

6 Times 1081

Chapter 1081 Brenda! Brenda! Brenda!

Suzanne got serious again. "Now, Susan, as for what we SHOULD do differently, we have to go back earlier, to the previous evening. Did he do his homework? Did he do his chores? Remember when he actually had to do chores around the house? IF he takes care of his responsibilities, then fine, let's have fun. Sure, let's have an orgy before school, even. But only if he's taken care of the other stuff first. We keep talking about that, but nothing ever changes."

She let out another sad sigh. "We may want to rethink some things. Frankly, I'm wondering if having Brenda as our house maid is such a good idea. I'm afraid that'll just make things ten times worse. And she has her own house and son to take care of..."

Brenda sat in a sweaty and happy post-orgasmic reverie, barely aware of Suzanne words. But she definitely heard those last sentences, and her world suddenly turned upside down. She was so shocked and appalled that she was beyond words. Her mouth dropped wide open and her eyes bulged out.

She couldn't even begin to comprehend that she could be so close to fulfilling a dream come true in serving the Plummer family, only to have it pulled away at the last second. In her previous existence, before she fell hard for Alan and the rest of the Plummers, she used to be very emotionally volatile with a nasty and short temper. That personality had never really gone away; it had just been suppressed and augmented by the new Brenda. Suddenly, her old ways came to the surface, with a vengeance.

She stood up and towered over the still-sitting Suzanne. An expression of intense anger built up on her face like stormy clouds gathering into a Class Five Hurricane. Then she let her emotions fly.

"HOW DARE YOU! SUZANNE, HOW DARE YOU! I love you! I worship you! I look up to you! And then, you say THIS! You treat me like TRASH! TRASH! GARBAGE! Worthless human GARBAGE! Well, I have feelings too! How can you promise me all these things, promise me a new life, promise to fulfill all my dreams, and then just say 'nah, I don't feel like it' on my big day? My dream day! Suzanne! You stabbed me in the back! Take it back! NOW! Please, I beg you! Take it back! I love you so much, and you step on my heart and crush it! How DARE you! Be ashamed of yourself! You, you, you backstabber!"

Just as quickly as Brenda's tantrum appeared, it suddenly disappeared, and her emotional angst turned into sorrow. She fell to the floor in a crumpled heap, weeping in heavy anguish.

Susan and Suzanne both rushed to her and held her close.

Suzanne immediately spoke apologetically, "I didn't mean that literally! I was just saying! I was making a point! For crying out loud, I didn't mean that!"

But Brenda seemed not to hear her at all, if only because she bawled so loudly. She seemed inconsolable, and nearly catatonic with grief.

Suzanne realized with alarm, Brenda is a lot more, well, mentally unstable, to be brutally frank, than I ever realized. She has issues! Jesus H. Christ! She seems ready to kill herself over such a small thing. It's like her life force just completely left her!

Unsure of what else to do, Suzanne finally resorted to slapping Brenda in the face. Repeatedly. "Snap out of it!" Suzanne cried as she slapped. "Snap out of it!"

Brenda's eyes appeared to regain an awareness, and she looked up at Suzanne's face.

Suzanne quickly explained, "Brenda! Listen. That was just loose talk. I wasn't actually saying we should do that! Relax! You're still going to be working here as a maid. It's still all going to happen. I was just trying to say that we might have to tone things down. I'm sorry if I frightened you. Sorry!"

Brenda stared at her for a while, uncertain if she could believe these new words.

Susan cooed more reassuring things from where she sat at Brenda's side. "It's okay, Brenda, it's okay. Nothing's going to change. We love you and want you here. It's okay..."

Finally, Brenda seemed to snap back to some semblance of reality. She cocked an eyebrow and looked hard at Suzanne. "Really? You didn't mean it?"

Suzanne smiled and nodded.

Susan nodded too.

Brenda's demeanor completely changed again. "Oh, thank GOD! Oh, I don't know what I would have done. It was like the whole world went black. All was death and despair! Here, please, let me lie down for a minute. I nearly had a heart attack!"

She really felt that way, but she also could be more than a bit melodramatic. She had a way of being extreme and over the top sometimes.

They helped Brenda to a nearby couch. Susan got her a glass of water. I think you should take a look at

Brenda simply lay there for a while, completely emotionally and physically drained. Her huge boobs rose and fell with every heaving breath. So fucking SCARY! That was a close call! I don't know what I'd do if I got this close to my ultimate dream and had it snatched away at the last minute! Phew! Too scary! Gotta calm down!

Alan is my master. It could only be him. If I don't get to serve him, what will I do?! True, I love my Aldy, but in a different way. He could never be "the one." He just doesn't have the right personality for it. Even he would freely admit that.

Suzanne thought, Okay, it's an overreaction to call her "mentally unstable." It's just that she's so passionate and emotional that I don't know how to handle it. I'm not used to that kind of outburst from any of my loved ones, except maybe for Susan's "mama grizzly bear" moods, but years could go by between those appearances.

After seeing that Brenda seemed to have recovered somewhat, Suzanne further explained, "Brenda, you're a part of our lives already. Tonight we're just making a de facto situation official. You don't have to worry about us going back on our promises."

Brenda let out a loud sigh of relief.

"But I am worried about my Sweetie. We do need to find a way where we can continue to love him and get royally fucked by him again and again and again without spoiling him. It's just that I'm at my wits' end, so I said something to illustrate my desperation, and you misunderstood. Again, I'm sorry."

"That's okay." Brenda lay still and continued to recover. Somehow in all the commotion her workout outfit had fallen the rest of the way down, and now was bunched up just below her knees. She remembered her place and added, "Please forgive ME, my mistress."

Suzanne thought ruefully as she stared at Brenda's improbably curvy body, It looks like Brenda is a part of the family now, for good or ill. We'll just have to deal with it and try to get her to live at least a semi-normal life. To be truthful, I did kind of halfway mean what I said about not having her as a maid, but I don't mean it now. She needs our help just as much as Sweetie does. I think she needs a lot of help. She's had a total personality change in the last few weeks; she's very right that it would be extremely cruel to bring her this far along and then abandon her.

I should have thought things through before speaking out loud. I was the one who picked her out of a crowd, saw her sexual potential, and encouraged her submissive tendencies every step of the way. We've made the commitment to her and we've got to keep it, whatever that may mean. She's a highly submissive type, so to let her go now would be like sending a child to live on the mean streets. She'd be taken advantage of immediately, and then Adrian would suffer too. She needs our love and consideration as much as Sweetie or anyone else does.

Once Brenda had recovered, more or less, Suzanne asked her, "I'm curious. Why is it that we, the Plummer family, have such a strong emotional effect on you? You've gone far beyond just wanting to have lots of sex with Alan, what with your desire to be our house maid and all. I have to admit, I could never imagine someone wanting to do for big money what you say you want to do for this family for free. What drives you?"

Brenda thought about that for a while. "I don't know, to be honest. Being the Plummer family slave feels so right that I've never even given it much thought. I just knew. I knew from the moment I found out Master Alan had all four of you under his thumb. I knew I'd found something so perfect and that there would be no limit to my servitude, if he would only have me, if you would all have me. It took me a while to be able to admit that, but I knew it deep in my soul."

She paused, marveling at her luck in finding the Plummers. She began to massage her huge breasts in circles, as merely having these thoughts of utter servitude and obedience turned her on terribly. "So, I suppose it must fulfill me in some deep way. Very deep. I think some of it has to do with a suppressed desire for my mother, may she rest in peace. In a way, you and Mistress Susan have replaced her in my heart. If I were to lose the two of you, after losing her, I don't know what I would do!"

She began to tear up again. "Life wouldn't be worth living. Not even with Adrian. Maybe not even with Alan. I'm weak at heart. I wouldn't be able to go on. That's why your words hurt me so deeply, Mistress Suzanne. I love you so much. I know I've only known you a short while, but I love you so very much! You too, Mistress Susan!"

Suzanne thought that was surprisingly perceptive, and probably very true. She looked at her relationship with Brenda in a whole new way. "And Alan? What's the deep force there?"

That immediately banished Brenda's sorrow. She laughed happily as she thought of her master. "Duh! He's Alan! Need I say more? Susan put it so well. What did she say? 'He's just about the most mature, smart, and loving eighteen year old in the whole wide world!' That's exactly it! Admittedly, I've only known him for two months, but those words are just about the truest I've ever heard."

She went on, "And of course, sexually he IS some kind of superman. Maybe there are others who have bigger dicks or whatever, but I challenge to find anyone who can get it up so many times in a day, every day, and handle so much stimulation for so long. And wanting to sexually please him makes me love him more and more. Sex and love are closely connected, as you know."

Suzanne thought, That's all true. And it works for me too.

Brenda winced as she admitted, "I love him so deeply that, in some ways, I think I love him more than my own son! Not in all ways, mind you, but in some ways, including sexually. Is that wrong? It IS wrong! I'm sure it is, but I can't help it. The bond between master and slave is so deep, so strong! I desire to make love to Adrian, I love my Pooh Bear so much, but I NEED to get fucked by Master Alan like I need air to breathe!"

Her eyes bugged out. "Good God! Just thinking about oral sex alone... My desire to suck his cock is so strong that sometimes it's all I can think about! I know I'm a 'busty bombshell' by any measure and I should have men falling all over me instead of having to share him with so many others, but just thinking about that makes me salivate like you wouldn't believe! I NEED his cock in my mouth! Every day!"

She continued even more emphatically, "I MUST serve him, to show him that I would do anything I could possibly do if he would only shove his cock down my throat and up my cunt one more time. He's actually played with me so rarely that it feels like I've been dying. Dying! It's like I have all the love of a son for him, plus all the love as if he was my husband, then times that by ten! I think it's something that you may never fully understand, Mistress Suzanne, because it goes so deep in me. I have to serve Master

Alan and give him my body like the sun has to rise in the morning. It's just a basic fact of life. I can promise you now that it will never change until the day I die!"

Suzanne thought, Wow! I can see in her eyes that she means every word!

Brenda added, "You may mock Susan's brilliant Big Tits Theory, but to me it's the most fundamental truth to help me day by day. It's my guide to life. I've always felt I was different, because of my looks. Now I know why; now it all makes sense. Some were put on this planet to lead, and some to follow. I don't care what you say, this body of mine was built for sex, to be a sex slave, and anything else is a waste! Since I've fully given in to the truth that I exist to serve, I feel such peace and serenity."

Suzanne thought, I can see why she favors Alan over Adrian. Adrian hasn't proved himself worthy of natural master status yet, while Alan has. I hope Adrian can turn that around, at least to some extent, in order to take some more of Brenda's emotional focus, but unfortunately from all I've seen of him, he seems the submissive type as well. It looks like I might have to add making Adrian less submissive to my list of long-term projects. He's another good reason why it would be better if Brenda wasn't so focused on this family, but what's done is done.

I wish I would have had more of an idea what I was getting everyone into when I invited her over to join our poke-her parties! That said, I can handle this. Nothing is too daunting that it can't be fixed with the right kind of clever scheming.

Brenda turned to Susan and held her hand. "Mistress Susan, you have such a natural wisdom to come up with that theory of yours. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I think in many ways, you and I are soul sisters. You, alone of anyone I've met, completely understand me."

Susan nodded solemnly. "Yes. We're not the same, but I know your mind."

That was an understatement. It was almost like Brenda was speaking Susan's mind too. But Susan was trying to tone things down, given Suzanne's concerns.

Chapter 1082 Susan X Suzanne X Brenda

Brenda felt better by now, though still a bit overwhelmed. She got up and knelt between Suzanne's thighs. Looking up into Suzanne's ravishing ivory face, she said, "I am so completely sorry for yelling at you. Please forgive me. I had no right to do that. I hope you'll punish me later, but for now, let me try to make it up to you just a little bit."

She pulled Suzanne's lycra pants to the side and began to lick her pussy.

Suzanne tried to push Brenda's head away, but without much success. "Brenda! Really. You don't have, ugh, have to, oooh! To do that." She felt guilty, since she thought that Brenda's outburst was a justifiable reaction to her thoughtless comments.

Brenda stopped and looked up again. "Mistress Suzanne, I generally think that you understand me pretty well. Surely you understand that I MUST do this. This is what I do. I'm a complete submissive. Other people may find joy in their passions. A baseball player loves to play baseball, or whatever; this is how I find MY joy. One thing I love about this family is that you can relate and you can accept me for what I am. Please don't ask me to stop?"

She began pulling off Suzanne's lycra pants.

Suzanne's willpower crumbled and she let Brenda remove the last of her clothes. "Ah, what the heck. Knock yourself out. But not so intense! How am I supposed to concentrate?"

She thought, Speaking of Sweetie being tempted by corruption, I think Brenda's going to corrupt me too.

But she said out loud, "Susan, what were we talking about? Oh yes. Your fantastical Big Tits Theory."

Susan complained, "'Fantastical'?! How can you call the Big Tits Theory just a sexual fantasy? Think about it. Look at yourself. Look at me. Look at Brenda! Especially look at Brenda. Let's be honest, with no false modesty. When it comes to beauty, the three of us are in the top one percent of the top one percent of all the women in the world. We're just not genetically built like other people. We're hard-wired for sex! We're hard-wired to serve."

Suzanne complained, "Those two things aren't connected."

Susan replied emphatically, "Yes, they are! And I have a theory for that. I think women like us were probably bred to be sexual playthings down through the ages. Think of the wife or mistress or harem girl of a Viking warrior king or a Turkish sultan. Those women had children, and only the most beautiful and sexually talented were deserving of belonging in the harem of the leader of the next generation. Over millennia, an upper class of harem types must have evolved, women bred for beauty AND submissiveness. Look at us. You practically only have to touch Brenda and she cums in buckets. It's just not normal. You and I are almost the same. Most women aren't wiping their own pussy juice that's dripped down below their knees on a daily basis. That's not normal either, especially for a woman her age. Whether you like it or not, we've been born and bred to serve in the harem of a natural master like our Tiger. It's a fact!"

Brenda was so moved by those words that she felt goose bumps all over. So true! That explains me! That explains everything! And it's a good thing! I have special talents, a special purpose!

Suzanne was a bit taken aback by this, because it did make a fair amount of sense. Near the throes of orgasm, she grabbed Brenda's head and pulled her away from her lap temporarily, so she could think and talk.

After recovering a bit, the sexy redhead said, hesitantly, "Okay, let's hypothetically say that's true. How did we all end up here in the middle of nowhere in Orange County? Why aren't we in Istanbul or Paris or Beijing or somewhere fancy like that? And how is it Sweetie found so many of us in such a short time?"

"I don't know," Susan answered honestly. "The truth is, he didn't really find us; we were gathered together already. Even Brenda moved in a close, exclusive social circle. Maybe since there are no real harems left in the world anymore, or only a very few, at least, people like us get scattered to the four corners of the Earth. Maybe people like us naturally seek each other out. Or maybe it's fate. Maybe there are forces at work more powerful than we can ever understand. It's all so wildly improbable that you just can't say it's all random! That's PROOF that there's a higher design here. It must be God's will!"

Suzanne scoffed. "You lost me there. I'm sorry. I don't believe in fate or in God. Maybe you have a point about socially selected breeding for sexual characteristics. Of course that happens. But there's a huge gap from that to the Big Tits Theory. I don't mind the idea of being especially hard-wired for sex, but not to serve. That does not describe me at all. Nope. No siree. I find the very idea highly offensive."

Susan exclaimed, "But look at Brenda! Haven't you heard a word she's said?"

Suzanne looked down into her lap where Brenda's tongue eagerly explored the insides of Suzanne's pussy, as far in as her tongue could go. Sheesh! Brenda certainly makes it tougher to make any argument against a natural type of subservience. She's taken to her new life like a duck to water!

But Suzanne replied, "Brenda is one in a million. Not only that, but there were a lot of environmental factors in her life, like the way her mother sexually spanked her, setting off who knows what kind of sexual fetishes, and her mother's tragic early death."

Suzanne raised her hand to stop Susan from protesting. "Enough. Please. If the Big Tits Theory works for you and Brenda, then fine. I won't try to pop your bubble anymore. But please don't mention it to me or anyone else. I don't want to think about it, or think of myself that way. I'm sick and tired of hearing it." She closed her eyes and tried to clear her mind.

Brenda, who had been mostly looking up at Suzanne while licking, saw Suzanne's emerald green eyes close and could see they would stay closed for some moments. She briefly withdrew her tongue from Suzanne's pussy lips and turned enough to make eye contact with Susan. She gave Susan a big encouraging smile and two thumbs up. She wanted Susan to know that she agreed with everything she had said and then some. She knew this was a bit naughty vis-à-vis Suzanne, but she couldn't contain herself.

Susan couldn't help but giggle at this. She winked at Brenda conspiratorially.

Brenda winked back. She sighed with contentment at having such wonderful mistresses and returned to her task of getting Suzanne to climax.

Suzanne, while enjoying Brenda's attentions physically, was still very distraught mentally. She opened her eyes and looked at Susan with exasperation. "Susan, we got a bit off track, but do you see where I'm coming from about Sweetie and his problems, at all? Don't you see? Don't you see the very way that you proved how I would behave if I was in charge in the morning, or the way Brenda thinks and acts, don't you see that only shows just how serious a problem this is?! Power corrupts. It's a fact!"

Somehow, that last thought made her look down at Brenda, who was happily lapping away.

Susan, still sat directly in front of Suzanne and replied, "Actually, I do understand exactly where you're coming from. You're my very best friend and loving sister, after all. We do have a problem here. You

kept telling me and I never really got it, but I think I get it now. I really do. The lottery metaphor, that makes sense to me. I always had absolute faith in Tiger's talents, so I never worried about him too much, but you're right: it's the very fact that he's so talented that could be his downfall. But what to do? You know I've NEVER had much willpower with my children. It's a miracle they're not horribly spoiled already. Ron was never there for them, and I never said no."

