

6 Times 1071

Chapter 1071 Threesome with Mom and Sis.

After that comment, a full-on threesome began. Any remaining pretense of absurd prudishness was dropped, and in fact all talking very nearly came to a halt. Their mouths were generally too occupied with other things.

Alan spent the next half hour thoroughly fucking both Susan and Katherine's pussies until they were both so sore down below that they could hardly take anymore.

As he often did, he fucked with a strategic purpose in mind. He knew both pussies had gotten a good workout earlier in the evening, and if he fucked them enough their pussies would be too sensitive for any further action later on in the night. That would allow him to get some sleep.

He also made sure that they rode him cowgirl style most of the time. Since there were two of them and only one of him, he was in danger of becoming exhausted first. This way, they did most of the work, while he was able to just lie back and enjoy the way they repeatedly impaled themselves on him and churned and ground their hips.

At one point, as Susan was churning her hips on him, she commented, "Don't think I don't know what you're doing, Son. You're making Angel and me do all the work... and I love it! It makes me feel even more thoroughly tamed and enslaved!"

Katherine chimed in, "Me too! Mom, look at you! You're a total bombshell, a perfect ten! But he's making it clear that you should consider yourself lucky to be bouncing on his huge cock, with your gigantic tits swinging free!"

He admitted, "Okay, you got me. But that's not my motive. I'm just trying to conserve my energy so we can keep the fun going."

That only excited the other two even more. "Did you hear that, Angel? It's up to us to do ALL the work so he'll have the energy to fuck lots of other women too, all day long! He's such a STUD!"

"Gaaawwwd, he is!" Katherine exclaimed, growing more aroused by the second. "Soon, it'll be Christine's turn to ride him cowgirl style!"

"YEEEEESSSS!" Susan came hard, again, inspired by that idea.

That meant it was Katherine's turn, again.

His plan to tire them out worked (despite their awareness of it), but not before they all had a great mutually shared climax. Alan had been pumping into Katherine at the time, but he pulled out as he felt his balls churning and barked, "Slaves! Assume the position! Facials!" He knew that sounded demeaning, but he was on such an erotic high that he didn't care.

Susan and Katherine loved his comments. They eagerly brought their faces within inches of the tip of his throbbing erection.

When he unloaded, they both got a powerful blast at extremely close range. He got a kick out of painting their faces with cum, first this way, then that, as a great many ropes squirted out of him.

Then he fell back to the bed and rested his head on a pillow.

Susan and Katherine spent some time licking the cum off of each other's cheeks, noses, and foreheads. Then they passed the sticky wads back and forth between them in open mouthed tongue duels and long French kisses, sharing and savoring the taste of both Alan and each other for as long as they could. Finally, they both cuddled up to him, one on each side.

Susan asked Katherine, "That was damn good, even by Tiger standards, don't you think?"

Katherine quipped, "Not bad for a 'recently performed intimate act of an inappropriate nature.'"

All three of them got a good laugh out of that.

Susan added, "I loved how he made us do all the work, so he'll still have the energy to fuck who knows who tomorrow. But my favorite part was when Tiger told us, 'Slaves! Assume the position! Facials!' That was soooo hot! Kneeling on the bed with my tits thrust out, my cunt feeling well used, and knowing I'm about to share a sperm bath with my daughter - does it get any better than that?"

"Nope, Slave Mommy," Katherine replied. "That was my fave too. That was pretty awesome."

Susan's eyes lit up. "Oooh! 'Slave Mommy.' I love it, Sister Slave!"

Katherine giggled. "Slave Mommy, you have a big cum gob just below your left eye. Can I lick it up?"

"Please do, Sister Slave."

Alan was basking in the afterglow of such a prolonged erotic high that he wasn't bothered by such talk. He kicked back and commented, "Now, this is the life. This is what I call living the life of Riley."

Susan ribbed him, "So Riley was a motherfucker and sisterfucker too? Is that why everyone is always complimenting him? I always wondered what was so great about his life."

Alan giggled a bit, and then said, "Mommy, you've turned into a regular comedian. Do you remember not that long ago when you were practically incapable of making a joke?"

"Don't remind me. The only thing I don't like about the kind of prudish game we did as a warm-up is when it brings back memories of how I used to really be."

He pointed out, "If it makes you feel any better, I hadn't planned on any fucking. I was thinking maybe a quick and easy double blowjob or titfuck, just to get rid of this unfinished cum load, then right to sleep. But you got me so worked up with your Miss Ridiculously Innocent act that I ended up going hog wild on both of you. I find it a big turn-on when you act like the old Susan."

That made Susan very pleased with herself. "I know. I was trying to get you going, and it got me going too. But still. What a fool I was back then!"

"Ditto for me, Slave Mommy," Katherine said as she ran her hand across her brother's chest. "Except I was a fool mere hours ago, not months ago. I really do feel terribly bad, Big Bro, but tonight I've turned a new leaf. I feel so inspired by all the love and caring that I simply want to burst. I've known the support has been there all along, and deep down I know you would never consciously ignore me, but it feels good to be reminded. I am SO going to make it up to you!"

He spoke, "Not just make it up to ME. In fact, not even primarily me. The truth is, you and I have always spied on each other. We used to play so many tricks. Like, remember a couple of years ago when I read your diary and got you so pissed off?"

Katherine cut in, "You know WHY I got so pissed off? Because there were lots of pages in there where I poured out my desire for you. My anger was hiding my fear of discovery, because I considered that my secret shame. It was sheer luck that the random pages you came across weren't X-rated."

"Wow," he replied, surprised. "That raises an interesting 'what might have been' question. But in any case, I can hardly be the one to throw the first stone. You just took it to another level. The person you need to make it up to is Christine. She's the one who has such a big issue about privacy. She doesn't know me that well, and she has good reason to question if I can keep a secret. Or if my family can."

He playfully bopped his sister on the head. "You've really violated HER privacy more than mine, and you have to make it good with her."

Katherine grimaced. "But how? You say you don't actually know her well, but I know her even less. We say 'hi' to each other as we pass in the halls, but that's about it."

"Figure it out. You want to impress me? This is a good opportunity. Not only that, but if you two can bond, that might help forge a larger alliance against my enemies at school. But that's my last word on anything. I am so beat. It's way past midnight and school starts so early. I'm checking out. Kat, Mommy is going to need some milking at least once in the middle of the night. I'm gonna leave it to you 'cos I desperately need the shut eye."

He closed his eyes. Then he added as an afterthought, "Oh, and please let me sleep in tomorrow until the last possible minute. I soooo desperately need the rest."

"Okay," Katherine answered. She was more than happy to take care of the milking. She closed her eyes too, even though she was still too excited to sleep. If nothing else, she was thrilled that she was lying on one side of her brother while her naked mother lay on his other side.

Susan already had her eyes closed, but she said to no one in particular as if in a dream state, "'Mommy is going to need some milking.' I so love to hear that, especially since he remembered to say 'Mommy' without being reminded. I'm like a big sex cow taken advantage of by my thirsty kids, and I love it! And that's not even mentioning when Tiger said, 'Slaves! Assume the position! Facials!' Is that great, or what? 'Slaves.'"

She said the word endearingly, as if Alan had said "I love you" to her instead.

He grumbled, "You said that already."

But she ignored that and added, "Why, I'm afraid this is going to be the cause for some groans, but that just makes this Slave Mommy so damn HOT!"

Both Alan and Katherine groaned quite loudly, but then they all laughed.

With his eyes still closed, he said, "By the way, Mom, please don't expect me to call you 'Slave Mommy' and don't call yourself that, either. That just goes one step too far for me. Ditto with the 'master' stuff. My ego's getting way too big already."

Mother and daughter happily replied, "Good night."

Alan thought to himself, Now, that's what I call a day! Even by my own recent unusual standards, that was one busy and sex-filled day. How long can this be sustained? I feel like I put out some fires by rejecting Christine and coming to new understandings with my sisters and mothers, but am I just delaying the day of reckoning?

I mean, forget homework! The thought of doing actual work hardly even crosses my mind. Just sex, sex, and more sex, pretty much. And as for tomorrow, there's no chance whatsoever I can take a rest. Jesus! I just remembered that on top of everything else, tomorrow is poke-her night. I can't turn it down, but it's just too much!

Well, at least I'm well loved. These two right here are the greatest. I just hope I make them happy and proud of me.

Katherine thought, I really screwed up today, but Big Brother, as usual, managed to make lemonade out of lemons. Still, I have to do better. He's all stressed out, and I get mental instead of helping. It's time for big changes. First, I am gonna befriend Christine by any means necessary. Maybe I won't be the big heroine, but if I could play a key role in helping with his school troubles, maybe that'll redeem my mistakes a little bit.

But more importantly, I have to strive not to be so jealous. I want to become known as the least jealous out of everyone, not the most jealous. If that means I end up fucking him less, well, so be it. There are more important things than sex, like my brother's love and respect.

Susan, by contrast, was still too aroused due to recalling some of her son's recent comments like "Mommy is going to need some milking" for any deep contemplation. Instead, that comment in particular got her thinking about her lactation schedule. She'd been rather low key about her milking needs so far, because her milky flow had been relatively low. But she was pleasantly surprised at how much milk had come out of her today, not to mention how erotic and pleasurable it felt. She resolved to turn herself into more of a "milk slave" starting tomorrow.

After a few minutes, she began to drift off while thinking happy thoughts of waking her son tomorrow morning with a nipple gushing milk into his mouth and her pussy riding his morning wood. She thought, Slave Mommy. Tiger's milky big-titted Sex Slave Mommy. Mmmm. What joy! What peace! Even if he doesn't want to call me that, it's what I am. And I love it!

And Angel is right: he keeps us deliriously happy and well-fucked all the time. We fucked for so long. I feel completely satiated. This is the best kind of tired!

Susan and Katherine snuggled closer to Alan's chest, on each side of him. Their big breasts pressed up against his skin in the most delightful way. All the contact felt quite comforting. Both women had a hand that drifted down to where it felt most comfortable: resting on top of his crotch. Luckily for a very sleepy Alan, there were blankets and sheets in between his penis and their hands, or his penis likely wouldn't have remained flaccid for long.

But all remained still. Finally, Susan reached out and turned off the light. Sleep quickly came to the weary threesome.

Chapter 1072 Bitch training session?

Alan woke up, opened his eyes, and languidly stretched his arms. He glanced around and slowly came to the realization that he wasn't in his own room. He was actually in his mother's master bedroom instead. Suddenly, memories of how he'd fallen asleep with Katherine on one side and Susan on the other flooded into his consciousness.

He smiled widely and his arm stretch turned into punches of joy in the air. Yes! Now THAT's how a guy should get some sleep! Not only that, but I actually feel fairly rested. After all the sex I had yesterday, I'm surprised I don't feel like being wheeled off to the hospital.

He paused and did a double-take around the room. But wait. I'm alone. Where's Mom and Sis? Shucks. I was kind of getting used to this waking up with a good morning blowjob.

Just then he saw the door to the bedroom open up as Susan and Katherine tumbled into the room. He got the impression that they'd been peeking through a crack in the door. Both were wearing high heels and not much else. Susan wore an apron and Katherine wore a skimpy outfit in a leopard print.

"Good morning, Big Brother!" Katherine said enthusiastically as she came close.

Susan followed behind her and said in a throaty and surprisingly low voice, "Morning, Son." She was carrying a tray and wore a smile that seemed somehow both matronly and extremely sexy.

He looked at both of them with an eyebrow raised. Knowing they were being examined, they closed their eyes and thrust out their chests. He hadn't woken with a hard-on, but that "problem" was fixed in a matter of seconds. "Mmmm. You two look good!" bender

Katherine sat on the bed on one side of him and Susan stood on the other.

Katherine beamed with delight at the mild compliment and said, "What? You're acting like you're never seen us before. Of course we look good, Big Barbell Brother. We always look good!" She straightened up and proudly thrust her chest forward.

He laughed, pleasantly surprised at her blatant self-confidence. "I know, I know. It's just that you two look exceptionally lovely this morning. Sis, I love your jungle-y little leopard outfit. I could definitely get used to having a pet around here."

Katherine bent her head down and forward, inviting him to pet her long dark brown hair, which he did with one hand. He looked down at the spotted bikini she wore and with his other hand he pulled her breasts out of the top. Since it was a strapless bra, it easily fell down around her stomach.

"Ah. Much better," he sighed contentedly as he began to fondle his sister's big breasts.

Katherine giggled and cooed. She seemed particularly happy and easy to please. She purred, "And I could definitely get used to being your fuck toy pet around here."

He kept his hands on his sister but turned around to face his mother. "And you. You're looking fantastic, too. I love the apron look."

Susan beamed proudly at her son. "I love it too! The apron reminds me I'm your mommy, and the nakedness reminds me I'm one of your sex toys. I get all tingly down below just from putting an apron on!" Her white apron covered her nipples, but just barely.

He took his hand from Katherine's head and brought it to his mother's chest. Her large boobs were covered by the apron, but he quickly pushed the apron to the side so her they could swing free. "Aaaaah. That's more like it. What's with both of you covering up so much today?"

Susan laughed. She stuck her tongue out and playfully mocked him as she covered her boobs with the apron again. "I'd hardly call this fully dressed. But Suzanne taught us it's more fun getting naked than starting naked."

"True enough," He agreed as he looked from mother to sister and back and let his hands wander freely over both of them. "But I must say I'm a bit bummed that I woke up all alone. I was kind of looking forward to waking up with you two by my side."

"So were WE!" Katherine blurted out. She furrowed her brow, and looked up at Susan unhappily. It was obvious the two women had disagreed about this earlier. "But unfortunately, you told us to take it easy on you and let you sleep in. If it were up to me you would have woken up in mid-orgy, but you said you were tired so we had to respect that." She straddled herself over her brother's legs to give him easier access to her body.

