

6 Times 251

Chapter 251 Glory In All Her Glory

bender

Alan went through his morning classes in a blissful daze. He tried to look normal for outward appearances, since Christine sat next to him in most of his classes and she was extremely observant. However, he couldn't stop smiling to save his life. If he wasn't thinking about his great time before school, he was thinking of meeting with Glory during lunch. He was grateful that Christine wasn't in his fourth-period class taught by Glory, because she would have almost certainly noticed both his and Glory's odd behavior right away.

Glory managed to resist covertly masturbating in her class this time, because she just wanted to get through class quickly so she could get to her lunchtime fun with Alan. Now that she was putting behind her all thoughts of breaking things off with him, she was putting her heart into their noontime play. After school the day before she'd given considerable thought to how she could make their time together even better, so on this day she'd bought some props to help out. She was both smug and eager: eager, because she couldn't wait to get started, and smug, because she was convinced that Alan would love her surprise.

The two of them went to great lengths to act normally, until everyone else was out of the room and the door was safely locked. Then Alan jumped out of his seat and rushed towards his teacher while already starting to pull his shorts down.

However, she stared at him with a gravely serious look, and held out a hand in a "stop" gesture. "Hold your horses right there, young man!"

He came to a halt before reaching her, although his shorts were already down to his thighs and he had a hand on his raging erection. He was bewildered, to say the least.

She continued in her same stern tone, "I did some research last night, and it came to my attention that what we're doing is illegal."

"Illegal?! No way! I'm eighteen! Aren't we in the clear?!"

"Apparently not. So I've had no choice but to call for the police."

"The POLICE?!" He grew panicky, and his boner withered in seconds.

She grinned impishly, because she couldn't entirely maintain her facade. "Luckily, I have a policewoman right here in my closet. Let me go get her."

There was a closet in one of the front corners of the room where she kept most of her supplies. It wasn't very big, but it was tall, so it was technically possible to hide a person there. Still, it didn't make any sense that a policewoman would have been hiding there for at least the last hour. He was even more confused and disturbed.

She opened the closet door and pulled out a police cap. She looked at him with a naughty smile and waved it at him. "You didn't think I have an actual person hiding in there, did you? Now, turn around, young man, so I can call this policewoman for help."

He felt embarrassed as he turned around, because he was more than half convinced that she was calling the police on him. But he breathed a huge sigh of relief as he realized she was merely talking about changing into a police uniform, almost certainly for some kind of sexy role-play. He stayed silent, figuring that was better than revealing his stupidity.

For the next minute or two she was silent too, but he could hear a lot of rustling coming from the closet. His dick fully engorged again, and he could hardly wait to see what she looked like. Dang! How lucky can one guy be?! Role-plays are awesome! Admittedly, I don't have a lot of experience with them, but Aunt Suzy's Daisy Duke thing last week was too cool to be believed, and the weird role-play she and Mom did the night before last was just as great. Plus, there was the role-play training of sorts last night. I can put what I learned there to use here, to get in the right "actor in a play" frame of mind. Sweet!

But the best thing of all is what this means for Glory's attitude. She's totally into having fun with me, and she's willing to let it all hang out!

I'm going to have to do my best, roll with the punches, and show that she made the right decision trying something like this with me. I'm not gonna let her down!

Glory changed quickly because she knew that they didn't have a lot of time during the lunch period, and she wanted to take advantage of every minute.

While he waited, he pulled his shorts all the way off, and lightly stroked his turgid hard-on. His heart raced wildly, and he licked his lips in anticipation.

She announced, "Okay, you can turn around."

He turned, and gasped with genuine awe. The sight before him was even better than what he'd been envisioning in his mind. His foxy teacher was wearing a police cap, a utility belt, black high boots, and she was holding a night stick in her hand... and that was it! His jaw hung open and he muttered, "Wow! Just... wow!"

She walked towards him with a sly grin on her face. "'Wow?' Is that all you can say? I think I might have you arrested for insulting an officer!"

He raved with genuine excitement, "Oh my god! So much more than 'Wow.' Glory, you look so hot, you're liable to burn this whole building down just by standing near it!"

She continued to act stern and officious, even though she was bursting with joy on the inside, because she could tell her costume was making exactly the impression she'd hoped for. "First, you insult me, and then you accuse me of arson. You're in a world of trouble. But the main reason I'm here is to investigate charges that you assaulted your history teacher with a deadly weapon."

"I did?" He was still a little slow to catch on and get into the spirit of things, especially since so much of his blood had rushed to his crotch.

By this time she was standing right in front of him. She brought her nightstick to just under his erection, and gently lifted it up until it was pointing directly at her. "You did. With this. According to her testimony, you crammed this thick baton into her mouth and then arrogantly and willfully thrust it in and out until it squirted some kind of liquid down her throat and then softened somehow. Very strange."

He finally started to get into his role. "Officer, that's completely untrue! For one thing, it's not a baton. For another it's too thick to even fit into her mouth, or any mouth, so I must be innocent."

"Hmmm." She was still gently using the nightstick to play with his boner, lifting it up and down slightly. "It is rather large for a mouth, I must admit." She put the nightstick down on her desk and firmly held his hard-on. "And... it's strangely warm... and throbbing with life."

"You see? Does a baton get warm or throb like that?"

"No." She frowned and furrowed her brow, as if she really didn't know what she was holding.

"Try stroking it."

"What'll that do?" She began sliding her hand back and forth on it.

"It'll prove that it's not a baton, for starters. Tell me, officer, doesn't that feel good?"

"It... does... Hmmm. Curious. ... And I seem to have this strange urge to rub it in this area in particular." She was talking about how she was concentrating her efforts on rubbing his sweet spot. "Why is that? And what are these? Nunchucks?" Using her free hand, she cupped his balls from below.

He couldn't help but giggle a little at that. "No, they're not nunchucks. Tell me, do you feel tingly at all?"

"As a matter of fact, I do." She couldn't stop grinning, because she was having so much fun, but she also managed to raise her eyebrows quizzically too.

"Do you feel particularly tingly right here?" He reached out with both hands and pinched her erect nipples.

"Ouch! Hey! You can't touch me there! But... now that you mention it, I DO feel very tingly right there. How did you know that?!"

"And how about here?" With one hand rolling a nipple between two fingers, he reached down with his other hand and ran a finger up and down her already very wet slit.

She kept on jacking him off and playing with his balls. "Watch it, young man! You DEFINITELY aren't allowed to touch an officer there. But... I must admit... I do feel VERY peculiar down there. In fact, it feels rather... pleasurable..."

She had been looking down at his hand, but she abruptly looked back up at his face and glared at him angrily. "HEY! You're trying to distract me, aren't you? What about your baton? I have orders to arrest you for assault!"

He was all grins now. "But officer, I tell you, I'm innocent! What did they say in the O.J. Simpson trial? 'If the glove doesn't fit, you must acquit?' The same thing applies here. See if it fits in your mouth. If it doesn't, then how can you arrest me?"

She was still managing to appear stern for the most part, except for her giddy grin. "Hmmm... I suppose I can't find fault with that logic. Okay, I'll give it a try, but just for a moment." She pointed a finger at him. "But don't try anything funny while you have me in a vulnerable position on my knees. Remember that I'm an experienced officer, trained to kill if necessary!"

"I wouldn't think of it," he smirked. He lightly pressed her clit, making her visibly shiver.

His lust was surging as he watched her slide down to her knees. She didn't even let go of his boner or stop stroking it as she repositioned, although he had to stop playing with her pussy and nipples since they were out of easy reach.

She held his boner with both hands, and stared at it critically from just a couple of inches away. She slid her fingers up and down it, as it carefully examining and exploring. "Hmmm... It seems to be getting quite wet, due to a clear liquid leaking out of this hole." She rubbed the tip of a finger against his piss-hole. "Why is that? And what IS this thing, anyway? And why do I feel this strange compulsion to, to lick it?! And even put it in my mouth?"

He explained, as if she really was that clueless, "The liquid is called pre-cum, and the whole thing is not a baton, it's a cock."

"A 'cock?' Hmmm. Why does hearing that word make me want to lick it and suck it even more?"

"I don't know, officer, but I suspect you're what we call a 'natural cocksucker.' One would think you'd know these things, especially given your rather, uh, sparse uniform."

She broke character slightly to giggle at that. But she quickly resumed her stern and clueless act. "Yes, that. Sadly, budget cuts this year meant we couldn't afford the clothes part of our uniforms."

They both giggled some more at that, since they were in a silly, euphoric mood.

She leaned in slightly and started licking around his cockhead, while still stroking his shaft. "Hrm. Interesting. This cock is a very strange thing. I'm beginning to doubt your teacher, because it's just so very thick and long! I can barely close my fingers all the way around it!"

He joked, "Yeah, well, I wouldn't trust her. She's kind of a sketchy character."

Glory turned her head up to him and rolled her eyes while sticking her tongue out at him. "Very funny." But while she felt obliged to act irritated, she was secretly amused.

For the next couple of minutes they didn't talk, because she was so absorbed with licking and stroking his throbbing pole.

He thought, Hot damn! Glory is so sexy! Not only does she look like a total babe, but she acts like one too! It's like she totally loves my dick and can't get enough of it! And I love that she's still wearing that police cap. Gaawwwd, this is such a blast!

She was about to engulf his cockhead so she could do more than just licking, but before she did, she remembered the role-play. She looked up at him and said, "Sorry, I seem to have gotten carried away investigating the, uh,... well, investigating the shape and taste of your cock with my tongue and fingers. We'll have to do more of that investigating at a later date. But as an on-duty officer, I must try to prove or disprove the allegations against you."

He grinned widely. "Please, be my guest. But, if you don't mind, let me sit down first. I have a feeling this is going to take a while."

She let him pull away so he could plop down in the nearest chair. But she pretended to protest. "I can assure you, it will only take a few seconds to check the fit."

"Perhaps. We'll see."

She stood up, then she bent back down and picked up the nightstick to strike a sexy pose with it. "You're a very curious young man, do you know that? What is this 'cock' thing, anyway? I want one. Can I take yours home with me?"

"Only if you take me too. You see, it's permanently attached to me."

"That's too bad." She put the nightstick back down, and dropped to her knees in front of him. "Do other people have them?" She resumed jacking him off as she brought her mouth into position.

"Um, no. They're very rare."

She chuckled at that, since they obviously both knew that was a bald-faced lie. But she quickly recovered, and said, "Hmmm. If that's the case, I may have to schedule more meetings with you to fully investigate this strange phenomenon. Especially since I can't seem to resist... doing this..." She finally swallowed his cock, and then some, and started to bob on him.

He groaned loudly and needfully in response. Man! Man oh man oh man! That feels so damn GOOD! UGH! It's only been since yesterday, but with so much else going on in my life, it kind of slipped my mind what a great cocksucker Glory is! Or, as I should call her, Officer Rhymer! He chuckled at that in his mind.

It's happening again! It's the same as what I felt the other two times with her. She's sucking, licking, and stroking all at once, and it's beyond awesome! But Mom does that. Aunt Suzy does that. Sis is starting to do it too. But with Glory, it's like there's an extra buzz, an extra thrill. Is it just the taboo danger because she's my teacher? That doesn't make any sense, because there's an even greater taboo danger with

Mom, Sis, and Aunt Suzy! Okay, maybe not Aunt Suzy, since I consider her family, but outsiders wouldn't see it that way. But still, wow! What is she doing to me that's so great?!

He didn't have any answer, but he didn't care much, because he was too busy reveling in the erotic ecstasy to ponder the issue. However, he was starting to understand what "sexual chemistry" meant. He felt good chemistry with all his lovers, but there seemed to be an extra spark with Glory.

Objectively speaking, as he'd said to himself, she wasn't doing anything dramatically different from what Susan, Suzanne, or Katherine did. Like them, she could easily suck, lick, and stroke him all at once, and she usually did. But she often kept one hand to play with herself. As a result, it was a race to see who came first.

Glory still wore the police cap, utility belt, and boots, but their role-play was long forgotten. They both had a great time with it, but Glory's great blowjob was consuming their full attentions. Alan kept his eyes closed most of the time to better savor the sensations, as well as trying to extend how long he could hold out. But occasionally he'd open his eyes and look down, often when she performed some unusual move on his cock. Then he'd see her police cap bobbing up and down, and get an extra kick out of it.

The minutes passed. Glory seemed perfectly content to suck him for the entire lunch period, and in fact she was. She didn't understand it, because with her boyfriend Garth cocksucking had always been a boring chore. However, with Alan, it felt like a highly arousing pleasure for herself as well as for him. She decided not to deep throat him today, however. That was much more difficult, and usually less arousing for her, so she wanted to keep that for special occasions.

Alan continually squeezed his PC muscle, and that kept his orgasm at bay. But she was so talented, especially with her tongue, that even that wasn't enough. So eventually he cried out, "Mercy! If you keep it up, I'm gonna, gonna CUM!"

She was so into it that she kept right on going. If there was one thing she could do in a conventional blowjob that his other lovers couldn't or didn't do, it was the tremendous amount of suction she used. He felt like she was about to suck his dick clean off, but the pleasure was tremendous.

He cried "Mercy" several more times, but she didn't seem to hear him. Finally, he yelled more urgently, "Mercy! Uncle! Stop! Please, please stop, right now, or I'm gonna cum!"

She reluctantly pulled off, because she realized they had half of the lunch break to go, and she wasn't sure if he'd be able to stay hard if he came already. She sat back on her hands to rest.

He just sat slumped in his chair panting hard for the next minute or two. Then he opened his eyes and said, "Wow! All I have to say is wow. Wow, wow, wow!"

She grinned. "You really like that word."

"I do, because it's about all I can manage. You leave me speechless! You're a friggin' cocksucking goddess! And the whole police woman role-play idea? Where'd you come up with that?!"

With that reminder, she finally took her cap and utility belt off. She left her boots on since they served a purpose and it was a bother to remove them. She smiled brightly. "You liked that, huh?"

"Oh, definitely!"

"So, you're into role-plays?"

"Yes! Yes, yes, yes. A thousand times yes! It's a new thing for me, but if this is any indication, I'm already a die-hard fan!"

"Good. I've gotta admit that it's new to me too. I got to thinking yesterday, if we're gonna do this, then we might as well go all out. So it's like I got my Halloween costume early, and I'm going to put it to extra use." She winked.

He asked, "What do you mean by 'do this?'"

She replied, "I've been thinking. We can't have a conventional relationship in any sense. It's too dangerous for us to do anything outside the safety of our total privacy right here. Besides, you have your other lovers, or helpers, or whatever you want to call 'em. We can't get romantic or have a long-term future, for obvious reasons. but what we can do is be 'sex friends.'"

He said, "I've been thinking along similar lines. I do have strong feelings for you. You mean a lot more to me than just a 'sex friend.' A LOT more! But... we do have certain problems and limitations."