"Noooo, you didn't," Suzanne agreed, slowly, trying hard to think and speak clearly despite all the arousal. "But when they did something you didn't like, you'd look at them with sad puppy dog eyes so tragic that even I would nearly cry, if I happened to be in the room. In a way, that was ten times more powerful than saying no. You can still do that. You hold an incredible power over your cutie Tiger's heart. More than I do, I'll freely admit."

Susan responded, "But Suzanne! How can I do that, now? I just take one look at my Tiger's crotch, and I know that there's a dangerous sperm buildup going on before my eyes."

"Not all the time," Suzanne scoffed. "I think you should take a look at

"Actually, pretty much ALL the time! Sperm is constantly being produced at an alarming pace, and it needs to come out! Preferably into my mouth so I can taste it and properly savor it, but really any hole in any big-titted babe will do. That's where it BELONGS, gracing a woman's fair skin like liquid jewels, or oozing out of well-fucked holes. That's become so important to me that I've willingly enslaved myself to my own son! I know you think I'm crazy, but Tiger NEEDS TO CUM!"

This idea was so wonderfully arousing to Susan that she began to run her hands all over her body, as if to put out small fires everywhere. She managed to slide her workout outfit down to her stomach in the process.

Suzanne rolled her eyes.

"Suzanne, it's so true! From when I wake up in the morning until I go to sleep, that's the primary thought on my mind. How can I help him cum? How many times will he cum? Who will he cum into? How hard will he cum? How much will he enjoy it? How many big-titted women will get to enjoy his sperm? Did he find any deserving new cunts to cum into? These are the kinds of questions that make or break my day. If he came a lot and really enjoyed it, it was a good day for me."

Brenda was nodding emphatically. She could have said the same, word for word.

Susan continued, "Before I drift off to sleep, I'll review the day and almost always smile and go to sleep contentedly, because most days are good days, where he cums six times or more, into or onto a variety of sexy women. But if he didn't, then I'm sad. Call me crazy, but that's my life now. Everything else, even my own wants and needs, sexual or otherwise, are secondary."

Brenda, her chin and nose smeared and dripping with Suzanne's pussy juices, suddenly rose up from where she'd knelt and turned around so she could grab Susan's hand. She squeezed it tightly and seemed to tremble with happiness. "Susan! Mistress Susan! It's like you're reading my mind! I absolutely love you!"

Suddenly, Brenda leaped forward and threw herself into Susan. They kissed on the lips as Brenda squeezed Susan with all her might. The kiss was incredibly intense and lasted a long time. The fact that they were sharing and swapping Suzanne's juices turned them on even more.

As they kissed, Brenda thought, Gaawwwd, I love it! This place is a submissive woman's paradise! It would be plenty great being Master Alan's only slave, but getting to share the entire experience with the likes of Mistress Susan and Mistress Suzanne makes it all MANY times greater! Like what Susan just said about judging her day by the quality and quantity of our master's many sexual experiences! So true! That crystallized some feelings I hadn't been able to express. And then when we talk about this kind of stuff we get all hot and bothered and kiss like this! I love it! Together, we can serve him so much better!

Before too long, Susan and Brenda were seriously going after each other's bodies. They mashed their heavy tits together over and over, and continued to kiss like they were attempting to permanently fuse at the mouth. The only reason they didn't take things further was because they remained seated and didn't lie down.

But after a few minutes, Susan remembered Suzanne and looked over to her. "Suzanne? What's up? You're lost in thought and you're not joining us?"

Suzanne in fact was in deep thought. Now that Susan and Brenda were motionless and attentive, she snapped out of it and said, "You know, Susan, you're kinda crazy. I'm sure you obsess about those things much more than even he does. That's not healthy. But I do understand you, you know I do. You and I are soul sisters, too. I understand Brenda, too, far more than I think she realizes. The fact is, those kinds of questions come to me every day, too. I'll admit that my pleasure comes first."

Susan and Brenda were both mildly perturbed to hear that last comment, but they stayed silent.

Suzanne went on, "But Sweetie's is a very close second. If he were to go the whole day only cumming a couple of times, or not at all, like when he went that whole weekend on that horrible camping trip, I'm practically a wreck. You know what we are? We're like three crazy people in an insane asylum. We're having an argument, and I'm only ever so slightly less crazy than you, so even what I'm saying would sound totally insane to any outsider. But that's our world now. And I don't know how to get out of it."

She thought to herself for some moments, then added, "I'm torn. I'm of two minds. On one hand, I look at how the three of us behave, and I think the situation is hopeless. We're all too horny to be able to even talk seriously about him for five minutes without getting carried away and going wild on each other. How can we ever resist him enough to provide any discipline to stop him from drifting into, well, I suppose you could call it the complete triumph of the 'Bad Alan?' Maybe you're right. Maybe we are hard wired to be uncontrollable sex nymphos."

Susan suggested, "We've just been unusually horny and excited this week, what with so many amazing things happening,"

She was trying to be optimistic to counter Suzanne's gloomy mood. Also, abashed by Suzanne's comment about how they couldn't even keep their hands off each other for five minutes, she nudged Brenda to get off of her lap, forcing Brenda to stand up.

"True," Suzanne nodded, "but one could have said the same last week. And the week before. And the week before. Every week, we're amazingly horny! It's like we're living an amazing dream that never ends and only gets more and more intense. But I do have hope. Because, on the other hand, I think of all the things in my life that I've done, and that you and I have done together. Things have a way of working out, you know? I almost feel like I could have the strength to tell him to do his homework before he can fuck. But I'm not quite there."

She thought, I just hope to God my plan to bring Glory into our group is gonna work because I need her support and willpower very badly right now. But I can't count on that possibility.

She paused, and then added, "And he still has his 'Bad Alan' problem. Can you two at least try to work with me on this? I'm going to try to give this my all. I'm going to dig deep in myself and try to find reserves of willpower to keep this household functioning on at least some kind of semi-realistic plane.

Bills have to be paid. Food has to be bought. A whole range of things has to be done that has nothing to do with sex."

She said with determination, "Let's start with tonight. We're going to have the usual Wednesday night poke-her party, there's no doubt about that. I would never want to cancel it. But he shouldn't be allowed to join the party until he's finished his homework and household chores. If he only had a little bit of discipline every now and then I think that would be enough, because he's a good kid at heart. That's why we all love him. But I can't even REMEMBER the last time he's done something like do the dishes or clean his room. And don't say it happens sometimes when I'm not here, because it doesn't. Can we all agree on that, that we'll do that tonight?"

Susan and Brenda nodded.

Suzanne continued, "Here's the plan. Every day, one of us will talk to him when he comes home from school and determine a list of things he has to get done. The more he gets done, the more sex he can have. Simple, but effective. Let's say he finishes his chemistry lesson. Then he can run off and shoot his rocks off into Katherine's mouth. Then he does his math. He's free to pump a big load of burning cum into Amy's tight ass. And so on. We can make sex an incredibly powerful reward if we could just say no every now and then and delay gratification for a little while."

Susan joined Brenda on her feet. She pulled Suzanne up as well, and put her hands in Suzanne's. "I'm with you. I agree completely. I understand I have an unhealthy lack of self-control that could be damaging to my children's lives in the long term. I think today that I really do finally get it. I think you may be surprised; I may be able to help more than you realize. I can put my foot down sometimes, for instance, when I recently insisted Angel was not allowed to begin lactating, much less get pregnant. I think we can see a win-win, where Alan gets his homework done every day AND we all have plenty of crazy monkey sex with that forever loving cum-filled boy."

Suzanne smiled. "Crazy monkey sex. I like that." She turned to Brenda and thought, Bringing Brenda in as our sex slave maid is just like pouring gasoline on the fire that is Sweetie's problem. But there's no turning back now. She smiled encouragingly and asked, "Brenda, are you with us?"

The three of them now stood together in a small circle. Brenda put her hands on top of those of the other two, but much more reluctantly. "Okay, I'll try. But I'm afraid I'm just the opposite. As you get to know me better, I'll think you'll be surprised at just how little willpower I have. I'm as spoiled as anyone you'll ever meet. Can't I be one to work on the rewards end of the program, exclusively? I can handle that part pretty well."

Suzanne and Susan laughed. They answered together, "No!"

They drew together in a group hug. Given that the three of them were now topless, and Brenda and Suzanne wore nothing at all, the hug didn't stand much of a chance of failing to escalate into something more.

Susan got started on fondling Brenda's breasts in a big way. But before their kisses and fondles got too carried away, she asked, "Suzanne, one question. Is there any reason why we'd have to start practicing self-control right now?"bender

Suzanne replied, "No. Actually, the more we can burn off our sexual energy with each other instead of with him, the better we'll be."

Susan cried out happily, "Then burn, baby, burn! All this talk about the difficulty of resisting Tiger's cock, I don't know about you two, but it's made me-"

Suzanne finished the sentence, "SO HOT!" Then she burst into laughter at Susan using her catchphrase yet again.

The three of them collapsed to the floor, and soon all that could be seen was a wild tangle of arms and legs.

Chapter 1083 Alan And Christine Flirting

Alan made it from Heather and Simone to his first class almost ten minutes late. He ran most of the way, which left him very winded. Luckily, he had a very good reputation with his teacher, Mr. Tompkins, so he didn't get any punishment. In fact, the teacher only gave him a silent, disapproving look as he took his seat.

Alan breathed a secret sigh of relief. Phew! Close call. Any later, and it would be a lot harder to explain. That's what I get for starting ten minutes late with those two. There's no way I could have a "proper" session with them in just twenty minutes. Live and learn.

He looked to Christine sitting next to him and gave her a smile. Damn! Out of the sexy frying pan into the sexy fire. She's lookin' GOOD! If she only knew what I've been doing all morning. Karate chop to the head! Yikes! I'm such a cad. But how could I resist such incredible pleasures?!

Christine was disappointed, and only gave him the barest smile in return. She'd loved her date with him the night before, so had been looking forward to talking to him again at school ever since she'd woken that morning. But since he was late, she couldn't even trade hellos with him before class started, despite the fact their desks were side-by-side.

Normally, Christine had strict, self-imposed rules about focusing on the teacher during class, and nothing else. Alan had observed that, so he almost never tried to whisper to her or otherwise get her attention once class had started.

However, not only was Christine eager to communicate with Alan, but she was also dying of curiosity. First, she wondered, Why was Alan so late today? And that's hardly the first time that's happened lately. But even more curious is how he continues to look tired and flushed, even now that he's recovered his breath. That doesn't jibe with a short run to class, unless he's very out of shape, which he isn't.

But most suspicious of all is that he has this aggravating look of sexual satiation and great happiness on his damn face! I'll bet he had sex right before class. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he was with Heather! Damn her! She's like an evil succubus, constantly leading him astray!

Christine had started taking notes of Mr. Tompkins' physics lecture. But she didn't need to, since she'd long since mastered the material he was explaining. So she started a note on a new piece of paper, simply writing the words in big letters:

"Hey. What's up?"

Then she tilted her notepad to the side of her desk where Alan would notice and read it.

Alan was very surprised when he saw her message, since Christine simply never wrote notes to people during class. But he was pleasantly surprised, and eager to play along, so he wrote on his notepad, "Hey, you. Not much. How about you?"

She glanced at his note and smiled. Because their desks were side by side, they didn't need to pass notes on paper to each other. They could simply write in large letters with their notepads positioned at the edge of their desk closest to where the other was sitting. The students behind them might be able to see that the two of them were exchanging messages, but they would be too far away to read what was being said.

While still pretending to look at Mr. Tompkins, she wrote, "Why so late?"

He quickly wrote back, "I was having a blonde moment."

She simply wrote, "GRRR!" in especially large letters. She assumed that was a Heather reference of some kind, maybe even a confession of sorts that he'd been with her.

He responded, "No, really. I was thinking about my favorite blonde - you - and what a great time we had last night. I got all spaced out and giddy, and then lost all track of time." His writing was smaller this time since he had a lot to convey, so when he finished he simply handed his notepad to her.

Christine was slightly scandalized by that, since she didn't consider herself the type of bad student who passed notes in class. But she couldn't resist reading what he'd written. She was pleasantly delighted at the flattery, even though she knew he was bullshitting. She couldn't help but grin a bit. She wrote back on his notepad, "Yeah, right. What's the real story?" Then, she furtively looked around and handed his notepad back to him.

He wrote, "Okay, the truth. I'm in the middle of a top-secret, undercover, journalistic investigation. I'm tracking down a hot lead." Again, he handed his notepad back to her when he was done.

Christine was finding herself enjoying this. She was making only the barest pretense of paying attention to Mr. Tompkins. Luckily, he was explaining something at the chalkboard and had his back turned, so it didn't matter that they were rather flagrantly passing notes back and forth. She wrote, "B.S. detector turned on. Let's hear the fairy tale."

He responded with some inspired spontaneous playfulness. "It's no fairy tale; it's gonna be front page news! I'm about to solve the mystery of how this totally smokin' hot babe named Christine Anderssen is smart enough to get into Stanford despite having blonde hair. I've figured it out: she has THREE brains!"

When Christine read that, she couldn't help but smile and giggle a little bit. She quickly covered her mouth with a hand. Her cheeks reddened slightly at being called a "totally smokin' hot babe." She elected to ignore that, and just wrote back, "Three brains?! What the heck?!"

He wrote, "No, it's true. I figure that each of your breasts are about the size of a human head. So each one must have a brain inside. The combined power of three brains equals super genius!"

She was leaning over into the aisle slightly and trying to read what he wrote even before he finished, but his writing had become too small for her to do that. Once the notepad was handed back to her, it took all her willpower not to giggle or laugh out loud. She had to cover her mouth again. She quickly wrote back, "That's so untrue. You're a total perv! But here's another 'hot lead' for you. I know of a brown-haired guy who has NO brain, at least in his head. His name is Alan Plummer!"

Now Alan was the one forced to cover his mouth to stifle his laughing. Luckily, he didn't make any noise, and Mr. Tompkins was still preoccupied in any case. He wrote, "Wow, you know TWO Alan Plummers?! Amazing coincidence. I'll get on that story once I finish this one and win my Pulitzer Prize. I just need proof."

Her smile grew. She was having fun with this. "Sorry, but you're not going to get it. Believe me, I have just ONE brain. And I only know ONE Alan Plummer!"

He gleefully wrote back, "I don't believe you. But let's settle this once and for all. Just let me fondle your chest heads until I'm satisfied." He stopped writing. Then he went back to the word "fondle" and crossed it out. He replaced it with "investigate".

Christine was having an even harder time not laughing. She was particularly amused by his phrase "chest heads" to refer to her breasts. She had to turn away and look at Mr. Tompkins for about a minute to regain an outwardly-serious demeanor. But she was having great fun, so as soon as she was composed again she wrote, "And just how long will it take for you to be satisfied?"

He responded, "Probably forever. But hey, you never know. We should try things out for a few hours and see how that goes. Quick, pull up your shirt and take off your bra so we can get started!"

She snorted with amusement. She quickly looked around, worried that she'd made too much noise and that other students would notice their note-passing. But luckily, Mr. Tompkins had pretty much already lulled the rest of the class into a semi-comatose state. Furthermore, Christine was such the "goody-goody" that nobody was suspicious in the least.

Again, she decided she needed to recompose herself before going on. She could feel her nipples hardening and she hoped Alan wouldn't notice. However, she knew he would notice, and that only further aroused her. But it was the idea of Alan fondling her bare breasts in the middle of class, while everyone else somehow magically failed to notice, that really got her going.

She wrote back, "That is so not going to happen! Besides, I'm not the anatomical weirdo; you are. You have boobs on your brain!"

He was very happy that she was letting him get away with this level of innuendo. They'd come a long way in the last two months. He replied, "Fair enough. I can tell your butt-brain is feeling left out. If you stand up and take all your clothes off, I promise I'll spend just as much time fondling that part of you, looking for your butt-brain."

She had to cover her mouth again as she silently laughed. It took willpower for her not to squirm in her seat, now that she was thinking about getting her ass fondled too. "I am NOT going to do that, EVER! And I do not have a butt-brain!"

He wrote back, "Sure you do. I figure you're as mighty as the stegosaurus, and stegosauruses had butt-brains, as everyone knows. Ergo, you must have a butt-brain too."

She realized she was getting far too amused, not to mention far too aroused. She pictured herself standing naked next to her desk, with her hands on the top of her head for some reason. She stood stiffly like a soldier on parade while a fully clothed Alan ran his hands all over her body.

NOOOO! You idiot! Not here! Everybody's watching! Show some self-restraint! Take me to some private room and have your way with me there!

But in her vision, he wasn't listening. He even knelt down and started inhaling her pussy aroma. I think you should take a look at

Without thinking, she reached down to her actual pussy mound, trying to push him away before he started licking there.

Then she realized with a start that she was having a vivid daydream. She jerked her hand away just before she actually touched herself down below. Then she looked around, realizing with great relief that no one else had noticed. She decided this in-class communication was way too dangerous; it needed to stop before she got caught doing something stupid.

But first, she couldn't let his ridiculous stegosaurus claim go unchallenged. She wrote, "First off, this notion that stegosauri had a second brain (and not a butt-brain!) is an urban legend. It's completely untrue! It was just a cavity that was misidentified by some ignorant buffoon with an overly-active imagination. Someone like the bird-brained, boob-brained, breast maniac sitting next to me!" She looked to her other side, and noticed a guy named Stan sitting there. So she added to her note, "The one to the left of me named Alan Plummer!"

At first he had been going to pin the blame on Stan, but he realized that wouldn't work after her clarification. That led him to write, "'Breast maniac' sounds harsh. I prefer 'mammary maven' or 'dirigible devotee.' 'Airbag aficionado' also works. Even 'cantaloupe connoisseur,' if you will. And I will, if you will!"

Luckily, Christine was well practiced at stifling laughter at his silly jokes, so she managed not to guffaw out loud. It was a very close call though. Furthermore, she was getting far too aroused for class. She even felt a strange compulsion to somehow take her bra off under her shirt to drive him wild. But that was madness. She decided that she absolutely had to stop this note writing, and right away.

