

## 6 Times 631

### Chapter 631 Resting His Cock On His Mom's Ass

Susan finally stopped masturbating, and said, "Time out, here. This is serious. I'm not just squeamish about using a hole that's meant for gross bodily functions. I have serious religious reservations! Whether my parents or my pastor enjoyed sex is irrelevant to what the Bible has to say about anal sex."

Brenda also stopped masturbating, and asked, "And what does it say?"

"In the Bible, it's called sodomy, after the city of Sodom as in 'Sodom and Gomorrah.' I don't even have to look up what the Bible says about that, because I know it by heart. Shall I tell it to you?"

Brenda said, "I'm not as religiously knowledgeable as you, but even I know that story. A guy named Lot living in one of those towns had some male guests, and some men in the town tried to rape them. God got really mad and decided to destroy the towns. Except he let Lot and his family leave first since they were the only moral people worth saving. But Lot's wife looked back as they left and she turned into a pillar of salt. Right?"

Susan admitted, "It's a bit more complicated, but that's the gist of it."

"A-ha!" Brenda said, feeling triumphant. "Can't you see? That was a case of MALE anal sex. MALE homosexuality, and male rape on top of that. What does that have to do with your situation? Nothing!"

Susan didn't want to concede the argument, so she temporized. "Okay, you have a point there. However, it's actually mentioned here and there in the Bible that the people of Sodom and Gomorrah sinned in a variety of ways, including lying, adultery, whoring, and general filthiness. Furthermore, what I'll bet you don't know is that the story of Sodom and Gomorrah is mentioned in the New Testament too, in the Epistle of Jude. It says the people of those two towns, quote 'gave themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh,' unquote. And as a result, they were, quote, 'set forth as an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.'"

Feeling cocky, Brenda asked, "Is that all you've got? That's nothing! General filthiness? Fornication? 'Going after strange flesh'? What the heck does that one even mean, by the way? That's all so vague. So the people of Sodom and Gomorrah were doing a lot of sinful things. Where does it specifically say in the Bible that a man putting his dick in a woman's ass is a sin?"

Susan looked away as she meekly admitted, "Well, it doesn't, I suppose. Not that I know of."

"And you definitely would have heard of it, given the fact that your parents or your church repeated the stuff about Sodom and Gomorrah enough for you to know it by heart."

"That's probably true. But in the Middle Ages, the Church called anal sex the 'sin against nature' and even 'the horrible sin that amongst Christians is not to be named.'"

Brenda laughed. "That's ridiculous, not to mention hilarious! But so what? People back then believed all kinds of crazy things. The Church even prosecuted Galileo for claiming that the Earth rotates around the Sun, instead of the other way around. Should we cling to such obviously wrong beliefs just because of something some pope might have said a thousand years ago? There were all kinds of weird and corrupt popes back then, you know."

Susan sighed. "Okay, okay. Maybe I can't point to any definitive religious rule against it, but that's what I was taught to believe." Realizing that was a weak argument, she quickly added, "Besides, who knows if I'd even like it? I hear a lot of women don't."

"Oh, pshaw! Pardon my French, but that's bullshit. Susan, you're an extraordinary woman, and you won the genetic lottery. You were BUILT for sex!"

Susan stuck her tongue out playfully. "Same as you!"

"True, the same as me, although my body's even more obvious about it." She skimmed her hands along her curves from hips to chest, briefly cupping her huge breasts in offering before releasing them. She was too horny to be immodest.

She added, "You've told me just how extraordinarily sensitive your nipples are, for example. Your whole body is like that to some degree, I'm sure. I'd bet a million dollars that you're going to love having your son buggery you. And that's a bet I could actually make! That bet would be like giving me free money."

Susan sighed again. She had a strong suspicion that she'd like it, because she had come to realize in recent weeks that she was very sexually sensitive, and not just with her nipples. "Maybe so. I must admit that I love the idea, even with the sinfulness and wrongfulness of it hanging over everything like a dark

cloud. Maybe it's because I try not to think about Tiger fucking me in the normal way, since that would be incest, so this is like the second best thing."

