

6 Times 501

Chapter 501 Heather!!

Even though there was no school on Veteran's Day, head cheerleader Heather still had arranged for a cheerleading practice. This was unusual for Heather, since she generally tried to do as little school-related work as she could. But she had a clever intrigue she couldn't wait to put into motion, partly so she could hopefully fuck Alan before the day was done, but also partly so she could increase her control over the cheerleading squad. The extra practice was mostly just an excuse to get the cheerleaders together so she could do that.

After two weeks of utter normalcy in cheerleading, Katherine half-figured that the rest of the semester would be like that. But when she arrived at practice, the first surprise was that they would switch practice locations.

Instead of practicing outdoors as usual, Heather announced they would practice in a new indoor location. They went into an abandoned room in a remote part of the school that had once been a theater. It still had a stage, but all the audience seating had been removed. The school drama club had died out years before and no one put on plays at the school anymore. There was plenty of room for the cheerleaders to move about, but the room was dark and gloomy compared to being outside.

After they'd all relocated, Heather got up on the stage and gave them a speech. "I'm sure you're all wondering about why I called for a practice when we could be enjoying a three day weekend," she said in a loud, decisive voice. "It doesn't have much to do with the quality of our performances lately, although we could use some more practice. No, there's a far more disturbing reason."

She let that hang in the air - she had a flair for the dramatic. "You may also be wondering why we're practicing in a new location. I requested it, for the time being, and I think you'll soon understand why. You see, it's related to the disturbing thing I mentioned."

Again, she let the tension build with another dramatic pause. Then she continued, "I have some news to report that hurts me deeply, and troubles me a lot. I've been keeping my ears close to the ground these last two weeks and my worst fear has been confirmed. One of you has been talking and told someone else about the panty punishment I gave Katherine and Kim."

That wasn't actually true; she'd gotten the room late the prior week due to her recent determination to find a private place at school where she and Alan could fuck. But it was a space she figured she could use

for multiple purposes, including increasing her power over the other cheerleaders. Besides, using the room for cheerleading practice would help provide cover from the school administration that she mainly wanted to room for sex.

There was a gasp from the other five cheerleaders who stood below the stage. They looked from one to another to see who it might be.

"I happen to know the name of this person," Heather announced. There were more murmurs in response. "However, I am not ready to say who it is, at least not just yet. If she is going to win back my trust and our trust, it's important that she confess to us all what she did, take the punishment, and never do it again. Luckily, news hasn't traveled far. But to tell even one person is too many! I know who your friends are and who you might talk to. If you tell your pet dog even, I have ways of finding out! I'm serious. So someone here needs to confess."

Whenever Heather's eyes moved from one person to the next, all the other cheerleaders followed with their eyes, suspecting that person was the one, only to have Heather then look at someone else.

Heather made sure that she looked at each of the other cheerleaders an equal amount of time. Tension was thick in the air.

Heather went on, "You all know the punishment. The person who confesses has to go without panties for a week, including during the football game itself. If no one confesses, then everyone gets the full punishment. So either way the person who told is going to have the same punishment. But by confessing you'll save your fellow cheerleaders from being embarrassed and hating you for betraying our squad. Now you can see why we're in this room for the week. I thought I would be nice and at least give you some privacy in experiencing your punishment for the week before the game."

In actual fact, Heather had made up the entire story. She didn't know if anyone had said anything, although it was true that she'd snooped around intensely in the past week. She'd already had a lot of fun with Katherine and Kim, so she wanted "the punishment" to happen to someone else, to put more spice into her cheerleading practices.

Heather considered this a win-win situation, no matter who got "punished." If someone confessed, then great. If it was Joy or Janice, then so much the better, because Heather thought it would be a fun challenge to play around with their reluctant minds and bodies. Amy, Heather knew, would simply accept the punishment with little more than an "M'kay!", which would short-circuit her attempted fun,

even though it would still be quite enjoyable to see the innocent sexpot prance around with black paint on her naked butt.

But best of all was if no one confessed. Then everyone would have to go bare-assed together and things would likely get way more sexual very fast. So far, Heather hadn't been able to get anything sexual going with the cheerleaders, other than the one time with Katherine and Amy in the shower. She hoped to change that. The year before, her arch-enemy Donna had been one of the cheerleaders, whose presence had blocked Heather from making any similar moves. Heather and Donna were the two main candidates to become head cheerleader this year. When Heather squeaked out a hard-fought victory, Donna declined to return as a cheerleader again. She couldn't stand having Heather as a boss, and she knew Heather would make Donna's time as a cheerleader utterly miserable.

With Donna gone, the opportunities for Heather to use the cheerleader squad to her personal advantage seemed wide open. She'd been biding her time the first few weeks of school since half the squad was new, but now she wanted to open things (and them) up.

The cheerleaders continued to look at each other as if they were playing the kids' game Murder. They were all extremely nervous.

"Does anyone have any questions?" Heather asked.

There were none.

"Does anyone have any problem with the punishment system?"

No one spoke.

"If you agree with this punishment, then raise your hand."

To not raise one's hand might be seen as a sign of guilt. Everyone raised a hand, though reluctantly.

"To the guilty one," Heather said dramatically as she looked above and past all the cheerleaders, "I will give you ten minutes to come to your senses and confess. I already know who you are, so you will be

punished. It's just a matter of how you want to do it, and how great your punishment will be. The longer you wait, the harder I'm going to make it on you."

Heather looked down and walked off the stage. She was all ready to begin their practice when she realized that one of the cheerleaders had just stepped forward, with head tipped down and eyes filled with tears of shame and dread.

It was Joy, the one cheerleader who had expressed the most reservations about the punishment. "I-I-I did it," she muttered and began to cry.

Heather was taken aback. After a week of snooping she was almost certain that no one had talked. But the head cheerleader kept her cool and tried to act as if this was what she'd expected all along. She immediately rushed to Joy's side and began to comfort her. "There, there," she said and gave Joy a shoulder to cry on.

"Joy made a mistake," Heather said to the others. "But it's okay because she confessed. Let's not be angry with her. Joy, tell them who you told."

"My younger sister. I didn't think she would tell anyone else, I swear!" Joy was so overcome with guilt that she began to shudder from nervousness and fear. She genuinely liked the other girls in the cheerleading squad and didn't want them to feel upset with her or betrayed. She valued their trust.

"Don't worry; she didn't," Heather answered as she thought quickly about how to run with this unexpected "gift" that Joy had just laid at her feet. "I just knew that you'd told her by the way she looked at me not long afterward. Your secret is still safe." Heather surprised even herself at how logical it all sounded. Joy's sister Jenny was a year younger and also in the same high school. Heather did see her around from time to time, so the story was irrefutable. She could have seen Jenny and figured it out that way, even though she hadn't, and there was no way the sisters could confirm or deny that. She was secretly quite pleased at how this had all developed.

The other cheerleaders took their cue from Heather and for the next few minutes they gathered round Joy and did their best to make her feel better with a group hug. Heather made it clear that Joy would have to go through with the punishment, so all of them did their best to encourage her and get her to buck up.

Finally, Heather said, "Okay, enough of this. We still have to practice, you know. Kathy, can you call our painter and see if he can come help? We need to start Joy's punishment right away. Today. And have him bring a razor, too. She needs to be shaved first."

Katherine was irked to be called "Kathy" and incredulous that Heather had just pretty much given away to the other cheerleaders the identity of who had painted her and Kim. "What makes you think you can just summon him like that? It's a holiday. He's got things to do. And even if he isn't that busy, what makes you think he'd be willing to do your every whim at a moment's notice?"

Katherine's eyes flashed with anger, which was something to see, because she very rarely got angry. I knew that Heather could pull some pretty risky and underhanded stunts, but this takes the cake! she thought to herself as she crossed her arms expectantly and glared at the head cheerleader. She added, "Oh, and by the way, it's KATHERINE, as if you didn't know that already. Sheesh!"

Heather replied haughtily, "I don't know any of that for sure, but I know he's a pretty clever guy and he can manage. Maybe he's off playing Dungeons and Dragons or some stupid nerdy crap like that, but don't you think he'd rather spend time with a bunch of beautiful girls? And what else are we going to do? I don't know the first thing about how to do it myself. Anyway, it's just for a short time on one day. What's it take? Ten, fifteen minutes?"

Katherine didn't have any answer to that. She didn't see much point in fighting it, since it was obvious that Heather was referring to her brother, and she couldn't undo that now.

Heather went to her backpack and pulled out her cell phone. "Here. Give me his number and I'll give him a call. If he's not there, we'll go to plan B."

Katherine grumped, "He doesn't have his own phone. But I guess you can try him at home."

Heather called the Plummer house and Susan answered the phone. She went and got Alan. Heather then explained the problem to Alan.

Although Alan was having a lot of sexual fun at home, the prospect of painting panties on a cheerleader's nude ass sounded pretty good too. Besides, he was worried that if he didn't help, Heather could get someone else. He wanted to be the "go to" guy for this kind of thing. So he told Heather that he wasn't doing anything important and he'd be over right away, with a razor and painting material.

Chapter 502 No Way Could I Tell Her How She Thrills Me.

Heather gave Alan directions to the theater room, so he went right there on his bicycle and then locked his bike up nearby. Alan had never been in that room before, since it was in a little-used part of the campus and always locked. He had to knock to get in, because now that Heather had access, she was very careful to make sure the door stayed locked.

He was surprised that there was such a big, unused room in their overcrowded school. Apparently it couldn't be used as a classroom because the floor sloped slightly, providing stadium seating (where the back seats are higher than the front seats) before the seats had been removed. An un-level floor was hardly ideal for cheerleading practice, but Heather figured secrecy was more important. Besides, it was flat just in front of the stage and on the wooden stage, so they had plenty of space. It was a very big room indeed.

Practice stopped when Alan entered the room. The mood changed because everyone was curious about what he'd do. He was briefly introduced to the other cheerleaders, but in fact he knew them all by name already except for Janice and Joy. He looked around the room and thought, Dang! I'm sexually involved with ALL the cheerleaders except for Janice and Joy. That's pretty cool!

Heather looked at Alan and smirked. She walked up to him and spoke quietly near his ear, so only he could hear. "How do you like the room? I've got the only key, and official permission to use it. Soundproof walls, perfect privacy. It's the ideal place to give a naughty slut her well-deserved reward, don't you think?"

She stepped back and flashed him an even more knowing and seductive smirk. She loved the blindsided look on his face.

He thought, Dang! How the hell did she find a room like this? So much for my plan to say her private spot isn't private enough. Damn! This changes everything.

He felt aroused by the prospect of fucking her in that room in the near future, but he also worried. He could never permit himself to forget that she was really dangerous to his family, and that he was supposed to be winding down his sexual relationship with her.

Speaking loudly again, she said to him, "See her? That's Joy. She's the one you have to paint." She was surprised at how difficult it was for her to act normally around Alan, but she was good at hiding her emotions. Even so, she found it surprisingly hard to suppress her desire to hug and kiss him.

Alan looked at where Heather pointed and briefly checked out Joy. She was rather short compared to the tall females Alan was used to, but she was not as short as Kim. She looked like the stereotypical brown-eyed, brown-haired, lightly-tanned California cheerleader. Overall she had a nice body, but nothing really stood out. Her boobs were, if anything, average or less than average. But she had very big brown eyes and a really winning smile. She briefly flashed him her smile and acted as if everything was normal, but quickly went back to acting worried and nervous.

Alan decided the best way to handle this extremely odd situation was to be quick and business-like. "This is really awkward for everybody, I'm sure, so let's get this done as fast as possible. I'm going to be strictly professional about this. Joy, please take off your underwear, then turn around and tie this string around your waist to hold up your skirt. We need to keep that completely out of the way."

Joy reluctantly did as she was told, even though she trembled in fear. Her eyes were clenched closed, fiercely tight.

"There's nothing to worry about," Alan said as he tried to calm her while gathering his supplies. "Just imagine you're a marble statue and I'm a painter painting the marble. Like I said, even though I'm a guy, I'm going to be completely professional. I've painted both my sister and Kim in a completely nonsexual way, so I can do that to you too." His words had a definite calming effect. "This is already old hat for me. And you can be sure I won't snitch to anyone about anything."

That last comment seemed to strike a nerve, causing her to sob a bit.

Heather pointed out, "Joy is getting punished because she told someone about what happened to Katherine and Kim. But luckily that person didn't tell anyone else."

"Oh," said Alan as he realized what he'd said to set her off so abruptly. "Sorry. I'm going to start painting your rear end now. Are you okay with that, Joy?"

"I guess so. Please hurry and get it done."

"I'm hurrying. The first thing I'm going to do is draw the outlines with this small brush and then I'll fill in the rest with a bigger one." He began to paint quickly.

The rest of the cheerleaders gathered round and watched with great interest. Only Katherine and Kim had seen any panty painting before, and both of them had been too busy with each other or with Alan to really watch how he did it, so even they were interested.

Alan finished Joy's backside in record time and, after a few minutes for it to dry, had her turn around. She put her hand over her bush and squealed, "Please don't look at that!"

"Sorry, Joy, but I have to," he said reasonably, with a sympathetic look on his face. "How can I paint without looking?" He gently placed his hand on hers and moved it away.

"I'm just so embarrassed!" Her friend Janice took one of her hands and Kim on her other side took the other. Together they gently stroked her hands and comforted her.

Alan put the paint aside momentarily. "Okay, Joy, before I go on, you need to get shaved. I've never shaved, um, one of these before," he lied, in an effort to make her feel more comfortable. He hoped that if someone else could do it she might relax, so he asked, "Does anyone else want to do this part?"

There were no takers. Katherine and Heather, who normally were bold enough to have helped, wanted to see him shave Joy, so he could push things further along with her.

So Alan began to shave Joy's quivering mound. As he did, her aroma began to waft up to his nose, forcing him to fight valiantly with himself to ignore it. "I guess it's not that different from shaving my face. Could someone talk to Joy while I'm doing this, just to distract her a bit and help her relax?"

Kim and Katherine talked to her, telling of their own experiences of being a shaved cheerleader without underwear. But they stressed only the positives and, needless to say, omitted that Alan had shaved either of them (as well as all the sexual antics that had later occurred).

Joy made brief comments and asked a few nervous questions.

It took a while for Alan to shave Joy. He went to great lengths to avoid touching her private parts, but some contact couldn't be helped. He touched her clitoris a couple of times, and had to wipe off the last of the shaving cream from her skin with his hand. But he generally maintained as professional and dispassionate an attitude as anyone could have hoped for in such circumstances. It helped that Joy was too nervous and shy to get even slightly sexually excited, so her pussy wasn't wet and her pussy lips weren't engorged.

"We're all done with the shaving," he eventually announced. "Does anyone have a mirror, or even two?" It was no problem to find a couple of mirrors, since the room was filled with cheerleaders who obsessed over their looks. "Here, see how it looks," Alan said as he handed a mirror to Joy.

She held the small mirror away from herself, nervously positioning it until she got the angle right to see her own bare pussy. "OH ... MY ... GOD! I'm soooo embarrassed!" She closed her eyes again and put her hands over her face, as if that would make the naked privates go away.

Alan then got to work on touching up the paint on her butt, now that the primary painting had dried.

After a few more minutes of cajoling, Joy was convinced to look in the mirror again. This time they also positioned the second mirror behind Joy so she could look at her painted butt. That caused even more squeals of mortification.

The other cheerleaders watched all of this with rapt attention. Already a good fifteen minutes had elapsed.