So she wrote, "You're a total nut case! Enough, already! Let's get back to Mr. Tompkins!" She gave Alan a harsh look while passing his notepad back to him for what she figured would be the final time.

Then she turned back to their still-oblivious teacher. Her heart was pounding hard. It wasn't so much the note that made her that hot and bothered, but more her own fantasies, such as a vision of having him fondle her naked body in front of class. That didn't entirely leave her head.

However, Alan didn't mind having to stop, at least for a while. He could see that her attempt to act stern lasted all of about five seconds, and then she went back to grinning about all of his silly, teasing notes. He felt good, knowing that he'd put that smile on her face.

After about a minute, she sobered up enough to realize that he'd been successful in completely distracting her from asking where he'd really been and what he'd been doing just before he rushed into class. She still strongly suspected that Heather had been involved. But she also realized that he was unlikely to give her a straight answer on that, especially if Heather had been involved. Instead he would just continue to deflect her questions with yet more silliness.

Alan decided to let Christine be for a while. He tried to pay attention to the class, but Mr. Tompkins seemed especially boring that day. Alan couldn't concentrate on anything their teacher was saying. He concluded he'd be pushing his luck with Christine if he teased her any more during class, so he decided to see if they could at least communicate about other things via their note writing. Anything was better than listening to Mr. Tompkins drone on.

A couple of minutes later, Alan wrote on his notepad in big letters, "I'm bored!" Again, he pushed his notepad to the edge of his desk where Christine could read it.

To his pleasant surprise, Christine wrote back, "Me too."

He wrote in smaller letters, "I like communicating with you like this. It's fun." Then he furtively handed the notepad to her as he had done earlier.

She looked around with worry. But she couldn't resist. She wrote, "Too much fun! I'm so bad. You're corrupting me" and then she passed his notepad back to him.

He replied, "How do you spell 'Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha'? Is that enough ha's?" Again, they were passing his notepad freely back and forth.

"I think you need more ha's." She grinned as she wrote. But she didn't want to keep finding it hard not to laugh in class, so she attempted to keep their communication serious. She added, "How are your college applications coming along?"

"Okay, I guess." In truth, he hadn't done anything about them since his six-times-a-day treatment had started.

"Have you turned in your UC Berkeley application yet?"

"No. Why should I?"

Christine wrote in especially big letters, "The application is due in THREE DAYS, you dummy! All the UC-system applications are!"

He blanched. He quickly wrote back, "Are you serious?!"

"Of course I'm serious! Their applications are due on November 30th. How can you not know that?! Isn't UCB your first choice, of the places you're most likely to get in?"

He felt like the floor had just opened up beneath him. "It is! Thank God you told me in time! How is it that I don't know that?!"

"Didn't the college counselor tell you that?"

"Um, no! Now that I think about it, I never did get called to meet with the counselor. Maybe that's still gonna happen?"

"Maybe, but what good will that do you, if you find out after the end of November?!"

He responded, "I know! Pardon my French, but... CRAP!"

She wrote, "You should still be okay. It just needs to be postmarked by the 30th. You've got until Saturday night. Didn't you say you already wrote your college essays last summer, so they wouldn't interfere with your school work?"

He thought back and remembered that he had, including the essay Berkeley required. "Thank God for that! That'll help, to say the least. And thank God for you! I owe you, big time!"

So far, the two of them had made practically no eye contact during their secret communication, as they just stared at each other's notepads. But now Alan briefly looked to Christine's face and saw her giving him an almost evil grin. Then she wrote, "What's the word? Oh yes, I believe it's 'Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!' Note the proper number of 'ha's.' 😊 Since I own your ass now, that means the shoe is on the other foot. Maybe I'll have YOU stand naked in the middle of class so that I can fondle YOU all over. That way I should be able to find your brain, wherever it is, if you even have one."

He quickly wrote back, "Okay! Sounds good!" He made as if he was about to stand up.

That got Christine's full attention. She stared in disbelief as he started to rise from his chair. She quickly leaned across the aisle and lightly touched his upper arm while hissing quietly, "Stay in your seat! What do you think you're doing?!"

He was very pleased at how that had turned out. Mr. Tompkins was still talking while writing on the chalkboard, so he was extremely unlikely to notice, even if Alan had stood all the way up. Of course everyone else in class would have noticed, so his bluff would have failed at that point, but he knew that Christine would freak out first.

He went back to his notepad and wrote, "I thought you wanted me to stand up and strip?"

She wrote back on his pad, "Not here! Not now!"

"Okay. Later then."

"Not that either! You're a total nut case!"

He grinned to himself as he wrote, "P.S. Here's a secret tip for when you search me: my brain is in my shorts, so search there extensively!"

"Your brain IS in your shorts, you goofball! It has been for months. What am I going to do with you?"

"Hmmm... I have ideas.. Sexy ideas! Which reminds me: we need to schedule your first chest head inspection.."

She rolled her eyes when she read that, but she couldn't resist grinning too. She wrote, "Hey, get your mind out of the gutter and think about getting your Berkeley application in on time. You're damn lucky that I'm applying there too, as one of my back-up schools, so I knew the deadline. Get your act together!"

He realized, She does have a good point. A damn good point! I think I'm kind of losing my mind, with all this non-stop sexiness happening all the time. I DO need to get my act together. I planned to review my college applications over the four-day weekend, but what if I didn't get to it until Sunday? Or later? Crap! I don't even want to think about that. This Berkeley deadline is a real wake-up call.

He wrote, "You're right. I've been spacing out. I do need to get serious. As much fun as it is trading notes with you, we probably should stop, at least for now."

She frowned, because it had been a lot more enjoyable than listening to their physics professor. She wrote back, "Okay. Good call. But when class is over, I'm gonna slap you silly for spacing out on such an important thing. Get into UCB, dammit! Then we'll only be an hour apart if I get into Stanford."

He responded, "I deserve to be slapped. And it will be pretty cool if I get into Berkeley and you get into Stanford. Then I can continue my research on your chest-heads. And my butt-brain research too, also with you, funnily enough."

She wrote, "You're the butt-brain! What a frigging idiot! 😊" The added smiley face showed that she was more amused than annoyed. With another furtive look all around, she handed his notepad back to him.

Chapter 1084 Alan X Heather X Christine

Alan tried hard to focus on Mr. Tompkins for the rest of the class, but he was no more successful than before. It was almost as if the teacher were speaking an unknown language.

Alan quickly gave up on trying to pay attention, thinking instead about his deadline for the UC Berkeley application. Okay, I have until Saturday night. That's no problem, especially with Thanksgiving vacation coming up. Fortunately, I wrote my essay two months ago. I just have to get all my papers together and send everything off. That shouldn't be too hard. I can't leave it to the last hour of the last day, though; that would be insanely stupid. Maybe I can do it today, after school.

It's just that there're so damn many sexy things happening. Especially at home. Like Mom. When I get home, she's gonna be there, probably dressed in an erotic apron and high heels, and nothing else. She's too arousing and loving to be believed! Whenever I think of her, I get so horny that it's crazy. It's like she could be the model spokesperson for incest, if anyone ever tried to "sell" that idea.

He found himself caught up in a daydream. In his head, he saw an image of Susan. Surprisingly, she was fully and conservatively dressed, looking much as she did before his and her sexual awakening had begun. She looked like she was in a television commercial and she held up a bottle and stared straight into the viewer's eyes.

She said, "Is your house plagued by troublesome sperm buildup? Is your son's penis tragically at the near-bursting point with life-creating wriggly sperm that should be deposited deep in his mommy's womb? Then try 'Incest-O-Matic'!"

The bottle in Susan's hand was thrust forward, filling Alan's mental view. It looked like a bottle of Jack Daniel's, except for the words "Incest-O-Matic" written in big letters across the front.

The bottle receded, and Susan's face came close. She said, "Just one bottle of 'Incest-O-Matic' will turn any frumpy, normal mommy into a raving, gorgeous, nymphomaniacal sperm receptacle!"

She opened the bottle and dumped the entire contents of it over the top of her head. A torrent of liquid poured out, much, much more than such a bottle could ever possibly contain. The gush of thick fluid flowed down her head and upper torso and, as it cascaded down, her frumpy clothes and accessories disappeared and in their place little remained except exposed and wet skin. Even the ribbons in her hair and her glasses melted away. Yet, apparently mindful that nudity is not allowed on television, one of her arms strategically covered her nipples (and little else).

Then her voice came back on as she continued to hold up the now empty bottle. "That's right. Forget grout. Forget grime. Forget dust. The worst problem plaguing the average homemaker in this day and age is teenage sperm buildup. Don't let your son suffer blue balls! Buy 'Incest-O-Matic' today!"

She waved the bottle around excitedly, like some kind of overexcited carnival barker. Her exceptionally large breasts bounced all over the place, which made it seem as if the arm covering them would lose the battle to contain them at any moment. "If you act now, you will also get-"

Suddenly, Alan came out of his daydream. He heard his teacher Mr. Tompkins asking, "Anyone? Anyone?"

Alan belatedly realized that some sort of question had been put to the class. He hoped he wouldn't be called on, because he didn't even know the subject at hand. He figured he was already in deep trouble as it was for being ten minutes late.

Luckily, someone else was called on and Mr. Tompkins went back to his lecture.

Alan thought, Not that many months ago, I would have had my hand up in the air. I always used to have my hand up in the air. But now, I'm dreaming of 'Incest-O-Matic'?! Some kind of twisted sex commercial? What the hey? Someone should just lock me up and throw away the key and get it over with already. How absurd. Rrggh.

But I mean, seriously, how am I supposed to be able to concentrate on anything after a morning like this one? Between Mom and Sis at home and Heather and Simone at school, it's lucky I'm not raving and drooling in a straightjacket already. There's such a thing as too much pleasure. I want to run screaming up and down the halls and tell everyone how great life is, but I have to sit here and pretend that things are normal. And then, as if that isn't enough, I have to sit next to Christine in this stupid class. I can stare at her from three feet away all class long if I want, and she doesn't even know what I'm doing. At least, I hope she doesn't know...

He slipped into another daydream. The teacher asked another question, and this time Christine was called on. That in itself was hardly unusual; she always had her hand up for every question, and she was invariably correct in her answers. But this time, she got one wrong.

He heard a strange yet familiar voice say, "Christine, Christine. That is so unfortunate. Come up here." He looked up to the front of the room and did not see the balding and pot-bellied yet unusually "cool" Mr. Tompkins. Instead, a sexy female teacher who looked and sounded almost exactly like Heather was behind the teacher's desk. The main difference between her and the real Heather was that she seemed

about twenty years older. Her hair fell to the top of her shoulders instead of going all the way down her back. But she still had Heather's all-knowing and supremely confident smile on her face.

Christine stood up. She was dressed in a sedate and unrevealing blouse, and a long gray dress that came down to her ankles. She looked around uncertainly and walked forward. "Yes, Ms. Morgan?" she asked in a worried voice as she got to the front of the class.

He remembered that Morgan was Heather's last name. Somehow, it seemed right to call the teacher "Ms. Morgan" and not "Heather," since she was so much older and more mature, even if she was fundamentally the same person. He noticed that she smiled and seemed to have mellowed with age. Her smile almost appeared to be kind.

Ms. Morgan, dressed in the kind of clothes Glory would typically teach in except with much more cleavage showing and wearing a skirt far too short for any real teacher to ever wear, looked at Christine with both disapproval and a mocking amusement. "You know what the punishment is when a pretty girl fails to answer a question correctly?"

Christine nodded sadly, then looked expectantly at Alan.

Now all eyes went to Alan.

He sat up in his chair in surprise, because he had no idea why he was suddenly the center of attention.

Christine bowed her head down mournfully. "Yes, I do. But, but... I've never gotten a question wrong before. I've ... I've never even been with a man before! Couldn't he and I, do first, uh, ... something romantic... you know, I..."

"Silence!" Ms. Morgan slapped a ruler down hard on the table. She shot Christine a dirty look, causing Christine to cower in abject embarrassment.

Then Ms. Morgan was all smiles again as she looked at Alan from across the room. "Hey stud, it looks like another special treat for you. You get to pop another cherry! And the last virgin holdout in the class, too. Would you like to come up and do the honors?" She seemed so eager to see Christine humiliated that it was obvious the older Heather wasn't that much kinder after all.

Forgetting he was daydreaming, he thought in wonder, Can this really be happening?

He stood up and looked around the imagined classroom. Very, very few students in his real class were also in his dream class. Most of the boys and all of the average looking or ugly girls were gone, and in their place was a stunning array of incredibly gorgeous girls. Some of them were real girls from school who happened to be in other classes, including Amy, Katherine, and Janice. But most of them seemed to be complete figments of his imagination.

He went to the front of the class and stood there, right next to a trembling Christine.

Ms. Morgan leaned forward on the other side of her desk, eagerly awaiting for the two of them to begin.

He could tell what he was supposed to do: fuck Christine on the teacher's desk. But he was confused. Everyone appeared to have seen this many times before, as if there was an established ritual. But his mind was a complete blank of any previous experience.

"Christine, don't dilly dally!" The older Heather growled. "You know what to do."

"Yes, Ms. Morgan," she whispered.

The real Christine did not suffer fools gladly. Had this been her, she would have stomped out of the room and gone straight to the principal if not the police, and generally raised holy Hell. But the dream Christine was meek.

Looking like she wanted to cry, she dropped to her knees and began to fumble at the zipper on Alan's shorts. She complained, "This isn't right! It's not fair!" But her words came out in such a quiet whisper that even Alan could just barely hear her. A large part of her seemed to very much want to see his penis, even as some other part of her resisted.

The zipper went down and an extremely long, turgid dick fell out.

He was shocked to see that it was a good four inches longer than his real life penis and a great deal wider too. It was a monster. A murmur of wonder could be heard from his classmates. He noted that apparently his stiff cock was a sight that continued to amaze even if one had seen it many times before. It stood straight out from his body, as stiff as an ironing board.

Christine made the sign of the cross over her chest as she whispered and prayed, "Mother Mary, please protect me from this thing! If there's a God, don't make my first time be humiliating like this!" The rigid erection swayed menacingly around her nose. I think you should take a look at

After a quick glance at an increasingly impatient and irate Ms. Morgan, Christine turned back to his hard-on inches from her face and grabbed and steadied it with one hand. Her other hand went to one of his balls, which she hefted up experimentally and uncertainly. She began to tentatively stroke his boner with one hand, but she was doing it all wrong, running her hand over the top as if petting the back of a cat. Christine was broad-shouldered and big for her five foot nine frame, but just the same her hand seemed comically small juxtaposed next to Alan's freakishly large dream penis.

She kept her eyes closed as she timidly petted it. Tears began to pour out of her eyes.

He thought, This is wrong. She's not happy. I should stop this. Christine is a good girl. She doesn't deserve this. But there was no conviction behind his words. He had some kind of vague notion that he was dreaming and noted that the dream-Alan didn't seem to have many moral qualms about the situation.

Then what little fondling Christine was doing came to an end. Instead, she asked with her eyes closed, "Ms. Morgan? Can I ask a question? Why are we doing this? Why are you allowing this? Surely, as a female teacher, you would see the need to maintain an equitable balance between the sexes and prohibit this new school regulation that specifically authorizes Alan and only Alan to have sex with every single girl in the-"

"Quiet!" Ms. Morgan came around the desk. "How dare you question my teaching methods and the school rules?! And look, Christine, what kind of star pupil are you? You call that a handjob? Do I have to show you everything? ... Fine."

One of Ms. Morgan's hands appeared from the side and nearly surrounded Alan's massive erection. That hand went to the underside of his cock and began to massage his sweet spot, just behind his cockhead. "See? Right here. Focus here. Have you learned nothing from watching him fuck the faces of all the other girls?"

Her other hand rested on top of Christine's immobilized hand and she held it and brought it the underside of his shaft. "You do it! And for God's sake, girl, your mouth is for licking or sucking his cock, not complaining!"

Christine still seemed reluctant, so Ms. Morgan put her other hand on Christine's head and forced Christine's face forward until her tongue tentatively made contact with Alan's cockhead. While one of her hands and one of Ms. Morgan's continued to jack off his thick log, she experimented with flickering the tip of her tongue around his piss hole.

Ms. Morgan drew close as if to inspect what Christine was doing from mere inches away. She breathed heavily onto his huge pole, both because she was so aroused that she was having trouble breathing and because she knew it would further stimulate him. Then her mouth drew closer until her tongue also began to swirl around the tip of his cockhead.

Christine was doing well by now, but her face was forced off the thick erection as her teacher slowly claimed all of the cockhead for herself.

Christine watched for a minute as Ms. Morgan licked, then complained, "It's just too big! I'm scared." But her chest heaved as her excitement grew.

The sight of the joint cock-licking also caused a small commotion in the class.

Alan heard murmurs of some classmates' gossipy comments. He distinctly heard one girl say, "There Ms. Morgan goes again! Lucky bitch. Gets to suck him off every day. She never lets any of us cocksuck him without joining in!"

With Alan's cockhead now fully occupied by Ms. Morgan's busy lips and tongue, Christine focused on her handjob techniques instead. A jar of KY Jelly, or something similar, appeared somehow and Christine smeared the jelly all over her hands and then all over his shaft. She resumed stroking with both hands and did much better than before. Now that his pole was properly lubricated, she seemed to increasingly enjoy sliding and squeezing her hands all over it.

But, as Alan's classmates correctly predicted, Ms. Morgan couldn't keep herself to just licking the tip. Soon she swallowed more and more of the giant phallus. But since his dream-cock was so big, even as

she attempted to deep throat it, she could only take about half of it. And it had such a great girth that she looked like she was trying to swallow a Big Mac whole. Yet, amazingly, even with her mouth completely full of cock, she continued to bark orders to Christine, saying things like, "Tongue! Sirry girr, uuude da tongue!"

Christine, however, was still too shy to use her tongue, and the best spot to rub just under his cockhead was already taken by her teacher's sliding lips. She seemed to be at a loss and mostly just stared at the incredible amount of impossibly thick cock Ms. Morgan had somehow managed to fit inside her mouth.

