to overcome whatever problems arise. They're really good at that. Don't forget your true nature. You were made for sex. Just lovingly serve your master and seduce your son, according to plan, and keep Alan and Suzanne informed so they can make adjustments as need be."

"Sounds good. Thanks for the reassurance." Brenda loved how much she and Susan were on the same wavelength.

"Just a minute." Susan stopped fondling herself and looked around, because she thought she'd heard something over the sound of her own pussy squishing noises. "Ah. Amy! How ya doing?"

"M'kay!" Amy stood behind Susan, only a short distance away. She hadn't been hiding, and in fact she'd been quietly standing there a while. It was just that she didn't want to interrupt while Susan was talking on the phone. She'd wanted to fool around with her original mother a bit, but Suzanne was busy and had sent her off to the Plummer house.

Susan resumed groping her own left breast and pistoning fingers in and out of her pussy as she asked Amy, "Do you have a question for me or something?"

"Nope. Sorry for butting in. I'm just bored. Waiting for tonight, waiting for my O.B."

Susan laughed. "Join the party! That's Brenda on the speaker phone. We both have the waiting for Alan blues. Why don't you listen in? She's about to tell me the latest about her seduction of her son Adrian. Brenda?"

Brenda sighed. "Hi, Mistress Amy. Susan's exaggerating, unfortunately. I don't really have any good stories to tell. I was just telling her that Suzanne wants my seduction of Aidy to go slowly. So I have to hold back. And I have my maid living here. Anika. Have either of you met her?"

Amy and Susan both said "No."

Amy added, "I haven't even met Adrian. I've only seen a photo." She began talking off her clothes as she said this.

"Well," Brenda said with resignation, "Anika is wonderful. She's an older lady from Austria, and I kind of think of her as my grandmother. But she's also like my conscience made flesh. She's very old school, very European. Very strict. She knows all about my lust for my son and is fine with it." She didn't realize how contradictory this would sound to a typical person.

She continued, "She doesn't have any sons of her own, but nonetheless she recognizes Aidy and I share something special, something that needs to be shared physically. So normally she would be a big help for me. The only problem is, Suzanne has recruited Anika to sort of be her eyes and ears to make sure my seduction doesn't go too fast. It's so frustrating! I feel like I'm on a short leash, and I don't mean that in the good rape and spank your helpless sex slave on a leash kind of way!"

Susan laughed, and then replied, "But knowing you, you must have done something. Tell me what happened- oh! Sorry. Amy surprised me. She's dropped to her knees and started licking my ass crack. Where was I?"

"You want me to tell you what happened today?" I think you should take a look at

"Exactly. Oh yessss! AMY! Where did you learn to do that?"

Amy was rimming Susan's anus while running a finger across a sensitive spot in the perineum, the space between Susan's pussy and ass. She answered, "Nowhere special, Mom. I'm just really into asses these days, after what O.B. did to me last night."

"Ah. Well, don't stop. I've got my front side covered for now. Brenda, you were saying?"

The loud squishing sounds coming from Brenda's line died down a bit as she resumed talking. "Oh, yes. So when I got up this morning I was going to make breakfast for Adrian naked. Actually, I should say help Anika make breakfast. She really does everything and I supervise. Ever since I've been de facto divorced I really don't have anything to do all day except fantasize about Master Alan, and now my son too. But I digress. Anika asked me what my excuse for being naked at breakfast would be, and of course I didn't have one. So I had to put on something to wear. I chose the skimpiest bathing suit I could find. She allowed that, since I could claim that I was going to go swimming once he left for school."

Amy switched from licking Susan's ass down to her pussy, and then back again.

Susan was so overcome that she had to brace herself up against the wall to remain standing. She said between heavy breaths, "You should try the erotic apron look for breakfast. That's what I wear most every morning, and my Tiger never gets tired of it. Just an apron and nothing else. It's good for cooking AND raising cocks."

"But don't you see, Mistress Susan?" Brenda complained. "I can't even do that, because I can't give a plausible non-sexual excuse for wearing just that. Ad-"

"GOD! Amy's tongue is so far inside me! Jesus, Amy! Oops. Sorry for interrupting, Brenda. It's like she's stuffed her entire head inside my ass crack."

"That's okay. I wish I could be there right now to see it. So much! ... Where was I? Oh yeah. Adrian isn't even supposed to know how badly I want him buried up to his balls in the hole he came out of. It's so aggravating! So I did the best I could. I wore this one bathing suit I just bought the other day. It's fairly normal at the bottom, a real high cut and practically a G-string in the back, but the top is strange. A thin strip of cloth rises from the bottom piece at the hip, then goes over a nipple and not much else, crosses over the back, then goes back down over the other nipple and attaches at the other hip. It looks like a big red X from the front. There are no shoulder straps at all."

"No shoulder straps?" Susan asked. "How on Earth does it stay on? That can't give much support at all, and you need a LOT of support."

"It doesn't!" Brenda announced happily. "All you have to do is look at it funny and the top comes right off. That's why it's my new favorite suit. And as for support, rather than hold my tits down, it actually causes them to bounce and protrude even more than if I was buck naked. So I was pretty happy with wearing it. Anika grumbled though. She said, 'Watch out. Remember, don't disappoint dat Suzanne voman.' I should mention my maid has the cutest Austrian accent. I can't really do it justice."

She went on, "But in any case, when Adrian walks into the kitchen area and sees me like that, he flips out. But not in a good way. He's suspicious. He says, 'Ma, what's going on? Yesterday, you dressed so... well... unusual. And today you're just the same. You never dressed this revealingly when there was a huge heat wave, but it's November already. I don't get it.'"

Brenda continued, "I had to sit down and explain some things to him. I said, 'Pooh Bear,' - that's my little nickname for him, by the way, since he loved Winnie the Pooh when he was a baby - 'Pooh Bear, you may have noticed I've been acting differently these past couple of weeks.' He agreed to that. Then I explained, 'It's because I have a new man in my life.' He expressed shock, and pointed out that my divorce still wasn't finalized. I said that didn't matter and that if I'd been happily married I would have had to divorce my husband just the same, once I'd met my new man. My new love means everything to me. Then I said, 'Furthermore, he's an incredible sexual dynamo. Since I've started seeing him, all I can think about is sex! I get so excited I just want to run around naked all day, thinking of my new love.'"

"Uh-oh," Susan commented.