"Oh. Yeah." He was still coming to and trying to recall all that had happened the night before. "True. Thanks for doing that. I slept in? How late is it, anyway?" He looked at the alarm clock by the bed as he said this, then exclaimed, "Seven twenty? Shit! Fuck!"

"What's the problem?" Susan asked, not at all concerned by the time. She seemed to have some kind of happy secret.

He looked down at the bed next to where his mother stood and saw that she had his breakfast in a tray there. Even as he continued to run a hand over her hips, she bent down, picked up a fork, and brought a bite of waffle to his mouth.

He thought, Today I'm supposed to help out with a bitch training session with Heather before school, but I can't exactly tell them that. They'll be offended... Hell. Why not? Total honesty is good.

He took a bite, swallowed, and then said, "Mmmm. Thanks. Um, to answer your question, I uh, well, it's like this. I have an appointment before school."

Susan and Katherine looked past him and at each other. Both raised eyebrows quizzically. "Oh?" they said in unison.

He stopped fondling his sister's chest, closed his eyes in mild embarrassment, and said, "Yeah. It's with Heather and Simone. I imagine there will probably be some fucking going on."

There was a pregnant pause. Surprisingly, there were no words or even murmurs in response.

He opened his eyes to get their reaction since he hadn't heard anything. He looked at Katherine. He could see mild annoyance on her face, but she was trying to put up a brave front. He was pleased to see her smile at him encouragingly. He smiled back.

Then he looked up to Susan.

She grinned like an idiot, she was so happy. "I'm so proud of you, Son! Slipping in a quick fuck with the busty head cheerleader and her busty, sexy black friend before school. I love it! Two at once, just like you're doing now with Angel and me! I'm so impressed and proud of my manly son that my heart could burst out of my chest!" She surged forward a bit and brought a hand to her ample chest as if to stop her heart from breaking out of it.

Alan chuckled and quipped, "That's not the only thing about to burst from your chest, Mom. Is it my imagination, or have your tits grown overnight?"

Nothing could have made Susan happier than to hear those words. If she was beaming before, her face positively glowed with happiness now. "Really? You think?"

She was shy at first, but then with determination, she added, "Why don't we find out? We weren't sure if you'd be in the mood after all that happened yesterday, but I think little Alan Junior wants to come out to play, doesn't he?" She brought another fork-load of waffle to his face with one hand and pulled his covers down with the other.

"Not-so-little Alan Junior," Katherine corrected as Alan's hard-on came into view and sprang straight up. "God DAMN, look at the big cum-filled thing! I've missed it so much!"

"I stand corrected," Susan smiled. "Big, thick, iron-hard sister-and-mommy-splitting Alan Junior, I should have said! Quick, Angel, you take care of his tragic sperm surplus and I'll help him eat."

Alan chewed his food and then said contentedly, "Now, that's more like it. What a nice morning." Then he frowned. "But the time! I can't keep Heather waiting! You've heard what a bitch she is."

Susan replied, "There, there. We've been up for ages and we've got it all covered. Your clothes are laid out and I'll drive you to school and everything. Ten minutes of sisterfucking to warm up your cock while you eat breakfast, which you have to do anyway, and you'll be slipping into either Heather or Simone's warm cunt by seven forty-five, I promise."

He laughed with glee. "Hmmm. If you put it that way, it's a bit hard to refuse. Now, that is what I call a liberated and understanding mom!"

As the others talked, Katherine wasted no time stripping off her bikini top and bottom. Then she straddled herself across his lap and impaled herself down with a contented sigh.

She said as she churned her hips to go down deeper, "I told you last night I'm not gonna be jealous, and I mean it. I just need to look at things in a different way. For instance, I want to see you break Heather totally and utterly, like you did with Brenda. If you can turn her into an easily controlled, mindless, starved-for-Alan-cock zombie, then I'm all for you fucking that bitch as much as possible!"

He sighed with happiness, as his sister bottomed out on top of him and he could feel his erection go in as far as it could. "I doubt I'll ever be able to turn her into a Brenda, especially since I still don't understand what happened there. But I'll try."

He groaned as his sister's pussy muscles squeezed around his cock. "Geez... Talk about living like a king!"

Chapter 1073 Sucking Mom's Tits!

Alan looked around for his standard glass of orange juice, but he didn't see any drink on the tray.

"Um, Mom?"

Susan could anticipate what he was going to say. She sat down on the bed close to his head and pushed her apron off her breasts again. "Don't worry, my loving son. Didn't I tell you we've got it all covered? Just lean forward a bit."

He did. The next thing he knew, his mouth was latched to his mother's right breast. He suckled for a few seconds while he thought about how neat it was to drink his own mother's milk with his waffles. The milk tasted sweet and delicious, much better than store-bought milk.

Suddenly he pulled back. "Jesus! Jesus Christ!" He stared up at Susan's bespectacled face in shock and wonder.

"What?" she asked, worried.

"Well, it's just that, dang! You have so much milk today! Yesterday, it was like taking a sip from a dribbling trickle. But today, wow! It's like, it's like some kind of flood of milky mother-y goodness! Dang! It's just like chugging down a glass of milk! What the hell?! And you know what? I think your tits ARE bigger! They look to be absolutely bursting with milk! So soft! So round! So full!" He groped at them as if discovering them for the first time.

Susan blushed and pushed his head back into her chest. "Stop it! Flattery like that will get you everywhere. Why, if you're lucky, I might even let you fuck your very own mommy later." She added shyly and earnestly, "Of course, I'm only joking, since it's your right and privilege to fuck me whenever you want! I take this mommy slave stuff VERY seriously!"

He nodded in understanding.

She smiled with relief, then looked longingly at the way her daughter was rising up and down on him. "That is, if your sister leaves anything for me."

That comment redirected Alan's attention to Katherine. His eyes drifted to her while his mouth resumed sucking on the other offered nipple.

Katherine was taking her fuck nice and slow, savoring each upward and downward stroke on his long shaft. Sometimes when she bottomed out, she just sat there and gently wiggled while she basked in the sensation of his stiffness filling her up so thoroughly. This was a very considerate thing to do, because it allowed him to suckle and eat his breakfast without jostling the bed.

He winked and gave her a thumbs up.

She winked back and brought one hand to his chest and another to Susan's unoccupied tit.

He paused for some moments and luxuriated in the feeling of his sister's tight hole sliding slowly up and down his morning wood, and at the same time he marveled at how great it felt to suckle at the generous flow of milk which poured out of his mother's nipple.

Susan caressed his face with her hand and asked, "Son, how does it feel to be fucking your sister? Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Mom, it's so good! You have no idea! This must be the kind of high heroin junkies are trying to get. It's like a non-stop pleasure blast. I could ride a slow fuck like this for hours. No, make that friggin' DAYS!"

His face still showed surprise at the milk flow, so Susan explained as she picked up more waffle with the fork, "Last night, Katherine and I were so tired that we both slept through the night. So I've built up about as much of a milk surplus as you've built up a sperm surplus. God, there's nothing more horrible than seeing all that sperm trapped in your cock instead of shooting into the hot twat of a big-titted babe like your sister ... or me ... but thank God this morning we'll be able to take care of your problem and mine. Oh, and I should mention that I've been popping those lactation inducing pills like they're going out of style. I probably overdid it a bit, but look!"

She proudly thrust her chest forward into his face even more than she usually did. "I think the pills must really work! It's been less than a week, and I'm already like this. I can only hope I'll get even bigger and milkier in the weeks to come."

She beamed with joy, and then leaned forward conspiratorially, "You know, to be honest, I measured my chest a few minutes ago, and you know what? I AM bigger! A LOT bigger!" Her voice grew with her enthusiasm. "In fact, you no longer have a G-cupped mommy. Say hello to Susan I-cup Plummer!"

Alan disengaged from her nipple and pulled back a bit. I-CUP?! Are you kidding me?! That's not just one bra size bigger, that's TWO! He looked into her eyes to see if she was serious.

Susan, still holding the fork, raised her arms up triumphantly, turning her upper body into a Y-shape. Her apron had more or less fallen off of her completely. She looked radiant, and completely off the top of

any beauty scale. What's more, her engorged I-cup boobs stuck out with even less sag than they'd had before. bender

He whistled in appreciation. His whole body was lightly bouncing up and down now, now that Katherine had started to fuck him a bit more enthusiastically. This was one of his favorite sexual positions, since it meant little work on his part and allowed his cock to achieve deep penetration.

Susan, still beside herself with happiness, enthused, "Eat your heart out, Suzanne!" Clearly, the fact that her boobs were now larger than Suzanne's made her very happy. She put her hands under her tits and pushed them up and out, which made them look positively gargantuan in size. Drops of milk continued to leak out of both nipples. Her breasts were so sensitive that it seemed she was on the verge of climaxing merely from holding them up.

But then Susan thought of Katherine and her breast-size jealousy, and she looked to her with concern. So did Alan.

Katherine looked at both of them with a chagrined look on her face. "What?!" She momentarily pretended she couldn't understand why they were looking at her. Then, she conceded, "Yeah, Mom. The whole stupid jealousy thing again."

She continued in a flat voice. "Sorry if I can't get wildly enthusiastic, but on the other hand I'm not going to pout. At least I know that I'll grow too when my turn to lactate comes this summer." Hopefully after Brother impregnates me!

She clearly wanted to say more, but she held her tongue from any complaining. She redirected her attention to fucking her brother, and brought both hands to his chest this time. That enabled her to lean forward and support herself against him, yet still leave enough room in front of his face for him to keep eating.

He muttered, "Mom, I'm concerned with you maybe taking too many of those pills."

She replied, "How sweet to say that. But don't worry. Now that I'm lactating, I don't have to do that anymore."

He was inhaling the sweet scent of her recently shampooed hair since her head was practically in his face, when another fork full of food appeared in front of his mouth, a piece of banana this time.

"There you go," Susan said encouragingly, as if she was feeding a baby. "We are in a hurry, so keep eating, big boy. You're not allowed to go until you finish off this plate and drink my milky udders back down to a size E. Plus, you should paint your sister's ovaries with your creamy seed!"

He chewed his food and fondled Katherine's tits with both hands, and also moved his hips up and down a bit, which caused delightful sparks of pleasure to fly from his groin to the rest of his body. He mumbled as he finished chewing, "Multitasking. A bit confusing, but I love it... Mom? Sis? Can I tell you both something?"

"What?" They both said at once.

He looked from one to the other with nearly teary eyes. "I just want to say ... I love you both so much. I don't know how a boy could ask for a better family. So considerate, so caring, so giving, and oh so sexy! You two are the best!"

That brought happy murmurs from the two women.

Susan grabbed one of his hands and brought it back to her chest. Then she brought it up to her mouth and sucked on a couple of his fingers at once. All of a sudden, she took them away, and exclaimed, "Damn! Angel, you think you're jealous of my new I-cups? I'm more jealous of what you're doing! I want to make my son so happy that I just want to cry, and I don't even have his cock to suck on! It's not fair! What's a loving mother to do?!"

She resumed sucking on three of his fingers bunched together as if they were his penis, even though it was a poor substitute for what she really wanted to caress with her tongue and lips.

Katherine cackled with glee, clearly happy to frustrate her mother this once. But it was good-natured feeling, like the pleasure in winning a board game. "Awww, Mom. Shucks! We both should be shaking our fists at Heather and Simone. They're the ones who are going to get his tasty cum this morning!"

Susan looked off dreamily. "Don't remind me. That makes me so fucking HOT! Our studly Tiger, sexually satisfying four big-titted babes even before school starts! Oh! Don't say any more, or I'm liable to simply die of joy! Quick, Son, suck me dry!" She roughly grabbed his head and pulled his mouth back onto one of her nipples.

He happily drank the milk, which seemed in no danger of running out. He let both of his hands caress the round fullness of the breast he was sucking on. The sensations were so good he wanted to whoop for joy. He was surprised to see serious leaks of milk flowing out of whatever nipple he left unattended, making the experience pleasantly sticky.

At the same time, Katherine had stopped her pogo-like bouncing on his cock and was sitting still, experimentally leaning her head into his chest and running her hair all over his skin. But his pleasure only grew, because in addition to the silky hair stimulating his skin everywhere, her pussy was expertly milking his cock with great vigor.

He thought, Milking here, milking there. Milking fucking everywhere! Awesome! This is just total sensory overload! I could get used to this! I totally don't deserve all this attention. I feel so much love for these two, even more than usual. Now I feel like it's MY heart that's about to burst out of my chest!

And speaking of chests, those I-cups! Holy hell! God, you're shitting me, this is unreal! When I get home and have some more time, I'm gonna wait till those twin puppies are filled with milk and then give them an excellent titfucking! I wonder if I'll be able to hear the milk sloshing around while I fuck her cleavage and have her tongue flicker at my cockhead. I don't know, but I sure can't wait to find out! DAMN!

Not only that, but what if I had Suzanne get a "size upgrade" too? Whoa!

Heck, why stop there? Everybody should start lactating! God, can you just imagine? Dang, I don't know why, but I suddenly have this vision of all four of them and me walking into a Denny's. They'd all be braless, with their tits sloshing around inside their shirts and big milky wet spots over their nipples. The whole restaurant would come to a complete stop. And then they'd start walking forward, and there would be so much collective tit bouncing underneath those shirts that the entire restaurant would erupt into a complete uproar! Eight tits that are all mine.

OH MY GOD. Brenda! How can I forget Brenda's chest? Ten tits! Imagine BRENDA when she's LACTATING! I don't think she'd be able to stand up without falling over! This is too cool!