Brenda shook her head, like she was a teacher sadly disappointed with a slow student. "Susan, Susan, Susan. You couldn't be more wrong. For one thing, who's to say it's the second best thing? It could be even BETTER than regular sex! Some women do love it more, for very good reasons. And you'd better get used to him taking your other hole too. You are one of his fuck toys, and that means you're going to get FUCKED! Period! In every damn hole, now that we know he likes anal sex too. The only reason he hasn't fucked you fourteen ways to Sunday already is because he's a nice, considerate guy, and he loves you. He knows you need time to adjust, so he's being patient."

Brenda's face was almost angry, and she repeatedly stabbed a finger in Susan's direction. That caused her immense tits to constantly wobble. "But what's coming is gonna happen just as soon as the sun rising tomorrow morning, so you need to get used to it!"

Susan sat back and tried to recover. She felt like she'd just been attacked by Brenda's bold words. "What are you saying?"

Brenda was surprisingly aggressive, because she felt so passionately about this issue. "You know what I'm saying! Are you deaf? No!" She stopped her finger pointing and softened her tone. "Look. I understand that the incest issue is still a big problem for you, so let's not worry about vaginal sex right now and concentrate on the anal. And try to forget about your religious reservations and just think about what Alan did to Suzanne last night. Let's just make this as simple as possible. Do you want what he did with her to happen to you?"

Susan furrowed her brow with worry. "Well... yes... and no..."

Brenda growled impatiently, "Make up your mind!"

Susan wailed, "I'm sorry, but it's not so easy! Look at me! I can't stop playing with myself." bender

Brenda looked, and sure enough, Susan had resumed fingering her clit.

Susan's face was blushing red. "The idea drives me wild! There's nothing I'd love more! But at the same time, it's just so WRONG! And yet, the very wrongness of it somehow turns me on even MORE! I'm all messed up!"

Brenda said with unusual calm, "No, you're not." She said, "Stop playing with yourself for a minute and listen to me."

Susan withdrew her fingers from her crotch.

Brenda spoke with confidence. "Look. I know I'm not part of your wonderful family, and I'm kind of an interloper into this whole remarkable sexual thing you all have going on. But I have eyes to see. And maybe being an outsider gives me special clarity in looking at your position. The fact is, your son is a very special man. Is it luck or talent or charisma or something else that makes him so irresistible to us ladies? I don't know, and frankly I don't care. It is what it is. There's no point in trying to fight it."

Susan felt like Brenda's words were hitting her like a series of slaps, forcing her to wake up from a distant dream. She's right! I can't fight it. Resistance is useless! Goodness gracious, that's such an arousing thought! I'm one of his fuck toys, which means I'm gonna get fucked in every hole! Including THAT one!

Brenda went on, "Forget about fairness and feminism and equal rights and all that. I'm sure that works well for other people, but for you and me that's just an excuse to deny our true natures. We're submissive! We live to serve!"

Susan repeated that in her thoughts, like savoring a fine wine on her tongue. "We live to serve." So shameful, but so true!

Brenda stood up and struck a sexy pose with a hand behind her head. "Look at me! Our bodies are built to please."

"WOW!" Susan loudly exclaimed.

"What?"

"You're just so darn HOT! I'm getting a serious boner looking at you, and I don't even have a penis!"

Brenda had to drop her pose and laugh at that.

Susan continued, "If I were Tiger and I saw you standing like that, I'd have no choice but to up and fuck you! Maybe even in the ass!"

Brenda smiled widely and resumed her pose. "Thank you. I'll remember that. But please, don't let me get distracted, because I was on a roll. Like I said, our bodies are built to please!"

She ran a hand down her curves, as if she was trying to sell herself, except that she was enjoying caressing herself along the way.

She got "stuck" fondling the undersides of her huge tits as she continued, "The why of it, the morality of it, none of that matters much. It is what it is. It's like what you were telling me earlier. I remember your exact words, because they impacted me so profoundly. 'Remember, if Tiger is going to tame you, and he will, you're going to frequently experience frustration and humiliation. I'm sure he'll have you on your knees desperately begging and pleading for permission to cum all the time.'"

She put her hands on her hips and glared at Susan like an annoyed teacher. "What happened to the woman I look up to who told me that?"

Susan shyly looked down. "It was easier saying that when talking about you than about myself. And I'm fine with that kind of talk when it comes to blowjobs and titfucks and other things that I've come to love dearly. But... anal sex?" She shuddered in disgust.