"Yep. Naturally, Adrian was upset about this. Deep in his heart, he hoped that he would be the only man in his mother's life. I never would have understood this until I met you all, but now I can see more of what's going on in his head. Now I know he has a serious case of that Oedipal urge, probably like most

sons with sexy mommies. I wanted to kiss him so hard and so long for loving me in that carnal way, but then I looked at Anika with her disapproving, wrinkly scowl. Agonizingly, the only thing I knew Anika would allow me was a hug, so I hugged my Pooh Bear tight for a long time and managed to rub my boobs all over his chest until Anika finally gave me a swift kick in the shins. But then came the hard part. I had to break it to him that sometimes there are very special men like Alan who are entitled to take and fuck any women they want, any time they want, even big-titted mothers hot for their sons."

"Did you actually tell him that?" Susan asked, excitedly. She absolutely loved hearing other experiences of mother-son incest and hearing about her son's sexual prowess was even better, so she was in seventh heaven. The fact that Amy's tongue was in her ass crack and keeping her on the edge of a climax naturally improved her enjoyment of the story.

"Sadly, no. I didn't need a kick or a 'Vatch it!' from Anika to know that it wasn't time yet to tell him all of that."

"Yeah," Susan noted, "It can't be easy for other males to accept Tiger's natural superiority. There's bound to be some resentment."

"Yes. Sad, but true. So instead, I stood up and began pacing around the dining table where he sat. Not only was I trying to wobble and jiggle and sashay around to subtly show that I was a horny mother in serious need of a good son-cock stuffing, I was also stalling for time to think. I'm not good at these kinds of things. I just want action! But finally, I said, 'Aidy, you'll come to understand my new love in time. It doesn't mean I love you any less. In fact, he's already taught me how to appreciate you much more than before.' My Pooh Bear looked puzzled, but I didn't explain what I meant, exactly. Instead, I said, 'As I said, my lover is extremely sexual, and he wants me to be very sexual. So that's why I've started to wear things like this.' I came up with that on the spot, but it seemed to me that was a better excuse for my scandalous outfit than just saying I was going to go swimming."

"Good thinking."

"Thanks. I ran my hand over my body as if I were a model pointing out the various attributes of the bathing suit. But I was puzzled because he stared at me open mouthed. I thought maybe my words had been too shocking until I realized that he was staring at nothing but my right boob. I looked down and realized that the strap had fallen off my right nipple, and was only precariously hanging onto the other one because my nipples protrude so much. Like I said earlier, it doesn't take much to get that top to fall off, and I guess just walking a few steps did the trick."

"Cool! I want one!" Amy said happily, as she briefly rested from her licking.

"Me too, dear," Susan chimed in. "Suzanne keeps telling me that it's sexier to wear a little than nothing at all. I'm sure Brenda will tell us where to go to buy that kind of thing, but for now let's not interrupt her story too much. Okay?"

"M'kay." Amy drove her tongue back into Susan's ass crack.

Brenda resumed, "Instead of fixing my top, I held up my hand and smiled, saying, 'Now, Aidy, this is a case in point. You'll notice my top has slipped a little bit. Don't be alarmed! My ma-' - I almost said 'my master' but luckily I caught myself - 'my man likes me to wear extremely revealing outfits. Naturally, he loves outfits that show off my huge hooters. That gets him hot to suck, fondle, and-' Anika coughed very loudly there, which was probably necessary because I was about to launch into how much I love it when Alan titfucks me. Then I said, 'My nipples are so-' but Anika had another coughing fit. Apparently, I wasn't even allowed to tell my son how incredibly sensitive my nipples are and how they long to be pulled and pinched and kissed and sucked."

Brenda's voice turned petulant and pouty. "She's so tough. So mean. I tried to calm down a bit and said, 'He wants me to practice wearing all kinds of scandalous outfits all day long, and he doesn't care if my son sees me outrageously dressed or not. Can you handle that, if I wear those kinds of things around the house like I've started to do lately? Can you handle it if a nipple or two gets exposed from time to time, like I'm exposed right now? Please tell me you won't mind!'"

Susan asked excitedly, "What did he say?"

With all the talk about exposed nipples, Amy had come around and started feeling up Susan's chest. But since Amy was naked, that quickly evolved into a mashing of their impressive racks into each other, while fingers continued to explore and pinch nipples.

Brenda answered, "He was shocked, but he said, 'No, I can handle that.' You should have heard how much he stuttered on the 'no.' It was so cute. But then Anika coughed again, and when she caught my eye she looked at my chest very disapprovingly. I reluctantly pulled my top back into place. I think Adrian was even sadder to see me fix my clothes than I was. But I still wasn't done. I said, 'I'm so glad to hear that, Aidy. You're the best. But I should warn you, my lover doesn't just like to see my tits. He loves the rest of me, too. For instance, my ass. He wants me to learn how to show off my ass as well. I have to admit that I've sort of lost my seductive techniques these past years of marriage, but that's changing. For instance, what if I bend over like this?'"

"Bend over!" Susan said to Brenda with surprising authority. "Bend over, just like you're showing yourself off to him, right now!"

"Okay! So I bent over right in front of Adrian, and in fact wiggled my way back up to him until my ass was practically in his face. The suit was so thin and so narrow that I'm sure he could see every fold of my pussy. My tits drooped down like two water balloons. I could hear him gasp quite loudly. He'd been sneaking peeks at my tits and ass for years, but it was rare for him to get a perfect moon shot like this. He's such a shy boy, and sadly, never takes advantage of me. I taunted, 'Do you think you can handle it when I wear something that reveals all of my ass cheeks like this? Is that too shocking for you?' He muttered something about how he wouldn't mind that too much, and I stood up. I was going to then show him my pussy region up close and talk to him about that, maybe even pull up on the thin strap down there to better show just how much I was juicing while thinking about my new lover, but unfortunately Anika said I was needed in the kitchen. Then she took me aside and told me to cool it. So unfortunately that was pretty much it until breakfast was over."

"Awww," Amy pouted. "Is that all?"

Susan, on the other hand, was so busy being pleased by Amy that she was fighting to concentrate on the story and was in no shape to ask questions.

"No. There's more. As soon as we finished eating, I got up to clean off the table and of course that gave me all kinds of opportunities to have my suit slip down. You should have seen Aidy! It was so cute, but so frustrating for us both. I swear, his cock looked like it was going to burst through his pants and then drill a hole right up through the table. He was sweating. He was panting. He was blushing. He was soooo turned on! I must have made five trips back and forth between the table and the kitchen, and my nipples were more often exposed than not during that time. Finally, I think it got to be too much for him. He looked like he was about to faint and I imagine he was wondering if he'd be able to cope with many more days of this new dress code. He asked, 'Momma, why do you do what this new guy tells you to do? Don't you find it demeaning?'"

