

## 6 Times 181

### Chapter 181 Naughty Naughty

Susan remained lost in her erotic thoughts. She could hardly wait until her husband left for work and her children left for school so she could get naked. And get naked she did. However, she kept her panties on, due to her ongoing period.

Oh, dear Lord, I'm so depraved, she thought as she took off her clothes, even as she looked out the front window to watch her husband drive away to work at his company's home office. Because their house was set so far back from the road, with a great amount of vegetation in between, the chance of being seen was extremely small. Still, it wasn't something that she would even have considered doing before.

I'm growing worse every day! Please, please, I beg of you, Lord, please give me the strength to resist temptation! You know what I speak of. My son. My dreamboat, handsome son. So kind. So innocent. So...

Arrgh! I'm getting carried away here. But how can I not be affected by all the sexy things he does? The way he made me run around my bedroom naked and then forced Suzanne to suck him off right there in front of my eyes... It's like he's sexually insatiable and can't be denied!

Who would believe that such a good boy needs to be sucked off so many times a day? It's really not fair to Suzanne. I should help her out, daily. It's only fair. Why should she get all the cum? I mean, uh, all the burden?

But I can't. I can't! It's wrong! Sin. Evil! Hell, Hell, Hell! The burning flames of Hell! I have to STOP!

My point is, Lord, I HAVE to resist, don't I? Is that why you made my period start early: so I would have to resist him for several days? Or was Suzanne right and does the timing actually mean You want me to do more with him? Please! Answer my prayers. Give me a sign, some kind of sign. Tell me what I should do!

By this time Susan had undressed down to just her panties. She moved away from the front window for fear that someone might see her.

As she walked towards the kitchen with her clothes in her hands, she thought, There's nothing wrong with just being naked. It's not like I'm doing anything immoral. We're all naked before the Lord anyway, right? I just need to release my urges in a private, harmless way. I don't know why, but taking off my clothes makes me feel soooo good. I really, really don't know why. Maybe it's because I imagine Tiger looking at me. What if he could see me right now; what would he do? Would he want to do nasty things to me? Like, would he want to take his magnificent, hard COCK and grab me by my long hair and pull my head down, down, down...?

No! Don't think those thoughts, Susan. Just let your mind go blank... Blank. Breathe deep and count to ten.

She slowly counted, breathing deeply each time.

Okay. That's better. Everything is under control. I think I'll just clean up the kitchen a bit like this. Why not? I'm home alone, so who cares?

She raised her arms above her head and stretched. Aaaaahhh... This feels great. I have nothing to be ashamed of about my body. As a matter of fact, I'm pretty darn good-looking. That's what people always say to me, at least. And the way that my Tiger sometimes looks at me shows that...

No. I can't think like that. I can't think of how he plays freely with my body and tells me all kinds of wonderfully kind things. He's such a charmer. If I listen to him, I'll just end up back on my knees with his big fat cockhead in my mouth. Again! I mean, er, penis head, I suppose. 'Cock' is such a nasty word. But Suzanne said that cockhead is the correct technical term. "Tiger, let me suck your cockhead. Mommy needs it in her mouth."

God, give me strength. Please, Lord, please! Someone, help me! I'm salivating too much!

She put her clothes on the kitchen counter and picked up a sponge. Maybe some house-cleaning will take my mind off the fact that my son has such an exceedingly thick and tasty cock, which belongs in my mouth. Mmmm! With my tongue flicking all over his sweet spot and my lips locked around him just below the crown, as tight as humanly possible, slipping, sliding, slipping and sliding! That's the BEST!

Then she paused. Ahhh, crap. Who am I kidding? This nakedness isn't enough. I've gotta go masturbate, like, NOW, just like I did yesterday at this time, and the day before that. I'm doing it too much! Too many times a day. It's like I've become addicted.

But just then she heard the front door open. Oh holy mother of God! Suzanne! Shit!

Susan dropped the sponge and ran frantically down the hallway and into the lower bathroom before Suzanne could see her in just her panties. How stupid of me, she thought bitterly. Suzanne is coming over earlier and earlier these days. She's not even giving me time to masturbate after the kids leave. Damn! And worse, what am I going to wear now?

She looked around the bathroom. To her great relief, she spotted the dirty clothes hamper. She fished around and found a top and skirt of hers that weren't noticeably dirty. She put them on. Then she flushed the toilet, to help explain her absence to Suzanne.

Elsewhere in the house, Suzanne walked around looking for her best friend. When Suzanne reached the kitchen she saw the pile of clothes still on the kitchen counter. Hmmmm. This is odd, to say the least. Susan is normally so neat. I wonder if this was what she wore earlier. I'll have to ask Sweetie or Angel later on what their mother had on at breakfast. Hmmmm. Intriguing.

Susan came out of the bathroom and entered the kitchen. "Hey, friend," she said to Suzanne as she smiled and waved.

Suzanne replied in kind as she sat down at the counter.

But Susan had a guilty look on her face - she was a horrible actress and a bad liar. Then, noticing that Suzanne had seen her pile of clothes on the counter, her guilty smile turned to open-mouthed horror. She lamely tried to cover for their presence. "Oh, what a mess. Here, let me put these away." She took the clothes and went to put them in the same hamper where she had gotten her present clothing.

As Suzanne was left alone, she thought to herself, She's acting guilty as hell about those clothes. What's going on here? Think, Suzanne, think... Wait, I get it! She must have been naked in the kitchen when I came in. I thought I heard some running around. I must have interrupted ... what? Why was she naked in the kitchen, all alone? Doing the dishes naked, maybe? There's a sponge on the floor here. Hmmmm.

Wait a minute. I know what this means. She's so fucking horny all the time now that she's naked or masturbating, or both, every chance she gets! Why, Ron only left a few minutes ago; I was watching for his car to drive away so I could arrive after he was gone. She's tearing off her clothes just as soon as she gets the chance! That gets ME so hot! Fuck! To think she was so frigid all these years; now she's like a nymphomaniac. And it's my scheme pushing her to Sweetie that's doing it. This is so great. If she has any bisexual tendencies at all, my bigger scheme to bed the whole Plummer family is really going to come true! No shit! Damn!

Suzanne was lost in reverie. She had the most blissful and joyous expression on her face, as if she'd just won the lottery. But a quizzical "Suzanne?" from Susan snapped her out of it.

Now it was Suzanne's turn to look guilty. But Suzanne was a much better actress than Susan - she covered up her true feelings within seconds. "Sorry, drifted off there for a second. I guess I'm still waking up. Still dreaming."

"I know the feeling," Susan said, perhaps a bit too truthfully. "Must have been a good dream."

"It's a great one. My favorite fantasy."

"Oh, sounds fun. What is it?" Susan asked happily. Her earlier guilt and nervousness were gone.

"I can't tell you just yet. Maybe someday. What's your favorite fantasy?"

Susan's guilt flooded back. She stammered, "I, uh, uh, I, I can't tell either." She turned away and blushed.

How cute, Suzanne thought. Talk about being able to read someone like a book. As if we don't both know exactly who she's thinking about in her fantasy. But I just love her for her cute and innocent ways like this. What an angel. To think this shy and proper woman was just standing in this same room a minute or two ago, completely naked. It beggars the imagination.

She said, "I have to apologize again for what happened on Tuesday night. I can't tell you how sorry I am that I gave Alan a handjob right there in your bedroom with you standing there. I've done some insensitive things in the past, but that one really takes the cake."

Susan interrupted, "You don't need to apologize again, and I truly mean that. You already apologized, like, four times yesterday! It's okay, I forgive you. Really."

Suzanne secretly grinned. She loved apologizing for what happened because it was a good excuse to start talking about Alan and handjobs. So she protested, "Sorry. I guess I'm repeating myself. It's just that I can't forgive myself for my rudeness. I mean, here you are, trying to get your head on straight, trying to work things out with Ron, and the LAST thing you need to see is my hands sloshing and sliding up and down your son's thick erection."

"You got that right," Susan complained.

"I mean, there you are, wearing nothing but a towel, which through no fault of your own is opening up so he can gawk at your hair-covered pussy, and what do I do? Do I say, 'Sorry, Susan. Obviously you need your privacy; I'll go now' or something to that effect? No. I actually have the gall to ask you to take off my blouse and skirt. And then, as if that isn't bad enough, I just keep jacking that big, meaty stick of his up and down, up and down, up and down. I don't know what came over me."

Suzanne illustrated what she was saying with her hands, in order to better fluster Susan. She noticed that Susan's eyes were locked on them as if Suzanne really was holding a hard dick.

Suzanne continued, "Here you are, trying to make a rational decision about whether you should help Alan with his daily orgasms and how many times a day, and I totally frazzle you like that. Honestly, I wasn't trying to influence your decision, at least on a conscious level, though God only knows how much I can use your help. That boy is simply insatiable! Of course, I spent the whole time you were at the movies last night sucking his cock - sorry, I mean his member - and I only managed to squeeze out three loads. By the time I was done I thought my jaw and my hands were going to fall right off my body, and yet three times is only half his daily target."

"You did?" Susan had had a strong suspicion of that, but this was the first time she'd found out for sure what had happened while she and Ron were at the movie. She'd been dying to find out what she was missing almost since she'd left the house, and in a major way all during the film, but this was her first chance to talk to Suzanne about it in private.

"Of course I did. Blowjobs don't happen by themselves, you know. You have to take your mouth, open it really wide, and feed inch after inch after inch of delicious cum-filled goodness between your waiting lips. But then, you know that already from having taken him deep yourself. I hardly need to remind you

how good it feels when he squirts a big load down your throat." She rubbed her chin. "Man, my jaw. It's still sore from last night. His endurance is a literal jaw breaker."

"But I thought you said he was having trouble getting it up lately," Susan said in a timid voice.

"He was, until he got your help on Tuesday. I tell you, he thinks the world of you. If you're acting sexy, then he just cums and cums and cums. His penis is continually hard and thick, throbbing with arousal. But if you pull back and cover up, there's not much even I can do to raise his pole. Nothing arouses him more than your curvy naked body, and that's the truth."

Susan was trying to keep her cool, but she'd already been burning with lust before Suzanne had arrived. Now she was so horny that she was forced to clench her hands together to stop herself from masturbating right there, in front of her best friend. It really was almost that bad, to the point that she seriously considered simply running out of the room to get the relief she craved. She looked wired, as her clenched hands flitted all over the place, uncertain of where to go.

Suzanne thought, This is too much fun! I just love it when I can get Susan's chest heaving like that. But any more teasing would be cruel. I'll bet she'd love nothing better than to frig herself into unconsciousness, right now, thinking about her hunky son. She must be hoping that I'll leave, and I really should. This is all getting me so hot, I'd better go do myself back at my place. Good thing no one else is home.

"You know, Susan, I just thought of something. I'd love to sit and chat like this all day, but it occurred to me I actually have an important errand to run, for once in my life." That actually wasn't true. Suzanne was horny and wanted to go home so she could masturbate in private.

Susan laughed, but it was nervous laughter. She'd never been so happy to see her best friend go, but she tried hard not to show it.

"Anyway, sorry again for the other night. I won't bring it up again. Forgive me?"

"Of course. There's nothing to forgive."

"You're too kind. Well, I'd better get going, but my errand shouldn't take long. Let's meet again in, say, one hour, to do our usual morning exercises. We've gotta stay in shape to have the kind of fit and curvy body Alan loves."

"Perfect!" said Susan. That'll give me plenty of time to rub myself. I'm still so worked up! And she's so right about the importance of exercising. Just thinking about keeping my body strong and shapely for my son makes me too horny. I hope she leaves soon!bender

After a few more pleasantries, Suzanne went back to her house next door.

Just as Susan had done earlier with her husband, she watched Suzanne go and waited until the coast was clear. Then she shucked off her clothes again. She ran upstairs and hopped into the shower. Despite her eagerness to be naked, she still only felt at ease masturbating in one of two places: under the covers of her bed, or in the shower.

— — —

Once she returned to her own house, Suzanne took the same typical masturbation location option: the shower. For security's sake, she didn't dare walk around naked or frig herself just anywhere, in case her son or husband happened to come home for some bizarre reason.

At first she friggged herself wildly in the shower until she came with a feverish intensity. Then, exhausted, she got out, soaking wet, and sat down in the bathroom to rest. She started to fantasize some more, and slowly grew aroused again.

As she ran her hands slowly over her legs, she thought, Boy, Susan is really something. My seemingly decades-long quest to get her to become more cultured - go to plays, the opera, listen to classical music, appreciate fine wine - I'll admit it hasn't been terribly successful. But then I try to get her to go after her own son, and she becomes a hopeless case in a matter of weeks! This is so much more fun than my culture lessons, for both of us.

But this path is also full of danger. I'm not terribly concerned about Ron or my husband; they'll both be out of the way soon, if I have anything to say about it. The problem is, Susan and Sweetie might get so into each other that they'll completely forget about me. After all, they have that whole taboo /

forbidden fruit appeal thing going on, not to mention such a long and close loving relationship. And I always thought I could out-sexy any woman, but Susan is easily at least my match with her body.

I just have three things in my favor over her. One: a readiness to go farther with him, and faster. With any luck, I can be his first fuck. Two: a more devious and scheming mind and a greater overall awareness of what others are doing. Three: much greater sexual experience. That's key. That'll be my main weapon to win both of them. I'm sure I can lick and suck and kiss and fuck way better than Susan. And Angel too, for that matter.

Mmmm. Angel. Now there's another sexy Plummer to ponder.

Suzanne's hands had wandered over her wet skin, but now they started to converge on her ready and leaking pussy. What I wouldn't give to get my hands on her sweet hole, instead of my own! I wonder how things are faring between her and my Sweetie. Mmmm. Imagine those two going at it together. There's a sexy thought. Very sexy...

Suzanne lost her train of thought for a few moments as she fantasized about being a fly on the wall while Susan's two children fucked each other.

But after she climaxed, she returned to her strategic thinking. Those two are going to fuck, for sure. But Angel is like Susan: way too chaste and prudish. Since I haven't been wearing her down as much as Susan, it'll take longer for her restraints to give way.