Still standing, Brenda flapped her arms in the air in frustration. "How is that any different?! Stand up! Remember how I told you Suzanne made me stand up naked, so I couldn't hide from myself or from the truth? It's time you did the same!"

Susan stood up, albeit reluctantly. "Geez, Brenda. I'm not used to seeing this side of you. You're being so aggressive."

"That's because this... all of this... is something I believe in quite strongly. Do you have any idea how lucky you are? I would KILL to be you! Okay, obviously not 'kill' because no one deserves to die, but I would gladly walk on a bed of hot coals or broken glass to be in your high heels. I'd do it every day!"

She briefly hefted her globes up from below. "You talk about how jealous you are about the size of my boobs, and yeah, they're big, and I love that fact, but that's nothing. I would trade my boobs for the love and lust your son has for you in a heartbeat! Not to mention your frequent, easy access to his constantly stiff cock! You know, I love hearing about your daily exploits with him, but at the same time, it makes me want to grind my teeth and tear my hair out. I get to fantasize and live vicariously through you, and every now and then I get to see Alan in the flesh. But you, you're literally living the dream!"

She actually clenched her fists in frustration as she added, "There isn't a day that goes by when you don't end up naked and kneeling, sucking his fat cock at least once! AT LEAST! Whereas I haven't had the honor and pleasure YET! And that doesn't even count all the titfuck fun, handjob fun, and all around cock-serving fun you have on top of that!"

Susan was surprised by that impassioned outburst. She'd never really looked at the jealousy issue from Brenda's point of view, and it forced her to see and appreciate Brenda's situation in a new way. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize. I didn't think."

Brenda calmed down and softened her voice. "That's okay. Don't worry about it. As frustrating as it is, I still wouldn't trade my experiences with him and you and the rest of your family for anything in the world. It's like you said: for busty, beautiful, submissive women like us, frequent frustration and humiliation is our fate. It's our lot in life. Men like Alan attract women like us just like bees to honey, so we never get enough, not like women in 'normal' relationships do. You and me, we're either fully tamed by him or most of the way there. Agreed?"

Susan nodded slightly. She felt a shiver of arousal from contemplating that.

Brenda spoke passionately, "So it's time for you to look at anal sex in that light. It's not an 'obligation' to be endured resentfully, but rather a privilege to be blessed with, so it should be enjoyed fully!"

Suddenly, Brenda eyed her critically before frowning disgustedly, "Don't just stand there!"

Susan realized that she was simply standing there, with her arms by her side, ever since Brenda had told her to stand up. But she didn't know what she was supposed to do. It didn't help that Brenda was also just standing still in front of her. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I don't want to hear your grousing about anal sex. Sure, some complaining is okay, and even good, because a naturally dominant man like your son knows how to push our buttons, and that means often taking us out of our comfort zones. Don't fight the fact that he's going to take your ass and fill it with his cock, and then cum in you! That's not a mere possibility; that's a fact!"

Susan was still having trouble accepting that, since her qualms about anal sex ran very deep indeed. So, not wanting to directly deal with Brenda's words, she asked, "By the way, why are you having us both stand like this?"

"Oh yeah." Brenda had gotten so carried away with her impassioned plea that she'd momentarily forgotten her intentions. "Because I want to do to you what Suzanne did to me earlier. That was extremely therapeutic for me. Admittedly, I'm not naturally commanding like Suzanne is. But I do have a very good memory, so I can kind of pretend by repeating her words to you."

Brenda mimicked Suzanne with an unusually authoritative tone of voice. She growled, as she directly repeated Suzanne's earlier words, "'Arms pinned behind your back! Wrists crossed. Head bowed down. Legs spread wider. Tits thrust out.'"

Susan immediately complied. She remembered seeing Brenda in the exact same stance, and she did her best to imitate her.

However, Brenda was disappointed, because she got the impression that Susan was just going through the motions. So she said, in her own very heartfelt words, "Don't just do it, BE it! That's not just a pose, that's a way of life! The life of SUBMISSION to your son, the life of gladly serving his cock, many times a day! Look, I know that if I were Alan or even Suzanne, you'd react differently, and with more gusto. I'm sorry I can't be them. But think about what I'm saying: it's not just a pose, it's a way of life. Think about that. And think about your hunky son standing in the room, watching you."