"And...?" Susan prodded.

"I walked back to the table, stood up above him, and leaned far into his direction. I love doing that because it causes my tits to sway forward and practically slap him on the face. You should have seen the way his eyes all but popped out of his head. I said, 'Aidy, you have to understand, whatever my lover says, I do. There's a lot of competition in his harem, and if I want to stay in his good graces-' my voice

trailed off because he was staring at me like I'd just sprouted another nose. He screamed, 'Harem?! Harem? You've got to be kidding me! This guy has a harem?!'"

Susan gushed, "I LOVE the sound of that word! 'Harem.' My son has a harem! Harem. I am a slave in my son's harem! I'm one of many sex slaves owned and controlled by my son, in his harem of big-titted babes! ... Sorry, don't mind me. Please continue."

Brenda paused briefly and sighed. "I'd thought that I was playing it cool by giving the competition excuse. I thought that sounded a lot more moderate than giving the real reasons I do things to please my master, that I worship the very ground Alan walks on. But apparently I'd said the wrong thing. For some reason, he was totally hung up merely on the fact Alan had a harem at all! He's such a naïve boy. One can see right away why he's not the harem-keeper type, but he's my son and I love him dearly just the same."

Susan interrupted, "Yes, not everybody has what it takes to be a harem master. My son is so special!"

Brenda went on, "I tried to calm him down and said, 'Really, it's no big deal. It's such a small harem, as harems go.' But it turns out that wasn't the right thing to say either. He looked at me like I'd sprung two horns, and then he fled to his room making some kind of wordless cry the whole way there. I think he cried, but he wouldn't let me into his room. He left for school completely crushed."

"What did I do wrong?"

Chapter 1038 Amy Teasing Susan

Amy stopped fondling Susan and spoke up. "Brenda, no offense, but the way you and Mom carry on like this is, well, it's weird. I mean, I'm on the inside of all these events and even for me it sounds weird. I was listening for a while before Susan noticed me and the way you go on like Alan is some kind of lord-"

Brenda cut in, "Are you saying he's not?!"

Amy laughed. "Yeah! He's not! He's really special, and I love him all up, but he is human just like the rest of us. Come on, you two, chill out a little bit! No wonder Adrian freaks out. Brenda, whenever you talk about Alan you have such a worshipful expression on your face, not to mention something in the tone of your voice. It's weird."

Brenda desperately wished she was in the same room so she could look at Susan's face for a reaction. She pleaded, "Susan, help me out here. Why, just a few minutes ago you were calling him a 'fuck lord,' like I was."

Susan felt sheepish about that now and bowed her head a bit. "I did, at your suggestion, mind you. But Amy's right. That's not a good idea. We can go too far. We have to make sure he's well-adjusted and, uh..." Her voice trailed off as she ruminated and regretted her recent inattention to normal mothering duties.

"But I can't help it!" Brenda complained. "He IS a 'fuck lord.' That's how I feel! I have to devote my busy body to his pleasure. I HAVE to! It's what I was built for. I'm not worthy to suck his balls, though God knows how much I'd love to spend the rest of my life doing just that!"

Amy laughed some more. "Brenda, you're so silly. And Aunt Susan, you're not much better. Brenda, right now you think so highly of Alan because he's been nothing but impressive in your presence. But even though he is our master, he puts his pants on one leg at a time like everyone else. What's going to happen when you see him screw up, have a bad day, pick his nose, and all the rest? You're gonna be super disappointed, because you put him up so high on a pedestal. And it's not healthy for him to be treated all worshippy either. I mean that for both of you! Mom, you should know better because you've seen all his weaknesses growing up."

Susan stood up and protested, "But I love him even more because of all those things! I've always loved him so much, it's just that now I get to love him in a sexual way, too." She began pacing in agitation.

Amy looked at Susan disapprovingly, like a mother frowning at a daughter.

Susan looked away, not wanting to deal with Amy's dose of reality.

Amy walked right up and backed her to the wall, forcing Susan to look at her right in the eyes. "I love him and totally enjoy worshipping his thingy too, but I don't want to see him get a big head and all

know-it-all-y. True, we're all here to constantly sexually pleasure him, and nobody deserves a big sexy harem more than he does. But we also have the job of helping him keep his sanity. I mean, it's not like we're going to be able to change back to our less sexual ways, so he has to be more able to deal with all this non-stop sex. The more we fall over each other to get access to his thingy, the tougher it's gonna be for him to stay the old Alan."

Susan sighed. "Amy, you're such a downer today. I get so hot talking to Brenda about my son's sexual potency - she and I could talk on the phone all day! But then you cool me down with this reality stuff."

Despite the serious talk, Amy didn't want to ruin the sexual mood. So as soon as she heard this, she pressed her chest into Susan's, pushing her into the wall.

Susan's apron hung uselessly around her stomach.

Amy began grinding her breasts all over Susan's upper torso, even as she continued to stare at Susan intently from a short distance away.

"Me too," Brenda complained, unable to see what was happening. "I was working up to another big 'O' with this dildo, but now I've lost all my momentum."

Susan said to Brenda, "I know, and I'm sorry about that, but I have to admit it's good Amy brought this up. Being a good mommy means more than just endlessly fucking and sucking our sons. I, uh, I..."

She found it hard to continue, with the way Amy's bare chest continued to rub all over her own. She noted with chagrin, Oh dear me! It seems nearly impossible for me to think about anything other than sex these days.

But she forced herself to go on. "But I'm not really so good at that other stuff. The truth is, I never was, and luckily for me, unconditional love has helped make up for the fact that I can't really tell my children 'No.' Amy, do you think you can pick up some of the slack there? We really do need someone with some backbone to restrain the 'Bad Alan', but as you can see that's not exactly my strong point, or Brenda's either."

Amy looked contemplative, even as she continued the tit-rubbing. "I don't know. I'm not really good at saying no, either. I'm not all super backbone-y. The only reason I said something just now is because I don't want to see Adrian cry and the way Brenda was handling things made him cry. That's bad. Brenda, you do need to go slow with him. I mean, talking about the harem in the first five minutes practically? Give him some time to adjust, m'kay?"

Brenda sounded like she was the one about to cry. "Oh, Amy! You're such a wise mistress, but it's so tough! I just don't have any willpower! But I need to be a good parent for Aidy, too. He only has one parent now, so it's all up to me. It's tough. I'll try. At least I acted a little better when he came home." "I think you should take a look at

"What happened?" Susan asked eagerly, hoping to get the conversation back to something more arousing.