Suzanne was dead wrong on that last surmise, because she didn't realize that Katherine had a long-standing secret lust for her brother. Not only that, but she hadn't done enough snooping into Katherine's behavior.

She did think a little bit about the need for finding out more about Katherine, though. I wish I was closer to her so I could really know what she's thinking about her brother. It would be great if we were close the way Susan and I are, and shared all our secrets. I should find out soon how things stand between those kids. I know things are starting to develop, but just how far have they gone already?

Given Alan's and Katherine's goody-goody reputations, and Alan's lack of assertiveness, Suzanne could not have guessed that the two teenagers had plans to fuck each other that very afternoon. But if she



had known, she wouldn't have been too terribly upset, since it fit in with her overall plan to break down all the Plummers' sexual barriers.

#### Chapter 182 My Teacher

Alan's classes seemed to drag on interminably, until his fourth-period class taught by Ms. Rhymer. Lately, it seemed he had sex on the brain all the time. He mostly tried to hide those feelings, but they'd been increasing all morning, ever since he got to school, so by the time he had her class he already felt like he was at some kind of breaking point.

He hadn't consciously realized it, but he'd been directing his sexual energies at her during class for the last few days. Part of it was that he had a beautiful teacher whom he could stare at and fantasize about. But another part was that he was so good at the history material that he knew he could afford to space out during class, using the time to try and process all the wild things that had been happening to him lately. And since those things were sexual, all that pondering kept his libido in high gear, and thus his sexual energies stayed targeted on her like a laser beam, with him barely able to take his eyes off her during class.

He was like that again today, only even more so, since he was in a particularly aroused mood. In fact, he was already sporting an erection when he walked into class. That was no big surprise, given what had happened between him and her yesterday after school. For the first time, he felt like he had a serious chance to make his dreams about her come true.

Ms. Rhymer had been watching for his entrance. She noticed right away that his penis was erect, even though he was attempting to strategically cover his crotch with the textbook they were about to use.

She was already feeling horny and naughty, because she'd been thinking about what had happened yesterday as much or more than he was. She wasn't ready to let him masturbate in private in her classroom today, since she felt she needed to step back and take some time out before things spiraled out of control. But she was eagerly looking forward to another class of him staring intensely at her.

So, before he could take a seat and while the other students were still shuffling in, she asked him a question, causing him to come near her where she stood at the front of the class.

The question was just an excuse to get him there. What she really wanted was to check out his hefty erection straining against his shorts from up close. So she asked if she could look up something in his textbook related to the question she'd just asked him.

Alan was stuck; there was no good excuse not to hand her the textbook. So he did, but then he tried to strike a casual pose that left his hands over his crotch, attempting to hide the bulge there.

It didn't work. In fact, it looked downright unnatural, especially since he was shifting and glancing about as if he were guilty about something. Since he was facing her, she was the only one in class able to see his obscene bulge, at least for now.

She was secretly very delighted, especially since his hands failed to completely cover his bulge. Oh, wow! He's really well-hung! Not that I didn't know that already, especially after yesterday, but it's good to be reminded! She chuckled in her mind while keeping a straight face for her other students. I love it! I can only imagine the kind of fun Suzanne Pestridge must be having with THAT! Actually, I don't have to imagine, since he told me in such vivid detail. Lucky bitch!

But then the shoe was on the other foot, because she stared so long and hard that Alan realized she was gawking at his crotch with obvious lust.

She turned away and blushed, as did he. It was hard to say who felt more embarrassed. She couldn't believe the risky behavior she'd just done in front of all her students. Fortunately for her and Alan, class hadn't started yet, and seeing the two of them talking together before or after class was a very common sight, so none of the students had paid any particular attention. Otherwise they probably would have wondered what all the blushing was about.

Alan retrieved his textbook and carefully held it over his crotch before turning around. Then he hurried to the safety of his front-row seat. Once he was seated, he didn't have to worry nearly as much about his hard-on being so visible.

But that was just the beginning of a very strange class period for both of them.

Alan tried to put what had just happened out of his mind and think about other things, but since everything interesting that had happened to him lately related to sex, his arousal just continued to grow and grow the more he tried to think of anyone but Ms. Rhymer.

Let's just forget what happened with her yesterday, and what might happen with her again tomorrow, or soon. After all, I'm gonna have sex with Sis today! I'm actually going to fuck my own sister! And Kim's gonna be there to boot! In fact, in almost exactly one hour, I'll get to see both of them during lunch.

Who knows what'll happen as some kind of dick-stiffening appetizer? Things are so crazy! How am I supposed to sit still?

And Mom! Oh my God! Mom! And Aunt Suzy! Whew! It burns my eyeballs just thinking about looking at her hot body. But Mom's a total busty babe too. And Aims! Cute, innocent, but oh so stacked and luscious Aims! I'm too lucky for words. Everything seems to be happening at once. All my dreams are coming true!

He found himself staring intently at his teacher. Well, except for Christine. And my favorite teacher. Let's face it, both of them are way out of my league. The only reason I've had such success at home is because of the deep love we've shared through the years. And Kim is kind of an accidental side-effect of that, since I got together with her through Sis.

Although... after what happened yesterday after school, anything is possible with Ms. Rhymer, isn't it?! She's totally hot for me! I saw that look of wanton, undisguised lust in her eyes last night. And that wasn't a freak event. I mean, I swear she was looking at my crotch just now like a starving dog staring at a big raw steak! WOW!

But so what? She's only human. I must have made quite a spectacle with my dick practically ripping through my shorts a minute ago. How could she have NOT stared? I might as well have strolled in here naked from the waist down, it was so damn obvious.

As for what happened yesterday, that's kind of my fault. She was making a kind offer to help by giving me a private place to do my thing at school, and I deliberately misunderstood and whipped my dick out, right then and there! I don't know what got into me. I guess I was just that horny!

She's got to know I have a major crush on her. She MUST know. Especially after yesterday! I stroked myself while talking about Aunt Suzy, but the whole time what really turned me on beyond reason was the fact that she was there, and watching!

However, I can't get carried away with all this hopeful thinking. She's a teacher, and she's made VERY clear that she can never touch me in a sexual manner! Besides, she's got a serious boyfriend her own age. And what would she see in me anyway? I'm just a lowly nerdy student taking part in a bizarre medical treatment.

And yet, something special happened yesterday. It's like we've crossed some point of no return. The sparks were flying, and they still are! I mean, look at how she's staring at me right now. It's like the rest of the class isn't here and she's talking just to me. And despite that, I'm not even paying attention to her lecture because I'm so darn horny!

Indeed, Ms. Rhymer was staring at him nearly non-stop with vaguely-formed lust. Since she'd watched him masturbate yesterday, it was as if she could see right through his shorts. It was all she could do not to ostentatiously lick her lips as she stared at his crotch with laser-like intensity.

Luckily, since he was one of the smartest students in the class, having her look his way wasn't so unusual. In fact, sometimes when she was covering boring material it seemed like he was the only one paying attention. Also, she was probably fortunate that she couldn't devote as much thought or attention to him as she wanted to today, because she had to keep her mind on lecturing.

That changed later, when it was time for several students to give five-minute oral presentations about essays they were writing as a class assignment. Ms. Rhymer tried her hardest to pay close attention so she could grade their presentations, but from time to time she found herself drifting into a lustful daydream about Alan. As soon as she realized this, however, she focused back on the presentations.

Yesterday was a big mistake. My feelings for him have been growing in a very inappropriate direction for days now, I guess ever since I learned about that bizarre medical treatment of his. But yesterday, it's like something snapped in me! I can't stop thinking about his cock! Sure, I've known for some time that he's pretty well endowed, since he has a long history of getting excited around me, but I didn't think he was THAT endowed! Maybe he's had a late growth spurt down there? Damn! It's like the image of him jacking off is permanently burned into my retinas. I can't sleep, I can't eat, and I can't think, and I certainly can't teach. I'm a total mess!

Then, he has to come in my class today with that huge club swinging between his legs. As if I wasn't obsessed enough already! And the way his eyes have been devouring me ever since class began... I feel like I'm burning up! It's hard not to conclude that I'm the one who's making him like that!

What I wouldn't give not to be his teacher! If only I were another student, I could take him to some private spot, drop to my knees, whip out that raging beast, and show him what a real blowjob is! And that's just for starters! A stud like him, he'd be hard again in minutes, if he ever even goes flaccid in the first place. Then he'd fuck me into oblivion! Into infinity! Make me see stars! Make me scream your name until my voice is hoarse!

She realized that she'd been staring dreamily into space. Luckily, one of the students was still in the middle of their oral presentation. Fuck! She snapped her attention back to the speaking student. Fantasies are all well and good, but they have no place in the classroom. That's disrespectful to the other students.

She tried hard to concentrate on the presentations, but her thoughts were elsewhere. Already, her pussy was so wet in her panties that she worried the students would smell her. Luckily, she'd anticipated that problem, and she'd doused her classroom with air freshener just before her fourth-period class began. She'd also brought not one but two extra pairs of panties. But it embarrassed her that she had to make such preparations.

Typically, Alan's penis didn't remain hard all through his history class; it would go flaccid from time to time due to various short distractions. But today it seemed like his erection wouldn't go down at all, probably due to the double whammy memory of masturbating in front of Ms. Rhymer yesterday and his great anticipation about having sex with his sister later today. Plus, he was fairly certain Ms. Rhymer would let him masturbate for her in the near future, possibly as soon as tomorrow, and he couldn't stop thinking about the delightful possibilities.

bender

I know she's my teacher, but come on. If I start masturbating in front of her on a regular basis, isn't it just a matter of time before we get it on? How could we not?! Jesus Christ! One thing I learned yesterday is that fortune DOES favor the brave. What if, next time, I just take her hand in mine and then guide it to my dick? Gaawwwd! That would be so awesome! Before long, Surfer Girl would be bobbing on me, like a pro! And you know she'd be great. She may not be as curvy as Mom or Aunt Suzy, but there's a lusty fire burning in her eyes. She's gotta be a total tigress in bed!

As a result of such powerfully arousing thoughts, halfway through the other student presentations, his penis began to hurt. It was a genuine case of blue balls, almost an "if your erection lasts more than four hours, seek medical attention" kind of situation.

His agony was only heightened when, via the reflection in a window, he noticed that his teacher was staring at him again, or so it seemed, and now even more wantonly since she thought he couldn't see her doing it. Man! What's up with that?! There's that lusty fire again, because she's looking at ME! Fuck! She's gonna give me a heart attack! I almost wish she'd stop, because it's too reckless. Certainly, it'll only be a matter of time before the other students figure out something is up.

She totally has the hots for me! I need to strike while the pussy's hot, so to speak. If I kiss her lips when she's like that, would she stop me? I think not! But is it fair to her? That's the problem. It's her job on the line, not mine. It wouldn't feel right to push her into starting something. If she wants me, she needs to make the first move.

#### Chapter 183 Hot Ms. Rhymer

Ms. Rhymer had a short quiz planned near the end of class. Even during the student presentations, she only let herself consciously indulge in her lusty thoughts about Alan a little bit here and there, since she was a good teacher and she had to judge the quality of the presentations. (Although, subconsciously, her erotic fire kept burning.) But now that a quiz was taking place, she had nothing to do except sit there and keep an eye out for cheating.

As a result, she let her thoughts about Alan run wild some more. Let's put this together. Alan is a very well-endowed young man. It's not so much the length, which is nice, as it is the girth. That's more important for making a woman feel good. More importantly, he has a new attitude. He's suddenly overflowing with sexual confidence. It's so sexy! When he looks at me, it's like he's seducing me with his eyes! And, he has to climax six times a day! Six! Every single damn day. Not many guys could keep that pace, even if required to by medical necessity. Apparently, he's devoting most of that sexual energy to Suzanne Pestridge.

Hee-hee! I almost feel sorry for her! He described a typical blowjob she gives him, and I can tell from his passion that he really meant it. But have they stopped with that? I doubt it. Why should they? I wonder if he just fucks the shit out of her over and over, day after day, until she cries for mercy! God DAMN! Like I said, she's one lucky bitch! It's not normal to have sex that many times a day. I know that a woman is capable of climaxing several dozen times in a single day, but come on, that never happens in reality. And certainly not day after day after day!

I wonder how Mrs. Pestridge is holding up. I know she's a married woman, but the rumors I've heard are that her marriage has been in the dumps for years. That may be why she's willing to help Alan out with his enormous sexual needs. She's a real looker?! Soooo sexy! She's like a goddess! What an unbelievably lucky kid he is. To be frank, I can't think of a more attractive woman than her.

Oh, to be a fly on the wall, seeing those two get it on! I'm not some kind of voyeur, but I have to admit that would turn my engine on in a big way! What I heard yesterday should have made me jealous, but it only whetted my appetite to hear more. If he's really having sex with her that often, they'd have to vary it up. I don't think her pussy could handle getting a serious pounding from an oversized hammer like his SIX times a day! She really would have to beg off. I'll bet she gives him lots of handjobs, blowjobs, and even titfucks, so her pussy can have a rest from time to time!

My oh my, THAT would be a sight! I'm not into girls and threesomes, but anyone can see that Mrs. Pestrige is seriously endowed, and to picture Alan driving his big tool through her pale cleavage... Phew! Or gobbling down his staff, with her wavy red hair moving gracefully in time to her bobbing ruby red lips... And he claims that she can titfuck him and lick him at the same time! I can do that too, but I don't think many women can. He's right: it's like she is some kind of succubus, a creature born and bred for sex!

Wow! Is it just me, or is it getting hot in here?! The thing is, six times daily is too much even for a woman who's as gorgeous and feminine as Suzanne Pestrige. She needs help! He's even admitted as much. I highly doubt he has all those other helpers. That's just teenage bluster, to divert attention from the one woman helping him out. Hell, by now I'll bet she would welcome help from his relentless pounding hammer with open arms! And since I know about his special treatment, I could be the one to step up to the plate!

