

## 6 Times 1091

### Chapter 1092 Bringing Christine into the harem?

Katherine's strange smile finally made Christine break the strained quiet between them, after two solid minutes of total silence. Christine's eyes narrowed and her gaze sharpened as she said suspiciously, "Katherine? Why are you smiling?"

Katherine quickly snapped back to reality. "Yes. Uh, I was just thinking. I was thinking that you were going to yell at me, but after a while you didn't say anything so I was smiling because I was happy that you weren't going to yell."

She mentally patted herself on the back, as that sounded fairly plausible. Again, she thought, If Christine only knew! If she could read minds, I guess I'd discover just how good she is at kicking ass, firsthand.

Christine grumbled, not at all mollified, "Well, I SHOULD yell at you, that's for sure. But who am I to cast the first stone? I've been thinking. How can I really blame you, because I understand how Alan inspires feelings of intense loyalty. The truth is, I've been doing more than my fair share of spying lately too, mostly because I want to protect him from harm. So I shouldn't be that angry. But I am! I'm DAMN angry!" She felt the bitter feelings rise again, but somehow she just barely managed to bring those feelings under control.

Finally, she sat back and sighed. Most of the tension seemed to flow out of her. She looked up and down the hallway (belatedly realizing with alarm that she'd gotten so involved with Katherine that she'd been failing to keep a good lookout). She sighed in relief as she realized no one was there.

After another but less awkward long pause to collect her thoughts, she said, "I'm upset, but it'll pass. Don't worry. As you can tell, I'm a little high strung and temperamental. My parents have so many high expectations for me. I think I take things too seriously."

She let out yet another world-weary sigh and looked up and down the hallway. "For instance, I'm probably taking guarding Alan far too seriously. It's not like the football players are going to burst into the classroom behind us and assault him while he's with a teacher, but here I am, waiting for the off chance he might leave early. You seem like a reasonable person. Can you tell me when I'm taking this whole bodyguarding thing too far?"

Katherine smiled. "Sure. But you'd have to go pretty far before I'd say anything, because I obviously don't want any harm to come to him either. No way, José!"

Christine frowned, momentarily deep in thought as she pondered some of the different ways Alan might come to harm. But then she said, "Of course when I spy on people, or my friends spy on people, those are enemies. It's one thing to spy on an enemy, but quite another to spy on a friend. Maybe up until last night you thought of me as an enemy, but if you're sincere about being friends, I can give it my best shot too."

She turned around to face Katherine as she said this and gave her a wonderful smile. For someone known as icy, she could nonetheless turn on the charm, and when she did it was almost always with genuine emotion.

"I think we both could learn from each other and help each other. But there's one thing I want to get clear. I'm not trying to steal Alan away from Amy. After all, it's not like he'd ever want to go out with the likes of ME."

Christine sighed again as she thought about that last sentence. She was a complicated person, and one such complication was that while she was supremely confident in most things, she had nearly zero self-confidence when it came to anything sexual or romantic, despite her extremely outstanding good looks. While she realized objectively that people thought of her as beautiful, deep down she felt like she was big and ugly. Given a choice, she'd rather have been cute and petite than the broad shouldered, curvy, athletic shape her body had become.

Katherine replied, "What, are you mental? You're so totally hot that it hurts. You know the only reason why all the guys in this school aren't falling all over each other to ask you out? It's because you're so beautiful that they're intimidated."

Christine gave a wan smile. Her anger at Katherine had mostly passed because now she was busy feeling sorry for herself. "Thanks. That's kind of you to say, but I know that's not the only reason they're shy around me. I'm the school's notorious 'Ice Queen.' Maybe you and I could talk about that some time and you could give me some pointers on how I can change that. I'd like that. But I still want to clear the air about my intentions with Alan."

She paused, and then continued, "Damn, now that I think about it, you heard everything last night already. Oh God, how embarrassing! It's a good thing we're going to be friends; otherwise I'd have to kick your ass!" She said this only half in jest, and in fact her hands were still clenching at her sides. "I

meant what I said, what you overheard. You know from that that I'm not um, well, romantically experienced..."

She blushed and had another surge of anger as it started to hit her just how much Katherine had overheard, but she pressed on, "And, well, since Alan already has a girlfriend, all I really want from him is for him to, you know, kind of..."

Katherine could see Christine's extreme embarrassment and helped her finish her thought: "Help you out in the inexperience department?"

"Yes. Well..." Christine was grateful for the assistance, but nonetheless she blushed even more furiously. "It's not like I want to be his girlfriend... Well, okay, that's not entirely truthful either. I would, if it weren't for Amy, but I am NOT going to try to steal him away from her. No way! For one thing, she's so kind and so nice. Who in their right mind would ever want to hurt her? And it's not like he'd ever want me over her in a million years in the first place... Oh God. Listen to me! I sound so pathetic. One minute I'm pissed off and the next minute I'm wallowing - you must think I'm totally schizo."

She sighed, then recovered. "But you know what? I feel a lot better, just talking about it. I never talk about this stuff with anyone." Suddenly, her voice sharpened again and she glared at Katherine. "You WILL keep all of this completely confidential, won't you?"

Katherine merely nodded. "My lips are sealed on anything we say, including what I overheard last night."

Katherine found it hard not to be intimidated by Christine, this close up and personal. Christine simply radiated charisma and authority. But every time she felt like cowering and groveling before the "Ice Queen" for her forgiveness, her jealousy surged up hot and fierce again. She thought, I will NOT prostrate myself to beg for mercy from the likes of Christine!

"How can I trust you?" Christine demanded. "After what you did last night, give me one good reason to believe I'm not making a huge mistake even telling you the things I just did." Her confidence came back now that the topic had moved to safer ground.

"Well, for one thing," Katherine replied, "after I got home last night I told everyone in my family exactly what I'd done. Amy was there too, since it affected her as well. I made a solemn vow that I would never

do that kind of thing again, and that, in fact, I'd find a way to make it up to you. Ask Alan or Amy. If I screw up again, believe me, Alan especially will have my ass."

As soon as those words left her mouth, Katherine had a hard time keeping a straight face. She had to pause and pretend like there was something in her eye. I hope that's true, in a very literal way! She pulled herself together and finished, "He specifically told me that if I made any further mistakes with you he'd go postal. Ask him about that yourself if you want."

Christine thought about that. "Good. That gives me some reassurance, at least. I'd like to try this friendship thing out, but if you say one word..."

Suddenly, Christine's mind got distracted by other thoughts. "Hey. I have a question. My idea about Alan helping me with my inexperience, that's predicated on this whole notion of Amy not really caring about sharing him with others. Is that really for real? I mean, really? Completely truly? I keep hearing that, even from Amy's lips, but I just don't believe it."

Katherine smiled broadly. "Yep. Alan has a LOT of lovers. All of them are gorgeous girls. And Amy really is totally cool with it."

Christine's bewilderment was written all over her face. "But why?"

"First off, she really is as sweet and sharing as she appears. Plus, most of his other relationships predated when they started going out, so it just seemed natural to keep things going. She knows he couldn't give them up - he's too addicted to the variety, and he loves some of them too much - so she didn't ask him to. Also, she knows that if she didn't agree to that arrangement, a lot of other very desirable girls would be in line who would."

"Is that all? So she's basically agreeing under duress?"

"Not hardly! I mean, if you have a boyfriend and he does something impressive, that's a feather in your cap too, right?"

"Yeah?" Christine could see where this was going, and didn't like it.

"So... Amy likes it when Alan sleeps with other women. The more impressive they are, the better. It just proves what a great catch he is, you know? And Amy doesn't have a jealous bone in her body, so why not?" bender

Katherine could see that this line of reasoning was only going to provoke an argument, so she quickly shifted gears. "But if I could change the topic, I hate to bring up my eavesdropping again, but I heard you basically ask to be one of his helpers, as you put it. What happened to your outrage about that arrangement?"

Christine dropped her head in shame. "I know. I should be outraged. But I get these... urges. And dreams. I keep having all these different dreams about Alan. I've become fixated about him being the one who will... you know..." She didn't need to complete her sentence, as it was clear she was talking about him taking her virginity.

Katherine slipped into the mannerisms of a psychologist. "I see. There's nothing to be ashamed about with that. Every girl your age has similar urges and dreams." She then dropped the psychologist act to add, "I've even got them myself, so it's not like you're the only one with that sort of problem."

"Really?" Christine looked up at Katherine with uncertain hope and more than a little surprise.

Katherine thought, Hee! If you only knew just how similar my dreams are to yours. They even star the same guy! Hee-hee! But you poor thing, you seem to think having any sexual urge is a sin. What cave have you been living in? She replied, "Speaking for myself, I have all kinds of crazy dreams and fantasies. It's just a part of life."

But Christine persisted, "You don't understand. My dreams are very... disturbing. They're weird! Bizarre! I don't act like myself, not like I should act at all. I act like... Well, I can't tell you."

Katherine joked, "Who do you act like? Wonder Woman?"

Christine's jaw dropped. She was absolutely floored. She blushed down to her chest as she stared at Katherine like she was some kind of mind reader. "Wha...? How? How did you know?!"

Now it was Katherine's turn to be surprised. Whoa! What's this? The queen of the "Goody-goodies" is having kinky Wonder Woman dreams? Maybe there's hope for her yet!

But seeing panic rising in Christine's face, she quickly explained, "Um, sorry, that was just a wild guess, just something completely off the wall. You said really bizarre, and then for some reason I got to thinking about your Wonder Woman T-shirt. It really sticks out because you don't wear any other clothes with any kind of logos or sayings on them at all; everything is very high class. But then you have that simple shirt with the Wonder Woman artwork on it."

Still dreadfully embarrassed, Christine explained, "I know. I got that as a present from my parents. I kind of have to wear it every now and then or they'd be offended. Plus, I've kind of always been a big fan."

Christine paused, and then buried her head in her hands as the implications of all that was said became clear. Oh no! My deepest secret is out! I'll never be able to live it down! She looked ready to cry.

Katherine thought about this. What's going on here? Obviously she's not freaking just because she's a fan of Wonder Woman. That's no big deal. Dreams of herself as Wonder Woman are no big deal either. But I remember that old show and Alan used to have a bunch of the comic books. There was a kind of sexual bondage theme going on, now that I think about it. Wonder Woman was always getting caught and tied up. I'll go out on a limb and bet THOSE are the kinds of dreams she's having. Especially since she's got the hots for Big Brother. There's something about him that makes a girl all weak-kneed and submissive and wanting to suck cock with her hands tied behind her back. Or maybe that last bit is just me, tee-hee!

I could totally picture Christine as Wonder Woman, held captive by Alan and forced to strip off her own uniform, forced to SERVE! Her super powers would be completely useless against my brother's super cock, hee-hee! That would be really hot. It would almost be worth it to have her join the harem, just so I could see Brother titfuck her while she's all helpless and angry, still wearing bits and pieces of her Wonder Woman outfit.

She had a Eureka moment as she continued to think. I know! This could be my big chance to solve the whole Christine problem and save the harem from her relentless curiosity. It's risky, but I've got to give it a shot.

She said, "Christine, look. First of all, your secrets are completely safe with me. I'm on big time probation with Alan and if I mess up again he'll totally kill me. So don't worry about that. In fact, the dreams you have aren't strange at all. I have all kinds of similar dreams myself. For instance, sometimes I dream that

I'm one of the Bond girls, working for the enemy. James Bond captures me - personally, I prefer the Pierce Brosnan version, though he's a bit old - and tortures vital secrets out of me. Sexually tortures me. He ties me up and does all kinds of stuff to me."

Shock again crossed Christine's face, but now it was from curiosity, not shame. "What kind of stuff?"

"Well, I can't really get into it without grossing you out."

"Try me."

Katherine had to suppress a grin. A-ha! I knew it! She's totally into that kind of thing! There IS hope! If Christine is secretly a slave to her perverted lust instead of the super moral, nosy priss that she acts like in public, maybe she won't go nuclear if and when she hears about the incest after all. Especially if we could get some really incriminating evidence of her acting out her fantasies. Oooh! Blackmail. I like!

Katherine had an even greater urge to smile after considering all that, but she just barely managed to keep a poker face. "It's awfully embarrassing... First off, you have to imagine rope. Lots of rope. I'm bound and completely helpless. And naked. Utterly nude. That is, unless he's ripped my clothes off, in which case there may still be some shreds of cloth here and there."

"Yes?" Christine couldn't hide her growing eagerness to hear more.

Katherine thought, Well, I'll be! Sproing! Christine's nipples just announced themselves in a big way. She's getting totally hot! Hee-hee! But she said soberly, pretending shame, "Here's where it gets embarrassing. Then, usually, he spans me. Hard. On my naked butt. And then he does other things to me. Sexual things. It's so embarrassing, I can't really go on, but... Well, he puts his hand between my legs and, well, I can't tell you any more than that!" She faked great embarrassment by turning her head and closing her eyes.