Brenda turned on a dime from despondent to excited. "Well, I wore another revealing outfit, naturally. It was a dress this time, kind of a medium blue. Strapless, my favorite kind, and it has stiff supporting cups that really make my twin assets stick out."

"As if you need to draw attention to them," Amy giggled. "Geez, Louise!" She cupped Susan's boobs and hefted them up while she continued to press against them.

Brenda puffed up with pride, though the others couldn't see her do it. She went on, "But the best part was, my nipples could pop out if I just took a breath! Damn, I love it when my long nipples get exposed. Aidy seemed a lot calmer about things than when he'd left. I guess he'd been thinking about the harem thing all through school. Thankfully, Anika gave me a lot of advice about what to say, and I played it pretty cool. You would have been proud of me, Amy. I explained it was kind of like in Islamic countries where one man can have up to four wives. I think he liked that because it made me seem more like a wife than the completely obedient sex pet, or even sex slave, that I really am. Like I said, I was really toning it down. Anika sat right next to me at the table, ready to step on my foot if I started to get too carried away again."

Amy and Susan began to hear squishy sounds coming through the phone line again.

Amy giggled at that. She leaned forward and began licking and kissing all over Susan's face.

Susan just closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensations.

Brenda said, "But just being that near to my Pooh Bear gets me so excited these days! Before long, I was less talking to him and more posing and preening and letting my dress slip down. I just can't help it. Amy, you're so right about the need for more backbone, but maybe different people have different roles. My role is to serve! That's what I'm good at. We're a team and we can all have different roles. I'd like my main role to be the one to spread my legs and take a big throbbing Alan log up my tight cunt at every opportunity!"

Amy protested, "Hey, I want that role! Wait a minute. We ALL have that role. That's the fun part, the easy part. But what about the other stuff? We've got to do that, too. Like protecting him from bullies at school. I wanna help with that if I can. God knows how much I want to please that big log of his, but I want to help with the tough stuff too, if I can help somehow, because I love him. But anyways, let's hear what else happened."

She cupped Susan's pussy, and began playing with the sexy mother's engorged clit.

"Oh, right." Brenda continued, "Before long, I was getting carried away with exposing myself. I tried to pretend shock whenever the cups of my dress would fall down, but I suppose in retrospect I couldn't contain my enthusiasm. Unfortunately, Anika caught on. She seemed to be stepping on my foot in protest more often than not. Finally, I was grasping my two heaving heavies in yet another attempt to put them back in the dress, but somehow it turned into more of a long self-grope session. I suppose Anika figured I went too far with that, because she finally barked at me, 'Brenda is feeling unwell. She's going back to her room. Right now!'"

Susan and Amy were getting into each other more intensely now as Brenda's story drove them to higher and higher levels of arousal. Amy in particular, was getting surprisingly aggressive. Her hands and mouth seemed to be everywhere.

Brenda sighed on the phone as she recalled her maid's chastisement. Anika had more or less replaced her mother in many ways, and she wouldn't think to disobey her. She continued, "So I reluctantly went back to my room, right into my walk-in closet. But then things got really fun! I went to my computer where I control the cameras looking into Aidy's room, and I watched him masturbate. The only problem is that he usually gets so excited that he shoots off right away. Not like Master Alan. With Alan, you really have to earn that sweet cum load with so many long minutes of licking, sucking, thrusting, or whatever it is that he fancies."

Susan groaned lustily. "That's so true! Mmmm!"

The sound of Brenda's squishy exploration of her pussy grew louder through the phone. "But with Aidy, it's like all I have to do is show him a nipple and he runs back to his room, and boom! The cum is flying everywhere. But this time, he was so excited that he never really lost his erection after he climaxed, and he just kept on going, Alan-style. He really got into it the second time. What was really cool was that he talked out loud. I could hear him moaning thanks to the excellent sound system connected to the surveillance cameras. He kept saying, 'Oh, Momma!' Over and over. 'Momma.' That's me!" She giggled. "Every now and then he'd say something else, like, 'Those big tits,' or 'You're too stacked,' or 'My own mother!' You all can imagine how wet I get when I hear that kind of thing!"

"Oh YES!" Susan suddenly yelled, surprising everyone. If the way Amy was grinding her entire body into her own wasn't enough to excite her, something about the way Brenda said "Those big tits" took Susan to an even higher level. Susan had once been modest about her bountiful endowment, but now she just absolutely loved the phrase "big tits." She could hardly think of the word "tits" anymore without the word "big" in front of it too.

Brenda plowed on, her voice increasingly ragged, "My favorite though was when Aidy said in a low guttural moan, 'It's so wrong!' Isn't that just the cutest? He's trying to be a good son and hold back from fucking his mommy. Little does he realize that soon he'll be dumping gallons of son-cum into every hole Momma has! It's going to be so fun! But the waiting! The waiting is killing me!"

Susan gushed (in more ways than one), "Brenda, that gets me so hot! 'Gallons of son-cum!' I just adore that. I want entire buckets of spermy son-cum splashed all over me! Soon my Tiger is going to come home and he'll be depositing another load in one of my holes! But I'll never get enough. Amy, I appreciate what you were saying, but a big-titted mommy has many roles. Her main job is to keep her son happy and loved. And a happy son is a well-drained son... Oh yes! Amy, keep doing that! ... His cock needs to be emptied into Mommy's holes at every opportunity! She needs to, ugh! Oh yeah! She needs to spread her legs and take a good pounding every day! Buckets of cum! Buckets! Don't you agree, Brenda? Yes! Yeeees! A good busty and beautiful mommy has to be hot and sexy for her son every minute of the day! Fuck! You never know when he might say 'assume the position' or even 'bend over and take it, bitch!' We have to be ready! Uh!"

Susan and Amy were rhythmically thumping into each other and into the wall. As soon as Susan finished talking, she attacked Amy's lips with a great hunger. Both of them were so worked up that they were moments from climax.

"Oh yes!" Brenda moaned. Not only were Susan's words turning her on, but she could tell something very physical was happening on the other end of the line, and she loved imagining what Amy and Susan might be doing to each other. "Gallons and buckets and rivers of cum! Cover me in Master Alan's creamy seed, Susan! I want to see him paint my face with dozens of ropes of cum! Plaster my skin with it!"

Amy too imagined the cumulative pleasure involved in being on the receiving end of gallons of Alan's cum. She didn't have the same passion for covering her skin with cum like Brenda and Susan did, but in her nearly deliriously orgasmic state, the idea of gallons and buckets of Alan's sweet cum sounded absolutely fantastic.