Hell, haven't I committed already? I could lose my job just from what happened yesterday. As the saying goes, if you're gonna do the time, you might as well do the crime. Although, getting my hands around his hot cock certainly wouldn't feel like a crime to me. There's nothing I'd love more!

Damn you, Garth! Damn you to hell! Why can't you keep me sexually satisfied?! This is all your fault. You're so nice and loving, but that doesn't cut it. I want a total stud like Alan to rock my world! No, that's not fair to Garth, but it's still true. Somehow I can tell that my favorite student would melt my brain when he jackhammers my lava-hot pussy until I beg him to stop from too many orgasms. I can see it in his eyes. He wants me something fierce! Sometimes, it feels like he's fucking me with his eyes!

Ms. Rhymer continued fantasizing along those lines, which got her more and more excited about helping Alan with his orgasmic treatments. It was surprising that she didn't feel more jealous of Suzanne, but that's because, when she was thinking about Alan having sex with Suzanne, she was really mostly thinking of herself in Suzanne's shoes.

She grew so aroused that eventually she couldn't take it anymore. Since all her students were still fully occupied with the quiz, she picked up a Magic Marker from her desk and brought it down to her crotch. She didn't dare try for direct access to her privates, but simply rubbing the big pen through her clothes, she was able to stimulate her clit quite effectively.

Alan noticed that Ms. Rhymer wasn't really keeping an eagle eye out for cheaters, as she usually did during quizzes like this. True, she was staring at the class, but her eyes seemed glazed over, like she was off in some other world. This piqued his curiosity, so he kept glancing up at her despite the pressure to work on his quiz.

After a few minutes, he got lucky when he noticed how she brought the Magic Marker into her lap in a suspiciously guilty and surreptitious manner. Then, after a couple more minutes, he saw her arms move and her face flush. He had half a notion to go up to her after class and say, "I lost my pen; do you have one I can borrow?" but he decided that would be uncool. He wanted to encourage her to get hot and bothered over him during class, not embarrass her into stopping. Besides, he had to hurry to the supply closet as soon as class ended. He really wanted to make the most of every minute there.

Nonetheless, during the last few minutes of class he fantasized about her answering his question by handing him a Magic Marker covered with her pussy secretions. He fantasized what he would see if he could see right through her teacher's desk and watch the Magic Marker rubbing against her panties. With thoughts like those filling his brain, he didn't do very well on the quiz, and he didn't get any relief from his blue balls.

Meanwhile, Ms. Rhymer was slowly turning into a wreck. She'd masturbated enough to practically drive herself bonkers, yet she had to hold back from actually climaxing until the class was over, for fear of being too obvious and getting caught.

As soon as class ended, he got up and walked to her desk. He had to use the textbook over his crotch trick, because his dick was still very erect. He didn't know what to say, but he felt like he needed to connect and say something. So he quickly muttered, "Um, uh, Ms. Rhymer, thanks again for, uh, the extra credit help after school yesterday."

She was annoyed at first by him coming to her. She'd had to stop masturbating herself with the Magic Marker because she knew the class was ending. It was too risky while the students were up and walking around. But then she got a very wicked idea that made her smile. While sounding and acting more or less normal for all outward appearances, she said to him, quietly, "No problem. I try to help. And, uh, if you need that kind of help again, say, during lunch tomorrow, just let me know."

His heart leapt to his throat, and chills of pleasure ran down his spine. He wanted to jump for joy, but he forced himself to keep his cool. He muttered, "I can already tell you today that I'm going to need that kind of help tomorrow." bender

"Well, okay then. I'll see you then." Her heart was doing back flips too, although she was ultra-conscious not to show it.



He nodded, and then walked out the door with the textbook still strategically placed.

She waited until the very last student filed out. Since it was the start of lunch, she didn't have to worry about privacy. She immediately began frantically rubbing the Magic Marker up and down over her clit and wet slit to get the orgasmic satisfaction she so desperately craved.

It's happening! It's happening! He's gonna do it again! He's gonna whip out that fat cock of his, right in front of me! I hope he tells another sexy story about the oh-so-sexy Suzanne! I can't wait! It's gonna be so hot! Better yet, I should just... I should just... UNGH! HNNNG! I should just help him myself! With my hands, my mouth, my CUNT! Yes, Alan! Fuck your teacher! Fuck me good! Fuck me so fucking HARD! Make me your bitch just like you made Suzanne your bitch, you fucking STUD! UNH! UGH! Can't scream out! Can't scream out! Oh God! Here it comes! YEEEESSSS!

She had the best orgasm she'd had in ages, with the Magic Marker helping her along.

A few minutes later, the guilt set in. She got up to change her panties and skirt suit and generally clean up herself and the classroom, before she could think about eating lunch.

Shit! I can't believe I just did that. I can't believe how I've been acting in class lately in general. This shit is spinning out of control! Even if no one's really noticed yet, it's just a matter of time before someone will, if I keep acting in such a reckless manner. Besides, there's no doubt it's affecting my teaching. It's a good thing I keep a spare set of clothes here for emergencies, or else I'd really be in a fix. Something has to change, and soon.

I have no choice. I'm going to have to tell Alan that I withdraw my offer to let him masturbate in my class. That way lies madness and disaster. Nothing can ever happen between us, so why should I torture myself by watching him do that? I have got to get a grip on myself, and fast!

Chapter 184 BJ From KIM

As Alan was leaving Ms. Rhymer's class, his best friend Sean caught up with him. Once they were in the hall, Sean, asked, "Hey dude. What's up with you and Ms. Rhymer lately?"

"What are you talking about?" He was still covering his crotch with his textbook, while his other books were in his backpack on his back.

"The way I figure, you two are either gonna kill each other or get it on. The way you're both staring intensely at each other, something's about to happen."

Alan was disturbed to hear that, but he pretended all was normal. "Oh. That. Unfortunately, it falls into the 'kill each other' category. She's somehow got it into her head that I cheated on our last test."

"Did you?" Sean asked, falling for the cover story.

"No way! You know me. I don't cheat. But she thinks I did. So I'm kinda pissed at her too. I guess we're having kind of a standoff or whatever you call it."

"Oh, that sucks. Too bad it's not the other way, you know what I mean? She was looking extra foxy today for some reason, don't you think?"

"Yeah. But hey, I've gotta run. I'll catch you later."

Sean seemed disappointed. "What? You're gonna skip having lunch with our usual gang again?"

"Sorry, not today." Alan was glad to make his escape, because he still had his persistent hard-on, and he knew it wasn't about to go flaccid given what he had planned next. His stiff condition didn't make walking quickly down the halls very easy.

Alan met Kim and Katherine at the door of the supply closet a minute later. He checked quickly to make sure the hallway was completely empty, then kissed each of them on the cheek rather innocently.

However, they weren't feeling at all innocent. Katherine whispered to Kim, "I know what I want to eat for lunch today, but it's not on the cafeteria menu!"

"So do I!" Kim whispered back.

Katherine went on, "Wouldn't it be fun if they did, though? 'Today's special: Alan's tangy cum.'"

They both giggled while Alan modestly tried to pretend disinterest.

After again checking to confirm that the coast was clear, they hurriedly opened the closet door and went inside. Alan had brought some industrial-strength chemicals to mask any smell they might make.

Given what had happened with Katherine and Kim earlier, he wasn't nearly as worried about Kim or what she knew about the incest. Besides, his dick was crying desperately for release from his blue-balls condition, so he was eager to get the fun started. So as soon as they settled in, he said to Kim, "First things first. My first responsibility is to check my sister's paint job. This'll just take a minute."

Katherine bent over at a ninety-degree angle to expose her panty-free ass to Alan. He still found it strange to see a painted butt. "Big Long Brother, take your time. Please."

"Oooh!" Katherine let out a surprised moan, because Alan immediately got down on his knees and stuck his face right into her ass. "Oh, yes! Like that!"

Alan pushed his nose right into her slit. He inhaled and savored his sister's feminine smell. He didn't know just yet whether he really liked it or not, but he figured that before long he'd undoubtedly come to like it and maybe even love it. He'd been tempted to lick her there during her midnight visit, but he'd been too distracted with her blowjob to try something new. Now he felt that he owed her that, just to reciprocate at least a little bit.

Speaking directly into his sister's snatch, he said to Kim, "Since we're in a hurry, checking the paint job with my tongue is probably the fastest way."

Alan tentatively tried to lick his sister's labia, but he didn't really know what to do. The idea of his tongue buried directly in her hole seemed too strange. He decided he'd have to work up to that. So, instead, he licked her outer mound and used his fingers to probe inside.

Katherine was dripping wet within seconds. "Oh! Big Brother! Big-TONGUED Brother! Yes!"

"Shhhh! And for the love of God, please don't use words like the 'B' word here!"

She giggled, then whispered, "Oops. Can't say 'big.' Sorry, my Fat, Thick, Soon-To-Be-Sister-Impaling Brother!"

Alan made an annoyed "grrr" sound as he licked up and down her moist nether lips. Because they were painted black, he could taste the paint, and paint flakes were getting on his tongue. So he was "forced" to open her lips and lick their coral pink inside surfaces instead.

Needless to say, she liked that. A lot.

He kept at it until she came, which didn't take long at all. He had a suspicion that his sister was so horny that just reading the telephone book out loud would have sent her over the edge.

He pulled his face back when she climaxed, because she was gushing freely and he didn't want her cum to get on him. Despite his love of spraying his jism all over female body parts, he was still getting used to female juices.

He switched his attention to checking the paint job on her ass and crotch. As he suspected, it didn't need any touch-up painting except for her labia; he decided that keeping them painted, with the amount she was lubricating, was a lost cause.

He got up. "Okay, Kim. Your turn. I know you're not into guys, so do you want me to do this like I did it to Katherine, or do it the more professional way?"

Katherine, who now stood, shot her hand up in the air and jumped up and down as if she were an eager student. "Oooh! Oooh! I know this one! Pick me, teacher!"

Kim and Alan had a good laugh.

Then Kim commented, "You two are a lot of fun, you know that? Monday I found out that a finger was just a finger, so I might as well find out if a tongue is just a tongue." She bent over. "Lick it all over. It's already wet from watching you two."

Alan did the exact same thing to Kim that he had done to his sister, except that this time he didn't bother with sampling her painted pussy lips and tried instead, as much as he could, to keep his tongue plunging in and out of her hot box. He was happy to discover that he could get Kim off just as easily.

She commented, "That was nice. Very nice. True, you were stabbing around blindly like a bull in a china shop, but you'll get better. It was actually kind of a turn-on knowing a man was doing that to me."

"You've dated guys, if only to keep up a pretense," Katherine noted. "Haven't any of them gone down on you?"

"Ha! Fat chance. Even Heather has had trouble finding guys willing to do that, and she has the pick of the school. Men suck." She added hastily, "No offense, Alan."

"None taken."

When he finished they'd still only been in the room less than five minutes. He announced, "There's no need for any touch-ups, and thus no need to let any paint dry. So there's nothing left to do but fool around some more."

Now that they were all standing again, Katherine wrapped herself around Alan. "Big Thick Brother! Aren't you the best?"

"Hey," he said sternly. "Enough with the cute 'Big Brother' names. I told you, no mention of the 'B' word in situations like this, okay? And let's all try to make as little noise as possible. We're like a herd of elephants in here. We should even whisper only when necessary. And also, we all need to keep our clothes on, just opening our clothes to expose the most interesting parts. That way hopefully we can recover quickly if someone comes in."

"What, you mean like this, V. B. B.?" Katherine unzipped his shorts and dropped them to his ankles.

"V. B. B.?" he asked quizzically. Frankly, he was tremendously relieved to finally have his raging boner released from its confinement.

"Very Big Brother." She whispered the last word very nastily, and then made a motion like she had zipped her mouth shut.

Kim and Katherine were braless again now that the cooling-down period that Alan had imposed was over, and they had their shirts up around their shoulders. They were still wearing their skirts, but those posed little impediment for anyone wanting to probe their pussies or asses.

Their main problem was a lack of room to maneuver. It was hard for two of them to even kneel at the same time in the small closet, but they managed.

Katherine knelt in the middle. She started sliding down Alan's body, while playfully saying to Kim, "Oh no! Help me! I seem to be caught in some sort of tractor beam! My mouth is being drawn to this phallic shaped, well, phallus, and there's nothing I can do to stop it!"

Seconds later, she engulfed Alan's erection and started bobbing on it as he stood, while he placed his hands on her head and played with her beautiful long hair.

Kim stood there and watched what was happening. She'd never seen a blowjob up close and in the flesh, and she found it strangely fascinating.

But she was also intrigued by the way Katherine's ass was wiggling around in time to her bobbing. In less than a minute, Kim had maneuvered behind Katherine and ground her mouth into her new friend's pussy from behind.

Kim complained between licks, "Hey, there's not much paint on her lips as it is, and my tongue and fingers are ruining what's left of it. Ugh! I don't like the paint taste at all."

Alan said, "I think keeping your pussy lips painted is a hopeless task, the way you two are both so sexually active. Kim, just rub off what's left."

"Can do!" In a matter of seconds her hands vigorously rubbed off the rest of the paint there.

She licked at Katherine's core for a little bit, then commented, "But you know, that means our pink pussies will be on display for anyone to see all throughout our practices and the game, too!"

"Well, you're just going to have to deal with that," Alan replied. "Both of you are so wet when we do this that painting down there is like trying to paint orange juice."

Katherine obviously was very turned on at the idea of having her cunt on public display, and she proved it by devouring her brother's erection with even more vigor. She had no clue how to deep throat someone, but she tried taking him deeper and deeper with each downstroke until her gag reflex triggered and she had to back off.

Alan had been holding out, and testing and improving his PC muscle control by doing so, when he felt Katherine's whole body shake. He guessed correctly that she was having a nice climax, so he decided to give up the struggle himself.

Within seconds, his cum started to shoot, painting the back of her throat with his white goo. This just excited Katherine even more, and she was overcome with a second orgasm just as her first one was finishing.