Christine put a hand on Katherine's shoulder. "Don't worry. You don't have to say more. I understand. I understand completely. All too well, in fact. And your secret is safe with me. I know what happens next because I have almost that exact same dream sometimes. Nearly every night, in fact. Except that I'm Wonder Woman captured by the bad guys instead of a Bond girl captured by the good guys. In a way, that's a lot worse, to have to submit to evil. But I can't control what I dream when I sleep." She dropped her head in shame.

The two of them sat there for some long moments, contemplating their revelations.

Finally, Finally, Katherine reached her hand up to her own shoulder and placed it on top of Christine's while saying, "You know, I was talking earlier about being your friend, but now I'd like that even more than before. It seems like we have a strange, secret bond between us. We both have the same kind of embarrassing dreams."

Christine looked at her gravely. "I need help! Professional help. What should I do?!"

She replied, "Well, that's one thing I wanted to talk to you about. I know it must be disconcerting for you, especially if you haven't had dreams like that before, but really, it's not that uncommon. It's perfectly normal. You don't need help. You see, some people are dominant and others are submissive--"

Christine barked with irritation, "I know that much. But up until a month or so ago, I was the other way. I'm a natural leader. Even my dreams and fantasies were completely different."

Katherine again replied, "But did you realize that most people are some mix of dominant and submissive? It's kind of like how most people are a mix of gay and straight. It's a different mix for everyone, but sometimes certain people bring out certain urges that otherwise might not come out. Maybe in your case you're a natural dominant except when it comes to Alan. There's really nothing wrong with that."

But Christine persisted, "There is. I feel so dirty, so wrong, just thinking about it, much less talking about it." She looked at Katherine with sudden surprise. "Wait a minute! I can't believe I'm actually talking about this with another person! This is so..."

Katherine finished the sentence in a different way than what Christine intended. "Normal. This is completely normal. Christine, don't you hear other girls talking in the locker room and whatnot, every single day? What are they talking about most of the time? Sex! Well, maybe technically not most of the time, but certainly a lot of the time. And while most of the talk at school is gossip about relationships and stuff like that, you should hear the really private talk in groups of two or three. Things get REALLY explicit, a lot more than what we've talked about today. That's just normal."



Christine commented, "Of course, I talk with my friends like that sometimes, but we're a pretty innocent bunch. I didn't know things get that explicit." She thought to herself, Maybe they're scared of really opening up with me. Why is it I intimidate everybody?

"They do," Katherine said. "Why, I can't even tell you how many other girls have privately shared with me their wild erotic fantasies of bondage and spankings and all kinds of kinky stuff. Sometimes they're not even fantasies, but are based on real-life experiences."

"Really?!"

"Really. You know, you should expand your circle of friends some if you want to attract Alan. I know you soak up information like a sponge, but your current group seems to be like lesser versions of you. How much more can you learn from them about things that can help you with Alan? Um, no offense, but that's how I see it."

"None taken," Christine replied. She's right. I like her brutally frank analysis. No one ever talks to me like that. Is it true that my friends are just a bunch of toadies, like Heather's toadies? That's a depressing thought. Or maybe they're just a bunch of innocents like me. But who else could I become friends with, besides Katherine here? ... Well, I suppose there's Simone. She was so nice to me the other day. But I don't know if I can get around her being best friends with Heather.

While Christine was thinking, Katherine thought, Okay, here I am, about to make the big leap. If I say what I want to say, then I'm going to commit big time to really being Christine's friend and trying to bring her into the harem instead of just pretending to be nice while fighting to keep her out of it. Is that really what I want to do? Is that safe? Is it what Brother would want me to do?

Well, let's think. What have I got to lose? I can test just how kinky she can get and what she's willing to really do. IF I can get her to admit to, or even better do, some really wild stuff, then we've got an insurance policy about her finding out about the incest. People who live in glass houses can't throw stones. Then, and only then, Alan can go ahead and fuck her without being so stressed out about it. Heck, if I'm lucky maybe it'll turn out she's at least somewhat bisexual and then we all can REALLY have fun! I'll bet that mouth of hers could really drive a girl wild, and oh man I wonder how good her tight, prim pussy would taste.

If it turns out she's not that kinky I can try a different approach, but I don't think I have to worry about that, given what she's admitted already. It's such a flawless plan that I don't even need to ask Alan first. He's going to love it! Even Aunt Suzy is going to be impressed with my cleverness, hee-hee.

Realizing she'd been quiet for some long moments, Katherine said, "Sorry, I was just thinking about some of my fantasies. I had the strangest dream last night."

Christine again said, "Really?! So did I!"

Katherine actually was making all of this up, but she nodded knowingly, as if she also had to endure bizarre sexual dreams every night. "Wonder Woman again? Did one of the evil guys with a face like Alan's tie you up and have his way with your curvy body?"

Christine again appeared incredulous. "A-MAZ-ing! How do you do that? It's like you're psychic!"

Katherine lied, "It may seem like I know your mind because we think alike. I don't just have Bond girl dreams; I have all kinds. I've had the Wonder Woman dream lots of times too. I can't even BEGIN to tell you about the dream I had last night. Whoa!" She mock-fanned herself.

She thought, Damn, this is so easy. Christine's a near genius, but when it comes to sexual stuff, it's like taking candy from a baby. It's all so new to her that she's completely gullible and malleable. And she's so aroused that I'm getting her to talk about all kinds of outrageous stuff. I'll bet the odds are good I can turn her into a die-hard cum-loving Alan-slut. Before too long, I'll have her literally worshipping his cock. Heck, with Amy's help, it'll be a piece of cake!

Chapter 1093 Become a sexy, flirty, teen dream for Alan

Katherine finally decided to take the plunge and say what she'd been meaning to say. "Getting back to what I was saying before, yeah, some of my friends not only have submissive fantasies, but they actually get to act those fantasies out. Especially the ones who are lucky enough to have sex with Alan. He does all kinds of stuff; he instinctively knows exactly what each girl wants. Or I should say, what she needs. If a girl needs to be spanked, he can see that right away, like it's written on her face. If you were to become one of his sexual helpers, I'll bet he'd have you naked and bound in no time."

Christine's eyes looked like they would pop right out of her face. Her nipples were already quite hard, but they seemed to visibly grow even longer after Katherine said that. Her pussy was lubricating freely

and she didn't try to fight it. But she still held back from completely admitting what she wanted, even to herself.

She said, "Wow. Well, that's interesting, Katherine, but there's a big difference between fantasies and reality. If I was ever with him, you know, in that way, and that's a big if! A huge IF! But if I was, I'd be perfectly happy with the vanilla stuff. These are just dreams I'm having. More like nightmares, really. I'll be damned if I'd let anyone treat me like that in real life. If they tried it they'd be in a world of hurt. I'm not some kind of pervert! Oops, no offense!" In an embarrassed whisper she asked, "Have you ever done that, uh, kind of thing, for real?"

"Me? I wish, but no. I think the only guy in this school who would really act out fantasies like that is Alan, and of course he's my brother. When I hear some of the things he does with other girls though, I'm amazed. But they all love it." She was trying to build up Alan's sex appeal at every opportunity.

Christine was downcast all of a sudden again. "Whatever it is he'd do to me, I'm sure it would be great. But I've already given it my best shot to get him interested. I've laid it all on the line, and he wasn't interested. Not even slightly."

With an uncertain face, she looked imploringly at Katherine and asked, "Is there something wrong with me? Do you think, well, do you think that someone like me could... um... Is it my personality?" She looked down at the floor in embarrassment. Again, her lack of sexual self-confidence was apparent.

Katherine could see her intended meaning. "You're asking do I think he'd find you attractive enough? The answer is: certainly! He asked you out for real less than two months ago; I'm sure I don't need to remind you of that. You were the FIRST girl he asked out, ever! He's been moony for you for ages. Of course Alan has extremely, extremely, EXTREMELY high standards these days. Word has gotten around lately that he's a sensitive guy who nonetheless screws like Superman in heat, so a lot of girls have been throwing themselves at him and he's turned nearly all of them down."

"I was such a fool!" Christine blurted out. She recalled bitterly how she'd rejected Alan's date invitation a couple of months earlier, in part because of selfish concerns about his low social status. Now he had become quite possibly the top catch in the school, as well as the only guy she really liked, and she'd thrown that all away.

Katherine ignored Christine's outburst and continued, "For him to be interested in a girl, she's got to have an incredibly fit body and jaw-droppingly stunning face. But that's not enough. The main thing for him is breast size. E-cups at the very least. People call me attractive, but even I could never come close

to meeting his bare minimum requirements, since these barely qualify as D-cups." She looked down at her chest sadly.

Katherine hoped this fib would go a long way towards deterring Christine from having any suspicions of incest. She added, "You, on the other hand, you have everything he desires in a woman's body. Since you're one of the few to qualify, that means you don't have much competition. The only problem, from what I understand, is he needs to get over some emotional issues, for instance a fear that he could find himself so attracted to you that it could hurt his relationship with Amy. But I can help with that and smooth everything over, if you want me to."

"Oh yes!" Christine replied eagerly. Then realizing she'd been far too eager, she added with pretended detachment, "That is, if it's not too much trouble."

"No trouble at all! I can bend his ear and Amy's too. In the meantime, you need to go all out to make yourself completely irresistible to him. Maybe if you just dress a little more to show off..."

"You think?" Christine hefted up her boobs as if inspecting them for the first time. She looked down at them with a puzzled expression, as if wondering what the big deal was with those two bothersome blobs of flesh.

In her opinion, having a big rack was nothing but trouble. She got attention from guys, yes, but the wrong kind of attention from the wrong kind of guys, the ones who only saw her as a piece of meat. Other girls were both intimidated by and jealous of her outrageous endowment. Her heavy breasts caused her back pain and got in the way of her sports and martial arts training. She went to great lengths to cover them up and de-emphasize them, but they were so big that she was never completely successful in doing that. Guys very literally couldn't seem to look past them. She'd even caught her own father stealing a glance or two at her cleavage, which disgusted her to no end. Given a choice, she would have preferred to be svelte and trim rather than so curvaceous and buxom.

"I guess they are sorta big," she muttered. "But apparently they aren't enough for his tastes. Alan hardly looks at me..."

However, Katherine was mentally on a completely different planet. Seeing Christine heft her F-cups like that, she was immediately transported into a fantasy where Christine was wearing the "Alan uniform" - naked except for high heels. In her fantasy Christine was a full member of Alan's harem and was raising her boobs for his inspection.

In Katherine's daydream Christine said, "Master, please, don't you like them? Now all you do, it seems, is fuck Kat all day long, while my tits grow so lonely and unloved. Please, Master, fuck them hard! Shove your long pole right through my cleavage and into my mouth! I've been dreaming about your sweet taste all night; it's all I can think of!"

In Katherine's fantasy Christine continued to plead, "Or if you've cum too many times today, how about you, Mistress Kat? Can I offer them, and the rest of my horny body, for your pleasure? I know these things don't measure up to your remarkable G-cups ever since you started lactating for the baby, but still, they're here for you to squeeze and suck on! ... Can't I at least lick Alan's stiffness together with you and Amy? You know how Amy's mother always says that three tongues at once are best. Alan, don't neglect your Number Five Fuck Toy!"

Katherine was so turned on by this fantasy of having access to Christine's body as part of Alan's harem (though in the dream it was more like Alan and Katherine's harem), that she practically had to prevent herself from drooling openly. It confirmed for her that her decision on how to deal with Christine, based on what she'd learned thanks to her lucky Wonder Woman guess, was the right choice.

But outwardly she showed little sign of her debauched daydreams. She replied fairly quickly and decisively, "I know I'm right about this. Let's get together and talk fashion soon. That'll be fun. But as I was saying, Alan has quite a few amazing and completely devoted lovers. He's had a few one night stands, but most of the time, if the woman passes his standards, like you definitely do, he likes to please them on a regular basis."

Christine was wowed. "God, you make it practically sound like he has a harem or something."

Katherine was going to say more in her enthusiasm for her brother's sexual skills, but that comment made her realize that she'd probably said way too much already. She hadn't meant to all but say her brother had a harem. Furthermore, she realized she had to be careful not to give away her own incestuous feelings. She hoped that her "possessive" cover story could help cover any small mistakes she might make in the future in that regard. She stammered, "Yeah, well... People do joke, but you know..."

But Christine was so worked up that she hardly paid attention to that. She just asked with curiosity, "Really? I mean, do you think... Well, this sounds kind of outrageous, but is it possible that I might really be one of Alan's helpers? Wouldn't Amy mind, particularly if he had sex with me a lot?"

But as soon as those words came out of her lips, she backed off from them. "Oh my God. What am I saying? How absurd! The very idea, it's so demeaning. The whole school would be scandalized and think that I'm some kind of... And my parents. God, my parents would FREAK! Sometimes I think that's what I want but I really shouldn't. Please forget I asked that!"

However, Katherine decided to ignore Christine's reservations. She figured that if she'd made it this far without getting punched or slapped, she might as well try to open Christine up more to the idea of sharing Alan, with the ultimate goal of having her accept a place in his harem.