The three of them moaned and friggged their way to one tremendous mutual climax.

There was complete silence for a while as they luxuriated in a post-orgasmic afterglow.

Brenda said, "God, that was so good. So... cathartic. Thank you, my mistresses. Was it good for you, too?"

"Yes, it was," Susan replied for both herself and Amy. "It's still not nearly as good as the real thing, but it makes the waiting bearable. Thanks for distracting me."

Then Brenda thanked them both for listening and ended the phone call.

Chapter 1039 Suzanne And Amy

Suzanne walked in the front door of the Plummer house wearing a blue business jacket and black skirt. As usual, she removed her bra and panties, putting them in the underwear cabinet, then dressed again in the remainder of her clothes before walking further into the house.

Amy was sitting in the living room alone. Seeing Suzanne come in, she got up and went to her, giving her a big hug and an even bigger smile. "Hey, Mom!"

Suzanne smiled back. "My Honey Pie. What's up? Where's Susan?"

"Oh, she's in the kitchen. Can we go upstairs for a minute? I want to talk to you about something kinda private-y."

Suzanne naturally agreed to that, and the two of them went upstairs to stand on the sun deck where they could enjoy the view while talking without much fear of being overheard. Suzanne was fully dressed (except for her lack of underwear) while Amy was completely naked, but neither of them were bothered by that at all.

Amy said, "It's kinda about Susan - well, part of it, anyway - so that's why I wanted to come up here." She proceeded to give the basics about Susan's phone call with Brenda and Amy's participation in it.

Then Amy said, "So... long story short, that's made me think about the issue of 'backbone.'"

Suzanne raised a curious eyebrow. "'Backbone?'"

"Yeah. Brenda's neat; I like her a lot. And of course she's super sexy, and super duper ultra boobaliciously busty. But I'm kinda starting to think that she has the least amount of backbone of anyone I know. I hate to say a bad word about anybody, but Brenda is seriously spoiled. I can say that 'cos she freely admits it herself."

Suzanne nodded. "That's very true. She came from a very wealthy family, and then married into even more money. To say she's had a pampered life is a dramatic understatement. I fear she's completely incapable of taking care of herself without help. If it wasn't for her maid Anika, plus all her other hired help, I suspect her life would be a mess."

Amy nodded sadly in reply. "Yeah. Bummer, huh? But that's not the only bummer-y thing. Of course, Susan is super awesome. She's one of my very favoritest people and I love her all up. But she's kinda lacking in the backbone department lately too. We all know how much she dearly loves Alan, but lately she simply gets sexually excited too easily to be able to tell him 'No' on practically anything. Have you noticed that?"

"I definitely have. It's hard to miss. She's taking this 'man of the house' stuff way too seriously."

Amy said, "Yeah. But that's not all. It's sorta the same with Katherine. She's super way into this whole 'fuck toy' thing. Which is great for her, 'cos she's totally loving life lately, but there's no backbone there either."

Suzanne nodded grimly.

Amy continued without her usual smile, "Then there's me! What frustrates me the most is that I don't think I'm really good at giving my O.B. the backbone he needs. I totally want to, but I'm just too easygoing and agreeable to be a tough task master. Plus, I get carried away sexually, just like the rest of us. So when I look to the future, I seriously worry for my brother. Things are getting out of control. I mean, today on that phone call I was telling you about, both Susan and Brenda were calling him their 'fuck lord.'"

Suzanne chuckled. "'Fuck lord?' That's a new one. That's pretty over the top, even for them."

Amy looked worried. "Yeah, it is. And sure, it's fun and sexy to say stuff like that, but how could he not get a big head when he's called stuff like that day after day? Plus, he gets TREATED like that day after day! The thing is, I don't know how to fix this. You're, like, the only one around here with serious backbone. Phew! Thank goodness for that! But sometimes even you get carried away and lose your resolve."

Suzanne frowned. "I know. Unfortunately, that seems to be happening more often lately. Look at me!" She held her arms out dramatically. "I agreed to be one of Sweetie's sex slaves, just like everyone else. Whether one calls it that or not, that's basically what we are now. And I get frustrated about that, but I don't regret it. I want to get carried away with lust and love too. The main snag, however, is that if we're all carried away with our powerful lusts and desires, then who does provide the backbone for him?!"

"Exactly." Amy sighed. "One weird thing is that the problem isn't really with our lovable Alan. He's actually been pretty good at trying to keep a level head despite all this crazy, sexy stuff happening to him pretty much non-stop. It's more of a problem of you, me, and his other women getting carried away than anything he's done or not done. But that just makes solving the problem even more difficult."

She added, "There is one thing I'm thinking though that could help."

"What's that?" Suzanne asked.

"We need reinforcements! Of the right type. I don't mind Brenda joining our harem, but she's going to pull things even more in the wrong direction when it comes to this backbone stuff. Since it seems a given that she'll become a key part of all this, we need to counteract her slave-y attitude, and then some, by adding some different. I'm thinking Ms. Rhymer would be pretty key. He's used to taking instruction from her. Don't you think?"

Suzanne nodded thoughtfully. "I do. I've been rooting for her all along, and doing all I can to get her to join us. I think she would be an ideal addition. It's clear that she truly loves Alan. Plus, she lusts for him and I can tell that she gets off on being dominated by him, which is necessary for harem harmony. But she's nothing like Susan or Brenda. She's more like me. Most of the time, she's got a lot of backbone."

Amy smiled. "Exactly! That's totally what I've been thinking. We're gotta make sure she joins us in the harem, all the way. I'm counting on you to take care of that, m'kay?"

Suzanne grinned. She found it amusing that Amy was speaking almost like her boss. She replied with exaggerated obedience, "Yes, dear."

Amy grinned back. "Sorry. I don't mean to be pushy, but you've got a special bond with her and I don't, so I can't help there. I'm just trying to be practical and figure out who can do what."

She went on, "I can help in another way though. I'm thinking that even if Glory joins us, that's probably not enough. I mean, if you get Susan and Brenda together with their super slave-y attitude, and then Kat with her fuck toy thing, it's sexy and fun to just let them run wild, so before long all of us get into the spirit of that. And that's great sometimes, but not all the time. So I'm thinking we need MORE reinforcements! Specifically, Xania and Christine."

Suzanne stared out into the backyard, thinking that over. "Phew!" After a long pause, she commented while still looking away, "That certainly is audacious. BOTH of them?"

