

6 Times 531

Chapter 531 Hotness Overloaded..!!

In fact, it took Susan lightly brushing his leg for him to snap out of it. He was so far off in his football thoughts that he was taken by complete surprise to see his mother totally naked and smiling and kneeling in front of him. "How are you doing, baby? Ready for more?"

He looked down at his dick and saw it was growing flaccid. "Um, yeah. Ready as I'll ever be."

She didn't waste time. She opened her mouth wide and engulfed his cockhead.

He put his hands on her head, but he didn't need to guide her since she'd already started bobbing with a steady rhythm.

He was still a bit confused, much like walking out of a movie theater matinée into the bright sun. He looked around for Katherine and saw her kneeling right behind Susan.

Katherine had an arm around Susan's back. She wasn't doing anything special except for watching the blowjob up close while reveling in the physical intimacy she'd never been allowed before with her mother. Seeing Alan's eyes on her, she gave him a big smile. Then she brought her fingers down to almost touch Susan's shoulder, then suddenly jerked her fingers away and shook her hand, acting as if she'd been singed from touching her burning hot mother.

Alan saw her non-verbal display and flashed her a knowing grin. He wanted to ask what time it really was, or how long they'd kissed while he'd zoned out, but he didn't want to say or do anything to possibly cause their mother to break off her passionate cocksucking.

His strategic break had worked wonders, because he didn't feel himself to be in any danger of cumming, even though his mother was giving it her all.

Susan just kept sucking and licking, and licking and sucking, and sucking and licking even more. She stroked the base of his shaft and played with his balls. She sensed it was time for her kids to go to school, so she was trying to get him to cum as soon as possible.

This was heaven on Earth for her. If she had an arousal meter and a happiness meter, both needles would have been pinned at maximum. Mmmm! Tiger's cock is the BEST! It's so hot and hard and tasty! I swear, just licking the skin of his cock makes me drool, because it reminds me of all the sweet, creamy, spermy goodness on the inside! It's so POWERFUL and demanding too! I'm so glad he took that break, because I just love it when he's like this. Mmmm! He's in some kind of zone where he can stay hard literally forever! MMMM! I have to redouble my efforts to even have a CHANCE to get him to blow a load on my face! MMMM!

And Angel! Right now she's got her fingers in my ass crack, and she really shouldn't do that. I wish I could tell her just how terribly improper that is, but I'm not about to stop my cocksucking, not even for one second! I could lose all the progress I've made, and it's just too much fun and too yummy! Mmmm! Mmmm! But in any case, I have to admit I kind of like that she's here and I can even feel her breath on my shoulder. It just reinforces the fact that we're two of his busty, naked, personal cocksucking sluts! MMMM! Yeah!

And only two! He's got more! First, the mighty Suzanne has finally fallen under the power of his cock, and that makes me SO HOT! And Amy. She's one of his personal cocksuckers now, and she's going to be a very good one! I can see it in her eyes - she wants to know what all this cocksucking joy is all about and revel in it. Once she has her face painted with his spermy goo a few times, there'll be no going back for her. Amy, it's the greatest joy there is! To drown in his thick, creamy love. Mmmm! MMMM! But not today, Amy, not right now. His mommy's in charge and she's not gonna stop until she wins her spermy prize!

Katherine watched jealously. She had trailed one hand down to Susan's ass and fondled it for a while. She was extremely pleased that her mother hadn't complained in any way, no doubt because she was so single-mindedly focused on the blowjob. She eventually let go, but only so she could frig her own pussy. Since she remained kneeling right behind her mother, she could do that without worrying much about getting caught.

Still, she was anxious for the blowjob to end soon. She alone knew just how little time they had, and she didn't want either of them to be flagrantly late to school.

But by this point Alan was really holding out well. Susan was right that he was in some sort of endurance zone. It helped that he'd cum not long before, so the decreased sensitivity of his penis as it recovered allowed him to better endure her oral activity.

Katherine was impressed. Eventually she broke the silence by saying, "My God, Bro. Wasn't the kissing enough for you?"

Alan just responded with a passionate grunt. Even though he wasn't ready to cum yet, he was getting close enough that he had to concentrate of squeezing his PC muscle to keep from losing it.

Katherine said, "Mom, I'm getting concerned about school. We don't have much time. You need to step it up a notch."

Susan didn't intend to stop her heavenly bobbing for any reason. She shrugged her shoulders as if to ask "What more can I do?"

Katherine responded as if Susan had said those exact words. "I know. I can see that you're using every trick in the book already. But still, we've got to hurry things along. What if... Now, don't get mad, but... what if we work on him together? I'm just sitting here, and two mouths are bound to be better than one. He'll blow in no time!"

Susan still didn't pull off to speak, but she raised a hand up to the shoulder Katherine was peering over to give her a thumbs-down sign. That was one boundary Susan was determined not to cross. She knew she would enjoy it, but she was too afraid of where that slippery slope would lead.

Katherine exhaled in frustration. Such is life. Mom's always giving me the cock block. Grrr! Still, it's pretty damn fun just watching them and playing with myself. I'm gonna get a big "O" before long, so I can't get that upset.

Painfully aware that her children should be at school on time, Susan began bobbing up and down with even greater speed right over Alan's most sensitive spot. Her goal seemed to be to create as much friction and suction on that one spot as humanly possible.

But Susan had already been bobbing for a long time, and she soon tired too much to keep up that pace.

Seeing her mother slow down, Katherine placed a hand on her hair and began caressing it (while her other hand kept working on her own pussy). She asked, "How's it going, Mom? Is he close to finishing?"

bender

Susan bobbed her head up and down even more than usual in an attempt to indicate 'yes', even though she wasn't sure if that was the case.

Katherine continued to caress her mother's long, silky hair. She ran her hand all the way down Susan's naked back repeatedly, cupping her fabulous butt and then caressing her way back up. At the same time, she started giving advice. "More tongue, Mom, more tongue. Are you hitting his special spot, right under that big mushroom head? 'Cos he loves that."

Susan mmmm-hmmed a reply. She thought, That's ALL I've been doing! That's my favorite spot. If I stimulate it any more, I'm likely to wear a hole right through it. What more can I do?! I wish I could finger his prostate; he'd blow his load for sure. But I can't do that the way he's sitting. Arrgh! The clock is ticking, and Tiger's powerful cock is besting me with its strength and stamina! Again!

Katherine continued with more advice, even though she was no better at blowjobs than her mother. In fact, Susan was better, due to more recent practice and more advice from Suzanne and the sex books she'd bought.

Susan was on the verge of switching to a titfuck for a while, if only to rest her tired tongue and jaw. But then Katherine said, "Mom, maybe you need longer stroking. Bob your head more. You gotta go all the way in and all the way back. Like this." Both of Katherine's hands were already on her mother's head, but now she pushed Susan forward and then pulled her back. "Come on, Mom; bob your head more. More! I know you can't deep throat him, but make longer, deeper passes!" Katherine pushed and pulled Susan's head back and forth over the full length of Alan's shaft.

Susan initially resented her daughter's advice, and she especially resented being pushed. She thought she knew what she was doing perfectly well. But as Katherine continued to force her head into Alan's crotch, Susan found herself loving being handled so roughly. She stopped moving her head at all on her own, forcing Katherine to provide all the motion, so it was really almost as if Katherine was fucking Alan's cock herself, using Susan's mouth as her surrogate.

The idea of being used that way made Susan so hot that she reached down and launched into a great climax just from her first light touch on her clit. When she climaxed, her whole body shook in a special way.

Alan could tell what was happening just by the way her mouth quivered around his hot shaft. That finally brought him over the edge. It was as if the flood gates that were holding back his pent-up emission opened up, releasing a torrent of his cum that overwhelmed his mother's mouth.

Even so, Susan somehow managed to catch almost all of it, mostly because she now prided herself on being able to swallow his entire load, no matter how big. Actually, she could have taken it all, but one thing Suzanne had taught her was to always leave at least a little dribble running down her chin, as a visual reminder to Alan of the blowjob, so she made sure to do that.

Katherine also realized that this was 'now or never' time for her. She took her hand off her mother's back and went to town with both hands on her own clit and pussy until she had her "big 'O'" as well.

As Alan finished his orgasm, and while his mother's lips were still wrapped around his deflating organ, he exclaimed, "That was great! Thanks so much! I can't believe how horny that made me. I don't know what it is, but for guys there's nothing more exciting than seeing two women together. I swear, that could have raised the penis of a dead man!"

Susan kept right on licking his dick, even though it was already becoming flaccid. "Anything to help, Tiger. Mmmm. But look at your great big cock. Maybe it's not so big right now, but it sure is messy. Mmmm. Mommy's just gonna have to give it a good cleaning."

Katherine watched for a moment and then asked, "Um, Mom? What are you doing? We're out of time. School."

Susan said as she licked his balls, "I'm aware of it. But Angel, if you're serious about being one of his personal cocksuckers, you can't ever let him leave with a sticky crotch. Any ol' cocksucker will stop after the guy ejaculates, but only the special ones, the ones who really love him, are going to lick him completely clean. Mmmm. And besides, it's lots of fun! Tiger, you're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"Oh God yes! At times my dick is so super sensitive I want to push you away, but somehow even then it still feels good. It's like getting a head freeze eating really cold ice cream. You think 'No! Too much!' but after only a few seconds you're into the ice cream again."

"See?" Susan pointed out as she licked, "Besides, Angel, the key is to focus on his scrotum. Admittedly, his balls may not need as much cleaning, but he'll get a ton of pleasure when you lick 'em no matter what the condition of his cock."

"Can I try?" Katherine asked.

"Not now," Susan chided. "That would be improper. We have to take our turns with him, or there's no telling where things might go. Which reminds me. That kind of kissing we shared is a one-time-only thing. Alright? Are we in agreement on that? That is NOT going to happen again around here. Kissing my daughter - I mean, really! I have my limits!"

The remarkable thing was that Susan sincerely believed those words, but Katherine and Alan both knew that another of her barriers had just been crossed. They both stayed silent so they wouldn't have to agree to anything.

Susan suddenly pulled away and stood up. Then she acted like a typical mother, despite her nude and bedraggled condition, "Okay, we're running a few minutes late. I would've liked to clean your crotch for a bit more, just to be sure, but Angel is right that time's a-wasting. Get ready A.S.A.P. and I'll drive you both to school."

Alan asked himself, "Just to be sure" of what? I mean, I'm not complaining, but there's no actual reason to do all that "cleaning," is there? It's weird. I'm falling into her mental warp space.

Katherine rushed to her room to dress. But while there, she took a moment to record her thoughts in her diary.

Dear Diary,

Big news: Mom and I totally made out! I mean, serious lip-lock, and with major tongue! Damn, it was too hot to BELIEVE! I'll tell you more about it later, but I'm in a rush right now and I only have time to jot down some quick impressions.

I gotta tell Bro to keep asking for Mom to do that kissing kind of stuff. In no time she's gonna break down even further and we can turn her into a real bisexual.

Wow! Mom? Bisexual? Wow! That is tooooooo cool! Hee-hee! I still think of her as super prudish, so that thought pretty much breaks my brain in two. Wow!

Oh shoot! Mom's calling for me. And just when my pussy got all hot and itchy. Damn! We're gonna be majorly late for school, but it's oh so worth it!

Everyone had rushed around, dressing and washing up to clear away the pervasive smell of sex.

Susan was still holding some of Alan's cum in her mouth. She kept it in there as long as she could, sloshing it around inside with her tongue even as she drove them to school, as if it was a fine wine to be savored. That wasn't exactly the behavior of a typical suburban soccer mom and she knew it, but she couldn't help it.

They tried to act like a perfectly normal family on the drive over, even to the point that all three were fully clothed with underwear. No matter what happened inside the house, Katherine and Susan still tried to maintain unchanged personas outside the house (except for rare exceptions for Katherine, such as being at Kim's house with Alan). While they kept up a surface gloss of meaningless small talk, inside all three were thinking about the kiss between Katherine and Susan.

Susan was surprised at how much she'd liked the kiss. In some ways it's nicer than kissing a man. A woman's skin feels so soft and nice. She smells and tastes good, too. But she's my own daughter! No way is that going to happen again. I really have to mean it this time.

But let's face it: I keep saying 'no' about things and then breaking my own rules. What if Tiger needs help getting erect again? Surely it would be okay to help him out again by kissing my lovely Angel, wouldn't it? Maybe it's okay in situations like that, but only when my Tiger asks for help... After all, there's nothing more important than helping him with his treatment. If he commands me to kiss her again so that he can get hard, how can I turn him down?

Or what if he asks me to kiss Suzanne like that? Oh my gosh! That would be so HOT! Er, I mean, for him, not for me. Yes, that would definitely be very hot... for him. I really couldn't say no to something like that, if it was for a really good cause, like giving him an extra stiff boner.

But kissing Angel? No. Absolutely not. Not unless it's a special situation, like what happened today. Luckily, he has such a strong, ever-ready cock that this kind of situation is extremely rare.

At the same time, Alan was thinking, That was so totally hot! First Sis is doing Aunt Suzy, and now she's starting in on Mom. Soon the three of them and Amy will be all over each other. This is going to rock! All-out Plummer house orgy, coming soon! And what's really great is that I can do no wrong. If my dick gets hard then I get pleasured, and if it doesn't then I get a free show and THEN I get pleasured. In fact, it's better if I can start out flaccid and "force" Mom to do new things.

Fuck! Is there any limit to how amazing this can get? If only someone like Sean or Peter could see this and believe it, without getting us into a heap of trouble. I'd just love to watch their jaws drop all the way to the floor!

Meanwhile, Katherine kept looking at her mother, with much more lust than ever before. She thought, That kiss was so great! I simply can't get over it. I just hope she can fully get into doing women! The way she kissed me, I think she could definitely get into it. Heck, what am I thinking? The way she was looking at me and the others at the fashion show last night, she's liable to up and jump my bones when she gets into one of her horny mental zones. Fuck, I can just imagine Brother fucking my pussy while Aunt Suzy is doing my ass with a dildo and Mom is sitting on my face! Wouldn't that be great? How am I going to get through school while thinking stuff like that?! I need someone to fuck me right now!

Susan finally arrived at their school and dropped them off. They ran to their first classes with backpacks over their shoulders, waving to their mother as they went.

The only problem was that, after a morning like that, school was an almost unbearably boring let-down for them both.

Alan had grown somewhat used to the rapid flip-flop between his porno world and his mundane world, so was able to concentrate somewhat on classes. He was helped by the fact that his penis was once again dead to the world.

But there was one thing bothering him, preventing him from focusing more completely. He couldn't stop thinking about his dry hump earlier in the morning. It haunted all his thoughts, making him nearly forget about the kiss between his mother and sister.

He thought, over and over, That was so much like real fucking. I was so close. So close! So fucking close! Why did I chicken out? I'm too nice, too passive. Dang!

Chapter 532 Oh! Dear Lord! TOO HOT!

Suzanne came over when she saw Susan's car return home.

As soon as she walked in, Susan rushed up to her and cried.

Suzanne held her in a comforting hug. "What's wrong?" the buxom neighbor asked.

"Suzanne, I'm so awful. I did all kinds of unmentionable things this morning. Tiger and I, we... And my precious Angel! Oh! It was terrible!" She sobbed and sobbed.

Suzanne immediately found herself getting aroused, as she imagined the kinds of things Alan, Katherine, and Susan might have done together. But she just held Susan, lovingly stroking her hair. "Don't worry. It'll be okay. Whatever happened, we'll make it okay."