She sighed. "That we do. And you mean more than that to me too. Never say never, but I don't want to get my hopes up high, so for now, let's start like this and see how it goes."

She sat up on her heels again and took hold of his still very stiff erection. "So that's what I mean. I'm taking a big risk here, any time I'm like this with you." She resumed jacking him off. "So if we're going to do it, let's go balls to the wall! I decided to put aside all my concerns, about your other lovers, our long-term future, and so on, and I'm gonna be a damn good mid-day relief for you. As for actual intercourse, that'll have to wait until our relationship is on more solid ground. So far, I'm having the time of my life, so why the hell not keep doing this?"

She said what she wanted to say, and she was still too horny for a long conversation. So she engulfed his cockhead again and resumed her expert cocksucking on him.

Now that her police cap was off, he grabbed the sides of her head with both hands, in order to encourage her to go a little slower. He was concerned that he hadn't gotten a full strategic break, but it felt too good to get her to completely stop.

He thought, Oh man! This is so friggin' brilliant! To think that I can look forward to this every school day, or at least most school days! Are you kidding me?! Who would believe, when we're sitting in class, that our teacher is licking her chops, just waiting for the bell to ring so she can get her lips around my dick?! Man!

But the thing is, I've gotta give back. I can't be a passive or selfish lover, or she'll grow bored fast. I need to make sure she has great orgasms too! Then we'll get more and more hooked on each other, and fall deeper and deeper in love!

He decided there was no time like the present to get started. Since he was sitting in a chair, her breasts were within easy reach, so he reached out and started playing with them, paying particular attention to her nipples. But after a few minutes, he managed to bend forward, reach down, and finger her pussy too.

She liked that a lot. And he immediately benefited, because she didn't need to touch herself as long as he was doing it, so she was able to use both hands on him.

She kept him going right at the edge of climax until about five minutes were left. Then she redoubled her efforts.

He could see the clock too, and realized it was time to cum, so he simply stopped trying to hold back. He shot his load directly into her mouth. Due to the time and place, she felt that was the best option, so there wouldn't be a big clean-up problem.

She also had been holding back her urge to cum, and once he started cumming, she let go too. It was a great mutual orgasm.

But once their orgasms came to an end, they had no time to rest. It quickly turned into a Keystone Kops-styled fire drill routine, as they rushed around the room putting their clothes back on, putting Glory's costume away, and generally trying to clean up and get rid of the sex smell. They had the room back to normal with only a minute or two to spare.

They had yet to kiss today, but they pulled together for a quick hug and kiss. Glory said to him, "We really shouldn't do this every day, but... same time tomorrow?"

"Definitely! Then, after that, we'll start taking some days off."

"Right."

He left her classroom practically walking on air. The only problem was he hadn't had a bite to eat, and neither had she.

Chapter 252 What Makes Him So Great? - Heather
bender

"Okay, girls. Let's get our asses in gear!" Heather was leading cheerleading practice during sixth period, but the practice was not going well because all the cheerleaders seemed lethargic.

Heather tried to goad them into action. "Come on, you losers! Are you a bunch of ninety-year-old grandmas? Kick your legs up HIGH!"

But her insulting words failed to inspire them. Amy meekly complained, "We're tired!"

Heather pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed. "Okay, fine. Let's take a five minute break. But when we start again, I want to see you bust your asses!"

The others headed immediately for the closest drinking fountain, which was some distance away.

Heather just stood in place and said, "Wait. Kim, you come here. I want to speak to you for a moment."

Kim certainly didn't want to speak to Heather, who was bitchy at the best of times and in an especially bitchy mood now because her squad was having an off day. But she knew she couldn't oppose Heather on anything, since Heather seemed to have the teacher who was technically in charge of the squad under her thumb. That teacher only made token appearances from time to time, apparently relying on Heather for everything else.

When Kim drew close, Heather said in a nicer tone, "All that complaining about you all being a bunch of lazy-ass losers, I must admit, that doesn't apply to you today. Everyone else is dragging like they'd pulled an all-nighter, but you're bouncing around like your legs are pogo sticks and you've got a big shit-eating smile on your face. What gives?"

Kim was relieved that she wasn't about to get a dressing down. "I can't speak for the others, but I'm in a pretty darn good mood!"

Heather rolled her eyes. "Let me guess: you're all moony over some pretty girl."

"Nope!" Kim smiled from ear to ear. "Close, but think 'guy' instead of 'girl.' And 'well-hung' instead of 'pretty!'"

Heather narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "Whaaaaat? You? With a boy?! But everyone knows you're a lesbian."

"Yeah. Like everyone knows you're straight, but you have fun with girls sometimes."

"That's different," Heather complained. In fact, she had sex with girls as often as with boys, especially with her best friend Simone, but she nonetheless considered herself basically straight. It was important for her public image to be seen that way. Trying to turn the focus back on Kim, she said, "Don't tell me you had sex with him."

"I did!" In the back of her mind, Kim knew it wasn't prudent to tell Heather this kind of personal information, but she was so excited that she just couldn't help herself. She thought back to her sex session with Alan and Katherine the day before and smiled even wider, even as she winced at some of the residual soreness.

Heather said rather loudly, "What?! You had sex with a man? A man actually fucked you?!"

Kim looked around nervously. Fortunately, the other cheerleaders were on the other side of the room, talking to each other around the drinking fountain. She said, "Ssshhhh! Keep it down already."

"So you did! Interesting! So... who's the guy?"

Kim replied sullenly, "Why should I tell you?" She had started to realize that telling this kind of information to Heather wasn't wise, so now was trying to limit the potential damage.

Heather smiled wolfishly; she liked challenges like this. "Don't even bother to keep it a secret; you know I'm gonna find out." She snapped her fingers and opened her eyes in a Eureka moment. "Hey! I know who it is! It's Alan Plummer, Katherine's brother."

Kim's jaw dropped. "What?! How'd you know that?!" She was a bit surprised that Heather even knew who Alan was, since as a nerd he was below her notice.

Heather chuckled victoriously. "A-ha! I knew it! And as for how I knew, it was elementary, my dear Watson. Both yesterday AND earlier today, I overheard you talking to some of the others about what a 'great guy' he is. Nobody EVER talks about him, and then all of a sudden you can't stop talking about him. And the past few days you've been inordinately happy. I'm guessing something happened over the weekend? And you're even happier today than yesterday, so I take it you're gonna see him again soon?"

Kim sighed. She knew she'd been found out. "Close enough." Actually, it had been just the previous day, and she was happier because she was looking forward to more sex with him (and Katherine) on Thursday, but Heather had figured out the general gist. "Please, please, please, PLEASE! Don't tell anyone about this, okay? You'll ruin my reputation."

Heather smiled like the cat that got the cream. "My lips are sealed. But you'll owe me, of course. So, tell me: what's sex with a nerd like?"

Kim replied hotly, "He's not a nerd! Just because he's smart, people like you put him down for that. He's handsome, suave, athletic, AND smart! He's on the school's tennis team, you know. What's more, he's a damn good lover!"

Heather crowed inwardly at how loose-lipped Kim was getting while trying to defend Alan. Sensing a winning approach, she deliberately insulted him some more. "A good lover? Yeah, right. Maybe he's good at masturbating to ugly chicks from Star Trek." She said mockingly, "'Ooooh! Princess Leia! Ooooh, you look so hot in your metallic gold bikini!'"

Kim felt like punching Heather, but knew that would not be wise. "First off, Princess Leia is from Star WARS, not Star Trek. And secondly, he IS a damn good lover! Look at me!" She held her arms out. "I really AM a lesbian. Guys don't interest me. I still have no intention of having Alan or anyone else for a boyfriend. But... damn! I thought strap-on sex was good - until I tried the real thing! A plastic dick can't compare to a hot flesh-and-blood penis!"

Heather pretended to be only mildly impressed. "So he has a dick. Big whup. So do a few billion other guys on this planet. I'll bet he's got a really tiny one, 'cos he's a nerd."

Kim clenched her fists. "Heather, don't test me. You don't know what you're talking about! I admit I don't have any experience with other guys, but even lesbians have a good idea of the size of an average dick. I know how his size compares to my dildos and strap-ons, for one thing. That so-called 'nerd' is hung like a horse!"

Heather laughed. "You're kidding me! A well-hung nerd? What a waste! Talk about throwing pearls before swine."

Kim's voice grew as clenched as her fists. "Heather, pardon my French, but you're a moron! You're so quick to judge. Alan happens to be a great lover!"

"Oh yeah? And what makes him so great?"

Kim thought back to her session with Alan and Katherine. "Well, like I said, he does have a pretty big dick. Not so much in terms of length, though it is long, but it's the width that's the killer. Add to that his stamina. He can keep going for hours while I just cum and cum and cum! I swear to God. And did you ever stop to think that smarter guys could be better lovers? What if they put their smarts to actually learning how to pleasure a woman, and then putting that knowledge to use? For instance, he told me he's built up his stamina through some tricks and techniques he's learned and now mastered. How many of the caveman jocks you have sex with would even know a trick like that if it hit them on the head? They're all, 'Bam, bam, bam, UGH! I've got my rocks off, so now I'm going home. Here's some bus fare; get lost.'"

Heather was annoyed, because Kim had hit upon some of her frustrations with her lovers. Surprisingly, rather than jumping all over Kim, she conceded, "You have a point. I've noticed that, in most cases, the more handsome and athletic a guy is the worse he is in bed. That's true with all the really well-hung ones too. They figure they're God's gift to women, so why should they go all out to see you get an extra orgasm, or even any orgasm at all? It fuckin' pisses me off."

Kim nodded. "That's so true. Men are pigs. But Alan, he's different, at least in bed. He makes sex FUN, you know? Even if it's just giving him a blowjob, somehow it's really fun and arousing. And he makes sure we have lots of climaxes. LOTS of them!" She put her hands on her hips with a defiant "So there!" attitude.

Heather raised an amused eyebrow. "'We?' So this nerdy nobody has more than one lover? Interesting."

"Hey! I never said that!" Kim complained.

But Heather could see from Kim's reaction that her comment had hit home. She decided not to push the issue though. She was increasingly intrigued about Alan but she didn't want Kim to know that. So she just shrugged. "Whatever. It's all a moot point though. The guy could be the greatest fucker on the planet but he's still a nerdy nobody. You can have him. I hope he rocks your world for months to come, if it means you'll show the energy and spirit at practice that you've been showing today."

Kim grumbled, "Yeah, well, probably not. Like I said, I'm not really into him, per se. I have no interest in him as a boyfriend at all. I just like getting my bells rung, if you know what I mean. And he did that so well that my ears are still ringing."

Heather started singing an old disco hit: "You can ring my be-eeeell-eeell, ring my bell." She smiled and winked knowingly.

Kim was surprised by that rather sympathetic response and giggled a little bit. "Yeah. Exactly. So, please promise not to tell anyone, okay? Not even the rest of the squad?"

Heather kept smiling, but more wolfishly. "Sure, but like I said, you'll owe me. Maybe you can ring MY bell sometime..."

Kim had mixed feelings about that. Heather had a truly fantastic body, but she was known to be a selfish lover. Besides, Kim didn't like to be pushed into anything. So she just said dismissively, "Whatever."

By that time, Janice and Joy were drifting into earshot, so Kim was able to break off their conversation and get herself a drink of water.

Heather was left thinking about Alan. She recalled the time she'd spoken to him briefly at the beach. Hmmm. Curious. Now that I think about it, he acted fairly normal, especially for a nerd. He didn't come off as one of those sniveling, groveling types I hate so much. And what if he really IS rocking Kim's world, and having sex with other girls too? Maybe he is better in bed than some of the 'caveman' types, as Kim put it so well.

But still, he is a nerd, and an absolute nobody in the school hierarchy. There's no way I could seriously think about taking him out for a test drive. He'd ruin my reputation!

Heather looked around and decided to end the five minute break. She blew her whistle and yelled authoritatively, "Okay, girls! Enough sitting on your butts. Let's get back in gear!"

Chapter 253 She's Gonna Get Me Killed - Alan

Knowing that Susan wouldn't be available for the "abnormality check" that afternoon, Alan wanted to stay away from home and keep his mind elsewhere. If he did go home, he knew he'd go crazy just thinking about it. So instead, he decided to hang out with his friend Sean.

They were headed over to Sean's house for the afternoon to play video games, but on the way over they stopped at a nearby Baskin-Robbins ice cream parlor. While they sat there eating their ice cream, Heather walked in with Rock, her handsome quarterback boyfriend, as if she were a queen with her consort. It would have been pretty much impossible for anyone there not to notice her, since she often stopped traffic just with her looks. Unlike Katherine, who still dressed and acted fairly conservatively in public, Heather always flaunted what she had. So when she entered, acting regally like a queen, she clicked and clacked her way across the tile floor in four-inch high heels.

When Heather noticed Alan sitting at a table with his friend, a devilish smile crossed her face. Hmmm, look at that. Is today my lucky day or what? Kim seems to think he's so great that his shit doesn't stink. I think it's time I tease him a little and see if she's full of hot air or what.

She went immediately to his table; her pointy nipples, which appeared about to burst from her skintight top, led the way. Arms crossed and angry, she said to Alan, "You! You have some nerve! You said you'd help me out, and then you didn't!"

Alan couldn't figure out what she was talking about since he'd only talked briefly to her once before in his life. After some quick thinking, he figured it had to be related to his painting of the cheerleaders. He almost replied in a panic, "Don't talk about it here!" But fortunately he kept his mouth shut.

"Don't act dumb!" she went on. "You promised that you would help me with my homework and then you disappeared. I have a big essay due tomorrow. What are you going to do about it?"

Alan knew that because Heather was so beautiful, lots of pathetic, nerdy guys "helped her study," which meant that they did her homework for her in return for a chance to talk to her a bit. If they helped out a lot, she'd even reward them with something like a kiss on the cheek. Her boyfriend tolerated this with

amusement, since having other guys do her homework ended up giving him more time with her. Not too many weeks ago, Alan would have been happy to be one of those guys, but she hadn't even given him that much attention back then.

He decided to play along, acting like he knew what it was all about. He said, "Um, I'm really sorry. I forgot."

"Well," she said somewhat testily, "I might forgive you if you write my essay for me."

He wasn't sure what to say, nor did he have any idea why she was publicly lying like this. "Okay?" he guessed. He knew he wasn't about to be her boyfriend, so he figured this subterfuge was all for the benefit of her listening boyfriend Rock. It seemed best to play along and see where she was headed.

"That's better," she said condescendingly. "We can go to my house right now and I'll give you the assignment."

"Now?" he asked, still genuinely puzzled. His heart was pounding with fear, confusion and excitement. "What about my friend, and your... friend?"