The ever-helpful teacher noticed Christine's lack of activity and cried out, "Da bawhs! Douwn foe-gehd the bawhs!" Tears of effort ran down Ms. Morgan's face as her tongue somehow tantalizingly ran all around the Coke can of cock inside her mouth.

Christine followed the teacher's advice. She began to lick and suck Alan's balls while continuing to hold the base of his cock. Since his cock was super-sized, there was a lot to hold. His balls were proportionally sized to his cock, which meant there was no way for an inexperienced girl like her to fit one inside her mouth. But she put her lips and tongue to good use and even managed to fist the slippery lower half of his erection. Her body was betraying her and getting into it. Yet, at the same time, her initial tears had given way to open sobbing.

Alan was disturbed by that, yet he found her distress strangely arousing. He was also frankly shocked that he hadn't cum yet, given how he faced so much stimulation. Just the sight of Ms. Morgan trying so hard to please by swallowing so much cock was more than enough for him to cum. Yet, perhaps because it was a dream, he kept going with even more stamina than the real Alan ever had.

Ms. Morgan finally pulled away, utterly exhausted by what must have been a huge ordeal for her jaw. When she recovered her breath, she said, "So Christine, that's how you suck cock. Any questions?"

"Yes!" Christine cried out as the tears flowed down her cheeks. "You don't seriously expect me to put that whole thing in my mouth, do you?!"

The teacher cackled an evil laugh. "You know that sucking his cock is a requirement for any girl to pass this class, do you not? Either you do it now, or you stay after school and practice, practice, practice."

Christine just whimpered.

Still on her knees, Ms. Morgan unbuttoned a few buttons on her blouse and looked up at Alan's face. "That reminds me. I know I'm sounding like a broken record, but I have another extra credit project for you to help me with after school. Your other favorite female teachers will be there, as usual." She winked.

Alan nodded. He had no doubt that the "extra credit" involved a lot of fucking and that all the other teachers were hot (after all, it was his dream and clearly his imagination was extremely generous). If the Heather in this alternate reality was anything like the real Heather, it probably meant he was in for a lot of assfucking. He imagined a row of female teachers with Playboy Playmate bodies, all bent over in a line in front of class, waiting for him to pick an ass to fill.

Christine experimentally ran her tongue around Alan's giant erection, now that she had it all to herself. She was doing much better now that she was highly aroused (though still incredibly embarrassed).

She soon rediscovered the sweet spot beneath his cockhead, and began to lick there exclusively. At the same time, she continued to rhythmically fist the rest of his shaft and fondle his balls.

But after a minute or two, Ms. Morgan barked, "Not bad, it looks like you've been watching and learning what the other girls and I do to it. But that's still a failing grade. Just start sucking on the tip. Licking is not tough. I know you've aced all our cocksucking academic assignments and tests; now's your chance to put that book knowledge to practical use."

Christine complained, "But teacher, it's just too big!"

"Does my mouth look any bigger than yours? No. But I manage to fit it in every day, several times a day I might add. Look at all the other girls in this class. They've all done it too. So why can't you? You're the lone holdout!"

So Christine did as she was told. She tried to get as much of the tip in as she could, but his cockhead was so ridiculously wide that it seemed to blot out her entire face. She continued to cry, though maybe more from frustration and fear than humiliation.

Ms. Morgan still breathed heavily on Alan's enormous dick, but she began to stand up. However, as she did she stepped on Christine's long dress where it rested on the floor, and managed to rip the fabric all the way up the side.

Christine stopped what she was doing and shrieked. In so doing, she opened her mouth wide.

Ms. Morgan had actually done this on purpose, hoping for this very result. She suddenly grabbed Christine's head and shoved it forwards onto Alan's huge shaft. Miraculously, the erection went inside, though it seemed as if there wasn't a millimeter to spare on any side.

Christine's eyes bulged; she couldn't believe what was happening. It didn't seem anatomically possible (and it wouldn't have been outside a dream). Somehow, she had swallowed the entire giant cockhead, and her lips were wrapped around his cock just past it, so her lips provided friction right where his super-sensitive sweet spot was.

At first she just recovered a bit, and practiced breathing through her nose. Soon she discovered everything was fine and that she could even slide her lips back and forth on it. She seemed surprised and energized by this feat and began to suck with abandon.

Ms. Morgan had been using her hands to help force Christine's head back and forth over his erection, but before long she realized that Christine didn't need the help and stopped doing it. She let go of her completely and looked out over the class to see if they were paying sufficient attention.

Alan simply could not believe how good it felt as Christine fisted part of his cock, sucked on his cockhead, and played with his balls on top of it. He had such a long erection that it very literally seemed like he had two penises, a six-inch penis at the base and another six-incher attached to the end of the first one, and she delivered double the pleasure any normal penis could ever hope to experience.

Ms. Morgan, meanwhile, continued to "accidentally" walk all over Christine's dress, tearing it here and there. Then she "helpfully" took a pair of scissors and cut away what was left of it, which left Christine below the waist in just socks, sneakers, and panties, while fully dressed above it.

The teacher stood back and addressed the class. "As you can see, Christine is working on preparing the cock for insertion into her virgin pussy. Because it is so extremely huge, it needs to be very well

lubricated. Her mouth is not only getting his cock slick from her saliva, but it should be making her fairly soaked down below, which will also help. Aren't I right, girls?"

There was a nervous chuckle from the class.

Alan turned his head around and saw that most of the girls had their hands on their crotches, their chests, or both. Some of them appeared to make subtle rubbing motions, and some not so subtle. He noticed that a few of them had their legs spread widely and were not wearing any panties. The twenty percent or so of the class that was male also seemed to clutch at and furtively fondle their loins.

Chapter 1085 Trio Continued!

Christine seemed content to suck and lick forever. She couldn't get used to the sheer size of the throbbing pole in her mouth, and that amazement seemed to channel into a greater and greater desire to explore and pleasure the invasive intruder.

But unexpectedly, Ms. Morgan grabbed Christine's head again and pulled her free of the monstrous meat. "Enough of that," she complained. "We see plenty of that every day. Trust me, you'll be sucking his cock plenty from now on. The class is getting bored and restless."

Christine's tears continued to flow freely; she took some moments to get her breath back and recover.

But in less than half a minute, she lunged forward and resumed licking Alan's wet dick with a passion. With her mouth no longer stretched wide beyond all probability, she was free to talk again. She complained as she licked, "Ms. Morgan!" <lick> "That was mean!" <lick> "How dare you!" <lick, lick> "Treat me" <lick, lick, lick> "like that." <lick, lick> "I should make a" <lick, lick, lick> "formal..."

Then she seemed to give up any attempt at talking and attempted to fit the entire thing in her mouth again, but it was like trying to swallow the end of a baseball bat, and she found she couldn't do it without her teacher's help.

Ms. Morgan just laughed and pulled her away. "You see? You're just like all the rest. Once you start, you can't stop. Alan, I think you've got another dedicated cocksucker to add to your collection. This one's a real beauty, I must admit. Now it's time to christen her cock-hungry face."

"Oh. Right." He heard himself laugh. Then there was a rumbling in his balls and he felt himself let go.

Christine could sense what was about to come, but it was like knowing a volcano was about to erupt with no way to get out of the way and survive. She simply closed her eyes and opened her mouth and kept her head right where it was, a mere inch or two from the tip.

He looked down from above; he had never seen anything like it. As a surge of the utmost pleasure conceivable flowed through his body, a torrent of cum shot out of the tip of his cock. It was thick and viscous and the equivalent of the loads from ten men, if not twenty!

Christine tried to catch most of it in her mouth, but within seconds her mouth was full and she had to close it. She backed away some, but her attempt to evade the spermy torrent was futile. It seemed to go on forever and ever. Her head repeatedly buckled backwards as each new rope splattered onto her skin with what seemed like the force of a highly-pressurized fire hose.

Finally, Alan was finished and he surveyed what he had done. Christine's face was absolutely soaked with cum. It looked like there had been a gang bang targeted at her face. Cum dripped everywhere, which caused a second flood on her shirt. Insofar as one could read any facial expression beneath the layers of cum, she seemed both dazed and delighted.

However, one of the girls from the class yelled, "Hey, Miss Morality! Always telling us how we should be ashamed of ourselves, well, what do you have to say now?"

There was a general murmur of agreement and even catcalls and jeers.

Christine dropped her head. She had to repeatedly wipe her eyes before she could even hope to open them.

When she did, she broke into a new round of tears. "Look at me! This is horrible! Ms. Morgan, how can you do this to me?! The shame!" As she protested, she tried to clear her face, but found herself stuffing all the cum into her mouth. She seemed positively ravenous for it.

Ms. Morgan laughed. "Now you're beginning to see why this school has special rules about Alan and no one ever complains about them! Well, none of us girls do, anyway. But look at your top. It's a cum-caked disaster. We'd better get you cleaned up."

She took her scissors again and cut right through the top, enabling her to remove it without having to pull it over Christine's head.

When Christine saw her top go, she tried to grab it so she could suck up the large wads of cum dripping down it.

The teacher let her suck on the cloth for several moments and then pulled it away.

Christine looked down at herself and immediately crossed her arms over her ample, bare chest. "No fair! Ms. Morgan, you cut my bra off, too!"

"Oops!" The teacher laughed not at all apologetically. "Accidents happen."bender

"What am I going to wear now for the rest of the day?" Christine wailed. "I didn't bring another because I didn't know today would be the big day that he would take me. All my classes! Walking in the crowded halls! Oh God!"

"That's a good question," the older Heather replied as she pulled Christine's panties away from Christine's skin and brought the scissors down to one of Christine's hips. "Especially since I can feel another accident coming on." With cruel laughter, she snipped Christine's panties on one side, then repeated the process on the other.

Christine stared down in wide-eyed horror, but she was also panting and heaving with great arousal.

"Why are you surprised?" Ms. Morgan asked. "You knew this was going to happen. If you want another load of cum, and you know you do, stop complaining and do what you're told like the cocksucking cum-slut you've just become. If you go naked all day, so be it. You'll hardly be the first or last. Now sit in your chair."

"Yes, ma'am." Christine sat up, seemingly totally defeated. She crossed her legs to cover her bush from many eager eyes and kept both her arms crossed over her exceedingly large yet firm and high breasts. But there was a hunger in her eyes. She looked hopefully at Alan's cock, which hung down but seemed nearly as long flaccid as it did hard.

Ms. Morgan slid a hand down Alan's backside and deep into the backside of his shorts. As she groped at one of his ass cheeks, she told Christine and the class, "It appears that our school stud is almost ready to fully break in another one of his new super stacked sluts."

She looked at Christine, seeing her face soaked in cum and more dripping down everywhere. "Do you have a problem with that, oh mighty school valedictorian? Are you still complaining about how unfair this all is?" She laughed, and the class laughed along with her.

Christine didn't want to answer, but a long ensuing silence forced her to. "Yes. No... I mean... I don't know what I mean! Ms. Morgan, it's so unfair and unjust, and just plain WRONG. But I love it!"

Ms. Morgan flashed a wicked smile upon hearing that. "Do you begin to understand now why this school considers it a vital learning experience for every girl to be broken in by Alan at least once? Do you see why he pops all the virgin cherries of every girl in this class?"

"Yes," she sighed as her eyes remained locked on Alan's flaccid penis with hope and anticipation. It was at about half-mast already and slowly rising.

The teacher smirked, "You're free to go back to your seat. I'm sure you want to stop this humiliation now, don't you? Well, go ahead."

Christine paused a long time. Then she said quietly, "No, I'll stay." "I think you should take a look at

The teacher laughed heartily. "I thought so!"

Alan interrupted Ms. Morgan's merriment. "Excuse me, teacher. I think you're forgetting your place." He yanked her short skirt completely off, then pulled her business jacket down her arms, effectively pinning her arms to her side. Then he ripped her blouse open, which caused buttons to fly everywhere. Her breasts exploded out of their confines.

Heather dropped to her knees before him. She managed to free one arm from the jacket and blouse and began to jack him off. "Darling, please, I'm your teacher! Why do you always have to embarrass me in front of class? You're undercutting my authority!"

He let out a cruel laugh. "Teacher?"

Heather, squatting on her high heels, inched forward so she could suck as well as fondle. "Okay, admittedly teacher and head bitch. YOUR bitch! But I still deserve some respect. The way you had those two busty teachers abuse my body and my ass after school yesterday, well... It's not fair!" She began to frig herself.

She continued to pout, "Everyone spanked me so hard that it still hurts to sit down. Is that any way to treat your teacher?"

"Yes," he laughed. He turned his attention to Christine, who seemed to be at a loss for what to do. "Stand up, girl!"

Christine stood up. Tears still ran down her face (though they were impossible to see amidst all the dripping cum). But she leaned up to his ear and whispered, "You want to know the truth? I got the question wrong on purpose. I couldn't stand it anymore, you fucking all the other girls but me. I'm so sorry I turned you down when you asked me out. Please forgive me!"

Then she licked her way from his ear to his mouth and continued to lick her way down his neck. She was hot to trot now, though her face was still burning red with shame.

"Awww, isn't that touching," Ms. Morgan said nastily. "An intimate moment shared. Be a dear, girl, and bend over the desk. The class would like to see your ass."

Christine was reluctant as she briefly looked out over the crowd. But she finally turned around and bent over the desk. She had so much cum on her face and tits that a lot of it started to drip down onto the desk.

With her long blonde hair covering her back, Alan, no doubt along with the rest of the class, focused his eyes on Christine's exposed ass and powerful legs. She was on the school's track team and in real life people joked that she could crack a coconut open with her thighs.

Ms. Morgan had taken hold of Alan's stiffening dick with one hand, and she fondled it while she faced away from him and toward the class. She said, "I'm sure all of you are as eager as I to see the high and mighty Christine finally get her cunt properly stuffed. However, let's see a show of hands. Who would like to see Alan titfuck her lovely orbs before he breaks her hymen?"

Alan looked around and saw every hand in the class shoot up. That is, almost every hand. A few of the girls were so busy playing with themselves through their clothes that they enthusiastically nodded their heads up and down instead.

Ms. Morgan chuckled an evil laugh. She turned to Alan as he reached out to touch Christine's trembling ass. "There you have it. You know what to do now, Alan, don't you? Alan? Alan?"

"Alan?" The voice was male this time. This fact slowly broke through Alan's daydream haze.

He opened his eyes and looked around. Everyone in the class stared at him, only it wasn't because they were expecting him to go up to the front to titfuck Christine. Instead, his teacher was asking him a question and all the other students were wondering what the heck was wrong with him.

The teacher said, in a snide tone, "Looks like you've rejoined us. Where did you pop off to? It looks like you were enjoying yourself a bit too much over there. Did you understand anything I've said at all in the last five minutes?"

Alan blushed. "No, Mr. Tompkins. Uuuuhh... I, uh, I didn't get enough sleep last night. I'm really sorry!" The dream had seemed so unusually vivid and real that he struggled to regain his bearings.

"Well," Mr. Tompkins huffed. He seemed to be pondering whether to take more action, but in the end merely said, "Make sure it doesn't happen again." He shook his head disapprovingly. It seemed like he was going to say something more, but he stopped himself at the last second. Then he resumed his lecture.

Alan breathed a sigh of relief. He guessed that Mr. Tompkins gave him a break because of the painted desk incident that had happened in the class the day before. Probably he thinks I'm still having some kind of trouble related to the football players and he's trying to give me a break over that. If he only knew the real reasons for me being late and spaced out!

He looked around. Most everyone had turned away, but not Christine. There she was, not four feet away, staring at him intently with a curious expression. He was already blushing, but he suddenly turned a much deeper shade of red. He quickly looked away, afraid to make eye contact with her.

The way she blushed was exactly like her face in the dream. He tried his best to hide the big tent in his shorts without drawing attention to it in the process.

He still had no mind to pay attention to Mr. Tompkins. He thought, What a fool I am! If Christine had even half a clue what I was just thinking, she wouldn't fondle and suck my balls, she'd saw them off with a dull hacksaw! Dang, what the hell is the matter with me today? First a stupid Incest-O-Matic commercial and now this immature fantasy! As if! As if the whole world revolves around me and I get to fuck any girl I please in the middle of class!

I need to focus on reality. Like getting into Berkeley, and getting my application done on time. Duh! I'm such an idiot!

He found himself pondering his daydream. Actually, you know, it's not really THAT far removed from reality. I mean, is it? Sure, there were some weird things, like the mature Heather and, of course, no school in the universe would ever allow that kind of thing openly, and dang, the size of that dick of mine! But all in all... I mean, it's like my real life taken to some kind of logical extreme. Or maybe illogical extreme. Jesus, just look at what happened to me this morning! Why NOT fuck the likes of Christine to my heart's content? Would that really be so bad? Why was I against that yesterday, again?

He scanned his mind and tried to remember why it had been so important for him to reject Christine during dinner the night before, but his brain was so addled with lust that he came up a total blank. He mostly just wanted to get back to his fantasy. He'd never felt so aroused while in the middle of a class, and his dick was almost painfully hard.

There was definitely some kind of reason. I can't imagine what it is, though, given the way she looks so fuckably delicious, despite always dressing like she's off to join the Quakers or something. She needs to be sexually liberated, and I'd be doing her a big favor by breaking her in. I've never actually seen all of her tits and the daydream got cut off just as I was about to titfuck her! Talk about unfair!

He noticed Mr. Tompkins looking at him again, so he made more of a pretense to at least look like he was paying attention. When the teacher turned his back, he had a chance to look down into his lap. Unsurprisingly, there still was a massive hard-on there which strained at the seams of his jeans. But to his surprise, there was also a very large wet spot. However, he was relieved to find that it seemed to be all pre-cum and he hadn't actually had a big and really messy explosion, at least not yet. He casually put both hands over the large bulge in an attempt to cover it up.

He glanced at Christine again, realizing that he'd caught her furtively staring at his bulge. Damn! How long could she have been sizing me up while I was spaced out?! A long time!