Amy responded, "Maybe. I mean, neither of them are a sure thing, so I'm hoping one of them will work out. I don't really understand Xania that well, but she seems to like living by herself. So it may be hard, or even impossible, to get her to fully join us. And Christine... boy! I don't know. That's kinda scary. She

could be exactly what the harem needs, since she's probably the backbone-ist of us all, if you know what I mean. But the fact that she's so tough means she might not be willing to live the harem life, and I especially worry she'd never accept the incest-y stuff."

Suzanne looked back at her daughter. "That is the problem. I think we see things the same way. Obviously, Xania's got a lot of backbone. With her, Glory, and me, plus you lending tacit support, this harem would have plenty of toughness to keep Sweetie from succumbing to his 'Bad Alan' side. But I just don't know if Xania has the right personality. Not everyone fits the harem life, you know. In fact, I'm sure the vast majority of women wouldn't fit. We're very, very lucky that all of us generally jibe so well. Xania is a 'lone wolf' type. She needs her space, a lot of space. I could see her visiting us once or twice a week, but otherwise continuing to live her own life in L.A. Who knows, things could go on like that for years." "I think you should take a look at

Amy asked plaintively, "Can you fix that? Do one of your awesome scheme-y things, maybe?"

Suzanne chuckled ruefully. "I wish it was that easy. You can't change someone's basic personality with a scheme. To be honest, I don't even know why she's that way, and I've known her a long, long time. She's never wanted to talk about it, or discuss really intense personal stuff, period. Maybe there is no specific, fixable reason. Sometimes people are just the way they are, all the way since birth. They say signs of personality can be detected from day one, such as some babies crying a lot and others barely at all."

Amy said, "I can believe that. But... it doesn't hurt to try, right?"

"Right. Believe me, I'm already trying to bring her along. I figure we just need to keep exposing her to all the sexy fun and loving good times that we have. How can she not want to keep coming back to visit and get more involved? I'm continuing to play that by ear. It's key not to be pushy with her, or she withdraws."

Suzanne found herself distracted due to looking up and down Amy's nude body. But she refocused, and asked, "Meanwhile, what do you think about Christine? You know her a lot better than I do."

Amy frowned, and took her turn staring off into the distant horizon. "I don't know. It's like... high risk, high reward. I'm thinking it COULD be a really awesome thing if she could join us. Not only because of the backbone thing, but I've got a feeling I could end up being really good friends with her." She looked away shyly. "And... maybe even... her lover."

Suzanne chuckled mirthfully. "A-ha! Now we get to truth time. So you've got the hots for her, do you?"

Amy blushed slightly. "Well... kinda." She suddenly looked back into Suzanne's eyes. "I mean, if I do, what's wrong with that? Geez Louise! Just look at her! You'd have to be dead and buried six feet underground not to notice how super sexy she is! But she's, like, seriously sexually repressed, and that's sad. I want to help her with that. I just know somehow that once her sexual side comes to the surface, it'll be like unleashing a wild tigress! Once she opens up, she'll be great for Alan!" She looked away again uncertainly. "In fact, maybe... maybe too great."

Suzanne said, "Ah, that's another problem, isn't it? Jealousy. You worry that she could outshine you."

Amy nodded glumly. "Yeah. I've discussed this with Katherine. She feels the same way, only even more so. 'Cos let's face it: Christine IS awesome, and in virtually every possible way! She's as smart as she is sexy, which means she's super smart. And who can fail to notice how busty she is? Definitely not a certain 'tit man' who shall remain nameless." She rolled her eyes. "Plus, she always succeeds in being the best at whatever she does. If she sets her sights on my O.B., she could be unstoppable, like some kind of sexual tsunami!"

Suzanne said, "That's true. Let me give you some advice. First, I think it's basically inevitable that he and she are going to hook up. These 'practice dates' they've been going on will get more and more serious. They've already French kissed by 'accident.' Soon, they'll be doing more, much more. And you know how sex with Sweetie is - it's like a highly addictive drug. Once Christine starts regularly sucking and titfucking Alan Junior, and enjoying the huge, frequent orgasms that come with that, she'll be hooked."

Amy just stared at her mother with a worried expression. She couldn't deny any of that.

Suzanne continued, "Trying to fight that is probably futile. Sweetie's been lusting after her for two years, at least. Now that he's discovered his sexual powers, of course he's going to use them on her. He seems to be genuinely trying hard to fight it, apparently out of some sense of honor or concern, but how long can he hold out? She doesn't stand a chance either, especially since she's so sexually inexperienced. If you get in the way of all that, you'll just cause bad blood. So instead, you might want to try the old saying, 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.'"

After letting that sink in, Suzanne asked, "Because you're so laid back, you've had problems having as much sexual fun with Sweetie as the rest of us, correct?"

Amy nodded shyly. "Yeah. Sometimes I feel a little left out. But it's hard for me to be pushy and say, 'Hey! Look at me.' That's not my way."

"I know. And that's part of what makes you the oh-so-lovable girl you are. Furthermore, there are only so many hours in the day, and if Glory joins us, and with Brenda already joining us, and Xania visiting more often, and so on, it'll become harder and harder for you to get as much of his time, cum, and attention as you'd want. But if you latch yourself onto Christine, befriend her and even get intimate with her, you might be able to arrange things so that he can often partake in threesomes with the two of you. I know you're not pushy in a 'Hey, me!' kind of way, but you do manage to get what you want much of the time in more subtle ways. I'm not totally blind to your shenanigans, you know." She winked.

Amy looked away, even more bashful than before. "Yeah... well..." She suddenly changed the topic. "I've kinda been thinking some of the same things you've been thinking. But what if she's, like, totally opposed to the whole incest thing?! Frankly, I'm so certain that she'll be that way that I think we've gotta be super duper careful to make sure she NEVER learns about that. At least not for a really long time. So how could she join the harem?! And she's gonna hate the harem idea even without that. I've gathered she's got really traditional notions of boyfriend and girlfriend and white picket fences and all that."

Suzanne responded, "Yes, well, that's your challenge. I barely know Christine, though I certainly have heard a lot about her, so it's hard for me to have much leverage over her, plus there are the age differences and such, so I have no leverage over her. But you're in an ideal situation to befriend her, and even seduce her."

"Seduce her?! Mother! That's impossible. She hasn't given off any kind of sexual vibe to other girls, like, at all."