After another minute or two of loving hugging, Suzanne said, "So tell me what happened. Start from the beginning."

Susan wasn't actually crying so much by that time, although she remained terribly depressed. She said, "Well, I'll just be blunt about it. He was getting my attention, which you know involves fondling my ass, when that somehow turned into him dry humping me between my legs. We were practically, well, you know... Fucking! There, I said it. I don't even know how he restrained himself. It was so much like he was having sex with me doggy style that I can hardly believe it. It was terrible!"

"Was it really?" Suzanne asked as she comfortingly stroked Susan's cheek. "Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Enjoy it? Dear God! I can't even describe how good it made me feel. That's what's so horrible. I have no control! And it's so wrong, but every time I only realize that after the fact."

"Did you cum?"

"What kind of question is that? Of course I did! Buckets and buckets, it seemed like. The whole morning practically felt like one non-stop orgasm. It was terrible!"

Suzanne chuckled as she kept hugging her. "That doesn't sound so terrible to me. Susan, remember, this is for his medical benefit. You're not just doing this willy nilly; it's for his medical benefit. Always. Repeat after me: medical benefit."

Susan was hesitant, but Suzanne nudged her until she grudgingly said, "Medical benefit."

However, Susan added, "Okay, I understand how we need to stroke and suck him many times a day for his medical benefit, but do things have to get so... weird? I haven't even started to tell you about all the terrible things I ended up doing this morning. And that was all in just one morning! What'll happen next week, or the month after that? Will I really be able to keep him from truly fucking me?"

"You will," Suzanne said confidently. "Think about this morning. He had a perfect chance to fuck you, from what little I gather. Yet he didn't. If he can resist that temptation today, he'll be able to resist it a month from now just as easily, right?"

"I guess," Susan said, still depressed at the thought. But at least she was slightly encouraged.

Suzanne realized that Susan needed more support, so she launched into a long lecture about the importance of helping Alan. She stressed that he needed a wide variety of "weird" stimulation with many different women in order to climax so many times a day, day after day after day after day. Her not-so-subtle bottom-line message was that anything was okay - no limits and no boundaries - as long as it didn't involve "actual incest." And she narrowly defined that to be only penis-in-vagina direct vaginal sex.

By the time Suzanne was done, Susan was convinced that she was performing a sacred and noble duty. But Susan still felt worried because of what had happened between her and her daughter. She wasn't comfortable talking about it with Suzanne because she was also feeling similar strange feelings toward her best friend, so she didn't mention it.

With the first crisis of the day seemingly averted, Suzanne led Susan down to the basement gym for their daily exercises. They remained focused on their exercises while they were working out but, as usual, they talked and gossiped during their breaks.

Suzanne had been hoping to finally convince Susan to take off her wedding ring. Frankly, seeing Susan wear that ring grated on her like fingernails on a chalkboard. She saw it as a symbol of all that had been wrong in both of their lives up until recently. But given how she'd had to talk Susan down from another prudish backlash, she could tell that it wasn't the right time.

Instead, she focused on sexy talk about Alan, to help hold Susan's prudish worries at bay. That was easy, since their morning talks had been growing increasingly arousing and detailed anyway.

For instance, the day before, they'd talked extensively about Sunday's beach trip. Suzanne still kept a few secrets, such as how she'd put Alan's dick in her vagina while away from shore, hoping that he would fuck her for real, but even without such details their remembered experiences got them both hot and bothered as they discussed them together. When she explained to Susan how Alan had fingered her AND Amy's anuses under their bikini bottoms at the beach, in front of hundreds of people, Susan got so out-of-control horny that Suzanne was half-convinced that Susan was going to rip off all her own clothes and just masturbate to total exhaustion.

Their exercising always got them quite sweaty, so they always took showers afterwards. But lately those showers had turned into very prolonged masturbation sessions. With two upstairs showers, Susan would get in the one in her bedroom and Suzanne would use the other one, then they'd each take twenty or thirty minutes masturbating while mentally relishing all the arousing things they'd talked about. That was now as much a part of their daily ritual as the exercising itself, even though those solitary activities went unshared.

Suzanne of course knew exactly what Susan must be doing, but didn't want to embarrass her further by discussing it. In fact, there were times she could hear Susan screaming out in orgasmic ecstasy from the other bathroom down the hall.

Suzanne could get just as worked up, but she never let herself lose control to the point of screaming out in total abandon. Consequently, Susan didn't realize that her own screaming carried so well through the walls of the house. Suzanne realized that must be the case, so she avoided ever saying or doing anything that would indicate that she was aware of Susan's shower masturbation sessions.

Since the two women didn't need to work for a living, they had a lot of free time on their hands. Previously they'd spent a lot of it going out and socializing and playing tennis or bridge with other women, but lately they'd been spending more time at their own homes. For both of them, they were spending more and more of that time with their fingers in their pussies, or Alan's erection in a hand or mouth, and often both.

So this had become the "exercise routine" that they followed that day. The only difference was that Suzanne was wearing a cut-off T-shirt instead of her usual spandex top. And cut off it certainly was: it was cut almost like a bikini top, with most of her boobs hanging out below the fabric, which barely covered her nipples. She'd never worn anything like it before while exercising, and it was terrible for providing support for her large bust, but she figured that the sight of her heaving breasts would help keep Susan extra horny.

As always, their topic was Alan. Susan was still feeling too embarrassed about what had happened at breakfast that morning, so instead they discussed the previous night's fashion show seemingly forever. Taking a break from working out on their exercise equipment, they reclined back on adjacent machines.

Susan eventually found herself talking about her exhilaration in taking her clothes off during the fashion show. "Suzanne, call me weird, but there's something magical there. Every time I take off any clothes in front of my cutie Tiger, I feel a tingle. A powerful tingle! Sure, I feel especially tingly in my pussy and my nipples, but I honestly feel it all over my body, even way down to my toes. And whenever I bare my big tits for him... Oh my gosh! It's soooo good! It's like a mental orgasm. All I can think about is how my busty body is there to serve him! To serve... Mmmm! Serve his every sexual need!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Calm down, or we'll have to hose you down. And I mean with water, not with his creamy cum."

"Oh, pool! You're no fun!" Susan laughed.

Suzanne was glad to see Susan increasingly able to joke about that kind of thing, or just joke at all. In her earlier life before Alan began his treatment, she'd never had a sense of humor. But Suzanne also felt very envious. I wish everything was so new and exciting to me that simply taking off a sock would make me almost cum, like it does for her. I think she really is that excitable!

Suzanne decided to use their discussion to get Susan more used to being naked. "Susan, when that happens to you, is it a passing feeling that fades as soon as you take your clothes off?"

"Oh no! Definitely not. As long as his eyes are on me, it's a constant tingly thrill. It's like his hands are hefting my super sensitive tits up and down, even when they're not. You know what I mean?"

"I suppose. But does it only work when he's around, or would it work, say, now?"

"Now?" Susan asked, puzzled. "Why now? Tiger's not even in the house."

"I know. But just humor me. I'd like to try an experiment. Can you take your top off? I want to see if you feel tingly at all doing that even when he's not around."

Susan started to pull her top off, but then said, "Very well, but I'll only do it to show you it won't work."

Once Susan was standing there with bare breasts, she said, "See? No tingles at all."

"Hmmm. Well, exercise like that for a little while, and let me know if you feel a change," Suzanne said.

"Why should it be any different?"

"Well, I'm thinking you also get off on being naked when others aren't. Doesn't it excite you a little extra when you're on your knees and totally naked, or maybe just wearing high heels, and he's standing before you fully dressed, with just his big boner poking through his fly?"

Susan's eyes went wide. "My goodness! Suzanne, you've got a point there, that's for sure. Oh God! How could I not suck on his manly shaft, for hours and hours, when he towers over me like that? I just feel so, well..."

"Helpless?" Suzanne suggested.

"Definitely! But not only that. Shamed. Controlled. Tamed and obedient, like a... like a... trained dog! Oh God! I can't believe I just said that! Forget you heard that, okay?"

Suzanne grinned. "Sure." But she was delighted at Susan's attitude. She's more submissive than I ever dared to hope. The only obstacle is her boundaries, especially her deep-seated aversion to incest. I've defined it down as narrowly as I can, but I can't simply define it out of existence. I don't want her to be a totally horny slut half the time and miserably guilty the rest of the time. All I can keep doing is pushing and pushing and hope that her prudish side finally withers and dies.bender

As the two of them exercised, Suzanne kept the topless Susan hot, bothered, and easily distracted by bringing up all the special things Alan and Susan could do together now that it was a Tuesday.

Susan spoke at great length about the fantasies she had involving Alan coming home from school and doing things to her. She got so carried away that she frequently forgot to keep exercising. Eventually, she realized just how long she'd been dominating the discussion, so she asked, "Suzanne, you don't mind me hogging all the Tuesday fun, do you?"

Suzanne replied, "I don't mind it so much. I know it means a lot to you to have that special day, but between that and Amy now getting in on the picture, which I'm not exactly thrilled about, sometimes I feel like I'll be lucky to get even a couple licks in a day, so to speak."

"Amy getting in on the picture?" Susan asked quizzically. "She did get pretty involved with the fashion show, but she's not THAT in on the picture when it comes to his cock. You've forbidden her from joining in the cocksucking joy. I certainly hope you change your stance on that, and soon."

Suzanne replied, "I did forbid her, but she was surprisingly disobedient last night. Do you know what I saw when I came downstairs to leave your house? Amy and Sweetie were in the living room alone, and she was sucking on his thick erection!"

"NOOOO!" Susan hadn't heard that news yet. She was thrilled.

"Yes! I think it was the first time she'd sucked him to orgasm, and it happened right in front of my eyes. I don't know what to do about that girl."

"Oh God! Suzanne! Do you realize what this means? Tiger has just added another beautiful girl to his stable! That's so HOT!"

Suzanne knew just what to say to push Susan over the edge. She spoke matter-of-factly, as if she were saying something expected. "Yes, Amy is already talking about how she'll be proud to be one of his personal cocksuckers. So now he'll have four of those at home and who knows how many more at school."

"Oh! Dear Lord! TOO HOT!" Susan climaxed as she imagined Amy naked and bobbing on her son's thick erection. She forgot about decorum and brazenly fingered her clit though her exercise shorts, even though Suzanne was right next to her. Midway through her climax, her fantasy shifted and she imagined that it was herself instead of Amy doing the sucking.

As she came down a bit from her erotic high, she mumbled, "Amy is a good kid..." She closed her eyes and unthinkingly ran her hands over her own now bared breasts. But mindful again that Suzanne might well be watching, she tried to keep her movements really subtle.

Suzanne found Susan's orgasm quite arousing. Once Susan closed her eyes, Suzanne was free to masturbate as well, though through her clothes.

But then Susan unexpectedly opened her eyes and looked directly at Suzanne.

Suzanne was caught with a hand inside her loose T-shirt, but she quickly acted as if she was just scratching an itch next to her left nipple.

Susan said more seriously, "Suzanne, do you think maybe we're corrupting our children? I completely agree with what you said about the supreme importance of stroking and sucking him every day, but there are side effects. I mean, what happens to us old broads doesn't really matter if we focus so much of our time and energy on being his personal cocksuckers. After all, his medical needs are immense, and we have no choice but to help. Right?"

"Of course." Suzanne had kept scratching her boob to make it clear that she was scratching, but now she finally withdrew her hand from inside her shirt.

Susan went on, "But having the girls help him out might be warping their normal sex lives, as well as interfering with their homework. Shouldn't the kids be dating like normal people their age? All three could graduate from high school without dating at all anymore, the way things are going."

Suzanne said reassuringly, "I think they're just going through a phase. At first I was upset last night at seeing Amy getting physical with my Sweetie, but the more I've thought about it, the more I realize it's a good thing for her. She has to discover sex sooner or later, and who safer and better to teach her than him?"

She added, "Unlike most other guys, we know he'll go slow and be gentle and understanding. He certainly won't rape her like Jack Johnson almost did."

Susan asked, "That's true, but are you mad at her? I remember you specifically forbade her from sucking on his cock."

"I was upset about that, but I decided to let it go. I guess trying to stop her from becoming one of his cocksucking helpers was like trying to stop the tide. I can't really blame her for disobeying, after all the things she's seen in this house. And as for dating, I'm thinking: what if he dates Amy publicly and officially? If you think about it, it could be a pretty good match."

"Hmmm." Susan pondered the idea. "You know, you're right. They're clearly attracted to each other, and there would be nothing 'funny' about it. But what about Tiger and Angel? They have totally unnatural, deep feelings for each other! What am I going to do about that? If Tiger goes out with Amy, that might create big jealousy problems with Angel. I think she wants him in a very unsisterly way! He feels the same way too, I think."

Suzanne interjected, "You think? What gives you that impression?" She sounded serious, but she rolled her eyes at the realization that this was only now dawning on Susan.

Susan didn't notice the sarcasm, and continued, "It's true! Just think for instance how he was rubbing his hands all over Angel at the fashion show. I really shouldn't have allowed that. I mean, I have no problem with her stroking and sucking his cock; she's just helping him with his problem. But if he starts to touch her pussy, who knows where that could lead? And did you see that bunny routine she did? Was that just an act? It's like she actually wants her brother to have real intercourse with her!"

Suzanne was incredulous that Susan would have any doubts about her children wanting to fuck each other, but she kept a straight face.

Susan continued, "But when I try to keep the two of them apart in some situation like that, Angel just thinks it's because I want to monopolize him for myself. And sometimes she has a point. I can get a little... well, carried away. So I have trouble being strict, 'cos I don't like being a hypocrite."

Suzanne didn't have any quick answer to that, so she let Susan keep talking.

Despite the problems being discussed, Susan felt increasingly horny. She cupped her bare boobs with both hands and even tweaked her nipples a little bit, hoping Suzanne wouldn't see. "And it gets even worse! I suppose I should tell you what else happened this morning, even though it's really embarrassing for me. Tiger couldn't get a hard-on at breakfast today. For the second time, that is! Hee-hee. Lordy. The first time was great since I got to swallow his load."

Suzanne said, "Tell me all the juicy details. Was that before or after he dry humped you? Relive it for me. Make me feel like I can taste his cock on my tongue."

"That's not important now. ... Maybe later." Susan broke her serious mood to smile briefly as she added with conviction, "Definitely later." She knew that she and Suzanne would relive every moment in great detail before the school day was over, and she momentarily lost her concentration as she stared off into space thinking about doing just that.

Seeing Susan cupping her big tits, Suzanne asked, "By the way, how's exercising topless working out for you? Are you feeling extra tingly?"

"Yes," she admitted, taking her hands off her breasts thanks to that reminder. "But don't let me lose my focus. I want to discuss this problem, about how he couldn't get hard."

"I thought you said he did? Didn't he gloriously empty his nuts down your throat?"

She smiled blissfully. "He sure did. And it WAS glorious! You can say that again! But it was just the one time." Her face morphed into sadness. "We've talked before about how crucial it is for him to climax twice before school, so he can spread his orgasms throughout the day and give his penis time to recover in between. So I tried everything, even though Angel was sitting there only a few feet away! I'm so shameless. I wore that nightie you just bought me, the long see-through one--"

Suzanne interrupted, "How did that go over?"

"Oh, it was wonderful! It was like his big hard cock grew an extra inch. But that was the first time. After he climaxed, nothing seemed to work to get him stiff again. I bent and twisted my body every which way. I remembered all the moves you taught me. I stroked and stroked, and sucked and sucked. But nothing."

Chapter 533 Now, You Two, Don't Forget To Tend To Your Mother!