Alan was finally able to move on to painting her front. He painted it all quickly, including most of her shaved pussy.

But after all this painting of private parts, Alan found his nobility slipping a bit. He decided to push things just a little, both out of selfish desire and because he simply had to in order to get the job done right. So before he was done with her pussy, he said, "Uh-oh, we have a problem."

"What is it?" Heather asked.

"When I painted Katherine and Kim, they were both ... sexually excited at the idea of not wearing underwear in front of a big crowd. That would excite anybody, I thought." It was true that they'd been excited, but much more by the fact that Alan was painting and touching them, but of course Alan didn't mention that part. "But Joy is so frightened, I guess, that she's not excited at all. So her, uh, nether lips aren't aroused. That means I can't paint very much of them. Which means that if the game comes and she gets excited, then a lot of pinkness will be exposed and it could be highly embarrassing."

"Hmmm. I see," Heather said. "Can you do something about that, Joy, and open up your pussy lips? Maybe hold them open?"

"What, right now?!" she asked in total amazement. "No way!"

"Well, do you want him to paint that part, or would you rather be pink for the game?"

"I-I-I-I guess, paint that part. But I just can't do it right now! I'm so embarrassed, I'm ready to die!"

"Okay, okay, relax," said Heather calmly. Turning to Alan, she asked him, "Katherine probably told you this would be a one-day thing, but could you come back tomorrow to touch up that part?"

"No way!" he protested. He was hoping by pressing the pussy lips issue he'd maybe get to see someone stimulate Joy, rather than him being forced to come back. Being with his sister in such a situation was too dangerous; secrets might come out. He said, "I'm pushing my luck doing this kind of thing. Do you realize the risk I'm taking? And for what? Just to be nice and do you all a favor. What if someone came in right now? Don't even make me think about it!"

Heather said assuredly, "No one is going to come in. You know the school is deserted on a holiday like this."

"Hey, anything is possible," he said. "Maybe the very fact that nobody is supposed to be here would cause the janitor to come investigate. I've got my bike parked out front, you know."

She replied, "Why would the janitor or anyone else be working today? You saw that the door is locked. Face it, we have perfect privacy."

She flashed him a knowing, sexual look, as if to say, I want my reward, and I want it now! This is where you're going to be fucking me soon!

Alan was rightfully dubious about her claim to have "perfect privacy." He knew that there were all kinds of practical problems and risks with having sex anywhere on school grounds. It seemed more likely that she was simply trying to put his concerns at rest so they could get down to some sexy fun. He decided not to challenge her on it, since he figured he had little to no chance of getting the truth out of her easily.

She asked, "Anyway, what about lunch time tomorrow?"

"Well... I guess. I'm busy at the start of lunch tomorrow, though." He tried to figure, How can I possibly juggle this with my sexual session with Glory tomorrow? Ah well, I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

He concluded, "Maybe ten or fifteen minutes into lunch I can come by for a few minutes, I guess. But, please, let's not make a habit of this!"

Heather looked around. She was bothered by the fact that the other cheerleaders were there and obviously listening. She grabbed Alan by his arm and started to pull him away. "If you're going to be the 'official painter' of this cheerleading squad, we need to talk. In private."

Alan was well aware of what might happen once Heather had him alone in private. It was clear she was raring to fuck him, and she didn't much care about getting caught. So he said, "Fine. Over here, on the other side of the room."

Heather didn't like that, because the other cheerleaders would still be able to see. But the truth was she didn't really have anywhere private to take him in the first place. She was hoping to get him outside and then see where her feminine charms could take her. But she realized she'd have to make do with this.

Once the two of them were standing well out of hearing range of the others, Heather spoke to him quietly. "So... I want my reward. Today."

"Heather, what are you talking about? There is no reward. That'll only happen once you get the FINAL lab results."

"Why are you being such a hard ass about that?" she griped. "Do I need to remind you that I'm the head cheerleader and the most beautiful girl in school?"

"Yeah, and you're also a self-admitted 'naughty, shameless, cock-hungry slut.' Those are the very words you called yourself earlier. Which means who knows who you've been with? I'm not sticking my dick in you until I get the all clear. Period."

She glared at him. "Alan, you're starting to really annoy me. It looks like I need to remind you that you're a social nobody. Harsh, but true. Most girls wouldn't even give you the time of day. And yet, here I am, practically begging-" She cut herself off, because she believed that she never begged anyone for anything. "Well, not begging. Let's say I'm strongly encouraging you to have sex with me. And yet you say no. Do I need to turn the screws on you?"

"I don't know what that means. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt and act like you're not thinking of blackmailing me or some crap like that. That's not going to work with me. Look. It's clear that I'm not like the other guys you've been with. I'm not going to be pushed around. You're right that I'm a 'social nobody,' but that means I have nothing to lose. I don't give a shit about my reputation here. And I couldn't care less about girls not giving me the time of day. That's because I have other lovers outside of school, lovers who are even more beautiful than you are."

bender

She snorted. "Yeah, right. As if that's even possible!"

He rolled his eyes at her hubris. He decided to hype up some mysterious intrigue about himself, to keep her at bay. "There's a lot of things about me you don't know. I keep a very low profile here at school, on purpose. The truth is, I'm quite a player, but I prefer older women, because they've got the voluptuous, busty bodies I like best, and they've got the sexual experience to tear up the bed sheets. A girl like you, well... you're just not all that, in my book."

She pointed at him, practically poking his chest. "Hey! I'll have you know that I'm VERY sexually experienced!"

"Yeah, but not in a good way. Fucking a bunch of sexually clueless teenage boys doesn't help anything. And you're a selfish lover. For instance, your blowjob skills, frankly, are pathetic."

"I can learn! Give me a chance, right here, right now. I can dismiss these other losers no problem. Then you and I can use this room and I'll show you what I can do." She felt insulted and did want to prove her skills to him. But also, she figured that if she could get him to agree to that much, he'd end up fucking her as well before they were done.

He shook his head. "Not gonna happen. I'm not even tempted. You have very little hold over me. I'm not all wowed by the 'great' Heather Morgan." He gave her a dismissive look. "So don't play games. I'll fuck you tomorrow, if you have the right results, and a place to do it."

She was miffed, but her gut instinct made her think he was telling the truth. She decided to back off on pressuring him, at least for now. "Of course I have a place. You're standing in it. How about tomorrow at lunch?"

"We'll see. I highly doubt you'll get the final test results that fast."

"You'll see. Don't worry, I'm on it!"

Alan was able to leave a short time after that. Heather had to be careful not to talk to him too much, given that the other cheerleaders were watching and paying attention.

As Alan unlocked his bike outside the theater room, he thought, Man, I'm really pissed at Heather and her vague threats. If I look up "bitch" in the dictionary, I expect to see her face there! But, I must admit that I'm getting a kick out of "riding the tiger" with her. It's true that I don't have much invested in my social status here at school, so why not? I don't have much to lose if things went sour with her.

Besides, she IS a babe! Of course I had to be harsh with her. No way could I tell her how she thrills me. Maybe I get off on the danger. Man, I've got a major boner right now just from talking to her and seeing her practically beg to give me a blowjob! My life has changed in such a dramatic way that it's totally unreal. Heather wanting ME?! Heh!

He got on his bike and started to ride through open parts of the school grounds. I can't wait to get home. Sis still has her punishment, but Mom will be waiting with her eager mouth. Or even better, her cleavage and mouth! I could go for a titfuck-blowjob combo to take the edge off. Sweet!

Chapter 503 Alan And Christine..

But as Alan passed the main school building, he had another idea. Hmm. I wonder if Glory is in her classroom right now. I know she likes to work there over the weekend sometimes so she can grade papers without any distractions. Hmm. I can have fun with Mom all day long. But it would be great to further my new relationship with my sexy teach!

He stopped at one of the entrances to the main building and got off his bike. He tried the doors, but found they were locked. Damn! So close and yet so far. And I totally bet she's there too. It's times like this I wish I had a cell phone. Bummer!

He got back on his bike and continued through the school. He tried the main doors on the other side of the building, but they were locked as well.

However, while he was biking around and looking for a way to get in, he happened to notice Christine with some girls on the sports field. At first glance, it looked like a typical baseball practice. He thought he'd stop and say hello.

However, once he'd stopped his bike and got a closer look, he saw Christine seemed to be having an argument with the four other girls there. It was too far for him to hear what was being said, but the girls looked angry at Christine and appeared to be haranguing her. However, she was fiercely standing up for herself.

Uh-oh! Alan thought as he got off his bike. That looks serious. It might even come to blows! And Christine is outnumbered four to one! She needs my help!

There was a chain link fence between Alan and the field, but he quickly ran back to where he knew there was an entry and raced across the field to where the confrontation was taking place. He threw his backpack down, just in case he needed to use his body to defend Christine.

His rather dramatic appearance had caused a break in the argument. Everyone, including Christine, stopped and stared at him to see what he was doing there. Trying to take charge, he growled, "What's going on here?"

He didn't know the names of any of the girls confronting Christine, but he had a general idea that they were part of Heather's inner circle. (He didn't know it yet because he didn't stay up on school social politics, but this group was generally known as the "Blondies" because they were mostly blonde. And in fact, three of the four girls standing around Christine actually were blonde.) The tallest blonde glared at him and asked, "What's it to you?"

He replied, "Hey, I'm one of Christine's friends, and I don't like to see her getting pushed around."bender

Christine was irked at that. She said, "Thanks, Alan, but I'm not being pushed around, and I can handle it myself just fine. We're just having a... difference of opinion." She added sarcastically, "Apparently, it's some kind of crime around here for wanting to be good at something."

The one brunette confronting Christine looked at Alan as she complained, "Hardly! It's one thing just to be good. But she's mostly just trying to make the rest of us look bad!" She turned to Christine accusingly. "Haven't you done enough already?" Then she turned back to Alan. "If you're her friend, maybe you can get her to stop."

Alan held his hands up. "Hold on, hold on. I have no idea what's going on. Can someone please tell me what this is all about?"

The shortest blonde spoke up, nodding at Christine's body. "As you can see, we're all on the varsity team."

Alan hadn't been paying attention, but now he took a closer look at Christine and saw that she was still wearing her softball uniform, as well as holding a glove and ball. The four other girls were dressed in street clothes.

The short blonde continued, "In the last game we played, Christine kicked ass. As usual." She said this like it was highly annoying. "She hit not one but TWO home runs, and a double besides! And she made a

spectacular catch." The words seemed like praise; however, the girl's tone of voice was accusatory. She went on, "So you'd think she'd be happy with that, right? But noooooOOOOoooo! It's a friggin' holiday, and she's STILL out here practicing!"

Alan asked, "But aren't the rest of you practicing too?"

The girl explained, "Well, yeah, but only because Christine pretty much dragged us here. We were the only ones who showed up. The reason we're arguing is because we've been here for an hour and we want to go home." She pointed accusingly at Christine. "But SHE says we need 'more work on the fundamentals.'"

Christine explained defensively, "Look, I'm not even into softball that much. I don't practice outside of these team practices. But if you're gonna do something, you might as well do it right. That game she was talking about? We LOST! I don't like losing! We all made simple mistakes. I let an easy ball go right past me. So, yeah, we DO need more work on the fundamentals. If we quit now, we're going to skip some important things."

One of the other girls griped, "Big deal."

"That's a nice winning attitude," Christine said sarcastically.

The tallest blonde rolled her eyes. "Some of us have social lives, and know how to have FUN." Her eyes narrowed and she asked Christine accusingly, "How are you so good, anyway, if you don't practice on your own?"

Christine shrugged. "I play other sports and I practice martial arts. If you develop quick reflexes in one thing, it carries over to other things. And martial arts weapons training teaches you how to make things into body extensions. I don't think of hitting the ball with the bat; for me it's as if I'm hitting it with my hand that just happens to be extended by the bat. Your reflexes would be a lot more accurate if you approached batting that way."

The tall blonde said with a scowl, "Gee, thanks for the tip, Miss Know-It-All."

"Hey, sorry for trying to be helpful. I'm not trying to make anyone look bad, really. I wouldn't play softball at all if it wasn't something our coach kind of pushed me into for fall P.E. class."

The other girls groaned at that. It was obvious to Alan that the others liked softball, wanted to win, and practiced it a lot. Even though they wanted to go home, they did show up when they didn't have to. The fact that Christine bested them so effortlessly only added to their frustration.

Christine added, "All I was saying was that we should field some grounders before we call it a day. Practice makes perfect. But we can stop now since you're annoyed, Why don't we just all go home?"

The most muscular blonde, the one who hadn't spoken yet, asked Alan, "Are you her boyfriend or something? Can you tell her to kind of lay off and take it easy? I wanna practice as much as anybody, but I'm TIRED. Enough is enough already, but I swear she never gets tired. And she never screws up. Everybody knows that she gets A's in everything. Sports is all I'm good at. But she's ruining the grading curve even in this!"

Before Alan could answer, the short blonde spoke in a cutting tone, "Boyfriend? Are you kidding me? Christine doesn't have a boyfriend. That's why she's so good at everything, because she's a prude. She has all kinds of free time to practice every damn thing she does because she has no social life at all. Hey you, what's your name? Alan? Are you sure you're her friend, because I thought she didn't have any friends."

He said defensively, "Hey! That's unfair. Sure she has friends, and I'm one of them."

The tall blonde said, "Yeah, you're just about the ONLY friend, from all I've seen. And hell, not only does she not have a boyfriend, everybody knows she's a virgin." She turned to Christine, asking with a sneer, "Have you ever even kissed a boy? No. I thought not. Pathetic!"

Christine had been standing defiant, but once her sex life became the focus she slumped and looked abashed.

Sensing weakness, the other girls piled on. The lone brunette said, "Who would want to kiss the Ice Queen anyway? Sure, she looks good, but she's so cold and nasty! Brrr! You'd need an Eskimo parka just to hug her!"

Before, Christine had looked ready to kick ass and take names. But now she was practically cowering, suddenly unable to even make eye contact. It was obvious to Alan that the other girls were envious and resentful, and they were probably just getting warmed up with their insults. So he shouted at them, "HEY! Shut up! You don't know what you're talking about! Do you think a girl as beautiful as Christine is a total virgin? Give me a break. I know for a fact that she's kissed guys. Heck, she's done a lot more than that."

The short blonde put her hands on her hips and challenged Alan, "Oh yeah? And how do you know that? And why hasn't she ever said one word about it?"

He said, "You don't know anything about her. Her martial arts code - that's an honor code. When she promises not to kiss and tell, she actually means it. You wouldn't be able to even torture it out of her."

The muscular blonde scowled. "That sounds like a whole helping heap of bullshit, if you ask me. We've all been in the same social circles for years, and nobody I know has ever heard of Christine having a boyfriend or even going out on a date."

Alan said, "That shows what you know. She's a very private person, and most guys here just don't interest her. But if you've known her for years, you also know that she's scrupulously honest, right?"

"Right," the muscular blonde conceded.

"Have you ever known her to totally lie about something?"

"No."

"Okay, then. It was a private thing, because I'm a private guy too, but I'll have you know that she and I have dated in the past. We're talking sexy dress, nice suit, fancy restaurant - the whole nine yards. With kissing and everything. You know, dating, the thing you say she's never done. Right, Christine? Have we or have we not done all that dating stuff?"

Christine grinned and stood up straight. "We have. I can say with total honesty that we have." She held out a fist in Alan's direction. "Thanks for letting me finally mention that. It drives me crazy - all this 'Ice Queen virgin' talk - and never being able to defend myself."