He closed his eyes to better focus on all the wonderful feelings of pleasure coursing through his body. He heard simultaneous yelping from Susan and Katherine, and realized both of them were hitting their first orgasms of the day at the same time. His smile grew wider.

Chapter 1074 Heather's Training!

Susan made good on her promise. They made it to school before seven forty.

Alan was amazed at how it happened. One minute, he was still sucking and fondling his mother's nipples and feeling his sister's pussy walls squeeze around his prick, and the next minute the two women had practically carried him to the bathroom and then towed him off after less than thirty seconds in the shower. Then, in literally less than another minute, his clothes were put on for him, and he was whisked out the front door, still half-wet from his "shower." Everything had been taken care of. They even brought a toothbrush and glass of water in the car for him to brush his teeth.

He sat in the back with Katherine, and she kept his boner "warm" on the ride to school by sucking on it as it poked through his fly while he dried his hair, brushed his teeth, and so forth. From the front seat, Susan kept up a banter about how hot and wet all of this was making her.

He was mightily impressed at their efforts to help him, and he vowed to do something nice for both of them soon to show his appreciation. He mulled over different gift ideas as they made their way to school.

Needless to say, he was in a wonderful mood as he ran to the theater room, his erection still throbbing in his shorts. But that mood was punctured as soon as he arrived, because Heather looked absolutely livid.

Alan had told them he would be there at seven-thirty and he was ten minutes late. Had it been anyone but him she would have verbally ripped the person's head off at first glance. However, she constrained herself, because she was anxious to have her Bitch Tamer put a Bitch Trainer in her ass, and she realized that chewing out him would be very counterproductive to that all-important goal. She was so eager for it that she hopped from foot to foot as if she had ants in her pants.

As it was, Heather restricted herself to intense seething. If looks could kill, Alan would have died right there, because if there was one thing she hated, it was having to wait. Worse, she had the key to the room she wanted to get into, but she couldn't use it because she couldn't let him know that she had it. At least, not yet.

Simone, on the other hand, was rather amused by the situation and shot Alan a lopsided grin. Normally, she would have been a bit upset at him being late, but that emotion was more than overwhelmed by the enjoyment of watching Heather quietly fume. She almost wished he would have arrived later, just so she could see Heather go completely ballistic. Simone had many years of abuse from Heather to work through.

He caught his breath, looked up and down the hall to see if anyone was looking, then lightly kissed both Heather and Simone on their cheeks.

They were both very surprised at this public display of affection, small though it was. Alan simply never took chances like that. It threw them both off their game a bit, as he'd hoped it would. They were both so surprised that they forgot to say hello.

Then he said to Heather, "My, you're looking good this morning. Nice outfit. You too, Simone. Yummy." He leered at both of them and licked his lips. That was shocking for them yet again. Then he opened the door.

He had good reason to compliment them, because both of them looked great. Actually, that was one reason why Heather was so pissed off. She'd gone to unusual lengths that morning to make herself look good. She'd preened and prettied herself, and fussed over what she would wear, as if she was going to the homecoming ball to be declared Homecoming Queen. In the end, she'd worn her five inch high heels (again), an extremely short brown leather skirt, and a loose and very low cut blue top with no bra underneath. The top practically begged one to peek in and have a very good look around.

She was quite possibly more scandalously dressed than she'd ever dressed at school before, which was saying a lot. She was upset at herself for going to such great lengths just because she was going to meet Alan, and doubly upset that in return he disrespected her by showing up late.

She was also miffed that he dressed no differently today than he always did. It particularly rankled her because it showed his superior position over her - he knew she wanted him so much that he didn't even need to bother to dress nice. To make matters worse, he was right. Her body was all worked up already, with her nipples erect, her pussy moist, and her heart racing fast.

Simone had dressed just as casually as she always did, too. She wore her usual sneakers, blue jeans, and T-shirt. The only difference was that, feeling outdone by Heather, she'd tied a knot in her white T-shirt to expose her very toned and muscular abdominals. She enjoyed being with Alan, but she wasn't in love with him like Heather was, so she saw no need to go to great lengths to look good.

As Alan closed the door, he whistled in appreciation again and said, "Did I miss something? I thought today was Wednesday, not Friday."

Both Heather and Simone were confused by this comment. But Heather, still fuming and looking for a chance to get a dig in about him being late, said in a nasty voice, "Obviously you have a very fucked up sense of time."

He just smiled as if he wasn't bothered in the slightest, which was true. He was still on an emotional and erotic high from his time with Susan and Katherine and not much could faze him at the moment. He said in a deliberately bright voice, "Do I? I'm just confused because I'm thinking from the way you're dressed that it must be Grope Naked Heather Day, and you know those only happen on Fridays."

He reached forward and down and casually stuck a hand between Heather's thighs. He cupped her pussy as if he owned it.

Heather gasped, both by her recollection of the wonderful Grope Naked Heather Day fantasy he'd spelled out for her last Thursday, and at his impetuous manner of grabbing her crotch like she was nothing but a sexual object. She hated it, but she loved it more. She thrust her pussy into his palm.

But her anger didn't fade easily. She muttered menacingly, "Some nerve you have, just waltzing in here like that." bender

Before she could say more, he led the crotch of her underwear aside and thrust two fingers up her pussy. Her pussy had not yet fully lubricated, because it had happened so fast, but it didn't stay that way for too many seconds.

He yanked her skirt down with one pull using his other hand, and then commented, "Ah. Butt floss. Excellent choice, my Bitchslut." Sure enough, she was wearing a microscopically thin pink thong. The

only place it showed any significant fabric at all was right over her pussy, or at least it had before he pulled it aside.

Simone had to stifle a laugh as she watched a range of conflicting expressions cross Heather's face.

Finally, Heather simply bit her lip.

Simone was impressed at the speed with which Alan had taken the situation in hand. She began to wiggle out of her own extremely tight jeans.

Alan, meanwhile, continued to act fast while Heather reeled with confusion. He yanked her blue top up past her boobs and onto her shoulders. Then he roughly fondled a tit with one hand and continued to pump his fingers into her moistening pussy with the other. "Nice. I was just looking at the two of you and thinking how nice it would be to get at the candy underneath these wrappers." He leered at her. "You look like a particularly tasty and ripe bitch."

"How dare-" Heather began to bark, but she stopped abruptly because he slapped her hard on the butt. Her micro-miniskirt was in a pile around her feet and the butt floss down her ass crack covered nothing, so the smacking sound of skin on skin reverberated around the room quite loudly.

Then, in a very dexterous move, he took his hand from her richly tanned ass and grabbed her by the ponytail. He yanked her head down while his other hand pressed up against and into her pussy. This forced her to bend over until her body was at a perfect right angle, with her ass sticking high up in the air. It happened so fast that she had no time to defend herself. He didn't even plan to do it, it just happened spontaneously.

Heather was more flabbergasted than ever before in her life. She was too stunned to speak and her body froze into place.

Taking advantage of that, he let go of her ponytail and brought his free hand around her torso until he found her tits again. They hung down low, like the udders on a cow. He began to knead them with one hand, but kept pumping her pussy with the other.

Simone was astounded. Good Lord! He yanked her by the ponytail and lived to tell the tale! She didn't even complain! Wow, that's hot!

He told Heather in an authoritative tone, "Now. That's better. This is how a bitchslut should present herself to her master, isn't it? ... Isn't it?" He waited for an answer, and when none came, he drew his hand away from her dangling tits and then spanked them with another loud smack.

"Ow! That hurt!" Heather bitched, but if anything, her body was even stiffer and her ass was even higher than before. The anger still burned within her, but her lust had taken over completely. Her pussy was wet and throbbing with need, but her asshole needed attention even more.

"Aren't you forgetting the magic word?" he reminded her.

"Ow, that hurt, Sir," she belatedly remembered.

Incredible! Simone thought. This can't be happening! What a trip!

He drew his hand back a great distance then let a great slap hit her ass. This one was much harder than the first.

"What?!" Heather complained. She was much angrier now than when he had arrived, but it annoyed her greatly that she couldn't do anything about it since her body needed him so badly. It was all she could do not to fall to the floor and beg with every fiber of her being for him to royally fuck her.

He spanked her tits again and then went back to groping them. "No. Not 'what?' Not 'Ow, that hurt, Sir.' You should have said instead, 'Thank you, Sir! May I please have another? Sir?'" That would show the right attitude. And what kind of attitude is that, my bitchslut?"

The hot cheerleader had her head bent down, looking at the floor, which was good because she was too embarrassed to look anyone in the face. She hated that Simone was watching all this. But she blushed and closed her eyes nonetheless.

Dammit! He's bested me again! I can't... can't think! Too hot! ... But no! No! He thinks he's bested me, but not this time! Not... UGH! I'm gonna cum! He's only groping my breasts and already I need to cum so badly! But once I cum, that's it! Once I cum, I'm gonna tear into him and show him who REALLY is the boss around here! But until then, God, I LOVE IT when he treats me like this!

She said in a very quiet voice, "Um, I'm uh, I'm here, my body is here, to... to... to serve your pleasure, Sir. I am here for your amusement. Sir."

Simone thought, Fuck me! I've officially entered some alternate universe. But this is great! Watching Heather get taken down is super hot!

He raised his eyebrow and even opened his mouth with surprise, because he wasn't expecting her to give in that easily. He was glad Heather couldn't see his reaction. He thought, Dang, how does this kind of thing happen? I had no idea what I was going to do before I came in here; I didn't even think about it. Somehow, I always seem to instinctively know just how to treat her. But what she just said surprises even me.

He quickly recovered, and said in the deep and authoritative tone he'd taken to using whenever Heather was around, "Yes. Very good. Very good indeed. Just for that, I'm not going to spank your ass until you cry and beg for mercy, like I was planning to do for your impetuous comments a minute ago. You are here for my amusement."

She moaned loudly, like he'd just smacked her ass as hard as he could. She sounded distressed, but highly aroused.

Encouraged, he went on, "Exactly. Your whole body, its entire purpose, is to serve me and make me feel good. As such, the next time I see you, and every time I see you until I tell you to stop, I want you to greet me just like this: bent over at a perfect right angle, with your butt floss askew, and your tits completely exposed."

Inwardly, Heather was burning up with anger while, outwardly, her body and pussy burned with lust. Her whole body visibly shuddered. She thought, I'll get you for this, Alan! I swear to God, if there's one thing I'm gonna do, I will get my revenge! I'm going to make YOU bend over and beg, you worthless fuck! That's right! I'm not going to TAKE this shit! Fuck YOU!

But the words were only to herself. While her mind rebelled, her body had different intentions altogether. Her body only knew how to obey such a firm hand and strong masculine voice. She found herself nodding slightly, and then realized with horror that she would do it. The next time I see him, I'll greet him willingly just like I am now, no matter where I am, no matter who I'm with! It's true!

It was such an intoxicating and arousing thought that her whole body trembled with excitement again and she struggled to stay bent over. She tottered precariously on her very high heels.

She found herself asking, "But Sir! What if the next time I see you is in public? Or the time after that? Certainly you can't expect me to act like this in public?! ... Uh, Sir!"

He pondered that for a minute while he continued to fondle her shaking tits and pussy.

Simone was also pondering that as she stared at Heather with complete surprise. What the hell?! She even agrees to that?! I truly can't believe what I'm seeing. What's his trick? What's his angle? Why isn't Heather up and slugging him in the face for such audacity? I just don't get it. But seeing her submit like that is really turning me on! All the times I wanted to put her in her place for being such a raging bitch... not I can, through him!

Heather's body had really gotten into the rough treatment and her hips began thrusting back into Alan's hand. This caused her tits to wobble and sway in the most delightful ways, which made the groping of them that much more fun.

Finally, he replied, "Hmmm. Good point. I guess that'll be an interesting sight to see. I usually see you between third and fourth periods as you're leaving Glory's class and I'm entering it. It'll be interesting to see how she reacts today when you yank your top up and present your naked ass to me like the bitchslut that you are."

"NooooOOOOoooo!" Heather shrieked as she stayed bent over like her life depended on it. "Not in Ms. Rhymer's class! Please! Not that! I'll do anything!" Her chest was heaving even more, thanks to his comments.

"But you already will do anything for me, won't you? So your words mean nothing... I'll tell you what. Just because your 'here for my amusement' answer was so good, I'll give you a break. You still have to bend over, and of course call me 'Sir' at all times, but you can keep your top on in public places. For

now... And, hell. I'm in an unusually good mood today. You don't have to stay bent over the whole time you're talking to me. Just ten seconds should be long enough."

"But Sir! If I bend over like I am now, everyone is going to see my ass! My completely naked ass! Everyone would be able to see everything, what with this stupid useless butt floss! ... Sir!" She let out an audible sigh of relief as she belatedly remembered to say "Sir." She shuddered in near orgasmic delight as she both feared and looked forward to see what he might do next if she broke the rules again.

He replied calmly, "You'll just have to make sure your ass is facing the wall when you see me in public, then."

Suddenly he heard Simone burst into laughter somewhere behind him. He'd gotten so caught up in dealing with Heather that he'd completely forgotten Simone was there. He disengaged from Heather and turned to look at Simone.

Not only was Simone laughing, but she'd actually started to clap with glee. She was overjoyed by what she heard and saw. She couldn't get over how Alan could treat Heather. For everyone else, Heather was relentlessly domineering and bitchy, but Alan seemed to somehow magically flip a switch inside her friend and control her like she was a living doll. Simone loved it. She felt it was payback time for all the countless times Heather had others in the position Alan had her in now, although usually Heather had others metaphorically fucked in the ass instead of literally so.