He tried to concentrate on Mr. Tompkins' words, but it seemed futile. The lecture was too boring and the rest of his life was too interesting. He soon went back to his ruminations while he pretended to look in the teacher's direction.

Maybe I shouldn't fight it. Maybe my Mom is right, and her Big Tits Theory is right. Maybe there's something special about me that makes it my natural destiny to dominate and fuck the sexiest of women. Why do I keep trying to fight it and act PC? I keep trying to think these are all just sexual games, but maybe there's something in women that makes them naturally surrender their bodies to my will? Alan, just look around at your real life! You have a de facto HAREM! Look at what's happening. Look at how Heather subjects herself to me like she's my sexual toy. Maybe that's all she really is and all she should ever be! Heck, even Simone was kind of acting that way today.

If so, then it's only right that I add Christine to my harem. Her body is perfectly designed to be a sex slave. She should just break down and accept it, like she did in the dream. You know what would be cool? Instead of just sitting here and staring at the back of her head, wouldn't it be great if she and I both sat in the back row of the class and she blew me all class long? That's how it should be! Every day. Living life just like my daydream.

Mom would approve, of course. She understands the DEAL. She's so right, and I keep trying to be meek and modest, but why? I'll tell you what's wrong! What's wrong is that Christine isn't between my legs

right now, looking up into my face with loving eyes while her tongue lolls around the tip of my dick! I have the dick, the monster tasty dick, that all the women want! Yes! Taste it, Christine!

He stared at the back of Christine's head with intense, selfish sexual thoughts while he was thinking all of this. His hard-on was still straining inside his jeans.

Somehow, Christine could sense that she was being stared at. She finally turned and made eye contact with him.

He quickly turned away and stared out the window. His fantasies and thoughts were shattered. Shit. She must think I'm some kind of freak. I'm giving her all the wrong signals by staring at her head like I'm obsessed with her. I'm supposed to be giving off a platonic vibe now. What is WRONG with me, man? This is the "Bad Alan" taking over. I can't let him win! I can't deal with all these women being so tempting and submissive and far too foxy and curvy. I think I'm slowly losing my mind!

Chapter 1086 Alan Regrets Telling Sean?

As soon as class was over, Alan urgently sought out and found his friend Sean. He practically dragged Sean down the hall until they came to another hall that had only unused and locked rooms in it and they went down a safe distance until they could speak safely in privacy.

Alan looked at his friend with wild eyes and said emphatically but quietly, "Dude! I can't help it! I can't fucking help it!"

"Help what?" Sean naturally asked.

"Women! The way they react to me. The way I react to them. It's like it's out of my control. Do you know I have a harem? Did I tell you that?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, you did."

"Well, it's true. It just happens. Everything just happens perfectly. It's like I have the most amazing sexual good luck charm. I don't even have to do a thing. Like this morning. I have this plan to go and fuck Heather and Simone before school. I show up. My mind's a total blank. I know something will come to me on the spot. And it does! And it works! Within two minutes, Heather goes from being pissed off to

practically wanting to name her firstborn after me! What IS this?! What comes over me?!" He was so emphatic that he found himself grabbing the collar of Sean's shirt.

Naturally, Sean was miffed. Not only because of the way Alan was grabbing him, but because of the way he talked about Heather, his dream girl. The thought of Alan fucking Heather caused his face to turn beet red and he fought to suppress the urge to punch his best friend.

Alan belatedly realized what was happening and let go of Sean's collar. He immediately tried to repair the damage. "I'm telling you this because I need you to take over. There's something about Heather. She corrupts my soul! Corny, but true! If only you knew the crazy thoughts I was thinking at the end of class just now. I'm slowly losing my mind! I'm not right for her, and she's not right for me. The sooner Heather is out of my life and you and her are a couple, the happier I'll be! She's the source of all evil!"

Sean's face was hard to read, but at least he no longer looked like he wanted to strangle something. He asked, "So, you mean she's like Sauron?"

"Huh?" Alan was completely perplexed.

"Sauron, you know, the great all-seeing eye in The Lord of the Rings. He's pretty much the source of all evil, although technically Sauron is just the servant of Morgoth. So are you saying she's Morgoth, then?"

Alan didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He wanted to grab Sean by the collar again and yell, "Listen to me! I'm going crazy, and you're making Lord of the Rings comparisons?!"

But he did desperately need Sean's help, so he calmed himself a bit and tried to think in a Sean mindset. "No. Not Morgoth. Not at all. Come on, even Heather is only so powerful. She's more like ... Saruman. I mean, Saruman was fundamentally good, once. But then he became corrupted by power and turned evil. Gandalf tried to save him, and maybe he could have, but he failed. It's just like that, except that I'm not just failing to turn her, she's turning ME to evil."

On a roll with the metaphor, he continued more enthusiastically, "You know what? Hobbits have a strange resistance to the powers of evil. You, my friend, are a hobbit! I'm not. YOU can resist her! You have to!"

Sean thought about that for some moments, then answered, "What makes me a hobbit? And why do you look so frantic? Take a chill pill, man!"

Alan thought that was good advice. He took a step back and leaned wearily against a hall locker. "I don't know, dude. It's just... this morning. These whole last two months! I was daydreaming in class just now, wild and outrageous dreams, and then it occurred to me, 'Hey, these are actually pretty close to my real life.' I can't handle it. How can a person have so much sex and not turn into a raving sexual maniac?"

"You." He suddenly poked Sean in the chest with a finger. "YOU are going to be my salvation. I have to get Heather out of my life. I feel if I can do that, I can keep my worst tendencies in check. You, alone, have the love for Heather to want to see she comes out right. That's your protection against her evil. That's what makes you the metaphorical hobbit. Plus, you haven't been sexually corrupted already like I have. That's the key, to get you sexually experienced and talented enough to impress Heather, but not actually sexually corrupted, so you'll bring her to the good side instead of you going to the evil side."

"The dark side, you mean," Sean corrected him. "We're talking about the Force now, right?"

"Sean! Dude! Are you trying to drive me insane, too?! Enough fucking movie references already! I'm dead serious here. I already had you on the fast sexual apprentice track, but as of now I'm putting you on the super fast track. I already have some plans in motion for you for this afternoon, which is good 'cos it'll be exactly what you need. Get ready. It's gonna be intense, but fun, if you open yourself up to the experience."

Alan had spoken to Xania and already put the plan in motion: since she was coming down to Orange County tonight for the Plummer poke-her party, he asked if she could come down in the afternoon and give Sean his first lesson in anal sex. She'd agreed, but only on the condition that Alan join them and give her a good double penetration fucking. However, he had talked her out of it. As much as that sounded like great fun to him, he convinced her that Sean needed to take things one step at a time and that she and Sean needed to focus 100 percent on Sean's first anal sex experience.

But Alan, in his sex-addled mind, was now regretting his consideration for Sean. An image of Xania taking two dicks at once filled his head.

Then, as his thoughts tended to do whenever Xania came to mind, he began to think about her long tongue and all the skilled things she could do with it. He began to slip into daydream mode as he imagined Xania's tongue snaking out at him, just as super-sized in length as his cock had been in his earlier daydream.

"Alan?"

Alan realized his eyes had glazed over and his dick had become fully erect. Yet again. "Oh. Yeah. Just keep in mind that you HAVE to do your best to turn Saruman from the dark side, and fuck it if I'm mixing my movie metaphors. Do you understand what I'm trying to say to you?"

"Yeah. Kind of. I guess. I will try to do my best with whatever you throw at me. Seriously. I did pretty okay last time, right? But I don't understand what's eating you up so much. You're living every man's dream life, dude. What could possibly be the problem?"

Alan clenched the hair on his head in exasperation, but remained quiet while he collected his thoughts. Finally, he said, "It's like this. I LIKE the old me. The pre-sexual me. I don't want to lose that completely. And of course, I love the sex. But I don't want to turn into some completely different person. But I am! Power corrupts, just like what happened to Saruman when he was tempted by the possibilities of the Ring of Power. It's becoming so all I can think of is sex. All I can think of women is that they're sexual objects I need to fuck. The truth is, if you can win Heather, you're not only going to save her from evil, you might save me from evil, too."bender

"Wow. Dude. That's a lot to handle at nine in the morning."

"I know. I'm sorry. And we've got to hustle off to our next class. I've already been late to one today. But one quick question: can't we come up with some better metaphor than Heather equals Saruman? Sexy young female fox versus ugly old male wizard doesn't do it for me. Can't we pick, I dunno, the Wicked Witch of the West or something? Some female character."

"The Wizard of Oz? Alan, that is such an ancient reference. And totally gay. Puh-lease! I didn't even see that movie." Sean looked at his watch impatiently.

"Okay. But try to think of something else, alright? These metaphors are good in helping you understand, so the closer the metaphor we can find, the better."

"Okay. I gotta boogie. I'll think about that and everything else while I sit through my boring calculus class. But seriously, take a whole handful of chill pills. Later!" He started to bolt off for his next class, but

stopped abruptly and turned. "Hey! I got it! Phoenix, from the X-Men. Y'know, Dark Phoenix and Jean Grey?"

Alan felt like laughing out loud at the sheer absurdity of life. But he contained himself and replied, "Hmmm. Comic book reference, eh?" "I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

"It sorta works!" Sean said enthusiastically. "I mean, they're both damned hot! Think about it. Anyway, ciao for now."

"Later!" Alan waited until Sean was out of sight, then let out a heavy sigh. Then he too started to hustle to his next class. He was glad at least that, for once, his erection had subsided on its own.

As he hurried, he thought, Sean gets things a bit, but he doesn't really understand my problem. To be frank, I'm not sure if I do. Maybe I should just give in and go with the "Bad Alan" vibe. Am I just delaying the inevitable? I wish I could talk to some outsider about this- hey! Xania IS coming to town today. She's got her thing with Sean that I've planned, not to mention the poke-her party, but maybe she can squeeze in an advice session in there somewhere? I hope so!

The hallways were rapidly emptying of people, so he broke into a full run.

Alan did his best in his next class and actually paid attention. Once the class was over, as he wandered the halls on his way to his third-period art class, he ran into Simone in a busy hallway.

She stopped him and said, "Hey." She looked a bit bashful, given that they'd fucked a couple of hours earlier, but she wasn't the bashful type and recovered quickly. She spoke quietly near his ear so only he could hear, "Guess what? Heather got in trouble and was sent home."

"What? Just for being late?"

"No. She was way late, but that wasn't the main problem. When she finally strolled into her first-period class, the teacher took one look at her and sent her to the principal's office. Said she was dressed like a 'tart.' Then she got sent home to change. She just got back."

"Huh. Well, she was dressed pretty outrageously, even for her. I'm actually a bit relieved to find she can't get away with wearing just anything."

"Well, it's not that simple. Our first period teacher, you know the old hag Mrs. Jenkins? She gave Heather a very disapproving look as Heather came in and I think she was going to leave it at that, but then Heather did something to cause Mrs. Jenkins' eyes to practically pop out of her head! I couldn't see what it was, with the desk in the way and everything, but I'll bet she purposely flashed that she wasn't wearing panties. Of course the teach couldn't ignore that."

She grinned from ear to ear. "That's what I love about Heather: she's a complete daredevil and ALWAYS entertaining!"

"Huh. Do you think that's going to be a problem for her at home, getting busted like that?"

"Nah. Her parents aren't home in the mornings, and they wouldn't care if they heard about it. Their perfect princess can do no wrong and it's always somebody else's fault. That's actually what they call her: 'princess.' They spoil her rotten."

"Oh." Alan was still spaced out and not very talkative.

But Simone did feel talkative. She continued, "I mean, Heather is such a rascal and she rubs it in everybody's face. She loves to flaunt her disrespect for authority. Did you know she was gone for two hours, even though she was told in no uncertain terms to be back in less than one? I think she just did that to see if she could get away with it."

He tried to figure out what Heather being gone so long might mean. Heather hated her classes, but she loved the times in between where she could strut around as if she owned the school and she actually hated to miss school for that reason.

Simone felt a new camaraderie and bond with Alan, especially after getting fucked by him before class, and she was too talkative and engaged for him to have time to think. She lightly punched him in the arm. "Hey! Guess what?"

"What?"

She put her hand on her stomach and frowned. "I feel funny. There's a tingling down here. Kinda feels like something's getting ... fertilized."

He realized that she was just joking, so he sarcastically replied, "Ha ha. Very cute."

She replied with a dead seriousness, "No, really. You know that when I said I was on the pill, I was talking about taking vitamins, not birth control pills."

It took him a few seconds to realize she was joking again. Then he looked around frantically, realizing that a phrase like "birth control" could prick people's ears. He said quietly, "Shush! We're in a busy hallway!"

She laughed heartily. "Just yanking your chain. Though I'd rather be yanking something else, if Heather ever could let go of it." She nudged him again playfully.

He was even more worried now. "Simone! Seriously! Joking is fine, but not now, not here. You know all my problems with the football players. Have mercy!"

She continued to chuckle, but she could see his point. "Okay. Sorry. I'm just having too much fun today."

"By the way, where's Heather?" His eyes began to wander down from her face. He eyed her crotch as he recalled filling her pussy with cum just hours before. His arousal was growing by the second.

She shrugged her shoulders in response to his question. However, there was some sparkle in her eyes that showed she was thinking about the sex they'd shared as well.

"Could you keep a close eye on her? Please? There's no telling what she'll do from one moment to the next."

She replied, "Well, we shared the last class and she had that kind of spaced-out look that means you-know-what. But I'll stay on her tail." With a quick glance around and a conspiratorial wink, she added, "Figuratively speaking, that is."

"Thanks." He did know "you-know-what" - the anal dildo dumb-down effect. "But still. What with her purposefully gone for two hours, and for no good reason, my working assumption is she's up to no good."

She laughed. "That's a good assumption. You're probably right!" But she didn't seem that concerned. She looked down at the growing bulge in his jeans and raised an intrigued eyebrow.

He had a bad feeling about Heather's disappearance, but he realized with frustration that there was no way to figure anything out, so he disregarded the problem.

Simone made to walk off, but she stopped and turned back. She rolled her T-shirt up over her stomach so he could see her belly button. "Hey. Alan. Check out my stomach. Do you think I'm showing yet?" She put her hands on her head and sucked in her gut to really vamp it up and show off her toned physique.

He raised his hands up to his head in frustration. But he couldn't help but laugh at her running gag. "I'm going to get you for that!"

She smiled, pulled her shirt back down, and walked off. She knew that he was impressed with her muscle tone and her stomach and legs in particular, and was pleased that she'd managed to flirt and show off a bit.

I like her, he thought. She's got spirit. And maybe I never really gave her a full consideration in the looks department just because she's black and I considered her off-limits for some stupid reason, like we'd have a cultural gap. But really, she's the equal in beauty of any girl in the school. Maybe not quite the best in the face, but what a body! So strong. I'll bet she could run a marathon. I'd love to have a sexual marathon with her, all night long.

He mentally focused on his groin and belatedly paid attention to his erection. Down, boy. I hope it wasn't all the pregnancy joking that did that. I'm not into that whole idea. No way. What if I DID get her pregnant, what a disaster that would be! Not because she's black; I don't care about that. But to have her or any other girl showing before the end of the school year? No thanks! I could kiss college and everything else goodbye.

Chapter 1087 Alan X Christine X Heather

Alan had to take a test in his next class, but it wasn't tough and he managed to finish with fifteen minutes before the end of the period. He thought, Perfect. A massive chunk of uninterrupted daydream time. Ah, yes, now what was I doing with Christine before I was so rudely interrupted? Although, to be honest, that break was a very healthy thing. It's always good to talk to Sean and unload what's on my mind. And the fact that he's another guy, a regular guy, somehow that's very important. The fact is, I got carried away with that Christine daydream.

Heather put me in such a "Bad Alan" mood that I totally forgot that Christine is a real human being and not just a sexual object for my amusement. Heh, that's kind of ironic given what Heather said to me earlier. But in any case, Christine is a very unique, wonderful, and extremely talented person. That's what really matters in life, the complex emotions like love and caring. Not just the base sexual urges. I should do what's right for Christine, and that means leaving her out of my sordid little sex world.

That said, there's nothing wrong with a little fantasizing. In fact, if I can satisfy my sexual fantasies with her just within my head, then I won't feel the urge to do so in real life. I know that the main thing I'm feeling is just this "you want most what you can't get" feeling. What is it with human nature, and especially male nature? Why is it that when a guy has five women in a harem, the thing that obsesses him the most is getting a sixth?

Well, I'm not going to be like that. That's the true path to madness, because with that attitude I'll never be satisfied. Instead, I'm going to treat Christine like the lady that she is in real life, and only treat her like a fuck toy in my dreams.

Speaking of which, that last one was pretty sweet, imagining titfucking her in front of class. I almost shot a load right there in class! What was it that the older version of Heather said? Oh yeah: "Let's see a show of hands. Who would like to see Alan titfuck her lovely orbs before he breaks her hymen?" And then everyone in class raised their hands. And then Heather, or I should say Ms. Morgan, said...

"There you have it. You know what to do now, Alan, don't you?"

Alan looked at Ms. Morgan with an evil grin. "No, actually I don't. Why don't you show me?"

The older Heather smiled back just as evilly. "Fine. Christine, first off, if we're going to do this the slow way, I think it's time you show the class some pussy."

Several of the students, especially some of the male ones, let out a loud whoop.

Christine's tears had stopped flowing, but she still blushed all the way down to her chest. She got up from where she was bent over the teacher's desk, but kept her back to the class and tried to protect her ass. Somehow that just made the view that much more attractive. She stood as she'd been sitting, with her legs together.

But Ms. Morgan barked, "Christine, what am I always telling the girls in this class? How does a proper Alan bitch stand for inspection?"

Christine muttered, "Damn you all!" But she reluctantly put her hands above her head.

The teacher barked, "Wider! Wider!"

So she slowly spread her legs one foot apart, then two, then even a bit more. Some wisps of her pussy hair could be seen by Alan and the rest of the class through the large space between her legs. Her breasts were so big that everyone could see a bit of those on each side, even though she still had her back to the class. The only items she still had on were her shoes and socks.

