

6 Times 581

Chapter 581 Mom And Sis Worshipping His Cock.!

Their time to play was limited because both teens needed to get to school. Alan opened his eyes before he was fully ready, in part due to that concern, but also because he was mindful that both women were chomping at the bit. He smiled benignly as he said, "Okay, I'm probably as ready as I'll ever be. You have no idea how stimulating this sharing idea is for me, so there's no way I can really take a break. What have you two planned?"

Neither woman spoke a word, waiting for him to remove the hands that were covering his genitals. Then they leaned forward, eyes twinkling with excitement and tongues outstretched. Their hearts were pounding, and their entire bodies practically burned with desire.

Within a matter of seconds, Alan found his cock and balls enveloped by a bewildering array of hands, tongues and lips. It was all so overwhelmingly pleasurable that he very nearly came on the spot. It was only his practiced PC muscle control that saved him - that, and the fact that he immediately decided to reduce his sensory input by closing his eyes again. He knew that just the sight of his mother and sister slathering their way up and down his shaft would probably take him over the edge.

His grunts immediately took on an urgent and perhaps even desperate tone.

Luckily, Katherine noticed. She said forcefully, "Mom! Mom! Wait! Take it easy! Can't you tell that he's about to blow?"

"Mmmm! Sounds yummy!" Susan purred as she contentedly licked her way around his cockhead, the tip of her tongue less than an inch from Katherine's.

Katherine growled, "Mom, we don't want him to blow in less than a minute. Remember, his climaxes need to be prolonged or they won't count!" But even as she said this, she was busy licking his balls and stroking his shaft with both hands, which kind of undercut her message. She didn't want to miss out in case Susan didn't stop.

Fortunately, Susan got the message. "Oh, poo! Poop-de-doo. Okay, I'll try. But Angel, once I get started, it's so hard to slow down." Indeed, she was still licking up a storm as she spoke, while continuing to slide her lips along the side of his shaft.

Katherine suggested, "Then why don't you work on his balls for a while?"

Jealousy surged in Susan. She felt like saying, "Ha! You're just saying that so you can have his sweet spot to yourself. You don't fool me!" But she caught herself, and thought instead, What am I thinking? This is my sweet baby Angel we're talking about here! If anything, she's being selfless and I'm being the greedy one. My cock-lust is too strong for my own good! What matters is Tiger's COCK! His great big, needy cock! Pleasuring his cock without getting caught up on who is doing what when. Of course I'll do as she says; it serves me right to have to make do with his balls for a while.

She switched positions and started lapping at his balls (although she did keep one hand jacking off near the root of his shaft). Mmmm! This is pretty yummy and fun too! I could lick and suck on his big spermy balls all day! Especially when I'm confident my beautiful Angel is taking care of his long pole. They're so smooth and hairless, not like other scrotums I've seen in pictures. Those all look disgusting and hairy, and they're probably smelly too. Tiger's are magnificent! I love how his balls are so FULL of all that yummy spermy cream. These are balls that DEMAND to be serviced frequently!

But as much fun as Susan was having, Katherine was having an even better time. There was no denying the fact that the girl was getting all the best "real estate" at the moment. She thought, Finally! So many damn prohibitions and punishments, not to mention sneaking around, but for once I get free reign! AND, I have a hand resting on Mom's back as I bob on Brother's cockhead! How cool is THAT?! This is totally gonna become a common thing before long; I can just tell. Sharing with Mom and Aunt Suzy and Aims - heck, maybe even three or more at a time! That'll be so righteous! Mmmm!

After less than a minute, she was forced to heed her own warnings and slow down some more, because Alan's moaning and gasping again took on a desperate tone.

The three of them soon got in a groove. It wasn't the all-out tongue-lashing attack that they expected, but they willingly gave up some of the intensity to achieve a much longer duration. Susan even calmed down enough for Katherine to share the top of Alan's boner some more.

He found himself thinking, This fuckin' ROCKS! Mom and Sis, together! I can't get enough of this. Look at their faces. So much passion, so much love... So much determination to make my cock feel awesome! I don't know why, but somehow the fact that their faces are so gorgeous makes what they're doing feel even better. Hell, I can't even see their big tits or the rest of their flawless bodies from this angle, but knowing they're centerfold-worthy bombshells makes my dick throb that much more!

The two horny women found themselves now needing to actually implement their earlier strategizing. They didn't strictly take exclusive sides of his erection, but they did spend most of their efforts on the side they were closest to, while still retaining the right to "explore" the other side from time to time.

In order to pace and coordinate their efforts, mother and daughter talked to each other a lot. But with so much talking, they had to pause frequently in their licking, and then sometimes they got so involved in their discussion that they forgot to lick for a while.

Unfortunately for Alan, that didn't help much at all, because he was so aroused by the things they were saying. Katherine had started it, once she was sharing Alan's cockhead with her mother, by saying, "Mom, this is soooo much fun. I just loooooove licking Brother's cock!"

"Mmmm!" Susan replied, more or less. (It was hard to tell if that was in response, since she was making her usual "mmm" noises nearly constantly, but that one had been extra loud and pointed.)

Katherine continued, "No, Mom, you don't get it. I really, really, REALLY love it. So much that it scares me sometimes. And sharing with you is even BETTER!"

Susan agreed so strongly that she pulled her lips and tongue all the way off his cock for a moment to exclaim, "That is SO spot on! I completely agree! Angel, cocksucking Tiger with you is like... heaven! Heaven on Earth! Just hearing him moan in such constant arousal... Mmmm! It makes me so happy!"

She resumed licking over his sweet spot as she continued, "It makes my nipples all tingly and my pussy so wet! But there are so many intangibles too! The taste! The smell! The heat! The throbbing! Mmmm! His sexy grunts that let me know when I'm doing something he loves. The way he stares at me! His steady stream of cum and pre-cum! Feeling my big tits sway in time to my bobbing, and knowing he's watching them! His hand on my head, stroking my hair or petting me like he owns me. MMMM! I could go on ALL DAY! Oh, and feeling him dominate me as he towers over me with his huge phallic manhood! MMMM, YES!"

That inspired Susan so much that she engulfed his cockhead all over again. She couldn't help but start bobbing all the way down to his sweet spot and then further.

Katherine could tell that once her mother really got going with that, she wasn't going to stop until he came. So she quickly asked, "And the sharing? Don't you like the sharing too?"

Susan was forced to pull off to answer. "Oh yes! Thanks for the reminder. This sharing is great too! It's a whole new thing to love! Just look at his face. Look at how valiantly he's trying not to cum. Listen to his urgent panting and moaning! See the sweat pouring off his forehead. Look at him sitting up there, while the two of us are naked and on our knees between his legs. What stamina, to last through all this. This is a boy, no, a MAN, who deserves lots of double blowjobs from now on! With you here next to me, I feel even MORE dominated by my powerful and MANLY son! MMMM! And that gets me SO HOT!"

Knowing what was coming next, Katherine acted quickly to engulf Alan's cockhead just before Susan could get her mouth back on it.

Susan was a bit miffed at first, but she happily licked at everything that was left while continuing to rave about how much fun she was having. "He's putting BOTH of us in our place at the same time! It's like he's saying, 'Mother, daughter, aunt, or whatever, it doesn't matter to me. You're all just here to SERVE my COCK! Worship it! Adore it! Love it with your tongues, together! Take turns on me all day long!'"

She would have said much more in this vein, but once again she got herself so worked up that she couldn't contain herself. But since the top third of Alan's boner was occupied at the moment, she popped one of his balls in her mouth and sucked on that.

It may have felt like an eternity of endless pleasure to Alan, but in reality it had only been a little more than five minutes since the two women had gotten in their dual blowjob groove. Katherine tried to calm things down some more, trying to make his pleasure last a little longer. She stopped her bobbing and went back to sharing his sweet spot with Susan, using dueling tongues, while the two women continued to wax ecstatically about blowjobs and sharing.

Katherine panted, "Mom... I agree! Sharing... Need to share a LOT! Ugh! God! Two tongues... not enough! Need three! Aunt Suzy!"

Susan was panting hard too. "Goodness gracious! The three of us, at once? So wrong! But so... so right! So HOT!"

Katherine gasped even more desperately, "Four! Four tongues! Amy too!"

Susan was channeling her passion with even more fevered licking. "UGH! MMMM!"

Alan cried out, "UH! Too much! Ease off! Ease off!"

But his desperate pleas were a case of too little, too late. Everyone was simply too aroused; even when mother and daughter were doing their best to be mellow and restrained, their hand, tongue, and lip work was simply too talented.

bender

Another minute passed. By that time Alan was beyond speaking coherently, so he tried his best to indicate how desperately close he was through his frantic panting and moaning.

Both women knew all his cues quite well, but they were too far gone to have any restraint anymore. In fact, Susan resumed her bobbing and Katherine made no attempt to stop her this time. Instead, she'd been the one licking on his sweet spot, and she refused to give up that position, forcing Susan to just slide her lips and tongue all over Alan's cockhead but no further down.

And after hearing one particularly impassioned grunt from her brother, Katherine ran her index finger through her wet pussy lips, making sure it was totally soaked. Then she reached underneath him and unexpectedly jammed that finger up his anus, bending it to touch his prostate.

His resulting cry was so loud that it seemed like it should have been heard for miles around. That was the final straw; he started to climax immediately.

Susan and Katherine had been fingering their pussies off and on, but holding off their own climaxes. However, once he let go, they did too. The resulting cacophony resembled a screaming contest, although Susan's cries were muffled by the fat boner still sliding between her lips.

Susan took advantage of Katherine's distracted screaming to slide further down Alan's pole and really go to town on his sweet spot. She didn't have to worry about making him cum too soon anymore, so she went all out to help make his orgasm as intense and mind-blowing as it could possibly be.

She swallowed his jizz eagerly. Her own climax, combined with the joyous sensation of the squirting, pulsing erection filling her mouth, almost made her black out for a moment. The rockets that were exploding in her head seemed timed to the beat of Alan's squirting as he fired deep into her throat.

For the last few minutes, Alan had been doing little more than reacting and enduring, and of course enjoying. His hands had usually been clenched in fists when they weren't gripping the sofa for dear life. But halfway through his climax, he suddenly reached out and twisted both of his mother's nipples at once, because it just seemed to him like the thing to do at the time.

Susan's nipples were in such an ultra-sensitive state that she feared she would bite down on his erection. So she pulled back until his dick was out of her mouth and then let out an impassioned roar that would have impressed the fiercest lion.

That left his cum shooting at her face instead of within her mouth. This turned out to be fortuitous, since she was in a mood to get a cum facial. But she didn't want to be greedy, so after a couple of ropes she redirected the rest to Katherine's face.

Chapter 582 What If He Actually Marries AMY?

When it was all over, Susan was left with a deep sense of satisfaction. That was... divine! Once again I've helped save my son from the evils of sperm buildup and blue balls. In her mind there was nothing more important than that. Besides, between this experience and what happened with Amy last night, I've discovered that double blowjobs can be one of the greatest joys! I could easily see getting in the habit of doing this daily. Several times a day, even!

Katherine and Alan were just as satisfied. Katherine was delighted that her mother hadn't forgotten her, leaving her at the last minute with something of a pearly facial.

Alan simply felt that he was lucky to be alive. After a couple of minutes, when he'd recovered enough to say something, he panted, "Fuck! You two fucking KILLED me!"

Susan was still on her knees next to Katherine. She was busy licking his flaccid penis clean, but she paused to ask, "I take it that's a good thing?" She giggled.

"I don't know," Alan answered, a bit over-dramatically. "I mean, how can I go on after that? Oh FUCK! Now I have to go to school! No way! There's no fuckin' way! Not unless I can go in a wheelchair. Christ!" He swiped a hand across his forehead, wiping away the perspiration.

Susan brushed the hair out of her face and said, "Don't worry; I left plenty of time for playtime. Hmmm, it looks like you've built up quite a sweat, although I can't see why, since you just sat there like the lord of the manor while Angel and I did all the hard work."

He said, "I know it's weird that I'm the sweatiest one now, but that was just so damn intense!"

She went back to licking his flaccidness as part of her recently-created "cleaning" tradition. "I'm glad to hear that. Angel, do you think Akami will figure that counted as a good, long orgasm for him?"

Katherine giggled. "Mom, I think that was a grand slam home run!" She giggled some more. Lacking anything better to do as she knelt there, she got to work on "cleaning" his balls.

Susan said, "I don't know how baseball works, but I know that's really good. That makes me so happy! Anyway, Son, you have time for another shower, to get clean again, but you need to get started right away." She bent down and joined in "cleaning" his balls.

"UGH!" It seemed like a great ordeal, but he somehow managed to stand up on his own. He really did feel utterly wiped out.

Seeing him more stagger than walk, Susan turned to Katherine and said, "Angel, please help get him upstairs and washed up. But no funny business, okay? We really are in a hurry now and don't have the time."

"No problemo!" Katherine replied. "Besides, I think another climax right now would probably kill him, and for once I'm not joking. Look at him; he can barely stand!" She got up and rushed to help him.

Alan slowly revived during the shower, although he continued to feel a deep sense of exhaustion. He knew it wasn't from any overexertion or lack of sleep, but simply going through such an intense climax

took a lot out of a person. The French call an orgasm "petite mort," meaning "little death," and with good reason.

Katherine was true to her promise not to start any "funny business" during the shower. However, she held him and kissed him, not in an overtly erotic manner but in more of a tender and loving way.

In a way, he liked that even more than an all-out sex attack. It certainly was what he needed at the time. He purred to her, "Sis, I meant what I said last night. You're very special to me. All sex aside, it's like... you complete me."

To his surprise, she growled, "Shut up!" But then she added, "Don't say that kind of thing, or I'll never let you out of my arms. I love you, Brother!" She kissed him on the lips again, and this time it was both very erotic and very loving.

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Since Katherine had actually showered earlier that morning, she got out while he was still showering and rushed back to her room. She quickly retrieved her diary from its secret hiding place.

Dear Diary,

I have to be fast, very fast! I only have a minute or two before I have to go to school, but I want to write down my impressions while they're still fresh, as fresh as the cum that was splattered all over my face (and MOM's!) just a few minutes ago! I'm sitting here naked, still slightly wet from the shower, and I've never felt so ALIVE!!!!

I'm gonna tell you more about it later, in great detail, but the big headline news is that Mom and I shared Brother's cock!!!! That's right, we sucked and licked him together! It was like everything I'd dreamed, only better! I mean, I thought sharing his cock was awesome already, like when I've shared it with Kim. But with Mom? No comparison! Just feeling my hand on her naked body while the smell of Brother's manly cock filled my nostrils made me so horny that I thought I was gonna die! I was totally getting into caressing her under the guise of trying to get a better hold, and she let me! And then when our tongues touched while we both licked his sweet spot at the same time, I thought I really WAS going to die! Goose bumps and tingles all over, like, the whole time!

Diary, how am I supposed to go to school and pretend to be normal when all I can think of is the fact that this isn't going to be a one-time thing? Oh no! Now that the barrier has been broken, we're gonna be doing this ALL THE TIME!!!! Heck, we might even spend later today or tonight just slurping and sliding away! Oh God, how can I sit through class?! Can you just imagine, doing it with Mom literally for hours at a time? Of course, it won't be all cocksucking. We could take turns getting tiffucked, or maybe even tiffuck him together! Mmmm! And sixty-nines! And when our tongues and hands get tired, he could spank us both, just because he feels like it! Oh, Diary, this is fuck-toy paradise!

God knows I love it when Brother fucks me. That's the very best! But unfortunately, it's not something that can be shared with Mom. Or Aunt Suzy. Or Aims. Ohmigod, the double blowjob combos! My head is reeling with possibilities!