Heather had been attempting to pull her butt floss down her thighs, but her hands were so shaky with excitement that she couldn't manage to get them down very far. Bending down enough to get them would be a risky attempt given her five-inch heels, so she gave up the attempt. Her helplessness in accomplishing such a simple task somehow only aroused her still further.

This can't be happening to me! And in front of my best friend! She'll lose all respect!

She turned her attention to Simone. She raised her head and found her across the room. The busty blonde glared and said, "Shut up! What's so funny?! Simone, I don't like how he is making you all... Well, I don't know... Just like ... You don't know your place anymore!"

Because Heather was unable to insult Alan, she had to abuse somebody, and Simone was the only other target. Plus, she did really feel Simone had become too emboldened. It had nothing to do with skin color - everyone was inferior to Heather in Heather's eyes.

But her words didn't exactly go over well. Simone replied in an exaggerated Southern accent, "Oooh! Missa Heathe'! Yes'm! Simone goin' go back to cotton fields, where she done belong! She don't wanna bother Missa Heathe' none!" She bowed repeatedly and abjectly as she slowly backed away from Heather like the lowliest plantation slave. But, as the three of them knew, her performance was entirely sarcastic.

Alan slapped Heather's ass again, hard. Then he slapped her tits a couple of times, but not very hard; he just liked to watch them sway back and forth. Finally, he said, "Heather. Shame on you. Simone is right. She's no one's slave. Not even mine. Not yet."

He shot Simone a mischievous look as he said "Not yet" - his "Bad Alan" side had the upper hand at the moment.

He turned back to the drooping and dripping Heather and held her ponytail tightly, yanking on it. He continued in a nearly menacing tone, "When you insult Simone, you insult me. It's that simple. Whether I'm there or not. Simone is obliged to report any slight to me so you can be properly punished. It's all part of your Inner Bitch Training, or had you forgotten why we're all here? Now, you keep your pussy warm with your fingers. I need to inspect Simone." He walked away.

Heather stayed bent at a perfect right angle, even though her body had gotten very tired of the position and it was agony to stay like that with the heels she wore, because he hadn't told her to do otherwise. And the more he ruled over her, the more she wanted to obey and be fucked by him, and only him.

Chapter 1075 Bad Alan in his True Element!

Alan turned around and took his first good look at Simone since they'd walked into the room five minutes earlier.

Simone had stripped naked, which he appreciated. She struck a cocky pose, both casual yet ready to spring into action.

He liked that pose a lot, too. God! Such a babe! I can't believe all this is happening before the school day even begins. Which reminds me, I don't have much time. bender

He continued to stare at Simone and said, "Look here, Heather. You could learn a lot from Simone. I don't need to order her around, like I have to with your bitchy ass. Even though she doesn't know me very well yet, she instinctively knows that when we're alone, it's time to get naked."

He walked right up to Simone, and ran a hand up one of her arms and then across her back, as if to inspect some merchandise. "And what a naked body. Look at these legs. Strong. Muscular."

He ran both hands down Simone's legs and squeezed her dark and toned thighs. Then he let a hand lightly brush her ass cheeks, and cupped her pussy. "Look at this bush. Thick. Hairy. But well trimmed. Nice."

He poked a finger into her pussy lips briefly, but then moved his hands on up her body. "And this stomach. Hard like a marble table. But still, tiny fuzzy, nearly-invisible hair makes it soft to caress." One hand stayed near her pussy and tweaked her clit repeatedly.

Simone shuddered with delight. She found her whole body afire with anticipation. No one had ever made her feel like this before. She knew that Alan could touch her anywhere, do anything to her, and she would not resist. I'm beginning to get it. He has such confidence, such a magic touch! I don't know how much is that I'm burning hot from seeing what he's doing to Heather and how much is his sexual skill. Probably it's more about her. But there's no doubt he's talented!

One of his hands reached Simone's tits. "And look at these tits. Veeerry nice. Why, Heather, I dare say they're more fun to play with than yours. They may be a bit smaller, I can't be sure, but at least they're all real." He brought his other hand up and hefted her breasts up and down a couple of times.

Actually, Simone's breasts had been slightly augmented from a D-cup to an E-cup so she could just slightly out-do Heather in size. However, the job was so well done that he couldn't tell they were enhanced, and Simone saw no reason to correct his mistake. (She'd told him about her implants the first time he'd touched her breasts, but apparently he'd forgotten.)

Simone thought, This is fucked up. He's inspecting me like I'm livestock. No, it's like I'm a slave at a slave market. God, all those horrible stories from history about slave markets, and I'm loving it! He's treating me just like Heather, just like a piece of fuck-meat, and I'm loving that too! Fuck!

She looked over at Heather who looked fairly ridiculous bent over like a frozen statue, with her butt floss abandoned about halfway down her thighs and her top still bunched up around her shoulders. Fuck this! I am NOT going to let myself become like that. I'm not going to become just a Heather clone in his eyes. I have to do something to make myself different. Plus, being treated like this might be fun for a little bit, but not all the time. That's not me. I'm no master, I'm no slave, I'm just ... me. I've gotta keep my cool. Keep my-aiiaiaieeee! Shit! Aiiiiieeee!

His hands had found their way to Simone's face, and he inspected it as if he had never touched one before. When he opened her mouth and began to probe around inside with his fingers, Simone lost it and climaxed on the spot. Her knees buckled and she fell to the floor.

He looked at her, and then noted, "You know, you should win some kind of award with that body. You're worthy of my cock."

He smiled and walked away. "Bad Alan" was truly in his element now. He was operating on pure instinct with no care for anyone's feelings.

Simone tried not to consciously focus on the "worthy of my cock" comment. Had she been asked about it when she wasn't fully aroused she would have called it an arrogant and insulting remark. But in the mood she was in, deep down her pride soared and she felt that she would do anything for him.

He made his way back to Heather and said, "You can get on all fours to support yourself, Bitchslut. And I'm sure I don't have to tell you what else to do." He unbuckled his jeans and let them fall to the floor. Then he stepped forward into Heather's face.

"No, Sir." She dropped both hands to the floor, which left her pussy horribly empty for the moment, but there was no choice in the matter. Her body weight needed to be supported in a different way.

Heather lunged at Alan's rigid erection with such an impassioned frenzy on her face that he almost backed off. He was actually afraid she might damage it, as she seemed to be so out of control. But everything happened so quickly that he didn't have a chance to move even if he wanted to.

Funnily enough, as soon as she wrapped her lips around his dick, her demeanor changed. She began to suck contentedly, as if the act had at least temporarily tamed a wild beast within her.

But even as her mouth hummed with happiness, she thought, I can't believe I'm doing this! This sucks! Literally! Me, sucking cock? I fucking hate cocksucking! ... But then again, this is Alan's cock, and his is different. It even tastes different. And I'm not just saying that because it's freshly soaked in the saliva of some other woman...

WAIT! WHAT?!

She did a double take and realized it was true, his boner was wet with saliva and pre-cum. FUCK ME! IT'S SOAKED! How the fuck is that possible, at this ungodly hour of the morning?! He must have had some girl suck on it just to further put me in my place. Well played, Sir, well played!

Her arousal soared even higher, causing her to suck with more vigor and passion than ever before.

His wet pole wasn't the only thing driving her wild. What he did to Simone was so hot. He really showed her her place! MMMM! I love sucking on him, wet or not! Alan's seed isn't like other seed. It's special. Magical. MMMM! SIR! God, I need to swallow it! Gallons and gallons of it!

She hummed and sucked and licked with abandon, but then some semblance of the old Heather returned to her head. Wait a minute. What the hell is going on here?! "Magical seed?" Did someone fill me up with stupid pills or something? Am I letting Smurf Boy get the best of me, yet again?

"Smurf Boy" was a derisive name Heather had recently coined for Alan after she'd found out that he used to be into the Smurfs when he was much younger. But she had yet to say it out loud to him or to Simone.

This can't be happening! Sure, I'm gonna suck his cock and love it! But! ... But that's not all. Revenge. I can't forget the revenge. I need to be the one to issue the orders around here! I'M going to be the one to order him to whip his cock out and shove it down my throat! I'm going to own him, body and soul! He's going to be MY pet! I'm gonna suck his cock night and day, but on MY whim! And he's going to fuck my ass even more!

In fact, he's going to be my... what did I say earlier? That's right: he's going to serve ME for MY amusement!

Her lips slid up and down his shaft, almost like a blur. And as for Simone, fuck her! Traitorous, evil, so-called-friend! Ha! They're both going to pay! Everybody's going to pay! God, I'm going to suck so much cock! This delicious, superior cock! UNGH! HNNNG! Sir! Sir! Forget that other girl who was sucking you five minutes ago. I'm better. I'm the best!

In fact, I'm going to speed up my plans and start my revenge today. I can't stand to take even one more day of this crap. When I'm done with him, I'm going to be his only girl! He's gonna pound my ass, morning, noon, and night! Then, when my ass just can't take any more, he'll empty load after load down my throat. Not even Simone will be allowed to taste his magical seed unless I say so!

Awww, fuck. I just thought that corny thing again. But it's so true. It IS practically magical. Mmmm. Tasty pre-cum. Even his pre-cum is like a drug. I love it!

While she thought about all this, she overheard him bark orders to Simone, telling her to get the blindfold and how to prepare the dildo.

Heather loved it. Apparently, Simone was going to do the dildo insertion while Alan supervised and Heather continued to suck his cock. She loved that, too. Whatever anger she had from before was gone. It had all been channeled into pure lust.

Chapter 1076 Sinister Plot brewing!

"So. What are we doing here?" A bulky football player sat himself down on a bench in the men's locker room. It was about twenty minutes before the start of school and this room was normally empty at this time, but now there were nine football players all sitting on benches and staring at each other.

"Thanks for making it, Dave," said Ryan. He, along with another player named Jerry, were the ringleaders of previous plots against Alan. For instance, they led the efforts to push Alan down the stairs

and have him sit in a freshly painted classroom chair. Both Ryan and Jerry were giant linemen. But Ryan had smarts while Jerry was as dumb as he looked, so it had fallen on Ryan to lead the meeting.

Dave nodded at Ryan, then smiled at one of the other players and gave him a manly hand shake that was more of an arm grasp. "Rock! Man! It's great to see you again. How's it hanging?"

Rock, a.k.a. Rockwell, had been the team's star quarterback until he'd been expelled from the school a week before. He also was Heather's previous public boyfriend. "Good. As I was just telling the guys, it's going all right in the new school. I get to start next week, which is good for me, but let's just hope we don't have to play you in the playoffs!"

There was good natured laughter about that, then Dave asked, "But what are you doing here?"

Ryan answered before Rock could say anything, "We'll get to that. Now that we're all here, let's get to business." He looked around, and satisfied that everything was in order and all were present, he launched into an explanation. "Why is Rock here? It's all about revenge. He got kicked out because of that little prick Alan Plummer. I don't need to remind you that Plummer's the reason we lost last week and our season is headed down the toilet. We lost our good friend Rock, four players got suspended from last week's game, and he's making a fool out of us. He got out-"

"Hey," Rock spoke up. "Don't forget the worst part. He's stealing our women! Heather left me for a fucking NERD, and she won't even return my phone calls! He's got some kind of weird hold over her."

Another player added, "Yeah. There are all these rumors about the guy. Supposed to be some kind of great lover. I don't get it. He's just a tiny twerp. This is like that movie, 'Revenge of the Nerds.'"

Ryan spoke, "Except that we're going to give this one a different ending. There are nine of us and one of him. He hardly has any friends at all, and the ones he's got are even bigger dweebs than he is. Plus, most the rest of the team is with us, some more, some less. It's just that you're the only guys I can trust."

"Especially with Brad," another player pointed out.

Rock replied, "Yeah. Brad. He seems like an okay guy, but he is the brother of Alan's girl, so there's no telling where his loyalties lie. He doesn't say much. But nine is more than enough. With this group, we

can knock Alan's head so far up his ass that his nose will be rubbing up against his belly button, from the inside."

Ryan chimed in, "Hey. I'm all for physically messing him up. But that's not the whole solution. If we bust him up, he'll just get healed sooner or later and then he'll get all kinds of sympathy from the girls and we'll be painted as the bad guys. Unless we want to cause permanent damage-

Rock smacked one of his hands on the other angrily and cut in, "I say, we fucking chop his penis off! That'll teach him not to stick it where it doesn't belong! Without his penis, he's nothing. Think about it. Why would the likes of Heather go out with a total loser like him. He must have a monster horse cock. Ten inches, at least. I hear that's what all the women want these days. They fucking obsess about huge cocks."

Rock frowned angrily. Most of the players in the room were too thick to notice, but Rock obviously had a grudge against big penises because his was undersized. And since the rest of his body was so big and muscular, that made his penis appear to be even smaller than it was. (Needless to say, Heather had only gone out with him because he was the star quarterback and her ticket to being named Homecoming Queen, not because of his sexual skill or endowment.)

There were some murmurs of agreement, but Ryan said, "Nice idea, but let's get real. What are you going to do, chop it off with a knife? Come on. Who would ever really do that? Nobody except that Bobbitt woman, and she was crazy or something. I wouldn't even be able to get close to touching anything down there. Now, kicking him hard in the 'nads, that I can do. Let's cause some permanent damage so he'll never be able to enjoy using the thing."

That got a much better response. Even Rock could see that was much more practical.

Ryan continued, "But like I was saying, physical damage is not enough. I'll tell you what I want. I want him out of this school so I never have to see his ugly face again. It would be poetic justice if we can get him expelled. Revenge for what happened to Rock here. But if we can't get that, then at least scare him so shitless that he'll run from this school with his tail between his legs. After that thing about painting his desk didn't work out yesterday, I got to thinking: why nickel and dime with a little thing here, another thing there? Each time we do something, it's a danger. Who knows, the rest of us might get expelled. So we should just do one thing so horrific that we'll completely break Alan's spirit. Make him piss in his pants in fear. If we do this right, we'll never see him again, I guarantee it."