To be truthful, Alan hadn't asked her to do that. In fact, he'd adamantly denied wanting Christine at all the night before. But Katherine assumed he'd think differently if he knew of the clever scheme that had all but fallen into her lap, thanks to Christine's unexpected revelations.

She decided not to tell Alan about any of it just yet, though. She figured he'd enjoy and appreciate it more if she could present a submissive Christine begging to be royally fucked as a done deal. She considered giving him surprises like that to be part of her role as an "uppity" sex slave and fuck toy. She should know her master's heart better than he did, and know when his "no" really meant "yes" and vice versa.

So she said, "Don't worry. As one of his helpers, he'll have sex with you so much that it'll be like he's your boyfriend and then some. He's incredibly virile, you know. At least, that's what they all say. I'm sure it won't be a one time deal either, not with the way he feels about you. As his sister, I saw him pining away for you for so long that it was practically embarrassing. When you rejected him so thoroughly, he was so crushed about it that he turned to Amy and she welcomed him with open arms. It's true that I helped them get together, but it probably would have happened anyways. But you were the one he wanted first. You, and at that time only you."

Christine was torn, but really she was playing devil's advocate to her own feelings. She wanted Katherine to sell her on the idea of being a "helper" to help put her own doubts to rest. She said, "I don't know..."

Katherine could sense what Christine wanted and said with great enthusiasm, "The thing is, he's so sexually insatiable, yet at the same time he has such a big heart! Haven't you heard of people playing the field before they announce they're ready to go steady? Well, Alan's kind of like that except he's sort of playing the field and going steady with Amy at the same time. He has so much love to give, in more ways than one, that Amy knows that he's too much for her to handle alone. As his sister, living just down the hall from him, I'm totally amazed at the women I've seen come and go from his room these past two months. Yet each one has left completely satisfied in every way. Their bodies AND their hearts,

completely satiated. He's just such a nice, sensitive guy! You couldn't pick a better man on Earth to be your first lover. I know he'll make it a memory to last a lifetime."

"Hmmm." Christine was still torn between being morally outraged and being sexually intrigued. When it came to sexual matters her complete inexperience repeatedly caused her to get cold feet. She made the vague statement, "You have to admit, it's a damnably odd situation. And I find it even stranger talking it over with you, his sister. But let's just say, totally hypothetically, that I did become one of his so-called helpers. What if Amy and I wanted to be with him at the same time?"

Katherine looked at the signs of Christine's high arousal and decided to take a risk. The true answer was that Amy would come before Christine in that kind of situation. But rather than admit that, she leaned forward and whispered conspiratorially, "Let's just say Alan can handle anything. Two at once is not a problem. It's one of the reasons that Amy doesn't mind sharing."

Christine's mouth dropped open and stayed that way. She was beyond scandalized, again. She thought, Is she saying what I think she's saying?! Do all of his helpers share him? How does one boy even have sex with more than one girl at a time? True, I could see more than one hand or tongue on him at a time... My God! That's just so... sinful! Naughty! Would I have to do that?

Would he force me to? Would I even have to do things with Amy? With other helpers?! That's so wrong that it's probably a sin just thinking about it. I really need to know what I'm getting into here. But it's so embarrassing to bring that up. What if they all have sex together in some kind of depraved, giant orgy?! How am I supposed to ask about that?

I just want him to take my virginity, that's all. Really! I'm really not looking to become some kind of, well, I don't know what to call it. Depraved, sex-mad slut? This new Alan is so sexually overpowering that it scares me. What if I lose all control and let him turn me into some kind of sex pet, like what happens in too many of my dreams lately? If I have a lick of smarts left I need to steer clear of him altogether. That's what I should do. Definitely!

However, her body betrayed her thoughts as her arousal steadily increased. In particular, the idea of being forced to share Alan's erection turned her on more than she could admit even to herself. She vividly imagined herself and Amy sucking and licking his erection at the same time, their mouths nearly touching in the process. The idea of sharing also reinforced her growing belief that he was so virile that one woman alone wouldn't be enough to satisfy him.

Katherine again realized that her comments had come too close to exposing her incestuous feelings and her place in Alan's harem, so she was quick to keep the conversation moving. "But don't worry about that now. The important thing is that you need to convince him to make you a woman, fully and completely. That's going to take some work. You'll need to stay your same self for everyone else, but become a sexy, flirty, teen dream for him."

Christine volunteered, "There's some good news there. On the non-romantic dates I've been having with him, we've been practicing flirting and I'm getting the hang of it." Suddenly she was reminded of Katherine's spying on their latest date. She added in a chagrined and irritated voice, "But you know that already, don't you?" She was amazed at how much their conversation had evolved since Katherine's confession of spying.

Katherine quickly responded, "Sorry. But I promise I'll make it up to you, big time! One thing I want to do is give you a makeover. You should keep your sexually innocent aura going, yet at the same time come across to him as sexually knowing." bender

Christine was so excited that she was unusually quick to forgive. She said, "There's more good news on that, too. The other day a, uh, friend, helped me pick out some kind of 'sex for dummies' books. I've been reading them off and on at night, after doing my homework assignments, and learning a lot."

Katherine replied, "Good. That's a great start. But you can't learn everything from books." She suddenly had a vision of Christine practicing cocksucking on a banana and then doing the real thing between Alan's legs. It got her very sexually excited.

She realized that she was already thinking of Christine as one of the group instead of an external threat. As a result, she found her jealousy had suddenly greatly decreased, though not disappeared altogether. As she thought about that, she had to remind herself that it was far too early to let herself feel that way. She further had to remember that Christine was still dangerous and the plan to get her to change was still just that: only a plan.

She continued, "This could be fun! I can help you undergo a secret transformation. I say secret because at school I have a respectable reputation and look; you've seen how I dress." She waved a hand over her clothes. "Very respectable. But when I go out on a date with the right guy, I can be a wanton sex kitten. The key is finding guys like Alan who are completely discreet. If you're smart, you can maintain your reputation and status at school while fulfilling your every sexual fantasy in private."



She went on, "And you know what? I'll bet I can get Amy to help out since she's my best friend. After all, I'm hardly the right one to ask about all the details of what he does in bed and how he does it. As his sister, my position is a bit awkward on this, all around. It's much better for you to talk about certain things with Amy. She can give you the inside scoop and tell you exactly what he's like in bed. Lately she's clammed up about Alan and his incredible sexual prowess, because that's led to trouble with the football players, among others. But if I ask her, I'm sure she'll make an exception and talk to you."

The words "incredible sexual prowess" rolled around Christine's brain. If Alan was simply too much for one woman to handle alone, that could give her an excuse to avoid being morally offended by the situation, allowing her to have sex with him even as he dated Amy. Yet at the same time she found the whole idea of him being that sexually demanding extremely arousing (probably because they played into her nighttime fantasies).

She was about to ask who Alan's other girlfriends were, but hearing the words "football players" reminded her to scan the halls again. This time, she saw two people just as they got to the top of the stairs and came into view.

Chapter 1094 Katherine's wild Imagination!!!

Christine wanted to continue the conversation with Katherine some more - in fact a lot more - and already she couldn't wait to talk to Amy (though she had doubts Amy would be friendly to her, given the potential competition she still represented). But the two people coming their way demanded her attention right away. As soon as she could confirm who they were, she muttered disgustedly to Katherine, "Don't look now, but it's the official school bitch and her right-hand slut, coming our way."

Katherine couldn't help but turn and look. Heather and Simone were indeed coming their way, but not very rapidly. In fact, Heather was walking so awkwardly on her ridiculously high heels that it looked as if she had a limp in each leg. That forced Simone to go slowly to keep pace.

Since it was a long hallway, Christine and Katherine still had some time to bring closure to their discussion.

Christine said, "I've actually enjoyed talking to you, Katherine. However, invading my privacy isn't something I can easily forgive and forget. I don't know yet if we can be friends. I'd like to, though. I'll

have to think some more about the fact that you spied on me, and whether I can accept that you're really sincerely regretful and want to make up for it."

"Oh, but I am. I am! And please, call me Kat."

"Kat? I've never heard anyone calling you that. Isn't that a bit... childish?"

"It's kind of a personal thing. And yes it is, but then again so are many nicknames. I like to think of it as a term of endearment just for my close friends to call me. If I'm going to help you with this, we're going to end up very close friends."

Katherine was hoping that Christine would offer a nickname she could call her in return, but Christine merely replied, "Okay, Kat it is then. You should probably go and find Amy and warn her about this new threat by the football players. Even though it's directed at Alan, don't forget that you and Amy need to watch out too. Lunch is half over already. I know enough to know that you're no big fan of Heather, so you won't be missing out on anything here. I'll take care of them."

"Okay. Good. And again, I'm so, so sorry. You have our house phone number. Let's talk again real soon, okay? It was fun!" Katherine smiled at Christine who was smiling back at her, then looked down the hallway at Heather and Simone.

Heather seemed to be moving as fast as she could, but she wore such outrageously high heels that she looked to be in constant danger of falling. However, she'd worn high heels before and hadn't staggered around like a drunkard the way she was now. It would have been even worse if Simone hadn't been there to lend a helping hand. They still had a ways to go.

Katherine got up and pointedly headed off down the hall in the opposite direction from Heather and Simone.

— — —

As soon as Katherine got home that afternoon, she took her diary from its hiding place and wrote up a storm about what had happened.

Dear Diary,

That went a LOT better than I'd hoped. Oh, I need to clue you in - I had a good talk with Christine, of the Wonder Boobs fame. I went in fully expecting her to yell at me, but she didn't even do that. Instead, I made that lucky Wonder Woman guess and everything seemed to fall into place. Actually, it wasn't that lucky of a guess because I CAN kind of understand how she thinks. She's got Alan cock on the brain, just like I do. Incredibly, he's already starting to tame her before he's even touched her. That's so impressive! It makes me even hotter for him, which is saying a lot. Hee-hee.

Plus, it's like I suspected. She desperately needs a friend, and we are well matched in a lot of ways. The key is that I don't put her on a pedestal like everyone else does, because I still nurse some jealousy over Brother pining away for her back then and asking her out, and I probably always will. She THINKS she loves him, but really it's only lust. I'm the one who really loves him the most, and don't forget it, Ice Queen!

She felt her jealousy rising to the surface again, but she managed to push those feelings away.

Sorry, Diary, I tend to get carried away when thinking about the Blonde Beauty. There's no denying she's smart, but she's still just normal flesh and blood to me, not some kind of school superstar. Not only that, but what's her beauty to me? 38F breasts and Hollywood bombshell looks? I get that at home every day. Big deal. Most importantly, I can actually use my lingering jealousy to keep us on an even level. How ironic is that?

The only thing is, I did wing it quite a lot. I'm still wondering if I said and did the right things. Did I push too hard too fast? I was planning on just pretending to be friends, but I could see actually getting to like her. Turning her into an Alan slut sounds like a fun project. When it comes to sex, I'm the master and she's the learner, so that helps balance her superiority in, well, just about everything else.

I sure hope Brother wants her in the harem though, or else I'm probably going to be in big trouble. But I can't see how he'd mind, assuming he were to know everything about her that I know now. I mean, having Christine, Amy, and me all sharing his cock in a triple lick - who wouldn't love that.

Or him fucking her cunt while he sucks on Mom's milky boobs and Brenda rubs her monster tits all over his back - how could he possibly object to having a fantasy like that come true?

God, the combined tit-wattage in that scene gets me so jealous AND hot! It's like, there go the gods and goddesses of Olympus and here I am, a mere mortal, granted the honor to watch.

The more I think about it, the more I realize that this is really the only way. Trying to get between her tits and Brother's dick is like trying to stop two powerful magnets from coming together. Alan Junior is going to be sliding between those pale puppies; it's just a matter of time. With no end to their "non-romantic" dates in sight, he's gonna cave sooner or later. Probably sooner, I'll bet. I'm actually getting pretty excited, thinking about Brother giving her a serious nailing and bending even the great Christine to his will!

She's still a danger, but I'm betting I can neutralize her. She can't be underestimated, that's for sure. On the other hand, she doesn't have to actually approve of the incest; she just needs to keep quiet about it. There's a lot of ways things can go, but given that she's already pretty much accepted the "helper" idea and has what sounds like some pretty cool bondage fantasies, I think she's already more than halfway to accepting the harem idea. The intensity of her lust will be her undoing, hee-hee.

Just imagine: Christine and me licking Brother's cock at the same time! That's just how good a pair of friends we're going to be. Christine, you're going to be a cock-sharing harem slut! But don't worry; I'll help bring you along, every sticky, tasty, mind-blowing step of the way! If everything works out like I hope it will, someday, you, Amy, and I will be shaving each others' pussies and "checking for bumps" on a daily basis.

If only you could see your future, sitting naked in our house with five or six other naked women, all begging for Alan's cock the way baby chicks beg the momma bird for the worm she brings back to the nest. Hee! Hopefully with iron collars around our necks, and iron chains linking us all together. That would be seriously HOT! You'd be outraged now, I'm sure. But once I'm done with you, you'll be wetting your panties just thinking about it, hee-hee.