"No problem." He raised his fist and made a friendly fist bump against Christine's. They smiled at each other as they withdrew their hands. "If I'd known it was a problem, I wouldn't have held you to your silence."

"Damn," the tall blonde griped.

"Fuck," the short blonde complained. "She kicks ass in sports and in school, AND she has a real social life too? That's just... fuck me!"

That revelation took the wind out of the sails of the four "Blondie" girls. After a little more griping and small talk, they left as a group, leaving Alan and Christine standing in the middle of the field.

Once they were out of earshot, Christine said with a big grin, "Hey. Thanks."

He smiled from ear to ear. "Hey! No problemo!"

She added a bit shyly, "It's not like I needed your help. I wasn't worried they were going to beat me up or anything like that." Even that was being modest: thanks to her martial arts training, she knew she'd never been in any physical danger at all. "But it was nice for you to come up with... well, let's just say... some creative truths."

His smile widened. "Yeah, but it was all true, right? After all, we HAVE dated. It just so happens that we've only dated twice, and they were just practice dates. But we did technically do everything I said, including kissing."

She chuckled. "Yeah. One kiss on the cheek. Big whoop."

He chuckled too. "Hey, that counts as kissing. That's all I claimed. If they want to read more into that, that's up to them, right?" Actually, he knew that he had outright lied at least once, when he'd mentioned that Christine not only "kissed guys" but had "done a lot more than that." However, if Christine was overlooking that prevarication, he wasn't about to remind her of it. Instead, he said, "The main thing is, now they won't give you such a hard time on the whole 'virgin Ice Queen' thing. Let their imaginations run wild."

She nodded happily at that. Then she asked with renewed doubt, "You think they'll figure that we're still 'dating?' I mean real dating? I don't want to give you trouble with that, if you're dating someone else right now." She was fishing with that comment, hoping he'd confirm or deny if he was really dating and maybe even mention any girls he was involved with.

But he just said, "Nah. You took care of that with your comment about how you were grateful that you could 'finally' mention our dating history. That definitely left the impression that it happened a long time ago. So just keep the ambiguity going and if they ask you for more details, just say you don't kiss and tell."

She was all grins. "Hey, I didn't lie. I COULD 'finally' talk about it, after hours and hours."

He had a good laugh at that. "Yeah, a whole fifteen hours ago, maybe." But then he grew more serious. "Unfortunately, there's a problem. Obviously these girls are envious of your great abilities. I know you're not gonna deliberately suck at softball or anything else. Nor should you. Thinking that you had an Achilles heel with your love life probably cut down on their resentment. Now that we've misled them on that, I'll bet they'll be even more pissed off at you."

She shrugged. "Let them be. I don't care. I can't let what other people think about me slow me down. Besides, I know them. Some people are the kind who take action, but all they're gonna do is grumble and gripe some more."

He stepped closer to her and stared deeply into her eyes. "Good. I know you've faced this kind of envy thing for years, so you're probably used to it. But listen to me. You're special. For one thing, you're very beautiful, but that's just icing on the cake. What's really amazing is how talented you are. No matter what you do, you somehow end up being the best at it. That's talent plus drive. Amazing! I'm so in awe of you!"

"Hey, you're pretty talented too."

"Yeah, I have some smarts, but I don't have your drive. Plus, your talent is on a whole 'nother level. And I know what you're thinking: 'But those girls are right, because I don't really have a social life. We didn't lie, but we misled them. They were only practice dates, after all, not real dates. And I'm still a virgin. No matter how good I am at everything else, all four of those girls are still more experienced than me at that.'"

Christine's eyes widened in surprise. "How did you know all that?"

He grinned impishly. "Hey, I may not be Christine smart, but I'm not a dummy either. That's what I'd be thinking if I were in your shoes. But here's the thing: it doesn't matter. Sure, you may not have all that experience NOW, but you're still not even friggin' eighteen. A few weeks ago, I was in the same situation. You don't have anything to be ashamed about. It's true that nowadays kids are getting sexually experienced younger and younger, but it wasn't that long ago when you would have been branded a slut if you were eighteen and NOT a virgin. Cultural standards change all the time. The important thing is that you've got plenty of time for all that. And thanks to our practice dates, once you do, you'll be able to come off like a pro from the get-go. So it's all gravy. Soon you'll be in Switzerland, dating Nobel Prize winners and stuff."

She smiled at that. "Why Switzerland?"

"I don't know. In my mind, that's where the special people like you end up, working in a cutting-edge research lab in Geneva, or something. But my point is, hold your head up high and keep on keeping on. Like I said, you have talent AND drive. A girl with looks like yours - there's no way the guys can ignore you. And once you get started on romance... Whoa! When you turn some of your talent and drive to that? Watch out! I actually pity the lucky guy who ends up being your boyfriend. He'll be lucky, but unlucky too, because you're gonna wear him out and leave him half-dead, like a wrung-out dishrag."

Acting on impulse, she gave him a big bear hug. "Thanks! You know just what to say to make me feel better."

"No worries. There's only one thing that bothers me."

She pulled back so she could make eye contact again. She asked with concern, "And what's that?"

"What's this I heard about you letting an easy ground ball go right past you? For shame! And you only hit TWO home runs in the whole game? I'll bet you had FOUR at bats, if not five. What happened there?"

Seeing that he was playfully teasing her, she punched his shoulder (forcefully, but not too forcefully). "Hey, I'm only human, you know."

"Hmmm. I'm not so sure about that. I did hear the news stories about a mysterious alien crash-landing in these parts the very month you were supposedly 'born.'" He made quote marks in the air with his fingers when he said "born."

She snickered at his joke. "Yeah. Right."

He coughed, and muttered under his breath, "Hatched!"

She had a good laugh at that.

Then he pretended to have an epiphany. "Hey! I just figured out how you can be so smart AND so blonde. Maybe it's different on your home planet."

She played along. "Actually, we don't have hair at all on my planet." She tugged at her hair. "This is a wig."

"A-HA! You admit you're a space alien!" He started jumping around in apparent glee. "Major scoop! Somebody call the newspapers!"

They joked around some more. Needless to say, Alan couldn't help continuing to tease her about her supposed space-alien origins. After a couple of minutes, she asked, "So, what are you up to anyway? What are you doing here?"

He wanted to dodge that question, since he didn't have a good reason. So he said brightly, "Hey! I just got an idea! You know what? You know what would be totally fitting to show those girls didn't get to you? You should practice fielding grounders, like you wanted to. With me."

"But you don't have a glove," she pointed out. "And we don't have a bat either."

"So what? I'll just bounce the ball somewhat near you, and then catch your return throw with my bare hands. After all, it's only a softball. It's not like you're playing with a REAL baseball."

She growled, but she knew he was just teasing, especially since he'd winked after he'd said that. She tossed the softball that was still in her hands up in the air and then caught it on the way down. "You say that now. Just wait until I whip this thing in your direction."

"That's the spirit." He walked towards home plate so they could start practicing.

Alan knew that he was probably going to have a hell of a lot of sexual fun once he got home, and he couldn't wait to get there. But he also wanted to be a good friend to Christine, and he knew there was still plenty of time in the day. So he was willing to help her practice whatever she wanted to practice until she was satisfied.

In between fielding grounders and returning the ball, Christine pondered her relationship with Alan. You know, he's really a nice guy. Sure, he lusts after me, but then again so does every other guy. What's different is that he actually cares about me, the real me. And it's true that I'm smarter than him in many things, certainly as measured on test scores at least, but nonetheless we can engage as intellectual and emotional near-equals. He's not awed or afraid of me; he's just... a friend. That's so special for me! In fact, when it comes down to it, he's my only true friend who's not also a relative.

Damn, I really screwed up. Why did I turn him down when he asked me out? Was I really so shallow to worry that he wasn't "cool" enough? Hell, those Blondies who were bothering me are supposed to be some of the coolest girls in school, so that shows how much "cool" is worth. And our practice date last night... God, that was great!

Maybe it's not too late. I know there are rumors flying all over the place about him and other girls, but I also know that he has special feelings for me. I just need to be bold! Like a few minutes ago, when we were practically touching noses and he was telling me all that encouraging stuff, I should have just kissed him! On the lips! He told me I was "special" and "beautiful," which was the perfect opening, but I just stood there with a blank look on my face.

Dammit! Why am I so chicken?!

During their softball practice, Alan was busy thinking too. You see? This is how it's supposed to be with Christine. Just friends. Good friends. I talked to her for a good while, and for once I didn't even get a hard-on. I helped her out like good friends do, without my dick leading me around.

He thought with more amusement, I really do pity the first guy who gets to be her boyfriend. Poor guy, heh-heh! If there ever was anyone who's a raging sexual dynamo just waiting to be unleashed, it's her. If nothing else, she's so physically fit that she could fuck all night long. But, sadly, that guy can never be me. Just think about Mom and everyone else waiting for me back home. That's beyond awesome! I need to be content with that.

Chapter 504 Christine, In A Bikini?

After about fifteen minutes, they decided to take a break. They sat down in the shade next to each other.

They made some more small talk. Alan managed to work in another dumb-blonde joke, except he changed it slightly in light of their earlier joking around: "So what did the freakily talented, sexy, space-alien babe wearing a blonde wig say when the pizza man asked if she wanted her pizza cut into six or twelve pieces?"

She laughed just from his description of her. "What? No, wait, I know this one. She said, 'Six, please. I could never eat twelve.' But I'll have you know that was a different 'freakily talented, sexy, space-alien babe wearing a blond wig.' She's a friend of a friend."

He chuckled at that.

After a while, Christine switched to a serious topic. She asked, "So, did you talk to the college counselor on Friday?"

Alan had a sinking feeling that he was in danger of getting caught in a lie, because he didn't remember anything about seeing a counselor. "Wait. What? When?"

Christine reminded him, "You know, fifth period on Friday. You were excused from class early with a note. Remember?"

He said, "Oh yeah, that." But while he pretended to understand, he scrambled to recall what the heck she was referring to. Then it hit him. Oh yeah! Heather! Fucking Heather in the parking lot! Literally fucking her! Fuck!

Luckily, they were sitting side by side, and Christine happened to be staring straight ahead into the distance. So she didn't see the brief look of panic on his face.

He quickly added, "It turned out it wasn't a college counselor thing, just a boring bureaucratic thing." Before she could poke a hole in that flimsy lie, he asked her a question to distract her. "So... have you started your college applications yet?"

"Started them? I've pretty much finished them. I'm just waiting for a few things. How 'bout you?"

He thought, She's finished them?! Shit! Man, I haven't even started yet, except for the essays I wrote last summer. But that's just another example of why Christine is so kick-ass. I'm sure most everyone else is procrastinating like me. Still, I need to get my act together and not just lose myself all the time in a haze of sexual pleasure. Damn!

He lied, "Um, yeah... I'm working on it. I haven't gotten very far yet though."

She nodded. "Do you have your three recommendations lined up yet?"

He thought, Shit! I forgot all about that, too. Oh no, what an ethical dilemma. If I weren't having sex with Glory, she'd be my first choice. She'd give me a glowing recommendation, for sure. But if I pick her now, it might seem like I'm fucking her for a good recommendation. Damn! Maybe I should just find three other teachers.

He answered, "Uh, no. I'm still thinking that over."

Christine chided him, "Well, don't put it off until the last minute."

He nodded. Wanting to get off that difficult topic, he asked, "So... ready for some more grounders?"

"Actually, I'm good. I did what I wanted to do. It wasn't that much longer, was it? I don't see why those girls got all in a huff. By the way, what's up with you? I noticed you kind of dodged my question earlier about where you were going."

Since then, Alan had been able to think up an excuse, since he obviously couldn't tell her about his panty-painting task. He said, "Well, it's just kinda stupid, 'cos it's like I'm my sister's personal go-fer. So I was hoping not to talk about it. It turns out the cheerleading squad is still having a practice today."

"Really? That's kind of unusual."

"Yeah, well, I didn't ask why. I guess maybe they need the extra practice, like you wanted with the ground balls. But anyway, Katherine forgot some stuff, since she forgot she couldn't get to her hall locker, so she called me and had me bring some spares from home."

Christine nodded with understanding. She had no reason to think he'd lie about this, and if she did get suspicious, she could easily find out whether there had been an extra practice, and even whether he stopped by.

Alan added, "So you can see it's not exactly something to boast about. But the plus-side is, I got to see you and we got to hang out."

Christine smiled at that. "Yeah. Cool." She wanted to hold his hand, but she chickened out. "Don't worry about not having much to boast about today. It's kind of silly that I'm here today too. I spend waaaay too much time at school, and doing school-related stuff. Those girls are basically right that I don't have much of a social life."

He put a hand on her shoulder in a comforting gesture. "Hey, you're changing, right? And I'm happy to help you change. Like our practice dates. And we don't have to stop there. We can practice other stuff."

Her face lit up hopefully. "Like what?"

He shrugged. "I don't know..." He looked around, trying to think of something. "It's a nice day. What about... going to the beach?"

She snickered. "We don't need to practice doing that."

"Not true. A good friend of mine once said, 'practice makes perfect.' In fact, those words are practically still ringing in my ears, for some reason."

She chuckled, because she remembered saying that not long after he'd showed up.

He went on, "There's a fine art to lying on the sand and hanging out. Most people flop down any old way without knowing the subtle nuances."

She laughed at his obvious bullshit. "Okay, funny guy. But I know what this is about: you just want to see me in a bikini."

"Well... yeah!" He opened his eyes wide to express surprise. "Actually, I'm totally pleasantly surprised to hear you're gonna wear a bikini! Cool!"

"Hey, I didn't say that. I didn't even say I'd go. I've got a lot of things to do."

He'd suggested going to the beach on a whim, not thinking she'd actually agree. But now he was starting to get really excited about the idea, especially at the prospect of seeing her in a bikini, or even just a one-piece bathing suit. He practically drooled as he pictured her in a shockingly revealing red bikini. Man, this could be totally historic! Christine, in a bikini?! "Pristine Christine?" The notorious "Ice Queen?" Nobody would believe me! I just KNOW that she's totally smoking hot, from head to toe! But to see it with my own eyes... Especially if she wears a really skimpy one... Oh MAN! Not like THAT is ever gonna happen, but still, a guy can dream!

He forced himself to remain outwardly calm as he replied. "I know you do, but you always have a lot of things to do. You need to make time to have fun. Remember how you were just bemoaning how you don't have a social life? Surely you could spare an hour or two at least."

She thought it over. He's got a good point. I do need to make time. Actually, I'd totally love to go, but I don't know about wearing a bikini in front of him! Did I really promise to do that? Heck, any kind of bathing suit would be daunting!

She said carefully, "Well... maybe. Although we get school off today, I have some things later in the afternoon, like my martial arts practice, that are still on my schedule. But... I suppose... between one and three today would be good."

"Excellent!" He held out his hand and clasped hers. "It's a plan, then."

She was still looking and feeling reluctant. "The only thing is... could we go somewhere other than White Sands Beach? That's where everybody from school goes. And on a beautiful day like this, with the holiday and all, practically everyone we know is gonna be there."

He nodded. "I get it. You'd be feeling self-conscious wearing a bikini in front of all those people you know. I must say, I'm really impressed that you're going to wear one. I know you're self-conscious about that kind of thing, but this shows you're making a serious effort to change and not let that stuff bother you."bender

She groaned quietly, because she felt locked into having to wear a bikini after he'd said that.