Alan didn't realize it, but Kim was cumming at the same time, so they had one big group orgasm. Torrents of their own cum rolled down the legs of both girls as their climaxes seemed to last forever. Both Alan and Kim repeatedly bumped into the shelves behind them and knocked some supplies onto themselves and the floor, but they didn't care.

They all collapsed when it was over, knocking even more things off the shelves. Physically spent, they grinned at each other like happy idiots.

Kim preferred her exploration of Katherine, but her curiosity about Alan grew the more she saw how good he made Katherine feel. And she had to admit that the way he'd used his fingers and tongue on her during the painting process had felt pretty good. She figured, I may not like men, as in males in my life, but that doesn't mean I can't enjoy certain body parts they've got.

They just sat there for a few minutes, resting.

Katherine eventually broke the silence, commenting, "This is great - a lot of fun - but it's just the warm-up. I can't wait until school is over!"

"Me neither," Alan admitted.

Katherine added, "Kim, I know you're not crazy about guys. God knows they're useless idiots who think with the wrong head." She winked at Alan to soften the blow of what was meant to be just a tease. "But, that said, penises are really wonderful things. You'll never get a better chance to try one out on a nice guy without all that dating and emotional stuff you don't like. Why not give it a taste?"

Kim stared at Alan's flaccid penis. It didn't look very tempting in that condition. "You want me to put that big, soft worm thing in my mouth?"

"Why not? Worse comes to worst and you don't like it, you can take it out. No risk."

Kim continued to stare at it. She had to admit to herself that it did seem like an ideal opportunity, but she was uncertain.

With all the attention on his penis, it started to grow.

Kim's eyes went wider, but she asked, "Alan, since you're getting ready again, do you suppose I could try a taste of your semen 'fresh from the source', as Katherine puts it?"

"Sure," Alan replied. "Always happy to oblige."

"Ha, ha, Mr. Don Juan," Katherine said, suddenly a bit surly at sharing. True, she'd been the one to make the offer, but she hadn't thought that Kim, a self-avowed lesbian, would really take her up on it. "Kim, I give you permission, but remember I always get first dibs, 'cos he's my brother, okay?"

Alan interrupted with a stern whisper, "I told you already: don't say that word at school, ever! You never know if the walls have ears." Truthfully they were beyond screwed if they were found there and Alan knew he should have been a lot more careful, but there were just too many exciting things happening for him to really think straight.



"Sorry, V. B. B." his sister answered.

Kim replied to Katherine's "first dibs" comment. "That sounds okay with me, Katherine. And who knows, I might not even like it. Let's see."

They had to rearrange themselves considerably so that Kim could kneel in front of Alan's dick. Finally they were ready, and without any further ado Kim started licking her way around his cockhead.

Luckily for Alan, he had climaxed a short time before, so his cum was still drooling from the end of his prick. As a result, Kim again tasted his seed, reinforcing her earlier conclusion that she liked it. In fact, in a matter of moments she had pulled the wide shaft in a little deeper so that she could taste and swallow some more of his cum.

That turned out to be an accident, because she'd had no intention of putting something as big as Alan's cockhead into her mouth. But before she knew it, she was bobbing down to his sweet spot. To her surprise, she discovered that there was something strangely appealing about the process, even without counting the taste of his delicious cum.

Meanwhile, Katherine was behind Kim, frigging her new friend's clit, which guaranteed that Kim would enjoy herself no matter what her opinion was of the size and taste of Alan's tool.

Katherine and Alan were very curious to see how Kim liked cocksucking, and if she were on the road to at least bisexuality, but Kim wouldn't stop sucking long enough to give them her opinion and her facial expression didn't show her feelings.

At first, she mostly sputtered and gagged. Kim was a small person with a small mouth, and it was obvious she had trouble just getting her lips around such a big thing. But she persisted and soon got the hang of it, once she realized she shouldn't take it so deep.

Katherine wanted to whisper pointers, but she figured Alan wouldn't be happy about that for "security reasons." Besides, Kim appeared to be doing surprisingly well on her own.

The only sounds were the occasional moan or sucking sound from Kim. To judge from her noises and the way she kept at it, the others finally realized she must enjoy it, or at least that she was a really dedicated experimenter.

Finally, Kim came up for air. "That was ... nice," she admitted. "Are all cocks that tasty?"

"No," Katherine answered. She referred obliquely to Suzanne by saying, "Remember that mystery girl I mentioned before? She says his cock is as good as it gets. If it were any bigger, it would get uncomfortable, not to mention who'd be able to suck on it? And his cum is supposed to have a very special taste. I'm thinking that's maybe 'cos Alan is almost a fruitarian, practically living on fruit and fruit juice. One major factor is that he hardly eats any meat except for fish."

"Could be," Kim commented, like someone trying to place a strange new flavor. "It does taste kind of fruity, now that you mention it." She mouthed his cockhead to experiment with cocksucking some more.

Katherine whispered, "So, V. B. B., how does it feel to have two cheerleaders taking turns blowing you in the middle of school? Is that something you wouldn't mind turning into a daily habit?" bender

"Oh yeah!" he groaned. Kim was no Suzanne or even Susan when it came to cocksucking skills, but he was discovering that even a totally inexperienced blowjob still felt pretty great.

In fact, right at that moment he had to mutter, "No teeth. Please, no teeth." She was willing to try new techniques, so she was quickly learning what worked well and what didn't.

Katherine added, "Now that we've found this closet, we might just have to 'cum' here every day." At the risk of bumping into more objects, she knelt by Kim so she could discover what painted pussy tasted like.

Alan just backed up into a shelf to make more room while letting Kim know what he liked with approving pats on her head.

Chapter 185 Got Caught In School ?

Once Kim got going on cocksucking, she didn't want to stop. But it was a good thing they were too busy sucking and licking to talk because, with only about fifteen minutes left in the lunch period, they all heard the sound of the door to the outer supply room open.

They instantly froze in place. Kim had her hand wrapped around Alan's rod at that very moment, drooling a string of his cum from her lips. Katherine still had her nose in Kim's cunt.

But as quietly as they could, they began to wipe themselves with some moist towelettes Alan had so thoughtfully provided, pulling their clothes back up or down as needed. Covering up only took a few seconds, but the smell of sex was still there and bodily fluids were leaking all over the place.

However, Alan realized the gig was up, because they had left the light on in their little closet.

They all listened as they heard the person in the other room finally begin to move.

Alan realized, It sounds like a person is walking right towards the closet we're in!bender

He zipped up his shorts and quickly said out loud, "Hello. Someone out there?" and grabbed the first supplies he could lay his eyes on. Even though his dick was still soaked with Kim's saliva, it was wilting in record time due to his fear of getting caught.

Acting preemptively, he opened the door a bit and slid out through the crack. He hoped to deny whoever it was a glimpse inside the closet by getting in the way first. He leaned back against the door and doorknob to further prevent anyone from being able to open it, while looking to see who had discovered them. He was ready to fight to keep the closet door closed, if need be, since it was his sister that was in there.

"Alan?! What are you doing here?" said a very shocked voice. It was Mr. Jackson, Alan's art teacher.

Thank God! thought Alan. He was on good terms with the man, who was near retirement age. "Mr. Jackson! You surprised me!"

"YOU surprised ME! Alan? I said, boy, what are you doing in here?"

"Um, Ms... uh, Rhymer, asked me to get her some supplies. So I was just getting it. Um, them." He held up what was in his hand to show Mr. Jackson, and saw for the first time that he was holding a bottle of Windex. That works, pretty much, he thought. He couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief.

"Hmmm." said Mr. Jackson. "I was just getting some supplies myself," said the teacher warily. He clearly was very suspicious of Alan's explanation. He stared at Alan's hair, which was more unkempt than usual.

Worse, Mr. Jackson was sniffing. Alan realized that, given the seeming gallons of cum they'd all just released, Mr. Jackson could not fail to smell the potent aroma of sex in the outer storage room (and it was far worse in the inner storage closet). They hadn't intended to use the chemicals he'd brought to cover up the smell until they were leaving. Plus, Alan realized he himself probably looked all flushed and disheveled. Shit. Busted!

Alan looked like he wouldn't let the door open for anything. He figured that since he was already busted, perhaps he could somehow save the other two from getting caught. It was a desperate plan, but he was grasping at straws.

Mr. Jackson looked around the outer supply room, found what he sought, and picked it up. "Here it is," he said. He looked back at Alan. "You sure Ms. Rhymer gave you permission to be here? I thought students weren't allowed in here."

"Of course she did." Alan forced a fake smile.

"Well... I guess I'll be going, then. Aren't you leaving, too?"

"Um, I just spilled something in there when I heard you come in. You surprised me. I'll have to go back and clean it up."

"I'll bet you did," said Mr. Jackson with a smirk. "By the way, Alan, how are things going with the ladies? Do you have a girlfriend these days?"

"Uhhh... They're going very well. Um... Yes I do. Kim. You know, one of the cheerleaders."

"She's very pretty. You're a lucky man. I wish I was your age." Mr. Jackson began to walk back towards the hallway. Just as he reached the outer door, he turned to Alan and said, "If you see her, say hello for me." He gave Alan a wink.

He totally knows I was in there with a woman, and doesn't mind! Alan realized. Thank fucking Jesus he thinks it's just Kim!

After a knowing pause, the teacher continued, "However, in the future, make absolutely sure you have permission before you enter a room like this. You wouldn't want to do anything foolhardy and tarnish your sterling reputation."

"No, sir. Of course not, sir!"

"I suggest you leave immediately. See you later, then." Mr. Jackson closed the door.

Alan immediately went back into the closet where Kim and Katherine were hiding and put a finger over his mouth to indicate they should remain quiet. He was extremely wary now and figured they wouldn't be completely safe until they were all far from the room.

But the two had heard his conversation very clearly and were elated at not getting caught. Silently, they all gave each other high fives.

Finally, Alan whispered to them incredibly quietly, even though he thought it almost impossible to eavesdrop on this room from the hallway when both doors were closed. He was all business. "That was too close! Mr. Jackson figured I was in here with just Kim. He even winked at me! Talk about luck. We have to get out of here, and now! First, let's spray the air to get rid of the smell of sex, which he couldn't miss by the way. Then I'll leave first, and check if the coast is clear. If it is, I'll bump against the door, and then you, Kim, can come out next. He may even be out in the hallway to see who else comes out! If it's all clear still, then Katherine you come out like five minutes later. Stay in here with the lights off until then. Kim and I will linger by the door. We'll thump against the door again to let you know it's okay. Agreed?"

The other two nodded.

He added, "And no way in hell am I using this closet again! Mr. Jackson will probably spread this around as gossip. I can just hear him now saying to the other teachers: 'You wouldn't believe who I saw in the supply closet with a girlfriend. Honor student Alan with a cheerleader!'"

"He wouldn't dare!" gasped Katherine.

"How do we know that?" Alan asked. "I'm not even going to think about what would have happened if I hadn't acted fast and prevented him from opening the door. He would have had a heart attack seeing you in here, Katherine, even with all your clothes on. And word would have gotten to Mom, I'm sure, even if nothing could really be proven. No more closet fun. No way! We have to play it safe. Now, let's get out of here!"

His plan of escape worked like a charm. The second-floor hallway was completely empty, as it almost always was midway through lunch. They all made it out and away with ten minutes to spare, which turned out to be a very good thing.

The elderly Mr. Jackson went to look for Ms. Rhymer, and eventually found her in the corridor, headed towards the teacher's lounge to eat her lunch.

"Ms. Rhymer! You're just the person I'm looking for," he said as he walked up to her.

She spiraled around to face him.

His breath caught in his throat at the sight of such an attractive woman.

She wore an elegant formal outfit that somehow greatly accented her breasts even as it mostly covered them.

He asked, "You didn't happen to ask your student Alan Plummer to get you some Windex from the supply room, did you?"

"No. Whatever are you talking about?"

"I thought not. I was almost sure of it. Did you lend him your key to that room?"

She began to realize that Alan might be in some kind of trouble. It occurred to her that she should try to cover for him. "Yes, I did," she lied.

Mr. Jackson nodded, then said, "I hate to say this - do you promise to keep this under your hat?"

Ms. Rhymer nodded.

"He used your key to sneak into the supply room. I just caught him in the back closet there, while I was getting some supplies. He was there with a girlfriend. I didn't actually see her, but I'm sure of it. And they were having sex! The smell was overwhelming. I let him off the hook, 'cos boys will be boys, and it was Alan, after all. I'm sure he was well-meaning, and we don't want a blemish on his record, which would hurt his chance of getting into a top college. Frankly, I can't tell you how surprised I was about that, to find HIM there, of all people! But we can't allow this to continue and have that turn into a little orgy room back there. I'm sure you agree."

"Of course!" Ms. Rhymer was shocked, but also not too surprised. So he really is turning into some kind of sexual... He's sexually insatiable, that's what he is! Alan, of all people! Apparently even the bombshell Suzanne Pestridge isn't enough for him, and he's got a girl at school helping out with his "problem" too!

She found herself both jealous of the girl, whoever she was, and hot at the possibilities this situation implied. Maybe he and I could make use of that little 'orgy room' one day, she thought wickedly.

To Mr. Jackson, she said indignantly, "I'll take care of it right away, and get the key back." She realized that the only time he'd borrowed the key had been the prior Friday. Did he secretly make a copy? Goody-two-shoes Alan?

Covering for him, she said, "Of course we'll all have to be more careful with this kind of thing in the future. And you did the right thing in not punishing him. Kids at that age are just discovering sex, and they do stupid things. There's no need to ruin his stellar record for ... some overactive hormones."

"That's what I figured," Mr. Jackson said.

By this time they'd reached the teacher's lounge, where she often went to eat lunch. She grabbed her chicken, cheese focaccia, and an orange from the refrigerator and tried to act nonchalant. "Since I know

him well, I'll have a talk with him, and strongly hint that he needs to be more careful. And I'll give him an earful about the keys. I hope the girl is careful too. Do you know who it is?"

"He all but admitted to me he was in there with his girlfriend Kim, whom you probably know as one of the varsity cheerleaders. You know, the short, young one."