Not only that, but this can completely make up for breaking my promise to him. If I'm the one who gets the mighty Christine to crack then he'll certainly remember and reward me for it. I can hardly wait to see his face when she crawls to him naked on her knees, with those two humongous tits of hers just barely reaching the floor as they swing freely beneath her, begging for her master's cock! It'll prove that there isn't a single woman out there who can resist him, and that makes me hotter still! Fuck! Diary, I've gotta go. I need to take care of some very personal needs, if you know what I mean! NOW!

Chapter 1095 Small !

By the time Heather and Simone approached the classroom door, Christine was on her feet.

As they drew near, Christine eyed them, and particularly their chests, with great alarm. Katherine's words that Alan was only interested in girls who had chests with E-cups or larger was very much on her mind. She felt secure that she'd safely passed the bar with her own 38Fs - perhaps this was the first time she didn't regret having such endowments - but she could also tell that both Simone and Heather reached Alan's minimum standards, which very few other girls in the school did. If one added in the other basic requirements Katherine mentioned of having a fit body and pretty face, Simone and Heather were in an elite school group that could be counted on two hands at the most (and that number would have been cut in half had it not been for all the girls from rich families who had boob jobs).

The judgmental "Ice Queen" thought, I know for a fact that Alan is having sex with these two wanton hussies. He told me himself that he's having sex with Heather, and I overheard Simone say she was having sex with him too. But how can that be? He has better taste than that. Tell me it isn't so! She was terribly distressed both that he would have sex with girls with reputations like theirs, and equally distressed that they were so beautiful. Competing with such a combination of beauty and willing sexuality was daunting.

Christine had given up all pretense of just happening to be there, and from her body language it was clear that she was guarding the door to Glory's classroom.

Simone knew that Heather and Christine had hated each other pretty much ever since they'd first met, and certainly long before Alan was a factor. They were opposites in many ways and too similar in others (for instance, their quick tempers). However, Simone had more of a reputation of getting along with everyone, and besides, she and Christine had made a connection of sorts at the sex shop recently. So she tried to at least mediate between the two fiery blondes.

"Hello, Christine. Nice to finally talk to you face to face."

"The same, Simone," Christine replied, but the brittle frostiness in her eyes and in her voice told a different story. Her arms were crossed beneath her heavy breasts in a defiant gesture, which uncharacteristically emphasized the intimidating dimensions of her expansive bosom. At a time like this with Heather and Simone standing side by side, Christine was thinking much more about how Simone was Heather's best friend than she was about how Simone had helped her at the sex shop.

Simone continued, in a pleasant and casual voice, "We're looking for Alan. Do you know if he's in there?"

"What's it to you?" Christine coolly asked in a precise and measured tone. She felt very protective of Alan, wanting to keep him from these women. Even as she stood there she was mentally cursing them as "hussies" and "tramps," the kind of bad influence that she was sure he would want no part of. She continued to stare at their chests more than their faces, and with increasing alarm.

Heather understood Simone's attempts to mediate, but she didn't have much patience for it. She barked at Christine, "Get out of my way, you prissy Miss Manners. Since when did you become Alan's guard dog? WE have some very important business to attend to here!" Her arm shot forward.

At first Christine was tempted to use her martial arts training to grab Heather's arm in a way that would control her. She knew she could dominate Heather physically and longed to do it. But she had not sensed a direct attack impulse from Heather, despite Heather's obvious ill will toward her. She realized that Heather's arm would miss her, and the "important business" comment made her pause.

That let Heather get in several loud knocks on the door before pulling back. She smiled triumphantly over her small victory. Then she turned to Simone to deliver a snide comment about Alan and Glory being together behind a locked door, only to think better of it with Christine standing there.

There was an awkward pause as the three of them waited for someone to answer the door, with Christine still standing directly in front of it.

Christine looked Heather over from head to toe disapprovingly and then, with disgust dripping from every word, said, "What's with you today? You're dressed more like a whore than usual. I thought you were sent home earlier for outrageously violating the dress code yet again. I can't even imagine what you looked like before then! What, did you have to leave school for a quick trick with one of your many Johns?"

Heather gave Christine such a confident, powerful, evil stare that almost anyone else would have blanched and looked away. But Christine held her ground and continued to contemptuously stare right back at her enemy.

Heather, though, was hardly fazed. She shot back, "At least I know what to do with a hot, tight body, and I know what sex is. You don't have the foggiest clue, do you? I almost feel sorry for a lonely little unfucked virgin like you." She melodramatically wiped away an imaginary crocodile tear.

"Hey!" Simone quickly butted in, realizing that jibe cut too deep. Heather was used to being called a slut and even a whore, but no one called Christine a virgin to her face. In fact, anyone who uttered any insult to Christine's face generally lived to regret it. Simone barked, "Everybody, cool it!"

Just then the door opened. It was Glory.

Christine, with lightning reflexes, managed to get out of the way as the door opened directly into the space where she'd been standing. She ended up standing so much to the side that Glory seemed not to notice that she was even there.

If Glory missed her, that was in no small part due to Glory's surprise at seeing Heather. The only words Glory and Heather had ever had for each other outside a classroom setting were subtle jibes and razor-edged insults, so Glory couldn't fathom why Heather would go out of her way to come see her during lunchtime. Then her eyes took in Simone standing at Heather's side. She was a bit mollified that she wouldn't have to face Heather alone, but the presence of both of them also increased her curiosity.

As a teacher, she felt obliged to be at least marginally civil, especially with Simone there. "Heather. Simone. What brings you by? Here, come on in."

She opened the door wider and Heather and Simone waltzed in.

Christine remained out in the hall. With Heather and Simone arriving as they had, she hadn't had any time to digest her conversation with Katherine, but now that she was alone she started to ruminate about it. Since their arrival had completely killed her ardor and reminded her of her self-doubts, she started thinking about things in a completely different way.

I must be out of my mind! Here I am, talking with Alan's sister about how to tempt him so I can become yet another one of his 'helpers'?! No way would I ever share him with the likes of Heather. Heck, I wouldn't even want to share a drinking fountain with Heather. A hussy like her must be a walking cesspool of sexually transmitted diseases. Do I really want to become like her? No! Simone is nice in person, but the gossip says she sleeps around just as much as Heather and that they even sleep together. Ugh! No thanks! I want to lose my virginity, but not that badly!

However, she knew on another level that, as much as she protested, that night she was yet again almost guaranteed to have sexual dreams involving Alan.

Chapter 1096 Glory knows some truth!

Alan was sitting in a chair that was pulled up to Glory's big desk. There were a number of papers in front of him. He had a pen in hand and looked to be busy at work marking the papers. He looked up in surprise to see Heather and Simone come in.

Heather and Simone walked right up to him, giving only slight nods to acknowledge him there.

Heather though, was snickering at the same time. She said, "I should speak with the person in charge here." She looked at Glory, and then looked at Alan. Then she said to Alan, "Hard at work, I see? I'll bet you're very busy."

Glory closed the door and walked up to the others. She and Alan had been talking, not fooling around. So even though Alan's correcting of papers was a hastily arranged cover story, Glory said with some sincere indignation, "Heather, I don't appreciate your insinuating tone. You know that Alan works as teacher's aide, helping me with some mundane tasks."

Heather turned her evil glare on Glory and sneered, "I've heard it called a lot of things, but never a 'mundane task.' Alan, tell me, it sounds like you're not rocking her--"

Simone cut in before Heather could say something inexcusable about Alan and Glory having sex. She said, "Hold on, Heather. Ms. Rhymer, please, don't mind her. I'm the one who brought Heather here and I apologize for her attitude. She and I need to talk to Alan alone. It's urgent. Believe me, I wouldn't interrupt without a very good reason."

"That may be," Glory said, obviously irritated, "but this is my classroom and if you have something to say here, you'd better say it in front of me." She drew herself up and gathered around her all the authority of a school teacher that she could muster. She folded her arms under her chest, both to intimidate Heather and to arouse Alan.

Simone gave some consideration on the problem of where to talk. She was very mindful of the fact that Christine was waiting outside. She thought, Damn! Out of the frying pan, into the fire. Here, or out



there? Hmm. If we go outside, Christine and Heather might come to blows, plus Christine has that whole secret rumor network of hers. Ms. Rhymer is known for soaking up all the gossip but at least she keeps what she learns to herself.

Alan spoke up, turning to his teacher. "Ms. Rhymer, this is pretty private stuff, I'm sure. It might even be related to some of the problems I'm having that we were talking about earlier. I think it's pretty important that I hear what they have to say."

Glory acted very firm and authoritative. "Well then, if it's so important, spit it out, girls. If it does relate to Alan's problems, and I'm sure it does, then that's even more reason why I should hear it. In fact, I was just giving advice to him on that very topic as we were grading papers, so I want to know. Or, if you prefer your privacy" - she gestured with imperious finality - "there's the door."

In actual fact, Glory had seen Christine in the hallway briefly and was using that knowledge to her advantage as she bluffed her way through this situation. The last thing she wanted was for everyone to go into the hallway and leave her behind. In fact, if they did that she would be more than a little bit tempted to follow and snoop. She loved to gather up school gossip just as much as ever, and if the gossip involved Alan AND Heather, her interest level was off the charts.

Simone looked around like a trapped animal. She finally said, "Okay. Um. Alan. Let's see. How do I put this? ... Oh, Jesus." She kept looking at Ms. Rhymer, who was trying not to look too smug. Simone threw her arms up in frustration. "This is so embarrassing! ... What do I say?!"

Glory gave Simone some assistance. "Look. While Heather is completely wrong with her irresponsible insinuations that Alan and I have some kind of physical relationship" - she shot Heather a nasty look, which Heather gave back in kind - "it is true that he and I are friends."

Heather snorted loudly with disbelief and derision.

But Glory ignored that and continued speaking directly to Simone. "In fact, I pride myself on being something of a mentor to him. He comes to me with his problems. Personal problems, even. I know all about his rather unusual ... let us say entanglements ... with more than one girl. I even know all about his sexual history with someone standing right here." Taking an educated guess, based on Simone's subtle beauty, not to mention her continued embarrassment, she added, "Or should I say some people? Very little gets past me. So don't be shy. If this is to help him with his problems with the football players, I promise I will not punish anyone and I will not let a word of what is said leave this room. I assume it's a given that everyone will agree to the same about secrecy?"

She looked pointedly to Heather.

The blonde bitch grudgingly nodded, but said snarkily, "I've been keeping the secret of your little love affair with Alan, so I can keep this secret too."

Glory stepped forward, filled with the desire to actually punch Heather in the face. The fact that Heather's allegations were true somehow made Glory even angrier, because she was mad at herself and she projected that anger onto Heather. She forced herself to stop, but she was so pissed off that she couldn't think up any clever comeback.

Then Heather impatiently said to Simone, "Spit it out already, girl."

To Alan, she added with her own frustration, "She hasn't even told me what this is all about, just that this is so, so, SOOO very important and I have to come with." She rolled her eyes, as if she was sure Simone had been exaggerating about the urgency and importance of whatever this was.

Simone tried to build up some courage to talk with a teacher listening, and finally blurted, "Okay. If that's how it's going to be, I'm just going to spit it out. Since we're all in the know, we all know how Alan ordered Heather to take that extremely large Bitch Trainer up her ass before school, right?" She'd been looking away from everyone as she said this, but after she was done she looked at Glory to gauge her reaction.

Glory looked like she'd just swallowed a fence post. Her eyes bulged out and she nearly gagged. But she recovered quickly. She desperately wanted to know more. So, even though her eyes were still too wide and alert to look normal, she gave Simone a knowing nod and non-verbally encouraged her to continue.

Simone looked back at Alan, who seemed surprisingly poker-faced and uninvolved. She said, "God, this is too weird! But if you all want to hear it, I'm going to tell it!" She gave a big breath and continued, "Okay. It's like this. Heather was gone from school for two hours earlier, supposedly to change out of one outrageous outfit and into, well, into another." She almost had to laugh at how similar Heather's current outfit was to the one that had gotten her kicked out of school mere hours before. "And you know how she acts all spaced out and kind of drunk whenever she's got a big dildo up her, uh, posterior?"

Alan nodded.

Glory's mind raced as she mentally reviewed Heather's in-class behavior over the past couple of days. Everything Simone was saying was new to her, but it struck her that Heather's peculiar change in demeanor during class since Monday now made sense. That also meant that what Simone was saying now was the honest truth. She struggled not to show too much surprise on her face, but her heart was pounding with excitement - this was prime gossip.

Heather though, was starting to get suspicious about Simone. As difficult as it was for her to walk in her five-inch heels, she began pacing away from Simone, then turned back at her friend accusingly. "Just a minute. Where are you going with this? Alan, tell her to stop. Let's take this conversation outside already!"

Alan turned to Heather and said firmly, in carefully even tones, "Be quiet! Let her finish."