He patted himself on the back for cleverly making her bikini a fait accompli. But he softened the blow by saying, "Don't worry; we can go to another beach. I don't care. The main thing is that you and I can hang out together. It's not exactly a practice date, but it'll still be a lot of fun."

They made their plans, picking a different beach that was still nearby but not frequented much by kids from their school.

Alan had to hurry home, because he only had his bike at school and he needed a car. The beach Christine wanted to go to was farther away than the White Sands Beach, so it was much quicker to get there by car.

Susan and Suzanne were there when he got home, although Katherine was out. However, Alan made clear that there was no time for hanky-panky, since he didn't have much time until his scheduled rendezvous with Christine at the beach. He still hadn't eaten lunch, so Susan quickly prepared him a veggie-burger sandwich and pineapple juice.

Although he kept to a strict no-touching policy while eating his lunch, he took the time to get the two loving women caught up on recent events of which they were unaware. He told them about the panty painting with the cheerleaders (without naming specific names), and about his discussion with Christine and the plans they'd made to go together to the beach. However, he held back about his encounter with Heather just outside their front door. Susan still didn't know he'd gotten sexually intimate with Heather, and he was reluctant to tell her, mostly because Heather was well known by all the cheerleaders and their mothers as being a total bitch.

Nonetheless, Susan had to struggle to keep her clothes on just from hearing about the panty painting and his plans to go to the beach with Christine. She was half-convinced already that he would have both Christine and the entire cheerleading squad completely tamed before long. But she didn't say that to him, and she generally kept her cool, because she knew that he had to eat quickly and go. Suzanne's presence was also a help at keeping her in check.

Alan and Christine arrived at the beach in different cars. It was a short beach that was more like a cove, only about 100 yards long. As a result, there usually weren't many people there, and it certainly wasn't a hip place to see and be seen, like the nearby popular White Sands Beach. This particular beach segment was surrounded by rocky cliffs, which gave it a lot of privacy.

There was only one stairway down the cliffs to the sand, so Alan and Christine had agreed to meet on the sand near the bottom of the stairs. Christine had gotten there just before Alan. As a result, Alan was able to see her from the top of the stairs, and he noticed that she was wearing a one-piece bathing suit instead of a bikini. He was disappointed, especially since he thought he'd cleverly talked her into wearing a bikini. But because he had first seen her from a distance, he was able to conceal his disappointment by the time they were face-to-face.

Christine got up and stood as she saw him coming down the stairs. He was holding a bag and wearing just his swimsuit. When he reached her, just after they'd briefly greeted each other, he gave her a hug and a peck on the cheek. That was no different than what they'd done on their date the night before, but it was still a special thrill for each of them. Even though Alan kept the hug brief so he wouldn't come across as too insensitive, he thrilled at getting to feel her huge breasts pressing against his chest, especially since this time he was bare-chested. Despite the fact that he was practically drowning in big tits lately, Christine's remarkable rack continued to have a unique hold on him.

When they parted after their hug, Christine looked down at herself with a disappointed expression. "As you can see, I didn't go with the bikini after all. Sorry about that. It's not you. After all, remember what I wore on our practice date last night? But I don't like the idea of just anybody seeing me walk around showing that much skin." She looked around the beach unhappily.

Alan looked around too. He was glad to notice that there were only about a dozen people scattered along the short beach. Crucially, it looked like none of them were near their age. That was very important to Christine, because she didn't want any gossip getting back to her schoolmates. Just having people know she'd been seen in a bathing suit on a beach with a male friend was more gossip than she wanted.

Christine

Chapter 505 Alan And Christine Go To The Beach

In truth, now that Alan was looking at Christine from close up, he realized that her dark blue one-piece bathing suit was very nearly as titillating for him as a typical bikini would have been. Since he was such a tit man, the key thing for him was that she was showing off a very impressive amount of cleavage. The fact that her taut tummy was covered with fabric wasn't so important. Besides, he'd noticed from the top of the cliff that her back was mostly bare. She looked fantastic!

He teased her playfully: "No worries. I seriously don't mind at all."

"Really?"

"Sure. It's a moot point anyway, because you'll be taking it all off later when I perform your official breast inspection."

"What?!" It took her a moment or two to realize that he was pulling her leg. She pushed him back playfully. "You cad! Like that's gonna happen."

He pretended to hold up a pocket tape recorder. "Direct quote from Christine: 'that's gonna happen.' Sweet! And it's a good thing too. I'm working on getting my Boy Scout breast-inspection merit badge. I need it to reach Eagle Scout."

"You goof!" But she was smiling, because she enjoyed this kind of banter with him. She looked around. "Where do you want to sit? I brought chairs."

"Oh, cool." Sure enough, she'd brought two folding chairs specifically designed for beach use.

The two of them found a spot far from the other beach-goers and sat side by side in their chairs. They each put on their sunglasses, since it was a bright sunny day. And almost immediately Christine took out some suntan lotion and began applying it all over herself.

Alan was still trying not to come across as too obsessed with sex, but even so he couldn't help but say, "Need any help with that? This could actually help me with my merit badge, if I can assist with the, er, chesty area."

She rolled her eyes. "No thanks." But then she added, "However, I suppose you can help with my back, once I finish with my front. But behave!" Actually, she didn't want him to behave that much. She'd loved their date the night before, which she wished had ended with a proper French kiss. She'd noticed that despite his teasing, there was no overt bulge in his swimsuit, even though his swimsuit was quite tight and revealing. Obviously she didn't mention it, but she almost took it as a personal insult about her sex appeal being inadequate.

In fact, there were two reasons his penis remained flaccid. The first was that his penis was quite simply worn out from so much sexual activity! Even though he hadn't actually cum that many times that day, it had already enjoyed a number of thrilling sexual situations. But also, he was deliberately trying not to get aroused. Sure, he loved the sight of her flawless, voluptuous body, but he remained determined to stay just friends and not get sexually involved with her. He hoped to use this beach hangout as a chance to get to know her better as a person, to take their friendship to a new level. He wasn't above some sexy teasing, but he generally wanted to keep things serious.

However, his resolve was being severely tested. Christine got off her chair and sat on her towel with her back to him so he could put suntan lotion on her back. There was nothing surprising about that, but within seconds his dick responded and he was fully engorged.

He looked at the long, straight, blonde hair that covered nearly all of her back, and for a moment wondered why she even needed suntan lotion on her back in the first place. But he wasn't about to pass up this opportunity to get his hands on her. Besides, her skin was very fair, so the sun could sometimes get through the gaps between her long strands of hair. He asked, "Um, can you please do something about your hair? Because otherwise it's going to get in the way."

Christine

She reached back with her hands and swept her hair to the side, which uncovered most of her back for the moment. Then, peering back at him while her hands lingered on top of her head, she asked, "How's that look?"

He thought, You have no idea! So friggin' HOT! Why does Christine arouse me so much?! You'd think after getting blown a couple of times by my mom, fucking my sister, watching my auntie writhe all over the basement exercise machines, and being propositioned by our school's head cheerleader, I'd be a bit jaded. And that all happened just this morning! But with Christine, I'm as nervous and excited as if I've never touched a girl before!

He finally scooted forward into position and started to run his hands up and down and all over her back.

Although her one-piece suit covered much of her front, it left nearly her entire back bare, to within just a few inches of her ass crack. Not only was his cock soon throbbing with need, but he found himself breathing hard as well. And that was just from getting to touch her back. This kind of contact would have had almost no impact on him had it been with Susan, Katherine, Suzanne, or any of the other sexy women in his life. But he was correct in thinking that everything felt different with Christine.

Somehow, he managed to get his act together and make interesting small talk with her as he applied the lotion. He didn't realize it, but her body was actually slightly trembling from feeling his hands on her. Yet she was able to hide her own excitement as they chatted. In theory, she wanted him to know she was interested in him, but at times like this she got scared about being too obvious.

From time to time, he had to sweep her hair to the side when it would return to its usual place on her back, or when it just got in the way as he worked on different areas. He liked that a lot, so much that he had to restrain himself from simply stroking and petting her gorgeous hair.

When he was finally done, they both returned to sitting normally in their chairs.

Alan decided it was time to get serious and cut out all the joking and teasing for a while so he wouldn't get sidetracked. He said, "So... Christine, it's weird. I mean, I've known you a long time. But our friendship has developed in an unusual way, slowly morphing from classmates to acquaintances, and

then slowly to friends. And so far it's happened pretty much entirely at school, at least until very recently. I feel like we skipped some stuff as a result. There's still a lot of basic things I don't know about you, and things that you don't know about me. So I was thinking that today we could work on that."

"Like what?" she asked.

"Like, talk about deeper stuff. At school, we talk a lot, but it's mostly about day-to-day stuff, the surface stuff, like homework, our teachers, your blonde hair disability-"

She cut him off in protest, "Disability?!"

"Sorry. I know it's totally un-PC, but I'm addicted to telling you dumb-blonde jokes. I get such a kick out of your amused-yet-indignant reaction every time that I just can't help myself. I need help."

She smirked. "That's the most accurate thing you've ever said. You do need help!" She playfully stuck her tongue out at him. "But anyway, you were saying?"

He thought, Okay, no more jokes! Then he said, "Yeah, so, let's go beyond the surface. For instance, what are your plans? I mean, I know you want to go to Stanford next year, but have you thought about what you actually want to do with your life in the long term? A career and all that?"

Christine raised an eyebrow at him. "Wow. That IS a deep question. Yeah, as a matter of fact, I have thought about that. Not surprisingly, I want to do something I really enjoy. But doing something that helps others is very important to me too. I feel like I've been given a lot of advantages in my life, and it's only fair that I pay it forward to help those who can't get any breaks. I really like being challenged, both physically and mentally. I don't think there are great jobs where I can do both, so I figure I'll use my brain at work and then keep up with my martial arts and other athletic stuff to satisfy my need for getting physical."

He thought, Man! I could definitely think of other ways she could get physical and burn off all that energy. She would be a total tigress in bed! Phew! But he kept that to himself, trying to keep his libido in check. He merely asked, "Have you thought of anything more specific than that?"

"I have," she replied. "I despise bullshit. All that political stuff of people smiling at you and stabbing you in the back. I hear it's just as bad in corporations as in governments. So I'm thinking I'd like to do pure research, where I can work on finding solutions to real problems without having to play games and waste time. Medical research seems like a logical choice to me. I could have my own lab and work on curing diseases and help save lives. I think that would be pretty satisfying."

Alan was genuinely impressed. "Wow! That's cool. It seems like you've got it all figured out already!"

"Nah. That's just one option. I've got others. I figure that when I get to college I'll dabble in different things and see if something really inspires me. But, if nothing stands out, I think I could be pretty happy being a medical researcher or a physician, or both. What about you?"

"What about me?"

"Do you have any idea what you want to do, besides going to a good college?"

He sighed. "Unfortunately, no. I'm not as on the ball as you are. I agree with you that it would be great to do something that helps people. But also, I do feel like I have a passion, and that's history. Well, history and related things, like archeology and anthropology. But it's hard to see how I can turn that into a viable career, unless it's to be a professor or an author, probably both. I don't see that as a career that helps the less fortunate."

He added, "On top of that, I have to admit that I'm kind of spoiled. I mean, I have everything. I'm a well-off guy, living in one of the most beautiful and prosperous places on Earth."

He thought, And she doesn't know the half of it. Heck, even a tenth of it. If you count the way I've been so sexually spoiled at home lately, it's totally nuts! I need to never stop being grateful for my incredible good luck.

He gestured to the beautiful beach. "I want to pay it forward too. But I'm also kind of used to a certain standard of living, you know what I mean? So how can I pick a job that lets me do good and lets me buy nice stuff? It seems the altruistic people usually end up practically working for free, and the cruel, greedy bastards usually end up driving Ferraris or being chauffeured around in limousines. And what could I do with a history or archeology degree that's truly useful?"

She said, "I think understanding history is extremely valuable."

"I couldn't agree more. But in an indirect way, like giving wisdom to the next generation. Meanwhile, the world is facing so many pressing, immediate problems. Millions are starving every year, under the radar, and we're destroying the Earth. How does a history degree help with that?"bender

She didn't have a good answer.

Chapter 506 Focus! Look At Her Face!

He went on, "I think my parents raised me well. My mom especially, since my dad isn't around much. I'm not totally spoiled. For instance, I've had to work crappy summer jobs since I was sixteen 'to learn the meaning of work.' And heck, I don't have a car or even a cell phone, 'cos she says I have to earn that with my own money. But at the same time, I don't have the fire in my belly that a lot of people who come from tough circumstances have."

He looked at her curiously. "You're an interesting case. You've got the whole elite Orange County lifestyle thing going on, like I do, with nice parents who never let you suffer. And yet you DO have a fire in your belly. You're more driven and work harder than anyone else I know! Why do you think that is?"

Christine pondered that carefully. Then she said, "To be honest, I don't know. I've always been this way. I know what you mean, that people who have a chip on their shoulder of some kind are often really driven, but I don't feel I have any axe to grind. I just like being productive! I hate wasting time. Hell for me would be watching Jerry Springer or Oprah or some other vapid TV show like that. Life's too short for that crap! I guess I've got a lot of energy, especially mental energy, and it's more fun to do stuff than just sit around."

He responded, "Interesting. So what do you think about us right now?" He waved at the beach again, and then at themselves. "Technically, you are just sitting around doing nothing."

"Not true. I'm having an interesting conversation with you. But still, I see what you mean. And, to be honest, it is kind of weird for me. There's a part of my brain that I'm trying to ignore, that's reminding me about all the other things I could be doing with my time. But I'm having fun! It's good, being with

you." She smiled warmly. "If I were here alone, I'd probably leave after ten minutes. Well, that, or swim."

He smiled back. "Being with you is pretty cool too. I must say, you're kind of... daunting. I can see why you don't have many friends, because just being with you kind of makes me feel guilty."

"Guilty?!"

"Yeah. It makes me think I should be doing more with my life. You're out there kicking ass and taking names, every day. If you can get that much done, why can't I? And then I realize, hey, maybe I'm just not as talented as you are. And I'm definitely not as driven. And that easily makes a person jealous and resentful. Thus, things happen like those girls giving you a hard time at the baseball field today. When somebody is up on a pedestal, everyone wants to tear them down, find a flaw."

She asked, "What about you? Do you feel jealous and resentful about me?"

He thought that over. "Well, kinda. Sometimes. Like, when you win award after award. But, to be honest, I think it helps a lot that I've got some things going for me too. We can talk as intellectual equals, or at least near equals. I know you're not talking down to me. I've gotten past your 'Ice Queen' exterior and found a very nice person underneath, who is a lot of fun to hang out with. And I think the way I deal with your beauty is key."

She leaned forward, because she found that topic potentially very illuminating and important. "Explain, please!"

"Well, it's like this. Not only do you totally kick butt in class and sports, but you're, like, ridiculously beautiful too! So that's triple daunting. But the beauty thing doesn't faze me that much, because I just happen to live with a lot of extraordinarily beautiful women. You've seen my mom and my sister. And then, Amy and her mother Suzanne next door, they're like family too. And you know how they look."

Christine nodded. She hadn't seen Susan or Suzanne very often, but she had seen them at various school events. Their voluptuous beauty was undeniable, no matter what clothes they wore.

He went on, "So, most guys, they can't even manage to talk to you. Heck, even a lot of girls are seriously intimidated. It's like trying to talk to a famous actor or pop star or something. People usually stammer and freak out. But for me, while I totally appreciate your beauty, I've been around other beautiful women so much that I don't freak out over it."