"Maybe not. And I don't mean you should seduce her directly. No way! But think about how great sex with our Sweetie is. Think about how he makes us so very, very aroused sometimes that we just about lose our minds. I don't know about you, but there are times I get so into it that I would practically do anything, such as the time I crawled on my hands and knees and totally humiliated myself. What if Christine gets like that with him, except that you're there too? If you could manage to kiss and fondle her a little bit, you could test how receptive she is to that sort of thing when her guard is down. If you time it just right, when she's absolutely losing her mind cumming with Sweetie, I'll bet she'd be VERY receptive."

"Really? Why?"

Suzanne shrugged. "I don't know. I guess I just feel that most women have the potential to be bisexual, at least to some extent. It's just that most never explore that potential. It's a different situation than with men, where homosexuality is considered much more of a taboo, and seems to be hard-wired as an either/or thing most of the time. Plus, I know how it feels to basically lose one's mind like that. She could be 100 percent straight, and I still think she'd enjoy kissing and fondling you in the heat of the moment! Nobody can resist, when Sweetie heats things up as much as he sometimes can! The question is how she'd feel about it later, once she cools down. It's tricky. Very tricky. But like you said, it's high risk, high reward."

Amy nodded thoughtfully.

Suzanne added, "The only thing is, I don't want you to do anything that could put the whole harem at risk. We do have to walk a very fine line when it comes to Christine, since there's a clear and present danger there, especially if she learns too much too soon."

Amy gave a single, sharp nod.

"But that aside, if you could help things along with her, it could improve the backbone problem considerably." Suzanne suddenly grinned wickedly. "If you do end up getting intimate with her in some sort of threesome fashion, that could help you get a lot more Alan time, and it could even be a foot in the door towards getting her all the way into the harem eventually, at least potentially. Because if she can get used to intimately sharing him with you, then we could eventually add to that. For instance, imagine her sharing him with you AND me some sweet day!"

Amy's face lit up. "Wow! That would be awesome!"

"It would. In short, I think it's worth the risk. What do you think? Are you up for that challenge?"

Amy furrowed her brow, deep in thought. "I think so. I'll need to think it over. Like you said, it's tricky."

Suzanne patted her back. "You do that. Meanwhile, I'll keep doing what I've been doing with Glory and Xania. Namely, encouraging them to get more and more involved. Glory is a must, in my book. Things

are pretty tough with her right now, and it's going to be a long road, in any case. But if we can get her to fully join the harem some day, that'll go a long way towards solving the backbone problem and providing a counterbalance to the submissiveness that tends to get out of hand."

Amy nodded. "Amen to that. I know there's probably nothing I can do there, but if there is any way I can help, please let me know."

Suzanne playfully ruffled Amy's hair, and then gave her a hug, not minding that she was fully clothed while Amy was buck naked. "I will, my Honey Pie, I will."

Amy commented as they hugged, "It's been great having this talk with you, because you told me some things that were almost exactly what I was thinking already! On just about everything, but especially about the Christine stuff. Except all I've been doing so far is thinking and observing. In order to make things happen, I've gotta take action. Talking to you gives me the confidence that I'm on the right track. So maybe that'll help me finally get off my duff and do more to improve matters."

Suzanne grinned. "I can't say I'm surprised that we're thinking along similar lines. I've underestimated you for far too long, since I've had trouble coming to terms with the fact that you've grown up so much. But I'm going to try hard not to keep making that same mistake."

"Thanks, Mother." They French kissed.

Chapter 1040 Xania To Join The Harem?

A couple of minutes later, Suzanne came downstairs first.

Suzanne walked into the kitchen and found Susan there, still wearing nothing but an apron. "Hey, number one mom. What's up?"

Susan turned around. "Oh, not much. Just waiting for a certain sperm-filled young man to come home. Today is a Tuesday!"

Suzanne smirked. She teased as if she was genuinely surprised, "You don't say?"

"I do! It is! It's so great! I'm just doing a little cleaning to help pass the time until I'm naked and kneeling, slurping and bobbing on my son's great cock!"

Amy came bounding down the stairs (naked, naturally), and soon the three were sitting on sofas and talking.

Amy and Suzanne presented to Susan much the same "backbone" discussion that they'd just had with each other upstairs. Except they framed things differently in order to better appeal to Susan's submissive nature.

The three of them soon came to the same conclusion Amy and Suzanne just had: the harem as a whole wasn't likely to have much more willpower, so Alan needed more backbone, and some of his other lovers needed to help him in this with more guidance and support. Suzanne in particular was expected to be the main one to give him the discipline the others were too sexually obsessed to provide.

As they talked, Susan noticed that Amy seemed to be acting differently than she had when Brenda was on the phone. Her eyes were riveted on Suzanne, and she seemed to be striking one sexy pose after another. She stared directly at Suzanne with a surprisingly intense and sultry stare.

Suzanne, on the other hand, seemed flustered by Amy's behavior. She would feast her eyes on Amy, and then try to look away, but before long find herself looking at her daughter again, and the pattern would repeat.

Then it hit Susan: both Suzanne and Amy were thinking about the complete sexual consummation of their love this evening, and even during this serious conversation they couldn't turn off their attraction for each other.

Susan felt left out. She was mollified that at least the two of them were fully and seriously participating in the conversation even as their bodies were having another quite different conversation with each other.

Susan wasn't seeing things completely eye to eye with Suzanne on this, ironically because she had such great confidence in her best friend. She said, "Ultimately, I'm not too worried, because I know you're on the case. In my opinion, there's literally nothing you can't accomplish if you put your mind to it."

Suzanne sighed. "I wish it was that easy. But I don't have super powers. I definitely have my limits, especially in this situation. I'm just as much in thrall to his cock as anyone. He knows about my weakness now, the way my cunt can completely take over and bend me to its will, so that leaves me pretty helpless. I can try, but I can't do it alone. I need some help too, you know!"

Susan suggested, "I know! Why don't we have Xania join our harem? She's definitely fuck-worthy, and even inner-harem worthy. Tiger really likes her. She's got the necessary tit size, beauty, personality, AND she's got backbone. With her worldly experience and vast sexual history, not to mention her psychological wisdom, she doesn't drop to her knees the first time he snaps his fingers. You and she can do it together!"

"Yeah!" Amy seconded the notion with her usual enthusiasm, not letting on that she and Suzanne had already agreed on that. "And I love her super duper long tongue!" She shifted her naked body into yet another alluring pose.

"I'll concede she's got willpower," Suzanne agreed. "However, she might not have as much as you assume. One reason she can come across as independent and strong as she does is because she lives far away and has her own career and friends and everything. If she lived here with us, perhaps she would slowly succumb like everyone else. I mean, this house, the constant talk about his thick, long, and oh so tasty dick and how we all have to service it better - it's so damn infectious and fun! The smell of his cum has completely permeated everything, making it impossible not to become and stay aroused in here pretty much all the time."