Susan paused. Should I go ahead and tell her about everything I did with my daughter? It's so shameful and sinful. But Suzanne is my best friend. We don't keep a single secret from each other. I have to tell her. She can help me with her usual good advice. I really need to know what to do.

She closed her eyes in embarrassment of what she was about to say. "Finally, my cutie Tiger suggested that if I kissed Angel on the lips, that would make him hard. He was quite insistent about it. So I reluctantly did so, and it worked. Especially since we were both naked by then, and well, our bodies kind of rubbed together all over. But at what price? I was shocked - Angel really got into it! She was running her tongue all inside my mouth even as she ran her hands all over my naked body. What kind of respectable mother lets her daughter do that? And I figured it was okay for me to kiss back since I don't have any desire to kiss women, and it was for a good cause, to get Tiger's cock hard... but I'm afraid she may be bisexual. I never considered she might be before, but lately I don't know..."

Suzanne was very pleasantly surprised at this new revelation. In fact, she could hardly contain her excitement as the implications sank in. Score a home run for the Suzanne plan! Susan's falling into my hands through her daughter, and the brilliant thing is I didn't even set this one up. My plan has its own momentum now. I'm going to have to thank Angel in a big, up close and personal way for this later. Susan is well on her way to becoming an all-out bisexual. I can tell. She's a natural nymphomaniac, just like me.

Good God, she's a passionate woman! What if she licks my pussy with even half the enthusiasm she always uses on Sweetie's cock? Just the thought of it has me ready to cream!

But even as Suzanne was trembling with excitement on the inside, she kept a level facade on the outside. She advised Susan, "Don't be so hard on yourself. It's true that things have gotten very sexual in your house, but that's only to be expected when you have such a virile, handsome, and sexually needy

young man living with you. A powerful cock like his demands top service, and what can a busty, beautiful woman like you do but kneel and serve and suck?"

Susan had been developing her own lingo of sexual phrases and words. Suzanne had been paying close attention to such word choices, and now was repeating Susan's favorite phrases back to her, reinforcing her beliefs in the process.

"That's true," Susan said, as if Suzanne had stated some indisputable truth.

Suzanne couldn't help but grin a bit when her propaganda efforts worked so well. She asked, "By the way, did you put your cocksucking skills to use after the kiss? I hope so, after all that effort."

"Hmmm. Oh yes. I did. Mmmm." She closed her eyes and was transported in her mind back to the experience. "Now that I think about it, I even stroked him DURING the kiss! Can you believe that?" She added in a whispery voice, "God, it was good! But I'm so bad. Awful! Such an incorrigible sinner. I feel terrible. I almost was too ashamed to tell you about it. What should I do?"

"So you stroked him for a few seconds. Big deal."

"A few seconds?! Suzanne, the kiss went on for minutes! All the while I was jacking him off. And there was more than one kiss. I should have stopped, but my nipples were so erect and tingly, and feeling my boobs pressing against... Oh, I'm such a terrible sinner!"

Suzanne thought, Shoot! I miss out on so much morning fun. I swear, I should install concealed video cameras so I could at least watch. But no; I'm deceiving my very best friend too much already. Still, that sounds too hot to be believed: Mrs. Naïve and Innocent jacking off her son while French kissing her daughter with them both naked, breasts to breasts?! Wow! Have mercy!

But Suzanne kept those thoughts to herself. She advised, "Remember what I told you to say earlier: 'medical benefit.' This is for Sweetie's medical benefit. You yourself said the kiss was essential for him to get hard... and it worked. Think how painfully he would have suffered during school if you hadn't thoroughly drained his cock first. Just imagine the poor boy walking the halls of the school all day with that stiff erection of his and those painful blue balls - is that what you want to see happen?"

"Of course not. But still, even though the kiss was for a good cause, it was practically a lesbian act. And kind of incestuous too!"

Suzanne chided, "I don't think you're focusing on the importance of pleasuring his demanding cock nearly enough, if you're still having these doubts. Look. He has to cum six times a day! Six times! Every single day! Do you think a plain ol' vanilla blowjob or handjob or even titfuck will work every single time?"

"Well, no, but-"

Suzanne cut her off. "I want you to stick your fingers in your mouth and suck on them as if it was his hot, meaty shaft filling your mouth. That'll put you in the right state of mind to think about this issue."

So Susan obediently stuck three fingers in her mouth and sucked. The task came easily to her, as she had her fingers in her mouth a lot lately, while constantly fantasizing about sucking off her son. She did this a lot in her lonely moments, but she'd never done it in front of another person.

All the practice on her fingers was greatly increasing her sucking endurance. It seemed lately that she was either sucking Alan off, masturbating while thinking about sucking him off, talking with Suzanne about sucking him off, or working on her sucking endurance with her fingers or various phallic objects. That seemed to take up a majority of her day.

Suzanne wasn't sure how well Susan was listening at the moment, but she continued over the sound of slurping, "How many families have a son with a problem like his? Very few, because he's a very special son. But if they did, they'd be facing the same issues. I don't think we realized all the implications of his treatment when this started. But now that I understand the situation a little better, I have to say I'm impressed with the resolve you've shown."

Susan wasn't exactly showing a lot of resolve at the moment - she'd taken to sucking her fingers like a fish to water, and was barely able to comprehend Suzanne's words as she thrust the fingers into her mouth as if Alan was straddled over her and vigorously fucking her face.

Further, her other hand was busy twisting and tweaking one of her nipples again. It embarrassed her that Suzanne could see her doing that, but she was just too horny to stop herself.

But still Suzanne pressed on. "I think a lot of mothers, maybe most mothers, would have completely given in and begun fucking their sons immediately. But your 'bend but don't break' strategy appears to be working. I have a friend who's Armenian, and she says that when she was growing up all the women like her did everything and anything except straight sex with guys, including blowjobs and anal sex, so they could preserve their virginity for marriage. It's a system that works, 'cos it's part of their culture and those guys respect that. The further they allow guys to go, the easier it is for the man and woman to keep their virginity, because both sides are getting pleasure without that one forbidden act."

A muffled "Mmmm!" was Susan's only reply.

Suzanne concluded, "So I think it's the same with you and your cutie Tiger. As long as you don't actually have straight intercourse with him, the rest is okay, and in fact it's great in helping his problem. Remember that: the further you go with him, the less you'll need to have real, full vaginal intercourse to be satisfied."

Susan apparently had been listening enough to understand, and took her fingers out of her mouth to speak. "Thanks," she said. "Your words always make me feel better. You mentioned anal sex. You're saying I should actually let him fuck me in the ass?!"

Suzanne opened her eyes wide, as if her own suggestion was startling even to herself. "Yes! Shocking, I know. The more you let him have his way with your body, the less he'll need to fuck your pussy. Paradoxical, isn't it? Those are the kinds of sacrifices responsible and caring big-titted mothers make, just like the women in those countries."

Suzanne didn't fully realize it, but she was opening up the floodgates. Susan had never even allowed herself to fantasize about anal sex, because she considered it that much beyond the pale. In recent days, she'd been thinking about it more and more, in part because of what she'd read in her books, but it was still a very forbidden and even strange fantasy idea for her. But with Suzanne's stamp of approval, it suddenly became a very real and tremendously scary yet thrilling possibility.

Susan put her fingers back in her mouth and nodded as she thought, Oh yes! He NEEDS to have his way with my body. It's only right! But anal sex? I don't know. That's too extreme. To have him put that big, thick thing up my ass? That seems so very improper. I mean, one has to have limits. Imagine if he could just grab me at any moment and throw me down on the table. He'd bend me over and shove his big jackhammer monster up my teeny tiny asshole. I don't know... That could really hurt. And then he'd start thrusting! Drilling into my poor ass, deeper and deeper! I'd be writhing around, naked and helpless, my big boobs mashed into the table, his complete shameless slut. His butt slut! And even though that's an extremely HOT idea, it's so wrong! Terribly, terribly wrong!

Is there anything more low and depraved than a good Christian mother becoming a willing, wanton butt slut for her own son? Eagerly begging for him to stuff his fat cock down the wrong hole? I don't think so!

But Suzanne says I have to do it. I HAVE to! I have to give him my tits and my ass. I must give myself over to him completely! Well, except for that one forbidden thing which we won't even consider. I'm just a sex cow. It's not my place to think or say no. My place is just to get FUCKED! Yes! Fuck me, Tiger! Even fuck me, yes, THERE! In the ASS!

Suzanne watched with amusement as Susan pumped her fingers in and out of her mouth with greater and greater speed. The idea of being allowed to get fucked in the ass was so exciting that Susan lost all sense of propriety and completely forgot about her best friend until she reached climax yet again.

Susan cried out, "Oh!" and in seconds realized that she wasn't alone but that she was still with Suzanne, and that she had three saliva-covered fingers deep in her mouth. She shamefully pulled them out and hid them behind her back (as if that somehow hid what she'd just done!), but her mind was still fogged with the excitement of new possibilities.

She tried to push her many naughty thoughts from her mind, even as she struggled not to slip her hands underneath her spandex shorts. She desperately needed to touch her clit. Somehow, she managed to make an attempt to resume the conversation. "Uh. Where were we? What was that you said? Something about, uh, bend over but don't break?"

Suzanne grinned at Susan's slip of the tongue. But she acted as if nothing had happened and pretended that she'd been looking away the whole time. She turned her head towards Susan and asked, "What was that?"

"You were saying 'bend over but don't break', or something like that?"

Suzanne loved that phrase, so ran with it. "Yes. Bend over but don't break. Pretend like your son owns your ass, your big tits, and in fact every part of your body but the insides of your pussy. You may have to take it up your butt on a daily basis to save your pussy while keeping Tiger's medical treatment going. Basically, take one for the team."

Susan didn't have to stretch much to imagine her son owning her body, as that was already one of her most popular fantasies. She confessed, "I could do that. Yes, I think I could. If it's for the good of the, uh, team, that is. I mean, not like I would want to, just because... well, without any good reason. Or because it feels so good." She blushed.

Before she could think too much about how unintentionally honest that comment had been, she quickly added, "But what about Katherine, my sweet Angel? I worry about her."bender

Susan let herself believe that Suzanne had failed to notice her climax yet again.

Suzanne turned back and said calmly, "Same deal. As long as she and Sweetie don't have actual intercourse, then the rest is okay. Can't you see how their physical intimacy brings them closer together? Can you even remember the last time they were sniping at each other? I can't. They're so close and loving now. You can see how her eyes light up whenever she sees him?"

"Yeah, but... The image of the two of them together, it just seems so..."

"And it's not like she's missing out on some great guy. All her dates before were with bozos anyway. She's not going to meet a serious guy until college. Sweetie will be moving on to college in less than a year, so both of them will be dating others soon enough, no matter what happens in the short term."

"But, uh, what if he wants to, uh, take her ass, too?"

"Well, the more involved she is with helping his medical treatment, the less likely she'll be to want to date some local bozo. You want to save her for the higher-quality college material. Besides, it's NOT incest. You know that incest requires vaginal intercourse. So, if and when she's willing to help that way, and you're okay with it, then why not?"

"That sounds reasonable, I guess..." Susan imagined Katherine naked and bent over the dinner table with Alan behind her, feeding inch after inch of his long, thick erection into her butt hole. In the vision, Katherine screamed out in both agony and ecstasy as Susan herself stood in the kitchen wearing just her apron, looking on like a proud mother.

That image drove her crazy with desire. She further imagined kneeling on the kitchen floor in front of both of them, sticking her ass up in the air, spreading her ass cheeks, and saying, "Now, you two, don't forget to tend to your mother!" Her eyes glazed over; she was far away in fantasy land.

Suzanne snapped her fingers, bringing Susan back to Earth.

Chapter 534 Susan X Suzanne !!

Susan tried to review everything they'd been discussing. "This whole anal sex idea... bend over and don't break... Well, I'll need to think about that, and sleep on it. But what about Angel and me and the kissing? Is that really okay? Or are you just trying to make me feel better since it already happened?"

Suzanne wanted Susan bad. She'd been holding back on making any moves on her best friend, but she couldn't hold back anymore. Her mind schemed how she could at least get some action with Susan without scaring her away and ruining weeks of progress. So she came up with a plan: she would answer with questions. "When she kissed you, did you enjoy it? For instance, did you put your tongue in her mouth?"

Susan was silent for a while. She thought back to the kiss, unconsciously roaming her hands over her topless figure in imitation of what Katherine had done to her just an hour or two earlier. Finally, she bowed her head and admitted, "Yes. Yes I did. Am I totally awful or what?"

Suzanne was very pleased at the revelation that Susan enjoyed French kissing her daughter. She said, "Don't be shocked, but I think that's perfectly okay. I've kissed many women on the lips, and I've found it lots of fun. It's not a lesbian thing; it's just a friendliness thing. Of course normally you don't want to do it with your own daughter, but you have to remember you're in a special situation, doing it for your son's medical treatment and visual stimulation and all. I think that if he's flaccid again and asks you to kiss Katherine to help him get hard, you should agree."

Susan lifted her head with hope. "Really?"

"Really. Guys really get turned on when they see women kissing each other. You should use that fact to help him out. The fact that she's your daughter is irrelevant, since that doesn't come close to counting as

incest. In fact, that's an advantage, since it'll get him even more aroused. You're both dedicated to serving and servicing his cock, and this is just one more way to do that."

"I was thinking that too, but hearing you say it makes me feel much better. You're such a great help. But you don't think it'll warp Angel's sexual development?"

"Hell no! Women kiss each other on the lips all the time when they're really good friends or family. I would kiss you on the lips every day just as a greeting, except that you've been so conservative. Think about some of our friends, like Juliana or Brenda. They kiss me and each other on the lips sometimes to say hello or goodbye. Everyone just avoids kissing you like that because it's obvious that would make you uncomfortable. But it's extremely common among women; it's just being friendly."

Suzanne had picked two women that Susan knew who were particularly busty and beautiful. Somehow, she knew those attributes would help.

Susan asked, "Really? I kind of thought so, but I wasn't sure. Do Juliana and Brenda even have prolonged kisses and roll their tongues around inside each other's mouths when you kiss them?"

"Sure. Why wouldn't they? That's how women usually do it."

"If that's so, then why didn't you kiss Brenda like that when she came over to play cards the other day?"

"Friends like Brenda avoid doing those longer kisses when you're around, 'cos they know how frigid, um, I mean, uh, conservative you are. Or have been, anyway."

Susan was getting increasingly horny again, which led her to say, "But Brenda has such big boobs!" even though that had nothing to do with kissing. She imagined feeling up Brenda's boobs as she gave her a welcoming kiss on the lips with a lot of tongue action. She rubbed her own bare boobs more overtly, just as if she was feeling up Brenda.

"Yes she does," Suzanne replied, a bit confused that there was any connection. "But the point is, just because women, even big-boobed women, kiss like that, that doesn't mean they're lesbian. It just means social norms are different for women, depending on their upbringing. Just like if you go to a Muslim country like Turkey, you'll see guys hugging each other and holding each other's hands as they

walk down the street. That doesn't mean they're gay; they just have different ways of expressing friendliness."bender

While Suzanne was being factual about Turkish guys holding hands from having been there on vacation and seeing it, she was making up the part about their friends doing any more than lightly kissing each other on the mouth. But she was ready to say just about anything in the hopes that it would get Susan to kiss her deeply, and soon.

Susan asked, "But am I really that frigid? I'm sorry about that. It's funny how someone like Brenda would be so shocked at what I'm doing with Tiger even while she thinks I'm frigid for not French kissing her."