She nodded. "That is definitely true. And I can't say how much I appreciate that. You're practically the only person who treats me like a normal human being. Even though you do stare at my breasts more than look at my face-

"Ouch! I do?!"

"It seems like it, anyway. But, with you, for some reason, it doesn't bother me. In fact, I kind of like it." She looked away shyly, worried that she might have revealed too much there. But then she boldly resumed eye contact. "Well, sometimes, anyway. I know you're naturally a very horny guy. In fact, pretty much since I learned your name, I've come to believe you're... well... let's say you're in a state of 'interest'... basically twenty-four seven!"

He clenched his teeth and grimaced. "Ouch! Again! But in my defense, that's not true. It just seems that way to you because, well, when I'm near you... I'm near you."

A sudden awkward silence ensued as they both considered the implications of that statement.

He thought, Shit! Trying to be totally platonic with Christine is damn difficult! And it doesn't help that she's in a sexy bathing suit! My damn dick is betraying me again. In truth, he'd already had an erection for several minutes, but he was sitting strategically to hide it.

Eager to break the silence, he asked, "So, you were saying? About me being a horny guy?"

"Oh yeah. When you look at me with lust in your eyes-

He cut in, "Which is most of the time..." That was a joke, but it was also true.

"Yes." She smiled awkwardly at that, because she wasn't used to talking so frankly about such topics. "When you look at me in that way, it's more like an artistic appreciation than some kind of vibe that you'd want to do perverted things with me right on the spot. Which is what I feel when other guys stare at me. And you have this calm confidence, instead of being all nervous and scheming, like the other guys."bender

He nodded. "Like I said, that's from being around so many other beauties in my life. Some of whom are sexually off limits to me, of course. So I've learned to appreciate beauty without constantly thinking and scheming about doing those 'perverted' things." He thought, The irony! If she only knew the truth. Yikes! But still, there's a lot of truth to that. That's how it used to be until recently. And that experience is the key that allows me to interact with her relatively normally. So at least it's not a total lie.

She looked at him curiously, then said, "Speaking of calm confidence... can I ask you something kind of... strange?"

"Try me."

"I've noticed this big change in you lately. Over this past month or so, I'd say. In one way, you're the same Alan as ever, but in another way, it's like you're a totally different person. It's hard to explain... I thought we had a good rapport before, and it's not like you were ever a shrinking violet, but lately you have way more confidence! It's almost like a swagger. And you're always smiling like you have this awesome secret that only you know. And you have this... this... well... never mind!" She got extremely flustered, and even blushed a little bit.

She suddenly stopped, took her sunglasses off, and stood up. "Hey, why don't we go swimming?"

He stood up with her and removed his sunglasses as well, but still tried to keep a hand strategically placed to hide the erection in his tight swimsuit. "Hey, why don't we NOT? At least, not until you finish your sentence! You can't just start to say something like that and then stop."

Christine

She folded her arms under her huge breasts and stared at him defiantly. "Well, I just did."

He was exasperated by her non-answer. But he was also staggered by what her arm gesture did to her breasts, pressing them up and out and making them appear even larger. Fuuuuuuuck! How am I supposed to think or breathe when she does that?! That's just SO MUCH BOOB! But I've gotta stay focused. Focus! Focus! Look at her face!

Quickly recovering his cool, at least outwardly, he said, "Come on! Do you want to drive me crazy? What could it be that's so bad? We've been talking about things pretty frankly, haven't we?"

She looked away, but managed to say, "Fine. You have this animal magnetism, okay? I can't explain it, but, when you look at me..." She completed the thought in her mind: My panties start to get wet! But she wasn't about to say that out loud. Instead, while still looking away, she continued after a pause, "...it's different than before, somehow."

Since she was looking away, he allowed himself another look at her chest. Man, how am I supposed to carry on a conversation when I'm staring into a mile of cleavage?! And her nipples are so obviously erect. It's unfair! Heck, how can she play sports at all, carrying around two bowling balls like that?!

She freed her arms and gesticulated, "It's like you woke up one morning and you suddenly had this, this... charm. I can't explain it. Argh! Like the way you were so suave and interesting on our practice date last night. My point is, you're the same, but different." She crossed her arms again and stared at him challengingly. "Explain!"

He chuckled, resolutely struggling to maintain eye contact while he wondered how to respond to that. "Hmmm. I don't know what to say, because I can't see that. It's hard for me to know how I appear to others. But I'll be frank with you. I was pretty sexually inexperienced until about a month ago, and now I'm not. In fact, there's been a lot of things happening to me. Things I can't explain, because I won't kiss and tell."

She stared at him hard, almost accusingly. "But that means it involves kissing."

"Definitely. And more. That's all I'll say about that. But it gives a guy confidence. And it puts a smile on his face."

She made a funny expression that he couldn't read. "Then you must be having a hell of a lot of 'more,' because your smile never leaves your face! For weeks now!"

He shrugged. "I don't know what to say to that, except, yeah, I'm a happy guy. Sex is a great thing. And love. And when the two are intertwined, there's nothing better in the world, I think. I really mean that!"

Her gaze narrowed and she leaned forward. "So wait. Now you're saying you're in love with some girl?!"

He held his hands up defensively, inadvertently exposing a very prominent bulge in his tight swimsuit. "Hold on! Don't put words in my mouth! Last night I told you, quote, 'I'm involved with some very beautiful girls,' unquote. That's true. I'm having fun. But I'm not going steady with anyone. That's all I will say on that subject."

She growled at him and clenched her fists. "Grrr! Do you realize how annoying that is?!"

"What?"

"That whole quote. Every word of it! Especially the 'some' part. Who are these 'some beautiful girls?!'"

He looked to the sky, as if she was trying his patience. "You know I can't tell you that. No way! Don't even ask for a hint. I'm not going to betray any confidences. Period!"

He didn't realize it, but not only did he fully expose his lewd bulge, but by looking at the sky he'd given Christine a chance to gawk unobserved at that bulge for some long moments. She bit her lips in lusty frustration. She was becoming increasingly interested in the mysterious world of sex, and most especially in having sex with Alan.

Chapter 507 At Beach With Christine

Christine abruptly started walking forward. "Let's swim! I'm getting too hot, ... er, from the Sun, I mean." She blushed slightly, as she realized how true that was with the other meaning of 'hot' as well.

He scampered across the sand to catch up with her. When he did, he asked, "So that's the end of that conversation?"

"It is." Realizing that wasn't enough, she explained as she walked, "You say I'm driven. That's true. Part of that is I have an insatiable curiosity. So of course I'm dying of curiosity about these other girls now. But I know myself, and if I do something else, like swimming, that'll divert my attention and get me thinking about other things."

"Ah." Seeing the logic of that, Alan ran ahead. The ocean in Southern California was colder than most people expected when they thought of sunny California. He'd found that he preferred quickly getting over the cold shock of getting into the water. He kept running through the shallow water until he was able to duck down in deeper water and get totally wet.

Christine preferred doing it the slow way. But since he'd gotten wet already, she forced herself to at least keep walking deeper into the water.

Alan watched her continuing to come towards him. Hot damn! It's like seeing Aphrodite rising out of the sea on a scallop shell, except she's going into the water. Wow! I know Mom and Aunt Suzy are even more busty and curvy, though just slightly, but I guess forbidden fruit really is the sweetest. Oh man! What I wouldn't give to be able to kiss her lips and hold her, and run my hands all over her!

His erection hadn't gone down at all, despite the chilly water.

She knew full well that he was gawking at her, but she didn't mind at all. In fact, she closed her eyes so he wouldn't have to worry about getting caught. Then she exclaimed about the slightly cold water, "Oooh! Bracing!" She stretched out, reaching both arms way up to the sky. She knew he'd love that.

Alan's jaw actually dropped. He thought, No fucking way! God, kill me now, 'cos it doesn't get any better than this! She's soooo tempting! Arrrgh! It's killing me! Every inch of her is flawless feminine beauty!

But then he thought, It's such a shame. I can't get involved with her. I can't! I just can't! Look but don't touch. Or at least don't touch much. A hug or two would be okay, right? I'm living a totally depraved and debauched lifestyle. It's true. Hell, I had breakfast this morning while my naked, busty bombshell of a mother knelt between my legs and sucked me off! And my basically naked sister watched and goaded her on. And that was just breakfast! Lately, half my waking hours are filled with totally crazy stuff like that. Christine would NEVER understand. Never! And if I get involved with her, it's inevitable that she would find out eventually. That's a disaster waiting to happen.

I've gotta remain resolute. I'm digging just being her friend. She's such an incredible person in so many ways. I'm honored that she considers me a friend. I love that we're starting to talk about more important stuff. I can't get all horny-pervy on her!

That was his resolution. But when she got a lot closer, where the water was nearly up to her navel, he couldn't resist playing around. There wasn't much wave action, so her upper torso was still dry. But he swam close and then yelled, "Oh no! Here comes a big wave!", then splashed her with water.

Christine's face turned angry for a brief moment, and he thought he'd really screwed up. But then her mood changed to devious and playful. She was all smiles as she yelled, "Oh, no you don't!" She splashed him back.

Water did hit his face, causing him to briefly turn his head. But he quickly recovered and pointed out, "You can't get me like that, because I'm already wet! And I'm deeper in the water. So there!"

"Oh, I'll get you all right!" She quickly moved through the water towards him, partly swimming and partly charging. When she was right upon him she tried to create a big wave that would break over his head.

But he deduced her intent when she pulled her arm back to make the wave. He'd already been backpedaling frantically, putting him in deeper water. He quickly ducked his head down before her wave could reach him. Then he turned and started swimming away.

Christine wasn't going to be so easily defeated. Without thinking things through, she dove towards him and grabbed at his legs, since they were the only part of him still within reach.

Somehow, that turned into a kind of game. It was part wrestling in the water, and part chasing. One of them would start to swim away, but typically they wouldn't get far due to the difficulty of moving through deep water. Then the other one would catch up and tackle and wrestle.

Both of them were well aware that their friendship wasn't intimate, so they were very careful to avoid touching each other's private parts. Christine in particular was daunted (and yet highly fascinated) by the male penis, and would have been reluctant to touch one even if the social situation somehow allowed it. Alan was trying his hardest to keep things platonic, so he also was refraining from deliberately pushing his luck.

Christine was so curvy and endowed that it was difficult not to come into contact with her tits or ass at least incidentally. But Alan was super careful, as if he was playing a sport where any contact there would get him ejected from the game. Christine was similarly careful not to touch anywhere near his swimsuit. Because they were so careful about "no go" areas, they couldn't actually wrestle that much: when one of them got a good grip, they usually had to let go before long, for fear of a hand slipping up or down into a forbidden zone. But that made the game more of an enjoyable challenge, because the situation was constantly changing and it was easy for either of them to get away.

Even so, their wrestling was highly erotically charged. The two of them had been friends for a long time, but they'd hardly ever touched, except for a few hugs in recent days. Alan was thrilled just to touch Christine's knee, much less her waist, and she felt the same about him.

At one point, Alan tried to carefully grab her around the waist. The waves were generally only a foot or two high, so they could be ignored for the most part. But just as he did that an unusually large wave came by, causing both of them to nearly lose their balance, so that they had to hold each other to remain standing.

They wound up face to face, with their arms tightly wrapped around each other. Christine's bathing-suit-clad massive globes were heaving with excitement against Alan's bare chest. They stared into each other's eyes and felt a powerful urge to bring their heads together for a really passionate, open-mouthed kiss.

But instead, they quickly pulled apart as if they'd each just touched a hot stove. Afterwards, each was even more careful to limit even their most incidental contact with the other's private body parts. That resulted in a lot more chasing and swimming and a lot less wrestling. But still, they had a lot of fun.

Eventually, they both got tired from all the swimming, so they walked back to their chairs and started to towel themselves dry.

Alan was still determined to keep things platonic. Their near kiss in the water had given him a scare and strengthened his resolve. But at the same time, he'd given up all hope of trying to have a flaccid dick, so he instead focused on trying to hide his obvious bulge from Christine. As he watched her towel off, he thought, As Mom would say, "SO HOT!" God damn! A sultry, experienced woman like Aunt Suzy knows she's hot and knows what she's showing. It's great to watch her even simply walk around, but it's also kind of a mindful performance. Whereas I truly don't think Christine realizes how hot she is, or how every move she makes is totally orgasm-inducing!

He tried not to gawk as she brought her towel to her long blonde mane of hair and rubbed it vigorously. Oh God! Friggin' UNREAL! First off, that pose with her arms up like that is super sexy. But then you add the skin-tight wet bathing suit, and the rivulets of water dripping into her deep cleavage, and the jiggling... Good God, the jiggling! And she's got her eyes closed, so I can stare to my heart's content!

He was correct that Christine was much more oblivious about her physical charms than other girls her age. But she wasn't completely unaware of them. Her desire for Alan was growing steadily, and while she was still reluctant to act, she wanted him to want her too. So she was fully aware of what the impact on him would be when she dried her hair like that.

However, she felt very self-conscious about the fact that he was obviously checking her out, even though he was trying to be subtle about it. He'd put his sunglasses back on, and she hadn't yet, and that emboldened him to look more often. So, before long, she stopped and turned around, and then continued to dry herself with her back turned to him.

This disappointed him at first, but the view from behind was very nearly as tantalizing as the view from her front.

Turning her back had an unexpected effect. She'd felt awkward while facing him. But with her back turned, she felt more uninhibited. She felt more excited and less scared about posing and moving in an overtly sexual manner. After another minute or two, she surprised even herself by stiffly spreading her legs. Then she bent over and began vigorously toweling off her legs.

Alan was so horny he wanted to scream or maybe cry! He was seriously tempted to masturbate covertly while she had her back turned, but he knew that would be extremely foolish so he resisted.

Had he been thinking clearly, he would have realized that she was up to something. Not only was she taking an inordinately long time to towel herself off, but on a nice sunny day like this, one didn't really need to towel off at all. In fact, Alan had hardly bothered with toweling himself much, especially since he was so busy watching her instead.

Christine generally disliked flirting, because she knew there was a fine art to being a good flirter and she'd never developed that skill. However, she was having a blast "getting dry." She didn't really have to do anything that required flirty experience. The mere act of toweling her body was quite a visual performance (even if she kept her back turned to Alan most of the time).

Although he was too distracted to notice, she peeked at him from time to time, to confirm that she still had his attention. She couldn't see his eyes clearly due to his sunglasses, but he had an obvious rapt, lusty, and even stunned look on his face just the same. She loved the effect she was having on him.

She was bummed when she ran out of any plausible excuse to keep going, so she finally had to sit back in her chair and put her sunglasses back on.

Then another idea came to her: the suntan lotion! She asked Alan, "That was fun, wasn't it?"

He thought she was referring to toweling off, and he had to heartily agree. But he asked, "You mean the swimming around?"

"Yeah." As they talked, she brought out the suntan lotion again and started applying it to her fair skin.

Trying to make small talk, and trying even harder not to ogle, he asked, "You ever do much of that kind of thing? You know, horse around in the water?"

"Unfortunately, no. I guess that's part of being an only child. My parents are great, and very loving in their own way, but they're not very touchy-feely, especially in a public place like a beach. Maybe that's why I got to be so studious so early, because I never played much like the other kids did."

Christine

Alan couldn't help but unthinkingly ogle her chest as he commented, "It's never too late to be a kid. We're all big kids at heart, right?" He was glad they were both framing what they'd done in the ocean as mere childlike play. In fact, he was still reeling from how erotic the entire "wrestling match" had been. Even though they'd avoided touching any intimate parts, there had been an electricity in the air. And, in fact, the sparks were still flying.