At this, all three of them couldn't help but sniff the air and sigh in satisfaction. Actually, the place smelled like pussy more than anything, but they all liked that smell too.

However, Amy stayed focused, and asked, "You don't know that for sure, right?"

Suzanne responded, "No, I don't. But I think she would change at least some, because she's got such a strong sex drive. However, the bigger problem is her solitary personality. Susan, as a matter of fact, Amy and I were just talking about this a little while ago." "I think you should take a look at

Suzanne went on to explain more about Xania's "lone wolf" ways, such as her inability to maintain long-term romantic relationships. She had to repeat much of what she'd told Amy to make sure it was fresh in Susan's mind too, but she went into more detail, explaining more of Xania's personal history that Amy hadn't known.

Eventually, Suzanne concluded, "So I don't think we can count on her joining the harem any time soon. We can hope she'll come around eventually, but we shouldn't spook her by pushing her too hard. In a way, that's a good thing."

"How?" Susan asked.

"For the time being, at least, she can be like our ace in the hole. Remember, she's not just one very sexy lady; she's also a professional therapist. If all of us fall too deeply under Sweetie's spell to give him the guidance he needs, we can call her in as an emergency measure. We can even make sure he has a formal talk with her that takes place in a serious psychologist setting, so they don't just fuck like rabbits the whole time." She grinned a little and added, "Well, most of the time, naturally, but hopefully not the whole time."

Amy and Susan grinned back and nodded as well. They could see Suzanne's logic, and they also deferred to her decision-making. They watched her while she thought deeply about the problem some more.

The three of them went on to discuss the possibility of bringing Glory all the way into the harem. Again, this largely repeated what Suzanne and Amy had just discussed, but they wanted to make sure Susan was on the same page.

Susan had no problem agreeing to pretty much all their ideas on Glory. She thought Glory would be a great fit in the harem, for a variety of reasons, but especially because she knew Alan had a deep love for her that went well beyond physical attraction.

Suzanne considered bringing up Christine as another "backbone" possibility, but decided that situation should remain something between herself and Amy, at least for the moment. She didn't want to raise Susan's hopes that Christine could join the harem, because she considered that to be a long shot at best. She was more hopeful that Alan, Amy, and Christine could wind up in some kind of threesome arrangement, but even that was highly problematic. She knew that Susan would take almost any talk about Christine joining as if it was already practically a done deal.

So instead, Suzanne concluded the discussion about Glory by saying, "We could go over all the other possibilities with his other lovers, but it's clear in my mind that nobody could help with the 'backbone problem' more than Glory. Agreed?"

Susan and Amy nodded.

Suzanne spoke dramatically. "Enough talk, then. It's time for action! I'm feeling inspired after all this discussion, and I've got an idea or two. I'm going to give her a call right now, and hopefully pay her a visit right away."

Suzanne called Glory, with Amy and Susan secretly listening in on speaker-phone. Suzanne said very little except to insist that she had to meet Glory immediately for an Alan-related emergency.

Glory reluctantly agreed.

Suzanne hurried out the door very shortly thereafter, saying, "Wish me luck!" She deliberately failed to put her panties or bra back on before she left.

As soon as Suzanne was gone, Susan gave Amy a big hug. "Amy, my daughter, I want to thank you so much. Sometimes I get so horny that I can't see the forest for the trees. Brenda and I do get really carried away when we get to talking to each other. We relate so well on a big-titted level. Suzanne mentioned that you were the one who brought up this 'backbone' issue when you were talking to her upstairs just before I got included. I'm so proud that you did, because that shows real love."

Susan went on, "The signs that the 'Bad Alan' has been slowly taking over have been there for weeks, but I've been too blind to say or do much about it. To be honest, I get kind of hot thinking about Bad Alan taking over and forcing me to do increasingly nasty things. But I can't just think with my tits. That's selfish of me. I think you've just shown the kind of character that tells me you'd make him a good wife."

Amy's eyes lit up. "What?! Are you serious?! Mom! No way! Me? A wife? Alan's wife?! Ohmigod! Oh. My. God. No way!" She gave Susan a big hug, and they necked and caressed. Amy was still naked and Susan only wore the apron, so they were able to get into it fairly passionately.

However, Susan broke the kiss before long in order to say, "Now, don't get too excited. I was just saying you'd make a good wife; I wasn't proposing on Tiger's behalf! So don't get your hopes up."

Amy, though, couldn't be discouraged that easily. As she fingered Susan's pussy she exclaimed, "WOW! Me! Alan's wife! That's too cool for school! Little old Amy? Married to my dreamboat loving brother, my beau? Master of his own entire harem? Wow! What a trip that would be. Aunt Susan, watch out! You just took one of my most treasured fantasies and made it seem real!"

Susan laughed some more. "Now Amy, calm down. I shouldn't have said that. Odds are Tiger isn't going to marry anyone. He can't marry Angel because she's his legal sister, and if he marries someone like you, my precious Angel will be simply crushed. He would never do that to her. He's too kind and caring. What I should have said is that kind of attitude shows that you'll make a very good sex slave for him."

Amy responded, "You're right. Don't worry. I'm perfectly cool with being one of his slaves, and I'm not gonna try to get all pushy about being his wife. But just the thought that he MIGHT marry me, if things were different! WOW! That gets me really excited! Come on, Aunt Susan, let's play!" She stuck a finger up Susan's hot hole and swung a leg over Susan's thigh.

Susan was more restrained, so she limited herself to fondling Amy's wide butt cheeks. "I'd love to. However, Tiger's going to come home from school pretty soon. I'm not going to miss that for the world. If you don't mind, since this is a Tuesday, I want to be alone with him when he arrives. Maybe you can find your sister and have fun with her."

They both disengaged.

"M'kay. Thanks, Mom! You're the best! I'm going to be excited about this marriage thing for DAYS!" Amy kissed Susan yet again and went back upstairs.

Susan went to the sink and started washing the dishes. That Amy. She's so irrepressible. All of us are. We're such an excitable bunch. Thank God there's Suzanne. I just know she'll solve this backbone problem if she puts her mind to it. She's never failed me. Never. I don't know what she plans to do with Glory about it, but as far as I'm concerned, if Suzanne is seriously on the case then the problem is just about as good as solved. Which means I can devote all my attention to Tiger getting MY attention when he comes home, hee-hee! Finally, we're going to start seeing some serious Tuesday action! But when will he ever get here? It's four-thirty already!