Oh shit! Mom is calling for me to get in the car and I'm still naked and wet. Gotta go! Oh, and TRIPLE blowjobs! Or quadruple ones! Damn, I've really gotta run. More later!

A few minutes later, Susan drove her kids to school because they were so late. Alan sat in the back, closed his eyes, and tuned out, still trying to recover from his earlier experience.

Seeing it was effectively just the two of them, Susan said to Katherine as she drove, "By the way, please, watch where your feet go. You may not have noticed it, but you were, um, kicking me earlier."

"Sorry, Mom, I didn't see you there," Katherine replied. She knew that her foot caresses were not even close to "kicking," and the contact had certainly not been accidental, but she knew better than to point that out.

"That's okay," Susan said. "But you're not allowed to get excited looking at me, okay? Are you going to force me to be your sexual plaything as well? That would be very wrong. If we kiss each other or put on sexy little shows, it's just meant to help Tiger's problem."

Had Katherine been better able to read Susan's sexual language, she would have realized that Susan was practically screaming: Dominate me! But that was just too mind-blowing for Katherine to contemplate. She merely asked, "But Mom, can't I just appreciate another woman's beauty? Most women love to be complimented."

"Yeah, and most daughters say things to their mothers like 'nice hairdo' instead of poking their fingers in their mommy's butts. I don't know why I spoil you two. It's always 'give an inch and take a mile' around here."

Katherine finally agreed not to get horny looking at her mother, but with the display Susan put on each morning, that was like dropping a rock and asking gravity not to make it fall. Eager to change the conversation, she said, "By the way, thanks so much for aiming some of his cum at my face at the end there. I really appreciate it."

"Sure thing, my love," Susan said happily. "I know you'd do the same for me. Maybe not every time, since his orgasms are just so exciting and distracting, but most of the time. We sure were a sight, weren't we?" She giggled happily.

"We sure were!" Katherine found the conversation bizarre, to say the least. It was one thing to talk about such things while naked and horny, but everyone was fully dressed and about as "normal" as anyone got in the Plummer family anymore. Susan looked like the epitome of the perfect soccer mom driving their family minivan.

However, Katherine didn't see any harm in their conversation. In fact, it helped solidify the new sexual aspects to their relationships, so she said, "He cums so much! Even though half his load went straight into your mouth, and then more on your face, there was still some left over for me."

Susan beamed with happiness. "Yes, he certainly is a very, very virile and potent young man! The only comparison I have is with Ron, but that's like comparing a trickle to a flood. No, I mean a flood to a trickle. Your brother makes me so proud! I wish we didn't have to wipe our faces clean, so everyone could see the way he marked and claimed us with his spermy seed."

Katherine just shook her head in amazement at how much her formerly prudish mother had transformed. But the interesting thing was that Susan somehow retained her innocent and matronly qualities, even while showing such an unabashed passion for her son's penis.

Alan had to be roused from slumber when they arrived at school. He thought, Man! That was some kind of super orgasm. And a fuckin' double blowjob with Mom and Sis! But still, I suppose it doesn't count any more than any other orgasm in terms of reaching my daily target. And given my general sexual

exhaustion, it'll be pretty tough to get to eight orgasms a day again. I should aim for six or seven instead. That is, if I can make it through school without collapsing from total sexual exhaustion! Phew!

Suzanne didn't go over to the Plummer house immediately after Susan returned from driving Alan and Katherine to school, as she so often did.

She was still puzzling out what to do about the events of the night before that involved Amy. She sat back in a chair in her home office and thought, My grand scheme is still progressing, but it's slipping out of my control. How to get it back on track?

There is one idea. It would be a bit of a nuclear bomb. I don't know if I have the duplicity to use it. The problem? Susan and Angel have the incest taboo going for them, making sex between Sweetie and them that much hotter, which could make them possibly more important to him than I am.

The solution? I have to become family too. True, I'm family in all but name, but that official labeling can make a huge mental difference. Neither Susan nor her kids have the slightest clue about his genetic parents, except for some kind of vague guess that he comes from a Mediterranean ethnic background, and that's only due to his naturally dark skin and general appearance. If they only knew the truth!

I can't tell them the truth because I'm bound by that vow, and besides it wouldn't help me here. But I could drop a bombshell and claim that I am his real birth mother. Wow. Suddenly, I'd be more of his mother than Susan is.

Sweetie was born about the same time Brad was, right before I met Susan. What if I said that I actually had twins, but Eric and I only wanted one so I put the second twin up for adoption? Of course I would have wanted him close by and treated him like my own son, so I made a secret arrangement with the adoption agency to put him into Susan's hands. Okay, there would be some holes in that story, but the whole Plummer family is so nice and trusts me so much that they'd certainly fall for it. Right?

The only problem is that it would be a complete lie. Well, an exaggeration at least. I did make a secret arrangement for their adoptions, so in a way I do feel like their mother. But it's so dastardly. Not to mention, the truth about who their real parents are is shocking enough, and I don't think any of them would appreciate my lie if they ever found out. Am I so desperate and conniving to actually use that story?

No. The answer is NO! The problem is, it's not a harmless lie, like most of the lies that I use in my schemes. It would hurt Susan very much. She has just about convinced herself that her adopted children are really her own flesh and blood. It would be devastating for her. I would be so torn apart by guilt that I would be unable to enjoy my victory. I can't do it.

I have to find another way to be number one in his heart and in his shorts. But how? I could find a lot of cruel ways to push Angel or Susan down and thus rise above them, but they're just about my favorite people in the whole world. I couldn't hurt them that much.

No, I have to make Sweetie love me more without him loving them any less. It's great if we all love each other more and more; it's just that I have to be number one in his heart. I have to! I know it's an immature feeling, but that's love for you. I want to possess him. Being his favorite would mean more to me than anything has in my life before. But how? How? HOW?! I'm already doing everything I can! How much more sultry and loving can I be? Jesus Christ, people say my body is unreal and my sex appeal is off the charts, but I've got some serious competition here. It's so damn frustrating!

She put a hand on her chin as she tried a different approach. The other way to become family is to become his wife. That's been my secret fantasy for over a year now. To be his wife: Mrs. Alan Plummer. Mmmm. Sounds nice! She smiled wistfully.

But it's so pie in the sky. I rarely allow myself to think about it. He wasn't even considering me when he chose an official girlfriend yesterday. That really hurt, but it's no wonder since I'm twice his age. And of course there's the very unpleasant fact that I'm already married. I could change that with a quick divorce, but then I wouldn't still be living next door. Also, that would cause trauma to Amy and Brad just as they're finishing high school. I might even have to get a job eventually, in a worst-case scenario... Lots of problems. But it's a moot point, because Sweetie would never consider marrying me in the first place.

Furthermore, SHOULD he even marry me? I should think about what's best for him and not just what works for me and what my pussy wants. Why saddle him with an old broad when he's just starting out in life?

Oh no! What if he actually marries AMY?! He doesn't love her as much as he does his sister or mother, but that could change with time. I hadn't even thought about that possibility last night when I was dumbly agreeing to the "official girlfriend" idea. I'm just not sharp lately. Too much time fantasizing about getting fucked and not enough time strategizing. I want to be related to him, but not as his mother-in-law!

Woe is me! I never thought I would use that phrase in all seriousness, but that's how I feel. Woe is me. Think of something, Suzanne! You always think of something and get out of every pickle, so think of something and get out of this one!

Suzanne brooded for over an hour, but she still could see no solution to her problems. She decided to go over to Susan's house and do their usual morning exercising and retelling of the previous day's events. Between their new kissing and nude sunbathing habits, not to mention just how arousing the previous day had been, she knew she'd be in for an exciting time. She figured that after a couple hours of such fun she'd be able to be alone and focus on her problem some more.

The hour plus that Suzanne spent alone in deep thought gave Susan a rare opportunity to also be alone and think for herself.

In the past week or two, Suzanne had kept a close eye on Susan and made doubly sure that her best friend stayed in at least some kind of erotic mood nearly every single hour of the day. Suzanne took care of most of Susan's mundane chores like shopping so Susan would hardly ever have to leave the house. When Susan did leave it for long periods of time, that usually led to a big setback in her subversion, so Suzanne always tried to prevent that.

But now Susan had a long chance to think, and the more she thought, the unhappier she became. While she cleaned up everyone's cum from the kitchen floor, and then still more from near the love seat, she had a dramatic change of heart. I remember when my kids were small. Some food would always fall to the floor and I'd have to clean it up. Now, instead of peas and spilled juice, it's crusted cum hosed all over my face and the floor by my precious little boy. Not that I don't appreciate his big spermy loads, but things are getting out of hand. He's starting to play with my pussy, and we all know where that leads! True incest!

The reality of how things had changed hit her like a ton of bricks, and it frightened her a lot.

Chapter 583 Plans Crumbling? Susan Going To Psychologist?

Suzanne walked in the door of the Plummer house, thrilled to see another day. As she took off her shirt and put it in the underwear cabinet, she thought, We're going to have LOTS of fun even before Sweetie gets home. What'll I do with Susan first? Just how far will we go in lesbian loving this time? One big fat kiss on the lips, coming up!

But then she walked further into the house and saw Susan. Her best friend looked like she was in mourning, fully clothed in black. On closer inspection, it was more like how a high-priced call girl might dress for a funeral - the shiny, black number was cut to show a deep valley of cleavage.

Suzanne thought with amusement that this was now Susan's outer limit of the least arousing outfit she'd wear; it was ridiculously conservative by her new standards, but she never would have been caught dead in it in her old life.

As Suzanne drew near, Susan flinched a bit, then requested, "Please don't kiss me. Please. Today's not a good day."

"What's the problem?" Suzanne asked. She privately thought, Uh-oh. Here comes trouble. Another prudish episode. Another bump in the road.

Passionate words poured out of Susan. "I don't know why all of a sudden I'm filled with doubt and regret about how things are going with Tiger. Actually, I do know why: I feel things are spiraling out of control. I mean, this all started out because of his medical condition, and I just wanted to help him out. But I'm too weak! I've let it all go too far, and not just with him, but with you, and Angel, and Amy too. This has gone way beyond his medical problem and having to keep his cum-filled balls properly drained. I've been in such a sexual fog that I can barely even remember what his medical problem was in the first place. I don't need any excuse anymore; now I love cocksucking so much that I can never get enough! And more! I want to do so much more with him! I have to stop this while I still have some willpower left."

She sighed. "You know what happened last night. I was so docile, just letting Tiger do anything to anybody, including me. The way he forced me to do that striptease, and then suck him off together with Amy... It was humiliating!"

Suzanne cut in. "Oh come on. He didn't force you. You loved it, and you know it."

Susan paused in thought, then conceded the point. "I know. But that's the problem: I love it too much! You should have seen how I acted this morning. I woke up thinking that I would act more responsibly, but that lasted all of about five seconds. As soon as he walked into the kitchen and put his hands on my bare butt, I was a goner. Within minutes I was all but begging to get fucked. Somehow, he talked Angel and me into sucking him off at the same time, if you can believe that!"

Suzanne tried to look scandalized, but she thought, YES! Brilliant!

Susan continued despondently, "It was like an orgy instead of a breakfast. I mean, really! The entire morning seemed to be about nothing but pleasuring his penis. I acted like the most shameful, wanton hussy! And you wouldn't believe some of the things I said. Sometimes I wonder why he doesn't just up and fuck me, because I put up no resistance whatsoever. Before too long, everybody here is going to end up having sex with everybody else!"

Suzanne thought to herself, And an orgy would be considered a bad thing?! That's my whole plan!

Suzanne stood there, topless, at a total mental loss. She had been in the process of changing, as she always did nowadays immediately after entering the Plummer house. Now her nakedness was quite awkward. She was still coming to grips with the conclusion that she wouldn't get to play with Susan's body that day. She had trouble relating to Susan's new mood so she tried to buy some time. "And you have a problem with that?"

Susan answered, "Of course I have a problem with that! Suzanne, you have to back me up here! I mean ... it's not that I'm not enjoying things. The problem is, I can't maintain any boundaries, and all I can think about is sex, sex, sex. I even like it when people force me to do things. I've got Tiger's hunky body or his firm erection on my mind all the time. I think I'm going mad!"

She continued, "Just this morning, I scolded him mildly for fingerfucking Angel in front of me. That's not what normal families do! Especially because my main problem with his action was that he was doing it to her and not to me. I don't consider myself the jealous type, normally. Sometimes I even enjoy hearing about his other sexual conquests. But I'm slowly changing; now I want him to be with nobody but me, all day long."

She dropped her head in total defeat. "To be more specific, I want to spend the entire day with my face in his crotch, sucking and stroking his gorgeous cock! And titfucking it! And that's not normal. It's not right! I've lost all perspective."

Suzanne asked, "Does this have anything to do with Amy being made his official girlfriend?"

Susan replied with a near whisper. "No."

"Come on. You can tell me."

"No, really." But her guilt and unhappiness made it clear that she was lying.

"Cooooome on..."

"Darn it, you know me too well! Okay, I admit it: I've been burning up with jealousy ever since he made Amy his official girlfriend, mainly because I'm hopping mad that it was her instead of me! Is that sick or what?! I know that would be impossible for lots of reasons, but sometimes my emotional feelings overwhelm any rationality. It pains me terribly when he has to go to school for seven long hours. That's so horribly long! If I didn't have you to keep me company during the day, I couldn't bear it."

She sighed. "And yet, strangely, feeling jealous that he's loving others instead of me arouses me somehow. Maybe because it shows what a total stud he is. But heck, everything arouses me somehow! Obviously I can't keep on like this. But I'm not blaming anybody but myself. I haven't provided the leadership and discipline my children need. I just keep giving in to my urges, over and over. Suzanne, you're my best friend. You have to help me!"

Suzanne confessed honestly, "If it makes you feel any better, I fantasize about being his official girlfriend too. Though, you know, I'm obviously too old for that."

"You do? That does make me feel better. But I'm his mother!" She thought to herself some more, then continued, "I mean, my problem is that I'm mentally split in two. There's a part of me that really, really, REALLY wants Tiger to fuck me, and sometimes I even want to do, do..." She whispered quietly, "Do things to women too!"

She continued in a normal voice before Suzanne could respond to that. "That's how depraved I am. The things I've been thinking about doing to you... You don't even want to know. I can't say! But there's another part that finds it all morally reprehensible and spiritually wrong. I realize now that I've been clueless lately, not thinking things through and in fact not really thinking at all. That's because my mind is at war with itself. So I've just been turning my mind off rather than opening up this can of worms."

"So-" Suzanne started to say.

But Susan was on a roll. "Now bear in mind that I don't want to go back to how things were before this all started. No way! I was so unhappy then and I didn't even know it. If I don't get to suck Tiger's cock every day, I think I'll just die. I can't go on without loving him, physically. Deeply. In every way. But I really can't go on like this either. I'm too obsessed! And if something doesn't change, things are going to keep escalating until he winds up... you know."

"No, I don't know."

"You know. His, his stiffness. In me. And I don't mean my mouth! I mean lower!"

"A titfuck?" Suzanne was being deliberately obtuse. "Aren't those wonderful?"

"Yes, but... I mean even lower than that!"

"Oh!" Suzanne pretended to be scandalized, when in fact nothing would have made her happier than to see Alan fuck her friend, since that would have meant that he could fuck her openly too.

Susan sighed again. "I have to strike a balance somehow, with some level of daily sexual interaction while still having a life free of sex for some hours of the day. But my boundaries aren't working. It's not his fault. He's been heroic in his restraint, I know. He's such a wonderful, loving, cum-filled boy. I feel like it's all MY fault. I think I always let things slide because inwardly I just want to get fucked. I need my son to nail me good and hard! Gaaawwwwd, that would be GREAT! But I can't allow it. I shouldn't. Should I? I'm so torn! And what would I do without him?! What if he were to move away? My life would be destroyed. But he needs to live his own life and not have me hanging around his neck. Oh Suzanne! This is just killing me!"