Another player nodded and asked, "So, what you got in mind?"

Ryan explained, "Like I said, we've gotta go all out. We need to show everyone in this school who's boss. I say, we lure Alan somewhere so we can do whatever we want. That's why I invited Rock here, 'cos I knew he would want to take part. And this is what's sweet: what's the lure? Why, of course, Amy, his ditzzy girlfriend. How many of you have thought about doing her? Who hasn't? She's such an airhead that we can lure her to someplace safe, like maybe this locker room after school. Then we tell Alan that we've got his girl and we're going to do her, repeatedly, if he doesn't show up and take his punishment like a man."

Rock, who had already worked out the plan with Ryan, explained excitedly, "And here's my favorite part of the plan: it's win-win! If Alan shows up, then we kick his ass into the next time zone. If he doesn't, then we've still got Amy, and we can do whatever we want with her and get revenge on Alan that way. Then beat him up the next day on top of it. We can't lose!"

"Yeah," Ryan agreed, pleased with his own plan. "And if Alan does show up, who's to say we don't fuck Amy right there in front of him? But that's not all. Gary, I was thinking. Everyone here knows you're gay." bender

Gary was the team's only openly gay player. As a linebacker, he was also a member of this group. "Yeah. So what of it? I've told you that if anyone gives me grief about that, I'm gonna kick their ass."

"Hey, relax. We're all friends here. Rock and I were thinking. Let's make Alan's humiliation complete. If he's so big into fucking, let's see how he likes getting fucked in the ass!"

Gary looked at the others warily. "And you expect me to be the one to do it, I take it."

Ryan and Rock nodded. Rock added, "We're not asking you because we're thinking you'd enjoy it. This is not about that; this is about making him pay. We want to completely destroy him mentally. This is a power play. I hate him so much I could almost talk myself into doing it. But I know there's no way I could actually do it, when push comes to shove. We were thinking you could."

Gary frowned. "I don't know. It's one thing in the abstract that you all know I'm gay. And it's bad enough the way everyone's so awkward around me in the showers and everything. But if you ever saw me do something like that, none of you would ever look me in the eye again. That plays into every bad stereotype. Even if it was in the next room, you all would be too freaked. Sorry. I don't want to do it even slightly, and you can't make me do it. We can just fuckin' pummel him with our fists. I'm all over

that. You know, I saw something in a movie where you can take a towel and wrap it around a bar of soap and cause some serious pain without leaving any marks. I'm thinking that might be smart."

Ryan answered, "I'm with you. Good idea with the soap. And we totally understand about you not being willing to do the other thing. We were more just throwing that out there. I'm thinking though, maybe we could hire a couple of people to do it. A couple of guys to fuck him at both ends. Then take pictures and video. If we could get that, he'd not only leave the school, he'd probably leave the state altogether!"

The others all nodded with approval.

Rock said enthusiastically, "If that's cool with everyone, I'll be more than happy to pay whatever it costs to hire those guys. Alan is going to be sorry he was ever born. Did I tell you guys? After I broke up with Heather, I found out she'd started sleeping with him even before she broke up with me! He disrespected me and all but spat in my face! I can't bring him enough pain!"

All the other players desperately tried to avoid looking each other in the eye, and especially avoided looking at Rock. The truth was, nearly every guy in the room had had sex with Heather while she was still going out with Rock. (Gary was the one obvious exception.) They'd even joked with each other over how oblivious he was about her having fucked over half the team.

However, they did have some sympathy for Rock in that they all felt like jilted boyfriends as well. Once Heather got involved with Alan, her interest in all her other partners had dropped to next to nothing, and when she did pay them any attention she was increasingly demanding. Just days earlier she'd told them all that she wasn't willing to fuck any of them anymore unless they measured up to her higher expectations. She'd even outright challenged a select few of them to try and fuck her in the ass, which had resulted in failure and humiliating rejection. (She was bluffing, since she wanted only Alan to fuck her ass.)

All the players rightly blamed Alan for Heather's even bitchier and more demanding attitude.

In an attempt to quickly redirect the conversation, one of the other players said, "So this all sounds good. So when can it happen? What do we need to do?"

Ryan replied, "We should talk to Amy and try to get her to meet at a certain time and place. We may just have to roll with the punches. If she isn't game, we can always go after his sister Katherine, as a backup

plan. We could even see what develops today, though I'm hoping we can do it in a way so that Rock can be there to take part. That's why I'm thinking it might be best to do it on Friday. We've got a football game over the break and Rock's team does not, and of course Amy has to be there as a cheerleader. And it would give us so many excuses. Like everyone needs to come to such and such a spot after the game to take a team picture or some shit like that. Amy's such a birdbrain that any old excuse will do."

Dave said, "How 'bout we tell her she needs to come over to the men's locker room to suck my cock?"

The other guys laughed.

Ryan answered, "She's such a fucking cocktease, but she's gonna get what's coming to her. Don't worry, she's gonna suck your cock lots of times before the afternoon is over." There were more cheers in response to that.

One player named Craig who hadn't spoken yet asked, "Uh, don't you guys think that might be going too far? I don't want to get in trouble. This seems like some serious shit you're talking about here. Isn't it good enough to just kick his ass and drive him out of the school? I mean, what did Amy ever do to us?"

Ryan joked, "And I thought Gary was the gay one in our group! Come on, Craig. This is too-hot-to-trot Amy we're talking about here! She's fucking cockteased us all for years, that's what she did! Don't tell me you don't want to do her. Can't you just imagine having your cock in her mouth, Dave with his cock in her cunt, Ray with his cock in her ass, and then her hands pumping two more cocks? Come on! Think about it and tell me you don't want to do it. She may resist a little at first, but she's so sexual. You can't rape the willing. You know she'll end up loving it."

Craig thought about it. He was huge but dumb: one could almost visualize gears slowly turning in his head as he thought. Yet he asked a surprisingly good question. "What if Alan doesn't show, but just calls the police instead?"

Ryan explained, "We don't actually do anything with Amy until we have Alan under our power. We just keep her busy talking and stall for time. The police aren't going to come to protect some kid from school bullies. And even if they do, all they'll find is a group of guys hanging out with a girl cheerleader and it's the story of nine guys versus one. Anyway, do you have any idea how hard it is to get the police around here to come quickly for anything these days? You could tell them someone's been murdered and it would take them over an hour to arrive, if you're lucky. Alan's not going to sit around and wait while he imagines us doing who-knows-what to her, and he's got no friends of his own to help. Once we've got

the two of them, we move to a safer location so we can really take our time. Don't worry. I've got it all worked out."

Craig pondered that. Finally, he made a goofy grin and said, "Yeah. Sounds pretty cool."

Ryan was pleased. Everyone was clearly onboard with the plan. While no one wanted to say it out loud because Rock was there, they hoped that Amy would soon take the place of Heather as the school slut. He continued, "All you guys need to do is two things. One, shut the fuck up. Not a word about this to anybody! That's why I'm sticking with just you guys, because I know you all and trust you like brothers. And two, just show up when the time comes and be ready to bash Alan's head in. Rock and I will take care of everything else. Is that clear?"

"Yeah!" the others all yelled in reply.

Ryan stood up and said dramatically, "Are you with me?"

"YEAH!" The others all stood up and pounded their fists in the air. It was easy to rile them up just as the coach would do before each game.

Rock slapped a lot of high fives, and patted a lot of backs, then said to the group, "I gotta run. I've gotta get back to my new school. But it was great seeing you all. You've got my cell number. If something comes up, give me a call and I'll drop what I'm doing and come right over, even if it's in the middle of school. I just can't wait to see the look on Alan's face. He's going to be so sorry he ever touched Heather."

Chapter 1078 Alan X Heather X Simone 6K

At the very moment that Rock said that, Alan and Heather were only a couple hundred yards away. Alan aggressively thrust his hips and pounded his cock into Heather's face.

Heather gasped for breath through her nose as she fought to tease his cock with her tongue and lips despite all the motion, so she could taste another load.

But suddenly Alan stepped back, leaving her mouth empty. He told her, "Bitchslut, we need to do something else. Time is wasting. Crawl across the room until you reach that table."

Her eyes followed where his finger pointed. "Yes, Sir."

Puzzled by his command, she began to crawl. She started to complain to herself, What is this? I'll bet he's just trying to humiliate me some more. He and Simone are laughing at my expense! Enough of this. Who does he think he's dealing with? I'm Heather, God dammit! I'm the queen of the school! Head cheerleader! Men crawl to ME on hands and knees, not the other way around! I don't need this abuse. I'm going to stand up right now, flip them the bird, and walk out of here!

Instead, she kept crawling. She was so overwhelmed by lust that she could barely think straight. It was as if she was both drunk and drugged. She reached the table he'd pointed to, and asked, "Well, Sir? I'm here."

"Very good. Now crawl back." He'd made her crawl to give Simone time to prepare the dildo without Heather seeing, but also just to enjoy the sight of Heather crawling.

Simone chortled with laughter.

Heather was even more upset than before, although it didn't show on her lusty face. That's it! I am SO going to DESTROY him today! And to think that a minute ago I was practically worshipping his cock. Cocksucking?! Me?! Forget it! Never again. I'm so out of here. I am going to get up and leave. Now. Right now. This very second.

But Heather did no such thing. Her conscious brain had very little control over her body, and the more she crawled, the more aroused she became.

By the time she finished crawling back to Alan, her lust was so off the scale that the room actually seemed to be slightly spinning. She dizzily comprehended that Alan and Simone no longer stood. Instead, Alan sat on a couch, wearing just his T-shirt, and Simone hovered over him, about to sit down onto the stiffness protruding from his lap.

Alan said to her, "Come here, bitchslut. Simone's having some trouble putting it in her hole. Help her slide it in."

Heather screamed out loud, "NoooOOOOoooo! Please! Sir! Please! Fuck ME!"

"Shush, bitchslut; these walls are only so thick. Now do what you're told."

Heather did as she was told with a heavy heart. She got up on her knees and put her face practically in Simone's butt while Simone gripped the back of the couch with both hands to hang about a foot above Alan.

Heather lined Alan's hard-on up with Simone's pussy, but the sensation of his hot and throbbing meat was too much for her to resist. She pushed the tip of his cockhead slightly into Simone's pussy lips, but did it as slowly as she could so she could lick Alan's boner from base to head with all the eagerness of a hungry dog.

She muttered between long licks, "I can't BELIEVE I'm doing this! It's so humiliating. But somehow, it seems so right. I deserve to be on my knees, while Alan... Oh shit. I'm speaking out loud, aren't I?"

To Heather's horror, Simone laughed, confirming that she had been accidentally speaking aloud. Heather was so far gone that she really couldn't think straight.

Simone finally grew tired of holding herself in a precarious position and suddenly sat down on Alan's prick, giving Heather just enough time to get her head out of the way.

Heather wanted to scream with frustration from being denied access. Then she remembered how she'd just told herself she would never suck his cock again and juxtaposed that with the fact she was licking her tongue up and down his stiff pole less than a minute later. She absolutely wanted to die, horrified at her lack of self-control. She was too far gone to think clearly, but one word ran through her head over and over: Revenge!

A minute later, she found herself face down, with her upper body resting on a low table, and her lower body resting on Simone's legs. Her knees rested on the couch, one on each side of Alan and Simone, and her ankles up against the couch backrest. It was surprisingly comfortable, except that her large breasts

were squished onto the cold table top, and Simone continuously bounced up and down as she rose and fell on Alan's dick.

Each bounce reverberated through Heather's body and rankled her to no end. Yet her arousal remained sky high.

Alan had been keeping the dildo that Simone had chosen behind his back, and now that Heather could no longer see what he and Simone were doing, he handed it to Simone.

Like a magician preparing for a trick by showing that nothing was up his or her sleeve, Simone ostentatiously waved the dildo around, making sure to hold it near Alan's head for a few moments so he could appreciate just how big it was.

Alan hadn't really had a good look yet at this dildo that Simone had bought the day before, and he was quite surprised. It was a good eleven inches long, and black in color.

Simone suddenly brought it down to Heather's anus and poked it at the entrance.

Heather gasped, and found her whole body was quivering in anticipation. This was what she'd been waiting for for so long. Even if it wasn't Alan's actual cock, it was close enough, given her desperate anal desire. This was why she'd tossed and turned all night long, begging and praying for this moment to finally come.

But just as suddenly, the dildo was gone.

Heather heard some sounds, but couldn't tell what was happening. Simone's bouncing had come to a stop for now (presumably, Alan needed one of his strategic breaks), but there were strange slurping sounds. She frantically tried to turn her head to see what was happening, but she couldn't turn far enough.

Alan chided her, "Bitchslut, what are the rules?"

"Um, I can't touch my Bitch Trainer, Sir. Can't look at it, either." It was very, very difficult for her to say even that much in her sexual fog, but she knew she had to if she was to get her reward.

"Very good," he replied. "In case you're curious, Simone is preparing your Bitch Trainer with her mouth. Getting it warmed up, so to speak. She's sucking on it like a fat cock, and teasing me quite a bit in the process, I might add. Not only that, but she's squeezing my cock with her cunt when she knows I'm trying to rest. Naughty girl."

"Oops." Simone laughed heartily.

He said, "Okay, I think if you prepare that dildo any more, it's going to shoot a load, and I will too. Give it to the bitchslut where she needs it, but first get rid of that butt floss. It's in the way."