"Ah, yes." Ms. Rhymer was jealous that Alan was with someone so good looking. Very jealous. Strangely, she was more bothered by finding out he'd been with Kim than even his graphic descriptions of what he'd been doing with Suzanne Pestrige. Kim, eh? Fucking cheerleader slut thinks she can steal him away from me! And Alan? This is the guy I've been risking my job over, the guy I've been masturbating in class about? So he thinks he can go and sleep with some slut right under my nose?! I'll show him!

But to Mr. Jackson she was cool and collected. "Ah well, hopefully by the time I'm done straightening him out, he'll catch my drift and warn Kim to be more careful as well."

The two of them continued to talk about Alan and how he now seemed "all grown up," while Ms. Rhymer ate.

She freed herself from the conversation as soon as she was able and quickly made her way to the supply room. She opened the back closet and, to her disappointment, found it completely empty. Nothing was out of order, except for an unusually strong smell of chemicals.

He's a clever young man, she thought. I'll give him that. And he's lucky that ol' softy Mr. Jackson was the one who found him.

I wonder if he really has developed some kind of compulsion to have orgasms at regular intervals at least six times a day. That would explain this. How many kids dare to have sex at school? Virtually none. If I would have let him masturbate in my classroom today, this never would have happened. But it's not my fault. He needs to control his hormones. Nobody needs to cum THAT bad!

Chapter 186 Talk About Brenda

Suzanne came over to do her morning exercises with Susan, as usual. As promised, it was an hour since she'd last left.



So far, Susan and Suzanne hadn't talked about the thrilling events of yesterday afternoon, when Susan spied on Alan masturbating on the sun deck while he talked on the phone to Suzanne. So Susan had a lot to say about that.

As soon as Suzanne found Susan in the kitchen, Susan rushed to her and gave her a big hug, followed by a couple of pecks on her cheeks. "Suzanne! I'm so glad to see you. You're the best friend anyone could ever have!"

Suzanne grinned. "What did I do now?" She teased, "Sounds like you're buttering me up for a favor."

"Far from it. I just couldn't wait to say 'thank you' for what you did for me yesterday, when you caught me spying on my son. I thought I was absolutely going to die of shame! Just DIE! I was in the wrong, so very, very wrong, and yet you took the fall for me and put all the blame on yourself. You saved me from complete and utter humiliation. I'm forever in your debt!"

With the hug over, Suzanne went to the refrigerator and poured herself a glass of chilled water. "Don't worry about it. It's what friends do."

Susan said, "Not really. Not many friends would do that."

Suzanne turned to Susan and said, "Well, we're not just friends. Not even best friends. What we have is something extra special, don't you think? I've got your back and you've got mine." She was surprised she said all that, because she was usually reluctant to talk about this kind of "mushy stuff," but she felt so strongly about it that it just came pouring out of her.

Susan rushed to Suzanne again and enveloped her with an even tighter and more heartfelt hug. "We do! We do! Suzanne, I have to admit, you're more of a sister to me than even my real sisters, and that's saying a lot because I'm pretty close to most of them. What would I do without you? I can't even imagine!"

Suzanne smiled from ear to ear, but at the same time she broke the hug and turned away to finish drinking her water, because she couldn't cope with the "mushy" overload. "Like I said, don't worry about it. No big deal. You would have done the same for me, I'm sure."

Susan replied, "I would have, except I probably wouldn't have thought about that switcheroo idea. You're so clever. Whereas look at me. I'm hitting a new low, spying on my own son while he did... what he did!" She looked to the floor in embarrassment.

Suzanne turned back to her friend to reassure her. "What are you talking about? You shouldn't feel bad about that. That was the best thing you did all day! Remember how I told you that you should watch and learn? I sincerely meant that, and I still do. We should set up some situations just so you can watch."

Susan waved her hands frantically, and her pulse quickened. "No! Please no! Not that!"

"Why not? You're going to be doing a lot more than just helping your Tiger with his abnormality checks once a week, I'm sure of that. If you're going to be one of his personal sluts, you need to know and understand Alan's penis even better than your own hands."

Susan huffed with frustration. "Suzanne, I love you so much that even 'best friend' falls far short, but sometimes you drive me crazy! Would you please stop talking about this 'personal slut' business? I said that once, just kind of as an accident."

Suzanne just shrugged noncommittally. She knew that Susan wasn't highly aroused at the moment, so she didn't want to push the issue. But at the same time, she didn't want to make any promises, because she knew she'd be teasing her with the "personal slut" lingo in other situations when Susan was all hot and bothered. "Sorry. I just call them as I see 'em. You know I'm a straight shooter."

Susan was going to reply to that, but this talk about honesty reminded her of something else. "You are very honest. That's one reason why I trust you so much. But yesterday you did lie at one point, and I've been meaning to ask you about it."

"What's that? I don't remember lying."

"It was during the poker game with Brenda. Remember when Tiger came home from school and was introduced to her? You mentioned to her that he was dating lots of different women at once, so much so that he practically had his own harem! We both know that's untrue. Yes, he's been getting a lot of special help from you lately, but that doesn't really count. And technically, he has yet to really go on his first date!"

"He's gone on a practice date with Christine," Suzanne pointed out.

"True, but that's just a practice date, not a real date. Besides, one practice date in the last few days is a far, far cry from the unstoppable Don Juan you painted him as."

Suzanne said, "You got me. I did lie, but it was a white lie. He's not an 'unstoppable Lothario' yet, but he's well on his way due to some unexpected natural talents and endowments, and with my help he's going to be a total lady killer before long. If you think he's a well-hung stud muffin today, just wait and see what he'll be like when he reaches his full potential!"

Susan's eyes went wide and her heart skipped a beat. Oh my! Oh my! I'm having a hard enough time resisting him as it is. If he gets any sexier, what am I going to do?! I could end up spending hours and hours on my knees, slobbering all over his thick meat!

Even though Susan was unaroused at the moment, that was far from an unappealing proposition for her.

Suzanne went on, "I want us to be able to talk freely with Brenda about all kinds of things. Obviously, we can't tell her about the six-times-a-day diagnosis and what's followed from that. But, since we're going to be playing cards with her every week, and we're likely to become good friends by and by, wouldn't it be nice if you'd be able to make some comment or joke about how big Sweetie's cock is, or how it stays erect practically all the time?"

"Of course," Susan replied, "I'm not much of a joker, as you know, but it would be nice to not have to worry about something like that slipping out while she's there, especially since I'm thinking about those things so much."

Suzanne said, "So that's why I told that lie, to give us cover down the line. He IS turning into an 'unstoppable Lothario' with my help, so it's better if she just treats that as a given from the get-go, so we don't have to explain his recent remarkable transformation."

Susan nodded. "I see. You know I don't approve of lying. The Bible is very clear about that. But I suppose it's less objectionable in this instance."

Suzanne asked, "By the way, what do you think of Brenda? Isn't she nice? I figure we have a lot in common, due to our similar physiques and backgrounds."

Susan felt a flash of jealousy, because she envisioned Brenda standing naked in front of Alan, licking her lips at him and beckoning him to her humongous breasts with a finger. But she tried not to act affected, and said, "She is nice. I've known her as an acquaintance for a while, but now it looks like we're on our way to becoming friends, so that's nice too." However, she couldn't completely hide her jealousy, and she added with a brief scowl, "But if you ask me, she's a little TOO curvy, if you know what I mean."bender

Suzanne chuckled. "Susan, Susan, Susan, don't get envious like that. It doesn't become you. Think about all those poor women who don't have your looks and your curves. But that's a big reason why I picked her out for these card games. I figure the three of us are all on a similar beauty level, as well as bust level, so those things kind of become a non-issue between us. And it matters. You can't tell me that you haven't had a lot of potential female friendships flounder due to them feeling intimidated by your looks. I know it's happened to me. Constantly!"

Susan nodded. "Yeah, I suppose that's true. And you're right, some perspective is called for here." She thought, I want Tiger to love my big tits the most! Even more than Suzanne's, and definitely more than Brenda's. That means a lot to me. But she's right; those are not Christian thoughts. Envy is a sin.

After some more small talk, the two of them finally went down to the basement to exercise.

Suzanne considered being more honest with Susan. But while she hated to lie to her best friend, she decided Susan's sexual attitudes hadn't evolved enough yet to be able to properly handle the news that the main reason Suzanne was hyping Alan to Brenda was her hope that she and Brenda could eventually become sexually intimate. She figured the truth would come out by and by, when the time was ripe.

Chapter 187 Heather X Kath

Alan had a very ordinary final class period: he played tennis during P.E. He wished he could see the cheerleader practice, to see what might happen to Katherine with her painted-on panties, but unlike the football players with their distant view of cheerleader practice, the tennis players played in a different part of the school.

He wouldn't have been able to see much, even if he'd been able to watch. Cheerleader practice started much like the first time Katherine had been caught.

Heather, now that the unexplained ban on her toying with Katherine was over, eagerly began the practice with high leg stretches. She immediately walked over to Katherine and began to finger her naked pussy while one of Katherine's feet was stretched up to her head. Her other fingers slid around the outside of that pussy and she detected with delight that Katherine's pussy was completely bare.

But today she didn't want to waste any time. She liked sex with men more than with women, but she just plain loved sex and she certainly wasn't averse to playing with a little pussy. She'd chosen the other cheerleaders largely on the basis of her attraction to them, and she had long-range goals of eventually having sex with all of them. The panties painting had given her the foot in the door she needed to start her seduction of the whole squad.

As the week went on she had grown increasingly aroused by the thought of what she would do with Katherine when she had the chance. She had resolved that she would throw caution to the wind and have Katherine all for her own on Thursday.

"Katherine, it seems like your muscles are tight. Just like last Friday. But today they're even worse. I'm afraid it seems like you've pulled a muscle. Why didn't you say anything?" Meanwhile, Heather's fingers kept working on Katherine's cunt.

"Uh, really, it's nothing," said a very red-faced Katherine. At the best of times Katherine was afraid of Heather. The head cheerleader dominated everyone through sheer force of will. But on an occasion like this, Katherine was completely petrified.

Heather looked like a lioness about to strike its helpless prey. Her steely, dark blue eyes practically assaulted Katherine with the intensity of her gaze.

Katherine meekly turned away.

Like a predator, Heather picked up on such signs of weakness. She flashed a nasty smile.

Meanwhile, Katherine wondered, How is it that no one is noticing what Heather's doing? She was actually fairly surprised that she and Kim had made it through the last three days of practice without anyone noticing either of their bare pussies, especially now that their labia could actually be seen. Luckily, the shaving really had made a big difference in helping them keep the secret. In reality, given

that Kim and Heather were in on the secret, and Amy was a non-threatening friend, that only left the two other cheerleaders, Janice and Joy, who needed to remain unaware.

Heather walked over to Janice, the cheerleader with the short red hair, and said: "I'm afraid I'm going to have to take Katherine back to the lockers to see if I can't apply some cream or something to get rid of her cramp. Can you take over here? It might take a while, so don't wait for us."

Janice was happy to take over.

Soon Heather and Katherine were across the field and at the door to the girl's locker room. As they arrived, Heather said out of the corner of her mouth, "I don't know why, but Kim said it was very important for me to wait until today before we could play. But today is MY day. As soon as we get through this door, you'd better be ready to fuck my brains out or else. I even brought a big dildo, and you're going to use it."

At that, they walked through the door, and Heather's hands were all over Katherine's butt and pussy like Heather couldn't wait another second, which she couldn't.

"Wait!" cried Katherine. She was deathly afraid of getting caught, especially since she had almost been caught with Alan and Kim little more than an hour earlier.

"This is reckless!" Katherine moaned, turning her head as Heather leaned in to kiss her. "Let's at least take a look around."

Heather calmed down enough to see the sense in that, so they quickly poked their heads all around the aisles of the locker room to make sure no one else was there. It was completely empty, as it almost always was during class, unless someone was very late or there was some medical emergency like Katherine's supposedly pulled muscle.

"This is crazy." Katherine said. "Even the coaches come in here sometimes." But she knew there was no way to stop Heather once she wanted something, so instead she suggested, "Here, let's do it in the shower. That'll give us the most warning if anyone comes in."

The two kissed each other passionately. Heather grew less aggressive and more tender as the kiss progressed. Katherine also found herself calming down. Despite her worries and her strong dislike of Heather, she couldn't help but get aroused. Thoughts of soon having sex with her brother had kept her on edge all day and now Heather was reaping the benefit.

Then they both began to throw off their clothes.

Once they were both naked, Katherine took a good look at Heather and said, "Damn, woman, talk about an all-over tan! What's your secret?"

"Mmmm. Thanks. Talk later," Heather replied hastily as she moved in for another kiss. "Mostly sunbathing naked in the backyard a lot."

Katherine turned on two showerheads. "If anyone comes in, we're just taking our showers, right?"

"Right," said Heather. "You're smart. I like that. But you can't take off your panties, 'cos they're painted on! How delicious!"

The two moved in for another kiss and began to wildly grope each other's bodies.

Heather grabbed a nearby bar of soap and said, "As long as we're pretending it's a shower, let's make it authentic!" She rubbed soap all over Katherine.

Soon both of them were covered in sudsy bubbles. The slick soapiness turned them both on all the more, leading to more hands exploring everywhere.

Within minutes they were down on the floor in a sixty-nine position. Each stuck her tongue in the other's pussy and attacked her clit.

Aside from the cunt-licking that Heather had forced on her the other day, Katherine had never done anything with other women more serious than licking and fingering Kim a bit, and checking Amy for 'bumps', but she took to the new position like a fish to water.

Heather didn't even realize that Katherine was completely winging it and assumed that Katherine had been secretly and actively bisexual for some time.

Katherine just tried to imitate what Heather was doing to her. She could tell from Heather's mews and moans when she was doing something right.

They kept going like that for a while, until they both started to orgasm. It seemed the shuddering and climaxing would never end. Had someone walked in then, neither girl would have noticed or cared. Actually, it was fair odds that someone could come in at any time. If someone did, though, the two girls would be okay as long as they could stand up in time to make it look like they were showering. But the danger of being caught only made them that much more aroused.