Alan did a double-take as he remembered something from earlier. He gave Heather another look and said accusingly, "By the way, Heather, are you forgetting what I told you this morning on how you're supposed to address me?"

Heather paled and all defiance seemed to flee her. "You can't be serious, Sir?" She nearly whispered the "Sir." She looked at Glory, mortified.

"That's part of it," he corrected her. "And I didn't hear that last word. What happened to you wanting to use the sarcasm approach?"

Heather thought, Fuck this shit! I'm not going to embarrass myself in front of this teacher. Why should I? I'm the queen of the school! NO FUCKING WAY! But she was extremely aroused. Even as she was thinking these thoughts, she brought her legs together and made her body stiff. Then she turned around and bent over at a right angle. While the skirt she wore now was longer than the one that she'd been sent home for wearing earlier in the day, the difference was only about three inches, at most. So, as she bent over, her skirt rose up high, exposing her entire ass to her most hated teacher.

Glory's eyes went wide again and she couldn't help but mutter, "Jesus!" At first she didn't even realize that Heather was wearing a thong and thought the girl was totally bare-assed commando (just as she was). But she took a few steps forward until she had a better view and discovered with some relief that Heather was in fact wearing at least something to cover her pussy, albeit barely. Heather's ass cheeks however were completely exposed and the outline of her pussy lips was clearly visible.

Despite Glory's anger and lack of lesbian leanings, as a tanned athlete herself she couldn't help but be impressed by, and even feel slightly envious of, such a muscular, deeply tanned, and well toned female ass. The lack of any tan lines whatsoever was particularly noticeable and shocking.

Heather was trying to pretend Glory wasn't there. She knew that her nipples were exposed and in fact most of her tits were dangling out of her tight top, but she tried to pretend that wasn't happening too. She said to Alan, in a louder voice, "Sir. It's a little late for sarcasm to save me in this situation, isn't it? Sir!" She sounded pissed off, but there also was a slightly submissive element in her voice.

Glory didn't miss that tone, and it left her completely bewildered. The use of the word "Sir" caused her eyes to bug out even more.

Simone could see Glory's extreme shock and asked, "Ms. Rhymer? I thought this was all old hat to you? Don't you know all about Alan and Heather and me, and her training program? You said you did."

Glory recovered somewhat. She continued with her bluff about knowing more than she actually did and replied, "It is. It is. But it's one thing to hear it in the abstract and quite another thing to see it for the first time with your own eyes. Can't you see that?"

Simone visibly relaxed and laughed. "Yeah, I can. In fact, I can totally relate! I remember the first time I saw Heather tamed by Alan. The stuck up girl was completely naked, wet, and desperately begging for a good fuck. I think my eyes popped out even more than yours did just now!" She laughed harder, but then realized she'd used the word "fuck" in front of a teacher. She blushed, and said, "Um, I meant begging for a good, uh..."

Now it was Glory's turn to laugh. The absurdity of attempting to be proper and polite while attempting to complete the phrase "begging for a good..." really struck her funny bone. She said with a smile, "I know what you mean. And while I don't approve of swearing, in this case I'll let it slide, since we are talking about Ms. Morgan here. Feel free to use the word 'bitch' as well." She laughed a bit more, glad to get that dig at Heather in. As a teacher, she wasn't allowed to call Heather a bitch to her face and she'd internalized rules like that, so that was probably as close as she'd ever get.

Simone laughed at the bitch comment, and saw that Alan was laughing, too.

Chapter 1097 Glory, how are you taking this?

Everyone seemed a lot more relaxed by now, except for Heather.

Heather was shaking with what looked like barely-controlled fury, but in fact she was shaking mostly from extreme arousal. She was still bending over, and felt completely humiliated. This is fucking bullshit! Ms. Rhymer and Simone are having a nice little chat while they stare at me and laugh. Some fucking best friend Simone is! I'm gonna rip her throat out! And what the fuck is up with Alan? Is he gonna let me stand up already, or what? Why doesn't he just fuckin' slide his fat cock into my asshole and make my humiliation complete?!

That idea was so arousing to her that she very nearly toppled over. She was forced to stand up, mostly because she was simply too aroused to remain bent over like that.

As she straightened up, she looked around like she wanted to tear someone a new asshole and didn't know who to attack first. But both her tits were still hanging out of her top and bouncing around. She looked down and her blush deepened as she realized what she was showing. The sting of her fury faded into shame as she tried to stuff her boobs back into her tight top.

Alan was loving her show, and making no serious effort to hide the big bulge in his crotch. He could scarcely believe that Heather actually bent over like that and stayed that way.

Simone was smirking, and continued to stare at Heather as she talked. "Well, like I was saying, Heather was in her spaced out mode when she got back to school. Except something seemed weird about it. It was almost like she was trying too hard. It just didn't feel right. And then there was this one moment as we were eating lunch only a few minutes ago when she said something to me and I could tell. I've known her practically all my life and ... I could just tell. I can't explain it, but I know she's faking. She had that scheming look, I mean, even more than she normally does. I think she's taken her bitch trainer out but she doesn't want us to know. Which means that, first of all, she's deliberately broken the rules of her training, but worse yet, she's up to something. And have you noticed her acting spacey just now? No. It's like she's not even trying since I caught her."

"Wait a minute!" Heather exploded. "You said this was something to do with the football players! You said he was in trouble! Liar!" Both her arms were covering her breasts now, as if that could make up for the fact they were exposed a few moments earlier.

Simone replied, now showing considerable resolve, "He is in trouble. But from you. Are you in cahoots with the football players? I hope not. As your friend, I pray not. But as Alan's friend and Assistant Bitch Trainer, I owe it to him to voice my suspicions. He's the one who's going to get hurt if you do something over the top, which you HAVE been known to do."

Now the dark-skinned babe looked to Alan. "And I hate doing it here and upsetting Ms. Rhymer and everything, but this is probably the only chance to catch Heather red-handed before she does whatever it is that she's planning to do."

Glory was completely amazed. Simone? "Assistant Bitch Trainer"? I have no idea what the hell all that "Bitch Trainer" talk means, but all of this clearly shows I was right in guessing Alan is fucking her, too. And it looks like she's also fallen under his sexual spell too, big time. Not that I can really blame her, but still. Dammit, why doesn't he have better taste?

And Heather! I just can't believe the way he has her acting! Is that going to be my fate? Am I going to lose all free will and become some kind of submissive sex toy for him? If he can do it to her, he can do it to anyone! Jesus! No wonder I have to avoid him like the plague, while I still have any sanity or willpower left! Sure, I'm pissed as all get out, and yet it's so arousing! So damn arousing! To get even Heather - Heather! - to act like that! If nothing else, I have to admit it's damn impressive! She was bending over with her ass completely exposed and her tits bouncing out of her top, AND steam pouring out of her ears. It was pretty hot, to be honest. DAMN that boy and his fucking amazing cock!

Glory was so overcome by her swirling emotions that she started to visibly pant. Oh shit! I must be leaking like a faucet, and without panties on, they're going to see!

The sexy teacher retreated to her desk so she could sit down and surreptitiously wipe her inner thighs dry. She wasn't that big of a leaker, but it was the only way to check and avoid a huge embarrassment. As she sat there, she thought, Look at me! I'm not wearing any panties, and why? I don't know! At least Heather is wearing a thong. Am I actually WORSE than her?! Does Alan already have me completely under his thumb too and I just don't realize it?

Heather had been looking to get away from Glory, who had been continually staring at her in open amazement and disbelief more or less since Heather had bent over and said "Sir." Her pussy was incredibly wet, and like Glory, she wanted to wipe her inner thighs dry. She also knew that her pungent wet pussy smell was filling up the room, and that could only cause more embarrassment.

But she had another, more important motive. Now that Glory had moved behind her desk and had a more limited field of vision, it gave Heather the opportunity she was looking for. While Simone had been talking to Alan about how Heather was "up to something," Heather had managed to take a small object out of a pocket and palm it in her hand.

Now, Heather bent back over at a ninety-degree angle and said to Alan, "Alan, Sir, Simone is completely full of it. Some friend! She's a backstabbing traitor, AGAIN, filled with nothing but false accusations! Do you remember how well you fucked me today before school? Sir? You left me literally unable to walk, and that was just from letting me suck your cock and then lick Simone's juices off of it! Do you think I'd really do ANYTHING to jeopardize being cut off from your magnificent rod? I'd have to be crazy! Sir!"

The other two turned to Alan for a reaction while Alan looked at Glory with a sheepish expression. He had no plans to expose Glory to this aspect of his life. She could get quite jealous to begin with and might even start thinking of him as some sort of S&M-crazy control freak. Clearly, Heather was so aroused that she wasn't censoring her language in the slightest, nor did she seem to care that her nipples and ass cheeks were exposed again.

But events seemed to have a momentum of their own, and Alan couldn't help but watch to see what would happen. He might have stepped in, but at least so far, Glory seemed to be taking things much better than he ever could have imagined. Besides, he was so aroused by seeing Heather bent over that he was in no hurry to have her stand back up.

Heather had anticipated that Simone and Alan would look away to check Glory's reaction. Taking advantage of the momentary shift of attention, she reached out from where she was bent over and stuck the item she'd been palming in her hand in a spot far down the underside of the nearest student desk. She planted it between two metal bars where she was almost positive no stray hand was likely to ever reach. Then she stood back up. She was satisfied by the looks on everyone's faces that no one had noticed her movements.

She mentally patted herself on the back, particularly proud that she'd managed to attach the item shortly after Simone had mentioned the importance of catching Heather "before she does whatever it is that she's planning to do."

She thought, Ah, the irony! Delicious! Simone, my backstabbing "friend," if you only knew that I gave you that look precisely so you'd bring me up here! You're such a predictable Alan lover wanna-be that it's pathetic. To him, you're just another cunt, but I'm his one and only bitchslut. She said this last word in her mind with pride, as if it was a high and mighty honorific. If he wants the best fuck he's ever going

to get, he spreads MY legs! All of this embarrassment in front of Ms. Rhymer will soon be paid back and in spades. Ms. Rhymer, it's payback time! Who's your daddy? Who's the so-called bitch now? Ha!

Meanwhile, Alan was saying to the others with concern, "Unfortunately, I can believe all too well that Heather is up to something. As to whether she's in league with the football players, I doubt that. I hope all the bitch training I've done so far has had at least SOME effect."

He'd been acting as if Heather wasn't there, but now he turned to her and addressed her. "But if you're so innocent, prove it. Bend over and let Simone find out just what you may or may not have up your ass right now."

Heather was so busy gloating that she almost missed what Alan said, but she managed to respond quickly enough to avoid suspicion. She covered her delay in reacting by pretending that she was shocked at his suggestion. She stammered, "What? Now? Here? In front of Ms. Rhymer of all people?! You've got to be kidding me! Why do I always have to fuc- have to bend over for you? Sir?" Despite her surly attitude, she remembered as she was almost finished talking the position she had to be in when addressing Alan, so she bent over and stuck her ass up high again. Having to do that aroused her greatly, just like before, but it also greatly annoyed her, and she let out an irritated groan as she did so.

Alan was amazed that Heather kept bending over like that, but he tried to act like it was no big deal. He turned back to his teacher. "That is a good point. Glory, how are you taking this? I apologize for shocking you like this, and I guess we're getting a little carried away, but you did basically say 'bring it on' and told us to say it all in front of you. You've heard a bit about my sex life; now you're seeing it face to face, warts and all."

Glory pretended distress, though her true feelings were more a stunned fascination, like watching a car wreck. Gossip hound that she was, she wasn't about to miss anything the others might do for the world. Standing back up, she walked around her desk and said, "I am disturbed. Very disturbed. I cannot even begin to fathom your taste in women, Alan. No offense, Simone, I don't mean you." She was happy to get in another not-so-subtle jab at Heather. "But we all know Heather too well. If you can prevent yet more trouble from her, then go ahead and do whatever you have to do. As I said, I won't say a word about what happens here. But please. Make it quick and clinical."

Heather, standing again, flipped her middle finger at Glory.



Glory's eyes narrowed as she pointed at Heather. "Don't push it, young lady! And I do use the word 'lady' extremely loosely in your case. I don't care what I said earlier; one more nasty word out of you and you WILL be in trouble." She snickered, "'Extremely loose.' How appropriate."

Heather shot back, "Hey! Just because you're a teacher that doesn't give you the right to make those kinds of insults!"

Normally she would have said more, much more, but the fact that she'd managed to set her trap like she wanted more than made up for the insults she was being forced to endure.

"All right," Glory agreed wearily, taking a seat next to Alan in the front row of desks as if she was a student. "Let's just get this over with and then you can get out of here. Simone, do whatever it is you have to do."

Chapter 1098 Glory to the dark side?

"Bitchslut!" Simone barked sharply, startling everyone else in the room. "Ass to the class! Move it!"

Heather was eager to leave "the scene of the crime," so she quickly assumed the position again. She'd already walked away from the desk where she'd attached the object so as to draw attention away from there. After taking another couple of steps away, she stopped and stuck her ass high up into the air.