Heather's butt floss/thong was around her upper thighs and certainly no impediment to inserting a dildo. The logical way to get rid of it to do would have been to pull it the rest of the way off. But instead Simone brought the thin fabric back up into place then dramatically yanked at it. She pulled it first one and then two feet away from Heather's body. It cut sharply into Heather's pussy lips, causing her to gasp in delight and pain. But then, suddenly, it broke and flew off.

Heather dimly realized this could be a problem for the rest of the school day. Then, after a few moments, the implications hit her like a punch in the face. What little she had in the way of panties was now useless and her skirt was so short that she would have to walk stiffly and never bend or sit if she didn't want anyone to see her privates.

She strongly suspected Alan realized the implications and had Simone ruin her underwear on purpose, to further humiliate her. But there was nothing she could do about it now. It only inflamed her even more to realize she in fact loved it and that it made her even that much more of a shameless bitchslut for him. As it was, she was on the verge of hyperventilating, she was so thrilled.

Simone again brought the dildo to Heather's twitching and puckered anal entrance, but even that little gesture was too much for Heather in her current state. Her whole body began to flop about as an awe-inspiring climax ripped through her. Now the physical connection between her and Simone that caused her to feel Simone and Alan fucking worked in reverse: Alan and Simone both shook as Heather shuddered and squirmed in orgasmic delight all over Simone's lap.

Simone decided to wait for Heather to calm down before proceeding. She used the break to blindfold the unresisting cheerleader. She also applied a new layer of lube to Heather's ass. She used an index finger to both spread the lube and probe around inside, which didn't help Heather calm down.

To further help pass the time, and for Simone's own amusement, she asked Heather, "So. I couldn't help but notice that you're really getting into cocksucking these days, girl. What gives? I thought you hated it."

The bitchy blonde just breathed for a minute or more, sighing heavily over and over. She sighed mostly to recover her breath, but also in memory of what a wonderful experience she'd just had.

Finally, Heather was able to talk and said, "I know. I do. I still do. I despise it! But... but..."

Apparently, that was the end of Heather's answer. Simone decided not to press the question since she'd been needling and laughing at Heather so much already. She felt conflicted because she did consider herself a good friend to Heather, yet she also greatly enjoyed watching her suffer.

Simone's desire to bring Heather down a notch or two had been sated, at least for a while, and now she wanted to give her pleasure. "Okay, girl. Because you've been generally good and patient, we've selected a Bitch Trainer today that's a little bit longer and a little bit wider than yesterday's." She added in a challenging tone while brushing a finger through Heather's ass crack, "Think you can take it?"

Heather answered by letting out an incoherent groan of great desire. "Oooohrhagggghh!" She was so horny that she wasn't capable of coherent speech.

Chuckling, Simone said, "I take it that's a yes." She brought the dildo to Heather's anus again and pressed it up against the tiny hole.

Alan, after having so much sexy fun in the course of the morning already, was happy to take a back seat to the action for a while. He was content to just feel the fullness of his hard-on sheathed by Simone's pussy walls and watch Simone take charge. After all, this was Simone's job to do most of the time from now on, so the less instruction she needed, the better. He felt she had things well in hand.

He leaned forward, however, so he could get a better view of the insertion. He was rather startled to see such a jet black dildo enter a white woman, even if she was deeply tanned.

Heather was extremely relaxed after her big orgasm, even while she was high as a kite with lust and anticipation. Her whole body was so limp it seemed boneless.

That made Simone's job slightly easier. Slowly but surely, she managed to press inwards until the massive head popped through into Heather's tightly stretched asshole. After a brief pause to let Heather grow accustomed to the size, she started pushing again.

Heather puffed and moaned as the giant intrusion slowly and inexorably worked deeper into her. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut and tears began to fall down as she suppressed the urge to scream at the top of her lungs. She marveled at the thought, I'm supposed to do this every single morning from now on?! No fucking way!

Every inch of her body was well aware that this dildo was bigger than any previous one she had taken. She could feel a tingling sensation even in the tips of her toes as the fat inches continued to slip into her, like a camel trying to slip through the eye of a needle.

Suddenly she arched her back and cried out, "Oh! Alan! You're so BIG!"

Alan chuckled. That's funny. She's pretty far gone, but I guess that shows that on some level whenever she feels these dildos inside of her, she's imagining that it's really my dick. I like that. It would be inhuman to have a penis that big, though. Dang! I mean, seriously, how can that possibly fit in THAT hole?! It's like trying to shove a thermos in her ass!

Alan and Simone seemed transfixed as they watched the dildo slowly impale Heather's ass. Simone's hands held the black dildo tightly, making it almost seem like an extension of her dark arm.

Then, all of a sudden, they were shaken from their reverie by the sounds of school bells. It came from a long ways off, and was muffled by the nearly totally soundproof walls, but they could hear it.

Heather shrieked in frustration, "NOOOO!" Even through her sex-induced haze, she recognized the strident sound of the familiar school bells, muffled though it was.

Alan immediately reassured her and Simone. "Relax. We're not stopping until we get this in. Looks like we're all going to be late today, but so what? Does anyone mind?"

Heather laughed, nearly deliriously. "No fucking way!"

He added, "Simone, please do hurry it up a bit, if you can." He reassuringly stroked one of Heather's buttocks as he said this.

"I can't really," Simone grunted, the effort of pushing the dildo rather obvious in her voice. "I'd split her in two. I don't get how it slowly goes in deeper and deeper, as it is." But at the same time, she wanted him to finish fucking her in the little time they had yet, so she resumed lightly bouncing on his dick even as her pussy walls continued to rhythmically squeeze him.

He also started to thrust with his hips a bit, but it was difficult with the entire weight of Simone, and some of Heather's, resting on top of him. He leaned forward and began to lick and nibble at Simone's neck.

That triggered an unexpected orgasm for Simone, and she doubled forward and thrashed about, causing Heather's legs to fall off of her lap and back to the couch on either side.

Alan, however, had truly become a master at delaying his climaxes. Despite all the mental and physical stimulation, he was just getting warmed up.

Heather whined in a little girl's voice as it became clear she was being ignored in favor of more vigorous fucking. I think you should take a look at

Simone recovered a bit and said, "Don't worry, girl, we're getting to you. Hold your horses." As she straightened out and redirected her attention to Heather's ass, she muttered, "This is crazy! Here I am, buck naked, impaled on a huge, perpetually hard cock, and stuffing a dildo up Heather's ass, when I should be sitting in chemistry class learning about organic compounds. If people only knew!"

Alan briefly pondered Simone's "If people only knew" comment, but he was filled with worry, not wonder. He knew that he was already quite unpopular with many students, and if this kind of thing came out, he would be considered even more of a sexual freak than he already was.

Simone grasped the dildo and pushed it in a bit further even as she recovered enough to resume rhythmically squeezing his cock.

But Heather had trouble taking any more of the plastic invader. Her body shook and she yelled, "Oh, Alan! It hurts! It hurts!" She closed her eyes tightly even though she wore a blindfold.

Simone answered for Alan, "Don't worry, girl. It hurts now, but the pain will turn to pleasure. No pain, no gain. Just be strong."

"Oh, Alan..." Heather whimpered and moaned, squirming her ass this way and that. "Please, go slow. Too much ... too much cock!"

Simone was a bit miffed that Heather seemed to be acting as if Alan was buttfucking her and she wasn't even in the picture, but she was more amused than annoyed. She continued to apply more lube to the still exposed parts of the dildo, and she continued to push it into her friend's writhing and trembling ass. Inch after inch it went in, and yet there seemed to be no end to it.

As Simone passed the eight inch mark or thereabouts, Alan began to get concerned. He had to suppress the urge to lean forward to find if he could see a bulge on Heather's front side where the dildo distended her belly outwards. Rationally, he knew there would be no such bulge, but he couldn't believe so much plastic could fit inside a person. The dildo seemed longer than Heather's torso was wide.

He asked with concern, "Heather, are you okay? What are you thinking? Talk to me!"

Heather was feeling intense discomfort, but at the same time an increasing amount of pleasure. She was a determined woman, and wasn't about to give up now. She sighed, and said with surprising tenderness, "Oh, Alan! Sir! How can I not feel for you? You're too good to me..."

Both Simone and Alan were very surprised by that. It seemed so incongruous: how was Alan too good to her when all he had done was demean and humiliate her since he'd first arrived? But those were

Heather's sincerest thoughts at the moment. She did have a vague notion that Simone was somehow involved in what was happening, and her love spread to good feelings for Simone as well.

Simone continued to press ever deeper. Because this dildo completely filled the width of Heather's anal cavity, there never was any point when the pushing got any easier. Every inch was a struggle, and the last inch was particularly tough.

Heather groaned and whimpered more and more, and just when it seemed like it could go no further, the end was reached.

Heather's anal ring finally closed around the far end of the dildo. Simone still kept pushing until the dildo was seated completely inside Heather's rectum and all one could see was a short length of string with a ring attached to it which ran out of her spastic hole.

Simone picked up the ring and poked it through Heather's still clenching and twitching anus, until finally there was no evidence at all that such a massive object now rested entirely inside of the bitchy cheerleader's ass.

"It's done," Simone sighed with relief, like she was a doctor who had finished a particularly difficult feat of surgery. She untied Heather's blindfold and sat back.

The fucking between her and Alan had nearly come to a complete halt as they'd concentrated on getting the rest of the dildo into Heather, but now that that was done, they both resumed their thrusting with a new energy. This caused Heather to bounce around on Simone's lap, which forced her to feel the dildo pressing inside her in the strangest ways.

Alan knew that time was now very short. It was one thing to be late to class by five minutes or so, compared to twenty minutes or so. He grabbed Heather's thighs on either side of him, leaned forward, and began to fuck Simone with the express purpose of getting both of them off as fast as possible. There would be no holding back or PC muscle clenching now.

Simone found the dildo insertion to be incredibly erotic, though she didn't understand why it affected her so much. And the fact that Heather continued to lie helplessly on her lap aroused her even more. She knew she wouldn't have any trouble reaching a great peak.

Just as he started to shoot into her though, the thought of him shooting sparked something in her mind and she screamed out, "Alan! We forgot the condom!"

"Oh shit!" he growled through clenched teeth. But it was too late and the tip of his cock erupted inside the ebony beauty like a fire hose.

The truth was, Alan could get pretty careless with condoms, but he usually didn't realize he'd forgotten until long after the sex act was over. This time, there was nothing he could do as he fully realized that at this very moment he could be impregnating a girl he barely knew. He found the idea powerfully arousing.

Maybe it was just his imagination, but it seemed to him as if he shot off more semen and it came out with greater force than ever before, as if his sperm were more determined in their effort to find her egg, knowing they had a chance of being successful.

He closed his eyes and saw stars. Rather than feel the orgasmic surge peak and then come down, as it always did, the feelings of erotic delight only seemed to soar to greater and greater heights. Finally, he passed out completely.

The next thing he knew, someone was shaking his shoulder. He opened his eyes, still in a daze. He looked around the room.

He still sat on the couch, except he was slumped down more than before. Simone was off his lap now and stood next to him as she put her clothes on. She was the one who'd shaken his shoulder. "Come on, lazy bones. It's been about five minutes since that bell rang and I don't think you're exactly ready for class yet." She giggled.

He looked down to his body. He was still naked except for the T-shirt.

What shocked the heck out of him was that Heather sat with her head crushed between his thighs and his dick in her mouth!

He couldn't believe that he was hard again, and then realized that he wasn't. It appeared she was cleaning him off.

He was so surprised by this, he asked, "Heather! What are you doing?!"

She removed his now surprisingly small penis from her mouth and went to work licking his balls. It felt extremely good even though he was sensitive and flaccid. She was much more coherent now, and almost calm. She finally got around to saying, "Cleaning, Sir. Isn't that what a good bitchslut does?"

"Yes," he reluctantly agreed. "But I don't usually put the word 'good' and 'Heather' anywhere near each other. And I thought you hated cocksucking."

"I do. I don't suck any man's cock." She looked at the flaccid penis in front of her and lovingly kissed it with her lips and fondled it with her tongue. Then, in a sultry voice, she said directly into his crotch as if talking directly to his penis, "But you're no mere man. You're my Bitch Tamer. I love that you're my Bitch Tamer and I'll deny you nothing!"

Amazed, he asked, "Don't you mind that my cock is covered with Simone's juices?"

Her eyes flashed with anger and she said hotly, "Mind?! Of course I fucking mind! That should be MY cum! This dick is MINE! And don't you dare remind me that your cock was wet with another girl before we even got started!"

She suddenly realized that she'd said more than she should have. She tried to cover by adding, "So, of course, that's why I have to try harder, so you'll prefer me."

Alan didn't know what to say to that. He considered it ironic that Heather, of all people, would feel so possessive, given her history with so many boys.

She devoted a great deal of attention to licking his balls, since his penis showed little sign of life. She looked up into Alan's face expectantly and adoringly. "Am I doing good, Sir?" She appeared to be completely sincere.

He was stunned at her complete change of personas, but he managed to reply, "Very. Except I have no time to enjoy this."

However, before he could do something, he heard Simone ask from somewhere behind him, "Wait. What's this about his dick being already wet?"

Heather explained as she lapped on his balls, "It's true. It was freshly soaked with saliva and pre-cum when I started. And I do mean fresh. Some hot girl must have been sucking on him mere minutes before he arrived. Which explains why he was late!" She got angry as she remembered that, but it set her heart on fire too.

Simone laughed. "Seriously?! At this hour? That's nuts!"

Heather looked up into Alan's eyes, even as she talked to Simone. "He did it to make a point with me, I'm sure. He's trying to prove that he can do fine sexually without me." There was a significant pause. She didn't add "And it's working," but she didn't have to, since all three of them knew it.

Trying to break the awkward silence, she asked, "Sir, may I ask her name?"