"Yep," she said. "By the way, as you can see, I'm putting on some more suntan lotion, due to my fair skin." She gestured down her hourglass figure.

Chapter 508 Applying Lotion On Christine!!

He mentally groaned, because he felt like he was suffering from too much visual stimulation. UGH! How am I supposed to look at anything other than her fully erect nipples?! They're STILL visibly poking through her bathing suit. I swear, they've been erect non-stop since we arrived at the beach. Actually, watching her fingers slip and slide over the upper slopes of her great melons is an even more captivating sight. It's crazy that a woman this stacked and shapely has such a beautiful face too. AND she's twice as smart as I am!

She continued, "That's partly because we were in the water. Did you know there's no such thing as waterproof suntan lotion? The F.D.A. doesn't regulate that, so any company can print 'waterproof' on the bottle, even though it's basically a lie."

"Uh-huh." He felt like his heart would simply stop beating as he watched her reach into her cleavage with a big gob of lotion on her fingers and spread it around. Lord, have mercy! I think I'm gonna cum in my swimsuit!

Christine surprised herself by doing that. She knew that would be like blood in the water for a hungry shark. But she'd been riding an erotic high for a while now, and events like the water wrestling and the toweling off had further excited and emboldened her. She told herself, I need to apply suntan lotion to that spot anyway, so what harm is there in having Alan see me do it? Let him have a little fun. I don't even mind the way he's staring. He's so incorrigible, but it's kinda cute! It's fun to be desired so much.

As he watched her fingers slowly slide down into the dark depths of her cleavage again, he thought, Man oh man! When I get home, I'm gonna titfuck Mom so hard and long that it's not even funny! Then I'm gonna cum on her face and tits, and have her spread my cum gobs deep down into her cleavage, just like Christine is doing right now! Mom's tits are even BIGGER, incredibly enough!

But that's another example of why I can't get intimate with Christine. I'm thinking about titfucking my MOM! And I'm not just thinking; I'm totally going to do it. Our incestuous love is NOT messed up. It's a beautiful thing! But Christine would never, ever understand.

Time seemed to slow for Alan. It looked to him like Christine was making love to the upper slopes of her round breasts with her caressing fingers. In a strange way, and on a purely mental level at least, merely watching that was just as arousing to him as one of Susan's incredible blowjobs or titfucks.

She removed her hand from her chest to get more lotion. She spoke in a casual tone, "I noticed that you haven't put on any suntan lotion at all since we arrived."

He rallied his lust-fried brain to say, "Yeah, well, I'm a bit more naturally tanned than you are, to say the least. I don't really need it."

"Don't you think you need it now?" She really wanted to see him do it.

Even though her question didn't actually offer a reason why he should change his mind, he answered, "I suppose. But I didn't bring any."

"No problem. You can use mine when I'm done." She switched to applying lotion to the exposed outer portion of her left breast. As she did so, it caused her entire rack to sway back and forth in a very delightful way.

Alan knew he was staring too obviously, and that she must have noticed. He tried to look elsewhere at times, but much of the time he simply couldn't help himself. He was glad that at least he was still sitting in a way that hid his erection. After a long pause, he remembered to say, "Uh, thanks."

"My pleasure."

She took her time applying lotion to the outer portion of her other breast as well. She was secretly thrilled at the lusty look on his face. She still hadn't put her sunglasses back on, because she wanted him to know where she was looking, so he wouldn't worry that she was looking at his eyes. Most of the time she managed to look elsewhere, just to let him stare to his heart's content.

By this time he had a painful case of blue balls, but he was exhilarated just the same.

Then she finally switched to putting lotion on her shoulders and arms, and it was like Alan had been freed from some kind of magical paralysis. He was still watching too obviously, but at least he felt that he could think and breathe again.

He attempted to start another, more meaningful conversation. Because Christine had mentioned her parents not being very touchy-feely, he asked her more about them. By so doing he learned many interesting things he'd never known before about her and her family.

In return, she naturally asked him about his family. He had to be careful, due to the looming secret of their incest. In answering, he thought back to how things at the Plummer house were until very recently, before his six-times-a-day diagnosis, and based his replies on that.

Since he'd mentioned that his father wasn't around much, she asked him about that. She already knew how rarely Ron was home, but for the first time Alan opened up in expressing his feelings and frustrations about that. He explained that he'd effectively given up on even considering Ron his father, particularly since Alan was adopted so there was no biological relationship. He also talked about how the great love he got from his mother helped replace the de facto lack of a father. Needless to say, he didn't hint at anything sexual when talking about his mother's love.

Although their conversation was helpful, the sexy temptation didn't stop. Once Christine finished putting lotion all over her front side, it was up to Alan to apply the lotion to her backside, since he'd done it earlier. Once again, she got out of her chair and knelt on her towel with her back to him.

However, this time there were some crucial differences. For one thing, he pointed out the problem of putting the lotion on her back while she was kneeling like that. They'd learned from his earlier attempts that her hair tended to fall back into place. So instead, she lay face down on her towel while Alan sat at her side. This allowed him an even better view of her entire backside, without any worry that she'd turn to see where he was looking. He could have put his nose a couple of inches from her firm bubble butt if he'd wanted to. He didn't go that far, but he definitely enjoyed the view.

The second major difference was that he was much more aroused than the earlier time. There was no chance of his cock going flaccid anytime soon! It wasn't deliberate on his part, but he focused less on applying the suntan lotion and more on giving her a sensual back massage. Like her "toweling off," it lasted much longer than necessary, but both of them were having such a great time that they didn't want it to ever end.

Christine had literally never before been touched sensuously by a man, let alone one in whom she was developing a romantic interest. Thus this experience was extremely thrilling for her. She was belatedly wishing that she'd worn a bikini. She even fantasized about letting him thoroughly cover her entire nude body with the suntan lotion, his touch felt so good.

Alan was extremely grateful that Christine couldn't see any of him, because his erection tented so obviously from his crotch that it was almost comical. He even nervously scanned the beach from time to time to check that the few other people didn't walk by and notice. His boner ached with lusty need so much that he was tempted to let it get some air. But he was trying his damndest to keep things platonic, so he obviously couldn't do that. He was also extremely conscientious not to move so close to her that she'd feel his bulge directly.

Somehow, the two of them managed to continue their conversation through it all. There were many things relating to Christine that Alan had been curious about, but with them usually only having short conversations at school, often with others around, it had never seemed the right time to ask. Now, he was free to ask. For instance, he asked about her parents' life back in Norway, and why and when they had moved to the States. He also asked how and when, and why, she'd gotten started practicing martial arts. She had lots of probing questions for him as well.

The time eventually came when it was Alan's turn to apply suntan lotion to himself. She told him it was okay to use her tube of lotion.

As it was, Christine was just about as interested in watching him apply the lotion to himself as he had been in watching her apply the lotion to herself. He didn't have the kind of buff figure that would allow him to work as a professional male dancer, but he was relatively fit and muscular. His body had filled out quite a bit in recent months, making him much more attractive than he realized. Plus, Christine had simply never seen anything like it. Not only had she virtually never gone to places like the beach in recent years, she'd even scrupulously avoided all pornography (mainly getting aroused from her own dreams and fantasies instead).

Alan was surprisingly unaware that she was subtly watching him apply the lotion while he looked towards the ocean. He continued to foolishly think she wasn't attracted to him, despite recent evidence to the contrary. He still was very mindful of how she'd turned him down when he'd asked her out, and he didn't realize just how much things had changed since then. Also, despite his incredible sexual success in certain areas, he still remained tremendously naïve in others, such as at reading subtle signs of interest and knowing when to ask a girl out on a date. Lately, he'd been so very successful with some women that there were early courtship skills that he still hadn't learned.

So, although Alan didn't try to "put on a show" in any way, she loved watching his every move. This was practically like a pornographic movie for her, especially since he wasn't as successful at hiding the bulge in his tight swimsuit as he thought he was. While he didn't consciously pose for her, on an unconscious level he sensed her interest, so he took much longer with the lotion than might normally have been the case.

He was sorely tempted to ask her to help him with his back, but he didn't. He was still trying hard to keep their relationship platonic.

However, to his surprise, she volunteered for that task anyway.

bender

He couldn't turn her down, so he got on his knees, turned his back to her, and let her work on it.

Christine was so thrilled to do this that her hands were slightly trembling. They continued to chat. Luckily for her, she was a talented multi-tasker, because her mind was focused on his skin.

On the surface, there wasn't anything unusual about the way she put the lotion on his back, but, in her mind, it was a very big deal. She'd had almost no prior physical contact with any man, outside of family hugs, her martial arts, and other athletics. None of those activities had ever allowed her to explore a man's bare skin to any significant extent. She particularly loved feeling the muscles in his back flexing and moving under her fingers. (She didn't realize how much his male pheromones, exuded continuously by his skin during this prolonged contact, were affecting her.)

Unfortunately, she still tended to lack courage about this sort of thing. The experience ended all too soon for her, when she ran out of bare skin needing lotion. She would have kept going a lot longer if she'd felt bolder.

Ironically, only about five minutes after she finished helping him with the lotion, she looked into her bag at the digital display on her cell phone and said, "Uh-oh! Our time is up. I've gotta get moving or I'm going to be late to my martial arts practice."

"That's a drag," Alan said, sadly. "This has been nice. Did you enjoy coming to the beach?"

"Oh, definitely!" She was surprised at just how enthusiastically she meant that.

"What about wasting your time basically doing nothing?"

She grinned knowingly. "Yeah, well, I guess kicking ass and taking names is overrated. At least, you can't do that ALL the time. I'm assigning you the job of teaching me how to just relax and enjoy my spare time."

"Okay!" He joked, "Hey, cool. It turns out I AM better at you than something: I'm an expert in wasting time."

She kept on grinning madly, but said sarcastically, "That's something to be proud of."

The two of them packed up their chairs and other items and began walking.

He was pleased they'd been able to talk about serious and meaningful things for most of the time. He decided he could ease up and joke around a little bit more. So, while Christine started towards the stairs that led to their cars, he began walking a different way, down the beach.

Christine stopped and turned to him after just a couple of steps. She lifted her sunglasses up to her forehead. "Hey! Where are you going?"

"Oh, don't you remember? The official breast inspection! I thought we could find somewhere more private to do it, maybe close to those cliffs over there. But this works for me too." He stepped forward with a silly grin, and clutched his hands in front of him, like he was ready to honk her giant boobs.

She just smiled and rolled her eyes. She knew for all his joking he wouldn't actually touch her inappropriately without permission. "Get real."

He acted confused. "Get real? Is that code? Oh, I get it: that's short for 'get really aggressive.' Okay, if you say so! But can you take your bathing suit off first, so I can get started?"

She briefly toyed with the idea of starting to pull the straps of her bathing suit off her shoulders. She wanted to shock him before revealing it was a ruse. But she chickened out at the last second. Instead, she just said, "Okay! ... Well, nah."

It didn't have the same effect. She was flustered, and her comic timing was off. But he chuckled appreciatively just the same.

She suddenly turned and resumed walking to the stairs. She said over her shoulder, "Come on, bozo-brain. I'm sure you're trying to think up some boob joke or dumb-blondie joke. But you've gotta be quicker than that."

She was spot on; that's exactly what he was starting to do. He resumed walking to the stairs too. But instead of hustling up to her and telling her a few jokes, he realized he had a fantastic view of her ass since he was just a few feet behind her.

As he watched her ass cheeks undulate up and down in the most delightful way, he thought, Wow! Now, there's a walk that rivals even the way Aunt Suzy walks around. Except the difference is, my sexy auntie has deliberately perfected her walk over the years, whereas I'm sure Christine is just going from Point A to Point B without even trying to sex it up! Imagine if Suzanne taught her how to sway and strut! Whoa!

Again, he was only partially correct. It was true that Christine had no real practice at walking in a sexy manner. But she was very mindful of the fact that Alan was walking just behind her. She was fairly certain he'd be ogling her ass, so she attempted to put extra oomph and swish into her walk without being overly obvious about it. Her heart was racing over such a bold move.

Seeing her slowly sway her ass cheeks up the stairs was even more jaw-dropping!

Once they reached the street and Alan caught up with her, they found out that Alan's car was in one direction and Christine's car was in another. So they said their goodbyes and shared another hug and kiss.

The kissing was just simple pecks on cheeks again, although it was one on each cheek instead of just one this time. But the hug was more prolonged. After all their wrestling around in the water, it didn't seem so strange for them to hold each other for a while. They both found it very enjoyable and comforting. Furthermore, Alan secretly thrilled to the way Christine's hard nipples still poked through her bathing suit into his bare chest.

But eventually they pulled back to make eye contact, and switched to simply holding hands. As she had done a while ago, he lifted his sunglasses to his forehead, for that much more eye-to-eye intimacy.

He loved the hug, but he also breathed a huge, secret sigh of relief when it ended. It had been a close thing that his hands didn't slip down and cup her ass cheeks. He was so used to doing that with his other women that he had to constantly remind himself to keep his hands still and on the middle of her back during their long hug. He'd also needed to be careful to lean into the hug so there was a gap between their lower bodies, preventing him from pressing his erection up against her.

He asked her, "So. What's next?"

"More school tomorrow, I suppose."

"True. But when the weekend comes... another practice date, perhaps?" (In the heat of the moment, he was forgetting about his Boy Scout trip next weekend.)

She winked at him, and said, "Perhaps." But her wide smile said, "Most definitely!" She added, "And, if you were to invite me to another 'practice beach hang-out,' I wouldn't exactly say no."

His grin grew wider. "A 'practice' one, huh? 'Cos it's gonna be a while before we're ready for a REAL beach hang-out."

She joked back, "Yeah, it's like rock climbing or scuba diving. Without proper training, people are gonna get hurt."

"True, so true. The official breast inspection is a particularly important safety precaution. Those things could poke an eye out! That's why we should practice that, say, for several hours every day after school." He wiggled his eyebrows hopefully and playfully.

She shot him an exasperated look, but she grinned too. "In your dreams, boob boy. In your dreams!"

He joked, "So, wait. No merit badge for me?"

"Nope!"

They finally waved goodbye and walked off in different directions.

Boy oh boy, Alan thought as he walked to the car. I'm playing with fire. I think eventually we'll get used to each other, and to things like friendly hugs. But right now, there are some sexual sparks flying, at least on my end of things. I need to be careful! I was already thinking I should invite her to the beach again, or maybe some other fun after school thing, but on second thought, it's better I don't. At least not for a while. Let things cool down. The practice dates with her are enough temptation for me to handle right now. I mean, what if she wore a skimpy bikini to the beach next time?! Good God! The mind boggles!

Meanwhile, Christine was both excited and frustrated as she walked to her car. Stupid me! I blew it again! I had so much fun that it's unbelievable! THIS is what my life has been missing. THIS! And teasing him was the most fun of all! I don't know which was better, the wrestling in the water or the "toweling off." I should have done MORE! Just like last night, I'm a total chicken. I didn't even wear a damn bikini. Dammit!

I was just enjoying myself instead of thinking. Just now, when we parted, I should have held him longer, and pulled him in closer. I could have even kissed his lips instead of those cheek pecks. Not necessarily a big open mouthed kiss, but at least lip to lip contact. To give him some kind of a hint. Or I could have made specific plans for another beach outing with him. Or "accidentally" pressed up against that raging erection he was trying to shield from me so carefully. Or I could have seductively joked that we should go ahead with his 'official breast inspection' plan. Or something! I'm so LAME! ARGH!