Ms. Morgan whistled in appreciation while she continued to absentmindedly stroke Alan's slick and slippery erection with her other hand. The class hooted and hollered at Christine even more.

"Let's get this show on the road!" the older Heather complained. "We can't have every class be an hour-long Alan fuck-fest. I do have to teach you all something at some point, you know."

But her protests seemed to have no effect on anyone, as everyone knew that an hour-long Alan fuck-fest was exactly what was going to happen.

The teacher bitched, "Now, girl, before we all grow old and die, turn around and take your shoes and socks off already!"

Christine turned her head and looked at Ms. Morgan uncertainly. "Turn around?"

Alan was surprised to see that her face was still completely splattered with cum. It looked like four or five big cum loads slowly dripping down, if not more. But then he remembered what he had done and how much more there had been before she'd wiped so much off and licked it into her mouth. Long strands dangled off her chin, her cheeks, ears, hair - everywhere.

"You heard me."

At first, the class was dead silent and the only sound that could be heard was the teacher's hands sloshing all over Alan's well-lubricated pole.

But then Christine began to turn around. A great cheer and even more clapping rose up from the excited class.

Christine modestly kept one arm crossed over her tits and a hand over her bush. As she turned, she looked down bashfully, and that caused a seeming river of cum to pour off of her face and onto her chest.

But Ms. Morgan was impatient. She commanded, "Don't make me get the ruler!" Normally she would have gotten the ruler and slapped it down on the desk just because she loved to do that, but this time she hoped she wouldn't have to let go of Alan's warm hard-on to do so.

Christine quickly dropped her arms. Suddenly all of her frontal charms were on full display.

Alan took a good long look at her from head to toe, while his teacher continued to accentuate his enjoyment with her handjob as she stood next to him. Ms. Morgan had turned to the side, so she could keep Christine, Alan, and the class all in view at the same time.

Alan's eyes were torn between looking at Christine's pussy or her tits, but the urge to see her pussy won out. It was easy to see everything down there because she'd remembered to keep her legs apart after turning around. He noticed a lot of glistening moisture there, though she wasn't copiously flowing like

most of the women he knew. He found her bush interesting. It was a bit wild and untrimmed. Somehow he found that fitting, as if it was something she'd never expected to show anyone, ever.

Christine's tits were fantastic. She had them cradled in one of her arms, which caused them to push together and out.

Ms. Morgan asked, "So, tell me great virgin, how do you feel right now?"

Christine was incredulous. "How do I feel?! You want to know how I feel?! I feel ashamed. Embarrassed! Utterly humiliated! What else do you expect?! Being naked in front of my classmates is horrible enough, but it's all this cum running down my face and chest that's really getting to me! UGH!"

The teacher pressed, "Is that all? Is that all you feel? What about the cum flowing down your thighs? Don't tell me that's from Alan too."

"Dammit, I'm only human! How can I not get aroused by his God damned horse cock and all this yummy cum?! But that doesn't make this right. You shouldn't treat me like this!"

"I'll bet you want to taste it, taste more of it. I know how it is. Once you have some, you can't get enough. Well, go right ahead."

"No! No. Well, I suppose, er, I, uh, need to get cleaned up anyway..." There was a puddle of cum that formed at the top of her cleavage even as more cum ran down into the dark depths between her busty mounds. She looked at the puddle and brought her free hand to it, as if to wipe herself clean. But instead, she dipped her fingers into the puddle and brought the fresh cum to her lips.

As she stared at Alan in lust and shame, she licked her fingers dry.

The teacher asked her, "Where are your manners?"

Christine blushed as she whispered, "Thank you for the cum, Alan."

Both hands were actually fairly drenched in cum from when she'd wiped her face off before, and she continued to lick each finger and then the palm of her hand. She mumbled to herself, "It's still warm! I can't believe it's so warm!"

Rather than reply to her, Alan simply reached out and hoisted up both of Christine's breasts with his two hands, as if he owned them. He was so close to her that he didn't need to step forward at all.

Ms. Morgan smiled as she watched him play with Christine's large orbs. She had two hands on Alan's thickness, but neither hand stood any chance of reaching all the way around it. She longed to see Alan cover Christine with another massive load, so her fists fairly flew into a blur as she stroked him with abandon.

The class continued to cheer as Alan mauled Christine's bouncy fun bags within sight of everyone. There were many lewd catcalls, surprisingly, more from the girls than the few boys there.

Alan thought he heard his sister's voice say, "Don't just play with 'em, fuck 'em already!"

Christine closed her eyes in shame again and gave the entire class the finger. I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

Alan thought, So at least she hadn't lost all of her feistiness. But it's kind of funny: her protests seem so ineffectual when her face is bathed in semen like that.

Christine looked up into Alan's eyes while he played with her tits. She moaned as she stared through narrow eyes with an intense lusty gaze. She didn't say anything, but the way she licked her lips and stared at his stiff erection made her intentions clear enough, even if she was too proud to admit it.

Ms. Morgan barked, "Christine, what did I say about taking your shoes off already?"

Christine immediately bent forward and down, forcing Alan to let go of her nipples, which he'd only just begun to pull on. This caused another torrent of cum to drip off her face and land all over her, from the tips of her jutting breasts down to her legs. Her hair very nearly scraped the floor when she remained bent over, untying her shoes.

But then Ms. Morgan said, "No, bring your feet up instead of hiding your best bits. We're not done inspecting you."

Christine's whole body trembled as she obeyed the teacher. While she hated the public humiliation, it also seemed to turn her on more than she could even comprehend. She brought one foot to her crotch and reached down a bit to get to the laces, which caused her big tits to sag and wobble delightfully. Luckily she'd fallen back to sit on the edge of the desk or she would have had great trouble keeping her balance.

While she did that, she took the opportunity to complain to the teacher and the class, "You know, this is so unfair! I do not understand why everyone acts like Alan owns the school. So his cum tastes fantastic and his penis down your throat tastes even better. It feels great to suck on it too. Okay. Fine. I can see that now. I finally get why all the sexy teachers and girls take turns sucking on him all day long!"

She tried to regain her indignant stance. "But does that give him the right to fuck every female in sight completely bareback, from the principal to half the teachers, to most of the student body? He's got over two dozen girls pregnant at this school alone already, including both of his sisters. Heck, even the principal is carrying one of his babies, and why? Just because he doesn't like to wear a condom? I think you're all mad!"

Ms. Morgan replied, "That's what I said too, once. But don't worry. You'll understand as soon as he's done fucking you and has filled your virgin pussy with cum. You'll be wishing he's hit another home run and knocked you up too!"

"This is ridiculous! I will not!" Christine griped. But nonetheless, as soon as she finished untying her second shoe, her eyes locked on Alan's swaying stiff pole and she hungered at the sight.

Ms. Morgan looked at Christine's old sneakers, now tossed on the floor, and said, "Now that you're one of Alan's bitches, you have certain standards to uphold. I expect to see you in five-inch heels from now on, is that clear?"

Christine dropped her head and nodded sullenly.

Heather stood proudly before the class in her naked glory. She'd immediately latched back onto his cock. With her back to Alan now, she pretended to pay attention to the class while slowly bringing his

boner toward her asshole. As anally fixated as ever, she hoped to slide it up her butt and into her asshole before Alan could get started with Christine.

Alan jumped forward, then turned his head around and scolded, "Naughty, naughty, Ms. Morgan. You and your ass fixation. I think you need to go sit with the students for a while to remind you of your place around here."

She blanched. "But... naked? Whenever you do that to me, they get all grabby! I always end up having to suck off a cock or two, and you know how I detest that when it's not yours!"

He looked at her sternly. "Not my problem. I don't want to have to tell you twice."

She dropped her head and walked to the seat Christine had vacated. So many hands, mostly female, grabbed her all over that she was barely able to make it to the chair. She seemed truly disappointed and kept her attention focused on Alan.

With the teacher gone, Christine took advantage. Her hands flew to Alan's erection like they were magnetically attracted to it. It seemed like she was incapable of letting go long enough to hoist her big tits up and keep them up so he could slide his prick between them.

Alan was trying not to increase Christine's humiliation, but the gap between her words and her actions was so great that he couldn't help but ask, "I thought you didn't want to be a part of this?"

"Fuck you!" She growled. "Your cock is just too fucking tasty and amazing, you God damned fucker!" Still blushing deeply, she started cocksucking the tip and that seemed to give her enough pleasure to reposition herself for titfucking.

He looked out over the class as he climbed up on the table. Chairs had generally been pulled together and almost everyone had their hands in the laps of someone next to them. But with the exception of a few girls who had their faces in the lap of a boy, plus the one boy who now stood in front of Ms. Morgan with his cock down her throat, all eyes were aimed at the front of the class. He suspected that on other days the classes would erupt into full-blown orgies, but today interest was high to see Christine get fucked so people limited themselves sufficiently so they could still pay attention.

Alan settled himself onto Christine's stomach. His almost comically long erection grazed her lips. "So. You're finally ready to be one of my bitches, then?"

"Please don't make me answer that? Can't I just suck it some more? My God, I'm drowning in your cum, but I want more! More!" She leaned forward a bit, taking in much of his cockhead while licking it frantically.

"Sorry, I'm tired of your hypocrisy. It's time for you to admit how you really feel. I'll ask you again: do you want to be one of my bitches?"

"Dammit! YES!" As she answered, she continued to flick her tongue around his cockhead. "I'll admit it: I've been ready for ages! Why do you think I'm still a virgin? I've been waiting for YOU! I'd been expecting that you'd just take me against my will and deflower me just like you've done for so many others. I'm so frustrated that I finally had to do it this way."

She went on, "When it comes to you, when a woman says 'no', it means 'yes'. 'Yes', 'no', 'maybe', it all means 'yes'! Look at your success with women. There is no 'no'! Take who you want, when you want, wherever you want. Above all, take me! Take me into your inner harem, please! Fuck my tits and face already! I can't wait until you cover me in sperm and knock me up, just like all the rest!"

Alan looked over at Ms. Morgan. He hadn't noticed any protrusion in her belly.

But she had heard Christine mention "knock me up" and could somehow sense that Alan was looking at her. She pushed the boy who was face-fucking her away momentarily, and smiled endearingly at Alan. She rubbed her tummy and winked at him. All the while, hands from about four girls sitting nearby continued to roam all over her.

Alan was blown away by that, yet somehow he knew with complete certainty that he'd impregnated her. Then he looked out into the crowd again and noticed about five or six girls looking back at him, all of whom were ostentatiously rubbing their bellies too. Katherine and Amy had the biggest bellies of anyone, and both his sisters winked at him. Apparently, in this dream world, incest was not a problem.

Holy fuck! Is this right? The answer came to him quickly. Obviously! Clearly I have the most superior sperm here, so naturally I'm the only one allowed to get a woman pregnant in this school. That's how nature works with alpha males!

He looked back at Christine, who already had her hands on her boobs, pressing them in to make a nice fuck tunnel. It was a good thing her boobs were so big, because one needed a lot of flesh to make a tunnel for such a huge shaft. They were so soaked with his cum that lubrication certainly wouldn't be a problem either.

She nibbled and licked his cockhead, though she didn't dare to try to swallow it all again.

"Okay, Christine. You want my baby? Fine! But first I'm going to re-coat your face with a fresh new load!"

"Do it! I love it!"

He began to aggressively plow through her tit tunnel, but he took short strokes so she could keep most of his cockhead inside her lips at the same time. He noticed that she didn't just hold her mammaries in place so he could slide through, but she actively slid them back and forth to create even more pleasurable friction. Because her tits were so massive, it felt like he was fucking a twelve-inch deep vagina, except there was an actively cocksucking mouth at the other end of it.

God, she's good! Really good! I guess good things do come to those who wait. I think I'll make this a Christine day and do her in fourth period and sixth period, too! After all, she is going to be naked and dripping with cum all day. I'm going to dump load after load on her and in her, and order the others not to grope her too much between classes. She's my cum-covered bitch and she loves it!

Suddenly, Christine pulled back her mouth back and screamed, "Alan, I just came! Again! Fuck me forever! Forever!"

Then she dropped her head back down and somehow managed to cram all of his fat knob in her mouth.

The class cheered that difficult feat.

Just then, back in the real world, the bell rang. Alan was startled out of his fantasy.

He sat there for some long moments and tried to recapture where the daydream had left off. Oh, maaaaan! I was just really getting into the titfuck. Dang! And I wasn't even close to breaking her hymen. Rrrrgh!

He picked up his test and dropped it off at the teacher's desk, then walked out of the classroom. He held a book over his crotch so his erection and the wet spot it had caused through a slow leaking of pre-cum wouldn't show.

Well, as fantasies go, that was an odd one. I've never been into the whole pregnancy fetish before, so where the heck did that come from? I hope that doesn't mean anything in real life! Oh, I know. Simone and her stupid joking. But what if it isn't joking and I really did put a bun in her oven today? I would be totally fucked. Man, I've been so lucky lately. I've got to start wearing condoms, even at home. Shucks.

I've never dreamed of having a bigger dick, either. I'm perfectly fine with my oft-complimented real equipment, so what was that all about? They don't even have ones that big in porn flicks. bender

Alan didn't make the connection, but his penis in the dream was influenced by the eleven-inch black dildo he saw Simone put into Heather's ass before school.

And that may have looked like Christine, but she didn't act like the true Christine at all. This was like a blow up sex doll version without any of the spunk or fire that I like so much. And it was weird what Christine was saying to me. It was almost like my subconscious was speaking to me directly, through her. "There is no 'no'. Take who you want, when you want, wherever you want. Above all, take me!" ... Damn, she was hot! How could I possibly turn her down in real life?!

Hmmm. That's definitely my id talking. My greedy side. Where's the other side? Where's the responsible superego? Where has that been today? I think I need to empty a cum load into someone. Whenever I finish cumming, I tend to see things more sensibly. Right now, I've got a major problem because I'm on major boner sexual overdrive and I don't have any way to relieve myself. In fact, now I get to go sit through Glory's class while I still have all these bizarre teacher fantasies running through my head.

Heather as a teacher? Ugh! Let's hope, for the sake of innocent children everywhere, that that never happens. Or Heather as a mother. That's so disturbing that I'm not even going to go there!

Chapter 1088 Alan, Don't You Want To Be My Boyfriend?

As Alan walked down the hall on his way to Glory's history class, he felt a hand fall onto his forearm. He spun around and tried to defend himself, instantly assuming that the football players were out to hurt him again.

But he breathed a sigh of relief because it was only Christine. She'd jogged down the hall to reach him; it looked like she was dealing with something very important and urgent. "Alan. I have someone you should meet."

Alan thought that was odd. He also found himself very embarrassed on the inside when he looked at the real flesh and blood Christine and thought about the over the top sexual fantasies he'd had about her only a few minutes earlier. As he stared, he could almost picture her naked, with his erection sliding through her deep cleavage. He stood dumbly, feeling greatly ashamed for his fantasies. It was like a cold bucket of reality had been dumped on his head.

"Cat got your tongue?" Christine asked as she held him by the forearm and pulled him along, gently. "Come on. Do you want to meet this person now or what?"

Alan's eyes watched her twin globes heave up and down in response to her jogging. When they finally came to a halt, he recovered his wits. "Oh. Uh. Sure. Let's go."

Christine was both secretly amused and chagrined by his big-tit fixation. She decided not to say anything about it this time though, since she was in a hurry.

He followed behind as Christine rushed down the hallway. While she'd worn a frumpy gray dress in his dreams, in reality she wore ordinary black slacks. He admired her legs, but more from what he remembered in the dream than what he could tell through her clothes.

He thought to himself, Christine, would it kill you to wear shorts for once in your life? Outside of when you play sports or go running you seem to think there's some law against baring your legs. And I know from stolen glances here and there that they look great. In fact, I'll bet her thighs are even stronger than Simone's! Man, I'd love to see these two in a cat fight! Whoa, take it easy, boy. Stop thinking about sex for like five minutes already! He stared at her slacks as if trying to burn a hole through them.

Christine turned back and asked him, "What's with you today? You've been spacing all day." She had to have been unaware of the staring he'd just been doing, unless she had eyes on the back of her head, and he guessed she was referring to all the other times he'd spaced out.

"I dunno. Not enough sleep today." He thought, Like I could ever tell her the truth: "I dunno Christine, it could be that I can't stop thinking about fucking your tits. And popping your cherry. Oh, and in my dreams my mother seems to be selling 'Incest-O-Matic', whatever the heck that is, and I might have made Simone pregnant, and my sister thinks she's a cat, and I'm about to have a wild sex orgy poker party tonight, and I seem to be losing what's left of my moral bearings... Oh, and did I mention that I'm fucking my mother and my sister, and that I now have two of each? Basically, there's a lot on my mind!" I don't think there's a single person who would believe what's happening in my life, even if I told them the full truth.

There wasn't much point in talking while they hustled down the hallway, so they were silent until suddenly Christine made a sharp turn and Alan found himself at the same stretch of empty hall he'd used to talk to Sean earlier. He didn't see anyone at first, but Christine led him to an alcove. A slightly mousy and bespectacled girl stood there waiting for him.

Christine brought Alan right in front of the new girl. "Alan, Michelle. Michelle, Alan. Michelle helps me get the scoop on things at school. She's got something to tell you."

Alan had no idea what to expect, but after so much strangeness in his life, he was ready to roll with the punches. He assumed it would somehow involve sex, given everything else that was happening, but for once he was wrong about that.

Michelle started in, "Um, okay. I've got this brother. His name is Gary. He's on the football team. I'm not that close to him. He and I are really different. But we're still family. Anyway, I was really surprised today when he sees me in the hall and he's all super keen on talking to me in private. So we talk... Are you getting all this? You look a little out of it."

"No. I'm good. Please keep going. I'm very interested."