Suzanne's heart went out to Susan's plight. She thought, I had no idea that Susan was still so conflicted deep inside. That's probably because she's riding an erotic buzz most of the day and suppresses it all.

She's a pretty smart woman normally, in her own way. But these past few weeks, most of the time she's so sexed up she has the intellect of a potted plant. But her childhood strictures against incest still haunt her, so it all comes out whenever the action stops for long enough. I've managed to narrow the definition of incest in her mind to just vaginal fucking, and that worked wonders for a while. But I

haven't really gotten rid of her objections; I've just delayed her day of reckoning. Now that she's starting to think of fucking him as a real possibility, even an inevitability, she's freaking out!

There's really only one solution. She has to get over the hump by humping, so to speak. She has to get used to fucking her son, and then over time all her doubts will ebb away. I've got to continue to condition her, but with a new focus on how fucking her son isn't really sinful. To be honest, I didn't think she'd reach this point so quickly, so I haven't laid the groundwork.

Susan sighed deeply yet again. "I think I need professional help. I have to see a psychologist, immediately, before things get even crazier!"

"Hmmm. A psychologist, you say?" Suzanne spoke while her mind schemed frantically. How am I going to spin THAT? With no outsiders interfering, my plan to turn the Plummer house into a giant, non-stop orgy party has been slowly but surely succeeding. But if she talks to someone like a real psychologist, fuck knows what the result from that will be.

Wait - I know what'll happen. The psychologist won't buy Sweetie's medical condition story because, let's face it, it sounds absurd unless you want to believe it in the first place. They'll ask a few other doctors about it and the entire thing will unravel. Dr. Fredrickson and Nurse Akami may do prison time, for starters. My role in it will come out. No way can I let that happen. I have to convince her not to see anybody. That's the-

As if Susan had read Suzanne's last thought, she said, "Don't try to make me change my mind. I've got my mind made up. I know what you're going to say: that no outsider should learn of Tiger's medical problem. Who knows if even a trained professional will tell, and so on? And it's true; I don't know a good doctor that can be trusted. But I think the situation demands taking the risk."

Suzanne failed to answer that directly. To stall for time, she changed the subject, saying, "By the way, I feel frightfully underdressed. How embarrassing." She covered her nipples but barely anything else. She knew that striking such a "modest" pose would actually make her body even more tantalizing.

Susan unconsciously licked her lips. She seemed transfixed. But then she realized she was staring at her best friend's chest and she muttered, "Um, that would probably be a good idea."

Suzanne went to the underwear cabinet to retrieve her shirt, but she still remained in view of Susan.

Susan watched her move about with great interest. "Oh. Sorry about that. Actually, it's fine if you leave it off, but if you put it back on that could help me think. That's one of my problems: my arousal when I see... when I see..."

Susan didn't want to discuss her recent lesbian urges with her friend, since Suzanne was the main focus of those urges. So instead she covered up her verbal stumble. "It's not like we suddenly can't go nude. After all, the task of helping Tiger with his six-times-a-day target never ends. We have to develop the properly slutty attitude twenty-four hours a day if we're going to be the best cocksuckers and penis pleasers we can possibly be."

She caught herself after saying that, bemoaning, "See? That's not normal. But that's how I think these days. All I can think of is that big fat cock drooling cum, deep in my mouth, sliding in and out, in and out, in and out... That delicious cum splattering on the back of my throat... More sperm on my face, and dripping down into my cleavage... So much yummy, spermy joy! And when he's gone off to school, it's pure torture!"

Suzanne replied, "I agree with your attitude on nudity. But I think I'll just put my top back on, if you don't mind."

Dressing allowed Suzanne to stall for more time while she thought of new ideas. I don't think this would be the appropriate moment to take the egg vibrator out of my pussy, since she'll notice it was there in the first place. But it's so hard to think with it in there! Damn. Focus, Suzanne!

Okay, how about this? If she doesn't know a good doctor, what if I get a faux doctor to tell her lies? It worked well once before to get this whole ball rolling. Akami really grew into her role. But whom can I pick for this? I don't know any psychologists at all, so I can't get one to lie like I did with Dr. Fredrickson. What if I get someone to impersonate one?

Wait! I know the perfect person: my old college pal Xania. Oh my gosh! That could work in so many different ways.

"Susan," Suzanne finally said once she'd slipped her shirt back over her shoulders, "as you can tell, I'm thinking deeply about this situation. I think you have a good point about seeing a psychologist. Personally, I think pleasure is nothing to be ashamed of, and these last few weeks have been the best and most pleasurable of my life."bender

"Me too," Susan agreed. "By such a huge amount that it's not even funny."

Suzanne nodded and went on, "But we don't know the long-term psychological effects, either for you or for your children. I didn't realize you'd become so conflicted, or that you get that obsessed."

Susan explained, "That's because I've been turning my brain off, more or less, so I could just be in denial about everything and enjoy the moment. And God, do I enjoy the moment! But the slippery slope! Where is this leading? Are we all going to burn in Hell? I can't control it at all."

Suzanne continued, "You should see someone about this. True, it is a big risk. If this gets out, you could destroy everyone's lives, for sure. I know you said that Sweetie still needs his help, but do you personally really want to stop altogether? Do you really want to give up your daily dose of your son's sweet cum?"

"Of course not. No way! I was thinking maybe I wouldn't be fully honest with the psychologist..."

"That's not good. Instead, you need someone who has some sympathy for his medical needs, and for your vital role in helping him out. That would let you really lay the whole story bare."

"Yes, if there's anyone out there who's sympathetic. Do you think there is? We have to keep helping him with his medical treatment, no matter what. He can't do it alone. When I think of all that nasty sperm building up in his balls... Why, it makes me anxious just to think about it!"

Suzanne pointed out, "Not many professionals are going to have any sympathy for this whole situation, even though it's all very justified medically. But I think I have the solution. I have a friend who's a psychologist. She's someone we can trust. She's also very open-minded and has a really healthy attitude about sexual things. It would be an almost perfect fit. I just hope she's around. She and I were close in college, until just before I met you, but I haven't spoken to her in a number of years."

"Oh, Suzanne, that's great!" Susan had been keeping her physical distance from Suzanne, afraid they might end up kissing or more, but now she excitedly walked up to her friend and gave her a big hug. "Who is she? Tell me more!"

Suzanne smiled as she hugged her best friend back. "Well, I don't want to get your hopes up and then have them crash. For one thing, she doesn't even live in this county. She lives up in Los Angeles, last I heard. But she could be in Timbuktu now for all I know. Let me go back home, make some calls, and try to track her down. But I'd trust her with my life. No worries about the security aspect, if she can do it."

Chapter 584 Here Comes Xania, The Psychologist

Suzanne left not long afterward, so she could track down her old friend.

As Suzanne walked back to her house, she thought, I haven't spoken to Xania in years. What has it been, five years, maybe? But things have been difficult between us for a lot longer than that. Still, time heals all wounds. I think she'd definitely be into helping because I know she loves a challenge, just as long as she hasn't died or turned into a Jesus freak or something. No way would "The Snake" get all prudish on me. She's so wild that she makes ME look tame. Or at least she was. I hope she'll let bygones be bygones. Xania, please be home!

Suzanne called Xania "The Snake" because Xania had a nearly inhumanly long tongue. That had been her nickname in certain circles back when she and Suzanne had been college roommates, as well as "friends with benefits" lovers. Suzanne was always a bit jealous of Xania's tongue and her nickname, since Suzanne's tongue was also remarkably long, yet it was constantly overlooked in favor of Xania's because Xania's was just a little bit longer.

The "bygones be bygones" aspect was a reference to an incident where Suzanne had stolen Xania's serious boyfriend. Their friendship had fallen apart after that, and although they had eventually made up things between them were never the same.

Suzanne rushed into her house and found her phone book. She located Xania's number and dialed it.

"Xania? ... You're home! Great! It's me, Suzanne... Uh huh. Look, I need to know urgently: no big changes in your life lately - married, kids, new job, something like that? ... No, same old you, living life to the fullest, having fun? Great! ... Are you still knocking the socks off the hunks around town? ... You are? But of course you are, hee-hee-hee... This may sound weird, but I have a huuuuge favor to ask..."

Suzanne briefly but vaguely outlined the incestuous situation with Susan and the need for her friend Xania to play the role of a psychologist for a day or so.

Xania proved to be game, especially when she was told, "Listen. Things have changed around here, big time. Susan's son Alan isn't a little kid anymore. He's turned into a serious sex stud! Something you can and should find out for yourself."

Xania pointed out, "I know some very studly guys around here that I'm sure blow a mere boy away. How old is he, anyway? Is he legal?"

"Yes. He's eighteen. And I know you can easily find muscle-bound hunks who are physically superior to Alan in every way. But this is different. He makes sex FUN! I know I'm biased because I'm hopelessly in love with him, but there's some kind of special spark with him. Try him; you'll see what I mean."

"Wait a minute. Hold everything. YOU, Suzanne, the supremely jaded, are 'hopelessly in love' with your neighbor boy?!"

"I am, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. You'd better watch out, or he just might hook you too! He already practically has his own little harem here. He's not just sexually involved with his mother Susan; he's getting it on with his sister Katherine, me, my daughter Amy, and some other serious hotties!"

"You're kidding me! His mother, his sister, YOUR daughter... Are you okay with all that?! I thought you just said you're in love with him?"

"I am. And I'm very okay with all that. We're basically turning into one big sex-mad family, and it's the best thing that's ever happened to any of us. You just HAVE to come here and check it out."

"Well, you certainly have tempted me. But pretending to be a psychologist for a whole day? I don't know if I can do that."

"Sure you can! I'll pay all your expenses and give you a fee. I know you got your undergrad degree in psychology, so together with your acting skills it should be easy. Besides, when was the last time you and I have had some one-on-one time?"

Xania's arousal level shot up dramatically, because she knew what that meant. Although both of them preferred sex with men, they used to sex each other up on a daily basis back when they were college roommates. "Are you serious?! You and me!"

"Dead serious. It's been way too long."

"It has! But you told me a long time ago that you couldn't do that anymore. Something about needing to 'go straight' because if Susan found out about your bisexual ways, well... I don't remember why that was so bad, but you seemed really worried about it."

"I was. But things have changed completely, like I told you. Susan not only sucks her son's cock on a daily basis, as if it's the greatest treat in the world, but she and I have started French kissing, and more. So, needless to say, I'm not worried anymore about what she might think about us getting it on."

"Okay! If that's the case, I'll be there will bells on! Besides, as you can probably guess, I'm not exactly that busy here lately."

Xania lived for the party life. Like Suzanne, she was in her late thirties, but she had remained unmarried. She was addicted to L.A.'s swinging club scene. Over the years she'd had plenty of boyfriends and experienced orgies, drugs, rock n' roll, and every type of hedonistic fun she could find. But she still looked great and kept going strong. In fact, she had a very similar physique to Suzanne and Susan - tall and buxom - although she was just a bit taller.

Suzanne truly did trust Xania because she knew her so well, even though they had drifted apart after the incident of the stolen boyfriend. So she wasn't worried that Xania would try to blackmail her afterward; that just wasn't in Xania's nature.

The one problem Suzanne had was that she couldn't really imagine Xania as a doctor. Because she knew that Xania had once had a bit part in a borderline-pornographic movie, the best Suzanne could do was conjure up the ridiculous image of Xania nearly naked while carrying some books. But luckily, Xania really was an experienced Hollywood actress (although mostly in minor roles in soft-core porn movies) so Suzanne was pretty sure that she could at least play a role convincingly.

After Suzanne got the initial thumbs-up from Xania and they had outlined a brief plan, she hung up and called Susan.

"Hi, Susan? Guess what? Xania is still around, and she's still a psychologist! That's the name of the friend I was talking about... Not only that, but I briefly outlined your problem and your urgent need, and she's agreed to make room in her schedule to see you the day after tomorrow! Isn't that great? ... Of course, you'll have to drive up to Los Angeles, but her office is only about an hour and a half from here, so that's not too bad. She also wants to see Alan and Katherine, so that she can understand the problem from all angles. ... Uh huh, on the same day. They'll obviously have to miss school. Figure on at least half a day, with the driving... Just call in sick for them. After all, this is important and urgent for you and them."

After she'd talked to Susan some more, Suzanne called Xania back and they made their plans.

Xania really did live in L.A., an adversity that Suzanne now turned into an advantage. If the "doctor" had been nearby in Orange County, Susan might want to have weekly appointments, but that would be a difficult deception to maintain, even though Xania actually had taken psychology courses when she and Suzanne had been in school together.

Suzanne drove to L.A. that same day to discuss the situation in person; she and Xania spent hours so Xania would be very thoroughly coached on what to say. While in L.A., Suzanne also arranged a short-term rental of a furnished office, so Xania could hold her meeting in what might hopefully pass as a real psychologist's office.

Suzanne wasn't happy that Susan had insisted on seeing a psychologist, but she looked at the situation from the positive side. If I can pull this off, I can use this to drive Susan and the others even deeper into sexual abandon. Get the doctor to tell her that everything is okay as is, and she'll no longer have any excuse to hold back. This could actually get rid of what remains of her moral qualms, maybe even healing the mental split that's been troubling her. True, we'll all benefit, but really it's for her own good. God, I'm brilliant sometimes!

Sean caught up with Alan as he left his first-period class. "Hey, dude. What's up with you?"

"What do you mean?" Alan responded as the two of them walked to their second-period English class.

"Lately, you've been the king of the space cases, but today you really took the cake. If I didn't know you so well, I'd figure you're totally high on something."

Alan realized he had a growing problem trying to explain his increasingly erratic behavior in school. He thought to himself, as if he were talking out loud to Sean. How would YOU behave if you just had the kind of morning I did, with your mother and sister pleasuring your cock nearly every single minute until we had to leave for school? No, wait, that couldn't happen with YOUR sister; she's too young. What if you woke up with my mom and my... No! Yuck. Okay, A mom and a sister. Imagine that!

Sean snapped his fingers in front of Alan's face as they walked. "Dude! You're still doing it."

bender

"Sorry. I'm just trying to think about how to explain. Let's put it this way. I've learned how to imagine that I have a totally sexy foreign exchange student living with me. She's a Scandinavian blonde, really stacked, with a bubble butt and a sultry face. She's totally amazing in every way! And she's totally into me; all she wants to do is go to town between my legs ALL the time, if you know what I mean."

"I do! I do!" Sean was enjoying this.

"You've probably even had similar fantasies yourself, though maybe about a different blonde."

Sean replied, "That's true. I have." He smiled broadly as he thought about Heather doing that to him.

Alan continued, "I dream about her all the time. Sometimes she even gives me a goodnight BJ before I go to sleep, then gives me a 'human alarm clock' one in the morning to wake me up."

Sean nodded eagerly. He figured Alan's dream girl had to be Christine, and he loved the mental image of such a sexy yet prudish girl giving a blowjob.

"But here's where it gets really weird: she can turn invisible whenever she wants. So when I'm eating a meal, I may find her on her knees under the table, blowing me the whole time! Sometimes she even does it during class here at school. Suppose that you could imagine that really happening to you, and do it all the time. I'd like to see YOU act normal during a boring first-period physics class while you're imagining that."

"Okay, point taken," Sean replied. "But I hate to say this, but your imaginary hottie sounds a lot like my current girlfriend: imaginary. In other words, she's not real. So what's REALLY spacing you out?"

Alan replied, "I'm telling you the truth! That's what I'm imagining. I'm getting, like, REALLY good at daydreaming about it. I totally imagine that happening to me all the time, whenever I get in the right zone. Today I was doing it all morning in class. What would you rather do: enjoy the hot exchange student, or listen to our teacher drone on and on?"