He's got all these other girlfriends right now. "I'm involved with some very beautiful girls," he says. DAMMIT! I HATE that! He's gonna get serious with one of them, and then I'll be left in the dust before he even realizes I'm even interested in him!

Chapter 509 Son, Are You Gonna Spank Me More?

Alan realized that the situation at home had changed dramatically in the past few days. He felt like a dam of sexual energy had burst in his happy abode. Susan had given up the pretense that she was "forced" to sexually assist Alan due to his six-times-a-day treatment, and she'd fully embraced helping him for the sheer mutual joy of it.

Susan's increasingly enthusiastic attitude meant the others could get more sexually active, even out in the open. The only question was how eager the women there would be to please him.

After Alan left home to help with the pussy painting and such, Susan had spent some more time with Suzanne. Together they verbally relived their sexual encounters with Alan over the weekend (except for Suzanne's almost-fuck at the beach), plus Susan's morning blowjob and titfuck fun. They even reviewed Alan "watching" them exercising in the basement. After Alan came and went for his quick lunch, they made up a prolonged pornographic fantasy together about what he'd do to Christine on the beach.

It was a near thing that they didn't resort to masturbation in front of each other, especially when they talked while they sunbathed in the nude. (Of course Suzanne would have been happy to do so, but she had to be mindful of what remained of Susan's reticence about such things.) There was a lot of talk about just how "squishy" they were, though. That became the operative word: "squish." For instance, if Suzanne asked Susan for feedback from a story, Susan might reply, "Oh, so arousing! That was a three-squisher. Squish! Squish! Squish!"

Meanwhile both of them would furtively rub their legs together and rub their pussies against almost any object that presented itself.

Susan frequently sat up in her lounge chair as if she were leaning towards Suzanne in rapt interest, but she really sat that way so she could sit with a particular metal bar of the lounge chair between her legs. Then she would slide up and down it as unobtrusively as she could. The bar helped, but wasn't quite enough to get her off. Susan grew to think of it as a game and tried to get away with as much as she could without Suzanne noticing.

Suzanne actually did notice it all, but she pretended not to, instead subtly trying to encourage Susan to do such things and more.

The end result was that Susan was kept almost constantly horny, but rarely was given any opportunity for real relief. She was antsy for Suzanne to leave, so she could she run to her room and bring herself off. But Suzanne didn't leave in the late morning like she usually did. She wanted to leave Susan extremely horny and unsatiated for when Alan returned, in the hopes that would spur Susan to override yet even more of her self-set boundaries.

In fact, Suzanne only left out the front door once she heard the garage door indicating Alan was parking the car there. She purposely just missed him, so all the focus would be on a very horny Susan.

Thus, when Alan got home, still wearing his swimsuit and T-shirt from the beach, Susan was bursting with energy, lust, and anticipation. She met him as he walked through the front door, and said, "How ya doing, Tiger? Need any help with your problem?"

She glanced at his crotch, and smiled to see a prominent bulge. As was happening more and more, Alan would get erect before even getting home, just from thinking about the reception that was awaiting him.

Alan was checking her out too, from head to toe. She was dressed in nothing but a towel, and held a bottle of liquid soap in her hand. Suzanne had talked her into wearing this, to greet Alan with a sexy surprise that could be removed in a flash.

He asked, "Did you just take a shower?"

"Yes. Funny coincidence, that." She couldn't stop smiling. She was slightly bouncing on her high heels, causing her tits to jiggle too.

"Mom, you never take a shower at this time of day." He reached out and touched her forehead where some hair was peeking out below the towel. "Not only that, but your hair isn't even wet. Not even slightly." He looked down to her feet. "Besides, who showers in high heels?"

She was a bit embarrassed, but that was blunted by her enthusiasm. "Oopsies. You got me. Sorry, Son. But sometimes your mommy gets so horny for cock that she can't even think straight."

He smiled wolfishly at his mother and stepped closer to her so that their bodies were mere inches from each other. "Is this one of those times?" he asked in a low whisper in her ear.

"All the time is 'horny for cock time' with your new-and-improved mother, Tiger," she answered with a slight blush. She'd been practicing with Suzanne on how to sound sexy, and she said that in a very sultry voice indeed.

He stepped away again, enabling him to better appreciate the view. If his dick hadn't been stiff before he walked in the house, the sight of her voluptuous body in just a towel would have immediately taken

care of that. And if not that, her "new" sexy voice would have. She didn't realize that he was so horny from what happened with Christine at the beach that he didn't need any sexy inspiration at all.

Susan mock-complained, "Not only that, but this stupid towel is far too short, don't you think?" She wiggled in distress and tried to pull the towel down a bit further, seemingly to make sure it covered her pussy. But that caused it to slide farther down her boobs. Even a fraction of an inch more would start to expose her nipples.

She deliberately writhed her hips in a provocative manner while still slightly rocking on her heels. "Oh dear! Look what's happening. Son, this towel just isn't big enough for me!" The towel had been precariously clinging to her breasts due to her very erect nipples. But she gave it another tug, causing it to slide down to the bottom of her great globes. Only her arm under her rack prevented the towel from falling off her body altogether.

Alan was smiling from ear to ear. "You're right. It's not a good towel for you. Here, let me help you with that." He gave the towel a yank and pulled it clean away from her. He threw it across the room.

She squealed and pretended distress. "Oh, Tiger, now I'm all naked! Whatever will I do?" Even as she said this, she held the bottle of liquid soap with both hands. One hand was to keep it still while her other hand stroked up and down it in an obvious demonstration of what she wanted to do to him. She was already so aroused that the smell of her wet pussy filled the room.

"I'm sure you'll think of something," he quipped. He was in a very relaxed mood indeed. His calm sense of control and security had given him the courage to yank away the towel, something he normally wouldn't have done. Plus, he was just really damn horny.

They stood right next to the underwear cabinet where Susan had lots of clothes to wear, but that's not what she really wanted. Her heart was beating wildly as she tossed the bottle of liquid soap aside and tugged his swimsuit down below his erection. "Tiger. I lied to you about the shower. I'm so naughty. I'm so bad!"

With his swimsuit down to his thighs, she grasped his stiff cock like she'd discovered an ancient, priceless treasure. "I just wanted to greet you in a towel so it could fall off and you could see me completely naked like this. Isn't that too naughty?" She began to stroke his needy pole. "What kind of sinful, shameless, cock-hungry, big-titted mommy willfully flaunts her naked body for her son? Don't you think I deserve to be punished?"

"I do," he said, smiling with an agreeable nod. Knowing what was about to come, he guided her a few steps so she could kneel more comfortably on the living room carpet.

She kept a hand slipping and sliding on his cock all the while. She loved how it was already throbbing and hot. She noted, "Your cock is raring to go. I love it! Can I thank Christine for this? How did your beach trip go? Did you start the process of taming her? Did you get your hands on her perfect tits?"

"We'll talk later. But yeah, it was a great time. Why don't you drop to your knees and suck my cock? Worship it with your tongue. I think that will start to show you the error of your ways."

She giggled with glee as she fell to her knees. He said "Worship it!" I can't believe it! I ADORE that kind of language! He's really starting to take control. This has gone so far beyond just helping him with his orgasm problem. I love being one of his personal cocksuckers! My mouth belongs to my son now!

"I'm way ahead of you there, Son." She briefly held his cock so she could lovingly rub it against her cheek. But then she let go in order to quickly yank his swimsuit the rest of the way down his legs and off him. She desired full access to his cock and balls.

With her hands latched back on to his throbbing rod, she spoke with excitement, "I don't know if I can learn my lesson in just one day, though. It might take me YEARS of daily cocksucking to even BEGIN to see the error of my ways!"

With one hand pumping up and down his shaft, she licked the tip of his cockhead. She closed her eyes and said a quick prayer. Dear Lord, please give me the talent and passion to suck this cock like it needs to be sucked! Help me "worship it" like he demands. That's no disrespect to You, Lord. This is a very different kind of worship. Amen!

She was starting to cover more and more of his cockhead with her eager tongue. "If that's gonna be my punishment, then I guess I'll just have to suck it up, so to speak, and submit!" She craned her mouth open wide and began to slowly feed his erection into her mouth.

Alan grabbed the top of her head and pulled the towel she'd wrapped her hair in clean off for good measure, causing her beautiful, long, dark brown hair to cascade down her back. He grasped her hair tightly and held on to the back of her head as her mouth tried to mate with his cock.

"Mmmm. Now this is a nice welcome home," he mumbled, with shivers racing down his spine. He thought, Fuck me, man! It's so great to come home! Chills all over! Even my toes are curling! Look at her. She's already starting to do her corkscrew move. Hot damn! That one gets me every time!

And then, when I think about Christine's big tits in her tight blue bathing suit... WHOA! It blows my mind! I really should be fucking Mom's tits right now. If I can't even touch Christine's amazing cleavage, I can titfuck Mom's even MORE amazing and slightly larger tits! But this feels so good, I don't want it to stop!

With big tits on his mind, he asked, "Hey, Mom, rub your tits up against my legs while you're doing that, okay?"

"Mmmm hmmm!" Her boobs mashed up against his skin, conforming to the shape of his thighs.

That only added to his overall pleasure, feeling her soft melons slide all over his skin. It seemed like her massive hooters completely enveloped his legs. He loved the feeling of her hard nipples as they pressed insistently into his skin, especially since he was imagining they belonged to Christine.

He further suggested, "Speaking of rubbing, if you're still keeping to that dumb rule that I can't touch your pussy, then I hope you'll take care of that area yourself. It really turns me on to see a woman masturbate, and get off with a big orgasm."

She stopped sucking momentarily to talk. He thought she'd say something like, "Are you sure? That's so improper." But instead, she muttered as she reverted to licking for a while, "Cock! Mmmm. Big cock in Mommy's mouth. Fills me up. Hot load. So delish. So naughty. MMMM! Yummy, yummy cock! Mmmm..." She fingered her clit, and as she grew more excited she slurped even louder than before.

With the mention of punishing her, he felt inspired to playfully slap her on the butt, so he bent down and did so. It was far too mild a slap to count as a spanking, but it still seemed to drive her into a frenzy.

She nearly came on the spot when she felt that smack. That spurred her to suck on his erection like it was the most important task in her entire life. She friggd her slit faster and faster as she thought, Dear Lord, have mercy on me! This is so wrong! So debauched! I should be doing this just for him and his

medical benefit, 'cos when I play with my pussy, it shows that I'm doing it for me too! But I can't stop. Can't stop! He told me to "worship" his cock with my tongue, and that's exactly what I'm doing!

And if I do, he'll SPANK ME! Oh no! That's the ultimate disrespect of parental authority! SO HOT! But that's 'cos I'm less his parent now, and more his personal sex toy! UNGH! HRRNG!

A couple of minutes passed. It was impossible to tell which of them was enjoying this experience more, because they were both flying so high.

Her head repeatedly tilted this way and that while sliding forward and back. She was going all out to give him maximum pleasure. Son, I love you so much! Can you feel it? Can you feel it with my tongue? Or with my lips sliding tightly over your incredible cock? Or with my fingers jacking all these thick inches of naughty son-cock? MMMM! Talking with Suzanne about serving this cock is too much fun, but actually doing it is ten times better!

And the spanking! Jesus, oh Jesus up in Heaven, please don't judge me harshly. How can I resist him when he talks about spanking me like that?! So hot! Too hot! Mmmm! Mmmm! Cock! In my mouth! I need to reward him! To worship this! I needed it!

She didn't want to pull off long enough to speak, so she mumbled around his shaft, "Thun, arr you gonn thpanne me moah?"

She'd said, "Son, are you gonna spank me more?" but it was too muffled for him to understand.

So she reached back and slapped her own hip, to give him a better idea. Her tightly-suctioned lips continued their relentless sliding all the while. She wanted his cum now!

He finally got the hint. He bent down again and slapped her ass a few more times while saying, "Bad Mom! Bad Mommy! Bad mommies get spanked!"

Even though he could barely reach her ass, much less really whack it, those slaps, plus his inadvertent use of the word "Mommy," pushed her over the edge, giving her a great orgasm. She completely let go of his boner and played with both her slit and clit while her body shivered and shook.

For a minute or more, she gave him an excellent "hummer," because her lips hummed and trembled around his shaft. At times, she even screamed despite the fact her mouth was still crammed full.

Though it all, she was determined to never take his pole out of her mouth, and she succeeded in that. Soon enough, she was happily slurping, stroking, and licking it again. I am a bad mommy! Bad, bad mommy! When I cum like that, it shows my motives are all wrong. I have to be selfless. It's not about my pleasure; it's all about servicing his powerful cock!

She brought the hand that had been fingering her slit up to his balls, and she lovingly fondled them. Remember, my never-ending goal is to coax the billions of spermies out of these lovely things. Tiger suffers so much if they start to fill up. It really is a full time job for me helping him drain these dry over and over again, every single day. That's what I need to focus on doing from now on. Mmmm! Such is my yummy fate! Although, I can't forget Akami said it's not only about helping him cum many times a day, but keeping him riding on the edge of orgasmic nirvana for as long as possible too. My own possible orgasms don't even figure into it.

She was still playing with his balls, on top of her busy cock stroking and sucking. But... that said... I suppose there's no harm if I accidentally have one or two from time to time, is there? I get so worked up that it kind of can't be avoided.

Somehow, he sensed that she was stepping her efforts up yet another notch. He hadn't thought it was possible that she could do more to make him feel total sexual euphoria than she already was. Hot damn! Such a constant, intense, erotic buzz. Would fucking Mom feel even BETTER than this? The mind boggles!

She spent a long time sucking him. Suzanne had also told her a lot about deep throating earlier in the day and she tried her best to do it, but she couldn't get the hang of it at all. She had to give up again, although from time to time she experimented with swallowing enough of his shaft to begin choking and gagging on it. She certainly didn't want to get sick, but she thrilled to the idea that he was "forcing" her to choke on his thickness (when in fact he had no such intention, and couldn't understand why she kept doing that).

She also loved the mere sound of the choking and struggling. It made her feel like she was being totally dominated by his cock, and that she had no choice but to suck and serve.

Chapter 510 Susan Roleplaying As Christine.!

Times like this served as training sessions for Alan to improve his PC muscle control. He kept rhythmically squeezing that muscle so often that he didn't even have to consciously think about it after a while.

But doing that was tiring, and he knew that he was rapidly reaching a point where he would either have to take a serious break or give up his cum load. He figured it was a holiday and he had a lot of free time to enjoy, so he pulled off. He went to a nearby sofa and sat down.

Susan was thinking along similar lines. Nobody else is here. Not Angel, not Suzanne, not even Amy. This is my chance to shine! I can love and worship his cock for an hour or more. Maybe even two or three hours, non-stop! Who knows?! I can practice all my moves and really impress him. And there are so many moves to practice: the Candy Cane Stripes, the Reverse Candy Cane, the Lollipop, the Mommy Choker, the Ice Cream Cone, the Teeth Scraper, the Second Snatch - oh my goodness! And that's just for starters. So many! And it seems I love each one more than the last, because they all make my darling boy throb and moan with pleasure!

She understood he needed a break, so she made sure not to touch his privates. But she sat on the sofa next to him and cuddled up to him with her great tits pressing into his chest. Actually, it was more like she was sitting on him. She kissed his cheek and nibbled his earlobe.

"So, Tiger, tell me... How did it go with you and Christine?"