"Darling," Heather said huskily to her boyfriend Rock, who stood a few feet away looking at the various flavors of ice cream, "I have to go give this guy my stupid homework assignment. Can I do that after we have our ice cream and then meet you at the theater in time for the movie later?"

"Sure, Honeybunch," Rock replied inattentively.

She turned back to Alan. "We're going to a matinee, so we'll have to make this quick."

He nodded an acknowledgment of that, but then he looked at his friend. "Sean?"

Sean was totally in awe of Heather, so he only wished that he could be the one talking to her. "Don't mind me. I'll be okay."

"Thanks." Heather smiled at both of them.

Sean nearly melted with delight that Heather was even acknowledging his existence.

Alan momentarily pondered why Heather's idiotic boyfriend would allow her out in public dressed the way she was. She clearly wasn't wearing a bra, because her nipples, prominent at any time anyway, poked out so obviously that they alone got him extremely excited.

After Heather and Rock chose their ice cream and Rock paid for it, they sat down at the table behind Alan and Sean.

Alan didn't pay them any more attention until he felt a hand on his butt. The feel of soft fingers and extended nails confirmed to him the nearly unbelievable fact that it must be Heather's hand.

She's sitting in the chair behind me talking to her boyfriend while she's sticking her hand inside my shorts! He's huge! He's gonna kill me! What the hell?! She was mocking me at the beach the other day and now this?! How the heck do I get her to stop?!

Alan continued to lick his ice cream cone while trying to maintain a poker face. He expected disaster to strike at any moment.

Heather, on the other hand, looked like she had just casually draped her arm behind the backrest of her chair. No one seemed to notice that her hand had found the crack of Alan's butt. Her fingers were on a mission, and soon her index finger began to probe his back door.

Alan didn't dare turn around and look towards her. Instead, he tried to casually scope out the rest of the ice cream parlor to see if anyone had caught on. He became acutely aware that the guy who scooped the ice cream cones had a perfect vantage point to look straight ahead and see the hand of a woman sitting at one table massaging the butt of a man at the table behind her. And he was in fact staring in the right general direction, but luckily he seemed completely fixated on Heather's tits.

I'm going to get killed by her boyfriend before I leave the store. But even if he doesn't notice, that other guy's gonna see for sure, and then he's gonna start telling everybody, and then Heather's boyfriend will

find out, and then he'll track me down and beat the living shit out of me! Anybody else could notice at any moment too. They might even say something out loud, right now!

He began to consume his ice cream with a vengeance while, at the same time, he tried valiantly not to squirm away from Heather's probing digit. When he finished, he slowly stood up, making sure that Heather knew what he was doing so she could unobtrusively remove her hand first.

Heather turned around and looked up at him, as if she had just recalled that he was still there. She asked him, "Are you going somewhere? Aren't you going to wait for me?"

"Yeah, I was just... throwing my napkin away."

"Oh. If your friend doesn't mind, why don't you sit over here and meet my boyfriend Rock." There were actually benches for two on each side of the tables, and she patted the space on the bench beside her for Alan to sit down.

Alan came around and sat next to her, too worried, not to mention too aroused, to give much thought to his abandoned friend Sean. "Hi, Rock. I'm Alan," he said, as he reached his hand across the table to shake Rock's strong hand. He didn't pay much attention to the high school's sports teams, other than his own tennis team, but he already vaguely knew of Rock since he was the school's quarterback.

"I'm Rock. It's short for Rockwell," the jock explained as he practically crushed Alan's hand with a casually firm handshake. "If you're helping Heather on her homework, you must be quite the brain." He'd said this exact line so many times to so many others like Alan that it was more like a script for him rather than a genuine pleasantry.

"Yeah, well, I don't know about that..." Inane small talk ensued. Rock seemed visibly annoyed by Alan's presence, but he continued to talk just to be polite.

Alan was sitting to Heather's left where she'd made space on the bench for him. As Rock talked, Alan felt Heather's fingers playfully crawl across his leg like a spider and land on his crotch. His heart leapt into his throat. He was sure that Rock would figure out what was going on, simply from seeing the stunned look on his face.

Alan realized that it had been a big mistake to sit so close to Heather. He felt helpless to stop her reckless advances.

She put her hand on his upper thigh and then drew it up until it reached the waistband of his shorts. She slid her hand under his shorts and underwear and found his dick. She began to rub him slowly, even as she joined in the small talk. She was well aware that none of this could be seen by Rock.

But, apparently, even that wasn't good enough for her. She withdrew her hand and then began to unzip his shorts.

Alan thought he would die of fright when he heard the sound of the moving zipper. It sounded as loud as a jet plane on a runway to his ears, but apparently Rock remained unaware of what she was doing. Alan's heart pounded even more wildly than it had already been thumping.

Then Heather put her hand inside his fly, pulled out his turgid erection and began playing with it again.

Alan nearly fainted in fear as he imagined Rock leaning forward over the table to see Alan's private parts just hanging out, being stroked by Heather's tanned hand, and the ensuing punishment to him that would ensue.

Heather rubbed his firm cock aggressively, as if she really wanted to make him cum quickly all over the place.

Alan was too shocked to think, beyond barely being able to keep his end of the small talk going. So she just continued to rub him with her fingers and bring him closer and closer to orgasm.

He didn't know how to get out of this situation, because if he stood up, her hand would rise up above the table too. Since he was sitting across from Rock, the thought suddenly occurred to him that if he did cum, it might splatter all over Rock's legs. But not even that fear caused his erection to wilt.

Ironically, it was Rock who saved him. Bored with Alan's company he said to Heather, "Honeybunch, why don't we go?" and stood up to leave.

She withdrew her hand immediately, before Rock could rise high enough to see where it had gone.

Alan rushed his hands to his groin to cover his protruding boner, then discreetly stowed it away before Rock looked in that direction.

A minute or two later, Alan said his goodbyes to both Rock and Sean and got into the car he'd borrowed from his mother. Heather slid into the front passenger seat. This left his friend Sean totally stranded.

However, Sean seemed to understand; he even encouraged Alan to "seize the moment" and leave with the teenage sex bomb. No doubt Sean had been putting himself in Alan's shoes, imagining that it was he who was allowed to help Heather with her homework, which before long would lead to them making love instead. No doubt Sean thought this was just an impossible idle fantasy; had he known just how accurate it actually was, he would have been having very different thoughts about letting Alan leave with his dream girl Heather.

Chapter 254 First Time With Heather Pt 1

As soon as Heather got into Alan's car and closed the door, he muttered, "You're insane! Are you trying to get me killed?"

"That was so much fun," she said happily, maintaining a poker face while speaking in a low voice.

Rock watched them as he walked to his car, but then finally turned away.

Heather looked at Alan with concern for the first time. "How are you handling this? Can you deal?"

Alan was determined not to be outdone by Heather. "Yeah, I'm good. I can deal. I can roll with the punches." He had no idea what he was agreeing to.

"Good. That's what Kim told me. I didn't entirely believe her, but I'm glad I decided to find out for myself. I haven't had this much fun in years! Sex with a nerd. Ha! Now take me home and fuck me already."

He couldn't believe his ears. He had a hard time just managing to breathe. It took a moment before he could manage to gasp out, "What?!"

"You heard me," she replied calmly, greatly amused at his obvious panic. Actually, she was a bit surprised at her words as well. She hadn't intended to have sex with him when she'd started teasing him back in the ice cream parlor, but events had their own momentum. Now she was hot to trot and ready for a good fucking. "Can you deal, or what?"

"Yeah... I... can deal."

"Then let's go! My parents are still at work, but we don't have much time. I hope you can drive with my hand on your cock." She unzipped his fly again even before Rock was completely out of sight.

Alan had been in a lot of strange situations in recent weeks, but he considered this to be the most astounding yet. He thought, Holy fuck! At the beach she was talking to Simone like I was some kind of low-life scum. Now she wants to have sex with me?! And she somehow expects me to drive with her hand on my prick?! There's no way! No friggin' way!

But somehow he managed not to crash. He made no attempt to talk, devoting all his attention to his driving.

It wasn't easy to concentrate, though. Heather kept her fingers running up and down his shaft the entire time. Actually she was being very careful, using only limited, light touching, because she didn't want to get in an accident or have him shoot off in the car. However, it sure didn't feel that way to him. The mere fact that she was touching his dick while he was driving, or that she was touching it at all for that matter, was so exciting that he had a constant struggle not to cum.

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She didn't try to talk to him much except to tell him when to turn. She found herself getting extremely aroused, even panting heavily with desire.

Somehow, despite all the distractions, he managed to think things over. She said Kim told her I can roll with the punches, and that's true. I can! I honestly don't think this is a prank. If it is, she's the best

actress ever, because that look of lust in her eyes can't be faked. If this is for real, I've gotta rise to the occasion. Nerd gets to fuck head cheerleader? How can I not? I'd be letting down all of nerd-dom!

Thank God I have Aunt Suzy on my side. The training she gave me last night so I won't be intimidated by Brenda could work equally well for Heather right now. Why the hell not? In fact, this can be kind of an advanced test to get me even more prepared for Brenda. The key thing is to get in the mode where I feel like I'm an actor in a play. I can't get hurt because nothing is real. It's all kind of a big joke, or a dream. I did it successfully earlier today role-playing with Glory, so I'll just do it again. I can do this!

Heather didn't notice it, but Alan's attitude and even his demeanor changed, due to his new resolve. Even his heavy breathing eased up considerably, because he wasn't feeling so panicky. His urge to cum was reduced as well.

As they got closer, she started to speak: "So... I hear that you've turned into quite the lady killer."

"What?! Where'd you hear that?"

"From the same source who told me that you're packing serious heat. And she was certainly right about that. Mmmm!" She ran her fingers lavishly up and down his shaft, making sure that he knew exactly what she was referring to.

Her increasingly aggressive and effective stroking style worried him. Oh man, I'm gonna die! We're gonna crash into a tree with Heather jacking me off! At least now we're off the busy streets. If a cop saw me, he'd arrest me for reckless driving for sure; I'm all over the road!

He looked down at her sliding hand and said, "Um, can you kinda take it easy there?"

Instead, Heather stroked him at an even faster pace. "This same little bird told me that you've got incredible stamina. If that's true, this should be no problem for you, right?"

Although he knew he was being stupid, he couldn't help but take that bait - he had to prove to her that the things she'd heard about his sexual prowess were true. He grimaced and kept working his PC muscle in a determined effort to delay his climax. I can do it! Aunt Suzy's training. Actor in a play! Nerd power! I can't let Heather get the best of me!

That helped just enough so he didn't feel like he was about to spurt his load at any second.

With that crisis passing, some part of his mind wondered who this "little bird" was. Then he remembered that she'd mentioned Kim's name earlier. Dammit! Damn you, Kim! But then again, I'm not exactly suffering here. And I'm the one to blame, since I didn't think to warn her to keep quiet. I just assumed that went without saying.

When he arrived at Heather's house, after he managed to park safely, he finally let out a huge sigh of relief. We made it! Nobody killed! No car damage! Good God, never again. Never. My heart can't take it!

But now that the danger of an accident had passed, Heather started stroking him even more intently. She used both hands and upped the ante even more, pulling his balls out of his shorts so she could fondle them as well. She was having fun tormenting him sexually while testing Kim's claim about his stamina.

"What's the matter?" she teased. "Cat got your tongue? Something on your mind, perhaps? Something ... distracting you?" She laughed at his discomfort.

"God, stop! Please! I can't take it!"

"What? Are you having second thoughts about fucking me? Don't wanna fuck the head cheerleader?" Her hands flew up and down his shaft as she milked him for all she was worth.

"Arrgh!" He closed his eyes tightly and struggled mightily not to cum. His whole body tensed up as he struggled. He knew he couldn't last for long.

Suddenly, Heather laughed, stopped her stroking and removed her hands. "Well, I'll be damned. Score another point for Kim. She said you had the most amazing control, and you do. How is it you haven't cum already? If you were my boyfriend Rock you would have lost it about the first minute I touched you back in the Baskin-Robbins."

Alan groaned again at being reminded that the girl he was with was cheating on the hulky, dangerous quarterback. He was in no condition to explain his self-control techniques, because he was still clenching

tightly, doing all he could not to cum. Even though Heather had stopped touching him, it was all he could do not to lose control. He felt like he was on the verge of hyperventilating and had to fight just to breathe.

He could sense a kind of cruelty in her, and he knew he'd just been very lucky. If she'd stroked him only a little bit longer, he would have lost it for sure and made a mess cumming in the car. He probably would have had to block his cum with his hands, leaving her laughing at him. Instead, he had impressed her immensely.

Heather abruptly opened the door on her side of the car and started to get out. "Come on! Are you just going to sit there? We have some hard-core fucking to do! Let's go!"

Even though he was aware that having sex with Heather was not prudent, he was a horny eighteen-year-old boy whose dick was doing all the thinking. His desire to fuck was so great that he couldn't restrain himself. He zipped up, got out of the car, and managed to make his way to her front door. He wanted to run into her house, but even though she pulled him along to hurry him up, his 'run' was more of a waddle - he moved like someone who'd just been kicked in the nuts.

He worried briefly that some of Heather's family might be home, since it seemed that she loved to live dangerously. Mercifully, he was relieved to find that the house really had been empty.

Heather pulled Alan up the stairs by his hand and they burst into her room. She immediately started removing her clothes. He saw that her blue jeans were so tight that it was quite a wiggly struggle for her to get them off.

Alan was happy for the delay. Not only was it a sexy sight to watch her remove her jeans, especially since she'd pulled her top up to her shoulders first, but it gave him a minute or two to calm down after the whirlwind of events that had led him here. The sight of her big, well-tanned breasts bouncing around didn't exactly cool his ardor, but the lack of any direct tactile stimulation provided some immediate relief for his dick.

As Heather continued to somehow peel herself out of her blue jeans, he noted with surprise that she had no panties to take off, which meant that she must have gone without any for the whole afternoon at the very least. That observation made it even harder for him to calm down.

He decided it would be better to look elsewhere to reduce the visual (and mental) stimulation, if he was going to have any hope of living up to Kim's hype. He looked around and was surprised to see how girly and frilly Heather's room was. He guessed that she hadn't changed it much since she was a lot younger.

He thought, Okay, a chance to take a breather. Let's review. This is a pretty scary situation. Somehow, I feel that Heather is just like a shark: if I show any sign of fear or weakness, she'll eat me alive. But why should I be afraid? I'm not the nerdy, virginal kid she thinks I am. I'm having sexy fun with Mom, Aunt Suzy, Sis, Glory, Kim, AND Akami! And now it looks like something with friggin' Brenda could happen!

In fact, speaking of Brenda, I need to remember the training Aunt Suzy was giving me last night. She said that instead of acting like it would be an honor for me to be with Brenda, I've gotta act like it would be an honor for Brenda to be with me! The same goes for Heather. I've gotta take the upper hand and never let go. No fawning! Cocky and confident instead. Play hard to get and make her want to try to impress me.