"Um, okay. He tells me that some of the other football players are planning something. Did I mention Gary is gay? He is. He doesn't mind telling anyone, even though he gets a lot of grief from all the homophobes around here. Anyway, they're planning to do something to you. And somehow they wanted Gary to do something sexual to you. I didn't really understand it all. He was very, very vague. I

kind of even inferred that much. He definitely doesn't want to do whatever they're doing, even though he hates your guts-

"Wait a minute. Why does he hate my guts?"

"Duh! Just about everybody on the team hates your guts."

"Really? Why?"

Michelle turned to Christine, who still stood next to them and generally kept a lookout while listening in. "Boy, Christine, didn't you tell him anything?"

Christine answered while she stared down the hall, "As you can see by looking at his frazzled face, lately he often doesn't even know if he's coming or going, much less what some football player he's never met thinks of him."

Michelle looked at Alan curiously while he tried to wipe whatever expression he had off his face and replace it with a normal look. She continued, "Anyway, nobody thought much of you one way or another until you started to go out with Amy. Then people thought that was pretty impressive, since most everyone thought you were a virgin and many think she's the most attractive girl in school, or at least the cutest. Then Amy started telling everyone that you were a great lover and that you slept with pretty much anyone you wanted and she didn't care."

She continued, "A lot of people were really impressed with you for like five minutes, but that quickly turned to jealousy for most. Especially guys. The football players hate you in particular because they know that you sleep with Heather a lot and she used to sleep with at least half the team, and now all of a sudden she doesn't anymore. So it's like twenty jealous boyfriends spurned, all out for revenge. Plus, everyone seems to think you have a ten-inch penis, even though it's really just a shade under eight. And a lot of guys are very jealous about that, too."

Alan looked at Christine. "How does she know all that? Especially that last part. That's very private!"

Christine gave a wry, conspiratorial smile. "She's good. But listen to the rest of her story."

She smirked, thinking, It's true; he just confirmed it! Eight inches! Statistically speaking, that's very impressive. He's such a relentless horndog. I bet I'm going to end up touching it one of these days, if only to get him to stop pestering me!

Alan turned back to the mousy but not unattractive Michelle. (Between her dark glasses and her extremely baggy clothing, it was hard to tell what she really looked like.) He realized that in making that "very private" comment, he'd all but confessed the true length of his dick, but it was too late to take that back.

He thought, It's not a big deal if anyone knows, but I'm not being my usual sharp self today. Focus, man, focus!

Michelle said, "Um, okay. So Gary really doesn't want to take part in whatever plan this is. They're going to go ahead without him. Even though he hates you, he doesn't want their plan to succeed. I think they're going to do something else involving homosexuality and he worries it'll reflect badly on him. Most of those players are so homophobic it's not even funny, and he naturally doesn't want it to get any worse if they witness homosexual acts firsthand."

"So he's going to help us stop them?" Alan asked hopefully.

"No. Not really. I'm sure he doesn't want his friends to think he's a snitch. I think he was trying to give me just enough information so I could do something to make sure the plan doesn't work, but not enough information to get his friends in trouble. I've saved his ass many times in the past and he thinks I can do it again."

"So wait. He knows you're talking to me?"

"No. He would probably be really angry at me if he knew about that. He was more coming to me for advice, trying to figure out how to get out of the jam he's in. He calls me a 'sharp cookie.' But he didn't really give me enough info for me to figure out what's going on. Does any of this make sense to you? Have you heard of some plot against you?"

"No. Well, in a general way I've known some of the guys on the team are out to get me. They've attacked me a couple of times, which I assume you might have heard about, since you know so much.

But I never thought they'd go to the extreme of wanting to do... well, whatever it is they're doing. I don't know. But it doesn't sound good at all! Did he tell you anything else?"

"Nope. That's it. He didn't even tell me that much. He was more like, 'I've got this problem. Some football players want to use me to help get back at Alan. I don't care a rat's ass about that freakish nerd, but I don't want to help in the way they want me to. What do I do?' Those were pretty much his exact words. I inferred most of the rest and added what I already knew about you and him and his friends." "I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

"Wow. Thanks, Michelle. Thanks a lot. Is there anything I can do to repay you for helping me out so much?"

There was a long pause, but finally Michelle just smiled and said, "Nope. Just be cool and stay safe. Watch your back."

"Okay. I will. Thanks again!"

"No problem!" Michelle waved, adjusted her glasses, then trotted off.

Alan mumbled to Christine, "So that's one of your team of 'Goody-goodies,' eh?"

In his mind, some dialogue from his dream ran through his head. First, his cry: "I'm going to re-coat your face with a fresh new load!" And then Christine's reply: "Do it! I love it!"

He wanted to crawl under a rock and die even as he failed to get the image of her face splattered with cum out of his mind. The sight of her mouth straining around his dream-enhanced, extra-huge penis also seemed permanently burned into his brain, even though it never happened in real life. If she only knew I'm a complete sexually-obsessed freak, she would run away from me as fast as her legs could carry her!

Christine visibly relaxed once Michelle was gone. She stayed where she was, looking down the hallway, but said to Alan, "I think we're okay. I didn't see a single person looking down the hallway."

"Well, if there could have been problems if someone saw me with Michelle, why didn't we meet in a safer location?"

"Because there's no time! Michelle is good at reading people, as you can tell. And she got the sense that something is going to happen really soon. Maybe even later today."

"Oh shit. What should I do?"

Christine looked him in the eyes. "I've noticed that the number of your male friends has fallen off to almost zero lately, and all of them are just fair weather friends except for Sean and maybe Peter. So I'm going to follow you around as much as I can. Get Amy and Katherine to help, too. Actually, it's much better to have females with you, because other guys they can punch, but girls they won't know what to do with. Hopefully they have some decency and the presence of a female may give them second thoughts. Plus, us girls are really good at screaming for help." She smiled as she added that last point.

He smiled in gratitude, but then the full meaning of everything she said hit him. "Wow, you don't pull your punches, do you? That's pretty harsh about my male friends."

"Hey, I call them as I see them," she replied with a shrug. "Don't you want me to be honest with you?"

He thought, I don't even want to begin to imagine how many new holes she'd tear into me if I told her about my titfucking fantasy. She may have a thing for me, but I'm sure her fantasies are nothing like mine! He thought sarcastically, Her fantasies probably have a little more of candles and moonlight and soft music, and a little less of titfucking on a desk in front of all your classmates.

Snapping back to attention, he nodded.

She said, "You're a sitting duck! You need protection, unless you want to get your butt kicked. You need somebody to help you who has serious fighting ability."

He stood there trying to figure out who that could be.

Annoyed at his inability to draw the obvious conclusion, she added, "For instance, someone with some serious martial arts training."

A light bulb went off in his head. "Hey. If I remember right, don't you take martial arts classes a couple of times a week?"

She gave a bashful yet proud smile. "Yeah. I guess I do." Finally, he figures it out. Sheesh! I swear, his IQ falls by half around busty women.

Then, dramatically, she stepped back and kicked the air a couple of times. He thought it was a highly impressive display of martial arts prowess. One of her kicks was so high that it could have smashed his nose.

He imagined several very stunned football players falling to the ground after being on the receiving end of kicks like that. He was also impressed with the fierce passion with which she delivered the kicks, a passion that seemed to come out of nowhere and then disappeared just as quickly when the kicks were over.

She turned back to him and said with a casual smile, "Looks like you've got yourself a bodyguard."

"Looks like." He smiled back. "God, Christine, you're a total lifesaver. That may even become true in a very literal way if I get attacked. You and your remarkably knowledgeable and perceptive friends! Amazing. 'We're good at screaming for help,' my ass! I want to know just one thing, though. How did Michelle know about my real penis size, and just how widespread is that knowledge?"

"That was actually from Kim the cheerleader. A bunch of girls were sitting around gossiping about your supposed ten-incher, and she said, 'No, it's not! It's only seven and seven-eighths inches.' That seemed curiously specific, and I understand she seemed embarrassed afterwards for letting that slip out, so one of my friends told me about it and I filed it away as being the probable truth. Statistically, it's much, much more likely than the larger number. But most everyone still seems to believe the ten-incher rumor."

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She abruptly switched topics. "As an aside, you do seem to have a lot of, how shall we say, intimate friends, don't you? Just how many of these 'helpers' have you got?"

He blushed. He was surprised at how often he'd blushed that day. It just seemed to be one of those days. I knew she was notorious for speaking her mind, but I didn't realize that even extended to talking so freely about the size of my dick. And my "intimate friends." Jesus! Talking to her is actually a bit scary because there's no telling what she might say next. AND it looks like she could totally physically kick my ass. I sure don't want to cross her!

He ignored her last question and replied to the first one. "Yeah. I guess I do. Thanks again. How can I repay you for your kindness?" He was so frazzled and busy thinking that he didn't even notice she had her hand over her mouth and was blushing profusely.

She had a bad habit of speaking first and only realizing the consequences of her words later. She could scarcely believe that she was actually talking to Alan about his penis size and eagerly leapt at his changing of the subject. She shook her head dismissively while looking away. "Stop saying that. You ever hear of people just being nice because it's the right thing to do and because they care?"

"Unfortunately, not too often. But in your case, I could never doubt your sincerity. So what do we do now, chief?"

"You hurry to your next class. I hear you've been doing that a lot today, and not always successfully, I might add. When class is over, just linger in your classrooms for a minute or so, and I'll be there to escort you to the next one. I can't always make it, but when I can't we'll find you a substitute or two. Actually, Sean is fairly buff; he's almost as muscular and handsome as you. He'd make a good bodyguard, so you should get his help. Sorry if I harshed on your friends, by the way." She still tried to hide her face and her embarrassment.

He thought, She knows I was late to first period and that I was talking to people in the halls and barely making it to class on time. Just how much else does she know about me?! Could she even be aware of what I was doing to Heather and Simone before school? She's got this whole friggin' "Goody-goody" spy network. Dang! That network could definitely be a double-edged sword for me. What if they overhear my loose-lipped sisters make some kind of incestuous comment to each other or to someone in-the-know like Kim, and word gets back to Christine? I don't even want to think about it.

He also made note of the way she dropped the "handsome" compliment in there. She's blunt and yet she can be subtle, too. I can't say I really understand her, but I sure would like to get to know her better.

Making love to the real Christine would be infinitely more interesting than making love to the meek living-sex-doll version of Christine in my daydreams. Shame on me for ever thinking of her like that.

But he merely said to her, "No problem. Thanks. Again. Wow. You're great." Without even thinking, he gave her a hug. But just as unexpectedly, he pulled away.

She shot him a frustrated look that he interpreted to mean, Then why, Alan, don't you want to be my boyfriend?

He didn't know how to respond to that, so the two of them warily headed to his next class. He had visions of getting gang raped by a bunch of football players who could leap out at him from the shadows at any moment. There was an attack coming, and there really was nothing anyone could do to stop it until it happened. It was almost worse to know a little than to know nothing at all. For the first time in his life, he was truly afraid.

Chapter 1089 Glory's Imagination!!!

Alan went to Glory's fourth-period class feeling extremely frazzled. He felt that there had been too many exciting events for him during the day and too much excitement in recent days as well. He also knew that as much as had happened to him already, he still had most of the day ahead of him. The possibility that the football players could attack him at any moment and might well attack him before the school day was over was particularly stressful for him.

Sexually, he was exhausted and wanted a break, yet his Christine fantasies had been keeping him in a near-constant state of arousal for over an hour. What he really wanted to do was to empty his balls, at the first opportunity, in a warm and receptive female.

With all this going on in his head, he had little to no thought of Glory. But as soon as he entered her classroom and took one look at her, all that changed. It was a sunny day, and radiant beams of light were falling through the windows onto her face, making her look breathtakingly gorgeous, even angelic.

Then she turned to him and gave him a heartwarming smile. It would be more accurate to call it a heart-melting smile.

He felt so overwhelmed by her love, kindness, and attention that he felt like she'd turned him into a puddle of goo. He felt a surge of emotion and mentally cried in frustration, Ohhhh Gaawwwd! No!

Suddenly, all of his other problems didn't matter one bit. He even temporarily set aside any thoughts of the other women in his life. Now, all of his focus was on Glory.

Class started and Glory began to teach, but Alan barely heard a word she said. His erection had gone down and he was very thankful for that. He wasn't actually aroused by Glory at the moment despite her stunning looks; he was more emotionally moved by her presence. Looking at her brought a peace and calm to his mind and body that he badly needed.

Despite the fact that the state of their relationship was up in the air, he strongly believed that no matter what happened she would be there for him if he needed her, and he would be there for her. Regardless of how their romantic future turned out, he was determined to do whatever it took to at least keep her as a friend and mentor. She was a rock of sanity for him in the increasingly stormy sea that was his high school life.

But Glory would have found the idea of anyone calling her a "rock of sanity" bitterly ironic, because she felt as if she was about to completely lose her mind. When she saw Alan enter her classroom, she also felt a surge of strong emotion. She could tell that he was stressed and troubled, and she gave him the most encouraging smile she could muster under the circumstances. She wanted to hold him for a long time until he was okay. But she wanted to do more than just hold him - much more.

As Glory's students settled into their seats, she thought, God, how I want to hug him! But a supportive hug like that would lead to a kiss. And a kiss would lead to some heavy necking with lots of tongue. That would lead to some serious petting. I can just imagine him quickly making short work of whatever clothes I might be wearing while I wrap a leg around him. He isn't much for women wearing clothes, I've gathered. However, he's a bit crazy when it comes to breasts. His hands would be all over my chest before I'd know what was happening and there would be no way of stopping him.

But then again, who would WANT to stop him?! He's so good! The way he can make love to a woman's breasts with his fingers ... and tongue! Good Lord, that tongue! That feels so good that there's just no way I'm going to keep my hands out of his pants. What kind of woman has that kind of control? His fingers would be slipping inside of my- Oh! I can't even think about it! To think that I could be holding his hot, cum-filled cock in my dainty fingers, that throbbing, talented, tasty...! Arrgh! Stop it! Glory, stop it right now!

She snapped out of her sexual thoughts as the last student came inside and found his seat. You see? This is why I have to take a 100% firm no-touching policy. Alan is like sexual crack and I'm going through

some serious withdrawal. It's been a couple of days since we broke up and each day gets worse as my body craves another Alan fix more and more. Right now I'm at my most vulnerable.

Just a couple more days and these feelings should pass and I'll be able to get over him. With the four-day Thanksgiving vacation starting tomorrow, I'll get over this hump and be back on track, just so long as I can make it through the rest of the school day without touching him. I really should just skip our lunch hour together, but just look at him. He needs to talk. He seriously needs to talk. Something's wrong. I can't abandon him in his time of need.

Feeling empowered with that resolution, Glory began to teach. At first, she did okay. But after a while the lesson necessitated she go up to the chalkboard and start writing on it. This was troublesome and dangerous for her, because once again she'd failed to wear any underwear. Alan had offhandedly told her some days before not to wear underwear anymore. She didn't understand why, but she continued to follow this order even though she was fairly certain that he had forgotten all about it.

Furthermore, she had dressed about as provocatively as she thought she could get away with without causing tongues to wag. She let a lot of cleavage show, but it was at the outer bounds of what she'd worn in the past. Since she wasn't wearing a bra, the fabric rubbed her nipples delightfully every which way whenever she moved. And because Alan was in the room, her nipples were hard and had been protruding ever since her fourth-period class began. Fortunately, she wore a dark maroon satin blouse; otherwise, her nipples would have been obvious to everyone.

But while she'd shown a lot of cleavage before, she'd never worn a skirt as short and tight as the one she wore today. Since she wasn't wearing any panties, she was taking a great risk. If she had to bend over for any reason, or even casually sit on the front edge of her desk as she sometimes did while lecturing, she'd expose all of her naked privates to the entire class. Her teaching career might come to a sudden halt right there.

But she couldn't keep herself from dressing like that because she was of two minds. She wanted to both push Alan away and pull him towards her. She'd had mixed feelings about men and boyfriends before, but nothing like this. It was like her brain was splitting in two and heading at full speed in opposite directions.

She'd gone to a sex shop the previous afternoon and bought a variety of sex toys to augment the one dildo she already owned. Then she spent the rest of the afternoon and evening alternating between bouts of frenzied masturbation and periods of relative sanity and resolve. She tried to argue that "overdosing" on fantasies about Alan would help her get over him, but she wasn't sure anymore if that

was true or not. She even had some of her new toys in her purse at the moment, "just in case," and she wasn't sure about the wisdom of that either.

Because of what she chose to wear (or not wear), walking around in front of the class and writing on the chalkboard were very arousing acts for her. She imagined, and almost hoped, that her skirt had ridden up so much that her pussy was completely exposed. In her fantasy, at any moment someone would notice her lack of panties and publicly expose her. Of course in reality complete disaster would follow, but in her addled state she was just getting off on the danger.

She managed to carry on this way for twenty minutes or more, but she found herself growing more and more aroused as she began to purposely walk more than necessary, just to increase the danger and feel a slight breeze blowing on her moistening pussy lips. If her skirt rode up only a couple more inches, her fantasy would become real.

Finally, there came a point when a voice inside her head began to dare her to drop a piece of chalk and bend down to pick it up. She recognized at that moment that she'd become too horny to teach effectively, so she cut the lesson short and handed out an in-class assignment.

That allowed her to go to the relative safety of sitting behind her desk where she hoped to cool down, but in fact she didn't cool down at all. Her imagination was in overdrive.

She thought, That was close! What's gotten into me?! I mean, the very idea of bending over to pick up the chalk - it's outrageous! To think what could have happened. There I'd be, bending over so I could touch my toes, my pussy exposed for everyone to see. Not only that, but this skirt is so short that it would ride up and my entire ass would be on display! Of course, knowing Alan would be watching, merely exposing myself like that wouldn't be enough. I'd have to fumble around for who knows how many minutes, trying and failing to scoop up the chalk, all the while spreading my legs farther and farther apart, for him!