He thought back to the blowjob Katherine gave him in the car ride to school. Sneaky Sis! She knew I was off to have sexy fun with these two. She was marking me. Oh well. I can't really get upset. I totally let her do it. I could have stopped by a bathroom and cleaned up, so it's more on me. Maybe I wanted that to happen on some subconscious level?

He simply said, "No, you may not."

Heather accepted that and kept on lapping on his balls. Of course he won't tell me. I'd expect nothing less. What a guy! What a STUD! What yummy balls! My Sir is special, that's for sure!

He pulled himself up, which forced Heather to stop the loving caresses of her tongue. He staggered like a drunkard to the back of the room, thanking his lucky stars there was a sink there. He figured that he smelled like a whorehouse and he had to quickly take care of that.

Simone was already freshened up, and was just about dressed. "That was wild. Thanks, guys. And to think, Alan, you might be a daddy." She meaningfully patted her stomach.

He was splashing cold water on his face and down his back, but he froze in place and stood up. He felt like he'd been kicked in the gut. He turned to face Simone as she finished putting her shoes on.

"What?!"

She laughed as she reveled in the exact reaction she'd hoped for. "Don't worry. I'm on the pill. Scared you, though!" She chuckled.

He mildly shook his fist at her, then went back to the sink. "You did. You did. Jesus! I do need to be more careful."

He knew that, pill or not, it would be a good thing for him to wear a condom too, just in case. There was always a very slight chance that contraception would fail, not to mention the worry of sexually transmitted diseases, so backups were a good idea. But he'd been rather spoiled when it came to using condoms, up till now. A vision of Simone with a distended, big belly popped into his mind.

He literally shook his head to dispel the vision, and splashed more cold water all over himself. I'll admit that I love the idea of sending wanton hot sluts off to class with their pussies flooded with my cum and their knees weak from so many orgasms. What I'm not ready for, not by a long shot, is fatherhood.

Simone was ready to go, but she paused before opening the door, and said to Alan. "Sorry for the scare. I guess I like to mess with people's minds. But I have to say, if I ever did get pregnant, that would be the fuck to do it. Damn, that was good! I can practically feel millions of little Alans wriggling through me, headed for their target."

He turned to look at Simone and shot her a disapproving look. He flicked some water at her, which was an utterly futile gesture since she was over twenty feet away.

Simone stuck her tongue out playfully, then left the room.

He quickly dressed, but he noticed that Heather had hardly moved. She still sat on the floor buck naked, leaning up against the couch where she'd last been cleaning his balls. "You gonna be okay?"

"Yeah," she replied dreamily. She added very belatedly, "Sir."

He would have been in no mood to punish her if she'd forgotten that word. The "Bad Alan" was gone, and in its place he felt strangely affectionate feelings for Heather. Almost love. The way she'd said "Oh, Alan. How can I not feel for you? You're too good to me," had kind of gotten to him.

But he was pressed for time with being so late to class. So he rushed to Heather, bent down, and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. Then he merely said, "Okay. Later," and flew out the door.

Heather remained flopped on the floor. With the dildo deep in her, her mind had been altered. Just like yesterday, it was as if her ass was simply so full that all her evil thoughts were crowded out of her head. She found it rather difficult to think, period. Yet she forced herself to concentrate, because she knew there was something important.

"Revenge." Ah, yes. Revenge. How can I want revenge, though, against such a man? My love, the love of my life! Oh, Alan! Sir! I can still feel you deep inside me!

Another voice from within her spoke. Yes, but that's why I need to control him. How can I share him with others? That's not right. I must have him, all of him. Alan, my Sir, my one and only love!

After a long pause, Heather further thought, Yes. It's not so much revenge, it's taming. I need to make him mine. Keep him in my arms and in my ass for ever and ever. Keep him away from the likes of ... Glory Rhymer. Ugh! To think: by lunchtime he'll probably be fucking that ugly skank! MY Alan! MY Sir! I can't even imagine his mighty cock sliding in and out of her. That's just wrong. I do have to speed up my plans, after all. Step one: get rid of Glory. Then get rid of all the others, one by one. Then he and I can be together. Always.

Well, except for Simone of course. I can't imagine life without her. If he wants multiple partners, we'll give him plenty of threesomes.

She felt a surge of greed and power wash over her, and she laughed out loud. By the end of the school day, I will OWN Ms. Gloria Rhymer, body and soul!

But the feeling quickly passed. She couldn't think or feel much of anything for very long except for a general buzz of fullness and contentedness, as long as she had a dildo in her ass. In fact, in that condition it took her a great amount of effort to think of much of anything at all.

She remembered her earlier pledge to take control after she climaxed the first time, but she'd cum over and over and forgotten all about that. What would I have even done? He just takes control and that's all there is to it. Losing never felt so good!

She sank a little lower to the floor and looked up dreamily. She wasn't concerned about being late, since she'd been late lots of times and nothing horrible ever happened as a result. God, I hate him. But I hate him so GOOD! He's the only one for me!

Chapter 1079 Susan And Brenda

Brenda was extremely happy. She'd just had the pleasure of watching a video recorded earlier in the morning of Alan, Susan, and Katherine engaged in a mini-orgy on Susan's bed. Susan was so happy about everything that happened that she couldn't help but show the video to Suzanne and Brenda as soon as they came over. Alan had temporarily forgotten that things like that could be recorded unless he asked otherwise, but Susan certainly had not. In fact, the sense that cameras always watched her and recorded her every move was one of the things that kept Susan nearly constantly horny.

Brenda was extremely happy for several other reasons. For one, today was her big day. It was planned that tonight she would be formally introduced to Alan as the new family sex slave. She was about to begin her new life as a "maid," working five days a week on fairly normal nine-to-three business hours, except that she'd work Saturdays and not Tuesdays. (She planned to be home by three most days because that's when Adrian got out of school.)

Susan and Suzanne had picked out a French maid outfit that she absolutely loved. Even though it covered up most of her upper torso, it left her breasts, ass, and pussy completely exposed for easy access.

There would be no pay for her work, and she would have to do real housework much of the time, but that's exactly how she wanted it. The issue of pay didn't matter to her since she considered herself property of her master. She loved how Suzanne put it when she explained to her, "You'll be paid in freshly deposited Alan sperm. Your tasty reward will 'cum' in times, locations, and amounts of your master's choosing, of course."

Real money meant almost nothing to her since she was so rich, but every drop of her master's cum was precious.

Furthermore, Brenda was delighted that at the start of the day, the others had deigned to ask her to watch the newly-made sex video. Susan and Suzanne, quite possibly her two favorite people in the world outside her house except for Alan, not only gave her that kindness, but then they invited her to join them in their morning exercises. It was all too much excitement and happiness for her.

Susan and Brenda fondled each other all over while they watched the video, which naturally made Brenda even giddier. They seemed to love nothing better than to rub their bare chests into each other all day long.

Suzanne, though, seemed strangely detached and silent. She didn't even fondle herself, or at least, not as much as usual.

Once the video was over, the three super busty mothers all changed into their workout clothes and went down to the basement gym.

Suzanne spent a long time showing Brenda how the various machines worked, and Brenda found that both informative and filled with sexual fun.

Susan seemed quite frisky and kept touching Brenda all over, since Suzanne continued to come across as strangely moody despite her continued efforts to explain things to Brenda.

Before long, both Susan and Brenda had big wet stains over the crotches of their outfits.

Brenda noticed that Susan had two wet spots on her shirt over her nipples, which aroused Brenda to no end. One of Brenda's deepest dreams and fantasies was to be fully accepted into the Plummer family and be treated as one of the Plummer children. That would make Susan and Suzanne both her mothers, even though at thirty-five, Brenda was only two years younger than Susan and four years younger than Suzanne.

Brenda knew her fantasy could never be a reality since she had her own son. But still, the idea of suckling milk from her "mother" held a profound Freudian hold on her, and the sight of Susan lactating

practically made her dizzy with arousal and pure joy. This morning, she simply couldn't keep her hands off of Susan's chest. Far from being jealous, she was overjoyed at the news that Susan's breasts had swollen up to 38I. (Had Susan's breasts actually reached Brenda's J-cup size, then the jealousy would have kicked in in a big way, but even then Brenda's tits visibly protruded from her chest significantly further than everyone else's so she didn't have much reason to worry.)

They got started on their exercises, but they hadn't been at it for more than a minute when Suzanne interrupted them. "Hold on. I've got something to get off my chest before we start. It's something that I want to say to Susan. But I'm thinking, Brenda, it'll be good if you hear it, too." She dropped a barbell and sat down.bender

The other two similarly made themselves comfortable on their exercise machines.

Suzanne looked at Susan crossly. "It's about this morning's video. For one, Sweetie didn't even know you'd be watching that. I don't think that's right. You should at least let him know that you're going to watch something like that and that you're going to share it with others, as a common courtesy, don't you think?"

Susan quickly nodded. "You're right. You're completely right. Sorry."

"Good. But that's just a minor thing. That's not what's bothering me. What's bothering me is what's on the video. You and Angel, the two of you seem to be trying to outdo each other in worshipping him and his long, fat cock!"

There was a long pause. Both Susan and Brenda looked at each other and blinked owlishly in stupefaction.

Finally, Susan asked with confusion, "And that's a bad thing?"

Brenda was so puzzled at what the problem with that might be that she was struck speechless.

Suzanne rolled her eyes at the two gorgeous mothers. "Of course that's a bad thing! You see, THAT'S the problem: you don't even see there's a problem. Susan, there's such a thing as balance. His life is all out of whack. You can kill someone with kindness just as quickly as with cruelty. Have you not been listening

the past few days when we've been discussing issues of taking responsibility? Showing balance? Having a backbone? Remember that word: backbone. That's the operative word. Where's the backbone in this video? I see a bone, a perpetually hard and constantly sucked and fucked bone, but no backbone. Emperors and sultans have a rougher time of it than the way you treated him. I'm surprised one of you didn't brush his teeth for him, for crying out loud!" I think you should take a look at

Susan blushed. Actually, she would have gladly brushed his teeth for him, except that he'd been in the back seat of the family minivan on the way to school while she drove. Since Katherine sat next to him and had her head in his lap as she blew him most of the way to school, he had been forced to brush his teeth himself.

Susan thought it best not to mention any of that and defended herself, "But he was late. He said he needed to sleep in. We were just trying to help! Not only that, but what about his never-ending sperm buildup crisis? You can't possibly think I'd let him go to school with all that sperm swelling inside his balls, do you? That would be cruel!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "I know. Your intentions were good. But think of the effect so much love and affection will have. As sure as night follows day, he's going to get spoiled. He's going to come to expect that kind of treatment. Then he'll demand it. Before long, it'll no longer be fun for you or anyone else to serve an arrogant asshole hand and foot, on your knees."

Realizing what she'd just said, she clarified, "Yes, I know how much you love kneeling naked for him for most any reason, but especially to suck his cock. If he turns into 'Bad Alan' all the way though, you'll come to even dislike doing that too."

Susan thought, No! Never! But she kept quiet.

Suzanne went on, "No matter how bad he gets, with his sexual prowess, you'll please him anyway, and live a life of quiet desperation, grateful for whatever tiny scraps of kindness and attention you can get from him."

"And of course, the never-ending gallons of cum that he'll pump into all of my holes," Susan noted. "I imagine I would be grateful for that, regardless."

"True. But by and by, he'll turn into a monster. And if he's a monster, it'll ruin Amy's and Katherine's lives as well. I tell you, I see the seeds of it already. Little cracks in the armor of the good person he is, here and there. Not much, he's pretty much still the old Sweetie we love so much, but he's changing. And it's thanks to things like what you did this morning."

Susan frowned and asked, "So, what would you have done, if that had been you and Amy in that situation instead of me and Katherine? A, he needed a good night's sleep; B, he needed to eat breakfast and get ready for school; and C, he needed to get fucked and play with big-titted babes." She smiled, adding, "Lactating big-titted milky mommy babes, I should point out." (She tried not to mention lactation to Suzanne and Brenda, knowing it could be grounds for more jealousy, but sometimes her enthusiasm got the best of her.) "What would you cut out?"

Suzanne chuckled a bit. "First of all, he didn't 'need' to do all of those things. He would have survived if he missed any of those. And fucking and playing with 'big-titted babes' is not a need for anyone, not even for him. It's a want, a luxury."

Brenda's mouth gaped open. She felt like someone had punched her in the gut, hearing what she considered to be heretical words from Suzanne.

Susan fought back, "But fucking IS a need for him! Are you forgetting his six-times-a-day diagnosis just because he's been averaging over six times a day with ease? He needs to be constantly stimulated to keep up such a frantic pace. He absolutely NEEDS big-titted babes at his constant beck and call! It's a medical necessity!"

Suzanne of course knew that his medical diagnosis was a fabrication that she had engineered, but she couldn't say that. To even discuss it was dangerous, as she didn't want Susan or anyone else to have any doubts. She shrugged. "Okay, conceded. It would be a very good thing to get him to cum before he goes to school. But it's still not a need. If you forget, his whole medical problem in the first place didn't really rise to the level of need. And theoretically, there's no law that says he couldn't do something like masturbate to reach his target."

From Brenda's point of view, the masturbation comment was too much crazy talk for her to take. She gasped out loud.

Suzanne heard the gasp and turned her way, since Brenda happened to be on an exercise machine in a different part of the room than the other two when the conversation began. "What, Brenda? Is that really so impossible to believe?"

Brenda stammered and gaped, then finally answered, "Well, yes! What about the Big Tits Theory? According to the first thesis of the Big Tits Theory, a big-titted-"

Suzanne interrupted as she held up a silencing hand. "Hold on! Right now, I'm banning the Big Tits Theory from our discussions. Period. That theory is nothing but a sexual fantasy and you know it. Well, at least, I hope you know it, Susan. Let's deal with reality, because we have a very real problem with him."