Man, I can totally do this. Compared to some of my other lovers, Heather isn't so great. Oh yeah, and role-play. I'm just an actor in a play!

Heather could tell that he was so busy thinking that he was ignoring her, and she didn't like being ignored. So even though she'd just taken her top off, she put it on again, but kept it rolled up to just under her armpits. This allowed for a whole lot of bouncy breast action that she figured was sure to catch his eye.

She was right. His strategic thinking melted away and he stared with infantile glee. He really was a tit man through and through, but the rest of her body was just as impressive.

She was well aware that if a guy had already cum once, he generally lasted much longer the second or third time. She also knew that Alan had suffered greatly from all the teasing in the store and the car and was now liable to shoot very quickly. So she had him sit on her bed, then knelt in front of him, pulled his pants and boxer shorts down, and resumed jacking him off.

As she started to stroke him, she said in a sultry voice, "So, did you ever think you'd be in my room with my hand around your cock, about to fuck the mighty Heather Morgan? Have you dreamed of fucking me? Have you masturbated just dreaming about it?"

He was about to answer each of her questions honestly. He had in fact masturbated many times while thinking about her. He found it a bit odd that she called herself "the mighty Heather Morgan". Then at the last moment he remembered how she mocked guys at the beach who were too worshipful and fawning, and that reminded him of his strategic thoughts.

After all the excitement in the car ride, he knew that he was right on the verge of cumming and no amount of fighting it would delay things for long. So he closed his eyes and simply ignored her question. He figured she'd see his "just about to cum" face and excuse him for not answering.

Sure enough, less than a minute after Heather resumed stroking him, he felt his balls tighten, causing him to yell "Cumming!"

Heather got off at seeing just how far she could get her male lovers to shoot, and to see who could shoot the farthest. So she held his shaft at a forty-five degree angle to maximize the trajectory of his spurting.

They both watched his cum fly high into the air, sailing in a great arc and landing on the carpet about four feet away.

He thought to himself that she'd regret wasting it like that if she only knew how good it tasted, but he was too insecure to tell her that. Instead, he fell back on the bed in emotional and physical disarray.

In contrast, Heather was hopping about with energy, unusually chirpy and happy. Kim's comments about the poor quality of Heather's "caveman" lovers had been closer to the mark than Kim had realized. Thus Heather was unusually excited to try someone new and different.

As she waited through Alan's refractory period, until his penis could rebound, she went back to the questions that he had answered with only a vague "Uh huh." She was so vain that she wanted more adulation than just those few words. She prodded, "Alan, you were saying about how you've wanted me forever?"

Alan, though, remembered again how she'd treated him at the beach, and that she had no respect for guys who fawned over her too much. He also trusted his instinct and his recent training with Suzanne, both of which suggested that he should feign indifference. So he replied, cleverly yet fairly honestly,

"Sure, you're beautiful. Very beautiful. But to be honest, you're not exactly my type. I've kind of always pined mostly for Christine."

He didn't realize it, but that was about the most effective thing he could have possibly said. Christine was Heather's second biggest rival (behind another girl named Donna), so that fired her competitive instincts.

Even though Simone had recently told her about Alan's crush on Christine, she pretended not to know about it so she could vent her frustration. "Christine? You're joking, right? What do you see in her? Sure, she may have boobs. Okay, very big boobs. And I'll admit she's got a nice face and probably a halfway decent bod, what with all the sports she does. But her personality! Gaawwwd! Give me a break! Is she trying to win the 'Miss Goody Two Shoes' award or something? She makes me gag. Jesus! What a prude. And what a demanding bitch, too! She's so high maintenance. A virgin bitch. What a sorry combination. Whatever do you see in her?"

He thought that that wasn't the moment to point out that Heather was the pot calling the kettle black when it came to bitchiness. He figured he was pushing his luck already by not praising Heather to high heaven, so he answered half-jokingly, "I guess it must be the boobs."

Chapter 255 First Time With Heather Pt 2

Heather groaned. "Gaawwwd! Men! So predictable. But enough talking. Are we gonna fuck or what?" She finally pulled her top all the way off.

Alan felt like responding with a sarcastic comment about how wonderfully romantic Heather was making this event. Instead he held his tongue. His dick was reviving quickly, helped along by the sight of her standing in front of him completely naked. In truth, he was as eager to fuck as she was, so instead of talking anymore he pulled her onto the bed and promptly rolled on top of her.

The two of them were so worked up that there was no need for more foreplay.

But before Alan got started, he took some time to psych himself up. Okay, we need a plan here. Heather has high expectations, thanks to Kim's loose lips, and I know that if I don't rock Heather's world she's going to be merciless. So I'm gonna rock her world!

The fact is, I have the element of surprise here. I know she thinks of me as a mere nerd who can't possibly live up to the hype. I'll bet most guys are like Sean, with their brains turning to mush when they're even near her. She must be bored to death with that. But I have the secret advantage: my home life! Sure, it thrills me to have her, but I can control myself. I'm gonna use all my stamina tricks and totally blow her mind about how well I can fuck!

Heather was getting impatient. "Hey, what's the holdup here? Are you getting cold feet? Or a cold dick?"

He seemed to come out of a trance, instead looking at her with renewed determination. "Not at all!" He immediately pushed his hardness into her.

Her eyes went wide. Oh! ... Jeeeeeeesus, that's big! His thickness seemed to fit her just right. She felt a sexual thrill she hadn't had for quite a while.

They got down to some intense and very physical fucking.

She was taken by surprise. Oh... GOD! ... Whoa, he's... UGH! ... Oh, wow!

As he continued to drill her tight pussy, she thought, Ha! This is pretty great. Stealing Kim's boyfriend has got to be one of my smartest moves in a while. And she says she doesn't even want him as a boyfriend, so hopefully she won't get pissed off. Not that I care much in any case. But still, I've gotta give her kudos: this guy knows how to fuck!

She stopped thinking so intently and just luxuriated in the exquisite pleasure coursing through her body.

After some time, she realized that she'd been feeling such joy simply being fucked that she'd been forgetting to fuck back. She finally started thrusting back and churning her hips, further arousing them both.

Alan's confidence grew as they continued. A part of him worried that he'd get too excited and cum too soon. But the fact that he'd just climaxed before they started made all the difference. Then he thought to himself, Why would I feel intimidated at all by Heather? Gotta remember Aunt Suzy's training. Heather's not so great. She can't hold a candle to Mom or Aunt Suzy in my book. And I get more excited

being with Glory, or Sis, or Aims. Heather doesn't have any special hold on me. I'm gonna fuck her just as I please, and for as long as I damn want! She should feel lucky to be with me!

That attitude took some of the pressure off, which helped him relax. That in turn helped ensure he wouldn't cum too soon.

She could sense that his attitude towards her had just become more cavalier. It both intrigued and aroused her.

After some minutes of steady fucking in the missionary position, Alan rolled them vertically to their feet, pivoted, pinned Heather to the wall and resumed slamming his hips against her. She froze momentarily, then squealed. Boys had pinned her down, picked her up, and sometimes manhandled her when changing positions in bed, but none had ever done all three together - it was thrilling somehow. Heather didn't quite realize it, but this was the first time she wasn't emotionally dominant during sex with a male.

Alan kept pounding. Heather had trouble thrusting back at him due to insufficient traction, then realized that she didn't want to given the combined sheer excitement of a novel sex position, of being helpless, and of the wonderful feeling from having much of her weight forcing Alan's sliding cock against her G-spot.

Heather's normal sex vocalisms took a few minutes to kick in as she reveled in all the new sensations. Then she challenged Alan to show dominance. "Bang me, Alan, bang me! Show me how good you are at fucking! Show me you're a man, a real man!"

Alan, though, was discovering that he had a 'bad side'. After the initial euphoria and nervousness of fucking her wore off, he remembered how she'd belittled him at the beach, mocking his presumed virginity to Simone. That drove him to fuck her like she'd never been fucked before, to prove her wrong about his sexual skills. But it also fueled an anger in him that came out in what should have been light-hearted verbal teasing.

"Oh, I'm a man all right, and I'm gonna show you all about fucking," he said in a menacing, low voice. "You're gonna be sorry you're such a fucking cocktease, because I'm gonna fuck you silly."

She was pleasantly surprised at his spirit, and fired right back, "I AM such a tease! I just love to watch guys suffer. But are you man enough to put me in my place and give me the fucking I deserve?"

"You'd better believe it, you little hussy!" He noted that her whole body reacted to the word "hussy" as if a bolt of electricity had shot through her.

She didn't respond with words, but her ecstatic groaning showed that she loved both his talk and his fucking.

"So you like that, eh?" he asked as he continued to drill her into the wall. "You like to be called a hussy? A slut? Is that what you are, a slut?"

"Oh yes!" she moaned as she trembled and swayed with his thrusts as he continued to pound her into the wall. "I'm a slut! Call me a slut!" Nobody had ever dared to call Heather a slut, at least to her face, though she knew that a lot of people, especially girls, said it behind her back.

"I think I will, you fucking cocktease tramp son-of-a-bitch bimbo trash slut tit whore cunt fuck!" His stream-of-consciousness rant didn't exactly make sense, but then neither did the idea of punishing a cocktease by fucking her.

Every word he said hit her body like a punch. She'd been called names like "slut" at the height of passion before, but this felt different. He was speaking like he absolutely meant it and even hated her for it. Somehow it excited her terribly; her arms and hands became limp while her thighs came up a bit, her feet curled and trembled, and she sagged even more helplessly while moaning uncontrollably. She thought, I can't move, can't even writhe, can't, can't... ANYTHING! No guy has EVER treated me like this, has ever made me feel like this, has ever... UNGH! HRRRNG!

In a lucid second, she realized that, although most of her male sex partners were big, strapping, football players, they'd all been too intimidated by her personality and social status to pick her up and fuck her like a rag doll, whereas this "nerd" felt no such restraint.

She would have been a lot less impressed if she'd known how badly Alan was suffering from supporting her weight. He prayed that it was worth it because he very much wanted to impress her and make her eat her words about what a "pathetic virgin" she'd assumed him to be. He prayed even more fervently

that she'd want to do something different to provide a reason for him to stop holding her up that wouldn't cause him to lose face.bender

Just when Alan thought he couldn't hold her aloft any longer, her moans rose to a scream, she bucked twice and slumped sideways in sudden silence. Alan gratefully lowered her to the floor, stood back and stretched while pressing his hands against his aching kidneys.

He stood back, taking some long moments to recover from his great exertion. He made a mental note to avoid having sex while holding up a partner again, at least until he was in much better shape.

Alan was far from done; his cock was still jutting out proudly. He thought, Hot damn! I did it! I can do this! I AM gonna rock her world. Nerd power! He chuckled out loud at that last thought. To his surprise, he was feeling relaxed enough to have fun with the situation, despite his continued desire to impress her (while trying not to let on that that was his goal).

As soon as he had recovered, more or less, he grabbed her hair and growled, "What do you think you're doing, bitch? I'm not done with you yet!" He tossed her roughly towards the bed. He'd forgotten in his initial fervor to put on a condom, but now he took advantage of their change in positions to fish one out of his wallet and slip it on.

Heather's eyes regained focus and her muscle tone returned. She climbed up the bed, scrambling along it until she was sitting against the headboard. She spread her legs wide and made a come-hither gesture. "Alan, I thought you were just another wimpy loser, but you ARE a man! Come here and give me the rest of my punishment."

"Oh, I will, bitch. I will," he said as he crawled across the bed towards her like a lion moving in for the kill. He positioned his cock right at the entry to her cunt. "Maybe another fucking is too good for you. Maybe it would be better if I don't fuck you any further."

He rubbed his cockhead teasingly all around her entrance, even penetrating her part way before pulling it back out. The truth was, even given Suzanne's recent useful advice, he would never have acted like that except for his pent-up anger at her. He was upset at being ignored by her for years, followed by her recent belittlement of him at the White Sands Beach. Additionally, he was extremely upset at her recklessness in front of Rock, which could have gotten him killed. He lusted after her but he truly hated her too, so her comments like "wimpy loser" only threw more fuel on the fire.

Then there was the matter of his mother. He found himself almost completely incapable of being aggressive and going further with her, despite his incredible longing to do so. But now here he was, faced with a woman who not only wanted him to be aggressive but clearly got off on it. He could blow off some of his frustration towards his mother by acting it out with Heather.

Heather was overwhelmed by his hateful passion. She couldn't take his teasing and the way he put his prod everywhere except in her slit. "No! Don't deny me! Fuck me now!" She reached forward, grabbed his ass with both hands and impaled herself on his cock all the way to the hilt.

"Hey, who said you could do that?" he cried angrily, but he began to pump her just the same. "Maybe I should really punish you. What if I tell your boyfriend what a fucking cunt you really are?"

"No!" she cried desperately. "I'll do anything! Anything you want!"

"You already are, you cunt hole!"

They kept at it for a long time, fucking and bantering angrily at the same time. He called her every name he could think of, but the more he insulted her, the more she seemed to get off on it.

Alan lasted quite a long time. The fact that he was wearing a condom dulled the sensations somewhat, allowing him to hold out even longer. He tried a number of positions, figuring that this might be the only chance he'd ever get to fuck Heather, so he should make the most of it. He kept ramming into her so hard and fast that he worried that he'd become exhausted before he shot his load.

Heather was quite good at fucking back. At first she'd been overawed by the force of his attack and his passionate insults, but when she recovered she began working her hips like a butter churn. She had a great sense of timing, so together they built up an unstoppable rhythm.

Eventually he sat up while she remained lying down. Her legs wrapped around his neck while he raised himself over her and drove repeatedly down into her. That angle allowed him to spear deeper into her pussy than he could in other positions.

She thought, Christ! This nerd can FUCK! He's in me so deep! God, it feels GREAT! EVERYTHING he's doing feels great! What the hell is happening to me?

His new position soon resulted in her erupting in a long rippling orgasm. With her whole body shaking and writhing, her spasming cunt clenched him in unexpected ways, taking him over the edge.

He exploded into her with a great wordless shout. He continued to ram her over and over while he was spurting. Even after he'd shot his entire load, he was still able to keep going for a minute or so - it felt so good that he didn't want it to ever end.

But reality eventually caught up with him. His dick started to wilt along with his endurance.

They both collapsed, utterly exhausted and dripping with sweat.

Chapter 256 Alan And Heather Bantering

They lazed around on her bed and chatted while they waited for him to get hard again. Their mood was different, without any meanness or name-calling. In fact, they talked mostly about innocuous things, such as the decor of her room.

Alan's anger and frustration gradually dissipated, restoring him to his usual mild-mannered self, somewhat like the transformation between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. However, Suzanne's recent advice came to mind again and he was careful not to be fawning or even complimentary, instead projecting a hard-to-get attitude. Even when she went fishing for a compliment about what a great fuck she was, he didn't say much.