"Hmmm. Point taken again. But how did you get so good at daydreaming all of a sudden? And isn't that going to kill you when we have our next test?"

Just then Christine caught up to them. "Hey guys, what's up? What's this I heard you saying, something about our next test?"

Alan had seen Christine coming and he didn't mind her overhearing a little bit. He would have shut up if he'd still been talking about something too overtly sexual. He replied, "Oh, hey Christine. We were just talking about the greatest problem plaguing our school: blondes!"

Sean snickered, because he knew Alan loved to tell dumb-blonde jokes to Christine, and it was also true in a way that they'd been talking about blondes since Alan had been talking about his imaginary Scandinavian blonde exchange student.

Christine turned to Sean and stared at him with her usual intense gaze. "What's so funny?"

"Um, nothing. Gotta run!" The three of them were all headed to the same class, and in fact they were already almost there, but Sean suddenly rushed ahead because he was very intimidated by Christine's beauty and intensity. Even though they shared Alan as a friend, and also shared most of their classes, he rarely spoke directly to her. Additionally, he felt ashamed, since when Alan had talked about his imaginary Scandinavian hottie, Sean had been picturing Christine.

As Sean scurried off Christine said to Alan, "Sheesh. What's with him?" She turned her intent gaze on Alan. "And what's with you? You were soooo out of it today."

"We were just talking about that," Alan said. He slowed his walking greatly so they could finish talking before reaching the classroom. "You see, I'm not just joking about the blonde thing. I've caught blonde-itis! I have a malignant case of stage-four bloneness. Sean ran off 'cos he's afraid of catching it from you. Sure, my hair still looks dark brown now, but the roots! Oh, dear God, my roots are corn yellow! So I was just gazing off into space for the whole hour, thinking about going to the mall and buying some shoes."

Christine snorted derisively. She was secretly amused by his over-the-top bullshit, but she didn't want to give him the satisfaction of laughing. "I could almost believe it, the way you were staring into nothingness for a solid hour."

"A-ha! So you admit that blonde-ness is a disease! That's a big step. You know, you have to admit you have a problem before we can work on the cure."

She rolled her eyes. "The problem I have is that I have a moronic brown-haired friend who seems to have lost what little was left of his marbles. Why were you really- oh, darn." She had to stop because they'd reached the classroom door. If they said any more, some of their classmates would probably overhear. She headed to her seat, but pointed at him as she spoke quietly. "This isn't over! You're acting really weird lately, even by your recent standards of already exceptional weirdness."

Alan took his seat, which was next to hers. He thought, Uh-oh. That whole daydream excuse worked with Sean, but I can't exactly tell that to Christine; she'd see right through it. What cover story am I gonna tell her? I have to do a better job switching gears and getting into school mode. But damn! What happened to me this morning - how could anybody think or function after that? Double blowjob! Sweet! Mom AND Sis together! What an epic morning!

Christine glanced over at him. There he goes again. That same stupid grin. What on Earth is he thinking about? Or more likely, WHO is he thinking about? Is it Amy? Or Kim? Or Kim AND Amy? How many guys have two girlfriends? I could see him getting giddy about that. But he's been with those two for a while now, I think. Maybe he has a THIRD girlfriend? Or is he doing new things with one or both of them? Dammit, I really wanna know!

In any case, I'm sure it has something to do with sex. Because I sit next to him in most classes, I'm probably one of the few who've noticed that he has an erection most of the time when he's spacing out. Which means that lately he has an erection practically all the time!

I would think that would hurt or something after a while, no? Normally, she couldn't see his crotch in class due to his desk being in the way, so she bent down, using the pretense of getting something from her backpack. She blushed after briefly glimpsing the tenting in his shorts. Oh no! It's happening again!

Chapter 585 Master?

Brenda had had a rough night sleeping. Her submissive side had fully awakened and lately it seemed like she was thinking or daydreaming about sex with Alan all the time. In particular, she was always thinking about sex with a very dominating and controlling Alan, which she found disturbing, beguiling, and extremely arousing. She was so excited about the upcoming poker party that she couldn't get to sleep for a long time, and then once she did, she kept waking up after having powerfully erotic dreams.

When the morning rolled around she tried to call Susan to share stories, as had become their daily habit, but Susan didn't answer the phone. Brenda was disappointed, because those calls had come to mean a lot to her. She didn't get to see Alan much in the flesh, but at least she got to live vicariously through Susan. She especially wanted to get a "blow by blow" account of how Alan had spanked Susan the night before. That was quite possibly the most thrilling news for her from the Plummer house yet, which was saying a lot.

As a result of not getting enough sleep, she took a nap just after lunch. But while napping she soon found herself in another Alan-focused erotic dream.

Not surprisingly, it was grew out of her anticipation of the upcoming poker party. The dream started with her standing at the door to the Plummer house. She rang the doorbell, but no one answered. After ringing it several times, she was on the verge of giving up. But then she heard a distant male voice, coming from somewhere inside the Plummer house: "Come in!"

She reluctantly opened the door, walked in, and closed it behind her. She looked around and couldn't see anyone. She felt strange about being there, since she still didn't know any of the Plummers that well. But then she heard again, clearer this time: "Come in!" After a pause, the male voice added, "Over here!"

She walked from the foyer into the living room. From there, it was a straight visual shot into the dining room. She couldn't actually see anyone through the wide opening between the living room and dining room, but she could hear noises coming from there.

She tentatively walked closer to where the noises were coming from. She spoke loudly. "Hello? It's me, Brenda. Is it okay if I come in? Remember, you invited me to the party?"

This time it was a female voice who answered, "Come on in! You're just in time!"

Despite the friendly tone of voice, Brenda was increasingly nervous the deeper she went into the house. Her heart was pounding fast and hard. She looked down at herself and was relieved to see that she'd chosen a very sexy outfit to wear. In fact, it was so sexy that she'd also worn an overcoat, for fear of being seen by someone else while in transit. The overcoat was still on her shoulders, but it was wide open in front, revealing most of her dramatic red dress, including a plunging neckline in front that went nearly down to her navel. Needless to say, that presented her humongous tits for all to see.

She passed the threshold of the living room entrance, which let her look around the room. Her jaw literally dropped at what she saw. "Oh! ... God!"

Katherine and Amy were sitting at the dining room table, playing cards. They both were completely naked. That would have been shocking enough, but that wasn't what most surprised Brenda, because between where she stood and the table was a love seat. Alan was sitting in it in the nude, looking very relaxed. Susan and Suzanne were naked and on their knees before him, licking his cock together. They probably would have been holding and stroking it too, except that their arms were bound with rope behind their backs.

She could see that their pussies were leaking copiously and their rear ends had been spanked until red.

Even though Brenda had cried out in dismay when she entered, both Susan and Suzanne ignored her completely, as if they were unaware of her presence. The sound of their licking and slurping continued unabated. Alan glanced her way, but only briefly, as if she were of little importance. He seemed to take no special notice of her deeply-plunging neckline.

As a result, it was Amy who was the first to say, "Oh, hi Brenda! Glad you could make it. Cool beans!"

Brenda just stared at Susan and Suzanne and the way their tongues were steadily lapping around Alan's stiff cock. She'd never seen anything so simultaneously disturbing, and arousing in her life. Her heart pounded even harder, making her wonder whether she was going to pass out. "What's going on here?!"

Amy giggled, like that was a silly question. "It's kinda obvious, don'tcha think? Just a typical evening at the Plummer house!" She giggled some more.

Brenda thought, Why are they tied up like that?! It looks like they absolutely love what they're doing. Hell, their loud slurping and sucking sounds alone imply that. So why aren't they being allowed to use their hands?! And what did they do to deserve a spanking?! Is he going to spank ME too?!

Katherine twisted around in her seat to give Brenda a good look. "Oh dear. Woman, you're dreadfully overdressed. Take that off immediately!"

"B-b-but..." Brenda stammered. "I just came here to play cards. Not to... you know..." It seemed as if the sexual sounds Susan and Suzanne were making were somehow being conveyed straight to her pussy and nipples. It was so arousing that she wanted to fall to her knees, although she didn't understand why.

Katherine spoke in a very bossy tone. "Less talking, more stripping. I'd hurry, if you don't want your ass to look as red as theirs!"

Brenda felt strangely cowed. Despite her outrage at the double blowjob taking place just a few feet from her, and the realization that she could simply walk out of the house if she wanted to, she found herself slowly removing her overcoat.

That revealed all of her sexy red dress. Once she'd put the overcoat on a nearby stool, Amy said, "Nice! Hey, Master! Check out Brenda here!"

A thrill ran down Brenda's spine. The title "Master" played a large part in her fantasies and in the pornography she enjoyed. To hear it uttered in "reality" (since she didn't realize she was dreaming) shook her to her very core, making her legs tremble. She turned her gaze back to Alan, looking at him in an entirely new light. Master! Master Alan! Sitting there just like a lord and master! UNH! HNNNG!

Alan was slouched back against some pillows with his eyes closed, permitting him to luxuriate fully in the feeling of two tongues pleasuring his cock. But at Amy's request he opened his eyes and gave Brenda another glance. "Nice." He closed his eyes again, obviously savoring the double blowjob even more.

Brenda had spent nearly two hours making herself look perfect, just for him. Her dress was extremely expensive, showing off her huge tits right to the edge of her nipples. She'd even struck a sexy pose for him. She was miffed that she was only able to capture his attention for a few seconds.

Her temper flared. She folded her arms underneath her heavy rack, inadvertently (or maybe not so inadvertently) showing off even more of her peachy tit-flesh. She closed her eyes and grimaced as she griped, "'Nice?' Is that it?! Just nice?! And what's with this 'Master' shit, Amy? Did you really just call him that?!"

"Yep! I sure did!" Amy replied with her usual happy enthusiasm. "'Cos that's what he is. Right, Kat?"

Katherine replied, "Sure thing. Master Alan owns and controls all four of us, and some other women too." She spoke to Brenda. "But surely you guessed that already, didn't you? Otherwise, why did you come back to be initiated? Oh, and take off the rest."

Brenda was in a daze. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Master Alan owns and controls...?!" He's going to initiate ME?! Does that mean... he's going to make me not just one of his personal cocksuckers, but even one of his... one of his... slaves?! Oh GOD!

Saying the word "slaves," even in her own mind, sent an even bigger electric jolt through her body. Her arousal level shot to the stratosphere. She muttered, "The... the rest?"

Amy explained, "The rest of your clothes, silly! Our master likes his slaves completely naked. Everybody knows that!"

Brenda didn't understand why she didn't just up and flee the house. She didn't know why she was suddenly blushing cherry red and feeling extremely horny. Most of all, she didn't understand why she felt so compelled to take off the rest of her clothes. Just, just look! The four of them are just hanging around naked, looking seriously HOT. Susan and Suzanne are going to town on his cock, lovingly licking it like that's the most important thing in their world. Obviously, they ARE his slaves!bender

She slipped one shoulder strap off her shoulder, then did the same with the other. Both of her magnificent round breasts were slowly exposed as the straps slid down her arms. It's all so... crazy! Frightening! Intoxicating! I seem to be taking my dress off! If I don't do something, and fast... Soon, that'll be ME, with my wrists bound behind my back, sharing his cock with his other slaves, spending

hours with them licking it! No matter how much I love slobbering and gagging on his great cock, he'll probably spank my ass anyway, just to show me who's the master here! Oh God! Too scary and exciting! What about my free will?!

She looked over to Alan and was both pleased and frightened that he was actually taking the time to watch her strip. She found it daunting that such a powerful man was focusing entirely on her - not counting the double blowjob he was enjoying, of course - and that filled her with a great desire to please him and live up to his undoubtedly high expectations. Although her hands were trembling, she tried her best to strip both quickly and sexily. By that time, her dress was down to her waist. She started shimmying in an enticing manner to get it past her wide hips.

He's just a ... kid! I have to be strong. Resist! I really shouldn't be putting on a sexy performance like this. If I don't stop, I'll end up... end up a slave too! Like them! With a master. Master Alan. My master! My lord! ... No! No! It's wrong. Those are just crazy fantasies. I don't want a real lord and master, do I?

But even those thoughts didn't slow her down. The more she pulled her red dress down her body, the more she warmed up to the idea of being one of his sexual servants, even if that meant forever. She hadn't been wearing any underwear when she'd arrived, so it wasn't long before she was down to just her high heels. She bent far over to take them off, while also showing off her big yet toned bare ass. Her face was even redder than Susan's and Suzanne's well-spanked asses.

She heard a particularly loud male groan. She couldn't see Alan because of the way she was bent over and showing off her bare ass and wet pussy to him, but she thought, That was him! Did he groan because of me?! Is my master pleased with my body? I hope my big tits help make his cock stiff. I hope he looks at my hot, tight cunt and wants to fuck it! Wait! No! I just called him "my master," but he's not! Not yet. There's still hope I can retain my freedom. I'm going to fight this!

But just as she reached down to remove the first of her high-heeled shoes, Katherine said, "No, keep those on. Look around. That's the only thing any of us get to wear most of the time. Well, not counting our collars."

Brenda stood back up and looked closer. Thanks to their long haircuts and the fact that they were mostly facing away from her, she hadn't seen much of their necks. But sure enough, she realized that all four women were wearing both red high heels and iron collars. She practically swooned, she found that so arousing.

Amy giggled and nudged Katherine. "Check it out! Did you see the way she just swooned? She's totally into it already. She needs a good collaring."

Katherine nodded. "And a good fucking! A serious deep spearing. Brenda, you certainly came to the right place for that. You're gonna get a lot of cock, and a lot of enslavement!"

Amy giggled. "Two great tastes that taste great together!"

Brenda suddenly found herself on the verge of tears, because the situation was rapidly progressing beyond her control. "But... but... I don't want that! What kind of woman do you think I am?!"

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bender

Alan opened his eyes again and stared right at her. "I know exactly what kind of woman you are: one who craves sex and is born to serve! Specifically, you were born to serve me! Don't try to deny it, either. Just look at you."

Brenda looked down at herself and realized to her deep shame that she was buck naked, not counting her heels. Worse, she'd unconsciously struck a submissive pose with her hands behind her back and her chest thrust out. Shifting positions, she defiantly put her hands on her hips. "I AM denying it! This is outrageous! You think you can just snap your fingers and I'll obey your every whim?"

Grinning wolfishly, Alan snapped his fingers. "Drop to your knees, slave. Bow to your new master."

"NO! NEVER! You can't make me!" But even as she said this, she felt her body starting to kneel. She tried to fight it, but somehow she found herself on her knees, bowing her head in Alan's direction. I can't... can't resist! Can't even breathe! It's just too hot! Serving... serving my lord and master! Master Alan! Just bowing to him while all this loud slurping is going on is too arousing to resist. No! Gotta fight! Gotta... Can't... can't let him win!

She muttered, "How... how are you doing this? It's like... I can't control my own body. It's magic! Black magic!"

Susan pulled back from Alan's dick to turn around and get a good look at Brenda while she was bowing. She spoke for the first time since Brenda had arrived. "No, it's not magic. It's you. You're a natural submissive, just like the rest of us. Your right and proper role in life is to serve a naturally superior kind of man, like our master here. You belong in chains, wearing his collar, fully enslaved to him and his big cock like the sex slave you were always meant to be. Look in your heart and you'll know it's true. Feel the lust and desire tingling between your legs when you're on your knees, and that'll tell you the truth as well!"

"No!" Brenda said. But her denial was spoken quietly, like an emphatic, disbelieving whisper. It's true! Oh God, it's so true! Why?! Dear God, why did you make me this way?!

"Yes!" Suzanne said, also turning to face Brenda and joining the conversation. "Don't bother to fight it; you're only going to embarrass yourself. Here, take a look at this magnificent, manly cock. This cock is going to be the center of your life from now on! Your one and only purpose will be to pleasure it, and please him!"