"Good. Very good. But Mom, you asked me if I'd started 'taming' her. You need to understand there's no such thing as 'taming' a person. At least not someone like her. Besides, I don't even want to get sexually intimate with her."

Susan frowned. "So why did you go to the beach with her?"

"Because we're good friends, and we're getting to be better friends. We had a really good talk about meaningful things. I'm glad how it went. It kind of took our friendship to the next level. But, that said, she does look like she does. I can't deny that she's a total goddess! And, if we're at the beach and she's wearing a nice bathing suit, I certainly can appreciate that, can't I?"

Susan grinned knowingly. "You can!" She thought, He says he wants to be 'just friends.' And maybe he even thinks he means it. But I can see the fire in his eyes whenever she's so much as mentioned. He's got a special sexual talent, there's no denying it. Once he realizes his power, he'll seduce her and add her to his stable of big-titted beauties. I don't mind, since he obviously has strong feelings for her and she sounds like a lovely girl. Until then, I'll try not to push him on it.

She asked, "So what did she wear?"

His penis had actually just gone flaccid, despite his curvy mother being all over him, due to its sheer exhaustion. But as he pictured Christine in her bathing suit while forming a response, his penis immediately shot up to a fully erect state.

She pointedly stared at that, and said, "It must have been something nice!" She giggled.

Knowing he was busted, he just grinned impishly. "Yeah, well... like I said, there's no harm in looking, is there?" He couldn't stop thinking of the way Christine had applied the suntan lotion to her deep cleavage.

"Definitely not!" Susan ran her fingers up his newly revived shaft, but then she let go when she remembered his need to take a break. "Anyway, so how did she look already?"

He sighed in fond memory. "She wore a one-piece bathing suit, which was a bummer. I was hoping she'd wear a bikini. But she still looking totally smoking, and it showed off a ton of cleavage. I even got to put suntan lotion all over her back, twice, which was really nice. I have to admit that I fantasized about fucking her tits there at the beach, kind of a lot. Driving home, all I could think about was fucking YOUR tits as soon as I got through the door. But you surprised me with that towel, and then you sucked me so good that it was too amazing to stop."

Susan had an idea. She kissed and licked his face a little bit, and then got up. "Stay right there, okay? I'll be back in a minute."

"I'm not going anywhere." He turned and watched her bare ass cheeks undulate as she walked out of the room and then up the stairs. That reminded him of getting to watch Christine's ass swishing and swaying from right behind her. Needless to say, that didn't help his erection go down.

But Susan was gone for several minutes. He managed to close his eyes and let his mind go blank, allowing him and his penis to have a true rest.

Susan came back downstairs holding a bag, with a bathrobe covering her body. She even had the robe tightly closed. She wore prescription sunglasses instead of her usual glasses too. She walked right through the living room where her son was resting. As she went by, click-clacking in her high heels, she said to him, "I'll meet you in the backyard. You might want to wear some sunglasses. Oh, and put your bathing suit back on, please."

He was confused but intrigued. He sat up and watched her walk on by. But he asked, "Should I shower first? I forgot about that when I came in, but I'm still sandy from the beach."

"Definitely don't shower! Time's a-wasting!"

Alan walked to the backyard with his T-shirt, swimsuit, and sunglasses on a couple of minutes later. His penis was starting to engorge again because he had a good feeling his mother Susan had something very fun planned.

He found her lying on a towel on the ground near the pool, with her robe put aside. There was another towel laid out next to her that was obviously for him. This was curious and unusual, since there were comfortable lounge chairs scattered all around.

But what really took his breath away was the bright blue bathing suit she wore. There were just two thin strips of fabric that rose from her pussy mouth, covered her nipples and not more, went over her shoulders, and then turned into a single strap of fabric going down the middle of her ass right between her butt cheeks. She still wore high heels and sunglasses too.

She stood up and posed for him. She slowly turned around, and then struck another sexy pose. "You like? It's on loan from Suzanne, though I've never seen her wear it. I remember she said it's a slingshot-style bathing suit, because the fabric curves from my hip up over my breasts in a slingshot shape. Then there's just a little bit of fabric connecting from the top of my hips down to my... well, my you-know-what."

"Your pussy," he pointed out. He loved that his mother had turned into a cocksucking fiend, yet she still got embarrassed over saying words like "vagina" or "pussy." Somehow she retained her fundamental innocence and goodness no matter how sexually enthusiastic she got.

She nodded. She was blushing slightly, not because of any words, but because of her outrageously erotic bathing suit. Once she'd made another 360, she sat down and said, "Come. Sit. And remember that I'm no longer Susan Plummer. I'm Christine Anderssen! We're sitting at the beach together. Right?"

Alan shook his head in amazement at that idea. "Wow! Mom, you're too cool! You just gave me an amazing, amazing blowjob. That must have tired you out. You spoil me. It's too much!"

She stared defiantly and pointed at the unoccupied towel until he sat his ass on it. Then she said, "Let ME be the judge of that, please." She looked away shyly. "The truth is, I'm not doing this simply to help you out. I enjoy it a lot too. Okay? In fact, I totally love it. So don't question it. Please?"

He smiled from ear to ear. "How can I say no to you? You're the greatest!"

She smiled back. "No, Susan is the greatest." She giggled at that self-reference. "I'm Christine, remember?"

She suddenly took his hand and held it. Her demeanor changed and she got serious, attempting to become 'Christine.' "Alan. I have something to confess."

He tried to get in a serious mood to fit the role-play, but he was too happy to stop smiling. "Yes?"

"I know... I know you want to be just friends. We've talked about some important stuff today, and I feel like I've really gotten to know you better. Our friendship is stronger than ever, don't you think?"

He nodded. His cock was practically ready to bust through his tight swimsuit, because he knew this was going to get good, very good.

She continued, "That said, I... Well... I have feelings for you! I want to be more than just a friend!"

He was even more amazed. He'd had no idea she could act this well. She didn't sound like Christine, per se, since she didn't know much about her beyond the basic facts. But she came across so earnest and emotional that it was totally convincing that she was confessing her love.

She let go of her hand and gestured at her chest. "Look at this bathing suit, this slingshot suit. It's embarrassing, if not downright humiliating. Nobody would get caught dead in public in one. But I'm wearing it to the beach for you. Because I want you to want me. I know that God blessed me with these..."

She clutched at her big breasts from below with both hands, and hefted them up and down slightly. "And I know that you're a 'tit man.' Don't I tempt you, at least a little bit?"

He replied, "You do. You definitely do! You're gorgeous all over! But that's not the problem. It's that I really enjoy our friendship, and I don't want to risk that. What if we tried dating and it didn't work out? Could we stay friends? Besides, you know that I have some other girls that I'm involved with, and I'm not willing to give them up. I don't think you'd put up with that for long."

That wasn't exactly what he would have said to the real Christine, since he wanted to keep things short and simple with Susan. But his words hit some of the genuine issues he had.

She continued to hold and even slightly fondle her breasts with both hands, "I don't mind those other girls." She stared wantonly at the bulge in his swimsuit. "I understand you're a very handsome and virile young man. All the girls want you, because you give them just what they want. What they need! It's all over school, what you do to them, how you make them scream." She licked her lips hungrily as she kept on clutching her tits and staring at his crotch.

She finally looked back up at his face. "A guy like you can't be satisfied with just one girl. I get it." She looked away with convincing embarrassment. "I want you to do to me what you're doing to them!"

"But Christine! That would ruin our friendship."

Susan gave him a mysterious look. "Well, we'll see about that." Then she suddenly switched her demeanor. "Think about my offer. Now, on a totally different note, my skin is very fair, and the sun is hot. Can you help me put some sunscreen on?"

"Sure." He noticed that she'd brought out some coconut-scented sunscreen. He picked up the bottle and waited for her to turn her back to him.

But she laid face up on her towel instead. She stretched her hands up above her head, which did wonderful things to her round melons. "You can get to my back later. I need help with my front side first." She brought her hands back to her chest and pushed her tits tightly together, creating a line between them. "Especially here."

Alan was staggered. He knew both Susan and Christine far too well to confuse one for the other. But he was suspending disbelief and getting into the idea that he really was sitting with Christine. Susan didn't talk like Christine did, but she was taking the few tidbits she knew about his beach visit today and was turning them into an irresistible fantasy.

Seeing that he was just sitting there dumbly, she brought a hand to her tummy and patted herself. "Why don't you sit here? Get comfy. This could take a while." She spoke in an erotic moan as she pressed her tits together some more. "My breasts are so fair! They really need a lot of attention!"

He mumbled as he straddled her midsection, "Like... like an official breast inspection."

"Exactly! Please give them a good inspection as you cover them thoroughly. I don't mind. You're not like other guys. I trust that you'll take good care of me." She was still speaking in a remarkably sensual tone of voice.

Alan was so exhilarated that his hands were shaking. He squirted some lotion into his hands, rubbed them together, and then placed them on her massive globes. Oh God! What if Christine really let me do this?! Oh man! Too much! My heart is going to burst!

Susan moaned like she'd just had an orgasm. "Oh! YES! Like that!"

He started spreading the lotion out and massaging it into her skin. Strangely, he found himself relaxing as he did that, and his hands soon stopped shaking. It was like he felt his hands belonged there somehow.

The straps to Susan's slingshot suit were barely clinging to her breasts in the first place, and in less than a minute they were pushed to the side, all the way off her huge peaks.

He happily squeezed more lotion onto his hands, and worked on covering every inch of her incredible G-cups. Mom is so cool! This is the best role-play ever! If only this could happen with the real Christine, but it's happening now, and that's still pretty great! Mom may actually be even more beautiful than Christine, if such a thing is possible, and she definitely is more stacked! They're both so gorgeous that you can't compare. But still, I love this!

Susan said, "Tig-, er, I mean, Alan, I love what you're doing to me! I know you say you want to stay just friends, but what if we become 'breast friends?'"

"Best friends?" With her help, he pulled the straps off her slingshot suit all the way off her arms so they wouldn't get in the way. Then he went back to adoring her nipples with his fingers.

"No, BREAST friends. And sure, why not, best friends too." She giggled at that.

"What does that mean?" he asked while applying still more lotion to her tits. He loved that they were getting delightfully slippery with so much lotion.

"It means, I know you love playing with my boobs, and I love it when you do. So, whenever we're hanging out, you can do whatever you want to me. Pinch and pull my nipples. Caress and fondle and knead my tit-flesh! Take my clothes off and run your hands all over them to your heart's content. All over me! Don't stop!" She grunted lustily as he played with her nipples.

She realized that the slingshot suit was still covering her pussy (and pretty much nothing else). In fact, it was stuck there due to her copious pussy juices. She briefly reached around Alan and yanked it down her thighs. With her son sitting on her, it was too hard to take it all off at the moment. But at least she could feel completely naked.

"That doesn't sound very platonic," he noted. His voice sounded surprisingly calm, but his blood was practically boiling with lust.

"No, it doesn't. But so what? In return, I want you to be my 'cocky friend.' Can you do that?" She suddenly reached into his swimsuit and whipped out his erection. Using her very practiced skills, she began jacking him off with both hands.

He knew this was getting farther and farther from what the real Christine would ever possibly do or say, but it felt so good that he ran with it. He pretended to ignore her stroking hands while he kept caressing and even kneading her tits. "What would that mean?" he asked blandly.

"Here. Scoot up and I'll show you what it means."

His entire body was pulsing with energy and lust as he scooted forward, until his cock was resting between her perfect orbs.

She kept on jacking him off, with a continual emphasis on his sweet spot. It seemed like she couldn't let go in order to get the titfuck started. But after a minute or so, she moved her hands to the outside of her tits instead and pushed them together, trapping his cock between them.

"It means this!" she said triumphantly. "You see, I love it when you play with my tits, and I can't wait to play with your cock a heck of a lot. This way, we can do both at once! I'm not an A plus student for nothing, you know. I've got good ideas. Besides, scoot forward a little more, because I can do this too."

He pressed forward a couple more inches, driving his cock closer to her face.

She craned her head down and unleashed her talented tongue on his cockhead. Suddenly, it was like she was licking it everywhere at once. At roughly the same time, she started moving her tits, sliding them tightly back and forth over his urgent boner.

All he could do was groan needfully. Since her hands had her tits pretty well covered at the moment, he switched to exploring other parts of her flawless upper torso.

Between licks, she said, "See? Isn't this nice? Even though we're on a public beach, I don't care who sees! I don't care who talks either! Let 'em talk. Let 'em know I'm one of your girls now. I know you have a whole stable of big-titted babes. Rumor has it that it even includes your mother and your sister!"

"Well, that's not true," he complained, playing his role.

"Even so, it could be true, because you're unstoppable! Look at me: straight A student, reduced to doing this. But I love it! No more beating about the bush, okay? If you're feeling horny, do what you want to me, like I'm your personal plaything! If you're feeling bored in class, slip your hands under my shirt and play with my tits!"

"In class?!" He was panting hard, and clutching his PC muscle. Between her lapping tongue and her sliding tits, he was rapidly losing control. He knew Susan's role-play was getting out of hand, and Christine would never express her desire to be his "personal plaything," much less the rest. But he was totally loving the fantasy anyway.

"Mmmm-hmmm!" Susan couldn't say more, because she'd started sucking on most of his cockhead while the tip of her tongue flicked at it inside her mouth. She managed to get all of it in her mouth, but only for a few seconds, because the effort to keep that position was too difficult.

After catching her breath, and with her lotion-covered tits sliding around his tightly trapped hot boner, she said, "I won't be wearing a bra anymore, obviously, or panties either. My body belongs to you now! Like your other sexy, seriously-stacked babes. I've seen what you've done to them, how you've bent them to your will and turned them into your personal sex toys. That's what I want too!"

"You do?!" He thought, Would Christine ever say that? Fuck no! But, dammit, this is a great fantasy, no matter how un-PC it is!

Susan panted, "Of course! You're the best! The best at sex. I always want the best, and I get what I want. Those girls know they're your sex toys now, and they're very humiliated about it, but they've never been happier or more sexually satisfied. I know, because I've talked to them. I want to be your very favorite sex toy!" She really meant that last comment as herself, not Christine.

She just licked and titfucked his cock for a while as she thought of what else to say. "They're creaming all day long in their miniskirts, thinking about your fat cock! I've seen how you kiss and fondle them in the halls, and in class. You're so shameless, the way you feel them up in front of everybody like you own them. I think you broke my will when I saw you fingerbang Betsy in history class yesterday!"

He laughed at that made-up name. "Who's Betsy?"

Susan laughed too. But then she ran with the idea. "You know, Betsy! Brenda Hunter's daughter. The totally fit redheaded fox with the G-cup tits! We know she's one of your sex toys. She boasts to all the girls about how good she is at serving your cock. The way you pulled her shirt up and suckled on her nipples yesterday got all the girls wet, including me! Even Ms. Rhymer! I saw how she called you behind the podium for another 'private discussion' and then dropped to her knees. Everyone knew she was sucking your cock yet again!"

He thought, Fuck me! Glory too?! And if only Brenda did have a daughter like that. Wow! Mom has a freakin' genius mind when it comes to sexy fantasies! Hot damn! Fuck! I really need to take a break, a long break, or I'm gonna cum. But Mom is on a roll!

Susan continued, "Even though all your classes with Ms. Rhymer end that way, I stood up and peeked behind the podium just to check. I couldn't believe how deep she'd taken you down her throat! I want to learn how to do that too. I can be your..." Her voice trailed off.