That intrigued and challenged her. She was already thinking about what she could do differently next time to really impress him.

As he lay there next to her, he suddenly realized how much time had passed and asked, "Aren't you going to be late for the matinee with your boyfriend? It must have started already."

"Oh that? Who cares?" she answered blithely. "This is so much more fun. I'll make up some excuse about missing him. He's well-named; he's dumb as a rock, so it doesn't matter what I say."

However, Alan tensed up. "But what if he comes here to look for you? Isn't that pretty likely? And then he'll find me in your bed!"

"Could be," she said, seemingly more delighted at the idea than worried about it. "But you should be even more worried about my dad. If you think Rock could beat you up, you should see him. He's a huge former Marine!"

"Thanks for the news," Alan said ruefully. His pulse quickened with fear.

As if happy about his potential misfortune, she added, "Yeah, and it's getting near five so my parents should be back any time now."

"Shit!" he bolted out of bed. "Now I've really got to go!"

"Reeeeeellaaaaaxxx..." She grabbed him and pulled him back down on the bed. She was in the driver's seat now and wanted to have more fun with him. "That's what the back exit through the window is for. Just walk onto the roof, climb down the tree, and you're gone. Believe me, lots of guys have found it very useful. But now, let's do it again!"

The mention of "lots of guys" reminded him of Glory's warning that Heather was probably a cauldron of STDs. Rather timidly, he asked, "Hey, uh, do you have any, you know, diseases?"

She laughed. "You ask me now, after we fuck? No. I'm incredibly charmed in all things sexual. I swear to God. So let's get it on. Of course I'm on the pill. But if you insist on wearing a condom, I don't care."

"Okay. I'll get another one."

That surprised Heather. She'd actually thought they were all done, so had already stood up and put her top back on. She'd been speaking in general but was delighted that he was talking about getting it on again immediately. "What? You're really ready for another round?"

He answered honestly, "I think so. I mean, I've only cum twice. Most days, I cum about six times. Sometimes more."

She was stunned. Holy shit! Kim, I could kiss you for finding this jewel in the rough! If my supposedly studly boyfriend Rock cums twice in one evening, that's a big deal - I'm supposed to break out the balloons and party hats. Most of my other male lovers have been no better. No wonder I've started to play around with women more and more. Maybe I've been barking up the wrong tree by sleeping mostly with hunky football players. Maybe brains do matter.

God, what if it turns out that nerds are all well-hung studs and the jocks have the tiny dicks?! What a nightmare world that would be!bender

She finally just responded, "But three times in one hour? Are you sure you can do that?"

"I can't guarantee anything, but I've done it before. I'll tell you what. Maybe, if you could suck on it a little bit, I might revive."

"You want me to give you a blowjob? Ha! Fat chance. That's gross and demeaning. Besides, I don't like the taste of cum." She didn't give the primary reason why she didn't like giving blowjobs: she was selfish and didn't like to do anything sexual that the other person enjoyed more than she did.

He was tempted to boast about the taste of his cum, but was too modest to do so. Instead, he said, "What if we compromise? How about if you give me a titfuck? That should get me started, and then we can switch once I'm fully up."

She frowned. "Hmmm. I'm not exactly crazy about that idea either. But today's your lucky day. Okay, just a little. Consider it a reward for some excellent fucking." She wouldn't have gone for it except that his playing-hard-to-get approach was having an effect on her.

She got some lotion from her dresser and lathered up her cleavage. Then she knelt down in front of him and put his semi-erect penis between her generous jugs.

"Oh maaaaan, I really shouldn't be doing this," he said out loud as she began to massage his dick back to life with her large silicone-enhanced breasts.

He could tell she had implants by their feel, but he didn't care. He figured that her boob job must have been unusually costly, because they looked and felt really great. It was hard to tell the difference; only his recent extensive experience with a variety of breasts tipped him off.

The two of them continued silently in a nice titfucking rhythm for a couple of minutes.

Then, more to himself than to Heather, he said, "Titfucking is my homework assignment." He was thinking back to his first titfuck with Akami the previous Friday and how she had told him that he needed to practice what he'd learned before his next appointment with her. He was amazed that, just a few days earlier, he hadn't really known anything about how to titfuck, but now he was going at it with Heather as if he'd been doing it for years.

Figuring it was some attempt at a joke, she answered, "Well, then, let's make sure you get an A plus. Fucking stroke your big shaft right between my monsters. Like that! Good. Don't you just love my tits?" She cupped them with her hands to make them stick out even further. She didn't exactly have a modesty problem.

"They're great," he admitted. While it was true he adored all-natural boobs like Susan's and Suzanne's even more, augmented boobs like these were still great fun to play with. But then he remembered he shouldn't praise her too much, so he added, "That is, considering that they're enhanced."

She didn't answer that, since she sensed he wouldn't believe her if she lied about them.

To her surprise, she found herself getting so horny that she said with genuine feeling, "Mmmm. Alan, your dick feels so HOT. You're on fire, making my tits burn up. It's so raging hard and boiling hot!"

He liked that, so he ran with the idea. "Put my fire out by smothering it with your big tits, you sleazy tramp!"

That made her even more excited. "I will! I will! Fuck my tits hard! Cover them with your sticky jizz!"

He pounded up and down her cleavage. She bounced her body up and down as well, so his shaft practically flew through her tight, well-lubed channel.

Heather had rarely deigned to allow any man to titfuck her. Despite her extensive sexual experience, it had mostly been fairly standard missionary-position or doggy-style intercourse with men, or pussy licking and strap-on dildos with women. But, perhaps for the first time, she found herself really loving getting titfucked. She realized that it wasn't just something to do to get a dick hard before intercourse; she was getting off on it so much that she wanted to see it through to the end.

There wasn't much talk this time; both of them had a hard enough time just breathing. She did manage to say, "Keep going! Do it!"

He was very happy to oblige. The fact that her cleavage was so thoroughly lathered up with lotion made the titfuck especially pleasurable. Furthermore, since her tits were extra firm from her boob job, and since they were so large, she made an extremely excellent tunnel for his erection to fuck. When she pressed her boobs together, it very nearly did feel like he was screwing a tight cunt.

When he came, his seed arced toward her head. Both of them screamed for joy.

He was amused at how much landed in her hair and even on the top of her head. To his surprise, she didn't mind, and even seemed to revel in getting sprayed by cum everywhere.

He might have lost his load, but he hadn't lost his attitude. Inspired by the way his cum had fallen all over her face and chest, he resumed his acting. With both of his hands on top of her head, he pushed her face down into her chest.

Initially that alarmed her. She protested, "What are you doing? Don't make me eat that stuff. Cum is disgusting!"

But he would not be dissuaded. He understood that most cum was bitter or sour tasting and that she mistakenly assumed his was like that. He figured that if he was unable to praise his own seed with words, he'd just have to get her to see how good it tasted some other way. So he continued to push her and "forced" her to lick up as much of his cum as she could find. "Take it, bitch! Eat it all!"

"No!" she protested, even as she licked up a big gob from the top of her left breast. She didn't like the idea of eating his cum, but she loved the way he was treating her.

"Are you a slut, or what? Sluts live on this stuff! Eat it up! All of it!"

"Never!" But she still ate more. In fact the more he prodded her with rude words, the more eagerly she went after every last drop.

She loved the treatment so much that it took some moments before she began to realize that she was enjoying the taste of his cum as well.

When it was all over and she'd cleaned up all the cum except the gobs that had landed in her hair, she had to admit, "Alan, I never thought I'd say this to anyone, but I actually like the taste of your spunk. You have to understand that normally I HATE cum. It gets everywhere. It's disgusting and gooey. And the taste. Yuck! That's the worst. But this is completely different. It's like... dessert. Seriously! Some women - their juices I can tolerate. Barely. But this... I want more!"

He finally let his modesty slip a bit. He was bursting with pride that Heather had been proven wrong about his sexual skills. He was particularly miffed at her comments at the beach about him being a virgin, so he said, "That's what a lot of women say."

"A LOT of women? Alan, just a couple of days ago I thought you were a completely hopeless virgin nerd. If you'd kissed a girl before, you could have fooled me. You're telling me you've been with a number of women? Who?!"

He realized he could use her slip-up to his advantage. In particular, he thought about how Suzanne had told him that she'd convinced Brenda that he had many other lovers, without actually giving any specifics. So he 'confirmed' that he had many other lovers with the vague comment, "Sorry, I don't kiss and tell. I've probably said too much already."

"Kim did say you were discreet. Chalk up another point for her, and for you! I love it. We really have to do this again soon. I never would have figured. Where the hell did a nerd like you learn to fuck like that?"

"Hey, I don't appreciate being called a nerd all the time. For one thing, if I'm such a nerd, then why would Miss Social Princess here be fucking me in the first place?"

"Good point. Okay, I'll admit you're not a typical nerd. And you're certainly a lot better looking and more muscular than the typical nerd, I guess 'cos you play sports. But you hang out with dweeby guys and get good grades, so that makes you a nerd."

"That still begs the question. Why did you shanghai me today, if I'm such a dweeb? And what's with all this stuff about Kim?"

"Okay, you're not a dweeb, exactly. Happy? I'm just pointing out that you should find a better crowd. It would look bad for me to be seen with you at school. The reason why you're here is because of Kim. She seems to think you're the best fucker on Earth. Earlier today at school she was raving and carrying on and on about you. She said you don't just do wham-bam five-minute lovemaking, but really take your time and pleasure the woman."

She continued, "I figured if you can get someone who's a lesbian that excited, I had to try you out for myself. If I hadn't lucked into you at the ice cream store, you would have heard from me soon enough, one way or another."

"Huh. So you'll fuck a nerd based on some gossip?"

"Not exactly. I have to admit, there was something about you that intrigued me the one time we met. Oh, and then there's that big bulge you were showing off there at the beach." She patted his groin with fondness.

"Hey, I wasn't showing it off. That happens. Sometimes guys can't control it."

"Yeah, right. Show-off!" She teased him, but playfully. "I gotta admit, you surprised me. I can't believe I'm lying here naked with a nerd, let alone having such a fucking good time. This is just like that Revenge of the Nerds movie where that total loser guy with the glasses gets the girl." She quickly corrected herself, "Except that you're not a total loser, and you don't have glasses."

He was annoyed. "What's with you and nerds? You know, just because someone is smart doesn't mean you have to shun them. I can tell you're pretty smart yourself, even though you obviously don't study much. Or at all, I'd guess."

"I'll admit it. My goal is to be popular and have fun. If I pass my classes too, that's a nice bonus. Okay, I'll try not to call you the 'N' word so much. But you never did answer my question. How did you learn to fuck so well?"

In a confessional voice, he admitted, "To be honest, I haven't really done it much. You're my third." He immediately regretted saying that. He instinctively knew that with Heather one should never admit weakness. He felt like kicking himself, because it undercut his attempt to convince her that he wasn't impressed by her due to all his other lovers.

But she took it pretty well. "The third time?! Talk about a natural. All that name calling and stuff just came to you spontaneously?"

He nodded. "You're the third woman I've actually fucked. But I've played around with many others. You know, blowjobs, titfucks, handjob - that kind of thing. Lots of women love to suck my cock. That's why I said women like the taste of my cum. I just haven't gone all the way that much."

He thought, Good. That kind of fixes my slip-up. Mostly. Besides, it's basically the truth.

She considered that. "Huh. Still. Most guys I have sex with never learn that I like that. Who was your first? It wasn't Kim; she told me that. She must be your second, and she's totally inexperienced with intercourse too. I want to shake the hand of your first for making you such a pro fucker so fast."

He avoided the question and changed the subject, since his first was his sister. He thought, Thanks, Sis. And thank you, Kim and your big mouth. Although, now that I think about it, Aunt Suzy was really the one most responsible for making me at ease and so creative sexually.

He said, "Kim talks too much! You're not so bad yourself. And I've gotta admit you really know how to keep your body in shape." While he was being honest, he also had the ulterior motive of changing the topic from the identity of his first lover.

It worked like a charm. There was nothing Heather liked to talk about more than how beautiful and fit she was. She delivered a monologue about her exercise regimen.

But after that, the conversation petered out and never really resumed. He found that making polite conversation with Heather was very awkward. The two of them had very little in common, and the nerd / queen social divide was painfully obvious. The only reason to stay was more sex, but he knew that he couldn't get it up again.

She realized this and felt the need to find Rock before he got too angry. She made Alan feel like he'd overstayed his welcome.

The fact that her parents were supposed to come home at any moment was also on his mind, so he finally got up and left.

As he drove away, he wondered at the remarkable experience he'd just had. He thought it unlikely to ever be repeated because, while she'd dropped some heavy hints that she'd like to get fucked by him again, she seemed to become disinterested when he was preparing to leave. Furthermore, she'd stressed repeatedly the need for him not to mention what happened to anyone. More insultingly, she'd warned him not to act friendly to her at school. She'd even said, "Sorry, no offense, but I just can't afford to be seen talking to a nerd. It would ruin my image."

He felt a little bit used, but all in all he couldn't complain. It had been a wild, fun ride, topped off by some truly great sex. Plus, it really did seem like an advanced test to get him ready to face Brenda. He thought, Heather is fucking intimidating. She really is. Not just looks, but personality. But I totally rolled with the punches. Compared to her, Brenda will actually be easier! And I just fucked Heather, whereas all I have to do with Brenda tomorrow is talk to her. Piece of cake!

Boy, I can't wait to tell Aunt Suzy! She'll be so proud. Oh, wait. I can't kiss and tell. Besides, if she knew I had sex with Heather, she'd get upset and give me an earful. Damn! I'll just have to impress her with how I interact with Brenda tomorrow.

As to being used, he figured he'd gotten off easy. He realized that Rock was less Heather's boyfriend and more a dumb chump whom she constantly delighted in cheating on in the most outrageous ways. He gathered that her picking up strange guys practically in her boyfriend's face, like she'd done with him at the Baskin-Robbins, wasn't all that uncommon.

In fact, in retrospect he realized she'd seemed surprisingly trusting with him, actually gloating to him about her cheating. She'd even mentioned that her favorite trick was to talk to Rock on the phone while she was having sex with one of his football buddies.

Alan felt genuinely sorry for the guy. But at the same time, he had to admit to himself that the danger of getting beaten up by Rock or by Heather's father helped to make the sex even more arousing.

That was GREAT sex. But dammit, it was kind of a scary trial too! As good as that felt, I actually kinda hope that'll be the end of it. If I see her coming directly towards me, I'm gonna run like hell in the other direction before she gets me murdered!

Okay, maybe not, but almost. She's real trouble, that's for sure.