Susan remembered the pivotal advice that Alan had given her two weeks earlier, and she repeated it in her head: "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of."

She suddenly changed in a way that was hard to define. Her pose didn't really change at all, since her chest was already thrust forward, but somehow she was suddenly much sexier, because she was feeling it now. Being told to imagine that Alan was watching made all the difference.

Brenda smiled. "Good! That's better, much better. And since thinking about him being in the room so totally changed your attitude, let's run with that. Close your eyes and imagine that you're in the kitchen, washing the dishes, when your 'cocky' son comes walking in."

"Okay!" Susan gladly closed her eyes while maintaining her lewd pose. She and Brenda had shared fantasies like this with increasing frequency in their phone calls, and they always had great fun and pleasure doing so. "What am I wearing?"

"Let's see... How about your erotic apron? You know, your favorite one, the light blue one. And high heels. And that's all."

"Oooh! Sounds yummy. I can practically taste his sweet sperm already!"

Brenda explained, "And you might be able to smell the sperm too, because he takes one look at you, pretty much naked from head to toe from the back except for the apron's big bow above your ass, and he's so inspired that he drops his shorts and whips out his great big boner!"

Susan's body was humming with pleasure. She almost opened her eyes when Brenda stepped forward and cupped her big tits from underneath. But she kept her eyes tightly shut because she was already deep into the fantasy and she didn't want to lose that mood. She asked, "What does Tiger say when he comes close?"

Brenda pulled on both of Susan's nipples at once as she said, "Nothing! Absolutely nothing. For now, he's just enjoying the view. He walks closer, holding and stroking his big trouser snake to full size."

Susan said hotly, "That is wrong, just wrong! I don't know what the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah were exactly, but the Bible is clear that masturbation is a sin. Onanism!" She spat out that last word like it was a vile curse. "If anyone should be stroking his cock, it should be me!"



Brenda quietly chuckled to herself, since she didn't share Susan's views on masturbation. "Whatever. Be that as it may, that's what he's doing. But you'll be glad to know that he doesn't do it for very long. He keeps coming closer until he's right behind you. You can practically feel his breath on your neck, but he still doesn't say a word. Then, just as easy as you please, he rests his cock against your bare ass!"

Susan gasped, a sign of how deeply she was into the fantasy. She almost could feel the heat of his hard-on pressing into her skin along her ass crack. "Tiger, what are you doing?!"

Brenda briefly considered getting her new vibrator and rubbing it on Susan's ass to further enhance the experience, but she figured that if she did that it would almost certainly end up in Susan's mouth, and she wanted to be the first one to use it.

She dropped her voice down to imitate Alan's. "'Hi, Mom. What's up? Are you cooking something?'"

Susan spoke as if she really was talking to Alan instead of Brenda. "Never mind that. What are you doing with your, uh, overly large penis?"

"Just resting it." Brenda then added in her own voice, "Naturally, since Tiger has started rubbing his cock against your silky skin, your body craves more. You forget all about the dishes and bend over at an outrageous 90-degree angle to better present your perfect, firm ass to your handsome son."

Susan bent way over in real life, forcing Brenda to let go of her tits as they dangled down. She particularly appreciated Brenda saying 'Tiger' instead of 'Alan,' and she got an extra tingle of pleasure whenever she heard that. "But... that's... unseemly! That's not how a good mother behaves."

Brenda replied, "I don't know about that, but it certainly is how a good MOMMY behaves, especially us big-titted mommies. Besides, you have no real say in the matter. Your ass is in control now, and your ass needs COCK! And not just any cock, but hot and throbbing SON-cock!"

Susan moaned erotically. "Mmmm... Son-cock..." She licked her lips and started salivating, imagining sliding her lips over her son's thickness.

Brenda played along. "Yes, son-cock, the very best kind!" She walked around the bent-over Susan and put both of her hands on Susan's ass.

Susan left the role-play long enough to whisper, "Please, just one hand back there. And can you kind of bunch your fingers together to kind of make a cock out of it?"

Once Brenda complied, Susan moaned, "Mmmm... Yes, just like that... Thanks!"

Brenda chuckled. "Sure thing."