"I'm the one who should be sorry for calling you frigid," Suzanne said apologetically (although in her mind that came out as "accidentally on purpose"). "You're far from frigid these days, obviously. You've been a real trooper helping out with your son's needs lately. But there still are consequences from your small-town upbringing, even after all these years. Like the fact that you don't even know how women kiss here in Southern California."

The idea of Susan being frigid seemed positively ridiculous, given the way she was fondling her bare chest at that moment, not to mention her wholehearted recent devotion to cocksucking. But Suzanne realized that there was still a part of Susan that was very moralistic and highly religious. Susan really did consider any lesbian activity as something beyond the pale and expressly forbidden by God. Suzanne knew that what she planned next was a very big, pivotal step. She took her hand away from her own crotch to take another swig from a bottle of water.

She said, "You know, you've made a lot of progress, and I think you'd agree that your life is much the better for it. But you could stand to loosen up a bit more. You still have a phobia about physical contact. Relax. Try kissing another woman. We're in the very open minded, very liberal California, even if this is suburban Orange County. Everybody does it; it's no big deal."

She paused, and then added significantly, "You know, it's just a matter of time before a situation arises just like what happened to you and Angel this morning, except that you and I will be the only ones there to help Tiger in his time of real need. In fact, I'll bet it'll be only a matter of days before he has us French kissing each other. So we should get used to it so we can wow him when the time comes."

Susan clutched at her chest, as she often did in nervous situations. "My goodness! Knowing him, he might even insist on seeing that when he comes home from school today!"

"You're probably right. We should be ready to handle it."

Susan was thoughtful now, and nervous. Her heart was pounding wildly because she knew what was coming next. She said, "Thanks for your patience. I know I've been tough on you, like when I've gone to the beach all covered up and with an umbrella to boot. But I'm trying to change; really I am. Let me... Let us... try kissing. On the lips. If that's what the others do, I want to be one of the gang too."

Susan was already sitting close to Suzanne, but she brought her face even closer. They stared right into each other's eyes. Susan's nervousness doubled. Even the normally cool Suzanne found her heart pounding with nervous anticipation.

Suzanne was also understandably delighted. We're going to really kiss? Damn, why didn't I try this line of argument years ago? I've desired her for YEARS.

Actually, upon reflection, had it not been for these weeks of her sexual awakening with Sweetie, she would never have agreed to this. She's mostly straight, so he's gotta take the lead and I still have to bring her along bit by bit. Gotta keep my cool and not go too far. I don't want another reversion to Prudesville.

On the outside, the wily redhead remained calm. "Okay, that would be great. Like I said, it's just a sign of affection, especially when women greet. Just stand up and I'll kiss you, like you did with Angel earlier."

Suzanne kissed Susan once on one cheek. Then she kissed her on the other one. "See? It's easy. I rarely see you doing even this much with another woman. Give it a try."

Susan kissed Suzanne's cheeks, several times. That went well, after which she felt less nervous. However, she looked down at her chest and said, "Um, maybe I should put my top back on?"

"Are you kidding me? If we're in a sexy situation with your son where he's making us kiss each other to give him visual stimulation, what are the odds you'll be wearing much - or anything - in the way of clothes?"

Susan giggled nervously. "Good point."

But then they paused for a painfully long time. Each again stared into the other's eyes with trepidation. Suzanne was well aware that what would happen next was a big step that would permanently change their relationship. Even Susan in her erotic fog had a sense that this might be the case.

"I don't know..." Susan said doubtfully. "Is this really ... proper?" Her mouth was no more than two inches from Suzanne's and getting closer.

Suzanne answered encouragingly, "Sure it is. There's nothing to it." Their mouths continued to draw nearer ever so slowly, but the movement was unstoppable, like two magnets being pulled together. Their kisses so far hadn't been much, but in getting in position for a full kiss on the lips, Suzanne embraced Susan front to front, and that drove their remarkable racks together.

Susan felt her breasts pressing against Suzanne's, which made her suddenly pull away. She blushed deeper and said, "I feel awkward... I mean, I'm not even wearing a top, but you are..."

"Oh, you're right!" Suzanne said with apparent dismay, and then whipped off her own top. "There - that's better. Now we're even."

That wasn't what Susan had been thinking, but it just served to arouse her even more. She leaned forward and let her breasts mash against Suzanne's once again, this time with no clothing between them.

Still wanting to delay the big kiss, Susan asked, "Um, when you're kissing a buxom woman like Brenda or Juliana, I mean..." She looked down at all their tit-flesh pressing together.

Suzanne joked, "How do we kiss with so much boob in the way?"

Susan laughed nervously again. "Yes. I mean, what's the protocol there?"

"Susan, stop being so prudish. Delight in your ample endowment. Remember who will be watching, and imagine how hot and stiff his cock will be in your hands and mouth after he sees our big tits pressing together. Here, try rubbing yours around in circles against mine, and make it look sexy. Instead of worrying 'Is this proper?' you should be worrying 'What will this do to my son's powerful cock?'"

Both of them began gyrating against each other.

Susan's breasts were so sensitive that all the rubbing practically felt as great to her as a titfuck, and that was very great indeed. Suddenly her arousal level soared off the charts, which gave her the courage to go through with the kiss.

Their lips finally met. Suzanne initiated the kiss, kissing Susan on the lips while both of them kept their mouths closed.

That much contact seemed to overwhelm Susan a bit, causing her to pull back.

Again, for a minute, they both just stared into the other's eyes, as if in disbelief of what they were doing.

Susan was passive, letting Suzanne do what she wanted but making no active movements herself. She acted like someone in a complete daze. Deep down, she'd always been secretly somewhat in lust with Suzanne, if only because Suzanne was so gorgeous that no one of either sex could resist her sexual appeal. So this kiss was even more momentous and exciting for her than the kisses with her daughter had been earlier that morning.

Eventually, Suzanne couldn't take the tension anymore. She planted her mouth decisively over Susan's and held on. With her hands on the back of Susan's head, she held her friend's head in place and kissed her firmly on the lips. She should have been more gradual but she just couldn't wait any longer, so she impatiently stuck her tongue into Susan's mouth and began exploring.

Their French kiss gradually heated up. Slowly but surely Susan responded in kind, after which Suzanne dropped her hands to her friend's shoulders. Their kiss went on for about a minute. Suzanne made sure to keep subtly rubbing her tits against Susan's, positioned herself for direct nipple-to-nipple contact. She knew that direct breast stimulation did wonders for Susan, and that the more aroused Susan was, the quicker her reservations would fade.

When the kiss finally ended, Suzanne pulled her head back a bit but kept her rack mashed against Susan's. "There. That wasn't so bad, was it?"

Susan was even more stunned than before. She was amazed by just how much she'd liked kissing her best friend so intimately.

Seeing a positive response, Suzanne suggested, "That's a good start. But to be ready for our man, we need to practice some more." She initiated another kiss.

This kiss made Susan's earlier one with Katherine feel like child's play, because on some deep level Susan had been desirous of her best friend's incredible body for ages, and of course Suzanne had been longing for Susan. Now both of their long-held, long-forbidden desires were being realized through the kiss. It was much more than electric. Both of them had to stop and catch their breath.

Finally after recovering a bit (but remaining in a tight embrace), Susan asked, "Women really greet each other like that? Isn't that kind of... sexual?" That was a gross understatement, but she was still in a heavy sexual fog. She had been so constantly aroused lately that she had a hard time sorting out the causes.

Suzanne chose to answer only her first question. "Sure. All the time. You know, maybe there is a little bit of passion in it, but the fact is we live in a society where the men make the rules. And a man, especially a powerful man with a powerful cock like your son, prefers a little bit of a sexual charge between his women. So this is considered very acceptable even while men in our society are too chicken to hold each other's hands. Imagine two guys French kissing each other just to say hello! Totally absurd. But that's how our American society is. Double standards."

"Yeah. I guess. Funny how that works." Susan was still reeling. The lightness of their conversation didn't match the heartfelt intensity of the kisses, or even the exciting way their bodies were still touching.

But Suzanne knew exactly how to press Susan's buttons. Playing on her friend's naturally submissive nature, she added, "Yeah, it's funny. But if a dominant man like Alan wants to see his big-titted women kiss and rub their chests together, what can we do but obey and play it up to get his dick extra stiff and hard? Don't you agree?"

"Oh YES!" Suddenly, Susan was so hot to trot that she didn't know whether she was coming or going. She imagined Alan was watching them, so she wanted to give him the best show imaginable.

It didn't help her concentration that Suzanne's face was still inches from hers own and their boobs were still pressed into each other.

"In fact, given how much he loves big tits, we should probably spend some time just practicing rubbing our racks together so we can get really good at it." Suzanne surreptitiously rubbed her own boobs in slow circles against Susan's, as if she was constantly adjusting her posture, trying to find the best grip for her hug. She purred, "Imagine he's watching us right now, staring at our heaving racks..."

"Yes! His eyes are on me... on us..." Susan's rock-hard nipples frequently brushed against Suzanne's. Because Susan's nipples were so very sensitive, she could hardly cope with the deliciously delightful feeling this caused. She loved it and all their soft flesh-on-flesh contact, possibly even more than she did the kiss.

Suzanne suggested, "Next time we meet, let's greet with a kiss like other California women do. It'll feel more normal the more we do it."

"Yeah!" Susan agreed. "And when my Tiger sees that, he'll get so hard that he'll shoot big loads down BOTH our throats!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Yep. Why don't we practice it again?"

But Susan was worried about her raging desire, feeling that she might spin out of control. "Maybe later. I'm still recovering from that one."

Suzanne decided not to push it. After all, they had all day together, since she wasn't planning on going anywhere until the kids got home. "Okay, but next time one of us comes into the room, we'll practice our greeting kisses. Just like Brenda and I really do it. Okay?"

"Okay." Susan was so sexually overheated that she was just relieved to have Suzanne's body pull away from her own momentarily. It was like stepping away from an open furnace.

Alan knew that Heather was going to be trouble pretty much from the minute he arrived at school. As he was walking alone across a field to get to his locker and then his first-period class, she swung into step alongside him and asked point blank, "So, where's my reward? Am I going to get my reward today?"

He knew exactly what she meant: she felt like he needed to fuck her right away as a reward for her passing her STD test and giving him the results so quickly. But he played dumb, asking, "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. My reward. My fucking reward. Literally!" She stopped, forcing him to stop too. "Look around. There's no one within 50 yards of us, so I'm going to talk frankly. You gave me three demands. I fulfilled them all, right away. I even went to great lengths to secure a private room right here at school. So are we gonna use it today, or what?"

"Lunch? I'm busy." While he thought about adding to his response, he gave her a good looking over. She was wearing a black miniskirt and a short, tight top that showed off her belly button and lots of cleavage. It was just shy of being scandalous, and not for the first time he wondered how she got away with wearing such outfits at school.

He said, "I've gotta speak to Ms. Rhymer about a few things, and I've got to do more of that special painting task."

"Pussy painting."

He slapped his forehead. "Could you be a little more discreet? Sheesh. You never know who could be listening in a place like this." He resumed walking. "Anyway, lunch is out. I'm busy after school too. Maybe tomorrow."

She hurried to catch up to him. "'Maybe tomorrow?' What kind of fucking ingrate are you? I did all that for you, and I even paid extra to get the test results back immediately, and you blow me off like that? Who do you think I am? And even more to the point, who the fuck do you think you are?"

"Sorry." He again was distracted by her sexy clothes. Is she wearing a bra? Hard to tell. But dang, her boobs sure are bouncing around freely when she walks! He attempted to focus and follow Suzanne's

advice about playing hard to get with Heather. "Look. It's cool, the things you did. And getting the room. Cool. But the whole world doesn't stop rotating on its axis just so you can get what you want right away. Things take time. Lots of other things are going on. I said tomorrow, maybe."

"MAYBE?!"

He shrugged. He wondered if he was overdoing it by acting so indifferent. The prospect of fucking her sounded really, really good, and he had to admit that she did deserve some kind of reward.

Heather stopped and huffed, letting him walk ahead. Fucking... fucker! I hate him! Who does he think he is, treating ME like that? I oughta crush him like a grape, just to remind him who he's dealing with. I'm so fucking MAD!

She stomped her foot in the grass several times, venting her frustration. But then she told herself, No. Don't get mad; get even. Which in this case means I'm gonna get royally fucked! Where there's a will, there's a way. That's what I always say.

She put on her thinking cap and started to scheme on how to get what she wanted, today - none of this "tomorrow" crap.

When Alan sat down in his first-period class, in his regular seat at the front of the room, Christine was standing by the desk next to his, as usual. There were still a few minutes before the bell rang.

His first thought upon seeing her was, The fates or the gods must really like me. Dang! Today must be my lucky day, again! It's a Wonder Woman T-shirt day!

Sure enough, Christine was wearing her Wonder Woman T-shirt. Alan liked it because it was the most revealing thing she wore at school. She had worn and washed it so frequently that he could see the outline of her bra when the lighting was just right. It also fit her really snugly, unlike most of her clothing which was far more concealing, allowing him to appreciate the size and shape of her fantastic breasts.

What he didn't realize was that she had long noticed his extra interest whenever she wore that particular T-shirt. After their beach trip the day before and their most recent practice date, her desire to

capture his interest had escalated markedly. Thus her wearing that shirt the next day was hardly a coincidence.

He didn't comment about the shirt, since he didn't want to deter her from wearing it often. Instead, they just made small talk as they waited for the other students to file in.

Naturally, their beach trip of the day before was on both their minds. Alan started things off by saying, "Hey, I just wanted to say I had a really nice time with you at the beach yesterday."

"Me too," she replied happily. "Since then, I've been thinking about what you said: about how I'm too driven."

"Hold on. I never said that. I think it's great that you're so driven. You seriously inspire me to try harder myself. I was just making the point that it's good to sometimes take the time to 'waste time' as well. Happiness is a good thing in and of itself, and it prevents you from burning out."

She nodded. "I agree completely. I need to spend more time on my social life. Luckily, I have you to help me out."

He made a playful little bow in his seat. "At your service, my lady."

She smiled widely at that. "So... when are we going to go to the beach again?"

"Again?" That surprised him.

"Sure. After all, I did kind of promise you I'd wear a bikini, and I chickened out on that. So I'm definitely going to have to wear one next time. I guess I'll have to go out and buy a new one, to be fashionable. Or maybe something more exotic. Any suggestions?"

He was temporarily speechless as he pictured Christine in a sexy, revealing bikini. Then her "something more exotic" comment registered fully and his imagination went into overdrive. He thought back to Susan's slingshot-styled bathing suit when she'd role-played being Christine a day earlier, and then he

pictured the real Christine in that same suit. Since it was his fantasy, he inflated her breasts to an even larger, Brenda-esque size. He stared into space with wide eyes.

Christine was so delighted by his wowed expression that she had to suppress the urge to chuckle out loud. She teased, "Someone seems to like the bikini idea!"

"Too much!" he exclaimed quietly.

That was actually more accurate than she realized. He had resolved to keep their relationship platonic, and seeing her at the beach in a bikini would be a severe test of his willpower, especially after the way they'd gotten so touchy-feely applying suntan lotion on each other their prior time at the beach. He made a snap decision to avoid another beach trip with her, at least for the time being, so as to not put himself in such a risky situation.

Sensing that their limited time before the bell was running out, she abruptly switched topics so she could discuss something that was nagging at her. "So. I saw you talking to Heather in the hall recently. And then today, just a few minutes ago, I saw you talking to her again. Are you becoming friends with her or something?"