Another thought occurred to him. Everything is soooo sexual all of a sudden. I can't even get ice cream with a friend without something like this happening! Dang, that is weird. It's almost comical how these things keep happening to me.

Chapter 257 Susan Erotica

Three o'clock came and went, but Susan didn't even notice. She was still in the den, sitting in front of the computer, reading the erotic story that Suzanne had "downloaded" for her from the Internet. Suzanne had heavily altered the story, including renaming it to "Mom's Gotta Have Her Son's Big Cock". Among other things, Suzanne had changed all the names of characters in the story so that they were similar to, but not exactly the same as, those in Susan's real life.

Another aspect of Suzanne's edit was that the revised story was just as much about the main character "Alex" and his relationship with his aunt "Sally" as about his relationship with his mother "Susie". Susan was reaching the end of the story, which she was reading for the second time. Her clothes were on the floor and her fingers were either in her pussy or on her nipples, except when they were needed to scroll the story on the screen.

She was so into it, she'd completely forgotten to eat her lunch. She read:

"Mmmm! Sally, I want to share. Here, you take your side on his cock. One tongue just isn't enough to fully satisfy Alex. I need your help."

Sally bent forward and joined Susie in her licking. "Mmmm! Yum! You're so right! I'm sure one tongue would be enough for most boys his age, but his cock is just so big and thick that it really does need two."

"Mmmm! You said it!" Susie exclaimed. She was so excited to be sharing with her sister once more that she swallowed all of Alex's cockhead and started bobbing on it in her enthusiasm. There was nothing in the world that made her happier than feeling her lips stretched wide, sliding up and down her son's thick shaft while her tongue tickled his most sensitive spots. But sharing that task with her sister was even better, knowing that the rest of his many inches were being taken care of at the same time.

Like Susie, Sally loved to lick Alex's thick rod. But she was in a talkative mood, so she said to him, "What do you think? Can you handle TWO big-titted women? Can you handle it if we wake you up like this every single morning?"

He replied, "Oh boy! You know I love it! Just like I love how we sleep together with the two of you cuddled up next to me every night. This is the best!"

Susie pulled off to say, "Nothing but the best for my special son!"

Sally nodded. "That's why we belong to you now. We live to serve you." With that, she slid her lips all the way along his cock and then engulfed his cockhead in her mouth.

Susie looked on admiringly as she watched Sally bob up and down for a few moments. But then she remembered that it took two tongues to fully cover her son's length, so she got busy licking his balls. She knew how much he loved that. At the same time she muttered, "We live to serve you!"

In real life, this caused Susan to groan out loud, squealing as she fingered herself. She muttered, "YES! What a GREAT story! It's so true! It's all so true!"

She kept reading:

As Susie slathered Alex's balls with her tongue, she thought about Sally's suggestion that they wake him every morning with a double blowjob. Now that it had been suggested, she couldn't imagine it any other way. What better way to start her son's day than with a long, sloppy, slurpy blowjob? Two tongues and two pairs of lips were the only proper way-

Susan froze and her heart leapt to her throat when she heard the sound of the garage door opening.

At first, she was filled with joy, because she figured it was Alan. The story had made her so hot to trot that she briefly considered meeting him in the garage wearing what she currently had on - nothing - and blowing him as soon as he got out of the car.

But then it occurred to her that it could be her daughter Katherine instead. Or even worse, Ron coming home unexpectedly early. The odds of it being Ron were quite low, but it could easily be Katherine.

That realization caused her to panic. She quickly closed the word-processing program, then scampered to collect her clothes and put them on. She was glad that she'd heard the garage door, because that would give her about a minute before whoever it was entered the house, and even longer before she was found in the den.

Please, please, please, let that be Tiger! Dear Lord, please! I'm so horny, I can't stand it!

She was able to put her clothes on and even make herself presentable, because no one came looking for her. As a result, it slowly dawned on her that it almost certainly was Katherine who had come home, because Alan would have come looking for her to ask about his scheduled abnormality check.

A few minutes later, Susan went upstairs and heard music coming from Katherine's bedroom, confirming her disappointment.

She dragged herself back to the den and sat moping in front of the computer. Darn it! What a drag! If Tiger's not here I wish I could at least finish the story, but I can't. And I was just getting to my favorite part, where Susie tells all of us big-titted mothers that it's not only our choice to serve our son's big cocks, it's our duty! Mmmm. "We live to serve you." Yes we do, Tiger!

Knowing that she would be too tempted to continue reading if she sat in front of the computer, she instead went into the kitchen. She realized that she'd missed lunch, so she fixed a pomegranate quinoa pilaf to tide herself over until that evening. I wonder how Suzanne found that story. It's uncannily similar to the situation here, so much so that it's almost unreal! Why, even the names are kind of similar. The big difference of course is that Alex never had a medical diagnosis that required such treatment. It was just that his big cock was too tempting for his mother and aunt to resist! But Suzanne and I do have a

medically valid reason to help him do his thing, so I have NO excuse for NOT helping him! If Suzanne found out that I was shirking my duties, boy, she'd really let me have it!

Katherine came downstairs to get a snack while Susan was still eating her late lunch. She gave her mother the news that Alan had made plans to spend the afternoon with friends.

Susan was extremely disappointed, if not outright crushed. But a short time later she got good news in the form of another call from Ron who said he definitely wouldn't be home until very late, so not to prepare dinner for him or wait up for him.

She spent her time gardening in the backyard, since that task helped occupy her both physically and mentally. She realized that all was not lost, but merely delayed a little. She knew that Alan always came home in time for dinner, so with Ron gone she figured she'd get her chance to "help" her horny son one way or another before the evening was over.

Her arousal from reading the story had reached a fever pitch around the time that she had expected Alan to come home, so now her gardening gave her time to calm herself almost back to normal. But her sexual fire was still burning and she was determined to give her son his "abnormality check" no matter what. An hour later, she gave Katherine some money, telling her to go shopping and hinting strongly that she should stay out of the house until dinner time.

bender

Katherine wasn't stupid. She'd already caught wind of the Tuesday checks and what they were about, so she went to the mall to make herself scarce. She hoped that the more sexually involved Susan got with Alan, the less angry Susan would be when her own intimacy with him came out.

Suzanne really wanted some time alone with Alan, and she also wanted to work with him more so he'd be confident when he talked to Brenda the next day. But she knew better than to get between Susan and her quarry on a Tuesday, and she felt he was already fairly well prepared for Brenda. She stayed at home and kept Amy there as well. Suzanne figured that getting Susan over her remaining prudish hang-ups was the most important factor in the success of her overall scheme, so making sure the "abnormality check" went off without any hitches was the day's top priority. She saw it as a test to see if Susan would suck Alan's cock without Suzanne pressuring her to do it.

Left alone with time on her hands, Susan contemplated how things would be with Alan after Ron had returned to Asia. There was little doubt that things would get more sexual again, and do so rapidly. She'd pretty much promised that to Alan already. But she was still looking for a way to revel in her new-found sensuality without feeling immoral while doing so. In particular, she looked for any excuse that would allow her to jack and suck her son off even more frequently without it appearing that she wanted to do so, since such an excuse would ease her conscience and perhaps his as well. But so far the only rationale she had found was the need for the weekly abnormality check that Akami had 'prescribed'. Suzanne had offered some other general excuses but they weren't convincing; they all still left Susan feeling guilty.

It had been two weeks since her day of total debauchery with Alan, and the remembered love and pleasure of that day made her long for another. For the past few days, it seemed like she'd been slipping up more and more. She'd "accidentally" wound up with her son's cock in her hand or mouth with increasing frequency. All that increased her desire for the Tuesday "abnormality check."

Thanks in large part to Suzanne's constant encouragement, she could think of little else but to get another taste of her son's sweet cum. It was the focus of her dreams every night, at least those she could remember. She lived in fear that she would talk in her sleep, so that her husband would hear her saying sexual things about their son, such as "Give it to me, Tiger! Stuff your big, thick cock in my mouth!" Fortunately, she didn't usually have lucid dreams where she talked in her sleep, but the concern was still there.

When she was awake, it wasn't much different. She spent nearly the entire day daydreaming about blowjobs, and even planning out specific moves and techniques she'd be using on him later. She couldn't stop salivating and licking her lips in anticipation.

Chapter 258 None Of Them Hold A Candle To You Mom - Alan

Alan got home around five-thirty, shortly after his adventure with Heather. He went straight from the garage to his room without even pausing to say hello to his mother. He wanted to minimize every interruption so that he could still manage to take a reasonably long, though very late, afternoon nap before he was called to dinner.

He figured that, if he was lucky, he might actually catch thirty minutes of sleep. Not only did missing his nap usually make him feel listless, but the sex with Heather had drained him as if he'd been participating in an exhausting sporting event.

Susan heard him come home, and naturally she could barely contain her excitement. She'd put a lot of thought into what she should wear, now that she was home alone with her son. She'd ultimately decided on one of Suzanne's power suits. Although it did show off some cleavage, her main rationale was that it was so expensive and formal that she'd be "forced" to take it all off before long. Plus, as Suzanne had advised her, the more clothes she had to take off, the longer she could work him up, enticing him before even touching him.

While waiting and waiting for Alan to come home, she'd helped herself to a glass of wine to boost her courage. That had also loosened her inhibitions. So, although she was nervous, she also bubbled with happiness and anticipation.

She knocked on his door. "Tiger, it's your mother." It was open a crack already so she pushed right in.

Alan had barely entered the room himself, and was in the middle of marking off his daily orgasms chart. He just said, "Hi, Mom." Even as she came in, he dove towards his bed, ready to sleep.

"Tiger, what do you think you're doing?" she asked with great surprise, as if he didn't take a nap every day.

He flopped down onto his bed like someone half alive. "Mom, I'm soooo exhausted. Is Ron home? When will we be able to do our thing?"

"Good news!" she said giddily. "He's gone until after dinner. In fact he probably will be out until fairly late! I've been waiting for you all afternoon, but no matter. We can do your abnormality check right now!"

Alan's dick started to swell, but to his intense displeasure he found that the more engorged it became the more it hurt. He couldn't help but say, "Oh no!"

When he realized that he'd sounded harsh, he explained, "Mom, I don't think that's a good idea right now. I just discovered this very second that my dick isn't feeling too good. Not good at all. It's kinda gotten excited, and that makes it hurt. Dang!" He willed himself to stay flaccid, with some success.

She felt her jealousy rising. She asked fearfully, "Why is it hurting so much? Where have you been?"

Before he could think up an answer, she turned around and stared at his orgasm chart. "Oh my goodness! FOUR more checks?! Tiger! Have you been creaming all over more big-titted cheerleaders today?"

Again, he was stunned by the accuracy of her guess. He asked, "Why do you always assume I'm with big-titted cheerleaders?"

"Well, were you?"

"Yes, but that's not the point."

Somehow, her lust overwhelmed her jealousy when she found out he was with "big-titted cheerleaders." She envisioned him naked in bed and covered by two of them, if not three, and that filled her with pride over what a stud he was becoming. "Woo-hoo! Tiger! I'm so proud of you. Who did you do? Was that head cheerleader Heather there? Was she one of them? I hope you nailed her good!" There was a lusty fire in her eyes as she reveled in his sexual prowess.

He was even further amazed at how accurately she was guessing, but didn't want to kiss and tell. He said, "Mom, that's private. I can't tell you that. But I still don't get why all this cheerleader talk."

Susan sat on the edge of his desk and unbuttoned her blouse. "By the way, do you mind if I take this off? If we're gonna do this check, I don't want to ruin these nice clothes."

"Um," he started to reply. He worried about the state of his penis, but he didn't know how to discourage her adorable and infectious enthusiasm.

She rushed on while continuing to unbutton. "As for my guessing, it's simple. If you're the best at sex, you should get the best. I know you didn't cream all over Christine, or you'd be bouncing off the walls with excitement. Angel and Amy are out. So that only leaves the other cheerleaders. Women check each other out, you know, and even though I haven't been at your school much, I saw that a lot of the hotties were on the squad with Angel and Amy."

She squirmed as she admitted, "God, it makes me so hot, thinking about you staking your claim over all the most beautiful girls in school!"

"Well, Mom, I don't know about that. I was a complete virgin not that long ago. But whoever it was today - and I really can't name names - she left me as limp as a dishrag. My dick really hurts, so I'm leaving it completely alone while I lie here."

She thought, Oh my goodness! Tiger left me suffering here, waiting for him while he was driving his big cock into a pile of busty cheerleaders! That should make me angry, but it's just TOO HOT!

She brushed off his concerns with a wave of her hand, staring intently at his groin. I hope he blasted his creamy goo all over their faces, and their big tits too! Mmmm! I would have loved to see that. My goodness! How could any loving mother not hear that and drop to her knees and SUCK?! It's just not possible!

Then she looked away and seemed to bring her emotions more under control. "That's what the abnormality check is for. We have to check your penis once a week, looking for damage, and report it to Nurse Akami. I'm very concerned that it might be injured. We need to check how it's doing right now."

Reluctantly, he sat up in bed.

By this time she was down to just her bra and panties. She moved over to the edge of his bed and started to pull his clothes off. Making a feeble effort to mask her eagerness, she stared at him intently. She didn't realize how sultry her passionate stare made her look. "Now remember, we have to do this very dispassionately. Can you handle that, Tiger? This isn't just another blowjob. Er, I mean handjob. We have to be very detached and clinical."

"I don't think I'll be able to handle anything at all. I tell you, seriously, this six-times-a-day thing has left my dick totally wiped out today."

He thought to himself, Of all the times to run into Heather! Dang! What rotten luck! If Mom asked me to fuck her right now I'd have to say no. Shoot! And she's extra hot to trot today. I don't believe this "clinical" bullshit for a minute; she's not detached at all!

"Nonsense," she stated firmly as she began to rub his member until it was semi-turgid. "I know you have enormous sexual stamina. Show your mother how hard you can get so she can make a good report to the nurse."

She held his penis as if she were in awe of it, as if she were holding the world's most precious diamond. She tried to stay poker-faced, but in fact she was smiling broadly, overjoyed to feel it again even though it refused to become erect. She thought back to the erotic "testimonial" she'd read for much of the day, recalling how the two lusty women in that story had behaved. It confirmed her sense that what she was doing was right and proper.

"Normally that's true, Mom, but I really don't think I can manage today. They wiped me out." There actually hadn't been a "they," but he figured if he said "they" he might divert her from her all-too-accurate guess about him being with Heather.

"'They'?! Wow. Amazing! My guess was right. Such a BIG, strong boy!" She thought of her son's erection being licked and shared by two or three busty cheerleaders at once, which made her feel even more tingly between her legs. She brought a second hand to his crotch, using it to fondle his balls.

But then she turned pouty. "Tiger, I'm sad. I've been waiting all afternoon to help you with your problem, only to find out you've been spilling your seed on two busty teens. Was it two? Or more?! 'They' could mean three or four, even! Oh my! In any case, you're a real meanie." She was crushed, because she really had assumed he would always put her first and be able to cum for her at any time.