Her nipples had been exposed from time to time since she'd started bending over, but now her tits popped completely out of her low cut top as she bent over yet again. However, this was not an unwelcome development for her. In fact, she had just finished subtly adjusting her top before bending over to help ensure that would happen. She was beyond horny, and reveled in her nakedness.

Earlier, Glory's presence deterred her, but now it actually spurred her on. Now Ms. Rhymer will get a chance to see what REAL tits look like! I can't believe Alan fucks that tiny-titted ugly pig. The fact that Heather had breast implants never crossed her mind. And she calls that a tan. Ha! That's the one thing she and I can agree on: Alan does have bad taste in women sometimes.

Simone walked behind Heather and pulled her "butt-floss" down past her knees. Then she took a few steps back and examined her subject. From where she was standing, it practically looked as if Heather was wearing nothing but high heels and a pair of microscopic panties around her ankles. Almost none of her top or pulled up skirt could be seen. She looked around incredulously, scarcely believing this was happening in a classroom with a teacher present. She particularly stared at Glory.

Glory was trying to look aghast but not completely succeeding. Partially, she was curious. But more than that, she found herself growing increasingly aroused. At first, the presence of Heather had chilled her ardor. But after a while, the very fact that Heather was there, and in such a submissive position, furthered Glory's arousal. Glory imagined herself in Simone's position, standing over Heather, except instead of having to search around inside her for an anal dildo, Glory wanted to spank Heather as hard as she could while calling her rude and nasty names.

She was surprised by the depth and strength of her animosity towards Heather. She'd actually had two or three previous students who were as bad as Heather in their own way, but knowing that Heather and Alan were fuck partners made everything deeply personal.

Glory also knew that she would never be able to look at Simone in quite the same way ever again, to put it mildly. Luckily, the dark-skinned beauty wasn't in any of her classes this year.

Simone joked while resting both of her hands on Heather's exposed and deeply tanned ass cheeks, "I'm not used to doing this actually wearing clothes!"

That comment only inflamed Glory's passions, even as it alarmed her even further. Her head was filled with images of Alan fucking both Simone and Heather at once. Because she was so aroused already, such thoughts only enflamed her lust even more. Her nostrils were flaring as she tried to control her heavy breathing. She thought, If they don't finish this quickly, I'm going to lose it. Completely lose it! The only thing that stops me from falling to the floor and frigging myself with abandon is that Heather is here. I can't let her see me like that!

Simone was in a similarly randy mood. Actually, her joke was also meant to be an invitation for Alan to allow her to get naked. She hoped that once the clothes came off, some good fucking would follow, Glory or no Glory. In fact, Simone was thinking that doing it with Glory right there would make everything that much more exciting, and perhaps the attractive teacher would even want to join in. After all, Simone was getting to know Alan now, and based on his considerable sexual talents (not to mention his ability to get what he wanted out of women), she was almost certain that Alan and Glory had fucked each other already. As a bisexual, Simone had more than a passing interest in Glory's impressive "Surfer Girl" body.

Hoping to push things along, Simone started to stroke Heather's tanned and firm skin sensuously.

But Alan remained stoic and silent. He was so fascinated by watching Glory, Heather, and Simone interact that he was content to just be an observer instead of a direct participant, at least for the moment. The one thing he did was nod to Simone to put Heather directly over Glory's big desk, because the sight of Heather's dangling and wobbling breasts were just too distracting for him to take.

So, after a quick relocation to the desk so Heather could rest her bare tits upon it, Simone kept up the pretense that Glory was just Alan's "mentor" and began probing Heather's muscular ass. However, checking to see if a dildo was there or not would take just a few moments, if that was all she wanted to do, but Simone wanted to draw it out. Pretending she needed lubrication on her finger, she repeatedly ran her fingers through Heather's slicked up pussy lips.

Heather started to moan and groan as her hips rocked slightly back and forth.

Glory immediately shouted "Shut up!" because the last thing she wanted to hear was sexy moaning, especially from Heather. She feared it would push her over the edge, and then what would she do? She looked over at Alan's bulge and licked her lips hungrily.

However, Glory's shout only encouraged Heather. She had seen signs of intense arousal in Glory before presenting herself for inspection and was hoping to goad her into losing control. At the very least, she wanted proof that Alan and Glory were lovers. As a result, she was really hamming it up now. She made sure to squirm and writhe around on Glory's desk as much as possible. Her intended target was Glory, and for once she didn't really care how Alan was reacting as he sat somewhere behind her.

She shouted out things like, "Simone, no! I don't want your little fingers! Give me Alan's big fat dick!" and "You're making me so hot, if you don't have Alan follow up with a deep drilling of hard COCK, I'm going to kill you!" But again, she was doing this entirely to rile up Glory. She figured the more she talked about Alan and fucking, the quicker Glory would crumble.

Her performance did have an effect. Glory certainly had no interest in Heather's body in any way, except perhaps to spank, punish, and exact revenge on it. Women's bodies didn't arouse her in the slightest (except for what she considered the annoying aberration of Suzanne Pestrige), and what she was seeing now didn't change that. But the sheer outrageousness and sexuality of the situation was taking its toll on her. This is beyond bizarre that Heather - HEATHER! - is rubbing her tits all over my desk! And

Simone's hands on her ass... I'm pretending that's not happening. I'm the teacher; this is my class! I have to stop this! Do something! I could get in serious trouble!

She imagined, and more than half-believed, that Alan would get up at any moment and fuck Heather and Simone right there in front of her in the middle of her classroom. That, more than anything, got her going. She could feel her pussy pulsing and feared that she would climax at any moment. She envisioned the shocked looks on the faces of her fifth-period class if they were to all come in and see Alan plowing away with his usual stamina and talent, and that aroused her more.

She imagined that as they were all discovered Alan was fucking her, with Heather on one side of her and Simone on the other and him fingering their pussies at the same time, and that got her even more hot and bothered. Somehow in the daydream all three women were dressed like high class call girls (or at least they had been until they'd mostly stripped). They were all pressed up against the wide windows of the classroom looking down on yet more student spectators below, with Alan banging into Glory over and over again. He'd already shot one load all over her back and was now pumping her again. He wanted to only fuck her though, leaving Simone and Heather to make do with his fingers.

Back in the real world, Simone was still taking her sweet time. While she kept one hand around Heather's pussy and clit, expertly working them both, her other hand finally migrated to Heather's tight and twitching anus. But she seemed content to merely run her fingers up and down the ass crack and poke at her anus, deliberately teasingly stroking and poking at the entrance to Heather's back door without actually penetrating it. The last thing she wanted to do right now was put a finger all the way inside her best friend and thus bring the show to an end.

Glory could see that Simone and Heather were both deliberately stalling and tempting her. Her eyes had glazed over with lust, but she managed to snap back to reality. It was difficult, but she very consciously and deliberately placed both hands on her desk and kept them there. She knew that if either one of her hands slipped below the desk, it would be all over. Her fingers would be inside her pussy in a flash and nothing would be able to stop her until she got off. Her self-control could only take her so far.

There was only one thing keeping her from doing that, and that was the fact that she knew Heather in particular was deliberately goading her, doing everything she could to get her to break down and lose control. She didn't care so much about Simone, who she barely knew, but she was not about to let Heather snatch a victory from the jaws of defeat. So she clamped down and struggled with all her might to keep her hands where they were, in plain sight, and not between her thighs. Even so, her pussy juices were flowing freely, and her panting made her arousal obvious.

Simone still seemed to be in no hurry to finish her inspection. She was still fishing to turn the situation into something involving actual fucking. Slowly, she began pushing one, and then two, fingers deeper and deeper into Heather's squeezing asshole, but she didn't say a word about what she might have found.

So far, Alan had resisted even touching his erection through his clothes. However, his resistance was slowly crumbling. His hand was drifting towards his bulge, and he was on the verge of stroking it. But when Simone took one of her hands away from Heather's crotch and began fondling Heather's long blonde ponytail, that proved to be too much for him. He snapped out of his reverie and said to her impatiently, "Well? Is it in there or not?"

Simone stared right at Glory, her dark fingers ostentatiously plunging in and out of Heather's tanned ass, faster and faster.

Heather's hips were rocking, eagerly pushing back to take Simone's plunging fingers. She looked exactly like she was getting seriously assfucked on Glory's desk, and that fact just aroused her still further.

Glory held her breath as she watched this anal probing take place just a few feet in front of her. She thought anal sex was immoral and even evil, yet ever since Alan's Televibe manipulations had stimulated her own ass, she had begun to get curious about the pleasures that could be produced in that part of the body, despite her beliefs. She thought Heather was evil, and anal sex was evil, so the two naturally went together, making both seem even more evil than before.

All this "evil" was taking place right in front of her eyes, and yet Glory thought, I can't get enough of it! I can't believe it, but I really do want to see Alan fuck Heather up the ass, right here, right now, and damn the consequences! I wanna see him give it to her good!

But Simone could only delay responding to Alan's direct question for so long. She continued to work both of Heather's holes as many seconds as she thought she could get away with. Feeling a bit devilish herself, she could sense Heather was about to have a big climax and she stopped her anal pumping seconds before her friend was going to explode into orgasmic joy. She said in a disappointed voice, "Nope. No dildo. It's like I suspected. She's just pretending."

That instantly changed the mood and deflated the erotic tension a bit, though not completely. An aura of treachery and trickery now filled the air.

Heather, upset at both her friend's timing in stopping her probing, and her words, yelled out, "Damn you! Damn you to HELL!" But she remained bent over, her nearly naked body heaving as she struggled for air. The only clothes of any consequence she still had on were bunched up uselessly around her lower back and stomach.

## Chapter 1099 Satisfied Alan!

Alan was conflicted, torn between his lusty desires and a reality check. He stood up and walked over to Heather's trembling ass, like a moth to a flame. He said to Simone, "Here, I'd better check for myself. Otherwise, Heather will complain that you made it all up." That was his stated reason for getting up, at least. In reality, he was just too horny to sit still.

That gave Heather new life. She'd been tantalizingly close to a climax, and now Alan could push her over the edge. She yelled, "Alan! Sir! Please check with your cock! Shove your cock in there and check that way! Your finger is good, soooo good, but your big fat Bitch Taming cock would be so much better! I need it soooo bad! Please!" Her hips bucked and rolled as if he was already fucking her there. In no way was she faking about her need to be filled up at that moment, especially since she'd been "empty" for a couple of hours by now. Her whole body writhed with a passion one could not get from mere acting.

Alan slapped her hard on one of her ass cheeks. "Shut up, bitchslut! What are you up to?" He took a strong grip on her buttock and started squeezing hard. "Tell me! Tell me!"

But his slap only aroused Heather further. In fact, she began cumming on the spot. She yelled, "Yes! Yes! Call me bitchslut in front of Ms. Rhymer! That's what I am! Your bitchslut! Your one and only bitchslut! Sir!" Again, it was obvious to everyone that she wore the name "bitchslut" with a deep pride. She also loved to use the word "Sir" once she got in the right mood, like she was now, because she knew that it was a word reserved for her use only.

Glory's eyes were bugging out. It was all she could do to keep her hands on her desk. But her hips were gyrating in her seat, and she was on the verge of cumming just from that.

Simone was similarly at a loss over what to do, struggling to control herself. The smell of pussy from three aroused women now filled the room.

Alan let go of his firm grip on Heather's ass and then slapped it harder. "I said, Shut up! Who's your Inner Bitch Tamer?" He grabbed both of her muscular butt cheeks again with his hands, and squeezed.

Heather felt so good she thought she was literally melting. She'd just finished cumming, and yet the way he roughly grabbed her ass cheeks as if she was a piece of meat made her feel even better than the climax. In her mind, she had a sudden daydream of him somehow simultaneously filling up her mouth, ass, and pussy all at once. It seemed so real that her nose and mouth were filled with the smell of his cum's aroma and she had an overwhelming desire to feel his erection slide far down her throat. She yelled, "You are! Sir! Wonderful Sir! Fuck me! Tame me! Fuck my face to shut my mouth!"

Alan spanked her several more times. "Listen to me! I'm mad at you! Pissed! You have to tell me what you know!"

But Heather acted like she hadn't heard him at all. She was so aroused that she knew she had to calm down a bit or she would actually confess everything. She focused her concentration on Glory instead, and the instant burst of angry feeling that inspired helped her self-control tremendously. Lifting her head up, she looked her teacher right in the eye. "Ms. Rhymer, you ugly prude, you WISH you were in my position, don't you?! Getting spanked by a REAL man! Don't you! Don't you! Alan may fuck you, but he doesn't ream out your scrawny behind like he would a REAL bitchslut's ass, does he?"

To herself, Glory shouted, YES! YES! in response to Heather's question about wanting to be in her position. But her pride and her desire not to look foolish in front of Heather just barely enabled her to avoid shouting those thoughts out loud. She clenched the edge of her desk so hard that her knuckles turned white.