Susan and Suzanne repositioned themselves so Brenda could have a clear view of Alan's massive erection where it stood proudly between their voluptuous bodies. They held and stroked his shaft and balls with four hands, but they did it in a way that gave Brenda a good view. (Since this was Brenda's dream, the bindings that held the two mothers' hands behind their backs had somehow just disappeared, now that their hands were needed to stroke.)

Brenda raised her head while remaining on her knees so she could see Alan and his rampant cock. The sight of all those hands doing all that fondling took her breath away. This cock! My cock! My master's cock! I belong to it, to him! That's the cock that will own me and rule me! She whispered in awe, "It's so... beautiful!"

Katherine spoke from where she still sat at the table. "Yes, it is. His cock is gorgeous enough, but what's really beautiful is seeing all those tender, sliding, feminine hands on it, working it! Am I right? Seeing two naked, collared, big-titted mommies living to serve a real man like my brother!"

YES! So... so beautiful! So right! Brenda mouthed the words without making a sound. That's where I belong! The sight in front of her was so inspirational, especially now that she was aware of the collars,

that tears of joy leaked from her eyes. Her huge tits were bouncing on her chest because she was panting so heavily. She felt a great urge to work her clit and climax right there in front of everyone.

Katherine asked, with devastating calm and assurance, "You know where you belong, don't you?"

Brenda was still trying to resist, although it was obviously a losing battle. She tried her best to keep her mouth shut. Must... must hold out! But there's no escape! She frantically scanned the room. Everywhere I look, I see nothing but sexy submission! How can I fight it? Big-titted women like me need to SERVE!

Suzanne demanded in a commanding voice, "Say it!"

Brenda's face was still red from blushing and her body trembled all over, but at the same time she felt a deep, satisfying calm come over her. She spoke with new resolve, even as she found it hard to believe what she was saying. "I belong... on my knees... serving... serving my... my... Alan! Alan, my master!"

Her arousal had been building and building, so finally admitting that triggered a powerful orgasm deep within her, even though she wasn't touching herself. She was fortunate to be on her knees, because her body convulsed wildly. She tried desperately not to scream out loud, so the others wouldn't know that she was climaxing. She more or less succeeded, instead letting out a series of strangled yelps intermixed with her heavy panting. But the idea that the others wouldn't have noticed her orgasmic release was comical, given the way her entire body shuddered and shook.

Suzanne patiently waited until Brenda had more or less recovered and stilled herself, not counting her constantly bouncing and jiggling globes. Then she prodded, "What does that make you?"

"A... a... a slave! ... Yes, a slave! A SEX slave! Alan's sex slave! He... he... he owns me now, body and soul!" Brenda briefly made eye contact with Alan, but she felt embarrassed by that assertiveness, as she felt it wasn't her place to do that anymore, now that he owned her. Instead, she bowed her head low toward her new master. She was eager to show that she would be a good, obedient slave. But then again, she knew she had the rest of her life to make a good impression.

Suzanne smiled. "Very good. You deserve a reward for accepting the truth so quickly. Here, come closer. Susan and I want to get back to our licking and sucking, but it's kind of a pain since we can't use our hands." (Since this was a dream, Susan and Suzanne once again had their hands bound behind their

backs, even though they'd just been stroking his cock a few moments before. Brenda in her dream logic didn't think to question that inconsistency.)

Susan added, "Yes, could you be a dear and hold his cock in place here for us, so we could really go to town on it?"

Brenda was painfully aware of just how much her pussy was gushing. She knew that everyone could see the glistening rivulets flowing down her thighs. She asked incredulously, "That's it? I've suddenly accepted my new life as a sex slave, and all I get to do is hold his shaft a little bit?"

Susan said, "Oh, heavens no! You'll be collared, and bound, and fucked! Lots of fucking! And spanked!"

Amy added from the table, "Oooh! Oh boy, are you going to get spanked. We all do, at least once a day. Watch out!" She lifted her ass off the chair, showing faint redness from a recent spanking.

Katherine shifted to show off her red ass. "At LEAST once a day. More if we're bad, and still more if we're very, very good!" She giggled.

Brenda felt like she was burning up from a high fever. "But wait! What have I done to deserve that? I've agreed to everything!"

Alan spoke up. "Brenda, I'm your master now. I OWN you. I'll spank you whenever I damn well feel like it, whether you did something right, or wrong, or nothing at all. But before we get to all that, you need to be put in your place. My mom and aunt want to finish their blowjob, and now you're going to help."

Brenda was so overwhelmed that she didn't even know where to begin. She found herself reaching back to her ass and caressing it. She could practically feel the heat and pain of a good spanking building up on her ass cheeks, and that was like pouring gasoline on her already raging inferno of lust. So good! So very good! Like a fire! I'm burning from head to toe, like a fire inside me! It's the burn of shame. But I don't give a flying fuck, because this is where I belong!

As if someone else was controlling her hands, she suddenly found herself reaching out and gripping Alan's stiff boner with both hands. It felt so good just to hold it that she let out a long, contented sigh. At the same time, she felt shivers run down her spine while yet more cum ran down her thighs.

My master! His cock! My hands are actually touching it! My master's cock is in my hands! It was a simple realization, but she knew this was a special moment she would never forget.

Susan put one of her hands on Brenda's to help guide it as it slid up and down his saliva- and cum-soaked shaft. "Mmmm! Brenda, I know exactly what you mean with a sigh like that. That's the pure joy of a slave getting to touch her master's cock. It gives me shivers every single time!"

Then both Susan and Suzanne bent over at the same time and resumed their licking.

Brenda soon had to revert to holding Alan's rod with just one hand, and that at the base, because both buxom women were so thorough and passionate with their licking that she had to give them room. Even so, she was still able to stroke a few inches of it, and that made her very happy.

She noticed that one or the other mother was usually bobbing on his cockhead. However they seemed to just be doing it whenever they felt like it, instead of taking turns in a more organized manner. She was impressed by their obvious experience and teamwork. She aspired to be that good when it came time for her to share in the cocksucking duties.

Now that one of her hands was unoccupied, Brenda was able to fondle her own body somewhat. She stared up longingly into Alan's face (even though his eyes were closed again) while she caressed one of her outrageously large breasts.

Master! Master! Yes! That's the word that's been missing in my life for far too long. For my entire life, in fact. How could I have been such a FOOL?! This is what I've needed all along: the missing piece! I've never felt such contentment, such peace and fulfillment, as knowing that I belong to HIM! To Alan, my master! What a GOOD master he is, too. Serving a thick, long, POWERFUL cock like this is going to be an endless joy. To live is to serve!

To live is to serve!

Yes, to live is to serve!

Chapter 587 We're Going To Have So Much Fun! 5K

Brenda felt herself slowly waking. However, she was having such an arousing and enjoyable dream that she didn't want it to end. Unfortunately, that didn't stop it from ending. Before long, she opened her eyes and found herself mouthing the words "To live is to serve."

At first she didn't understand why she said that, but then her dream came flooding back into her awareness. Oh, GOD! What the hell?! "To live is to serve?!" Did I really just dream that, and say that?! SHIT!

She abruptly sat up in bed. She felt both shamed and horny as she recalled the details of her dream in surprisingly vivid detail. Shit, shit, shit! I did NOT just dream that, did I?

Of course I did. It was just like my dreams last night. Every time, Alan is my master! Except that this time I didn't even get to suck him or get fucked. All I got to do was hold his snake a little bit while Susan and Suzanne had all the fun.

No, wait. What am I saying? That's not the problem; it's all that submissive stuff. Crazy stuff! Why do I keep having these dreams?! I can't even take a nap anymore without my mind betraying me. That's wrong. Dead wrong! It's probably this goddamned poker party later tonight that's the cause. I just can't stop thinking about it! And hearing that Alan spanked Susan yesterday. Why did she have to tell me that?!

Brenda got up and hurried to the bathroom. She stepped right into the shower and made sure to turn the water to very cold. She hoped a really frigid shower would literally cool her burning hot libido. It felt like her pussy was on fire.

OW! SHIT! That's REALLY cold! But it's what I deserve. I'm so depraved. There's no other way around it. I have to admit that there's something seriously wrong with me. I've had some fantasies a bit like that before, some profoundly submissive fantasies. Okay, a LOT of fantasies about that over the years. So what? Fantasies are harmless. I'm still a modern, liberated, independent woman. I value my freedom. My fantasy life is this totally separate thing that has nothing to do with the real world.

And then. Oh God! And then... the damn Plummers had to come into my life! Suddenly, I feel there's this chance, even if it's just a remote possibility, that my fantasies could come true! And I like it! Hell, I love it! But it's wrong. So wrong!

For one thing, what about Adrian? Alan is just some guy. I barely even know him. He could turn out to be bad for me. Why am I so fixated on him? It's not like he really is a master with real sex slaves, so my dream can't come true anyway. Um, I mean, not that I want it to! It's just that he's sexually involved with so many beautiful women in his home that it seems like he has a harem, and how could I not get excited at that? Not to mention the way he sees right through me. Somehow he knows all my secret submissive desires!

Despite the coldness of the water, she found herself growing aroused. Not coincidentally, she somehow found herself extensively "cleaning" her pussy mound with her fingers, with a focus on her clitoris. It's not fair! Alan is an unstoppable, well-hung, sex stud AND he's a harem master! How can I NOT get totally horny at that? Gaawwwd, just to suck his cock would be the ultimate pleasure! And then, if he were to fuck me... SWEET JESUS!

The cold shower was having an effect though, and it helped her have second thoughts. She took her hand from her crotch in a burst of renewed resolve. Listen to me. I'm getting too worked up. These phone calls with Susan are affecting me in a bad way. Raising Adrian should be my focus. The most important thing in my life now is being the best mother to my son that I can be. Nothing else matters!

She picked up the soap and forced herself to scrub her back, since that wasn't a sensitive erogenous zone for her. Well, that's not ENTIRELY true. After all, he is at school or off doing other things a lot of the time, and I have plenty of spare time on my hands. Way too much time, to be honest. It's perfectly natural that I should want to find a man, a good man, now that my divorce is almost final. Someone to be my partner in life, to make me as happy as I make him happy. To get married again, even.

That's what I should be focusing on, helping Aidy and finding someone for a nice, normal relationship for myself. Not some sick, twisted, sex-slave thing! That's harmless enough as a fantasy, but not in real life! But tonight I'm really going to the Plummer house and I'm really going to see Alan and the rest of them again. That's the reality.

Or at least that's the plan. I should cancel. No, I HAVE to cancel. I'm letting some crazy obsession take over my life! I know I've been looking forward to going all week, but that's the problem: I want it too much! It's unhealthy. At the very least, I should skip a week or two and get myself under control. It's one thing to dream about being one of his personal cocksuckers. But to dream about being his sex slave? That's a clear indicator that I've gotten too obsessed. If I go, I'm sure all kinds of exciting, sexy things will happen, and that will only fuel my Alan fixation. I have to cancel now, while I still have the resolve!

She stopped washing, quickly finishing her cold shower. It was very quick indeed, since the main reason she'd taken the shower was to cool off. She dried herself off even faster, then picked up a nearby phone and dialed the Plummer house.

As she waited for someone to answer, she looked down at herself. I should have put some clothes on first. And I should have taken a longer shower. I'm still too horny. But there's no time. I have to act fast! Already, I feel tempted to change my mind. I've gotta stay strong!

Susan picked up the phone after the fourth ring. "Hello? Plummer residence."

Brenda said, "Susan, it's you. Thank goodness. I have something important to tell you. I just had a really strange dream."

Susan's voice went from formal to confidential and even excited. "Oh, really? I want you to tell me all about it! Every last detail. I've had some great dreams lately too. But first, I had some really strange things happen to me for real that I just HAVE to tell you!"

"Oh really? What?" As soon as Brenda said that she regretted it, because she didn't want to get distracted from her goal of bowing out from that night's poker party. But curiosity got the best of her.

"Where to begin?! So many exciting things have happened since I spoke to you yesterday! For starters... oh, I don't know if I should tell you this, but I can't help myself! It's just too exciting! Alan fully tamed Amy last night!"

"What?!" Brenda felt extremely conflicted. I can't listen to this! I'm getting off track. But "taming!" There's nothing I love more than when Susan talks about taming!

"I know! Amazing, isn't it? Well, okay, maybe not fully tamed, but definitely at least partially tamed. He made her his official girlfriend!"

Brenda was a bit disappointed, because deep down she wanted something hard core, like in her dream, with collars and even chains. She griped, "That's hardly a proper taming. Big deal. She's already agreed to be one of his personal cocksuckers, which is a much more serious commitment, in my book."

Susan responded, "True, but wait! That's just the start. For one thing, it happened in the living room, with all of us there: Suzanne, Katherine, Amy, and me. Amy wound up standing completely naked while he freely fondled her luscious body and the rest of us just watched. He pretty much flat-out announced who his girlfriend was going to be as he rubbed his fat cock all over her. He made clear that he can have as many women as he wants, in any way he wants, while she has to be completely loyal to him. Naturally, she agreed! Then, he had me get up and do a sexy striptease and suck his cock! I was so scared and humiliated, but I did it anyway and I loved every minute of it!"

Brenda could feel her arousal skyrocketing with each new comment Susan made. Her heart pumped wildly and her pussy started to gush. She asked, "Hold on. You sucked his cock right there in front of everybody, including Amy, mere moments after she agreed to be his girlfriend?!"

"I KNOW! God, he really showed us all who's in charge!"

That kind of talk was a really powerful aphrodisiac for Brenda. She felt a head rush that made her momentarily dizzy. No normal man does that sort of thing and gets away with it! This really shows he's master material. "Lord and master" material! She asked breathlessly, "Why did he have YOU do that instead of Amy?"

"To put her in her place, and remind her that even though she's his official girlfriend now, she's still just one of many beautiful women who serve him sexually. And he put me in my place at the same time! I could actually FEEL myself getting tamed all over again! Falling deeper and deeper under his spell! Totally submitting to the power of his cock! It's like... Oh, there's nothing else like it! But it's the best feeling in the world!"

Brenda found herself fondling one of her bare boobs. But she forced herself to stop. Her head was still spinning with lust, but she reminded herself that that was why she'd made the call. She really needed to cancel out of that night's poker party.

However, before she could say anything, Susan continued, "And things just got better and crazier from there! I wound up spending like an HOUR on my knees with Amy, teaching her how to best suck and lick and stroke his cock. And the whole time we were practicing TOGETHER on his very real, yummy thickness! Actually, it was less a lesson for her and more just a very prolonged double blowjob!"

The responsible part of Brenda was regretting making the call while naked, because she suddenly found herself so aroused that she couldn't stop from fingering her pussy. She asked as she started to play with her slit, "But I thought you had a strict rule against double blowjobs?"

"I know! I DID! But that was yesterday. You think Tiger cares about my rules? No! He knew it was time, time to tame me further! That was my very first double blowjob, but it sure as heck won't be my last!" She laughed.

Brenda had a hard time breathing. She was imagining herself sharing Alan with Susan, taking turns bobbing on his thickness. In real life, she had two fingers pumping in and out of her slit while her thumb diddled her clit.

Susan went on, "By the time Amy and I somehow finally managed to make him cum - ugh! Let me tell you, it was a struggle. But the BEST kind of struggle! My jaw hurts just thinking how long we sucked and sucked and licked and licked! Anyway, by the end, I found myself wondering why I had been so against that. You know, double blowjobs. Because they're AWESOME! Even now, I can't really remember what I was thinking to fight that. It just seems so RIGHT! A big, powerful cock like that needs at least two tongues on it to be serviced properly!"

Brenda exclaimed breathlessly, "Oh my God! That sounds exactly like my dream!"

"Oh yeah, I forgot about that. What happened in your dream? Was it all about my cutie Tiger?"