He looked her deeply in the eyes and said with heartfelt sorrow, "I'm sorry, Mom. You said Ron would be here all afternoon, remember? So I figured it didn't matter if I was home or not. You know I'd rather be with you than a hundred cheerleaders."

Hearing that made her feel a lot better. Still fondling his balls and his almost-flaccid penis with both hands, she looked up at him bashfully. "Really? I can't compete with all those sweet young things."

"There's nobody's lips I'd rather see wrapped around my dick than yours, Mom. It's really true."

"Awww. That's so sweet. But you're just saying that." She kicked her legs back and forth with giddy nervousness as she sat there.

"Really! There are some good-looking girls at school, for sure. I have no idea why some of them are interested in me all of a sudden. But none of them hold a candle to you. There's no way I'd be close to keeping up with my six-times-a-day prescription if not for you and Aunt Suzy helping out. Like what you did this morning; that kept me going all day."

"I'm glad I could be of help. But don't worry about your soreness; just let your mommy take care of it. She'll make everything all better." She rubbed his dick some more, but still to no avail.

She wasn't completely upset by this development, because it gave her an excuse that "forced" her to take off her bra, supposedly to provide more visual stimulation.

She kept fondling his penis and balls for a few more minutes. Her fondling of his balls felt particularly nice, but his penis simply refused to get completely hard.

It certainly wasn't for her lack of trying. She put into practice Suzanne's lesson on how to keep her bare tits subtly swinging and moving while she stroked, and she said things like, "Look what you've done. You've got your busty mommy wearing nothing but heels and panties. And somehow, I wonder how long my panties will stay on. I'm trying to stay calm and collected, but thinking about you drilling all those cheerleaders has just got me too excited!" She arched her back. "Are any of them as stacked as I am?"

He groaned helplessly. Damn! Damn, damn, damn, damn, damn! She's so fucking stacked! If only I'd known Ron wouldn't be here, and Mom would be like this, I would have been home in a flash after school!

He muttered, "No. None of them hold a candle to you."

She beamed at that. She liked the big-titted cheerleader talk, but only if she was still his favorite. She kept on stroking and striking sexy poses, but still to no effect. She was frustrated as hell after waiting all day for this moment.

In fact, Alan could have willed his dick to be fully erect at any moment just by giving in to his lust. But he purposely didn't do so, because he anticipated that if it got hard it would hurt a lot, and that if he actually ejaculated it would hurt even more. He also was concerned that the abnormality check would escalate. Normally, that would be a great thing, but he didn't want her to taste Heather's juices that

were still on his dick. He thought that she liked the idea of him being with "big-titted cheerleaders," at least in theory, but if she were to have such direct evidence of him actually fucking someone else she might get jealous. So he focused on disgusting thoughts and continued to will himself to stay flaccid instead.

Finally, Susan said, "Tiger, would it help if I tried to stimulate it by putting it in my mouth? Is that what you want? Do you want your own mother to suck your penis? Actually, I should cut the bull and call it a cock. Your father has a penis, but you have a COCK. In fact, I just told that to Brenda yesterday, that most men have penises, but you have a cock."

"What?! Really?!" A powerful jolt of pleasure shot down his spine.

"I did! I really told her that. And as for sucking, if that's what I have to do then I'm willing to do it. Although it seems so very improper!" She said "improper," but she made it sound more like "delightful."

As tempted as he felt, his dick still hurt, and he still feared she would taste Heather. He had to redouble his efforts to keep it from engorging.

Her sexy suggestion had made her more excited than him. Her bare chest began to heave from heavy breathing, while her eyes sparkled with excitement.

Alan flailed about for an excuse, and decided to continue his pseudo-charade of tiredness. "Mom, normally I'd love that idea, any time you want. But not now. It's really not reviving."

Seemingly ignoring his words altogether, she bent down and started breathing on it.

It twitched with life, but still only got about halfway hard at best.

She said, "Look, Son. Look what you're making me do. You meanie! All I wanted to do is give you a completely clinical abnormality check, but now you've got me nearly naked before it can even start!"

He thought, Have mercy! Fuck me. Is this some kind of cruel joke?! Why does my dick have to hurt so much now?!

Seeing that his penis wasn't responding, she blew on his balls for a while, and bathed them with her tongue. It felt great, and he groaned repeatedly in appreciation, but she realized that it wasn't getting them anywhere.

So she sat back up and asked, "How about if I get completely naked? Do you want me to take these wet panties all the way off? Do you want me to suck your big cock like that? Will it make your cock that much stiffer and longer knowing how you've utterly humiliated me and talked me out of all my clothes yet again? I know that's wrong, and I vowed not to do that while your father was here, but I suppose I have to do it. I just can't resist your powerful cock's urgent demands! I'm willing to do it if that's what it takes to help you with your problem. I'd do anything to help you, Tiger. But we have to be clear about the boundaries and not go-"

He interrupted, "Mom, listen! My dick is in pain, okay? It hurts. When it gets hard, it really, really hurts. I just have to take it easy. If I do, tomorrow it will be much better, I'm sure. Let's do this tomorrow. I'd love it, then."

He thought to himself, I can't believe I just said that. I'm turning Mom down?! Curse Heather! Fuck her lousy timing. Fuck!

But Susan was like a sex junkie who just would not be denied her Tuesday cock fix. "Akami said it has to be on Tuesday," she said in a pouty voice, like a child denied her favorite toy. She began to pull her panties down her thighs, but Alan just shook his head no.

She finally bowed to the inevitable and just sat back, looking sad. "I thought this was something you wanted?" she asked tentatively in a hurt tone of voice.

"I do! I do! So much! Nothing is more important than that you make these penis checks. But just not at this very moment. I can't control how my dick feels all the time; it just does what it does."

She seemed relieved at that. "Okay, why don't we give it a couple of hours? Let's try again later this evening. If it still hurts then, then we'll need to talk to Akami about it and get her advice."

He nodded. He was upset with himself, but he knew that if he gave in and let his dick grow he'd regret it later in a major way. He said, "I think that's all we can do. The only cure for my soreness is time and some rest."

After she left, he thought, Geez! I never imagined Mom would be this enthusiastic. But the frustrating thing is, I know she's going through a lot of extreme mood swings these days. Right now she can't get enough of me, but what'll she be like tomorrow, or even in a couple of hours? She might get a call from one of her relatives or something like that. Then suddenly she'll be dressing like the Amish again. I needed to strike when the iron was hot and kind of push her boundaries a little further, but the timing was wrong. I just couldn't manage it. Dammit!

Chapter 259 Blowjob From Susan

Susan called some of Ron's colleagues, confirming that he would be gone until at least ten o'clock and perhaps as late as midnight. Katherine came home from shopping to eat dinner, and Amy came over too, but Susan gave them cash and told them to go to a movie once dinner was over. This time, she wanted to be certain no one would be there to interfere.

She called Suzanne to commiserate. After she'd explained the situation, she griped, "Oh, Suzanne. This is torture! I loved that testimonial you had me read, by the way. It was like Susie was speaking directly to me. Our lives are so similar, it's uncanny!"

Suzanne said, "That's true. That's why I thought you should read it. But when you think about it, out of all the millions and millions of people out there, there are bound to be some in very similar circumstances. I imagine there are a lot of buxom mothers out there who have sons with very demanding penises, who decide like you did that they have to do what's right and help out any way they can."

"Yes, that's true," Susan sighed longingly, wishing she could be helping him out with her mouth at that very moment. "What Susie wrote was so moving that I almost cried. I mean, here's this woman, a good woman, just living her life, except that she's got a son with a big cock that's erect simply ALL the time! What could she do? Could she just leave him suffering with blue balls, practically twenty-four hours a day? No, of course not!"

Suzanne loved how Susan was swallowing her latest indoctrination ploy. She tried to make it seem like a high-minded philosophical issue. "People need to make choices in life. In her case, she had to decide between adhering to society's arbitrary rules or helping her son in his time of need."

Susan said, "And thank goodness she had a sister to help her out! Sally reminded me a lot of you."

Suzanne rolled her eyes, glad that Susan couldn't see. Geez, I wonder why.

Susan continued, "I'm not sure about all that sharing of the penis though. I mean, sure, it was hot to read about. I just love the idea of TWO tongues lapping their way all over Tiger's cock at once! Er, I mean Alex's member. And it seemed like half the story was just describing all the wonderfully different ways they shared his erection. But it could never happen in real life."

"Why not?"

"It's just too beyond the pale! I mean, if you allow that, the next thing you know you're in the middle of a full-blown orgy!"

Suzanne thought, That's the idea! You, me, Angel, and our Sweetie. What a dream come true that will be, the four of us going to bed together every night!

Susan continued, "I have to be more firm about establishing boundaries, so things like that can't happen. But let's get back to helping him out today. The only problem is the timing. Susie's testimonial got me so keen to help out with his, you know, his abnormality check and whatnot..." She was embarrassed to admit how much she just wanted to suck his cock for hours. "And then he told me that he'd spent all afternoon feeding his erection to the buxom cheerleaders."

"Wait. What?"

Susan briefly told Suzanne what she'd gathered about Alan having fun with cheerleaders (most of which was an exaggeration). She finished, "That made me both frustrated as all get-out and hotter than flowing lava! What am I going to do?!"

Suzanne said firmly. "Here's what you're going to do. You are one of his personal cocksuckers, aren't you?"

"Of course! I've been thinking about that shameful term a lot today. I still have problems with it, but that's the reality. I have to accept my spermy fate."

"Good. So don't mess around. Go all out! You've gotta take this to the next level so there's no way he can't respond with a gloriously big, firm boner! And I'm going to help you. First..." She proceeded to give Susan a series of things to do that supposedly would increase her sex appeal. In actual fact, Susan's sex appeal was so high that there wasn't much she could do to improve it, so Suzanne actually gave her time-consuming tasks that she thought would keep Susan both busy and horny.

Susan wanted to give Alan as much time as she could for his penis to recover. She'd given him some advance warning of when she'd be back. He used the breather to go to the bathroom and take a much-needed shower, then went to bed for a long, refreshing rest.

He finally woke around eight o'clock. He still hadn't eaten dinner, but that could wait. Lying there in bed, he opened his eyes and imagined his mother coming in to help him with his abnormality check. In a matter of seconds, he felt his penis engorge fully. To his great delight, he didn't feel any discomfort, unlike what he'd felt before his nap.

However, he willed his dick to get flaccid again. He figured that if he appeared to have problems getting hard, his mother might take more extreme measures again to help him out.

He put on the Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive" fairly loudly, hoping Susan would hear that and get the hint that he was ready.

She definitely got the hint. But he hadn't expected her to stride into his room so quickly - the song hadn't even gotten to the lyrics portion yet! Nor did he expect to see her completely naked, which is exactly what she was.

"Mom!" he cried in pleasant shock. "Where are your clothes?" He sat up in bed. He was amused at how she seemed to be almost strutting, since she was walking with such purpose and "Stayin' Alive" seemed like a perfect song for strutting.

She walked right up to him without even attempting to cover her pussy, making her big tits bounced enticingly with each step. "Mommy's not messing around this time, Tiger. She's been waiting impatiently all day. I figure you somehow always manage to separate me from my clothes anyway, so I might as well just cut to the chase."

Technically, she wasn't completely naked because, in addition to her usual prescription glasses, she was wearing high heels and fancy stockings. She'd figured that outfit would be a form of dressing up, giving him more reason to admire her impressive legs while remaining nude for all practical purposes.

He thoroughly approved. Seeing her like that was so exciting that he was having considerable difficulty keeping his penis from springing to attention.

She leaned forward, ostensibly to get a good look at his crotch, but really so she could let her huge knockers dangle. "How are you feeling?"

"Much better."

She stood next to his bed, completely unabashed at her nudity, still bending over outrageously. "Good! Very good. Mommy's going to get her son's member nice and hard for the good nurse. Just remember that you can look but you can't touch."

She pulled down his bed sheets, and took his semi-hard cock in her hands just as she said the word "touch." She smirked with pleasure from seeing that he was naked,

"My God, Mom, what if Ron comes home early?" Without thinking about it, he swung his legs out of bed and sat on the edge of the bed, giving her better access to his rapidly stiffening dick.

She got between his legs without ever taking her hands off his shaft. "He's supposed to be out until quite late. Anyway, we'll hear the garage door opening if he does. Don't think about that; think about your naked mommy. Isn't she naughty, getting all naked and horny for her handsome and well-hung son?"

"Oh, shit!" he cried, because his mother's aggressive plan had worked and his dick had become fully hard, scuttling his plans to use his flaccid state to get her to be bolder. But then again he realized that she was already being startlingly bold.

Susan jacked off his erection with all the skill and enthusiasm she could muster. Admittedly, she was very lacking in experience, but she made up for it with her intensity. Her bare boobs were heaving with excitement as well as swaying in time to her vigorous stroking.

She was still trying to frame what she was doing as an abnormality check, even if anyone could see through that excuse: she was simply jacking him off. She was nearly desperate for any fig leaf that would give her a reason to suck him off, but she needed a further push for that. She still was mindful of the fact that Ron was in town, and as long as that was the case, Alan's abnormality check could be justified but a blowjob certainly could not.

Unfortunately, his dick was so sore that after a couple of minutes of arousal it started to get a little soft. He wasn't trying to fake it this time; his penis really was worn out. It truly was saying something that he could get even partially flaccid with his mother buck naked and so keen to stimulate him.

"Stayin' Alive" came to an end and the rest of the "Saturday Night Fever" soundtrack continued to play.

But neither his wilting penis or the end of the lively soundtrack dissuaded her. She started to talk dirty again. "Oh my goodness, Tiger! Isn't looking at me enough for you? Do you want your mother to suck your cock? Is that what you want? Are you willing your cock to go soft so I'll have to suck it?"

"No, Mom, I wouldn't..."

She seemed to ignore his words because she was so keen for an excuse to be "forced" to blow him. She figured that his penis getting soft was probably her best excuse. However, in her lusty reverie, she really didn't think of it as being her idea - instead it was something that he was "forcing" her to do.

So she said, with growing excitement she couldn't hide, "That would be so naughty if you did that. So very improper! Forcing your mommy to suck your cock. But it's so clever. Mommy can't resist when her son is as clever as that. Maybe that's how she got here, naked and on her knees, ready to serve! Do you want me to take this thick erection and stuff it down my throat? Is that the kind of thing mothers do for their sons? Is that what you want me to do?"

He didn't even get a chance to answer because she was so worked up. She continued, panting while her fingers slid up and down his shaft, "Oh, yes. I will! I'll do it! I'll take this throbbing, meaty cheerleader porker - I can feel the blood pulse through it! - I'll take it and stuff it in my mouth! Even though it's soooo wrong, so sinful. Then I'll run my tongue all over it. You'll be fucking my mouth, Son! Do you want to fuck your mommy's mouth? Your naked mommy? Here, why don't you find out?"