Alan slapped Heather on both ass cheeks, harder and harder, and harder still. "Shut up! Just shut up!" But the more he slapped her and the harder he slapped her, the more excited Heather got. She appeared to be in the throes of a multiple orgasm now. Unfortunately, that was the last thing Alan wanted to have happen if he was going to find out why she'd taken her Bitch Trainer out.

Simone didn't have any desire to be spanked, normally. But she stood there, practically hopping in place, and wished she was the one getting thoroughly spanked.

Alan thrust a finger through Heather's spastically clutching anus. He confirmed for himself that the dildo was not inside her. Yet he felt like he was losing control of the situation. He wanted to fuck Heather terribly badly, but he knew that if he did she would win the battle of wills.

His solitary finger was soon joined by another. Before long, he looked down and saw that his fingers were now rhythmically pumping Heather's spastically clenching asshole, now that they were inside. He seemed helpless to pull them out, or even stop thrusting them into her. Further, he found his cock pressing up against one of her ass cheeks. It seemed to have a mind of its own and was working its way close to either one of Heather's ready holes.

Now that the focus was on her ass again, Heather could imagine her ass being filled up with Alan's powerful rod with such crystal clear realism that she was half convinced she actually was being assfucked by more than just two fingers. She felt like she was going insane because the desire in her was so strong she was nearly hallucinating.

Alan focused on his desire to not let Heather win. He knew that she was incredibly dangerous and that as soon as she had the upper hand she'd have her foot on his throat (not only metaphorically but very possibly literally). With a great effort of will, he managed to pull his fingers out of her strong anal grip. Panting, he stepped back.

He felt mentally and physically exhausted. He raised his hands above his head and cried out, "Fuck! I have to cum so bad! So bad! I need to fuck someone right now!"

Simone immediately offered herself. Her body flew to him like she was made of iron and he was a giant magnet. She wrapped her arms around him from behind and hooked a leg around one of his. "Take me! Fill me up again! I can still feel your cum in me, but I need another load!" She panted breathlessly with need.

Glory was at her breaking point. Learning that Alan must have cum inside Simone a short time earlier drove her heat up yet another notch. She looked back and forth between Alan and Simone and prayed that what looked likely to happen wasn't actually going to happen right in front of her. She was clenching her fists so tight that she thought she was going to squeeze her thumbs right off. In all the excitement she'd forgotten that she wasn't sitting behind her usual teacher's desk but was instead seated in a mere student's desk that offered no cover for her privates. Her legs had now swung around to better face the others and her legs were splayed open, showing her entire pussy off for anyone to see. Rivulets of cum dribbled out of her and pooled in her seat. Her only saving grace was that the other three were so lost in their own passions that no one was bothering to look her way.

Sweat rolled down Glory's forehead and she clenched her eyes closed tight in a desperate attempt to shut out all the stimulation bombarding her brain. She found her thighs rubbing against each other like



frantically busy cricket wings, but that only heated her up more. Nothing she did seemed to help. She wanted to jump up and shout, "Fuck me! Me! Take me, young man! Me! Me! Me! Me! ME! Not Heather, not Simone, dammit, ME!"

She tried to focus all her thoughts on the image of Heather gloating if she actually said and did that, and that at least did give her some pause. After all, she wasn't even supposed to be physically involved with Alan, and if Heather confirmed that fact, there would be big trouble.

Meanwhile, Alan was silent. He merely staggered back from Heather and untangled himself from Simone's octopus impression. Then, seemingly after a great exertion of will, he closed his eyes. He bent over as if he'd finished a hard run and was catching his wind.

The others all waited, breathlessly, for whatever he would do next. The room seemed liable to explode at any moment, but there was no telling just how. There were still more than ten minutes left before the end of lunch. If Alan wanted to fuck Glory while she lay on top of Heather, or have any combination of the three women he wanted, there was no doubt by anyone in the room that he could have done it. Erotic desire in the room was so all-pervasive that one could have cut it with a knife into pieces and sold it.

Alan pulled back up from his hunch and looked at the three of them. He was sweating profusely, even more than the others. He realized that if he gave in to his desires it would lead to complete disaster because fifth period was starting soon and once they got started they would be like a runaway train unable to stop for the next class or anything else. He was also aware of the rivalry between Glory and Heather, not to mention Glory's monogamous ways, and knew that giving into his urges would feel great in the short term, but cause serious long term problems.

Heather remained sprawled over Glory's desk, buck naked except for the clothes bunched around her waist. She remained the center of attention, and the others watched her ass cheeks rise up and down as she labored to breathe.

Alan finally let out a big breath of air and said, "Listen. It's going to be like this. Simone, straighten up your clothes. Heather, you too, get dressed. Glory, I'm so sorry you had to see this. You're my friend and advisor. If anyone still has any thoughts about those rumors that Glory and I get it on, I hope this puts them to rest. Glory is just my teacher. That's it. A very attractive teacher, yes, but that's it. Okay!"

He staggered away and went to the window. He stared up into the sky, his heart still pounding hard in his chest.

Nobody answered him directly, but his words definitely signaled the end to any further sexual possibilities.

Heather got up and quickly put her clothes back into a publicly presentable state. Both she and Simone were feeling more than a little bit chastened and embarrassed now.

Glory still was sitting with her pussy on prominent display. She even had a leg up on her chair, leaving her entire crotch completely exposed. But luckily she stood up, saving herself the disaster that would have ensued if Simone or especially Heather had looked her way.

She didn't even realize what she'd been showing because her concentration had been so intently focused on Alan and Heather. The image of Alan's two fingers pushing into Heather's desperately hungry anus seemed burned on her retinas and she walked around a little bit to try to shake away that vision. She continued to openly gape like an uncomprehending idiot.

Heather and Glory were pondering just how they would deal with each other in the future.

Everyone tried to calm their heavy breathing and look "cool." They were all aware that an orgy had nearly broken out, and probably would have had it not been for the time and place.

Simone thanked her lucky stars that she didn't have any classes taught by Glory and wasn't likely to have any before the end of her high school career. She thought with a blush, I guess when I said "I can still feel your cum in me but I need another load!" I didn't exactly leave much room for doubt in Ms. Rhymer's mind what I meant. Geez! Someone please kill me now! She's gonna hate me as much as she hates Heather.

Seeing through the window's reflection that Heather was straightening herself up and a sense of decorum was returning, Alan turned and walked back to the others. He spoke to all three women very firmly. "This is how it's going to be. Nobody here is going to mention what happened today to anyone, ever. Is that clear? Not even the slightest subtle remark! Nothing! Blank slate! Nothing really happened here, when you think about it. Just a bunch of talking, more or less. We just found out that Heather isn't wearing her dildo and therefore she's up to something, and that's it. Is that clear?"

The others nodded. They were all glad to agree to his policy, hoping that would reduce any future awkwardness at least a little.

Heather was especially glad to grab at that fig leaf, since she had humiliated herself the most. Her head was reeling as she started to come down from her erotic high and she mentally reviewed what she'd said and done in front of Glory. She wanted to curl up and die.

Alan continued, "Simone, listen to me. I would really like to find out just what Heather is up to, but I'm in no shape to interrogate her at the moment. I'm too worked up and she's too worked up, and I am NOT going to ruin my relationship with my teacher right now by going too far with Heather, assuming it hasn't been ruined already. If it is ruined, then Heather, I'll blame you. Do you understand?"

Heather blanched at that prospect and at Alan's steely gaze. She nodded fearfully. But even now, she was extremely aroused, and seeing his determined look made her pussy throb all over again.

He then said, "So Simone, it's all in your hands. I want you to pass word to the other cheerleaders." He added an important afterthought, "Excepting my sister, of course. Get her out of there. But for the rest of them, make sure they know that they need to spend the entire cheerleading practice doing whatever it takes to get Heather's secret out of her. What is she doing? And why today? As if I don't have enough troubles already; now I have to deal with Heather's stupid shit too!"

He turned to Heather. "You really are a bitch, you know that, don't you? I mean, what THE FUCK?! If you please just confess right now I promise I'll go light on the punishment. Don't make me deal with this!"

Heather, now fully dressed (if one could call wearing the few fragments of clothes she had "fully dressed"), said saucily, "What, and miss out on all the fun you've promised me with the cheerleaders? I don't think so. Sir." As awkward as it was now that the sexual tension had greatly cooled, she nonetheless remembered to bend over at a right angle while addressing him. Only now she was feeling in control as she flaunted her dangling cleavage.

Alan groaned loudly both at her attitude and what she was showing. "Fine. Have it your way. You've earned your punishment, bitchslut, make no mistake, so there will be hell to pay if you back out. But if this has anything to do with the football players-" bender

Heather looked up and protested even as she stayed bent over, "I swear to God, this has nothing to do with that! Do you really think I'd risk my Inner Bitch Training and your wonderful assfucks? Would I bite the dick that fucks me, Sir? No way! This is just a minor thing. Kind of a surprise that will actually be good for you. Think of it like a surprise birthday party or something. You and I are friends! We're lovers! When it finally comes out what I've done, you'll thank me, Sir, believe me."

Alan thought, I can actually believe that. She really does think whatever she's doing is going to benefit me. But I can see right through her. She's trying to drive the other women away from me so she'll have me all to herself. That's what she thinks will "benefit" me in her twisted mind. But it's not going to work. Thank God Simone knows her so well and found her out. Now Simone just needs to read between the lines of what I was saying and understand that she needs to have no mercy in getting the truth out of Heather.

He redirected his attention at Simone. "Listen to me, Simone. This is important. Go all out to find her secret. Whatever it takes. Make sure that Janice especially understands that. And if you fail with the cheerleaders, take Heather home and keep on it until you're successful. She's yours to deal with for the whole day, until YOU feel like you're through with her and not before. If Heather disobeys one of your orders, she is disobeying me and will be punished accordingly."

"Oh, goody! Sir!" Heather said this while clapping her hands with relish, deliberately taunting Alan. She bent over again, but this time it came out as a sarcastic gesture, like she was mocking royalty. Inwardly, she wasn't so confident. She was thinking, Why do I keep bending over like I'm one of those stupid bird-dunking-into-water contraptions bored corporate drones put on their office desks? Alan should be both my boyfriend and literally worshipping me at MY feet!

Alan was glad for Heather's taunting though, because it made it seem as if Heather was looking forward to it, like it was all going to be a fun game. But he was thinking, hoping Simone could read minds, Be brutal, Simone! I swear, make her suffer. Tempt her with an anal orgasm, but deny it to her. Over and over again. Drive her mad.

"I presume you've already..." Alan let the unfinished question to Simone hang in the air between them. The day before, they had discussed her desire to plunder and punish Heather's backside with a strap-on that rivaled the massive size of her Bitch Trainers, and now he was wondering if she'd take the opportunity later in the day to put a strap-on like that to use.

Simone gave a very firm nod just then, knowing exactly what he was referring to. The smile that transformed her face was practically sinister.

He slumped into a nearby chair and waved the two girls off.

They left the room silently. Heather considered shooting one more insult in Glory's direction, but decided that any such words would only look ridiculous, given everything she'd said and done just now. She winced and wondered what she'd been thinking.

## Chapter 1100 Fun with Glory

After Simone and Heather left, Alan and Glory sat in silence for some long moments.

Alan seemed to be melting into his chair. The tension was draining out of him, now that he'd successfully resisted giving in to temptation while Heather and Glory were in the same room. He was still very aroused, but that was okay if only Glory was there.

Glory was still tensed up, yet she had slumped back into her teacher's desk from sheer emotional exhaustion. She seemed ready to pass out. After all, she had just watched two people examine Heather's asshole, and her mind still reeled at that fact. She was proud that she had managed to control herself, but the "what might have been" still frightened her. She knew that she had been right on the edge of completely losing herself to lust. What would have happened next with Heather there she didn't know, but the point was it could have been anything, because she would have lost all control.

But she was also frightened of the future, because she knew she wasn't out of the woods yet, as long as Alan was in the room. Normally that would have been fine, but she couldn't forget that there was only ten minutes left in the lunch break. Trying to calm things down, she said, "Well. That was something else! Who would ever believe that could have happened right here, right in my classroom?"

Alan exhaled, "I know! Friggin' weird. I really am so very sorry to put you through that. When it all started, I thought it would be good for you to see some of the worst of my sex life. I was thinking honesty is good. Lay all my cards on the table and all that jazz. I know you're going through some issues now with how you feel about me. But I didn't know all of THAT was going to happen. Now, I think I've blown it. You're probably scared shitless of even being around me."

Tellingly, she didn't reply.

He pressed on, "But let me make something perfectly clear. The Heather situation is totally unique. The way I behave with her is extreme and totally unlike how I behave with anyone else. Anyone. Really! I'm only like that with her because it works, not because I necessarily enjoy it or because I have an emotional attachment to her."

Glory said sarcastically, "Hmmm. yeah, I can definitely see you suffering if you have to have sex with the school's busty blonde head cheerleader. My heart bleeds for your selfless acts of charity."