Finally, both were too tired and breathless to go on, so they took a break. They sat underneath the water as it poured from the showers and regained their strength.

"Are you keeping track of time?" Katherine asked. She lazily ran her hands over Heather's slick, bronzed skin. She added with a smile, "I guess being forced to have sex with you isn't such a bad thing, after all."

Heather replied, "We've got lots of time... By the way, for such a stuck-up prude, you can lick and finger pretty well. You seem to have some experience with women. I had you figured all wrong. And such enthusiasm! I was rather looking forward to really forcing you, but this is just as much fun, if not better."

"Well, you're nice!" replied Katherine sarcastically. "My only experience with this is with Kim in the last week, thanks to the way you forced us together. And you, for such a stuck-up bitch, I have to admit you're pretty hot."

Heather let the "stuck-up bitch" comment slide, since they were so intimate at the moment and she got called that all the time (though few dared to say it to her face).

Katherine went on, "And you're not too shy with women either. To think you've been watching us cheerleaders practice every day - I can only wonder what you've been thinking. Whatever would your boyfriend, the star quarterback, have to say?"



"He'd get all hot and bothered if he could see us." She began to caress Katherine's glistening wet shoulders and boobs as if to emphasize the point. She started to lather her again since the soap had mostly washed away. "But that prick isn't going to get so lucky. I just do him for the status. I've got a few other pricks on the side who are much more filling and tasty. And then there's Simone and a couple other girlfriends. I'm a busy girl."

They began to kiss, lick, and finger each other all over again. Their hands slipped and slid all over their bodies.

Heather generally took the lead, since she was much more experienced in Sapphic lovemaking.

Katherine leaned against the wall of the shower while Heather got on her knees and ate her out as the water cascaded over them both.

"Wait," said Heather suddenly. "I almost forgot!" She got up and ran to her locker, dripping water all the way. She came back with a black dildo that wasn't too thick, but was nearly a foot long. It was handheld and not of the strap-on type. "Mr. Excitement!" she said. "It's even got batteries." She turned it on and it began to shake and rotate.

She walked towards Katherine with it. "Are you ready for this throbbing monster?" bender

"Wait!" said Katherine. "I'm still a virgin! I don't want my first time to be with Mr. Excitement!"

"I don't feel a hymen," Heather said skeptically as she probed deep inside Katherine's slit with her fingers.

"I am! You know how prudish I was before last week. But now I'm getting all slutty, and I don't think I'll be one for much longer. Next time we do it, I'll be happy to feel Mr. Excitement, but for now let me do it to you. Please?"

Heather could hardly object to that. "Get me off!" she cried. She turned off the water, leaned against the wall, and thrust her ass out.

Katherine held Mr. Excitement in her hand, but she hesitated, happy just to soak in the view.

Katherine was staggered by Heather's beauty. The head cheerleader's perfect butt was raised high in the air, and lifted higher and higher as Heather wriggled in anticipation for the dildo to come. A deep tan covered every inch of Heather's privates, which made her blonde bush stand out in contrast all the more.

As if that wasn't enticing enough, Katherine loved the way the water from the recently turned-off shower continued to roll down Heather's skin. Mesmerized, she watched the water roll down Heather's back, ass and legs, falling to the floor.

"What's taking you so long?" Heather asked, a little bit irked.

"Just admiring the view. Sorry... And I can't believe this is happening right here in the locker room."

Katherine snapped out of her reverie and slowly pushed Mr. Excitement in all the way. Even with Heather's experience, the vibrator was still fairly large, making it a tight fit. Then she stuck a finger in Heather's anus and began to finger her there, even as she reached around and began to grope Heather's dangling boobs and pinch her nipples.

From the surprised and happy sounds Heather made, it seemed the anal finger was a new experience even for the very sexually experienced head cheerleader.

The two went on like that for some time, until both of them were nearly completely dry from their showers. They could have kept it up for much longer, but their fun came to a sudden halt when they heard the door leading from outside to the girl's locker room open.

They both froze. It took a few seconds for someone to walk farther into the locker room before they could turn and walk down a hallway to the showers, but that's exactly what they heard someone doing.

The main problem was that Mr. Excitement was impaled deep in Heather's cunt. Katherine thought, Shit! Caught again! Twice in one day.

Chapter 188 Amy X Kath X Heather

As they separated from each other and tried to stand up, they heard a voice say, "Heather? Katherine?"

It was Amy. She turned a corner and saw them both naked in the showers as they tried and failed to act casual. Her eyes opened wide.

"Hi Amy!" they said simultaneously, both faking enthusiasm to see her.

"Hi! There you are!" Amy said happily; she wasn't the kind of person to stay surprised for long. "I heard the water running. Janice sent me to see what was keeping you."

She frowned, quizzically. "But why are you both taking showers in the middle of class? ... And Heather! What's that thing sticking out of you?!" She pointed towards Heather's pussy.

"Oh shit!" Heather said. While Katherine had remembered the dildo and was fretting about it, Heather was too shocked to properly respond, so she was just standing there with it sticking lewdly out of her pussy. It was impossible to miss the sight of about six inches of big black dildo, and the pussy juices running down it and all along Heather's inner thighs.

For once in her life, Heather felt totally embarrassed. For a moment, she thought she was completely ruined, and lamely attempted to cover her breasts, as if that would help. Heather had done a lot of wild things, but she'd never been caught, and she didn't know what to do or say.

Katherine quickly sidled up to Heather's ear and whispered, "Don't worry; I know Amy. Let me handle this. Just follow my lead."

"Amy!" Katherine said out loud in a casual voice. "That's a good question! Why don't you come over here and I'll explain all about it." She had no idea what she would say, but she was stalling for time.

"M'kay!" said a happy and apparently unsuspecting Amy. However, she suddenly stopped and frowned. "But wait. It's wet over there. And what about practice?"

Katherine replied, "Don't worry about practice. After all, Heather is head cheerleader and she says this is an important part of your practice too, right Heather?"

"Right," said Heather uncertainly, still recovering from being caught. Her reaction wasn't helped by the fact that she was a natural exhibitionist and was actually juicing up even more as Amy continued to stare at her with a puzzled expression.

Katherine explained, "We're just practicing some different kinds of stuff. So just take off your clothes and come over here. You probably could use a shower anyway." She knew how much Amy liked being nude and thought she could use that to her advantage.

Amy began to remove her clothes. "Yeah, Janice is making us all sweaty." She shucked off her clothes so enthusiastically that it seemed as if it was a crime for her to ever wear clothing in the first place.

As Amy took off her clothes, Katherine whispered again in Heather's ear, "Let's have a little fun with Amy, but not too much, okay? Follow my lead."

Heather just nodded dumbly in reply as she watched Amy strip. She was blown away by the situation and was still unusually frightened and speechless. She was so wrapped up in the situation that she still hadn't thought to remove the dildo that protruding obscenely from her pussy.

Amy was out of her clothes in a flash. She stretched out. "Aaaah! That feels so much better! Clothes are lame-o."

But then she seemed to remember some modesty, because she walked over towards them with a hand over her pussy and an arm over her considerable boobs.

Katherine wasn't sure if she was happy or jealous that, of all the women in the high school, these two were nearly the only others with bigger boobs than her own.

Heather suddenly realized how bizarre Katherine must look to a stranger: completely naked, but with painted-on black panties. She couldn't help asking "Amy, aren't you wondering about Katherine's black panties as well?"

Amy blushed, acting like she wanted to answer but couldn't.

"That's okay, Amy," Katherine butted in. "Heather is the other person who knows." She turned towards Heather and added, "Heather, I already explained to Amy the other day about the panties. I gave her a very brief explanation about how I lost them on Friday and you're punishing me for losing them by making me wear these for a week." She emphasized the words "very brief" in the hope that Heather would get the hint not to say anything more, such as mentioning Kim's role.

Amy smiled, relieved that she wasn't in a bind about keeping that a secret from Heather. "Oh, good," she said.

"Amy already knew?" asked Heather, still slow on the uptake.

Katherine pressed on. "Yes. Here, Amy, why don't you stand here and take a shower while we talk. We were just finishing our own showers." She led Amy to the showerhead next to her own and turned it on.

Amy grabbed the soap and began to lather her impressive body.

For a moment, both Heather and Katherine just watched Amy showering and admired her remarkable, if slightly plump, body. Amy might even have given Heather a run for her money in the Homecoming Queen contest if she had a suitably grasping personality to go along with her calendar-girl physique.

But Katherine meanwhile still had no idea how she could explain why a dildo was sticking out of Heather's pussy, or why the two of them had taken so much time away from practice. She wasn't too worried now that the shock of being caught had worn off. She figured that for the clueless and naïve Amy the threshold of believability could be pretty low. Even so, she searched her brain frantically for any plausible explanations.

"Amy," Katherine finally began.

"Mmmm-hmmm?" cooed Amy as she enjoyed her shower.

"You know how Heather said I had a muscle cramp? Well, she started massaging me between my legs, where my cramp was. And after a while it felt better, but... What was really weird is, all this whitish

liquid started pouring out of my vagina. Neither of us could figure that out. So Heather put her fingers in there to see what was happening, and that seemed to just make it happen even more."

"Really?" said a rapt Amy. "I have the same problem too! Remember how you, um, helped me out a few days ago?" She referred to how Katherine, and sometimes Alan, had shaved her pussy, but she tried to be vague since she didn't know whether Kat wanted that secret to be shared with Heather.

"Yeah," said Katherine. "I said that it was okay if you touched yourself down there."

Heather looked at Katherine with a very surprised glance and wondered what exactly they referred to. Heather knew that Katherine was one of Amy's "protectors" from sexual mischief, so she found Katherine's new behavior - from not wearing panties on Friday to this story - extremely puzzling.

"Exactly!" Amy said. "So I began touching myself there, starting that very day. And it seemed like after I did that for a while, a liquid started to come out of me, too! Just like your problem. I was too shy to ask my mom what it was."

"We don't know what it is either," lied Katherine, "but I'm afraid it may be some kind of problem. So anyway... Actually, Amy, why don't you sit down in front of us and show us what you do to make the liquid come out? Maybe that'll help us understand."

"M'kay!" said a happy and still soap-sudsy Amy. She sat down underneath her showerhead and pushed her fingers into her slit and began to rub. With both arms in her crotch, her boobs pushed out impressively.

Heather greatly wanted to reach out and touch those boobs, which were quite possibly even larger than her own, but she very reluctantly restrained herself and waited for Katherine's lead.

Katherine gave Heather a quick and encouraging wink while Amy wasn't looking. Then she said to Amy, "Anyway, so Heather used her fingers on me much like what you're doing right now. And this liquid kept coming out. It would even make me shudder sometimes, and made me feel really good, and hot too."

"Really?" interrupted Amy. "Gosh! That totally happens to me, too!"

"Yeah. So Heather and I were thinking that it must be something really serious. Heather has been helping me figure it out, in case I'm really sick or something. I get hot like I have a fever, so maybe I'm sick."

"Oh no! I get all hot when I'm leaky, too!" cried Amy. "That means I must be sick, too!"

"Maybe," continued Katherine. "But maybe it happens to everyone. We weren't sure. So to test that, I thought we should check with Heather and see if she also leaks this fluid. So I began rubbing her vagina too."

Katherine wanted to show with a visual example, but Heather's cunt was still occupied with the throbbing, rotating dildo. She appeared somewhat glassy-eyed.

"Heather, why don't you show Amy what we mean?"

Heather snapped out of it, but she still didn't remove the dildo. Since she'd already been caught with it she just held it in place because it felt so good.

Soon they were all sitting on the floor, with the water still falling in their general direction.

Heather scooted closer and opened Katherine's black-painted labia. She was fascinated by the contrast between her painted black skin and her gushy pink interior.

Heather let out a squeal of pleasure as it suddenly occurred to her that they weren't going to get in any trouble at all, and that in fact they could keep doing what they'd been doing, with Amy a possible extra source of pleasure. Her usual confident and even domineering self took over.

She motioned to Amy as she held Katherine's labia open wide. "Yes, Amy. Take a look at this. You see this stuff coming out?"

"Yeah?" Amy replied as she scooted closer.

"This is the problem. And I'm not even doing anything. Watch what happens when I start doing this." Heather worked her fingers in and out of Katherine's slit. "See what I mean? Why don't you try it on yourself?"

"M'kay!" Amy jilled herself while staring at Katherine's lips intently, as if she were studying for a test.

There was silence for a few moments, except for the squishy noises coming from Katherine's and Amy's pussies.

Then Katherine continued, "So anyway, Amy, I did that to Heather for a while, like what she's doing to me now. And lo and behold! She began leaking the liquid too. So do you know what that means?"

"Wh-what?" Amy had already begun to lose it and drift into an erotic fog, due to the ministrations of her own fingers. She was very sensitive.

"That means you and I aren't sick! If it happens to all three of us, three randomly-chosen women, that can't just be coincidence. It must happen to everyone."

"Oh... Woooow..." said a glassy-eyed Amy. She was the only one directly under a showerhead, so when her drool escaped her mouth, it got washed away.

"So that's where this big black thing comes in," continued Katherine, pointing to the dildo that was still buried and rotating in Heather's slit. "We thought, maybe if we can't stop our vaginas from leaking, then maybe we could plug them up with something, and then we could go back out to practice. So we looked all over for something to use as a plug, and couldn't find anything but this thing, which is called a dildo. It's actually made to be a pussy plug. We put it in Heather, and it seems to be working. She still feels really good, but she's not leaking as much. Right, Heather?"

"Uh? Yeah, right." Just at that moment Heather was distracted by her own need to climax. She was unbelievably turned on by the sight of Amy pleasuring herself, and by Amy's believing the absurd story. Of all the cheerleaders, she'd assumed that Amy was totally off limits to seduction, because all the other cheerleaders did their best to protect Amy and preserve her innocence. But now Katherine, Amy's chief protector, was the one voluntarily leading Amy's seduction. It blew Heather's mind.