He scoffed, "Hardly."

He sighed inwardly. Jesus H. Christ. Christine is like a bloodhound. She sniffs out everything. What am I gonna tell her?

Christine asked, "She seemed kind of upset about something. What was that all about?"

He thought quickly. "Yeah. I know this isn't exactly going to shock you, but she can be a real bitch sometimes. All of a sudden she wants my help to do a bunch of volunteer stuff for the cheerleading squad. She acts like it's my responsibility just because my sister's on the squad. She's just looking for suckers. I told her 'No', and she's not too happy about that."

That satisfied Christine, since it fit in so well with her understanding of Heather's personality. She even smiled to hear that he was standing up to Heather. Then the bell rang, cutting off any further questions she might have had, giving her only time to say, "Good luck dealing with her."

Alan thought he might be out of the woods with Heather, at least for a while. But as soon as he reached his second-period classroom, Heather was there to intercept him, before he could even get through the door.

Christine happened to be with him, since they walked to most of their classes together. Alan just sighed and gave her a look, as if to say, "Heather won't stop or leave me alone."

Christine gave him a sympathetic nod of understanding and walked on into the classroom. Yet she lingered by the door so she could still hear him when he asked Heather in an exasperated tone, "What now?"

Heather was no fool; she certainly didn't want Christine snooping around and eavesdropping on her business. Once Christine was out of hearing range and out of sight, Heather said quietly, "Come with me."

Alan stood his ground. "I'm not just coming with you. Tell me what this is about first."

"Come with me," she insisted. "Trust me."

Sighing, he started to follow her through the hallway crowd. He muttered to himself, "Trust me." Yeah, right. I'd trust her as far as I can throw her. She's up to something, for sure. I'll bet it has to do with her so-called "reward." Which I never promised, even if she seems to think I somehow did.

It soon became clear to him that they were heading to the theater room. It was out of the way, in a little-used part of the school, so there was no other reason to be headed in that direction.

Heather walked ahead with a purpose. Her very revealing miniskirt showed more leg than even the skirt of the cheerleader uniform. She was determined to get Alan to fuck her today, and her clothes were a part of that plan. She walked in front of him, swaying from side to side, knowing full well that his eyes would be glued to her undulating ass and smartly stepping legs.

She was right about that. He was annoyed at his response. He didn't want to get aroused, but his dick couldn't help but rise in response to the sight of Heather's fantastic, firm ass, and her tanned, muscular

legs strutting right in front of him. Despite himself, and as she'd planned, he couldn't stop thinking about how good it would feel to spread her fantastic tanned legs and drill her hard.

Alan didn't wear a watch, but he had a good sense of the time between classes from having lived with that five-minute inter-class interval for so many years. As they walked further from the main school building, he said, "We might as well stop here. I've got like a minute at best before I have to head back to class. So say your spiel and fast, since this is private enough for whatever it is you've got to say to me."

She just kept on walking. "Trust me. I'm not going to make you late. Trust me."

He groused, "Would you stop saying that? I know you're taking me to the theater room, but I don't have time to go in there."

But Heather still kept walking. They were almost to the theater room, and her first goal was simply to get him inside by any means necessary. Once he was alone in there with her, she was sure she'd get the vigorous fucking she so craved.

Chapter 536 She Tricked Me, Again! Motherfucking BITCH!

Alan was just as determined not to go into that room. Although it was hard to resist the chance to fuck her luscious, hard body, he didn't want her to conclude that she could manipulate him so easily. So when they reached the door to the theater room, he stopped and said, "Don't bother opening the door. I'm not going in. Not until you tell me what this is all about. Actually, there's no time. I need to turn around right now if I'm going to get to class on time." He started to turn back.

Heather put a hand on his shoulder to restrain him. "Wait! That's not an issue. I got you a pass." She pulled a scrap of paper out of a hidden pocket that her clothing had concealed and handed it to him.

He looked at it. Sure enough, it was a pass excusing him for the entire second period. He held it up and complained, "How did you get this?"

She gloated, "It's all about who you know and making a good impression. I can get as many of these as I like. Blanks."

He started to turn around again. "That's nice. But I've got a class to go to. I'm probably already gonna be late."

"Don't bother. I spoke to your teacher; that's why I was coming out of your classroom when you were heading in. Everything's arranged, and if you try to mess it up, you'll open up a can of worms for yourself."

Alan was steamed by that. He crumpled the pass in his hand and shook his fist. "Heather! You're such a fucking BITCH! I didn't want you to do that!"

"Why not? You're telling me that you'd rather sit in some boring class than have some of this?" She raised the hem of her miniskirt, exposing her pussy to his gaze.

He was astounded that she wasn't wearing any panties. Despite his anger, his dick was suddenly ramrod stiff. No matter how he felt about her personally, his sudden erection wasn't about to go down anytime soon after that little display. But he tried to ignore that part of his body. "Yes! Yes, I would. For one thing, I LIKE school. I like learning. I wanna be somebody someday, and that means I have to do well at school. Even if I could get a bunch of blank passes, like you have, I wouldn't use them."

bender

He continued, building a full head of steam. "Furthermore, I really resent YOU pushing me around! Who gave you the right to decide I wasn't going to that class today? You think you're so great, but you're just a... a pile of dog shit, as far as I'm concerned! That was a rotten move. You think I'm gonna give you your reward today? HA! I wouldn't fuck your skanky cunt today if you were the last girl on Earth, not after that stunt!"

She appeared contrite. "Look. I'm sorry. But I checked with your teacher, Mister What's-His-Name, and you're not doing anything important today anyway." She put a hand on the door handle. "But we don't want to make a scene out here. Come inside and we'll talk about it."

"Yeah, right! You'd like that, wouldn't you? You're like a spider trying to lead me into your web. There's no way in Hell you're gonna get me in there! And just look at you!"

He took a step closer, so he was in her personal space. "Good grief, look at your slutty clothes. How do you get away with dressing like this?" He ran a hand over her top and her miniskirt. He was trying not to touch her privates, but it was difficult because her clothes didn't cover much else.

"And look at this slutty body. You think you can get anyone to do what you want just because you're a stone fox. Well, I have news for you. You're not all that. You're not so great."

He ran his hand up to her rack and gave her left tit an aggressive squeeze. "Like these tits. Fake! All fake. Just like the rest of you!"

She protested, "Now, hold on. For one thing, my breasts are only slightly augmented."

Before she could say more, he shouted, "Shut up! Slut, I'm really pissed at you. Don't you get that?! How could anyone who looks this good on the outside be so mean and ugly on the inside?" He was just as horny as he was mad, so even as he talked his hand continued to wander all over her body.

In fact, he brought his other hand into play, using it to flip up her skirt, briefly exposing her pussy again before the skirt fell back into place. He ran his fingers up and down her wet labia. "And look at you. No panties. Are you even wearing a bra?"

She didn't answer, but just stood there stone-faced.

So he pulled her top up, all the way to her underarms, leaving her tits completely exposed. "A-ha! You're not! I should have known! You're such a fucking slut!"

She could sense that his lust was getting the better of him, even though he didn't seem to realize it himself just yet. His examination of her body was turning increasingly sexual, and she wanted to further that along. So she took the hand that had checked her labia and brought it back to her pussy. Her tight miniskirt remained hiked up a few inches above her clit, so she pulled his fingers to her slit.

She purred, "I am! I'm a slut; I admit it! Feel how wet I am for you."

He poked two fingers into her gash, probing around inside. Meanwhile, his other hand migrated from her boobs down to her ass. He kneaded her ass cheeks, causing her miniskirt to raise up in back as well.

She knew better than he did how his lust was ramping out of control, and she knew she'd have him if she could distract him from coming to his senses for just a little longer. She wrapped her arms around him, pulling him in close. But she was careful not to do anything too startling, such as grabbing his boner, which might make him realize fully where his "examination" was going.

He continued to complain loudly, "You're soaked! And you smell like raw sex. Don't you have any shame? Any self-respect? Look at you. I've got you half-naked out in public, in school, and you're not even blushing!"

She spoke in a sexy purr while running her hands all over his chest. "That's because you've got me so horny. How can I even think, when you're digging into my cunt like that? Alan, I was wrong! Thinking of you as a mere nerd. You're a stud!"

She took a step back, but she was careful not to disengage from the hands that were still fondling her ass and pussy. "I have no shame being half-naked. In fact, the problem is that I'm not completely naked!" She unzipped her miniskirt and let it fall to the ground. Then she did the same to her top.

"SLUT!" Alan roared. "Fucking slut bitch!" Wrapping an arm around her backside, he pulled her in close for a nuclear kiss. His other hand kept on aggressively pumping her cunt.

As their tongues dueled for the first time that day, he started to think about where things were headed. What am I doing?! She's hoodwinked me again. I'm seriously pissed, but somehow I'm overwhelmingly horny too. I just can't help myself. Good God, she's got such a fucking hot body!

Look what we're doing, standing out here in plain sight. It's like I can't stop fingering her tight cunt! This is exactly like what happened in the parking lot last time! Although I've gotta admit it's not nearly so dangerous, because nobody ever comes around here, especially during classes. Maybe some janitor might stumble by...

Wait. Classes... Oh my God! Classes?! I should be in class right now. She tricked me, again!
Motherfucking BITCH!

As if it wasn't obvious enough that things had spun out of control, he suddenly realized that she had a hand inside his shorts that was vigorously jacking him off.

He thought, Fuck me! I can't help myself! I should get her to stop, but it's like my body is on autopilot. I just can't stop squeezing this juicy ass or pumping her hot cunt! But I'm not gonna let her win. I'm not gonna go into that damn theater room, or fuck her, 'cos that's what she wants.

He knew his resolve on that was rather weak, since she clearly was already manipulating him successfully. Her erotic moaning not only showed how pleased she was; it also helped raise the fire of his lust until it was a raging inferno. He was already out of control, and he finally realized it.

He stood by helplessly as she pulled his shorts down his thighs to get better access to his cock and balls. Now that she knew she had him where she wanted him, she no longer kept an arm around his backside to hold him in place. Instead, her hands went straight for his cock. She pumped and teased with all ten digits to make sure he stayed too horny to resist her advances. She was almost certain that in just a matter of seconds she would be lying on a prop couch in the theater room getting royally fucked.

She thought, So fucking hot! Alan is a moron. He'd rather be in class than doing this? I love how he's pumping my cunt! I love it! Doing it out here in the open, it's almost as good as getting seriously fucked! Which is just about to happen, incidentally. HA! And he can't resist my ass, my perfect ass. Nobody can! Even a tit-fiend like him can't let go long enough to play with my tits!

I love it that he's got me buck naked. He doesn't care! He's nothing like limp-dicked Rock. Rock would never allow this, the chicken-shit loser! I'm with a REAL man now, so go suck your own balls, Rock!

Alan's heart was pounding unbelievably hard. He felt like he was Dr. Bruce Banner turning into the Incredible Hulk, but Alan was becoming super horny rather than super strong. He wasn't simply kissing Heather's lips; he was so passionate that she was forgetting to breathe. That left her gasping for oxygen, but his kissing felt so awesome that she couldn't stop to catch her breath. And he was no longer just fingering her pussy: her hips were gyrating around while she was bouncing up and down on her heels, basically fucking herself on his hand. By this time her cum was flowing down his wrist and dripping onto the floor.

After another minute or two, Heather knew that if they kept it up much longer, she'd cum hard. There was no problem with that except that she wanted him in the theater room. Cumming could complicate that, because she doubted she'd be able to remain standing afterwards, much less capable of dragging him along. So even though it was very difficult to pause, she managed to disengage. Then she reached for her discarded clothes to retrieve the theater room's key.

Alan was so far gone that he was seeing the world through a pulsing red haze. He felt virile enough to punch his fist through a wall or even lift a car, or so he thought. Needless to say, he wanted more - a lot more - but he found himself simply standing there. He asked, bewildered, "What are you doing?"

She said while wiggling her bare ass at him, "Just a sec. I've gotta open the door."

That reignited his anger. "Oh, no you don't! I am NOT going in that room!"

She just chuckled at that as she fumbled for the key.

That only infuriated him more. He suddenly grabbed her bare hips with both hands and yanked her backward to the ground, letting go of her as she fell.

She landed hard on her ass. "Owww! That hurt! Why'd you do that?" She sat up with a hurt, offended expression.

He made fists in the air. He found it hard to talk, he was panting so hard. "Listen! I'm... I'm not gonna... Not gonna fall for that. I told you, no fucking today! Won't... let you... win!"

"Oh, really?" She loved a good challenge. She hadn't really been hurt by the fall, so she flashed him a sultry look while spreading her legs wide. Then she pulled her pussy lips open with her fingers, causing yet more of her juices to gush forth. Her voice was husky and almost feral. "Want some of this?"

The pheromones in her copious lube were overwhelming. He raged, "You know I do, but I'm gonna fuck your face instead!" He held his erection straight out. "Open your mouth and say 'Aaaah.'"

They were in a standoff. She wanted to get fucked. If not in the theater room, she was willing to get pounded right where she sat. She didn't care about the exposed location because she felt she was invulnerable. Besides, she never got caught. Although the hard floor would be more than a little uncomfortable, her fuck need drove her on.

However, Alan just stood there above her, glowering and offering his hard-on expectantly. Clearly, he wasn't about to move. His unusually engorged cock, pulsing red with his anger and need, was calling to her like a siren song. She reminded herself that she hated blowjobs, but she found his defiant pose strangely irresistible.

Chapter 537 Face Fucking Heather.!

The moment dragged on. All was silent but for the sound of distant activity. Neither of them seemed willing to budge. Then, in a flash, Heather was up on her knees with his cock in her hand. She looked up and said with spitting resentment, "Fucking BASTARD!" Then she opened her jaw widely and engulfed his erection as deep as she could manage.

He didn't waste time, not even to briefly savor the moment. He had a need to fuck her face like he had a need to breathe, and he wasn't going to be delicate or considerate about it. He held the sides of her head and immediately started fucking her mouth just like it was a cunt.

Happily for him, she seemed to be as into it as he was. She didn't just sit there and let him use her; she did her best to suck tightly on his rod even though that was no easy task, due to how fast his shaft was sliding past her lips.

Thanks mostly to Suzanne's advice, Alan understood that when it came to Heather, the best defense was a good offense. But what he still didn't fully realize was how strongly she reacted on a sexual level to aggressiveness. Something snapped inside her when she saw him towering above her, presenting his cock and demanding that she suck it. She forgot all about luring him into the theater room to get fucked, instead devoting all her energy to sucking his cock as best she could.

As it happened, there wasn't much she could do other than hold on for dear life. The minutes passed, but his anger at her presumption didn't lessen, so his energy didn't fade either. He just kept on fucking her face like he was pounding quickly into a tight cunt.

He was so vigorous that she had to be careful not to choke or gag. In his lust-frenzy, he wasn't paying attention to how deeply he was penetrating her mouth. And with his hands tightly holding the sides of her head, she had little ability to control what he was doing. He repeatedly thrust so deeply that he triggered her gag reflex. She had no deep throating ability, let alone any meaningful previous experience with cocksucking, so she had to concentrate with all her might on breathing and not gagging.

But the more she struggled, the more she loved it. This was a man who just didn't give a fuck, who was using her like the "cum dump" he'd called her in their past encounters. That turned her on so much that even as she was barely coping with gagging and breathing, she wished she could swallow him down to the root because she loved his cock so very much.