"Problem, Mistress Suzanne?" Brenda asked, batting her big brown eyes. She'd missed most of the earlier discussions on this issue, and she still couldn't see any problem at all. She only saw a wonderful, loving family of incredibly attractive people who she wanted to spend the rest of her life keeping sexually satisfied. In particular, she had a dedication to keeping Alan's cock well drained that bordered on the devoutly religious.

"Think about someone who wins the lottery," Suzanne explained, mostly to Susan, since she figured Brenda to be a lost cause. "They get millions and millions of dollars. It doesn't sound like a problem - who sheds a tear for a lottery winner, right? 'Give me a break, I should be so lucky,' is what most people would say. But it is a problem, in fact, lots of big problems. Once the excitement wears off, most people have to deal with a whole host of new worries. Old friends and family come out of the woodwork trying to get a piece of the money. Con artists and outright thieves appear out of nowhere. The person can, and usually does, change for the worse. The money spoils them. Corrupts them. Ruins them. The bigger the winnings, the more likely the problems. Believe it or not, it can often be a curse, if the person can't handle their fortune. It's a bona fide fact that more than 80 percent of lottery winners end up bankrupt within the first five years."

She let that sink in, then continued, "Now, think of Alan. He's basically won a sexual lottery in life. All kinds of bad things can happen to him unless he's got the smarts and maturity and loved ones to help him do the right thing."

"But he does!" Susan protested. "He's got all that and more! Are you not his mother now, too? Are you not proud of him? He's just about the most mature, smart, and loving eighteen year old in the whole wide world! Not only that, but he's so sexually talented, so bursting with all that tasty sperm that just demands to be splattered across busty chests and gobbled down my throat, I mean our throats, that it makes me dizzy and giddy just to think about it!"

Her hips started squirming around in excitement as she continued nearly breathlessly, "He can handle anything. Who are we, as his big-titted sexual playthings, to question his wisdom or tell him what to do? Sure, as his mother, I try my best to encourage him, to suck his cock, to love him, spread my legs to receive his seed, give him advice, offer him the bounty of my chest, bend over so he can fuck my ass, and support him any other way I can, just like any good mother should. What more can I do?"

Brenda did not feel it was her role to butt in on this important conversation between her natural superiors, but she nodded her head enthusiastically at what Susan said, which set her tremendous bare breasts bouncing.

Suzanne just sighed. "I figured you'd say something like that. But don't you see? He is very talented. Exceptionally talented in every way. He's quickly learned how to say and do the right thing, and how to fuck a woman in just the right way to leave her willing to do anything and everything he wants to get fucked like that again. He's even done it to me. In fact, he's done it to just about every gorgeous and sexy woman he knows."

She muttered very quietly under her breath, "And to think, he was a virgin just two months ago. I created a monster, not that I regret it."

She sighed, then continued, "But therein lies the rub. At first I was content to just let him handle things, since he was doing so well. But he's too good. He's too lucky. Too talented. He's rising to greater and greater heights of sexual prowess. But the higher you rise, the harder you fall. Nobody could be put in the situation he's in and not let it go to his head. It's only been two months and the ramifications of all the changes haven't really hit him yet. Just give it some time. Eventually he'll turn into a horrible caricature of himself, and we'll be too sexually in his thrall to do anything about it."

"That sounds horrible!" Susan said with genuine concern. "But what are we supposed to do about it?"

Chapter 1080 Susan X Suzanne X Brenda

A mischievous glint appeared in Susan's eye as she took a different tack before Suzanne could answer her question. "You didn't answer the question of what you would have done had it been you and Amy this morning. I still want to hear that."

She poked Suzanne on one of her nipples repeatedly, to emphasize that Suzanne had to answer the question. Susan felt so frisky that she had a hard time getting serious.

Suzanne brushed off Susan's playful hand, put a hand on her chin, and seriously considered the question. "Well. Let's see. I certainly wouldn't do what you did and give him the complete run of the place like some kind of sultan. First of all, I wouldn't have let him sleep in so long so we wouldn't have to go to extremes to get him to school on time. I'd wake him up at least fifteen minutes earlier. Then-"

"Wait," Susan interrupted. "What would you and Amy be wearing?"

Suzanne grinned as she considered her options. She always loved to pick out what to wear.

Susan prodded, "High heels?"

"Of course," Suzanne replied archly. To suggest otherwise was silly. About the only time Susan or Suzanne would not wear high heels when Alan was around was in bed or in the shower, and sometimes they'd keep them on, even then. Suzanne clarified, "Three-inch heels. Black pumps, you know the ones."

"Good choice. And?"

Mostly forgetting about her concerns for the moment, Suzanne replied, "Well, truth be told, I'm jealous of the whole motherly yet sexy apron look you've got going. I got to wear the kind of erotic apron you like to wear just once, when I was given the chance to play the role of the morning mommy. That was great, but it only happened the one time. I'd love for a repeat performance, which, by the way, you could let me do any one of these mornings, hint, hint."

Susan smiled. "That could be arranged."

"As for Amy, I'm sure she'd be running around naked, assuming Brad and Eric weren't there. But none of this breakfast in bed stuff! Sweetie would have to get dressed and come downstairs for breakfast just like any normal human being."

Susan prodded some more, "Okay, so let's say he does. Knowing our son, he's gonna be feeling frisky. I think it's a good bet that you'd be in the kitchen cooking breakfast, and he'd wander in, slap that monster log of his out of his shorts, and start rubbing it all over your bare ass. What would you do then?"

"Well, I'd- Hey! What are you doing?"

Susan had reached forward and started to rub Suzanne's crotch. She would have preferred to use a dildo to simulate the 'monster log', but none were handy, so she pulled Suzanne's leotards to the side and began fingering her best friend's clit. She grinned some more and explained, "I'm simulating a more sexual situation, so you can answer more honestly."

"Oh. Fair enough. Well, if he were to do that, I mean, come on... I'm only human. I'd probably start moaning and lean way down and forward so he could have better access to my butt cheeks and everything in between."

Brenda thought, Now, this is more like it! She began frigging herself. She wasn't worried about what they would think about that, knowing the other two had temporarily forgotten her.

Susan smiled as she shoved two fingers into Suzanne's pussy, "So, in other words, you would be offering your body to him. By bending forward in such a wanton way, you'd be saying, 'I give my body to a naturally superior male to use and abuse as he sees fit. Most of all, I'm offering him, nay, begging him, to fill my ass or cunt with throbbing man-meat! I'm pleading with him to show me once again that he is my master and that my cunt belongs to him, needs him, longs for him, aches to be filled by him! Filled with hard and fast strokes, pounding, pounding, pounding! Deep! Fuck me deep, Alan!"

Susan's fingers began to pump faster and faster as she got carried away with her own description.

Suzanne's eyes were closed and her whole body started to writhe in her seat as the hypothetical situation became increasingly real in her mind. "Yes! Yes, Sweetie! Do it! DO IT!"

But, belatedly realizing her complete loss of control, she struggled to amend her answer. Breathing hard, she said in her raspy voice, "But... but, I wouldn't... I wouldn't put it like you did."

She calmed her breathing and her body some more as she struggled to live up to her opinion that she could resist Alan's advances better than Susan could. "I certainly wouldn't be talking about that 'master' and 'naturally superior male' crap that you love so much. And even if I DID let him do that to me, I am NOT going to let that stop me from cooking a good breakfast. Time is wasting and I'm going to feed my kids a healthy, hearty meal. Sure, we can have a little sexual fun, but the RESPONSIBLE part comes first!" I think you should take a look at

Brenda had become increasingly drawn in by the sexy sights and words. Still fondling herself, she came up close and put a hand on Suzanne's back in a supportive manner and asked, "And what about Amy, Mistress Suzanne? What would she be doing at this point?" She was curious because she imagined herself as Amy in this scenario, since Suzanne was naturally taking the Suzanne role.

Suzanne pondered that question and squirmed back in her seat as if trying to get away from Susan's probing fingers, but she didn't actually swat them away as she could have easily done at any time. She stammered, highly distracted by the fantasy scenario, "Um, I, no, I mean Amy... Well, knowing her, she's a people person. She likes to get in the thick of things. I think she'd come over... You know, being playful, maybe a little bit... Probably flaunt her hot bod for her brother..."

Susan looked at Brenda, who stood on the other side of Suzanne, and subtly nodded her head down.

This was a signal for Brenda to move her hand down Suzanne's back to her ass, and Brenda immediately did so. She reached into Suzanne's tight lycra pants and began to knead and explore her ass.

"So," Susan said as she leaned forward and practically put her mouth on Suzanne's, "Amy would be running around naked, posing and preening, helping to get Tiger's cock hard so he could ram it in your cunt? Is that what you're saying? Can you just picture her, maybe bending over to let her big tits dangle, or spreading her legs wide and then reaching down to touch her toes, showing off her incredible cheerleader flexibility? Can you picture it?"

Suzanne panted with arousal, "Yes! Yes, I can! My Honey Pie! She's so cute, but such a tempting fuckpot!"

"She IS!" Susan agreed wholeheartedly. "But she wouldn't stop there. She'd come over and maybe grab Tiger's stiff cock with one hand, perhaps cop a feel of your tits with the other, and guide his beefy pole right into your steaming cunt!"

Susan pulled her probing finger out of Suzanne's wet pussy lips, then bunched three fingers together and rammed them back in, hard. "You would crumple to the ground as you groan in pure ecstasy!"

"Oh! God!" Suzanne yelled as if on cue. "Yes!" Her body shuddered and shook so profoundly that she had a hard time staying in her chair.

Inspired, Brenda took a hand that had been poking in Suzanne's ass crack and used it to reach around and fondle one of Suzanne's generously endowed breasts.

Susan continued as she plunged her three fingers in and out of Suzanne's hole in her best imitation of a stiff dick, "Then Amy, satisfied that her official boyfriend was teaching her mother a lesson in who's the master of the house and who's just a red-haired, ivory-skinned, big-titted cum dump, would fall on top of you and shove her tongue down your throat!"

Surprisingly, Suzanne made no objection to that. She was carried away by the heat of the moment.

Susan quickly continued, "You would be violated all over. Penetrated. Exposed! Reamed! Rammed! She'd slide down to where you and Tiger are joined and would start to lick both of you, flicking her tongue on her own mother's clit while her brother shoves that pussy-splitter in and out of your hot box! Then she'd sits on your face, grinding her sopping pussy into your eager red lips! The air is so thick with incestuous pussy and sweet cock cum that you couldn't breathe! Then Tiger-"

Suzanne put her hands over her ears. "Okay! Stop! Stop! STOP!" She panted as if she was on the verge of hyperventilating.

Susan and Brenda's busy hands slowed down their fondling and probing, though they didn't stop their motions altogether. Both of them were winded and highly aroused, too.

Susan gave a triumphant smile. "What happened to the 'healthy, hearty meal' in the middle of all that?"

Suzanne sighed. "Okay, okay! I get your point! The breakfast cooking would be forgotten. The time would be forgotten. All hope would be lost unless my Sweetie had some control. Once I got all worked up like that, I'd probably be content to lie on the bed all morning with my legs spread and yell, 'Fuck

school! Fuck me instead!' as long as he kept filling my cunt with load after load of that far too tasty seed. Dammit! Once again, my insatiable cunt makes me lose all sense of reason."

She slapped Susan's hand away from her pussy lips in frustration. "Even in a hypothetical practice run, I really do lose all control. Damn!" She added in a sexy pout, "Not only that, but you're mean, Susan! I'm surprised at you, tricking me like that."

Susan smiled, very pleased with herself. She ostentatiously brought her fingers, dripping wet with Suzanne's fluids, to her mouth, and licked them clean one by one. "Hey. I'm just making a point."

Brenda pulled back from her fondling of Suzanne and sat next to her. After she'd heard all that, Brenda was quite sweaty and soaked between her thighs. Even though she wore an exercise outfit that kept her tits raised up, out, and exposed (obeying the Plummer house rule that she always had to keep her tits exposed and ready for groping), she nonetheless felt chafed in so much clothing. She fanned herself with an open hand.

Suzanne sighed yet again. "There's my problem! You're right, Susan. I probably wouldn't have acted that differently than you did, and neither would Amy. True, I still think we would have been less fawning, and my language certainly would be less over the top. I don't exactly appreciate being called a 'big-titted cum dump,' thank you very much."

"Sorry," Susan mumbled.

"But I'm part of the problem. I'll freely admit that. I'm just as addicted to his sweet cum as everyone else. In fact, if I'm totally honest with myself, I think Amy and I would probably have to battle it out to see who got to suck him off under the table while he ate breakfast, that is if I kept my shit together long enough to actually make something to eat. We'd probably end up giving him a dual tongue bath and go hungry ourselves if need be. Are we a hopeless bunch, or what?"

Brenda visualized that scene, except that she imagined herself there as well, licking Alan's cock along with Amy and Suzanne. Never mind that three big and busty women would have had a heck of time trying to fit between Alan's legs under a table at the same time: the idea of sexually serving him from under the table while he did something casual like eat breakfast was exactly the kind of submissive act that aroused her the most.

Add to that the image of being forced to share in such servitude with two other incredibly beautiful women, and it was too much for her to take. She reached down and touched her clit, then opened her mouth in a silent scream as a wonderful climax tore through her.

Suzanne looked at Susan and continued, oblivious to Brenda's ecstasy. "But in my defense, I'm not used to those morning situations and I'd probably go a little crazy for the first few times... Or maybe first dozen times. Okay, couple dozen times, probably." She laughed as she fully realized the truth of just how addicted to Alan and his penis she actually was.