"Of course! I meant, uh, yes. Yes, it was. I came to your house, and you and Suzanne were on your knees in the living room, licking his cock together!"

"OH. MY. GOD. Brenda, that's SO HOT! Tell me more! Were we naked?"

"Not only were you naked, you were both bound and collared! And your asses were spanked red!"

Susan gasped really loudly. "NO WAY! SO HOT! Brenda, that's just TOO HOT! I love it! Tell me more. What were you doing? Did you join in? Three tongues at once. Oh no! NO!"

"What?" Brenda asked with genuine concern, based on Susan's suddenly worried tone of voice.

Susan replied, "I'm just worried that my phone is going to burn up in my hands because what you're saying is so HOT!"

Brenda laughed, realizing Susan's "worry" was really just a joke. "Very funny." But at the same time, there was a lot of truth about just how very hot and bothered both of them were getting. And the "hot" part was true in a literal sense: she felt like her body was burning up from a fever. She put the phone on speaker mode, so she could use her other hand to play with her boobs. They needed attention as much as her pussy did.

Susan prodded, "So, what were you doing? What were you wearing? Tell me everything!"

Brenda's concerns about her dream came back as she tried to figure out how to respond to that. She even fleetingly remembered her goal of telling Susan that she couldn't attend the poker party. "Uh, I'd rather not say."

"Because it's embarrassing, right? Maybe even downright humiliating?"

"Um..." Brenda was glad she was merely talking on the phone so Susan couldn't see how red her face had become (let alone the way she was pulling on her long nipples).

Susan said reassuringly, "Well, don't worry about it. Think about some of the things we talked about lately, like how Alan molested you on a Japanese train in your dream. Wasn't that totally humiliating for you, yet totally great?"

"True, but that was just a dream! I'm worried about that sort of thing happening in reality!"

Susan encouraged, "Don't be! My life has changed SO much in just the last month or so, and a big part of that is being embarrassed constantly! I've gotten used to being humiliated on pretty much a daily basis. It used to bug me a lot, and it still does somewhat, but I've also kind of made my peace with it. I figure that when you spend as much time as I do slurping all over my son's cock, it comes with the territory. A clever, well-hung young man will always outsmart big-titted beauties like us, tricking us out of our clothes and onto our knees. So spill!"

Brenda was getting in the spirit of things, agreeing with every word. She giggled as she said teasingly, "Spill? You mean spill Alan's cum all over my chest, so that it covers my deep cleavage in creamy goo?"

"YES! That! Lots of that! Mmmm... Spermy goodness! Spill some on me too!"

They both laughed gaily.

Brenda was still too embarrassed to describe more of her dream, because if she was at all honest about it, sooner or later she'd have to discuss her fantasy of being Alan's collared sex slave. So instead she said, "Okay, but first I want to hear more about what happened last night with Amy and all. And did you have more fun this morning, before he went to school?"

Not surprisingly, Susan was easily distracted by that topic. "Did I ever! To be honest, I woke up this morning second guessing what happened the night before. I even initially rejected the whole 'two tongues on his cock at once' idea. But Tiger, he's so clever, like I said. Before long, he had me naked, and Katherine naked too. And sure enough, I wound up licking his cock with my sweet Angel. Can you imagine? Taking turns bobbing on my son's cock with my very own daughter? Our tongues repeatedly meeting over his sweet spot? It's so DEPRAVED! But I loved it so much that I'm sure we'll be doing that every day from now on!"

"No!" Brenda was panting hard as she played with her pussy and tits.

"Yes!"

"NO!"

"Yes, already! I'm telling you, there's just no resisting him! All we can do is drop to our knees, open our mouths wide, and SERVE!"

Brenda let out a loud erotic moan. She couldn't help but notice how similar Susan's words were to the way her dream had ended, with the line "To live is to serve" repeating in her head. But now that inspired her, more than bothered her. She was getting close to a great climax.

Susan said, "Mmmm. Sounds like someone is having fun! I can hear all kinds of squishy sounds on your end. I wonder what those are!" She chuckled knowingly.

Brenda's embarrassment grew. But thinking about the "to live is to serve" line reminded her that her submissive tendencies needed to be curbed. even if she was enjoying herself greatly. She decided to confess. "It's true. I'm playing with myself. I'm so bad! But I'll bet you are too."

"Of course. Like I always seem to do when we talk on the phone. Except you probably can't hear it since I'm not on a speaker phone like you are. Things are getting really squishy over here as I imagine my mouth opened as wide as it can get, in a perfect 'O', with my son's great big log sliding in and out relentlessly!"

Brenda whimpered. She longingly opened her mouth in the 'O' shape Susan had just mentioned. God, that sounds so good! To think that I never even liked blowjobs all that much. Now I find myself actually drooling from just thinking about HER giving him one! If only that was MY mouth stretched out over my master's cock!

The fact that she'd just called Alan "Master" in her own mind was like a splash of cold water, suddenly waking her up. Shit! Did I really just think that? That just goes to show why I can't go to tonight's party. She continued her confession, "The problem is, I find this stuff TOO arousing! I hardly even know Alan, but I feel like I'm falling under his spell!"

Susan happily agreed. "Oh, you ARE! It's too late to fight now. Once he has you in his sights, it's just a matter of time before you're fully tamed!"

Brenda moaned both with distress and lust at the same time. Susan happened to be saying the things that pushed Brenda's submissive buttons the most. "But... but... what does that mean? Not just sexy talk, but for real? Susan, where is this going? I'm getting worried!"

Susan realized that Brenda was actually worried. Susan wanted to quell those worries, so she changed her emphasis. "I know. It's tough. To be honest, I've been having issues with this kind of thing myself. Why, just today, I made arrangements with Suzanne so I'd see an understanding psychologist. Not to end what's happening, mind you. No way! I'd never want to go back to how things used to be in a million years! But so I can better cope with this whole taming process. As I fall deeper and deeper in love and in lust with my son, I don't want to lose myself and lose my identity."

"Exactly!" Brenda was still masturbating, but she had her issues with the whole "master" idea, so she was gratified that Susan was like-minded. "I've been having similar problems. In fact, I was thinking about maybe not coming to the party tonight." There! I said it!

"What? No! You HAVE to come! We're going to have so much fun!"

Brenda sighed sadly. "I know, I know. I'm sure you will. But I really need to get a grip."

"Horse pucky!" (That was a harsh curse, by Susan's standards.) "The only grip you need to get is a tight grip around Tiger's cock as you open your mouth as wide as you can! Say 'aaah', because his thick pole is on its way in!"

Brenda gasped loudly. Gaawwwd! If only I could suck his cock, just once! Maybe I wouldn't feel this conflicted! She was already on the verge of cumming.

"Brenda, trust me. We're going to have a sexy, fun time. But we're not going to let things get out of control. I'll admit I don't have the best self-control when I get all horny around my son, but Suzanne, she runs a tight ship. If you don't want things to go beyond a certain point, simply tell her where you want to draw the line. She'll make sure you won't get any further than that. But really, you'll have the time of your life tonight! Besides, now you and I have each other. Whenever you're feeling down or worried, you can talk to me. And I hope I can do the same with you."

"Really?" Brenda brightened. "That's so nice. Thank you. I've been feeling all alone in this."

"You're not. To be honest, I didn't like you that much at first, but I've warmed up to you in recent days as we've talked on the phone and I've realized just what kindred spirits we are."

"We are, aren't we?"

"Yes. Maybe it's our bodies - our curvy, busty bodies - that make us such highly sexual beings. At first I resented that you're so well endowed, and I must admit I still kind of resent it a little bit. But now I realize that only another woman with a shape like mine can really see things the way I do."

"That's so true. I've always felt like I'm a freak, a genetic freak. But around the likes of you and Suzanne, I feel like I'm just one of the girls - one of the gang."

Susan smiled. "Yes. Birds of a feather flock together, and with good reason. But in any case, when I talk to this psychologist I'll let you know what I find out. In fact, maybe you'd like to schedule an appointment with her too. I hear she's really great."

"It's a her?"

"Yeah, she's some old friend of Suzanne's. They've been out of contact for a long time, but they used to be good friends in college."

"That's nice. But... Susan. Please! Tell me the truth! Where do you see things going? Could you ever imagine being your son's... well... his slave? His full-on sex slave?"

Actually, when Susan got very aroused, like she still was at that moment, that was one of her most exciting fantasies. She tried not to think about whether she wanted it to happen in real life, but at the very least it appealed to her a lot. However, she could tell Brenda was having doubts on that subject, so she needed to be distanced from that idea, at least for the present.

So she said, "Brenda, please. Don't be ridiculous! Sure, you know how much I love to service my son's cock, and I could see how an outsider like you could misinterpret that. Slavery is NOT on the agenda! What we have right now is heaven on Earth, so there's no need to change a thing."

Brenda asked, "But I thought you just said you're having issues, so much so that you're going to see a psychologist? And what about taming? Isn't that the same as slavery?"

Susan realized she'd have to be careful not to contradict herself. "I did say I have issues, but I also said I don't want to alter things. I just want advice to help understand and deal with these big changes in my life. For instance, I still have issues with incest - meaning full vaginal sex between mother and son. But 'taming' isn't slavery. Think of it as letting go of your inhibitions. Completely letting go! In fact, in a way it's the exact opposite of slavery. It's freedom: total sexual freedom! The freedom to do whatever you want to your man and not feel bad or guilty about it, as well as the freedom to obey his every sexy command and not feel bad or guilty about that either."

That answer did a lot to put Brenda's worries to rest, at least for the moment. She sighed with relief.

However, Susan sensed the danger, so she was eager to change the topic. She knew on some level that her attitudes were all over the map, as evidenced by the emotional roller-coaster ride she'd been on earlier that day. When it came to things like "taming," she didn't want to think too much about what it all actually meant, or where things were really going. So she asked, "Anyway, do you want me to tell you some more about what happened last night? Or this morning?"

"Both!" Brenda said eagerly. She'd stopped masturbating, mostly, when the conversation had turned serious. She felt a lot better after confiding in Susan. Between being able to talk things over with Susan and maybe even seeing Suzanne's psychologist friend, she hoped that she'd be able to keep her more outrageously submissive tendencies under control. So, as Susan began relating her arousing adventures in even more explicit detail, Brenda resumed playing with her pussy and nipples.

The possibility of Brenda not coming to the poker party wasn't brought up again. Instead Susan just assumed she'd be there, and eventually so did Brenda. The fact was, Brenda's desire to go was simply too strong to resist. Each party had been twice as interesting as the one before. After what had happened at the previous party, she was certain that Susan was correct in predicting that she would have the time of her life. Deep down, she'd wanted to be talked into going to the party, because she simply couldn't wait to see Alan again.

Chapter 588 Father Alan & Sister Gloria !

Alan hoped that his day at school would be very "Glory-ous," as he liked to put it.

By lunchtime he was feeling fully recovered from his morning exhaustion. He spent most of that period with Glory to make up for the fact that he hadn't been able to 'get it up' for her the day before. As they were doing pretty much every day when Alan had enough time, they had fun with role-playing.

They played a fantasy where Alan was a vampire. It started accidentally, with some simple making out. Alan had been kissing his way up Glory's neck when he got the idea to give her a few playful bites there.

She commented, "Be careful. Are you a vampire or something?"

He replied theatrically, "Actually, yes! And now that I have you in my grasp, you can't escape!"

She didn't seem too impressed. "Okay, Mr. Dracula, where are your fangs?"

He answered, "Well, truth be told, I'm of a special subspecies. We are pussy vampires. We live on pussy juice." He nibbled a bit on her long, shapely neck. He spoke in a bad accent, modeling his voice on the character The Count from Sesame Street.

Glory laughed. Pretending fear, she cried, "Oh dear! Whatever will I do?!" She pushed him away and tried to run away.

However, she didn't try that hard; she just began running in circles around the students' desks.

Alan tried to chase her. Sometimes he managed to catch up and grab her, but then she'd free herself. Sometimes she'd get far ahead of him, but when that happened she'd slow down to allow him to catch up.

At one point he grabbed her blouse and "accidentally on purpose" tore it open. (He felt free to do that because he knew that she kept spare clothes in her closet.) After another circle around the room, he got his hand on her bra, but that time she had to help unclasp it so he could "tear it off."

Then he grabbed her on the shoulders and said, "NOW I've got you! Vonce you are in the grasp of a vampire, there ist no escape!"

Glory laughed. "You said that already, but I escaped, didn't I?"

"True. However, now I use my special powers. Fool! You haf looked into the eyes of a vampire. I haf you mesmerized!"

She laughed again. "You're really hamming it up, aren't you?" Then she got back into her role and said "Vait!" in attempted mimicry. "That sounds scary, but I don't feel mesmerized."

He said sheepishly, "Hmmm. It doesn't always work. I'm afraid I didn't quite pass all my classes back in vampire school. I was too busy chasing the teacher." But then, with dramatic flourish, he added confidently, "But never you mind! We go to plan B! Maybe I will mesmerize you!" He unzipped his shorts and pulled out his rampant erection. It extended out proudly through his fly.

Glory smiled. "Now we're talking! It's true. Looking at that, I do feel a bit... transfixed." She looked down at it with wide, eager eyes. "I suppose getting drained by a vampire wouldn't be so bad. Just so long as I can do a little draining of my own. Did I mention that I'm a vampire too? Except that my subspecies subsists on semen."

Alan laughed. "You are not!" He sucked on her nipples and played with her breasts for a few minutes. Then he had her bend over the table, lifted her skirt and pulled down her panties.

In his bad Transylvanian accent, he said, "I want to suck your pussy! Bwa-ha-ha-ha!" Then he got down to the business of pussy licking Glory from the behind. He said, "You will rue the day you bent over your desk for the undead, you naughty teacher, you. I will suck you dry!"

In fact, he had steered the fantasy in this direction because he wanted to practice his pussy licking. He tried to "suck her dry" for over ten minutes. He complained that as soon as he made any progress, she'd expel even more cum from her pussy lips.

Slowly the fantasy dissolved and they reverted to their natural roles of teacher and student.

Glory continued her lessons about the finer points of going down on a woman.

He still wasn't good at it, and really would have much preferred doing most anything else with her body, but he pushed himself. He figured it was the least he could do after how she'd deep-throated him.

She'd assured him that he would get better and more comfortable with it over time. He found that she was right.

By the end of their time together, he did begin to enjoy it. In particular, he found it was a lot of fun to do something arousing with his tongue and hear her moans of pleasure in response.

But he preferred to lie on top of her right on the table she used to teach his class. With both of them completely naked by now, he fell back into the vampire role and really got to know her neck during the times they didn't lock lips. He gave her enough hickies and small bites to last a long time.

She was happy to have her boobs mash into his strong chest, but she wasn't so comfortable with the fact that his boner was only inches from her pussy. So she clamped his cock between her thighs and kept it there to make sure "it didn't get into any mischief," as she put it.

Since she was so athletic from surfing and other sports, her thighs were quite muscular. Her squeezing of his erection with her impressive thigh muscles kept it hard and happy.

The grand finale was one of her extraordinary blowjobs. She took him deeper and deeper until it became a deep-throating. Again her tongue, mouth, lips, and hands all worked to drive him over the edge.

Nothing else made him feel as good. He suspected that even if he could fuck her, her deep-throating would probably feel better. But just the same, he still wanted badly to fuck her.

Yet, for all this activity, they only spent about twenty minutes together. Alan had been talked into another cheerleader painting job, this time for Janice. So everything he and Glory did felt a bit rushed. At least half their time had been spent on pussy licking, and she'd only deep-throated him for a minute or two.

However, her deep throating skills were so good that he couldn't help but cum. He shot his load straight down her throat.

Aside from their usual lack of time, which was even worse that day, their biggest problem was that they had no bed to lie in. Even though they still weren't fucking, they usually wanted to get more intimate than just mutual masturbation on uncomfortable desks and chairs.