His dick was totally stiff by this point once again, thanks to her lusty words, so she technically didn't need to suck it to get him erect, but she'd worked herself up into such a lather that she just had to suck it anyway. She took it in her mouth as deep as she could and then pulled back until it was nearly all the way out, repeating that over and over. It was just as if he really were fucking her mouth, except that, since she was doing all the moving, it was her mouth fucking him.

Oh, YESSSS! She felt her lips slide down his thickness, past the ridge of his crown. When she reached his sweet spot, she thought, This! THIS is exactly where my lips belong! I'm just gonna bob up and down forever and ever right here, keeping him in perfect ecstasy! MMMM! And my tongue! Can you feel that, my sweet Tiger? Do you like how my tongue is tickling your very most sensitive spot? Do you like that, or what my lips are doing better? Are you even noticing how my hands are stroking the rest of your wonderful manhood?bender

MMMM! So, so, so very GOOD! It's been too long. Too many days! Never, never again am I going to go without, if I can help it. Tiger, you've got yourself a big-titted mommy, ready and willing to serve!

He tried to will himself not to cum because he thought that ejaculation would cause him even more pain. Additionally, as usual, he wanted the joy and pleasure to last as long as possible. He did all he could to hold out, clenching his PC muscle frantically, but it was a losing battle and he knew it. There was no way to stop his mother's determination to swallow a load of his semen as quickly as she could coax it out of him.

It wasn't just the all-out sexual attack with her tongue, lips, and fingers that was driving him wild; he found the sound of her constant "mmm" noises to be just about the most erotic thing he'd ever heard. But what really drove him over the edge even more than that was the expression on her face - not only of pure lust, but also of pure love. He realized right then how much her pleasuring him was also a way for her to show her deep love for him. But this tender thought was soon overwhelmed by his own pure lust.

He held out valiantly for almost another minute. Then his seed finally shot forth and splattered all over the inside of her mouth.

She made muffled cries of ecstasy while swallowing it all. Oh! MMMM! I've been dreaming about this all day. It tastes as good as I remembered! Better, even! Mmmm! Why have I been denying myself this? I need this every day. Every hour! Mmmm! Mmmm! YES!

She was so engrossed that she'd completely forgotten that her husband was even in town.

Chapter 260 First Kiss And Makeout With Susan

Alan felt pain in his penis, but it wasn't as bad as he'd feared. Actually, it was actually more numb than painful.

He figured, Once a person is numb, getting more numb doesn't really matter much. His pleasure definitely outweighed the pain, especially his mental pleasure from enjoying the whole situation. He felt a strange sense of power in seeing his mother naked on her knees between his legs, and that increased his arousal. He placed his hands on her head to keep her there at his crotch.

She licked his cock and balls clean, very thoroughly.

That simple act somehow seemed twice as wild to him as the blowjob on a mental level, even though it wasn't nearly as stimulating on a physical level. It was as if she couldn't get enough and had no self-control at all, so that it hardly mattered whether he was rigid or flaccid.

When she was finally done, she sat back on the floor and tried to recover her breath. Her eyes were still wild, with shivers of excitement still running up and down her spine.

Her eyes slowly refocused, until she got to the point that he could almost see a light bulb turn on in her head. "Tiger! Oh my gosh! I was so intent on getting you to cum that I forgot the reason for doing it in the first place. I completely forgot to do the abnormality check!" She smiled triumphantly.

"Oh no! Mom! No! There's no way I can get it up again now. No way."

"But we have to." She was again acting like a petulant child. To his surprise, she sat up on the bed next to him and cuddled with him. Her magnificent orbs pressed into his chest as she lightly stroked his upper torso and arms with her hands. "Do you want Akami to be angry? If we don't do the check, she's going to be quite angry with me tomorrow."

Susan had completely made up this last comment. She had hardly been in contact with Akami since the appointment with Alan where Akami had given Susan her thorough "breast check." Susan had no intention of calling Akami the next day unless she actually did find something very wrong with Alan's penis. There was a chance Akami would ask about the abnormality check at their next appointment, but deep down she doubted even that would happen. She was just reaching for an excuse, any excuse, to continue her cocksucking.

Alan momentarily felt light-headed from his mother's tenderness, as she kissed her way all over his face. To get sucked off was one thing, but she'd generally avoided mixing that with such physical signs of tenderness as kissing. Strangely, French kissing her seemed more off limits than blowjobs. Even now, it seemed she wasn't willing to kiss him like that.

He wanted to reciprocate with loving touches, and of course in normal circumstances he would have been delighted to get his dick sucked some more. But he was also aware of the sorry state of his penis. "Mom, we can't. It would just hurt too much."

With Ron home, she feared it might be days until she got another chance at his cock, or at least until she could find as good an excuse as this one. That made her unwilling to give up completely. Scraping her hard nipples up and down his chest, she said "But Mommy could make the check so much fun. I'm already completely naked, you know." She took his hand and brought it to her bare ass.

Dang! he thought as he sank his fingers into her muscular yet pliable ass cheek. What a fuckin' rockin' body! If I was lying naked here with anyone but Mom with her incest worries, I would be so into fucking the hell out of her!

She switched back to speaking in the third person, for the most part. "While she's pressing her thumb at the base, she could be licking all over the top. Doesn't that sound like fun? And then when we're done, you might as well shoot another load down Mommy's throat. Suzanne taught me all kinds of cocksucking tricks today, and then I read about even more."bender

That reminded her about the erotic "testimonial" she'd read earlier, causing her to let out a loud, lusty moan. "MMMM! I need a lot of practice to get them right, and soon, before I forget the details. Too bad your father's never going to find out what any of them are. They're only for you!"

Alan found her words so insanely arousing that he thought he would be unable to think about anything else. His heart was racing fast. Both of his hands were on her ass now, squeezing her butt cheeks like they were stress balls. But then he remembered the painful burning in his loins when he had just cum.

He sighed. "I wish! I wish so much we could do more. But my penis is saying no."

She pressed, in more ways than one. "Look, you say that right now, but we still have another hour or more before your father gets home. I'll come back in a little bit and let you decide then, okay?"

"Okay." He was relieved, though not entirely.

She drew her face right up to his. "Mmmm! I know I'm not supposed to kiss you, but let me give you one little peck on the lips."

To their mutual surprise, that "one little peck on the lips" quickly morphed into a long necking session.

This was a very big moment, and they both realized it, because they'd never kissed on the lips before, not even during her sexy kiss and tuck in the night before.

Susan thought, Oh, dear me! What am I doing?! I just can't help myself! I love my son so very, very much. Mmmm! And it turns out I love kissing him almost as much as I love sucking him cock! And that's a whole lot! MMMM! Wow, what a kisser!

Actually, he wasn't that great of a kisser, at least not yet, but she was so hot for him that it was like he could do no wrong.

At the same time, he thought, Whoa! This is such a RUSH! I'm totally making out with Mom! God, what a thrill! It's odd. She's sucked my dick off and on for exactly two weeks now, but this is the first time ever

we've kissed like this. Hopefully how that we've clearly crossed this barrier, we'll do it again and again and again!

The necking went on and on. Susan was so turned on that she made no protest when he started fondling her huge tits as well as her ass, even though that technically wasn't allowed. And once he got going on her tits, especially playing with her nipples, her arousal soared even higher. She had a big orgasm, though a quite one.

But that didn't slow either of them down whatsoever. They kept right on making out while their hands wandered all over each other. The only exception was that Alan avoided her pussy, as usual. Even so, he could feel her juices leaking onto him, especially when she ground her pussy against him. He was reminded of her great goodnight kiss and tuck-in from the night before.

However, after many minutes, it became clear than no matter how obviously aroused he was in every other way, his penis just wasn't going to get erect again any time soon. The male body has certain physical limits, and he was hitting such a limit.

Eventually, she decided that his penis might revive faster if she left him alone for a while and gave him a chance to truly rest. After another long good-bye kiss, or two, she got up and left the room.

She was so worked up that the only thing she could do to pass the time was masturbate. She didn't even bother to put on any clothes. She luxuriated in the freedom of walking down the hallway in the nude.

However, she was starting to get concerned about Ron coming back home and catching her with Alan, so, as she sat in her bed in the nude, she called Suzanne. "My friend, guess what? Tiger and I are about to have a long, hard time doing the abnormality check!"

Suzanne teased back, "Do you think it'll be a long, hard, thick, and tasty time?"

"You know it! Why I don't do this every day is beyond me. That dang troublesome thing needs to be checked a lot!"

They both laughed.

Suzanne was greatly encouraged by Susan's attitude (not to mention glad that she was alone in the house when she took the call). She asked, "Why DON'T you do it every day? I tell you often enough how I need the help."

"I don't know! I really do want to be my Tiger's personal cocksucker, so very, very much."

"One of them, at least." Suzanne hoped the lesson of sharing in the erotic story she'd had Susan read was sinking in.

"Yes. One of them, definitely. I guess the main problem is Ron. If only he'd leave already! Then I wouldn't have to feel so guilty. Unfortunately, he should be back home here pretty soon now. Can I ask you to keep an eye out for his car and call me in case he comes home? I'll have my cell phone near me."

"No problem. I'll sit out by the front window and read a book. I only ask one thing in return."

"Anything!"

"Tell me more about what you've been up to. Somehow, I get the sense that interesting things are happening over there. You sound more contented and relaxed than you've been for days, which makes me think you just helped your cutie Tiger in some way. But at the same time you also sound anxious. I didn't think it was possible to be relaxed and anxious at the same time, but that's exactly how you sound."

Susan shook her head in disbelief. "Suzanne, you're amazing. It's like you're psychic. That's exactly how I'm feeling! It's just that I... Oh, I shouldn't tell you because it's so embarrassing, but you're going to find out sooner or later so I might as well confess now. You see, I went into Tiger's room a little while ago to give him his abnormality check, and, well, one thing led to another, and, um... I kind of ended up giving him a loving blowjob until he shot his load down my throat!"

"Ooooh! Lucky you!"

"I know! Mmmm..." Susan was lost in a moment of happy reverie. But then she remembered her call and pointed out, "But I messed up. You see, when it ended, I realized I still hadn't actually done the abnormality check part of the checking."

"And that's a bad thing? That gives you a chance to go back for a refill!"

"Oh, Suzanne. You're so bad!" But Susan loved the idea.

Over the next several minutes, Suzanne helped convince Susan once again that the abnormality check was both good and necessary. Furthermore, it would be downright cruel to leave him hanging afterwards.

As Suzanne put it, "Think about what Susie would do, or Sally for that matter. You need to do your duty, and that means giving him prolonged, highly pleasurable stimulation leading to orgasm. Any good big-titted mommy will wind up with her lips locked around his thick shaft, and then, after many, many, many minutes of joyous sucking, she'll feel his creamy sperm either on her face, or on her huge rack, or in her tummy. So what's the problem?"

Susan was so inspired by this discussion that she found herself masturbating as she talked. Even so, she said with genuine anguish, "But what about Ron?! You have no idea how much the need to be faithful to one's man was drilled into me from a young age."

"You ARE being faithful to your man - Alan! Your son is your man now. That makes him the man of the house. Ron cheated on you, freeing you from your moral bonds to him. Are you or are you not one of your son's personal cocksuckers now?"

"You know I am." She felt a tingle of delight from admitting that out loud.

"Well, those aren't just words. With that title come duties and responsibilities. Spermy duties. A good personal cocksucker has to spend a long time bobbing on your son's cock, usually while naked and kneeling between his legs. Pretty much every single day!"

Susan sighed with a mix of emotions, mostly lust and guilt. "I know, but it's just... afterwards, I won't be all excited, and then I'll have to see Ron's face. I know I'm gonna feel so guilty. It would be so much easier if I could wait until after he's gone."

Suzanne said in her most commanding voice, "Susan, you just have to suck it up!" Then she realized her accidental double meaning, and added, "So to speak." She chuckled.

Susan chuckled with her.

Suzanne pressed on. "But it's true; you really do, in both ways. You need to accept your new reality, with Ron out of the picture and your son's cock not only entirely filling the picture but frequently filling your mouth! Which is more important: feeling slightly uneasy around Ron, the cheater, or showing your loyalty and devotion to your son and saving him from painful blue balls and the sin of Onan?"

Susan couldn't argue with that. She kept on playing with herself while fantasizing about lounging on her son's bed all day, sucking him to orgasm over and over again.

Suzanne asked, "Do I have to remind you of the famous saying derived from the Bible?"

Susan spoke it: "It's better to shoot your seed down into the belly of your mother than on the ground.' Thank the Lord for that saying. It gives me so much strength and comfort, every day."

Suzanne nodded gravely. Of course, she'd altered the meaning and wording of the original saying, but all that mattered was that Susan believed in this version.

Susan wanted to be convinced; she just needed a pep talk. She hung up the phone a few minutes later, feeling much better about what she was about to do. She was so thrilled that she fingered herself to another nice orgasm while thinking about the joys that she'd soon be experiencing.

Her climax didn't cool her ardor; in fact it only increased her lust. She was feeling so naughty and horny that she wanted to walk back into Alan's room wearing nothing but high heels. She even pondered shocking him by going there with her own cum still trickling down her legs. But since she needed to keep her phone near in case Suzanne called with a warning of Ron's return, she made virtue of necessity and dressed up in the sluttiest outfit she could think of instead.

She'd never had many clothes, period, much less really sexy ones, because up until recently she'd lived by strict Puritan values. She had lived her life for her family, her children mostly, and had few material wants or needs of her own. But it seemed that every day more and more of Suzanne's huge collection of

clothes were showing up in her closet. Some items she picked out herself, but others Suzanne occasionally placed there when she wasn't looking. This left her so she never knew what she'd find there when she looked. For the first time in her life, she was finding it fun and exciting to choose what to wear, since any visit to her closet could turn up something new.

She picked out a shiny black leather miniskirt that belonged to Suzanne, but she couldn't find any top that was slutty enough for her current needs and also had a pocket of some kind for the phone. Finally she found an aqua-colored blouse that she liked that had a secret pocket. She decided to just keep it completely open in the front.

She got so excited while dressing that she practically had an orgasm just from thinking about what her son would do when he saw her in it. I just know Tiger is gonna love this! He's such a terribly cum-filled boy; if I don't slut myself up, there's no telling just how painful his blue balls could get, not to mention meeting his daily target. He needs to cum down my throat, and that's a plain fact!

She looked at the clock and saw that half an hour had passed since she'd left Alan's room. She worried that his penis might not have had time to recover, but she didn't want to wait too long, for fear of Ron coming home while she was performing Alan's 'abnormality check'.