I'm sure the room would go dead quiet at first. Or maybe there would be some gasps. Screams, even. People would begin to shout helpful things like, "Ms. Rhymer, cover up!" Some of the more naughty boys would shout ruder things, like "Hoo-yeah!" I'll bet Jeremy would yell, "There is a God!" He loves that saying and I know he has a crush on me. Hee-hee.

But that wouldn't even be the half of it. If I've gone that far, why stop there? It's time for everyone to know Alan has turned me into his personal slut! I'd stand back up but fail to readjust my skirt so it would still tightly cling to my hips and keep my pussy in full view, giving everyone a great frontal shot. Faking a

confused look, I'd go sit on the edge of my desk, putting my pussy on even better display! Heck, I'd hike my skirt up a bit more before sitting down, just to make sure they saw everything!

And what would they see? They'd see rivers, and I do mean absolute rivers, of feminine juices flowing down my thighs, because that's how hot I'd be! "I'd be"? Heck, that's how hot I am right now! I'm squirming in my seat so bad that it's a wonder no one has noticed yet! It's like the chair is burning at 120 degrees or more; there's no way I can sit still! Maybe I should get my purse and take out one of the... Nah. Keep it cool, Glory. Keep it cool. Relax.

Just imagine, I'd be sitting there on the edge of the desk, cool as a cucumber, pretending like nothing's wrong. My privates on display for everyone to see. For ALAN to see!

Hee! So naughty! But of course the class would be in a total commotion by then. Complete bedlam! Before too long, someone would be bound to get bolder and say something like, "Ms. Rhymer, your skirt! It's exposing... well... We can see your pussy and everything!"

That's when I'd REALLY throw them for a loop. Rather than pull my skirt down, I'd actually pull it up even more! Then I'd say, "My pussy? You must be mistaken. I don't have a pussy. This isn't mine. This is Alan's pussy." I'd wink in his direction, and stud that he is, he'd take it in stride and wink back.

Then, the incredible fuck god that he is, he'd have to come to the front of the class and whip out that eighteen-incher in front of everybody! Hee! ... Did I say eighteen? I think I did, 'cos that's what it feels like most of the time when it's inside me! So FULL! So GOOOD! Anyway, he'd whip out that marvelous eight-incher and take what's his! He'd show everyone that we're lovers, and in the most graphic terms imaginable! He'd fuckin' slip his huge sausage right into my tight cunt, in front of the whole class! My pussy was made to perfectly fit his cock, and that's just a plain fact! Let everyone know! I don't care!

Oh God! Glory bit her lip so hard it nearly bled. She was fidgeting wildly in her chair now, as if she really was sizzling on a burning chair. Not only could she vividly imagine Alan fucking her, her body could almost feel it.

Or, more properly, it's not so much that we're lovers as it is that I belong to him! Gloria Rhymer, one of your students, a mere eighteen year old boy, owns your pussy! And the rest of your body, for that matter. Hell, he owns your heart, your mind, and even your SOUL! Dear Lord God, this devilish boy owns my very soul! It's like I made a deal with the devil and I LOVE IT! Young man, what I wouldn't give to share another role-play fantasy with you, right now! Alan, get your glorious ass up here and fuck your

teacher like you mean it! Show everyone our forbidden love, you demon of lust! Do me now! Do me hard! YES!

Glory abruptly stopped and stood up. She looked at the class to see if anyone had noticed her strange behavior, especially the way she was rocking and shaking in her chair. Luckily, she'd given the students such a difficult assignment that they were completely consumed with their task. Not even Alan had given her a second glance.

She slumped down a bit and sighed with relief. Phew! I have to be thankful my luck has held out once again. What am I doing taking these kinds of risks? And saying Alan owns my body? What's gotten into me? Not Alan lately, ha ha! She had to stifle the urge to laugh like a maniac at that joke.

She stood there for a few moments until her body stopped trembling, then she made her way to the door, making sure to take her purse with her. Luckily, her students were still so hard at work that there were no more than a few brief glances up. Most of the people who paid her any mind were habitual cheaters who were happy to see she'd be gone for a few minutes so they could look at the papers on nearby desks.

lightsnovel Glory hobbled her way down to the ladies' room, eager to achieve the "big O." The fact that she was hobbling was interesting as well, because she was wearing four-inch heels for the first time in her life, and didn't really know why. Or at least she wouldn't normally admit why.

But as she headed to the restroom, she thought, Fuck these shoes. I hate these shoes! But I'm wearing these cruel shoes for him! HIM! I want him to notice me, to look at me! How can I compete with the likes of Suzanne or Heather? It's impossible! I have to do more! I have to please him MORE somehow!

The thought of Alan's other lovers suddenly made her very depressed. It made her feel as if all her words and fantasies were desperate and pathetic. But she was so close to a climax she couldn't stop now.

As she sat in a bathroom stall shoving a vibrator in and out of her pussy, she couldn't get the thought of Alan's other women out of her head. She knew that she was not his most loved woman. In fact, she instinctually felt that she might rank no better than somewhere in the middle of his long list of women. On the other hand, she knew that her "list" of the men she lusted after and adored had just one name on it: "Alan Plummer."

These thoughts were so depressing that she began to cry even as she climbed up to a great climax. The fact that she knew he was having sex with at least three women gorgeous enough to be movie stars, Amy, Suzanne, and Susan, aroused her terribly, while at the same time the very same thought depressed her profoundly. She cried both tears of joy and sorrow as a powerful climax hit her and nearly overwhelmed her into unconsciousness.

She took a while after that to recover and clean herself up. As she reapplied her makeup in the bathroom mirror, she found herself in a different mood. Well. That was something. Completely irresponsible of course, that I'm here pleasuring myself instead of teaching my class. But all in all, it was probably a good thing, a necessary thing. I've been feeling something like that coming on all day. It was good that I got it out of my system BEFORE lunch or I wouldn't have had the self-control to resist Alan when I was with him one on one. Now, I feel like I can make it.

Not only that, but I'm reminded so powerfully why I have to get away from him. I will NOT settle for third place or fifth place or whatever he thinks I am. No way. No. Damn. Way. Period! If I can just make it through lunch, I'll be home free!

She was in a much better mood after that. She came back to her class mentally alert and in control of herself once more.

Alan was in a fairly good mood by then as well. He was actually grateful for the in-class assignment because it made him forget everything else for a little while.

Thus, when class ended and everyone filed out until just Alan was there, Alan and Glory were able to meet each other on levelheaded terms, with neither one of them particularly aroused.

Alan had a lot to discuss with her, particularly about his recent football player woes. However, he still felt distraught and overwhelmed. He stood up and said, "Glory, could I have a hug? I really need it."

Glory thought back to her very recent fantasies and her "100% firm no touching" policy, and said, "I know you do, and believe me I'd love to give it to you ... but we can't. Remember what we agreed to on Monday? Things are going to be completely platonic between us. That's how it has to be. Until things kind of settle down, I'd rather not even hug you because I'm afraid of a slippery slope. But please. Tell me what's bothering you. From the moment you came into class I could see that something is very wrong."

Disappointed, but understanding why he couldn't get a hug, he sat back down and began to tell her about his day.

Chapter 1090 I Kind Of Spied On The Two Of You!

As lunch started, Katherine went looking for Christine. She'd promised Alan that she would try to befriend Christine and also apologize for spying on her and Alan at their Tuesday night dinner date, and she was determined to keep both promises despite her great reservations about Christine's character.

Christine, though, wasn't at her usual cafeteria table with the other "Goody-goodies." But the members of that group seemed to have some sort of sixth sense about what the others were doing and Katherine was told that Christine should be on the second floor of the school building.

Katherine went up there and, sure enough, Christine was loitering in the hallway, suspiciously near the door to Glory's class. Katherine didn't know about Christine's new role as Alan's bodyguard, but she suspected that Alan's presence inside that room had more than a little bit to do with Christine hanging around. She felt a surge of hot jealousy as she was reminded of Christine's crush on her brother, but then she also recalled her vow not to be jealous.

Fixing a smile on her face, she walked closer to Christine and said, "Hi. What'cha up to?"

Christine was caught off guard. She wasn't expecting anyone to talk to her and ask what she was doing there. But she recovered quickly and replied, "Aaaaah, I'm waiting for someone."

Katherine looked up and down the hallway, which was completely deserted. This seemed to be an unlikely spot to meet anyone when there were so many better and more private spots around the school to meet. But she decided not to press the issue. Instead, she said perkily, "Oh. Well, while you're waiting, can we talk?"

"Uh, sure."

Katherine sat down on the floor and leaned back against a wall. She had a brown bag lunch and began opening it. "Why don't we eat as we talk? I was kind of hoping we could talk a while." She wasn't too

worried that the "someone" Christine was waiting for would show up, so she figured the two of them had plenty of time to talk.

Christine sat down, but reluctantly. She appeared preoccupied and continued to look down the hall in both directions more often than she looked at Katherine. She said, "Uh, I can't eat lunch in the school hallway. That's against the rules. But I'm not hungry anyway. You go ahead."

Katherine thought, What a moral priss. Who cares about a rule like that? She's probably the kind of person who stops at a traffic light even when there's no one around for miles. That's the kind of attitude that could make her dangerous to the harem! Still, they say you should keep your friends close and your enemies closer. I can best protect our group by pretending to be her friend.

But she naturally kept those thoughts to herself. Instead, she spoke frankly, "Christine, what's up? You're acting very strangely. You know and I know that Alan must be in the classroom just behind us and that he's probably going to be there for the whole lunch hour. So why are you hanging around as if you're waiting for the off chance that he might leave early? Is something wrong with him or with you? You're looking a bit nervous. He's my brother. If there's something that involves him, please, let me know."

Christine stopped her scouting of the halls and devoted her full attention to Katherine for the first time. After an uncomfortable pause, she said in a low voice, "You're observant. I like that. And you cut to the chase. I like that too. The truth is, you're right. I am waiting for Alan. And something IS wrong. Frankly, he may be in danger. I've kind of appointed myself to be his bodyguard because of my martial arts training. But this is just between you and me, right? I assume that since you're his sister, you'll under-"

Katherine was shocked and horrified. She cut in, "What?! Alan's in danger?! Of course mum's the word, but tell me! Tell me what's up! Why didn't anyone tell me?!"

Christine leaned in conspiratorially and continued in an even quieter voice, "We just found out about an hour ago, so this is the first chance for you to hear. It turns out some of the football players are after Alan again. One of my friends gave me the story."

Katherine listened raptly as Christine laid out what she knew concerning the plot.

Christine figured that since Katherine was Alan's sister, there was no point in holding back. Furthermore, it was possible that Katherine might be in danger herself if the football players decided to get at Alan through her. She realized that this chance meeting was actually very fortuitous, and kicked herself for not seeking out Katherine first, or Amy for that matter. She told Katherine that Amy should be alerted right away, and of course Katherine agreed to help with that.

Christine was very frustrated that she could only be in one place at a time because there was so much that needed to get done during her free moments at school, but guarding Alan took up all of that time.

Christine and Katherine spent about ten minutes discussing the football-player problem while Katherine scarfed down her egg salad roll and mini cucumber. lightsnovel

They could have easily spent the rest of lunch that way, but Katherine was acutely aware that there were a lot of other things they needed to cover before the lunch break was over, if she was going to make headway on fulfilling her promises to her brother. So, as soon as she felt she'd heard all the important latest developments, she waited for an opportune pause and then said, "Christine, this may come out of left field, but I have a couple of confessions to make." bender

lightsnovel Christine arched a curious eyebrow and waited to hear more.

Katherine had previously decided that the closer she could come to the truth with Christine, the better off she'd be, as there would be fewer lies she'd have to keep (although there were many things she would have to keep completely secret, no matter what). So she said, "It's not like I have a thing for my brother, meaning some kind of sexual or romantic thing. Of course not! But I am kind of, well, possessive of him. I mean, isn't that natural? Do you know what I mean from having a brother or sister of your own?"

Christine replied, "No, I'm an only child."

Katherine thought, That figures. That would help explain all the intense pressure and expectations obviously coming from her parents. But she said, "Well, even as siblings go, Alan and I are really close. We don't fight all the time like lots of siblings do. In fact, he's not just my brother, he's my best friend in the whole world. Well, him and Amy. But the thing is, I spend a lot of time with him. Things were going good between us and I didn't want it to change. So, when he got all interested in you, especially this last year when his crush intensified, I was jealous. Well, maybe jealous isn't the right word. Possessive, is what I mean. You know? God, this is so hard to explain!"

She was genuinely blushing, because explaining even this much was difficult. Further, skirting this close to the truth of her incestuous relationship was even more difficult and also embarrassing. However, she also figured that this explanation would help to reduce Christine's suspicions further down the road. If she showed any jealous behavior regarding Alan, Christine hopefully would write it off as sisterly possessiveness.

Christine wasn't the most touchy-feely type, but she did manage to clinically say, "I understand. Please. Go on."

Katherine continued, "So the upshot of that is that I've kept my distance from you. You and I, I think we could actually be good friends. Don't you think? But I never approached you, because I thought that you were the one that was going to steal Alan away. I don't mind Alan going out with Amy at all, because we're best friends and she's so nice. In fact, I was the one who helped bring them together. Amy comes over to our house to hang out with Alan and me just about every day these days, so in a way things are better for me since they started going out because I get to see both of them a lot more than before. But if it were you and him, you two would always be gone, off on some date or another. Or at least that's what I thought. I'm sorry. I can be so immature sometimes."

Christine blurted out, "That you can. You have so much untapped potential. You should hear what the teachers say about you." She would have said more, but then belatedly realized she was being outright rude with someone she hardly knew. She backtracked, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to come..."

Katherine just smiled. Inwardly, she was upset at Christine's cheekiness, but she didn't let it show. She also wanted to know what the teachers had to say, but she let that slide too. She very diplomatically replied, "You have a good point there, but let's not talk about that now. I'm telling you the issues I've had with you and my brother and why that's hindered a friendship. Can you consider what I said?"

Christine nodded and thought about Katherine's words. It occurred to her that since Katherine and Alan were so close, Katherine could be a big obstacle to any romantic relationship Christine might develop with Alan. It would be very smart to befriend Katherine so that she wouldn't mind her and Alan being together, much in the same way that she didn't mind Alan being with Amy. But instead of saying any of that out loud, she just nodded silently.

Katherine knew that Christine was right in her complaint. She knew she was actually much smarter than people generally gave her credit for, but she didn't utilize her intelligence as much as she could. However, she had used her smarts to give serious consideration overnight as to the best way to

approach Christine. She would have been delighted by Christine's reasoning had she known her thoughts, because that was the exact reaction she was hoping to get. However, now came the hard part.

Katherine said, "I didn't realize just how much the idea of you and Alan going out bothered me, at least not until last night. Then, when I heard that you two were going out on yet another date, I got really worried. Not only were you going to take him away from my home, but you were also going to steal him from Amy."

Christine started to protest. "It wasn't-

But Katherine held her hand up and stopped Christine before she could start. "Wait please. Let me finish first. I'm not saying that was what you were going to do, and I know it wasn't even a real date; I'm just saying that's how I felt. I got myself worked up. So worked up, in fact, that I kind of, uh..." She found herself blushing again. "I, uh, I kind of spied on the two of you in the restaurant. I overheard every single word you both said. And that's why I want to apologize."

Christine became highly irate in an instant. "You did WHAT?!" she thundered.

Katherine looked up into Christine's eyes pleadingly. "I am SOOO sorry! Since then, I've been doing a lot of thinking, and I've realized how immature I've been about the whole thing. Whatever your relationship with Alan is should be a matter just between the two of you. It's silly for me to be so possessive. I mean, come on; I'm not his keeper! So please. Can you forgive me? Maybe not today, but someday? I know what I did was wrong - that's why I'm confessing. I feel so bad, and I want to make it up to you somehow."

Christine could be extremely emotional, but at the same time she had a very rational and analytical mind. The emotional part of her was outraged at Katherine. Privacy was extremely important to her, and she didn't forgive slights easily. But the intellectual part of her brain realized that there was much to be said about being friends with Katherine. For one thing, the opportunities that could provide her to get closer to Alan were obvious, and being with Alan was Christine's top priority at that moment. For another, she realized that she had very few true friends. She genuinely looked forward to being Katherine's friend.

Christine had many casual friends and acquaintances at school, but none of them were close friends that she could confide in with deep issues. Everyone was scared of her brutal honesty and demanding moral code, and with good reason. Furthermore, her outstanding looks and stellar academic achievements put her on such a high pedestal that people admired her and were friendly to her, but no one felt worthy of

casually talking to her one on one as equals. Yet that was exactly how Katherine had been treating her ever since she'd sat down, like an unintimidated equal. In fact, Katherine was being as brutally frank and honest to Christine as Christine usually was to others.

Christine was impressed, even as feelings of intense anger surged through her. Normally she would have exploded in an angry tirade at such an outrageous violation of her privacy, but she very deliberately kept her mouth shut and tried to let the feelings pass. A whole range of emotions crossed her face as she stared at Katherine with almost-comically shut lips and lividly twitching eyebrows. Then she closed her eyes and frowned mightily.

Katherine was sweating bullets as a minute passed and Christine still hadn't said a word. But she'd given a lot of thought on how to best approach Christine and she knew this was an important test. Christine was an unintentional master of the "look that could kill." It was very tempting for Katherine to look away, but she knew it was important not to cower in fear. So, while her eyes continued to stare at Christine, in her mind she forced herself to think happy thoughts about Alan instead, to calm her nerves. She imagined how proud he would be if she successfully befriended Christine, even as she told her the truth about the spying and apologized for it.

Surely he'll reward me, she thought. When I tell him the good news, I'll bet he's going to unzip his shorts and drop his big fat schlong right in my face. Tickle my nose with it even, hee-hee. A good fuck toy gets rewarded, and Alan is a generous master. Just think if Big Brother allows me to suck his cock when I get home! Wouldn't that be lovely? Wouldn't that just be to die for? Whatever Brother wants me to do, whatever he wants me to say to Christine or anyone else, I'll do it!

Katherine had gotten so far into her fantasy that her eyes glazed over and a small smile came to her face.