Glory had taken to keeping sheets and pillows locked in the closet behind her desk. She would lay them out so the two of them wouldn't have to roll around on the cold, dirty tiles. But she could hardly go any further and bring a mattress into her classroom. Even the sheets presented their own danger. Despite their best efforts to keep things clean, on any day where she and Alan played, the sheet would get

covered with sweat and cum. Then Glory would have to smuggle it out in her bag and replace it with a new one. They longed for a better and safer place to play.

Their problem was compounded by the fact that they both loved role-playing so much. So just before he left, she asked him, "So what are we going to play tomorrow?"

"Hmmm. So many excellent choices. You want to get really wild? Okay. I want to be Father Alan, a priest. And I want you to be Sister Glory. Or Gloria. That's better; Sister Gloria sounds more religious."

"Young man, you are one twisted fuck. I love it! Okay! But how? If we do that, we'd have to take it to a whole other level. We need costumes to really make it work. And that's just one fantasy. We're gonna need a lot of costumes."

"It was just an idea. I can pick something simpler."

"No. I'm into it. Except that I call dibs on me being Princess Leia and you being Han Solo the day after that."

"Okay. Cool. You don't want me to be Luke Skywalker?" bender

"No. I like my guys to be a little more rugged and complicated. Besides, she's Luke's sister. Duhhh!"

"Oh. Right. I forgot. Besides, they didn't know that at the time." He blushed, hoping his reaction wouldn't somehow give away what he was doing with his own sister.

She appeared not to notice anything unusual, and continued, "Anyhow, so I've got the problem of not having a bed. If I did, that would present its own set of problems, such as figuring out how to get rid of the cum smell. And I'd look all hot and bothered at the start of fifth-period class. And to top it all off, now I've got to smuggle in and out a nun's habit and a priest's outfit. What if I get caught? That'll be a little bit awkward, to say the least. A teacher bringing sheets and costumes into the classroom? How to explain that? Besides, all these props are gonna cost money."

Alan suggested, "I'll go halves with you on the props. I don't get a whole lot of spending money or I'd be more gallant and generous. But you'd pretty much have to buy them because I always have to ask before using the car... If it's too much trouble, we don't have to do this. I love being with you just the same, props or no props."

"No, I want to do this." Not only did she enjoy this role-playing tremendously, she also thought this might give her an edge over some of the other women Alan got sexual with. She didn't want him to come in every day with his penis too sore to use, or worse, see him spend his lunch period with someone else. So they made their plans.

With lunch halfway over, he was in a rush to leave, but as he headed to the door, Glory said to him, "Wait."

She paused, and Alan thought it would be something very important. "You know, young man, that we have a school assembly during the last period of class today, don't you?"

"Yeah? So what?"

"I don't expect you'll actually be going to that, will you?" Her emotions were a mix of mischievousness and apprehension.

Her meaning slowly dawned on him. "You mean, you want me to come back here? I could get in trouble for that."

"Ah. You're such a good kid. Don't worry. I'll give you a pass. I'm the one who's likely to get in trouble. The way we're meeting every day at lunch - we can't continue like that. It's just a matter of time until we get caught. And I'm corrupting you, encouraging delinquency, but I just love it too much. I want a full hour with you for once, instead of just part of a lunch period. I still want to know where you're going for the other half of your lunch period today, by the way."

He ignored that last sentence, instead replying, "Okay. See you in about an hour. Later!" He ran off.

When Alan reached the theater room, Heather let him in with the usual knock and password. But she looked cross.

He looked further into the room and saw Janice and Joy, but they looked upset, too. The three girls were dressed in their usual casual school clothes and they had all been waiting for him.

"You're late," Heather bitched at him.

"Sorry. Geez, what happened here? Did someone die or something?"

There was no answer. Since he needed every minute to paint, he got to work immediately, taking out his painting tools.

The truth was, the tension in the room was extremely high after what had happened the day before. Heather had been sexually cruel to Joy, and Janice had volunteered herself to save Joy from further humiliation.

But thanks to Heather's cruelty, Janice had inadvertently disclosed her sexual feelings for Joy, and had also discovered that Joy did not reciprocate them. Janice blamed everything on Heather and wanted revenge, but in her deal to save Joy from Heather by replacing her, she'd promised instead to obey Heather's commands and not seek revenge.

So the situation was complicated and Alan didn't have much of a clue about it. However, he saw the tension between Heather and Janice right away. Any idiot could see the hatred that radiated from Janice, and that Heather was glaring back just as angrily.

But before he could deal with that, Heather came up to him and said commandingly, "I did what you wanted. Also, Rock is well on the way out. So it's time for you to fuck me. Right now."

Heather was referring to a deal she'd made with Alan the week before. He'd refused to fuck her as long as she pretended not to know him in public. For one thing, he found it insulting, and felt like he was being used. Also, he had ethical problems with cuckolding some other guy, no matter who it was. The fact that the other guy happened to be strong and menacing increased his resolve that the situation had

to change. So he told her that not only did she have to acknowledge him publicly, but she also had to dump her boyfriend publicly, and right away. Earlier in the day, knowing what was planned at lunch, she'd finally come up to him in the hallway between classes and spoken to him in a friendly manner. Her doing that had raised a lot of eyebrows.

Heather knew that her status would take a hit to be seen associating with a "lowly nerd" even if she did try to bring her friends around regarding Alan, as she had promised the previous week. However, her desire to get fucked by him had grown so strong, after too many days of him ignoring her need, that she felt like she had no choice in the matter. Now she was claiming her reward.

Alan merely replied, as if completely disinterested. "Oh. That. Good. Don't worry; we'll probably get around to that sometime later."

Heather nearly snapped in two. "What?! Don't worry?! Probably?! Sometime later?! Alan, I could kill you! I've done what you wanted and paid the price. The homecoming queen title is probably shot. The least you can do is fuck me this very instant! It's been a week since the last time already!" She had started out strong, with domineering anger, but her stance was quickly turning to submissive begging.

Alan, though, was having fun stringing her along. He asked, "What about the way I fucked your face yesterday?"

Janice and Joy snickered at that.

Heather shot them an extremely nasty look. Then she said, half-defiant and half-needy, "That was... good. But it's not the same as a real fucking."

He simply looked thoughtful and said, "Hmmm."

"'Hmmm?'" Is that all you have to say?! I'm Heather fucking Morgan, dammit! What are you waiting for?"

He didn't say anything at all but just scrutinized her.

She wavered, uncertain about which tack to take. Finally she decided on a more pleading tone: "Please! Is that what you need to hear? Please, already!"

He tried to change the subject. "I'd like to, but not when you're all uptight and upset. There's obviously some kind of bee in your bonnet. We have to sort that out. And you too, Janice."

"GAH!" Heather shook her fist and looked like she wanted to punch him.

Alan turned from one of them to the other and then back again. "Janice, Heather, what's up between you two? If looks could kill, both of you would strike the other one dead instantly."

Standing with her arms crossed in a huff, Heather said in a bitter tone, "Ask Janice what her problem is. She's supposed to be nice to me."

"I don't have a problem," Janice answered. "No problem at all. Everything is fine." But her tone made it clear that everything was most definitely not fine. Her face burned slightly red, though nowhere near as red as her flaming hair.

Alan let it drop. He didn't have the time or energy to step between them at the moment to sort things out, not with more than half the lunch period already over. So he focused his attention on the painting.

When Janice saw that Alan had his painting tools out, she bent over and pulled off her shorts so he could start.

He removed her underwear and noticed with pleasure that her bush had been shaved clean. No doubt that would make the painting job easier.

All of them knew the painting routine by now, so he started without any discussion or need for explanation. However, that meant the room remained deathly quiet, since no one was in a sexy mood.

He decided to fix that. To cover the awkward silence, he asked Heather to turn on a stereo system that was built into the wall behind the stage. When she did, he asked for something rocking and bouncy. Tom Petty came on, and that fit the bill nicely.

He turned Janice over to paint her front side, then asked Joy, "By the way, what are you doing here today? Aren't you all set with your paint job?"

Joy had two reasons for being there, but she didn't want to explain either of them. One was that she wanted to make sure Janice and Heather didn't get into a physical fight, because they'd been sniping in class all day long. The second was that she was hoping Alan would give her the kind of mind-blowing fuck that he'd given her the day before. But with the grim mood in the room, she didn't even try to flirt with him. So she just answered, "I'm all set. I just like sticking by my best friend, Janice."

Alan though, had other ideas. He said, "In a few minutes I'm going to need to paint Janice's pussy lips, and they're as dry as a bone. I need them nice and engorged. For that to happen, we have to sex up the mood around here. Why don't you do a little striptease for us? I know that would get me in the mood."

He thought about his mother's striptease the night before and definitely wanted a repeat performance, even though he knew no cheerleader could hold a candle to his mother's natural raw sexuality, not to mention her incredible figure.

Joy was the shy type, but she also desperately wanted to please Alan so she could get fucked again, even if the time and circumstances meant that would be some other day. So she surprised herself when she said, "Okay."

She wore underwear under her street clothes, since Heather no longer dictated what she had to wear and do. Tom Petty's "Yer So Bad" played in the background, and while it wasn't ideal music to strip to, it was inspiring enough to do the job.

Slowly, Joy started to sway and dance to the music. She wanted to get into the groove a bit before she started to take anything off.

Alan meanwhile pulled down his zipper and exposed his penis. It was flaccid from so much recent overuse, as well as the utter lack of any sexual mood in the room. He said to Janice, "Can you see if you can get this puppy going?"

Heather complained, "Don't waste your time, Janice. He's just going to get you all excited and then leave you high and dry." Obviously she was talking about herself more than Janice.

Janice was happy to give Alan's dick a handjob as a distraction, because the one thing she didn't want to do was see Joy strip. She realized now that she was deeply in love and lust with her best friend, and to see Joy get naked in such a sensual manner would only be torture, since Joy didn't return the feeling.

All she had to do was look up and she would see Joy swaying above her, so instead she tried to focus completely on the handjob.

The two girls had been friends since kindergarten. Janice began to think about all the good times she'd had with Joy over the years and found herself focused on the sleep-overs and other occasions where she'd seen Joy dressed only in underwear, as she was now.

Soon, Janice began to think more of the underwear and less of the fond memories. When she noticed a wet spot developing between Joy's legs, she thought she'd pass out with excitement, but at the same time she cursed herself for her own frustration.

Alan remained flaccid during all of this, mostly because of the continued strange mood in the room.

Janice tried reviving his penis, but she didn't seem to have much luck with the task. It was a bit difficult to do, given that she was facing the other direction and could barely get a hand on it. Furthermore, she had to try to keep her body perfectly still so he could paint, which took up more of her attention the more aroused she became.

Heather, meanwhile, stood back with arms crossed, staring daggers at anyone who dared look her way. Like Joy, she'd come to see if she could get fucked, and also to make sure that the other two, but especially Janice, did not. She was beyond upset that Alan had ignored her so far and had Janice doing the handjob. Normally she would never give a boy a handjob, but she had realized that she needed to throw her usual rules out the window when it came to Alan, especially since she'd gone almost a whole week without him actually fucking her.

She eyed every move of Janice's hands critically, always thinking about how much better she could be doing the job. Occasionally she even snorted in derision when she felt she could be doing something more arousing.

Joy had only managed to take off her shorts. The mood in the room was still very tense, mostly thanks to Heather just standing there and glaring. Alan had to concentrate on the painting instead of fully devoting himself to sexual pleasures.

After a couple of minutes, Heather couldn't take it anymore, so she walked up to where Alan was painting.

As she knelt down, she complained, "Janice, can't you do anything right? Obviously you're not very inspirational. Here. Let me take over." She rather forcibly took command of Alan's boner.

Joy, oblivious to anything but the music, while dancing in her own private world, removed her top. She'd already shed her shyness, so she was quite enjoying the striptease. When she broke into a big smile, the mood in the room lightened instantly.

Alan smiled back. His dick was already swelled to three-quarters of its full size. He hadn't commented on Heather's takeover, but now he just said, "Heather, suck it."

"What?!"

"I'm still not there. Suck on it and you'll make it fully hard." He acted like this was the most normal and natural request imaginable.

Heather had given Alan a blowjob before, and he'd fucked her face too. She grudgingly thought, I have to admit sucking him off wasn't so bad. For one thing, his cum tastes unusually sweet. And when he fucked my face so forcefully yesterday, that was seriously hot! But he's obviously not going to do just that to me today. Besides, it's a power issue: if I don't want to do something, I'm simply not going to do it. Nobody pushes Heather fucking Morgan around! I see no point in any sex act that doesn't give me an orgasm. Furthermore, if Alan's going to cum, he needs to cum in a pussy. A blowjob is just wasting time.bender

So she said, "Sorry, I don't do that. I'll get it big with my hands. You'll see."

"Sorry," Alan said in a dismissive, domineering tone, "but I seem to recall that last week when you were in my house, you promised that you'd suck me off whenever I wanted. Are you going to break your promise? Is that the kind of girl you are? Because if you are, I think I'd much rather fuck Janice here."

In Heather's current mindset there was nothing more motivating he could possibly have said to get her to do what he wanted. It wasn't that she was keen on keeping her promise, but she intended to deny Janice the pleasure of being fucked by him at all cost. "Okay. Fine," she muttered, wearing an obviously fake smile on her face.

She took his dick in her mouth and sucked on it, but without enthusiasm. She managed to keep it stiff, but that was about all she accomplished. Yet, slowly but surely, she was getting more turned on. She didn't like the current situation, especially with Alan just staying still and expecting her to do all the work. But she thought back fondly to when he'd vigorously fucked her face the day before, and that really got her motor running.

After a minute or two of that, Alan had Janice sit up. He told her he wanted to take her T-shirt off, so she just held her arms out and let him do it without asking why. (There was no real reason except he wanted to see her completely naked.) Then he motioned her back down and had her crouch on all fours.

Once again, Janice had a front row seat for Joy's striptease. Janice again tried to close her eyes, but curiosity got the best of her and they didn't stay closed for long.

With Heather sucking, Joy stripping, and Janice practically drooling at the sight of her best friend, Alan had managed to change the atmosphere in the room quite considerably.

Even though Heather couldn't see the other two girls, there was an erotic mood in the room that kept growing, and she picked up on it. She started to suck with greater vigor, despite herself.

All Alan had left to do with Janice's paint job was the "touch up" work around her pussy and asshole. He knew he had time to finish now, so he plunged his finger into Janice's asshole, as if to "prep" it.

Janice looked up and imagined Joy in front of her, fantasizing that she was about to lick her friend's pussy while Alan fucked her up the ass. Both ideas were so arousing that she came on the spot.

Alan noticed her climax but he continued to saw away with his finger.

Heather thought she was doing a good enough job with the blowjob. But still, she was annoyed and almost at her breaking point. She'd come there to get thoroughly fucked by Alan and instead he was making her perform the sex act she liked the least. The one thing keeping her going and inspiring her to do a good job was the hope that he would soon reward her with a serious pussy pummeling.

So she was shocked when Alan barked at her, "Heather, who said you could wear any clothes? I want to see your tits exposed. NOW!"

She growled, and thought to herself, Who does he think he is?! I could have any guy in this school with a wave of my hand. I'm the queen of this high school, dammit! What do I see in this guy, anyways? Doesn't he know I could completely destroy him socially? Does he have a death wish? Why am I actually listening to him?!

She found her hands pulling her T-shirt up over her boobs. Then she frantically fought with her bra until it came off and fell to the floor.

She shot more icy stares at Alan, even though she'd already engulfed his cockhead again. She didn't dare stop her cocksucking, even for a second.