"Oh wooow..." was all Amy could say as she threw her head back in ecstasy. Soon she and Katherine began their own powerful orgasms. Both of them had their legs spread as wide as they could go, which was very wide as they were both limber cheerleaders.

Seeing them, Heather gave in and had a very satisfying climax of her own.

But the three of them were all so worked up that they hardly paused to rest.

Katherine soon said, "Amy, would you like to try? Would you like us to stick this big dildo up your pussy and see if it also stops you from leaking?"

"Um, isn't she a virgin?" Heather asked Katherine quietly.

"Nope!" replied Amy for herself. "I broke my hymen thingy years ago!" She said this happily, like she said most things, as if she were describing getting an A on a test.

Katherine leaned towards Heather and clarified in a low voice, "Amy IS a virgin, but she lost her hymen in an accident."

Heather was the most shaken up by her recent orgasm. It was all she could do to grab the still whirring Mr. Excitement dildo and hand it to Katherine. It was absolutely soaked in Heather's juices. She was amazed that Katherine, a supposed prude, held the wet dildo without blinking an eye and prepared to insert it into Amy.

Needless to say, Heather's opinion of Katherine and Amy was changing dramatically with each passing minute.

Because Amy was her best friend, Katherine knew that she was so trusting that she'd do anything that Katherine told her to do. So she said to Amy, "Okay, get on all fours and spread your legs real wide again. Then I'll push the dildo in."

Amy immediately did what she was told. She didn't seem to find what was happening at all unusual.

But just when Katherine was about to push the dildo in, Amy asked, "Wait a minute. Isn't that thing all yucky? It was just in Heather's you-know-what! I don't want that in me!"

Katherine sighed. "Yeah. That is a problem. I suppose I should go clean it off." She started to get up.

But before she did, Heather came over and held out her hand. "Here, I'll do it."

It was odd for Heather to do something considerate for someone else (unless maybe it was for her best friend Simone), but Heather just wanted to make sure Amy and Katherine maintained their positions so the sexual fun could continue. She even hurried, expecting that Amy couldn't hold her splayed-out pose for long.

Once Heather was out of hearing range, Amy shyly asked Katherine, "Um, could you kinda... not put that thingy in me? I mean, I don't have a problem with dildo play if it's with you, but Heather's here too and that's kind of weird. And we're at school. I don't want to get totally carried away. Plus, to have you push it in like that seems kind of a lot like actual sex. I want my first time to be with, you know, a guy."

Katherine immediately felt bad. Oh, geez. What am I doing? I'm pushing my best friend to do things she doesn't really want to do, just because Heather and I are extremely horny. I'm supposed to be the one protecting her from corruption, but instead I'm the one corrupting her!

With that epiphany, Katherine said, "Yeah. Sorry. I don't know what I was thinking. Whatever you want, Aims."

"Cool beans. Thanks!"

Katherine added, "But... would it be okay if I just kinda rub it on the outside? Heather says it feels really, really good."

"M'kay. But do I have to stay stretched out like this."

Katherine giggled. "No, you don't."

Heather came back, disappointed to see Amy sitting on her heels. "Awww, dammit." She tried to turn on the charm. "Amy, sweet girl, can you raise yourself up like that again?"

Amy replied, "Actually, Katherine says we're gonna play a different game. Do you wanna play?"

Heather was unhappy, but resigned. She knew the other cheerleaders were very protective of Amy, especially Katherine, and if she pushed too hard against that she could get a lot of grief for at most minimal pleasure. So she faked a smile badly and said, "Yeah, sure."

Katherine remained behind Amy and "assisted" with the dildo, running it all over Amy's pussy lips. Then she pretended to discover Amy's clitoris and began toying with that, including buzzing the dildo against it.

The three of them all agreed, with a lot of grunts and moans, that that little bump was another mystery that needed more exploration and understanding.

Heather sat nearby, but at a distance from the other two. She felt a bit neglected to be without either Amy, Katherine, or Mr. Excitement, but she was still plenty aroused, so she frigged herself while she watched the other two have their fun.

Eventually, Katherine thought of the time. That led her to say, "Heather, what about the time. You'd better return to cheerleading practice. I'm surprised Janice didn't send someone else after Amy to see what's keeping her too. Go back and tell them that I got really sick and that Amy is helping me get home."

Heather bristled. "Nobody tells me what to do."

Katherine replied, "Sorry. I'm not trying to be pushy, just practical. You've got to get back to the rest of the squad in any case, right? Meanwhile, we'll finish up here and go home early. Other girls are going to start finishing their sports and coming in here and taking showers soon, so we really have to clean up here anyway."

Heather sighed. She wanted their fun to continue. She still hadn't been able to play with Amy's ample tits, and she'd been lusting after them for a long time. But Heather realized that Katherine was right. Her disappointment was obvious as she sighed, "Okay... I guess." She stood up and began to dry herself off.

Katherine turned to Amy. "I know it feels good, but you have to finish too. When it comes to most things with pussies, um, I mean vulvas, it's good to keep them completely secret. You don't want anyone to see you doing this, ever. This is another super-secret thing, okay? Don't talk to anyone about this except Heather and me when we're in private. Together, the three of us will solve this leakage problem. Okay?"

"M'kay!" said Amy happily. Then she frowned and looked over at Heather, who was putting on her clothes. Amy held up the dildo, which was still dripping pussy juice, and asked, "But do you guys mind if I borrow this for a while? It's really neat-o!"

Heather nodded. Normally she would have refused, but she had plenty of other dildos and she figured loaning or giving Amy the dildo might later give her an excuse to play with Amy some more.

Katherine realized with great relish that it would soon be time for Alan to fuck her. But there was one problem: she wanted her first fuck with her brother to be perfect, not marred by her funny-looking, painted-black butt. So she grabbed a rough brush she had brought along for the occasion and rubbed off all the paint. She also had Amy help out with that.

Thanks to the right implements, Amy's help, and the desire to get the job done as fast as possible instead of playing around, the paint came off in minutes, rather than the hour it had taken Alan when he'd scraped her clean before.

Other girls began to come into the locker room just as they finished, so their timing worked out perfectly.

When Katherine heard the final school bell, she had to suppress the urge to pump her fists into the air. YES! School is fiiiiiiinally over. This was one of the most interesting but also the most painfully long school days in my life. Now, in literally a matter of minutes, I'll be at Kim's house having sex with my hunky brother. I can't wait!

Chapter 189 What If I Tickle The Answer Out Of YOU?

Later in the day, Amy and Katherine waited for school to end. They found a place to hide from the other cheerleaders until the school had cleared out almost entirely, since Amy was already supposed to have taken Katherine home.

As they chatted quietly, Katherine said that she wouldn't let Amy borrow the Mr. Excitement dildo, which was Heather's, but that she had another dildo at home which Amy could use when she came over.

Amy also expressed her disappointment that neither Katherine nor Alan were shaving her pussy more often, particularly because they had told her that it needed to be shaved frequently, especially in the first week. So Katherine promised that both she and Alan would shave it very frequently that weekend if the opportunity presented itself, which delighted Amy.

However, Katherine was pissed at having to sit and wait with Amy for the school to clear out. Brother is expecting me! We finally get to have sex, but here I have to wait? Arrgh! Cruel and unusual torture is what it is. Grrr!

As they waited, Katherine considered talking to Amy about what to do about Heather. Even though she found sexual pleasure with Heather, she disliked her and really hated being coerced. But she was afraid to talk to Amy about this kind of thing, for fear of cluing her in too much about the true nature of things like "checking for bumps." Besides, she figured Amy was just too nice to be able to plot against Heather, so talking about it would be pointless anyway.

It was frustrating that, although Amy was her best friend, she didn't feel that they could talk productively about such things. She figured that was just how it was.

When she finally deemed enough time had passed, she raced home on her bike as fast as she could, leaving Amy on her own bike far behind.

Meanwhile, when the last bell of the school day rang, Alan felt the desire to run full speed to the bike racks, since he was incredibly eager to get to the planned sex session. But he was worried that if he did that, people might get suspicious. Even though he was bursting with excitement inside, he tried to walk at his normal pace and act calm and collected.

He was halfway to his bike when Christine caught up to him and started walking next to him. "Hey. What's up?"

"Oh, hi Christine. How's it going?" He gave her a friendly smile, but he thought to himself, Dang! What bad luck. Why does she want to talk to me NOW, of all times?!

"Oh, I was just off to get some ice cream, it being such a hot day and all. You want to join me?"

"What, you mean the Baskin-Robbins?" There was a Baskin-Robbins franchise near the school.

"Sure."

Alan was torn. Oh man! Sis is waiting. I'm so eager, I'm about to die. But what excuse can I give that I can't gobble down a cone in five minutes? Fooling Christine is just asking for trouble, since she's so sharp. I don't want her to think I'm avoiding her. I have to act perfectly normal. Besides, it won't be the end of the world if I'm five or ten minutes late. The extra anticipation may even make the fucking that much sweeter.

He said, "Cool. Let me get my bike and we'll ride there together."

A few minutes later, they'd locked their bikes outside the Baskin-Robbins, selected their flavors, and sat across from each other in a booth. Once they were settled and licking their ice cream cones, Christine asked, "Okay, now I've got you where I want you. What's up with you lately?"

He replied, "Hmmm. Where to begin. You see, there's this great big yellow thing in the sky called the sun, and it rises in the east every morning. When the Sun rises, most everyone gets up, and I do too."

Christine finally figured out where he was going with this. "Don't tell me. You're literally telling a blonde the meaning of 'what's up with you lately.'"

He kept up his pretense, asking cluelessly, "Am I making it too complicated? Should I use shorter words?" He pointed towards the sky. "Big. Yel-low. Ball."

She rolled her eyes. "Ha ha. Seriously, what is going on with you? I've been keeping an eye on you, and you've been acting strangely."

One aspect of Alan's personality was his ability to live in the moment. He'd mostly managed to push aside thoughts of fucking Katherine for now, and was successfully getting into chatting with Christine. He quipped, "I like to keep an eye on you as well. And other body parts too, if you'd let me." He wiggled his eyebrows outrageously, making it clear from the exaggeration that he was just teasing.

She grinned and shook her head. "You see? That's what I'm talking about. A week or two ago, you wouldn't have said that to me. It's fun, but it's rather... bold, especially for you. And it was just about a week ago when things started to get weird with you. Right about last Wednesday, in fact. I didn't say anything about it on our practice date on Friday, but now it's THURSDAY, over a week later, and you're still acting weird!"

He thought, Uh-oh! Last Wednesday? That was just after the most awesome Tuesday of all time with Mom! Does she suspect something about that? Is incest written all over my face?! I've gotta play it cool and bluff my way through this!bender

He asked guardedly, "How am I acting that's so strange?"

She paused in licking her cone to say with exasperation. "Where to begin? For one thing, you're so HAPPY these days! Like I said, a day or two of that is no big deal, but it's been a week now where you have this far-off look and huge shit-eating grin almost all the time. I'm surprised your feet even touch the ground, since you're constantly floating on air. So just what is going on?"

He tried to dodge the question with a joke. "I have this shit-eating grin because I've been eating a lot of shit. Turns out it not only kinda looks like chocolate, it tastes like it too."

"Yuck! Please, not while I'm eating. Actually, not ever."

"Oh. Sorry." His stalling tactic had given him some time to think, but he still didn't have a good excuse for being that happy for that long. He decided there was only one thing he could say that would plausibly explain his change in mood. "Alright, I'll tell you what's up. But only if you promise not to tell a soul. And I mean you can't tell anybody!"

She nodded as she licked her ice cream.

Watching her lick her cone distracted him more than a little. Dang! Ever since I've been getting blowjobs, I can't look at the licking of ice cream the same way. Does she have any idea how AROUSING that looks?! Damn! And why did she have to pick vanilla of all flavors, and be so messy about it? That looks just like cum dripping down her fingers!

But he focused, and said, "This brings up some kind of painful things, but obviously you remember how I asked you out a while back and you turned me down? Well, I'd been kinda holding a torch for you for a long time. But that turned out to be a much-needed reality check. Kind of a slap upside my head, actually. I thought to myself, 'If that isn't gonna work out, I'm not just gonna sit on my duff.' So... Let's just say things are going well for me on the dating front - the real dating front."

Christine's jaw dropped. Since she'd concluded that something was going on between him and Kim, she pictured them together on a date, even though he hadn't said who it was. She was surprised at how much that idea hurt. "Are you serious?!"

"Of course I'm serious. Think about it. Not only am I happy most of the time lately, but I'll bet I look more confident. I know I feel a lot more confident."

She thought about it and concluded, It does make sense. It also explains why, for the first time, he's so comfortable joking in a gentle, suggestive way with me, like his earlier comment about wanting to keep his eye and other body parts on me. That's a sign of more confidence with girls. But he's just... Alan! I can't picture him actually dating, for real. But then again, he was very charming and suave on our practice date. If that had been a real date, I think I would have given him a real kiss at the end. I guess I've got to think of him in a new way. But if that's true, is he dating just Kim? She seems a bit young for him, and frankly, given how and where he looks at me as well as other endowed girls, not busty enough. Hmmm?!

She asked, "So, you're going steady with someone? That was fast!"

"Whoa, I never said that. I'm just dating. You know, seeing what's out there. Our practice date played a part in that, because it's helped give me more confidence to have real dates."

"But that was only Friday. And you've had dates with multiple girls since then?!"



He said, "Let's put it this way. I'm kinda antsy to get going right now, because I've got an orgy with two cheerleaders to get to."

She laughed. "Right! So would you give me their names, so I can check with them how happy you are? Please?!"

He marveled at his audacity. He'd told her the truth about the "cheerleader orgy" because he knew it was too outrageous to be believed, so she'd have to assume that he was just kidding around. He'd gotten a thrill seeing if he could get away with that. (His fallback was to protest that he'd been joking.) He licked his ice cream cone and shook his head. "Sorry. My lips are sealed. If I went out on a real date with you, would you want me to tell other people about it without your permission?"