Merely getting enough air was a problem for him too. He felt like he was running a race, even though in reality he was standing still. As a result, he wasn't able to say much. But his anger was such that every now and then he would shout out short phrases like "Take it!" or "Fuckin' bitch!", or mean things like "You cunt!" or "Slut trash!" But he wasn't doing those things because he knew she liked it; it was because his conscious control over his thoughts and his mouth had disappeared so completely that he was just spouting whatever happened to pop into his head.

Even so, Heather responded just as enthusiastically as she had previously. She found herself thinking, I am a cunt! His cunt! Two, actually, 'cos he's fucking my mouth-cunt! FUCK ME!

But, like Alan, she was so far gone that she was focused on the moment, unable to think much. And, like him, even though all the action seemed to be concentrated in one spot, she felt like her entire body was on fire. She wouldn't have been surprised to find that her skin was red as if from a bad sunburn, because that's how hot she felt all over. She tingled so much everywhere that it seemed her entire body was one huge erogenous zone.

After a few minutes of such frantic thrusting, Alan began to run out of steam. He was still fully engaged mentally, but he simply couldn't maintain that pace for long, just as one couldn't sprint for an entire mile.

However, Heather didn't mind his slowing down, because that allowed her to speed up her effort. Up to that point, her head had been held in place by his hands. But as his fucking flagged, she started lunging her head back and forth, carrying his hands along with her head. As a result, his pole slid back and forth in her lips just as fast as before, but now her blonde ponytail was flying around wildly from her own movements.

As time passed, he was forced to focus more and more on his struggle not to cum. He had to rhythmically flex his PC muscle continuously, which wasn't easy. It was much like fighting a desperate urge to pee. He was so close to the edge that sometimes he squirted out a little real cum and not just pre-cum. Although his struggle wasn't pleasant, the pleasure he was feeling from Heather's sliding lips more than made up for it. He absolutely hated to cum, especially during a great time like this, because he knew that would cause all the pleasure to suddenly end.

As a result, his back-and-forth thrusting finally came to a stop. But Heather had been making up the difference for quite a while, so when he stopped she went all out, picking up the slack, bobbing frantically to keep her "face fuck" feeling going. She too was getting tired, but she felt compelled to pleasure Alan's cock the best she could.

Although she had always hated giving blowjobs to other guys, with Alan she felt like she couldn't get enough of sucking him off. She loved how thick he was. Heather was the kind of person who bored easily, who was always looking for the next challenge. If cocksucking him had been comfortable and easy, she would have grown bored of that too. Instead it was a constant struggle, like flailing in deep water while barely being able to swim. Even though she was the one now setting the pace, along with the depth of his penetration, she continued to take him in so deep that she was right on the edge of gagging and choking. Taking a break simply wasn't an option, not with the challenge of all that delicious cock-meat in her mouth. She wanted to triumph, so for her the only way out was to get him to cum; all her efforts were focused on that goal. Her tongue didn't really get involved much, but there was little it could do while his cockhead was pounding in and out between her lips so rapidly and relentlessly.

Alan was only human. Since neither of them considered taking a break, his demise was certain. That end came unexpectedly. He had continued to work his PC muscle as best he could, but suddenly that wasn't good enough and he began to squirt his load.

Heather was so focused on her fast head bobbing and everything else that she hadn't even touched herself since their face fuck began. But when she felt his spermy cream coat the back of her throat, she reached down and squeezed her clit. That set her off with an orgasmic explosion that literally curled her toes. She opened her eyes wide in surprise, but the rush was so intense that she briefly saw nothing at all. However, she most definitely felt his cock in her mouth, with an excruciatingly hypersensitive level of detail that was almost mind-blowing in and of itself.

She held herself frozen in place, trembling with euphoria as rope after rope of his hot, sweet cum blasted into her mouth. But after a few seconds, she managed to recover enough to resume her bobbing

on his cock. Once again her ponytail flew in every direction as she attempted to suck every last drop of his tasty cum from his rod.

Moments later it was clear that he had run dry. But she was in denial; she was enjoying it too much to stop immediately. So she kept on bobbing as his dick slowly went flaccid. Finally she could deny reality no more, so she pulled her lips off his now limp pussy-pleaser.

She sat back on the ground and muttered, "DAMN!"

He had been standing the entire time, but there was no need for him to still do so. As his legs gave way, he practically collapsed beside her. That put his bare butt on the floor, since his shorts had slipped down around his knees. That didn't bother him much, so he raised himself enough to scoot back and rest against the wall.

While he sat there panting, he took another good look at Heather. She'd gone from sitting to lying down, because she was exhausted also, now that their coupling had ended. Her long blonde hair was splayed out on the floor, on which she was lying, but she was too weak to care.

He thought, Dang! She looks too good, especially with such a great post-orgasmic glow. Fucking hell! Heather always looks hotter than ever right after she's cum, especially when she cums really hard. I think there's some kind of threshold where a girl looks simply too hot to resist. I don't care what her personality is like; no straight male has a chance! So I'm not gonna beat myself up for giving in to my lust once again, because... fuck it. No, better yet, fuck her!

And what's up with the release of sexual tension? Jeeeesus, this feels great! I had no idea it could be so good. I'm still buzzing. That was like the total exhilaration at the peak of an exciting roller coaster ride, but stretched out for, what, five minutes? Ten? Who knows? Time has no meaning when I'm feeling like that. There's nothing to compare. Nothing!

I know she tried to beat me and trick me, but I can't get worked up about it. What we just did felt too damn good!

At least I maintained the upper hand, sorta, by refusing to go into the theater room, and by fucking her face instead of her cunt. But I'm kind of scared of myself too. This seems to happen every time something sexual happens with her. It's like I become Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; I turn into a sadistic

beast! "Bad Alan" takes over. I don't like that guy. For one thing, he's a real asshole... But I've gotta admit he sure as hell has a lot of fun!

He calmed his breathing enough to speak without panting. "Heather, that was your reward. Okay? You got a problem with that?"

"No." She still felt weak as a baby kitten as the echoes of her powerful orgasm continued to course through her body. She didn't have the energy to put up her usual spirited resistance.

"Good. Now, I'm gonna go."

"What?!" That announcement roused her, even getting her to sit up. "You can't!"

"Why not?" He was talking of leaving, but he was still too wiped out to actually move.

"We've got the full hour. Think of how much more we can do. For one thing, you still have to fuck me." She considered making a sexy pose, but then she realized that she was doing about as well as she could manage just to be sitting up.

"No I don't. I'm not gonna, not today, because I don't like the way you tricked me. I don't care how many blank passes you have; you can't take me out of class like that. Ever! Just like you can't show up at my house unannounced. In fact, no blindsiding me in any way, period. I have a lot of other really tempting sexual partners. I'm going to cut you some slack here because we're still getting to know each other, and maybe I didn't make things perfectly clear before. But no more of this bullshit!"

Her feisty spirit was starting to return along with her energy. She managed to stumble to her feet in the hopes of striking a sexy pose that would inspire him to keep going. "Okay, fine. But if I'm dropping my boyfriend because of you, I expect something major in return. In case you hadn't noticed yet, I have a powerful sex drive. I need sex! Especially since I'm booting Rock at your request. I expect you to fuck me on a regular basis; you owe me that."bender

Alan had no idea how to follow that sort of female logic. "What?! Sorry, but you shouldn't expect any such thing. I'm not your boyfriend or anything close to it, nor do I want to be. I'm just a guy. A guy

you've had a few hook-ups with. That's it. If something happens, it happens. If it doesn't it doesn't. I don't owe you anything!"

"But what about your three demands that I fulfilled?" She turned around and bent over, leaning against the wall.

"That was just the bare minimum, if I am going to have sex with you at all in the future. And it's not like I was making some kind of outrageous demands, since those were just basic things. Like, say, not passing on some hideous sexual disease. Is that really too much to ask? You expect some kind of great reward because of that? Give me a break! That's for your protection too. IF we have sex again, it'll be because the time is right, the mood is right, and we both feel like it. If you start making demands, I'm just gonna walk away."

She sensed that if she kept pushing him at that moment it would be counter-productive. She had enjoyed the face fuck, which astonished her. That made her even more determined to have more, and more varied, sexual encounters with him. She knew her own attractiveness, so his repeatedly turning her down implied that he probably really did have other tempting women for sexual partners. Any guy who could make a face fuck that arousing for the woman certainly could win a lot of girls. So she figured that his threat was believable, in that if she started making too many sexual demands, he really might just walk away.

She said contritely, "Okay. I get it. My bad. I guess I was overeager. I figured any normal guy would want to play hooky with the school's head cheerleader who is also its most beautiful girl. Apparently, you've got your nerdy priorities. Fine. Next time, we'll talk it over first." She thrust out her ass.

He nodded, letting her snarky "nerdy priorities" comment slide. "Thank you. And that's IF there is a next time." He pulled his shorts back up and looked around. "Good grief. It's crazy that I'm sitting here all sprawled out, and you're like... that! You're not wearing any clothes! Don't you want to put something on?"

"What's the hurry?"

He'd been too out of it to pay close attention, but now he realized just what a sexy stance she was making, bent over lewdly with her ass high in the air. He exclaimed as he stared at her leaky cunt, "Look at you! You're soaking wet!"

She chuckled. "Big surprise there. Wonder why? I'll give you one guess, and it has something to do with what you just did to me."

Despite his exhaustion, he couldn't help but groan lustily.

Encouraged by that groan, she wiggled her ass at him. "Just look at this juicy cunt! Can you imagine how good it would feel to slide your big, thick cock in here? You won, okay? You made your point and you've won. Now, claim your reward! Put me in my place! Put IT in MY place." She churned her ass in a circular motion. "I know you're tired, but I'll do all the work. Let me grind my pussy all over your cock!"

He was tempted, sorely tempted. He could feel his lust returning and his heart starting to pound. However, his penis showed no signs of rebounding so soon after cumming. So, making the best of the situation, he pretended indifference. "No. I told you I'm not gonna fuck you here, and I mean it. I don't reward bad behavior."

She spoke in an extra sultry voice. "Come on. Sometimes, it's good to be bad."

"Nope. Come on; let's go."

She cursed to herself, Dammit! What is WITH this guy?! He drives me crazy! She concluded that she really wasn't going to be able to change his mind before next period, so she turned back around and bent down to pick up her miniskirt. "I guess I will go, if you're really leaving."

"I am."

He left a short time later, after a bit more small talk. Ironically, he did need to have her let him into the theater room after all, but only so he could wash up at the sink that was in the dressing room. He was tempted to spend the entire hour with her, but he knew that if he did that she would conclude that she'd succeeded. He still found it hard to believe that he'd done as much with her as he had, including this latest brazen escapade.

Alan took some time to recover before heading back to his second-period English class. He needed to get over what had happened, as well as to let his body recover enough that he could get back into his regular school mindset. So he went into a restroom where he would not seem out of place, then sat in a stall with the door closed until he had recovered.

Man. Bizarre! I can't believe I'm doing all kinds of sexual stuff right here at school. I mean, not only did this wild thing just happen with Heather, but I'm still gonna see Glory, and then there's the panty painting job too. That's three sexual things in one day - three more than most guys experience ever!

How did this happen to me? I can count the days since I was a virgin, and now everything is coming up sex. God knows I love it, but I can't let it control my life. I especially can't afford to skip class again; that way lies disaster. I'd have great fun and end up dropping out of school. No thanks! In fact, I shouldn't even be dawdling here. Who knows what I'm missing out on in class?

He returned to his second-period class a few minutes later. It was a real come-down. Despite his interest in his studies, the class couldn't hold a candle to the intense sexual adventure that he'd just had with Heather.

Lunchtime finally arrived. That meant two unusual appointments for any student: an orgasm administered by his teacher Glory, and the task of painting the pussy lips of the cheerleader Joy. If my friends only knew he thought, for what seemed to be the millionth time in recent days.

Once the other fourth-period students had all filed out of Glory's classroom, Alan said to her as she sat on the edge of her desk, "Sorry Glory, but I'm sure I can't get it up today. My dick is reaaaally hurting. There's just no way." He was trying to come up with an excuse, so he could get away to help Joy without hurting Glory's feelings.

"I like a good challenge," Glory responded. "Let me see what I can do with it." She grabbed him by his shirt and pulled him close until his legs interlocked with hers.

"No, please, really. It's not that I can't get it up; it's just that it hurts too much." Actually he probably could have gotten it up, and it didn't hurt that much, but he was still trying to juggle his sexual "responsibilities." It had also occurred to him that his mother was likely to give his dick a good workout once he got home, since it was a Tuesday, and he didn't want to miss out on that.

"Oh. Bummer." Glory was disappointed. "We've been doing some fun role-plays lately. I was hoping we could do something like that today. And to be completely honest, I've been hoping and longing that I could be with you more than just during these lunches. You say you can't see me after school this week, and your penis is all worn out, probably from overwork. Tell me, young man, am I competing against a whole battalion of women or something?"

"No," he replied, stretching the truth. "It's not like that at all. For one thing, you know I've been grounded. And, okay, obviously you're not the only one. You know that. I do want to spend more time with you too. But it's taboo for you and me to meet outside of school even when I'm not grounded, so our options are really limited."

"Now wait just a minute. Who says we can't meet outside of school? That's a social rule, but rules are meant to be broken." She rubbed her hands against his chest as she talked.

"But if you and I were caught in an intimate position couldn't you lose your job? And what about your boyfriend Garth?"

"Well, there is that. Damn. Don't remind me. I honestly don't care much about him anymore. The thrill is gone. My thrill now, frankly, is with you. He and I are going through a slow process of breaking up. It's a bit messy and slow because we share some sizable possessions."

She added, "However, I don't want to lose my job. Realistically though, we're in more danger of getting caught here at school than somewhere else. If we were elsewhere, someone would have to recognize both of us, and I look pretty different when I'm not all dressed up as a high-school teacher. Then they still would have to prove it to someone in authority, which they may not want to or be able to do. Whereas anybody in the school administration could walk in here this minute and catch us. You know there are master keys that work every door."

"There are? Oh shit! And that doesn't bother you?"

"It does. But the odds of someone like that coming in here during lunch are pretty small; teachers are generally given their privacy during lunchtime. Unless rumors start spreading, that is. That's one reason I keep my ears to the ground, more than almost anyone. But it probably would be safer to meet outside of school, at least sometimes. What do you think? You could go to the beach, and I could just happen to wind up at the same beach. Wouldn't you like to meet the real 'Surfer Girl' in the flesh?"

"Would I ever! What a great idea. But beaches are crowded and full of people my age."

"Not all beaches are crowded. Besides, everyone at this school just goes to nearby beaches. If you travel a few miles north or south you never see anyone from here. Believe me, I do that all the time, and I know. I could chart it on a graph, the odds of running into someone from here. I'm thinking in particular of a nice nude beach that's quite a ways from here. I surf there a lot and I've never seen even a single soul from this school there. There are big cliff walls which make it really hard to reach from land, and it's really beautiful."

"Sounds great," he said, delighted. "I think I might just 'happen' to go there soon. I can borrow a family car almost any time."

Glory couldn't resist pointing out, "You must be the only kid in a family as wealthy as yours to not have your own car. Why is that, anyway? I forget."

He rolled his eyes. "You know how my mother is deathly afraid of spoiling me. She keeps me on a very tight budget, with very little fancy stuff, to kinda keep me grounded. I can't believe she hasn't even let me get a cell phone yet." He thought how ironic Susan's stance was, given how she was spoiling him lately with the way she was constantly pleasuring his dick.

"I think that's a good attitude for her to take, and it shows. You aren't spoiled rotten, except maybe sexually. But in any case, when can we do it? How about this weekend, or even sooner?"