He found the sight of Heather angrily glaring up at him while bobbing back and forth over his sweet spot to be a huge turn-on. He said grudgingly, "That's a little better. I have to play with your tits, though, because your blowjob is so pathetic. I can hardly even tell you're doing anything down there. Maybe I should get Janice to do it. She may not have tits like yours, but she's no dead fish. Plus, they're all real."

Alan had been astute enough to observe how his earlier comment that he'd rather fuck Janice had lit a fire within Heather, causing her to redouble her efforts. So he'd tried the exact same thing a second time.

It worked again. Heather cursed inwardly, "Dead fish!" Dead fish?! I'll show him a fucking dead fish! And how dare he insult my breasts! I'll show him!

She was so desperate to please him before he made good on his threat to have Janice take over that she tried cocksucking in an entirely different way. She tried to forget her contempt for what she was doing, instead focusing just on the hard cock that filled her mouth. She tried to treat it with tenderness and care. She was surprised by just how much she enjoyed it, mostly because she began to fantasize about all the compliments that Alan would soon be paying her about the great job that she was doing.

To hedge her bets and make sure he was really feeling good, she thoroughly wetted her middle finger in her pussy, then plunged it into his asshole to get to his prostate. She didn't even care if he was clean or dirty there; she had sex on the brain and was ready to do anything and everything to get what she needed.

Heather surprised herself at just how enthusiastically she bobbed her head up and down over his shaft. Her head was a near blur of action now, and one of her hands stroked near the base of his penis just as frantically. The finger probing his asshole found his prostate and massaged it expertly. Her body seemed to act on its own while her mind just looked on as if it were an observer.

Alan still made a pretense at painting, though he did a lot more sawing of his finger into Janice's ass than any painting. It was a tribute to the countless times he'd been sucked off in recent weeks that he could even keep up a pretense of painting, given the full-on attack that Heather was unleashing on his privates.

Playing Heather like a fiddle, he said in a calm voice, even though his insides were churning with erotic torment and excitement, "That's a little better, Heather. I'm beginning to feel you do something down there."

Heather mentally screamed with joy, YES! Take THAT, Janice, you ugly skank! At the same time, she was incredulous that he was only "beginning" to feel her ministrations, so she redoubled her cocksucking efforts yet again.

Alan only had Janice's pussy lips left to paint, but he was having too much fun to fully concentrate on that. He told the redhead, "You're not wet enough yet."

So, with Janice's ass high off the floor, he thrust two fingers into her pussy and began to grind them around.

Janice's eyes were now locked on Joy's naked figure.

Joy was very much enjoying herself. Since Janice was her most rapt observer, she mostly danced for the benefit of her best friend.

Janice was both loving and hating the situation.

When Joy ran out of clothes, she kept on dancing.

Janice thought her eyes would bug right out. With Alan's fingers pounding into her pussy, she felt like crying, because she felt so good and so tortured all at once.

Then Joy, now just a few feet in front of her friend, began to finger her own pussy.

Janice thought she would lose it altogether.

Joy would have been blind not to see the expression of pure lust and desire on her best friend, but that didn't stop her at all. Even though she didn't feel a reciprocal desire, she loved the attention she was getting and she was way too worked up to stop.

Chapter 590 Fucking Heather Again

Alan decided that it was time for some serious fucking. He suddenly announced, "Okay, Heather, since your cocksucking needs work, I'm going to have to do something else to get off. Get your cunt over here. It needs some solid pounding."

Heather was upset at how he'd dissed her hard blowjob work, but that was more than made up for by what else he'd just said. She pulled her shirt all the way off, leaving her completely naked. Then she wordlessly turned around and raised her ass so he could slip it in doggy style as he continued to frig Janice's ass and pussy while watching Joy's continuing show. Heather's face was glowing with pride that he'd chosen her to fuck, rather than one of the other two cheerleaders.

He said to the blonde bombshell, "Do you know what happens when I put my cock in your mouth, cunt, or ass?"

"No."

"You stop being Heather the stuck-up bitch and you start being Heather the willing and submissive slut. Isn't that so?"

Her first inclination was to cut him down for calling her a slut. But his penis was so close... She mumbled something inaudible.

"I can't hear you," he prodded.

"Alan, cut the crap already."

He responded by rubbing his erection back and forth along her pussy lips.

She made a futile effort to thrust back and catch it with her pussy.

He just kept rubbing it around, over and over. In reality, less than a minute had passed, but to Heather it seemed like years because her need was so great.

"I can't hear you," he prodded again.

Finally she gave in. "Yes!"

But he just kept rubbing around the outside. "Yes what?"

She started to say "Alan" like she was making a threat. However, she couldn't go through with it; she needed his cock too much. So in a flat, defeated voice, she said, "Yes, I'm a slut. Happy?"

She gasped as his boner dove deep into her hole. Her eyes bugged out and she gasped for air. She couldn't believe how good it felt. (She didn't realize that it was the humiliation that was turning her on at least as much as the actual physical penetration.)

Alan said calmly as he pushed all the way in, "That's 'yes, sir' to you."

"Yes, sir."

He pulled back and then stroked back in. "Now, tell me, Heather, what am I fucking right now?"

"You're fucking a wanton slut, sir." Deep down she loved it when he called her names, so she no longer tried to fight the abusive language.

"Well, that certainly is true," he said sincerely, since if anyone in his high school qualified as a slut, it was Heather. But then, even more aggressively, he said, "I'm looking for a cum dump. Where can I find a cum dumpster around here?"

"Look down, sir," Heather answered breathlessly between gasps for air as Alan relentlessly speared her tight, blonde pussy with his cock. "Don't look at Joy. Your cum dumpster is down here."

As though to punctuate her point, she rotated her hips, which made Alan's invading monster barely tap her G-spot for a second. That caused them both to shiver excitedly.

"Oh," Alan replied as he quickly regained control. "Is that the thing I have my dick stuck in? I was wondering what this insignificant hole was. It seems to talk, funnily enough. Can you talk, or are you just a mindless fuck hole?"

Heather was puzzled as to how he wanted her to answer. She responded, "I'm just a mindless fuck hole, but somehow I'm able to talk. I guess I need to say a few words sometimes, so I can tell men how badly I need to get fucked."

Spurred on and inspired by the demeaning talk, the head cheerleader slammed her hips backwards and impaled herself deeper on the stiff boner, an action that caused her buttocks to slap loudly against his thighs.

He laughed. "Excellent answer, slut. How is it that a blonde airhead like you can string together two sentences like that?"

"I don't know. I'm not used to talking since my mouth is usually full of cock."

"Wow. You're really good at this talking thing, considering you're just a pussy life support system."

"Yes, sir!" she said with obvious enthusiasm.

But then she remembered that they weren't the only ones in the room. She looked over at Janice and Joy and saw them staring back with their mouths agape. "What the hell are you staring at?" she barked angrily.

"What are they staring at?" he prodded again.

Heather was torn between saying something to keep some dignity in front of her fellow cheerleaders or saying the kind of thing that she knew Alan wanted to hear and that turned her on. She grudgingly said, "Your personal cum dump, sir."

She closed her eyes and tried not to think about Janice and Joy being there, but the fact that they were just aroused her still further.

Alan continued this banter as he fucked the beautiful teen.

They swapped positions and Heather sat on top of him so the two of them could fully concentrate on their fucking as they rose towards mutual climaxes. But he explained the move by saying, "Prove to me that you're a worthy slut."

Alan took the time to congratulate himself. Mere minutes earlier, the room had been so chilly with ill feeling that it seemed to be well below freezing. Now everyone was naked and thoroughly enjoying themselves, though he didn't realize how much of Janice's enjoyment of Joy's striptease was painfully bittersweet.

Heather was in her element at least in one respect: she loved to fuck. Being on top, she relished the feeling of control it gave her. She was in charge of the pace and she knew exactly what she wanted. She repeatedly lifted her hips and then carefully brought her whole body crashing down, impaling herself deeply again and again on his stiffness. Her long blonde ponytail flew around like a whip and her large breasts wobbled in every direction. She loved every second of it.

Unfortunately, just as Heather and Alan began to assault each other with well-timed thrusts to build up to something great, the alarm clock went off that she'd set to make sure they wouldn't be late for their next classes.

Alan stopped his fucking and muttered, "Damn lunches. Never long enough." It had taken him ten minutes before he'd started fucking and he'd arrived in the room with only twenty minutes left of the lunch period, so he figured that he'd been ramming the bitchy blonde for less than ten minutes.

He had intended to keep going, class be damned, but the interruption made him think about where he would be cumming and he remembered that he wasn't wearing a condom. He mentally kicked himself for forgetting about condoms yet again. It was an especially foolish mistake with Heather, as he didn't trust that she was really clean.

To be on the safe side, he grabbed her roughly by the hair and said, "Get down, bitch. You're going to take it in the mouth."

She moaned, "NooooOOOOOO! You promised! What about our deal?! You have to fill my hole to the brim with your seed or it's just not the same. And you were really doing me bareback, too. You could have sprayed me real good."

But even as she was saying this, she dutifully lifted herself off his dick, scooted down his legs and put his thick erection, completely drenched with her own juices, back into her mouth.

Alan barked, "Are you questioning me, bitch?" But it wasn't really necessary.

She shook her head 'No' while sucking on his cock as if she needed to coax the cum out of him more than she'd ever needed anything in her life. She looked up into his eyes with an expression of complete adoration. For some reason, the more he ordered her around and denied her wishes, the more she lusted for him.

Within seconds of feeling her tongue dance on the sensitive underside of his hard-on, he let his load go. He grabbed her long blonde ponytail and started jerking his hips into her face.

Heather was inexperienced at cocksucking, but she seemed to try to swallow as much as she could. She was outraged and incredulous at her own behavior, but she couldn't seem to stop greedily drinking his thick seed. Alan had gotten her so worked up with his demeaning talking and talented fucking by this point that she would have agreed to just about anything.

Alan looked down and saw Heather guzzling his ropes of cum as they blasted straight into the back of her mouth. He was very pleased, and let his "Bad Alan" feelings surge. He thought, She's tried it before but she's never admitted that she likes it. She has to like it, since everyone else does. Once I've got her hooked on my seed, I'll never hear her refusing to suck my cock again.

He was at least partially right. As the squirts of his cum finally trailed off, Heather took stock of what had just happened. I feel tricked. How did he get me to do that?! Cocksucking?! Ugh! But what's strange is that... Huh... Very strange.

She swirled some residual cum around her mouth as if tasting a fine wine. It doesn't taste too bad... In fact, it's damn delicious! I keep trying to deny that, but it's hopeless.

God, I love it! Hell, I'm almost upset that he forcefully pumped most of it straight down the back of my throat, 'cos there's not much left to savor. But I'm not going to let him turn me into a habitual cocksucker.

Real honest-to-God fucking is what it's all about. If I keep pretending not to like cocksucking, hopefully he'll get the message eventually and fuck me properly more often.

Alan looked around. Joy was sitting up on her knees, seemingly content to fuck herself endlessly. Furthermore, she was doing it only a couple of feet in front of a literally drooling and shaking Janice.

It occurred to him that he'd gotten so caught up in fucking that he'd forgotten to paint Janice's pussy lips. Now Janice was too wet and too aroused; to paint her would be like hitting a moving target. Oh well. That's what tomorrow is for. I'm sure I'll be wanted back for some more painting... and whatnot. Hopefully a lot of "whatnot." He grinned an evil grin.

The aftermath of Alan's climax was strange and awkward. A painful silence once again descended, though luckily a song from Tom Petty's greatest hits - "Mary Jane's Last Dance" - still played in the background. Janice and Heather once again avoided even looking at each other.

Heather generally avoided looking in Alan's direction, but when he caught her eye she appeared sullen. She wanted to hate him because of how he'd jerked her around and demeaned her, especially in front of the other two cheerleaders. But at the same time she was afraid that if she opened her mouth, she'd only beg for more.

More awkwardly, Janice now blushed profusely when Joy came near her and tried to be friendly. Eventually Joy pulled the still shaking Janice up and helped steady her. Janice thrilled at the touch, and she deliberately leaned all over her best friend as though too weak to stand, even as she wondered how she'd be able to interact platonically with Joy ever again. She at least managed to resist any overt groping of her friend.

Alan didn't get to find out how things developed after that, because he finished dressing first and rushed off to class.

Later, in the next period, Alan zoned out as his teacher droned on. He thought about his experience with the cheerleaders at lunch. His perspective on that had changed after the post-orgasmic come-down.

He thought, You know, I'm turning into a real asshole. I'm getting bossy and full of myself. Jesus H. Christ! Who was that arrogant jerk and when did he take over my body? How do I get him out? The way I treated Heather was ridiculous! True, it was just playing around, and she likes it that way, but really! "Cum dumpster"? "Pussy life support system"? Dang! Just a couple of weeks ago I never would have said that kind of thing to anyone. Is it really just sexy playing around, or is that the real me coming out?

If it is, I don't like me. I don't want to be an arrogant asshole, snapping my fingers and saying "Lick it, baby. You know you'll love it." I have to fight this! Heather seems to bring out the worst in me, but we have such great sex together. Most of these women are attracted to me because I'm a nice guy. But at the same time, they want me to act like an aggressive sexual brute when things get hot and heavy. I don't get it.

The way I keep thinking about how Heather will learn to love my cum seems typical of my arrogant attitude. But the problem is, it's true. There is something special about the taste of my cum. I'm sure that the other times she's given a blowjob she wanted to wash her mouth out right away, but I noticed she was in no hurry to do that today. Heck, it looked like she was savoring it this time.

In addition, it seems the way I fuck makes women melt. And when I act like all rude and aggressive with Heather, it's so cathartic. I can let all my pent-up frustrations out, especially my lack of fucking at home. And I'm always holding my tongue, not calling anyone things like slut or bitch, and that all comes tumbling out with Heather, too. She loves it. But that doesn't make the way I'm behaving right.

What am I supposed to do? I'm only fucking eighteen years old, for Christ's sake! No one prepared me for this. I have no idea what this all means or how to deal with it! Where's the after-school special class on how to treat your harem? Seriously! I'm sitting here in the middle of this fucking insanely boring class, and I look just like any other average student on the outside, but in reality I secretly have what amounts to a harem. And I'm turning into some kind of cruel sultan slave owner or something.

Not only that, but I'm losing touch with reality. This class just seems unreal; just an annoying diversion until I have my face buried in my mom's tits again. I was going to tell my friends that Amy is now my girlfriend, but my social life is such a disaster, I don't even know when I'll see them again outside of saying 'Hi' between classes? I'm going to be a complete failure in life unless I can get a job as a gigolo or something.

He thought with grim humor, I wonder if there are any paying jobs involving having your dick sucked all day long.

I really need some advice. Acting all bossy gets my dick hard. Hearing Heather say "Yes, sir!" so obediently gets me even harder. Just thinking that I have a harem is giving me a woody right now, especially when I think of the likes of Mom and Sis naked at my feet, waiting to serve me.

They're so willing. So busty. So big and tall. So flawless. So beautiful. Christ! We're talking about some of the most beautiful women on the planet! I'm only human. I think I'm doing pretty well, considering how some people might have acted in my shoes. Aren't I? I don't know.

This is like the story of Job, except in reverse, where everything is going right instead of wrong. But it's turning into a curse just the same. You know what? It's kind of like that Twilight Zone episode where the guy thinks he's died and gone to Heaven 'cos he gets everything he wants, but in the end it turns out he's in Hell.

Well, okay, it's not THAT bad, not even close. But I feel a touch of that curse of getting what you wish for.

I have to talk to Aunt Suzy soon. Luckily she's got lots of wisdom and experience. She'll be able to help, if anyone can. Thank God for her. As much as I love my mom and sister, they certainly can't help me with some things. I don't even think I could have a really long talk with them anymore unless I allow them to suck my cock at the same time. JESUS! This is so good, but so fucked up.