"No, of course not. I see what you mean." Still not satisfied though, she tried again, "Can you give me a clue? I'll bet it's Kim and Amy! I'm right, aren't I?"

He played dumb. "Huh? Why would you say that?"

"I saw how Kim came on to you yesterday. And have you ever seen how Amy looks at you? Give me a break; they're both just too obvious."

He didn't know what to make of that. He could understand why she'd guessed Kim, but in his mind Amy had always just been Amy. He figured that even the sexual fun they'd been having lately was just that, fun and playing around.

He held up a hand. "Stop right there. I'm not going to play this game. You're like some kind of friggin' bloodhound. If I say anything, you'll run with it and figure out far too much. If I say nothing, you'll probably learn something from that too, and still figure out too much. I'd appreciate it if you'd please respect my privacy here. I told you this much because you're a good friend. Please don't make me regret it by asking all kinds of probing questions, or even asking around behind my back. Give me some privacy, please."

That deflated her, since she'd already been thinking about who she could ask who might give her useful information. "Okay. I'll be good." But even as she said that, she was still mulling over candidates. She was intrigued by how he'd dodged her guess about Amy.

He smiled. "Thanks. I think I'd like you better if you were bad though, like your offer the other day." He gave her a flirty wink, but in a way that let her know it was all in fun, even though they both knew he meant it.

She got a strange thrill from that comment, which happened to strike a nerve with her. All her life, she'd been nothing but "good," and she'd often wondered what it would be like to be "bad," especially when it came to sex. In the past, she'd tried to picture what it would be like to have sex with Alan, but she'd had to use a lot of imagination because he was always such a gentleman around her, except for the way he stared hungrily at her body and especially at her breasts. She'd imagined that if they ever did get intimate, it would be two total virgins fumbling around and learning together. But now she had to face the fact that he could be getting sexual experience and confidence without her.

That made her jealous, very jealous. But she was careful not to show it. She forced herself to say, "I suppose congratulations are in order."

"Thanks."

They continued licking their ice cream cones until they were nearly finished, at the point where they were eating the sugar cones themselves.

He found himself thinking, I can't believe I'm sitting here casually talking to Christine, of all people, and in less than an hour I will actually be fucking my sister! Thank God there's no such thing as mental telepathy, or she'd be killing me. Yikes!

After a long silence, Christine asked, "So, you're really not gonna give me any names?"

"Nope!" He smirked, because he felt a bit smug about it. Even though his cover story to explain the recent changes in his behavior was kind of a lie, it was also kind of the truth. While he wasn't going on real dates per se, he certainly was getting a lot of sexual experience, and that did help to repair the wound to his pride of her turning him down. He couldn't help but hope that she might have second thoughts about rejecting him.

"Well, I know one of them is Kim, after what happened yesterday."

"Whaaaaat?!" Alan complained, "What happened? She just came by while you and I were talking and said 'hi.'"

"That's not how I remember it."

"Christine, please. Give me a break."

"Fine."

They both finished their cones, stood up, and tossed their used napkins away.

But Alan was right about Christine being like a bloodhound - once her curiosity was aroused, she had a hard time letting go. As they walked out of the Baskin-Robbins, she asked playfully, "What if I tickle the answer out of you?"

To her great surprise, he suddenly turned on her and exclaimed, "What if I tickle the answer out of YOU?!" Then he reached out and tickled both her sides at once.

She found herself laughing, both from his tickling and his comment. She cried out, "That doesn't make any sense!" But he just kept on tickling her, so she struck back and tickled his sides too.

Within seconds, they were laughing uproariously from all their tickling fun. When she'd made the tickle comment, she'd had no plan at all to actually tickle him, so she was glad that he'd taken the initiative.

When Alan aimed for her more sensitive armpit area, she quickly clamped her arms to her sides. That left her in a vulnerable state since she couldn't tickle him very effectively with her arms at her sides, so she stepped back and announced, "Truce!"

Alan nodded. "Truce."

When their laughter subsided, they resumed walking to where they'd locked their bikes.

He was secretly quite excited by the fact that he'd been able to touch her during the tickle fight. Christine radiated a vibe that made him think she wouldn't ever welcome even gestures like a peck on the cheek or a friendly hug. (She wasn't called the "Ice Queen" for nothing.) So any physical contact with her was thrilling for him, especially since he felt her boobs briefly brush against his chest a couple of times while they were horsing around.

Christine said, "Okay, now that we have a tickle truce, you tell me who you're dating, and in return I'll tell you who you're dating."

He just grinned. "Nice try. Although it's interesting to get a glimpse of the logical thinking of the blonde mind."

"Grrr!" She briefly struck a martial arts pose. "Sometimes I wonder why I let you live."

"That IS a bit of a mystery," he kidded.

As they finished unlocking their bikes, she asked, "So... now that you're dating for real, does that mean that our practice dates are over?" She tried to act casual, but clearly that was a very important issue for her.

"Are you kidding me? Quite the contrary! That'll make our pretend dates even better. It'll help take the pressure off, and remove any lingering weirdness from when I, you know, asked you out."

She asked, "But won't you be too busy now?"

He stopped what he was doing and looked her in the eyes. "Christine, I'll always have time for you. Frankly, I think I'd have as much or more fun just talking to you as I would necking with some other girl."

For some reason, she blushed a little at that.

They said their goodbyes soon after, and Alan bicycled off towards his home. He figured the whole interaction with Christine had delayed his departure by ten minutes or so. That wasn't the end of the world, since he, Kim, and Katherine would have all afternoon together.

Christine lingered there for a minute before getting on her bike. That was rather touching, what he said about wanting to spend time with me. I noticed he didn't make any plans for another practice date with me though. Could he really mean that?

Damn. Alan's such a nice guy. Now that he's more fun and confident than before, I'm beginning to regret having shot him down.

Chapter 190 Are We There Yet.!

When Katherine arrived home, about ten minutes later than expected, she was surprised that Alan wasn't already there and waiting for her.

He came biking home at a blistering speed about five minutes later.

Katherine actually stood in the garage where he parked his bike. She looked peeved and had her arms crossed. "And what took you so long?"

"Sorry! Believe me, I've never been so keen to get home. But Christine found me and started talking to me-"

She interrupted with a loud "RRRRRRR!"

He quipped, "What is that, your mountain lion impression? If so, it's pretty good. But honestly, I had no choice but to talk to her. You know how curious she gets. She knows I don't have anything so urgent going on that I couldn't stop and chat with her for a few minutes."

"Grrrr!" But Katherine decided to try to bury her jealousy, since the less they talked, the quicker they could get to Kim's house. She also remembered that she'd been late getting home herself. She said petulantly, "Whatever!" Then she spun around and hurried into the house.

Alan followed her in, and they met up with Susan in the kitchen.

Alan and Katherine had paved the way the night before for their upcoming fuck session, as well as future ones. They had told Susan that a new group had formed, called the 'S-Club' or 'Service Club'. They said it

was a group devoted to doing good deeds in the community, kind of like the Key Club, another group that was already popular at their school. There actually were similarly-purposed S-Clubs in other schools, which was where Alan had gotten the idea, but their high school didn't have one. That made it a great cover story.

The two further explained to Susan that tomorrow was the first meeting, and since the club had just started, it would meet every Monday and Thursday. The membership was very small, because meetings were being held off-campus. Therefore they needed to borrow the car. That was a necessary lie, because Kim's house was quite a distance away.

Susan was delighted and readily agreed to loan them the car any time they needed it for S-Club activities. She encouraged them to join more such clubs, especially since it would look good on their college applications.

Susan even offered to drive them there, but Alan said that would make them look uncool to the other club members, who all had their own cars. (Surprisingly for such a rich family, the kids didn't yet have their own cars because their parents felt it would be spoiling them too much. Anyway, if Alan really were to need a car for some special event, his father's car was usually available since Ron was almost never around.)

Thus Alan and Katherine managed to arrange to have sex with each other with their mother's full approval, in a certain sense. The ever-resourceful Alan had also managed to procure a box of condoms.

Kim phoned and gave the all-clear, so everything was ready.

— — —bender

Alan drove. As they got in the car, he said, "Sis, I'm so glad we're doing this. Sitting in class, I'd half convinced myself that you were gonna chicken out."

"Are you kidding, Big Tasty Brother? I wouldn't miss this for the world! You're going to make me a woman!"

As they settled into the car in the driveway, Katherine leaned over and kissed him on the mouth.

He let the kiss linger, but when it was done he looked around frantically and said, "You're trying to kill me, you know that? We're still in our own frigging driveway! Mom could see! Just wait a few minutes, please!" He started the car.

"Sorry, Bro. Or should I say, Big, Hard, Sister-fucking Brother."

"Hey wait a sec." He put his head down on the steering wheel and groaned inwardly. "Sis, when you say things like that I feel so torn. Is what we're thinking of doing here really right? Is it... is it wrong? Even if you say no, isn't it going to end badly? Don't you feel a bad end coming?"

She held his head in her hands and turned it so he was looking at her. "Listen to me, Big Brother. This isn't wrong. I love you. You love me. That's all that matters. Forget about the mores of this town; I don't care what they think. I'm not certain what the law is on this, but it feels right. You know it and I know it. We love each other and always have, and this isn't going to end badly because we will ALWAYS be in love, no matter what happens."

He asked, "But what if Mom finds out? It would break her heart. Or Ron?"

"Sure, Mom catching us would not be good, to say the least. But ultimately, she'll love us even if we rob a bank. Besides, given how she's helped you 'do your thing' already, can she really be the one to throw the first stone?"

"But that's not the same as real sex," Alan protested. "Not even close."

"No, but it'll help, big time. As for Dad, he's never, ever around, so forget about him. In fact, let's just forget everything and everyone else and have fun! I know I'm going to have a hell of a good time, and love every single, unforgettable second."

That made him smile. He kissed her deeply, though quickly. He was glad that he had, for he again tasted a pleasing hint of mint on her lips and could smell the musky aroma of her skin. "I don't doubt you will. And you're probably right about everything. It just feels so momentous, it takes my breath away. But I'm so excited too. I'm all trembly. Let's get going before I die of anticipation." He started the car.

"Tell me about it!" she enthused. "I just get so uncontrollably excited thinking about the fact that we're going to be making love in mere minutes! I'm so turned on! Not only that, but the most interesting thing happened to me at school today."

"Really? What?" Alan asked as he drove the car out onto the street. He thought whatever she would have to say could take his mind off his lingering doubts.

While he drove down the road, Katherine talked dirty and told him the hot and sexy story of what had happened with Heather, Amy, and herself during cheerleader practice.

Since Susan might see them leave or return, they had to wear relatively normal clothing. Alan wore a T-shirt and long pants while Katherine wore shorts and a sweater. But once she left home she took the sweater off to reveal a sexy green tube-top.

As they sped through traffic, Alan could look over and see Katherine's magnificent boobs jiggle and shake. He blessed the car's stiff suspension. He grudgingly admitted to himself that her boobs weren't nearly as big as the almost unnaturally massive tits of his mother or Suzanne, or Christine's twin wonders, but they would still be the subject of masturbatory fantasies for just about any guy at school.

He thought, Between Sis and Aims, I've got the inside track on at least half of the most jaw-droppingly beautiful and big-breasted girls in the school. And then there are certain other older women at home that I love to death and who defy description. It's definitely a one in a million or even one in a billion situation. Wow. And it was pretty much all caused by this weird medical treatment I've been given. Thank you, Dr. Fredrickson!

But despite all the women in his life, at that moment it was his sister who occupied his mind.

Within a few blocks of leaving the house, Katherine crouched down in front of the passenger seat so her brother could better see the show she was going to put on. She grasped at her breasts through her top, and pulled down her short shorts past her knees so she could frig herself.

Alan was freaked out that she now wore nothing but a tube top, but as she was crouched down, no one could really see what she did or didn't wear. He had to make a deliberate and constant effort not to try and see her pussy for fear of crashing the car.



As she continued to tell her arousing story, she reached over and placed her hands on the bulge in his pants. She began to massage it through his clothing as if that was the natural thing to do.

Alan prayed that they would get to Kim's house soon, before he had an accident. Between her story and her hands, the trepidation about incestuous sex disappeared completely from his mind. Lust took over.

She stopped telling her story and said, "You really need to get new pants, because these have a defective zipper. Look - they're unzipping all by themselves!" She giggled and pulled his zipper down as she said this.

He placed his hand over his opened fly to prevent her from going any further. "Sis, you can't! I'm driving, for fuck's sake. How would you like to get us killed right before our big moment?"

She was unfazed, and giggled, "Hey, don't blame me - it's the zipper." She knew he had to keep at least one hand on the wheel, so with one more hand than he had in the fight, she managed to get his hand out of the way and pull his erection out through his fly.

"No, Sis. No!" he cried in a very agitated state. "Please! I beg you!" The car stopped at a stop light, and he pulled at his hair with both hands in frustration and sexual arousal. "We're gonna die. I know it. Die!" He said this dramatically and fatalistically.

They started moving again, and as though to drive the point home, he nearly struck a mailbox on the side of the road; he missed it, he was sure, by mere inches.

"See?!" he griped.

But she didn't see, since she was crouched down so low.

When they stopped at another stoplight he stared at his sister wide-eyed with fear, even as she steadied herself from the slight jolt. Luckily no police cars were around to see the near-accident. He was worried the police would think he was driving drunk.

"Chill already," Katherine chided him. "Okay, fine. If you're such a bad driver, your loss. I'll concede this wouldn't be the best time to die. How 'bout this? I promise I won't give you a blowjob while you're driving, as I'd planned, and I'll take it easy until we come to a stop at traffic lights. Like this one."

She frantically jacked him off until the light changed and then just held his throbbing erection in her hands as he drove on while she waited for the next light.

She resumed her story, but he was too focused on her hands and on trying to prevent an accident to pay any further attention to her words.

Still, her ministrations on his dick didn't really stop, they just slowed down, which drove him out of his mind with desire. She kept asking jokingly, "Are we there yet?" which didn't make things any easier on him.