"Shucks. Can't. I've got a Boy Scouts hiking trip all weekend long where I'm serving as a counselor, cause I'm already an Eagle Scout. And I've also got a ton of homework this week, like I told you already." It was true that he was really falling behind in his homework, but only because he was spending so much time being pleased at home and elsewhere.

"Young man, I'm starting to think you're trying to avoid me. And don't think I'm not mad at you anyway, no matter what you're doing to my boobs."

As a kind of consolation prize to make up for the fact that he couldn't (or wouldn't) get hard during lunchtime that day, he had started fondling her tits under her blouse.

"No, really. You know how into the Scouts I am. Or at least have been. I'm kind of losing interest now that I'm an Eagle Scout and have discovered women. But what about next weekend?"

"That's too far from now!" she whined.

"But this weekend I have the scouting thing, and we can't really do it after school on a school day, particularly this time of year. It would be really rushed, and probably get pretty cold after sundown. How about we do it the Saturday after next and spend the whole day together on the beach."

"I'd like that," she said, thinking. "Okay. What a busy young man you are. Nearly two weeks from now. I guess I'll have to hold out that long. But I'll have a special surprise for you, so don't come all pooped out like you are today."

"Cool. But just 'cos my dick is pooped out doesn't mean we can't do anything at all today. We can still kiss and stuff. And I'd like to make you happy."

"Young man, you're such a thoughtful lover! I can't believe you're only a high school senior. But don't just kiss me and play with my breasts. Not that I want you to stop, mind you, but there's so much more. You've got a lot more erogenous zones than just your penis. Let me show you a few things."

He replied, "I know some of that already. I've learned a woman has seventeen erogenous zones, so I try to work on them all. When I first started getting blown and stroked, I would just lean back and enjoy it. But now I try to give as good as I get, letting my hands and mouth roam all over those zones."

"You do. That's one reason why I love to suck your cock so much. And I'm sure that helps explain your sudden superstar popularity with the girls. But you're missing out on some of the very best zones! Most importantly, you have yet to lick me down there. Since your penis isn't up for much today, I think it's time for you to work on that, for me."

"But Glory... I'm kind of, I dunno, kind of grossed out. I did it once before a couple of days ago, on Friday in fact, with an Asian woman. She had very sparse hair down there, but ugh! Even so. Pubic hair. Gross." (He didn't want to mention his experience with Katherine and Kim, due to the incest factor.)

"Hey. How many times do you think I've gotten your pubic hair in my nose in the last week alone? You get used to it, and then you learn to love it. As your teacher, it's my obligation to teach you what to do. The female population of this town will love me for it if I do," she said half jokingly. "And if you refuse, then I'm just going to have to spank you instead." She said that part completely seriously. She enjoyed giving and receiving spankings, but especially giving them, and he really did need to learn how to pleasure a woman orally.

He decided that this was as good a day to learn as any. He really didn't want to be a selfish lover, so he determined to 'suck it up'. "Okay. But let's take it slowly, all right? Tell me what to do."

So Glory sat on the table and instructed him on how to please a woman with his tongue. She was an excellent teacher, so learning with her was fun.

Alan wasn't too comfortable with his face down there in her juices and hair, but she cracked a lot of jokes, putting him at ease. He kept telling himself that with all the countless blowjobs and handjobs he'd benefited from, it was the least he could do to perfect this new skill. He said to himself, Come on, man, if there's anyone with a moral obligation to learn how to do this, it's me. It's payback time for all the pleasure I've been given. Come on! So he kept at it.

Because he was so reluctant, he wasn't good at it at all, unlike how he was with some other sexual things. He enjoyed stimulating clits, but he considered them to be in a dangerously hairy zone so didn't do even that as much as his partners would have wished.

It took about five minutes, but he finally did get Glory off. He was greatly aided by the fact that she was already quite aroused before he started. She came mightily, and her pussy juice dripped down his chin as a result. He didn't particularly like all the fluid on himself, but he didn't complain. He did like the musky smell of her pussy though; the vaginal secretions of an aroused female really were the most effective pheromones for a human male. He looked forward to inhaling the stimulating smell of her pussy more in the near future.

Having recovered from her orgasm, Glory said, "Now it's time for your reward, for a lesson learned and job well done. Normally I would have loved to suck you or even deep throat you, but you say you're not up for it. So I'm going to show you just how much pleasure I can give you without touching your overworked penis. Take your shorts off, because I consider your balls and ass fair play. If there are seventeen erogenous zones on a woman, then there must be an equal number on a man, and I'm going to show you all of them right now."

Glory did find virtually all of his sensitive spots. She focused on his nipples, armpits, ears, toes, testicles, perineum, and more, devouring all of him with her mouth like a hungry beast. Her hands were very active as well. Alan felt like she was a giant spider working on him, because it seemed more like she had six arms rather than just two.

Although his penis grew very erect (almost instantly), she kept to her promise not to touch it. At least she didn't touch it with her hands or mouth, but she did let her body rub all over it as she constantly repositioned herself over and around him. She seemed to delight in running her pussy hair over his boner while sliding up and down over him. Probably because she was a natural blonde, she had a soft furry bush, not at all bristly. He decided that, licking or not, he wanted to spend a lot more time in and around her crotch. Petting her furry mound alone felt great.

When she was done, he quipped, "Glory, that was glorious." He was having fun trying to play with her name lately. When he was around her he liked to say things like glorified, gloriously, glorification, blaze of glory, crowning glory, and so on at every opportunity.

He was even using these words and phrases in public comments during her class. For instance, he'd answered one of her questions about Napoleon and the Battle of Waterloo by saying, "Apparently, Napoleon thought that, win, lose, or draw, he wanted to go out in a blaze of glory."

Whenever he said something like that, she would feel a shocking jolt that reminded her of their lunchtime trysts, which always aroused her greatly.

However, since everyone in class knew her first name quite well, he had to be extremely subtle about such plays on words.

As he left her classroom, he thought to himself, Dang, I wish I wasn't grounded so I could be with Glory after school too. Not only have I had a crush on her forever, but if I'd ever known about all the things she could do to a body I would have failed out of school just fantasizing about her. Hot damn! And now she's a dream come true. But it's all too risky. We can't be together as long as we were today every lunch period, or even any lunch period. It's just too dangerous. But it's oh so addictive.

Although they'd done a lot of things, they didn't spend much time on any one of them, so he still had about twenty minutes left in the lunch period.

He'd left her, excusing himself to get something to eat, but in fact he still had his appointment for painting Joy. He hurried out, calculating that it would be better to show up late in the new cheerleader practice room - the old theater room - rather than never.

Chapter 539 Fucking Joy!

While Alan was playing with his history teacher, Kim, Heather, and Joy went to the unused theater room a few minutes into the lunch period.

Katherine wanted to be there also, but she'd decided that more people might just make Joy more nervous, and furthermore she needed to steer clear of any potentially sexual situation that involved both Alan and someone who was not already aware of their incestuous secret. So she was forced to just eat lunch in the cafeteria as usual.

Most of Joy's private parts had already been painted black; only her pussy lips still needed to be done. The plan was that Kim and Heather would use the first ten minutes to get Joy aroused so her pussy lips would engorge and spread wide, which would make it easier for Alan to paint them thoroughly.

When Kim entered the theater room, using a knock and password that Heather had given her, Heather already had Joy naked from the waist down. Joy's cheerleader skirt was up around her waist, tied up by a string.

"You're just the person I was looking for," Heather said to Kim as the two of them undressed. "Joy doesn't find this situation at all arousing, so she's going to need some help. As our resident dyke, do you mind letting your fingers do the walking?"

"Not at all," Kim said, delighted. She put her lunch bag down and got on her knees before Joy, who was sitting on the edge of the stage. "Joy, may I?"

"I know we agreed it might come to this, but..." Joy said reluctantly.

"But what?" Heather replied testily. "How else are you going to get aroused, if you're unwilling to put your own fingers in there?"

"It's just that I've never had a woman touch me there before," said Joy, red faced and embarrassed. She was truly frightened, and she didn't like the fact that a lesbian was going to touch her privates.

"I think you'll find it's as good as or better than the touch of a man," Kim volunteered. "And it's much better than your own fingers, because you never know what they'll do next. Here, let me show you."

Kim began working her fingers in and out of Joy's pussy. But after more than five minutes not much had happened. Kim was having a really tough time getting Joy turned on.

It didn't help that Heather just stood there, arms folded like a disapproving teacher. Heather was annoyed and continued to make unhelpful suggestions.

Finally they heard the sound of Alan's knock on the door. He was quite late, but they still had about twenty minutes.

Heather let him in after hearing the special knock and secret passphrase, which was "score highly," an in joke between them from one of their beach encounters.

Alan continued to be impressed with her daring because she opened the door wide for him while standing in the buff. True, it opened into a little-used hallway, but there was always the chance that someone else could come by. She obviously had little fear of getting caught.

Alan was panting because he'd run from Glory's classroom to the theater room. He had a bit less than twenty minutes left in the lunch period, and he was determined to make good use of all of it. "You're looking fine, Heather," he commented while walking in. "Don't you ever worry about getting caught?"

She closed the door without even hurrying to do so. She was flaunting her daring. "A, don't I always look fine? And B, no; I never get caught. Besides, I know you're not a fool and you're not gonna have me open the door with someone else close by. Duh."

He thought, Dang. She DOES always look fine. Especially today, for some reason. She's practically at the Susan-Suzanne level. And what a tan! I didn't realize a good, all-over tan and such flawless skin could be such a turn-on. But I don't want to feed her swollen ego even further.

While he was thinking of a reply to her remarks, his attention was diverted by seeing Kim working on Joy's pussy on the other side of the room.

Joy looked up in horror at the sight of Alan. She tried to cover her naked pussy, but could hardly do a good job of it with Kim probing its depths. She thought, Oh God! I can't let him see me like this! But there was nothing she could do, so she cried out, "Please! Don't look at me!"

"What's going on here?" he asked. He politely covered his eyes with his hand from her by looking elsewhere, but knew that couldn't last for long if he was to paint her pussy.

Heather explained, "Kim is trying to get Joy's pussy lips engorged, but she's not having much luck. She's been at it for at least five minutes."

"Oh," he said without much emotion, drawing nearer. He glanced for a moment at Joy. He was momentarily struck by how odd she looked, wearing a cheerleader top but only painted-on panties below. "Joy, what seems to be the problem? I would think anyone would react naturally to that kind of stimulation after a while."

"It's just that I'm so nervous and scared," she said shyly. "And, to be honest, it takes something romantic to get me excited, not just mechanical stimulation."

"Hey, I resent that," Kim complained.

Alan answered, "Well, it may have come out wrong, but she has a point, Kim. It would be different I'm sure if you were kissing her and caressing her, but since it's lacking that, it seems so impersonal. ... Joy, do you think it would help if she kissed you too?"

"Maybe, but I really don't want to be kissed by a girl. I think that would just freak me out even more." she was actually trembling in fear and embarrassment.

"Hmmm," he thought out loud, now looking at her. "I know: what if I kissed you?"

Joy practically leapt at the idea. "Yeah! That would be much better. I'm so much more aroused by a man. This lesbian stuff - I just don't go for that. Would you be willing to help me?"

"Any sacrifice for art," he joked. "Sorry Kim," he said, taking her place.

Alan got down on his knees, since Joy was in a semi-sitting position at the edge of the stage. He began kissing her tenderly on the face. He spoke between kisses to get her in a romantic mood. "Joy, you're very beautiful. Any man would be really lucky to have you as a girlfriend. I've always admired you from afar, even though I didn't know your name."

"Really?" she said, surprised and pleased. Her nervousness was rapidly fading, although the fact that Kim and Heather were watching her every move still bothered her.

"Really." It was true; like most guys in the school he had scoped out and lusted after all the cheerleaders. He kissed her on her mouth once, and then again. Soon they were necking passionately.bender

Joy thought, Now THIS is a guy who knows how to kiss! I thought my boyfriend Dean was good, but Alan... Oh God! So good! ... Oh, but I'm naked from the waist down! And Kim and Heather - I wish they'd stop staring at me like that!

Alan continued making out with her. After a minute or two he took advantage of her partial nudity and began caressing her pussy and her butt. Realizing that time was short, he didn't hesitate to put two of his fingers into her slit. Her pussy lips were definitely engorged, and getting more so all the time.

"Girls, I think we're getting somewhere," he said, pausing after more kisses. "Heather? Kim? I'm ready to paint." He finally turned his head around to see why the other two weren't responding. He discovered that Heather was lying on the floor, with Kim between Heather's knees and her mouth plastered on Heather's bush.

Joy looked over at them finally and exclaimed, "Oh ... my ... God!"

"You didn't expect us to just sit around and twiddle our thumbs, did you?" said Heather, as she had the only unoccupied mouth. "There are much better things to twiddle, you know. Anyway, it's your fault.

You got me all aroused." Heather was thrilled by any opportunity to have sex with any of 'her' cheerleaders. She had visions of making the whole squad her personal harem.

Kim indicated her agreement, saying "uh huh" while in direct contact with Heather's clit, which sent shivers through the head cheerleader.

"Don't mind them," Alan said to Joy, still kissing her every instant he didn't have to speak. "We can get down to painting now."

"Screw painting!" said Joy. "We have time to do that later." She gazed at Alan's crotch longingly and licked her lips very ostentatiously. I don't care about my boyfriend! Kim's gossip is so dead on! Alan is some kind of damn Don Juan! I love this. Fuck! I need to get fucked right now; that's all there is to it.

She took off her cheerleader top and bra as quickly as she could, leaving her completely naked. "Why don't you finish what you started and go all the way? Do you have a problem with fucking me?"

"Um, no. But I thought, I thought you were really shy and nervous," he said, genuinely confused.

"That was then, and with women. Take your clothes off already! Please don't leave me like this, I beg you!" She leaned back onto the stage and spread her legs. Her knees went wide to each side, while her lower legs dangled off the edge of the stage.

He didn't need to be asked twice. Forgetting about his desire to "save himself" for his mother later that Tuesday, he whipped off his clothes in record time.

She grabbed his erection once it was exposed, immediately pulling it towards her pussy.

He barely had time to slip on a condom while she tugged at his stiffness in anticipation.

It seemed she didn't care about protection - she just wanted to be fucked. She moaned like a cat in heat until he finished with the condom.

Without any further ado, she guided his boner straight into her hole.

He pumped into her, even as the whole situation was still slowly dawning upon him. I'm actually fucking somebody for once. I get so God damned much cock teasing, but not enough of this. I mean, even after weeks of blowjobs, I still can barely fuck anybody. But Jesus - I've been on speaking terms with Joy for all of one day, and I'm fucking her already! No way! But I am not going to look a gift horse in the mouth, or the pussy - that's for sure. This is a VERY hot pussy. So warm and inviting. She's so eager!

Aware of the time, he pumped rapidly, trying to climax as soon as he could. Joy moaned loudly, seemingly not caring at all what Kim or Heather thought, or if anyone else could hear.

"Fuck me! Fuck! Fill me up!" She unleashed a non-stop torrent of sexual encouragement. Joy was also a very loud panter and grunter, making a lot of noise with every thrust.

Not that Alan needed much encouragement; he was ready for any chance to fuck after what seemed like weeks of being denied a warm pussy. He didn't particularly feel anything for Joy, as she meant little more to him than a fine piece of ass that he'd scoped out while walking in the school hallways from time to time. So, to take things to a new level, he thought, Since she's a cheerleader, why don't I imagine she's my sister?