Alan shot her a peeved look at first, but upon reflection empathized with how she could be angry with him. It did sound ridiculous. He slumped down in dejection and said, "I can't even begin to explain my relationship with Heather to myself, so it's probably useless to try with you. I can see how you'd think what you're thinking. It looks pretty bad, I know. Now you've seen my worst, and that was stupid of me. If I was going to show a glimpse of me with another girl, I should have shown you a tender moment I've shared with Amy or something like that. I'm so sorry. Stupid, stupid, stupid!" He sighed and exhaled again.

Glory paused, then replied, "It's okay. It's not that bad. I already know that you have your tender side and your animal side. What do you call them? The 'Good Alan' and the 'Bad Alan.'"

He sat up a bit and looked at her. "I know you know that and you've experienced some of my wild streak before, but the thing is, Heather is a complete freakazoid. She's all tough and bitchy on the outside, but on the inside she has this seriously submissive streak. I'm not even sure if submissive is the right word, because she still thinks she's the one in control even as she luxuriates in the fact that she's not. She loves to be insulted and called 'bitchslut' and all that, which to me is just beyond bizarre, but you have to go with what works, you know? I'm just giving her what she wants and, well, what she craves."

His arousal was fading as he pondered these issues, although his erection was as stiff as ever. He continued more pleadingly, "But you Glory, you're totally different! You're for real. You're tough and independent and a modern woman in every sense of the word. That's one thing that makes me love you so much. What happens with Heather when I'm with her would never ever happen to you. Never! There's no way I would even THINK about treating you like that! It makes me happy to give you what you want, which is obviously nothing like what Heather wants. Please! Talk to Amy. Get a different view. I'm really not some kind of all-powerful sex guy. I'm just a scared kid who is in way over his head."

Glory's arousal was going down too, but so was her anger with him. She answered, "I don't need to talk to Amy. Don't you remember? You and I broke up on Monday. The decision's been made, young man. True, I'm still grappling with it, but it's done. True, too, there's the possibility that I might lose control sometimes. In fact, I almost did lose control today. But if I ever do, that'll just be a temporary thing. The overall direction is that we have to stay apart. And it's not because of what I saw today. In fact, I really enjoyed your animal side. I'm honest enough to admit it. But I like the 'scared kid' sensitive side, too. In fact, I like him more. Still, we can't be together because of all the other stuff, the things we've talked into the ground, like the fact that I'm your teacher. In fact, when it comes to the way you treated Heather, I could hardly say I minded. The truth is, if you ever want to give her a really good public spanking and humiliation and you're selling tickets to it, be sure to save me a ringside seat."

He was honestly surprised at that. "Really?"

"Sure! God, does that girl need to get her comeuppance or what? I can see why you vent your 'Bad Alan' urges on her. Anyone who's spent more than five minutes with her would probably love to slap her silly, and that's just based on her smarmy and superior facial expression. I'm not even talking about what happens when she opens her mouth. So actually, yeah. I was pretty entertained today. I don't respect you any less." bender

"Are you serious? OH GOD!"

"What?!"

"Sorry, that 'Oh God' kind of slipped out involuntarily. It's just that I'm still so horny and I had this flash of intense arousal out of the blue. I was, like, riiiiiiight on the edge for a while there, the edge of doing something crazy. But you were so calm, sitting there behind your desk, and that inspired me to keep my urges in check. And then when I thought you were mad at me just now that cooled me down a bit, but now that I know you're not, whammo! I'm all aroused again. It's actually been building up for hours and now it feels like I'm going to burst. To be honest, I think my body is addicted to cumming. If I don't get my orgasmic fix at least a couple of times a day... Man! Talk about a case of blue balls!"

She chuckled. "Young man, if you only knew. I may have looked calm from across the room, but I was right on the edge of losing it, too!" Unable to stop herself, she sheepishly added, "In fact, I still am."

He looked at her more intently. He noticed that her hands were clutching tightly to the edge of her desk again, betraying the relatively calm look on her face. "So both you and I are absolutely dying for a good fuck right now. Wow." He grinned wolfishly. "What on Earth could we do to fix that situation?"

She laughed, but there was a sadness in her voice. "Now, now. Don't make this any harder on me than it has to be. We're out of time, with lunch coming to an end soon. Besides, I'm really serious about what we decided on Monday. Please don't tempt me. I'm trusting you as a gentleman. Prove to me that 'Good Alan' has control over 'Bad Alan.'"

"Damn! Why'd you have to put it that way? ... Okay. Damn, though. Double damn. I don't want you to think of me that way. Your opinion is so important to me. On the other hand, I seriously do need some kind of relief, though. I'm totally dying here." He glanced at the clock. "There's six minutes left before the end of lunch. If I hurry to the bathroom, I just might have time to, you know."

She salaciously winked at him. "I do know. And the sooner you get out of here, the more time I'll have to do a little bit of some 'you know', myself. You're an incredible, incredible boy. No, make that 'man.' I mean, just look at the self-control you used to stop that situation from spiraling out of control. So impressive, so wise. You get me so aroused, but you're also driving me crazy, and I don't mean that in the good way. I mean you're literally driving me into an insane asylum. I really need some space from you for a while, at the very least. And it's not because I don't care for you. I need some distance because I care for you so much."

He stood up and shifted his boner, trying to hide it better. "Thank you, Glory. You're the best. That was so weird, how Simone and Heather just barged in here and then everything that followed, but you handled it so well. Thanks to you and the way you kept your cool, I'm pretty certain that we'll be able to get to the bottom of whatever she's doing. I have a sneaking suspicion that her plans have you in her sights, too. She thinks she's going to have me all to herself, so naturally she wants to bump off her rivals one by one, and I think you're her natural first candidate. For all of her submissive posing, she can be dangerous."

She was struggling to keep her eyes on his face and not on his still visible erection. Christ Almighty. Does that boy's hard-on EVER go down? I'm so tempted. A quick deep throating would satisfy us both.

But she pushed those feelings away, and said, "Interesting, but please! Get out of here. Here's a hall pass. Take your time and think of me, okay?" She got out a hall pass from her desk drawer and signed it. "Now, shoo! Five minutes left for both of us to get some relief." She chuckled as she rued, "Knowing you, in five minutes you'll just be warming up. So this'll help you stay out of trouble. Shoo!"



He grabbed the pass. He stepped forward to plant a thankful kiss on her cheek, but remembered her no touching policy and stepped back. He left with a big smile on his face.

The second he turned his back, and even before he'd left the room, Glory was reaching for her purse down by her feet. It contained a couple of the sex toys she'd bought the day before. She grabbed an ordinary vibrator and brought it to her pussy with a feverish urgency. She thanked her lucky stars that she wasn't wearing panties because that meant she didn't have to wait a few more seconds to get them out of the way.

The vibrator wasn't very big. In fact, it was almost as small as a lipstick container, but its vibrations did the trick. As soon as she touched herself with it, she felt extreme relief like drinking a cool glass of water after eating an incredibly spicy meal. Within seconds, she was able to bring herself off to a great climax, and that resulted in an even more satisfying feeling. But just as a cool glass of water usually just temporarily relieves the spicy burning in one's mouth, the vibrator driven climax yielded nothing more than a couple of minutes of relief. Her pussy needed more. It itched and burned for greater attention.

As she sat, recovering, she thought, Just what the hell happened today? True, I had enough self-control to spare myself from the worst consequences, but I was still flying too close to the sun, and for no good reason! What am I thinking? Like that last comment of mine to him: "Take your time and think of me, okay?" Good Lord! Does that sound like a woman who's over him? I've been generally able to save myself from complete foolishness, but my body has a whole different agenda. In fact, it's screaming at me. It's screaming, "Get back together with Alan already!"

Oh my gosh! I just realized, since I told him to think of me, that means that he's probably in the men's room down the hall at this very instant, cumming while thinking of fucking me! In fact, it takes so much to get him to cum that he probably IS shooting off this very moment, if he can even manage to cum at all before lunch ends. I swear, his stamina is so outrageous these days that I wonder if he can even cum at all using just his own hands. He probably needs one totally gorgeous woman at the least to help him out. Actually, knowing him, the lucky fucker, he probably HAS one totally gorgeous woman helping him out, right there in the bathroom! At this very instant, he must be filling some hot chick's mouth with his tasty cum, and it could have been me! Who gives a better deep throat blowjob than I do? Nobody!

She was getting so excited by these thoughts that she began playing with her clit. But that wasn't enough. The itch in her pussy was growing in intensity with each passing moment. Dropping her vibrator back into her purse, she reached in and pulled out a pair of Ben Wa balls instead. They were stainless steel spheres and half-filled with mercury, but the salesgirl had been so effusive about

their "effectiveness" that she'd bought a couple pairs in different sizes just to see what the big deal was. She knew next to nothing about them except that they were to be inserted into her vagina, so that's what she did. At this point she was ready for anything to get relief and hoped this new toy would do something special for her.

Meanwhile, she continued to think, I really need to stop this. I don't know how many times a day I fantasize about deep throating this oversexed kid, but it's too many! I'm the only one who can please him with my tongue, my teeth, my lips, and the back of my throat all at once. But no; he doesn't care about that! My mouth is the only mouth that can literally leave him panting on his knees, sobbing with joy, but right now, he's off getting help with some talentless big-titted floozy!

The more I think about it, the more sure I am that he's getting help with his relief. I can bet who, too. No doubt Simone and Heather stuck around outside the door, just waiting for him to come out just so they can fall all over him. He's got those two completely wrapped around his finger. They're probably taking turns blowing him in a bathroom stall this very moment! I can just picture it: the school's hottest blonde lapping up one side of his thickness and the school's hottest black girl slurping down the other. I'll bet he's suffering ... not! I wonder how many tongues are on that thing in the course of one day. I'll bet it's an absurdly huge number.

She sighed. But somehow, when he looks at me he makes me feel like I'm the only one that matters to him. Hell, even when he looked at me with his fingers in Heather's ass, I felt like he loved only me. Am I crazy?

He has far too many gorgeous women worshipping his cock like it's some kind of new religion. Hell, who DOESN'T he have wrapped around his finger? He's even doing his own sister and mother! More craziness. Who am I to resist?! Like they say on Star Trek, "Resistance is futile!" But I have to resist! I have to!

Just then, she realized that there was very loud knocking on the door. In fact, in all probability, some students had been knocking on her door for a couple of minutes and she'd been so out of it that she'd missed it. I have to get a grip. I've passed the big test and now I have a four day vacation to recover and get over the rest of my "Alan withdrawal." I just need to make it through the rest of the day without making a fool of myself. Come on, Glory, get your ass up. Pretend like you're a teacher, for once.

She stood up to answer the door. So far, she hadn't noticed much effect from the Ben Wa balls and had been getting off mostly by continuing to frig her clit. But as soon as she stood up, that all changed. Whoa! Oh. My. God!

She tentatively walked a few steps towards the door. The Ben Wa balls rolled around inside her in the most unpredictable ways, massaging the inside of her pussy and causing her knees to buckle with delight. She grabbed the side of her desk and held on to it for dear life. Oh no! There's no way I can teach with these things in me!

Now she understood what the salesgirl had been trying to tell her yesterday. Because the balls were only half-filled with the very heavy liquid mercury, any movement at all would set the mercury sloshing around inside the balls. And because mercury was so heavy, sloshing it around like that would make the balls rock and move, seemingly of their own volition, and keep them moving in extremely unpredictable ways. It was as if each of the balls had a mind of its own, since they weren't in perfect sync with each other when they moved around inside her lubricated pussy as she walked.

The salesgirl had said that they were "the ultimate" in female sex toys for public situations, since they didn't require batteries and the woman had control (kind of, but not really) over what they'd be doing to her and how strongly, all with no one being the wiser (unless you couldn't mask your orgasms all that well, which was a growing worry for Glory). The salesgirl had said that playing with them, internally, in public, was a fun game. Glory had had her doubts at the time, but she was a believer now.

The knocking on the door was growing louder, which wasn't surprising since it was almost time for class to start.

Glory looked back to her purse on the floor next to her chair, then looked to the door. She continued toward the door, walking slowly and uncertainly as the inside of her pussy was massaged deliciously. She was so overcome by pleasure and so close to cumming really hard that she thought she'd pass out. She attributed all the pleasure the Ben Wa balls were giving her to Alan, as if he were actually controlling them, so he also got all of the blame.

She cursed, Alan Plummer! Young man, this is all you're doing! You're slowly turning me into some kind of exhibitionist slut! I would never have these inside me if it weren't for you. Can I turn back to normal? How can I? But how can I go forward?

The question was more than metaphorical, but somehow she did go forward and managed to get to the door. She turned the handle and stepped back as her students poured in. She overheard one of the students say, "What's that funny smell?" and belatedly realized that her classroom probably smelled like a whorehouse after three leaking women had been all over it. But it was too late to do anything about that now.

She thought, There's no way I'll be able to make it back to the desk without someone noticing! These Ben Wa balls are too much! Maybe I can just teach my class standing here by the door? She felt the urge to break out in maniacal laughter, but just managed to suppress it.