As soon as he thought that, his excitement level doubled. After some more thrusts, he thought, Oh, fucking you Sis, it's so good. So good! We don't do this nearly often enough. Here's your Big ICBM Brother!

After another minute or two, he thought, But as good as this is, God, what if you were Aunt Suzy? Now there's a woman who truly needs fucking! Yeah! Take that, Aunt Suzy! You've been fucking driving me crazy and now you're gonna get what's coming to you! Fucking devil in disguise! Take this! ... And this! ... And this! He let out his frustration in each thrust.

Joy could hardly believe the pile-driver that was assaulting her cunt, overwhelming her completely. There was no point in crying out to be fucked harder or deeper, because it seemed like Alan was truly a human jackhammer. She panted louder and louder, wordlessly, until she cried out, "Oh God, I'm melting! Melting! My brain! My brain is melting! Too much! Too good! Slow down!"

Heather had been preoccupied with Kim, so she was surprised to discover Alan starting to fuck Joy. At first she tried to ignore it and continue with Kim, but as Alan's fucking grew more intense and Joy's panting grew louder, she found herself increasingly distracted. What the fuck is this shit?! If he fucks anybody here, it should be ME!

She'd forgotten all about Kim, so she was about to demand that Alan fuck her instead. But Kim pulled her close and whispered in her ear, "He's so good! So, so good!"

"I know," Heather muttered while staring at Alan's thrusting. She was practically green with jealousy AND envy.

Kim was surprised to realize that Alan had apparently already fucked Heather, since Heather had never said or hinted anything about that. But she rolled with the punches and cooed, "So he's fucked you too, huh? Then you know just how it feels. Imagine that's you. Look at him thrusting so hard and deep! Do you know how it feels when he does that?"

Heather whispered breathlessly, "Yes!" Kim was fingering her pussy while whispering sexy things, leaving Heather aroused enough from just watching to not directly interfere.

Alan could have kept going like that for much longer, especially since he was aware that Heather and Kim were watching and judging him. But Joy seemed genuinely overwhelmed. In fact, it appeared likely that she would hyperventilate at any moment. Furthermore, he remembered their lack of time, so he let his control go and filled up the condom with his cum. Then he fell backwards, leaving Joy lying as if dead.

Chapter 540 Fatal Attraction

"Holy cow," Kim said to Heather. The two horny cheerleaders finally made eye contact with each other, now that Alan had finished screwing Joy. "Has Alan ever fucked you like that?"

"No," Heather admitted. "I mean, it was good with him. Great, even. But I want me some of THAT!"

Alan and Joy rested with their eyes closed, both catching their breath.

Once Alan opened his eyes and looked around, Kim noted wryly, "Sounds like your painting job has some nice fringe benefits."

"Um, yeah. I must say though, I wasn't expecting that - at all." He seemed a bit sheepish. He thought, Wow, just thinking of fucking Sis or Aunt Suzy is such a turn-on. Imagine if I'd thought of fucking Mom? That's, like, beyond the pale. I probably would have literally killed Joy with my enthusiasm!

Getting back to business, he said to Joy, "Can you rouse yourself? We have to hurry."

She opened her eyes slowly. She had an extremely well-fucked expression that made Kim and Heather very jealous. She looked at him serenely and contentedly. "Oh, Alan..." She breathed the words lovingly, as if they'd been married for years.

"Quick, let's get you painted while you're still aroused," he insisted, trying to avoid her intimacy.

She didn't feel like moving for anything. But then she realized that once the painting started, Alan's hands would be all over her pussy. That inspired her to action. "I don't think that'll be a problem, now that you're here," she said huskily.

He leaned over her impatiently.

She sat up and began running her hands through his tousled dark brown hair.

"Joy, we really should paint you quickly, so you can dry before your fifth-period class. In fact, we've got the opposite problem of what we just had. We need you to stop gushing quite so much, so I can paint."

Joy hardly seemed concerned about the problem at hand. "Screw fifth period," she said. "You did that so much better than my boyfriend Dean. So fucking much better! I mean, he's a great guy and I love him, but now I know that he has no idea how to fuck. Good God! I didn't know it could be so good. Kim was right. You're such an incredible fucker! I thought Dean was pretty studly, but he can't make me cum like that in five minutes flat."

Alan was unhappy to be reminded that she had a boyfriend; he'd assumed that she had one, but he'd forgotten that in the heat of sex. He said sarcastically, "I'm sure he would very much appreciate what I did." He roared, "I imagine he's going to find out and beat me up." He pushed Joy's excited hands away and got his paintbrush and paint.

"No, he's not like that. He's very understanding and cool. We've both played around with other partners. Anyway, he wouldn't hurt a fly."

Alan thought, Even so, I'm only finding that out after the fact. Aunt Suzy gave me all kinds of advice on not just sticking my dick anywhere, and I keep disregarding it whenever I get a momentary surge of lust. I should have known she had a boyfriend; what cheerleader doesn't? At least I used a condom. That's something.

Heather disengaged from her muff diving to speak. "Joy, I thought you were all prudish! And you were so disapproving of my punishment idea."

"I admit, I'm slow to get started, but once I get going, I really get going."

"I noticed," said Alan. "I'm starting to paint you, so please slow down that engine just a bit."

"Okay," Joy replied, "but only if we have some more fun after you're done. Promise me you'll fuck me again. And again and again and again! Any time you want. Please! Fuck me!"bender

Alan contemplated fucking her a second time. So much for saving myself until after school for mom, he thought. If Glory knew what I just did here, she'd go ballistic. But one fuck right now is all I should do, or I'll be all wiped out again and disappoint mom.

Now that he had more time to think, he realized, I'm really working my way through the cheerleading squad. Sis, Kim, Heather, Joy. Amy's in the bag for sure. That just leaves Janice. I like her. Sexy face. Nice body. She'd be a good fuck too.

"Sorry, Joy; I can't make any promises 'cos we don't have the time. Besides, I don't feel good, now that you've reminded me about the fact that you have a boyfriend. I forgot to ask about that."

"Like I said, don't worry about it," she insisted.

"I'm worrying about it. I don't want to disrespect someone in that way."

"You're not. I tell you, he wouldn't mind if he knew."

"But he doesn't know!"

They went back and forth on that issue awhile without coming to any resolution.

Meanwhile, Alan wasted no time painting Joy's pussy lips. There wasn't much painting to do, now that her lips were fully engorged and visible. "Okay, that's it," he said after only a minute or two. "But you'll have to keep them dry."

"I guess that means more fucking is out, at least right now," Joy realized. "But would you like to stick your thing in my mouth?" She made a big inviting "O" with her lips.

"No, we can't do anything more right now, or you'll get too excited and ruin the paint job."

"Don't say that! I want more! Oh come on; just a little bit. I just want to taste it."

Heather was busy with Kim's body again, but she overheard that and commented, "Alan, I hope you're not planning on leaving here without giving me what you just gave her." If the others hadn't realized that something sexual was happening between Heather and Alan, they did after that.

Kim piped up, "Me too! You haven't been fucking me nearly enough lately." She wanted the other girls to know that Alan had fucked her too, especially now that he was coveted so highly.

But Joy had the advantage of location. She grabbed his penis with both hands. It was flaccid for the moment, but she intended to correct that as quickly as she could. "Please? Fuck me! Please?"

He looked Joy in the eye and answered, "Sorry. Maybe some other time." Are all women such nymphos? Or are cheerleaders a special breed? Well, cheerleaders and busty moms. And history teachers. He grinned.

Joy got upset, almost angry. "Some other time? Some other time?! No guy ever tells me 'some other time!' And what are you grinning about?" She decided begging might be a more successful strategy. "Please, please, please?"

Alan wavered. "Well, it is quick-drying paint. If the paint gets dry enough and I'm still here, and there's still time."

The paint did dry somewhat, and Alan had a little bit of time. He looked over at Kim and Heather and saw them looking back at him. He'd gotten blowjobs from both of them before, but not from Joy, so he said, "I suppose the paint is dry enough to stand a little wetness down there. But if I put my dick back in, it'll ruin the paint job for sure. Anyways, there's not enough time. But if you want to suck on it for a couple of minutes, I guess that would be okay."

Joy didn't bother with words. She replied by swallowing as much of his penis as she could. She'd gotten to be a pretty good cocksucker practicing on her boyfriend Dean. She was determined to give Alan the best blowjob she possibly could, so she'd rise in his books and he'd want to fuck her much more often. He really did blow Dean out of the water when it came to fucking.

Heather growled at Alan menacingly, "Hey! If anyone is going to suck your dick, it's me! You don't want to get on my bad side. I could make life really very miserable for you, very quickly."

He found it secretly amusing that she was now insisting on giving him a blowjob, considering how much she'd initially resisted blowing him earlier in the day. He'd realized that calling her names and treating her mean had worked in the past, but would it work with others around? He decided to give it a try. "Heather, get over yourself. You think you're God's gift to everyone, but you're not. The problem is: you're selfish. When it comes to fucking, you're okay, but blowjobs? Forget it. Kim's better for sure, and I figure the odds are good that Joy is better too."

Heather wanted to destroy him with scathing put-downs, but for once she was unable to think of what to say. It didn't help that she was extremely horny from watching him earlier with Joy, and having to watch Joy suck him off made it even worse. Anyway, she knew he had a point. She'd always been a selfish lover, especially when it came to pleasuring her partner when she didn't get much in return.

But she was also mindful that Joy and Kim were listening, so she replied with her usual bravado, "Well, fuck you, asshole! What do you know? You're nothing but a nerd and a loser!"

He sighed loudly, shaking his head. "Too bad. Your loss. I was thinking about fucking you like I just fucked Joy. Maybe later today, after school. But you obviously wouldn't want to be fucked by a loser nerd, so I'll just leave you alone from now on."

Heather realized she'd been rash. "Hold on! I didn't mean that. You just insulted me, saying I'm a selfish lover. Of course I'm gonna lash out for that."

He replied, "Yeah, whatever. Tell it to someone who cares. You and I are done."

"Done?!" Heather was incredulous. "You can't say that!"

"I just did. First you threaten me, then you insult me. You're ruining Joy's perfectly good blowjob with all your sniping."

Heather felt surprisingly panicky. Not having sex with him again simply wasn't an option, since he'd excited her sexually in a way that no one else ever had. She never apologized for anything, ever, but she found herself saying, "Hey. I'm sorry, okay? You're not a loser; you're a real stud. I know that. And you may be kind of nerdy, but that's your choice and there's nothing wrong with it. Okay?"

He didn't say anything. His eyes were closed so that he could luxuriate in Joy's cocksucking.

Heather was concerned that he hadn't even paid attention to what she'd said. "Could you say something, please? I don't exactly apologize every day. I said I'm sorry!"

He grunted.

Heather was left on edge, as she wasn't sure what that meant. It sounded vaguely positive, but she was afraid to ask for confirmation and possibly piss him off even more. She just didn't know how to deal with someone like Alan, since no one had ever treated her like that before.

Meanwhile, his blowjob continued. In a way, he was glad that their time was severely limited, because he didn't want Joy to have enough time to get him to cum again. He figured that he needed to save

himself for more action later in the day, particularly since this was one of his mother's special Tuesdays. He repeatedly had to urge Joy to slow down and take it easy.

She was actually pretty good, but he'd developed ridiculously high standards when it came to blowjobs. For him to think it was pretty good at this point meant that Joy really knew what she was doing, and that she was trying her best.

Heather had set an alarm at the start of lunch, to monitor the time, and it finally went off.

Alan pulled his boner from Joy's mouth, to her dismay. But she accepted the intrusion of reality and quickly moved to get dressed for afternoon classes.

As she dressed, she felt so good that she said gratefully, "Thank you so much for letting me do that. It was such a pleasure, and I mean that. Your pre-cum tastes really good. Kim wasn't joking about that either. I can't wait to get a whole load."

Alan was puzzled by why she would be thanking him when she was the one making him feel good. I don't understand what's going on. Period. You fuck a girl once, and it's like she wants to be surgically attached to you for the rest of your life. Geez. What the hell did I do that was so special? Doesn't her boyfriend know how to satisfy her?

He had no idea how incompetent most of the guys in school were when it came to sex. Joy had fucked more than a few of them. Alan had given her a truly amazing fucking, and that's what excited her and made her eager to return the favor and please him with the blowjob. In truth, his fucking seemed even better than it actually was, because she was comparing him with all the clumsy and inexperienced lovers she'd been with, including Dean.

As was usually the case for men, Alan was able to put his clothes back on faster than the women. As he got ready to leave, Joy asked him, "Can we do this again tomorrow at lunch? I'm sure I'll need another touch up job, and I wouldn't exactly mind another fucking!" She winked.

He didn't really know what the next day would bring, so he just said, "We'll see." Both Kim and Heather eyed him so hungrily that he thought, If I'm not careful, I'm going to end up getting raped by this bunch. Seriously.

Heather asked him tentatively, "Are we good now?"

He replied, "I don't know about good. You've got an attitude, and I don't like it. But I'll let it slide... this time."

Heather nodded. She wasn't happy with that, but she could live with it. She would have to be extra careful about what she said to him in the future, because it seemed like he had zero tolerance about being insulted and she most definitely wanted him to fuck her again, and often.

While going to his next class, Alan had some second thoughts. That fuck was great, but I really shouldn't have agreed to the blowjob 'cos we didn't have time to finish. Now it's all excited, and I can't get it down while I'm thinking about those three cheerleaders all acting so hot for me. I really am gonna have blue balls, and have to suffer all through class.

I'm beginning to sound like Mom, with her "Okay, just this one time" non-logic. That's 'cos I'm thinking with my dick too much, becoming a slave to my impulses. Just like Mom, I'm unthinking during the act itself, and only afterwards do I wonder why I did it. That was really dumb. I was right on the edge of orgasm with no relief in sight. Heck, fucking her in the first place was totally unwise. Aunt Suzy would kill me if she knew just how little thought I put into that decision. Make that NO thought. I was thinking with my dick. Well, at least I remembered to use a condom.

Letting out my sexual frustration about Heather was great, but I'm not going to be truly satisfied until I can fuck Aunt Suzy and mom on a regular basis. Especially Mom! I still can't get over how close we were this morning with that dry hump. It probably was that close call that made me give in so easily to Joy. It's too much to ask a guy to turn down such an obvious invitation twice in one morning. After all, I'm only human.

Christ. I probably could fuck Mom for real today if I really wanted to, but it wouldn't be right. I shouldn't take advantage of her "just this one time" thinking. At the time it would feel great, but later she'd hate me for it. Maybe not hate, but she'd feel guilty and disappointed in me, and conflicted, and all around bad, particularly since she'd think that I'd broken my promise to her.

I don't want her to be regretful or feel tricked or pushed into the things she does with me. I do like pushing her boundaries, but ultimately she needs to take that big step of her own free will or she might regret it forever. If she pushes back I'm just gonna have to stop, because she needs to be totally okay with it and fully into it. But it's so hard to limit my play with her luscious body. She's just so endowed

everywhere! Dammit, it's making me too horny, just thinking about her. I guess I'll have to just tide myself over with girls like Joy until Mom is ready to go all the way.

He also thought about Joy's change in attitude from when he'd entered the old theater room. Was this whole thing a setup? Was she acting all coy with Kim just so she could fuck me? Maybe. Hard to tell. I'm glad she has a boyfriend already, 'cos I wouldn't want some kind of "Fatal Attraction" thing with her chasing after me, attractive as she is. She seemed really aggressive. Geez!