She decided that Susan had the right idea and this is what she should have been doing from the start of the fantasy. She slowly slid her bunched-together fingers over and even into Susan's ass crack. "Tiger just loves your ass, by the way. It truly is remarkably fit and firm, especially considering your age. He's been thinking more and more that it's an ass he absolutely needs to fuck! He's started fucking Suzanne's ass, and he loves doing that. He's wondering with increasing desire what it would be like to fuck his big-titted mommy back there."

"Mmmm..." was all Susan had to say to that. She was deep into the fantasy now. Had she opened her eyes and looked around, she would have been truly surprised to discover she wasn't really bent over in front of the kitchen sink.

Brenda took the tips of her fingers on her pretend penis and dragged them across her sensitive anus. Then she brought the "penis" down between Susan's legs until she was in a position to dry fuck her, had it been a real penis. This only took one hand, so she was using her other hand to play with her own pussy.

Brenda cooed, "There you go. Are you ready for it? Remember, anal submission is total submission..."

This went on for several minutes. Both women were having such erotic fun that they were in no hurry.

Brenda didn't say much, but every now and then she'd say something that she hoped would help Susan's attitude, such as, "Tiger is wondering how long it'll take before his busty mommy is ready. It feels really good to rub his cock all over the outside of her ass, but he knows it'll feel a hundred times better to plow the INSIDE of her ass!"

Susan mumbled, "Mmmm... Plow... Plow me, Son! Mmmm..."

Brenda continued to work Susan into a lather until she knew that Susan was right on the edge of a massive climax. Then, just as she'd been denied her orgasm earlier, she denied Susan. She withdrew her "penis" from Susan's ass and walked around to Susan's front side, indicating the role-play was over.

Chapter 632 Susan And Brenda !

Susan reluctantly stood back up and opened her eyes. "Awww... Is that it? Why did you stop? I was having so much fun. Tiger was loving my ass. It felt so good!"

"Yes, he was. But that was a test, and you failed. All you did was passively stay in that bent-over position, moaning and wiggling your sexy ass. Sometimes, it was like you were trying to hump my hand, but that was it. You never said anything like, 'Take me! Take my ass! Fuck me good! Fuck me and tame me! Spear me! I don't care anymore about that religious bullshit anymore. Fuck Mommy's ass!' That's exactly what I would have said if I were in your high heels and he did that to me."

Susan frowned, realizing she blew it. "You're right. I'm sorry. I guess it shows that I'm still not ready. I must admit I wasn't really thinking along those lines either. I loved his cock ON my ass, but IN it is still too scary for me."

Brenda barked, "Assume the position I had you in before. And put your hands on your head too, for good measure."

Susan followed the instructions. Again, she was surprised to see this side of Brenda. She didn't even know her friend could get this aggressive.

Brenda gripped both of Susan's boobs and gazed intently into her eyes. "Think about what I said earlier. We ARE fuck toys. Sex toys. Personal cocksuckers. Sexual servants. His slaves, even, if you will. Your entire body belongs to your son, including the inner depths of your ass! I know this started being about helping him to cum six times a day for medical reasons, but it's gone far beyond that, hasn't it?"

Susan nodded, while maintaining her sexy pose. Her entire body was on fire, but especially where Brenda was fondling her. bender

Brenda told her, "It's not just about him and his insatiable sexual needs, it's also about you and your needs, and me and my needs, and the needs of all of his other lovers. so let's talk about YOUR needs. He may seem like a selfish lover to an outside observer, but in reality he's not. He knows what makes you feel good, and he strives to make sure you enjoy lots and lots of orgasms. It works out wonderfully, like a hand in glove, that his dominating pleasure is your submissive pleasure. He cums, we cum, and everyone drowns in sticky, creamy love. Maybe God made us that way on purpose, like interlocking pieces that belong together. Who knows?"

Brenda continued, "My point is, if you want to be a good, obedient, big-titted mommy, and I know you do, that means giving your ass to him. You ARE going to willingly surrender your ass to him, not only for his pleasure, but also for yours. So stop saying 'if,' and start saying 'how' and 'when' with perhaps an added consideration for 'how often' once you've tried it and realize you don't want to live without it. Remember what else Suzanne told me less than an hour ago while she had me in the same pose you're in now: 'That may be good enough for most, but for your one and only son, you need to try harder.'"

Susan spoke with new resolve. "I get it. I finally get it. You're so right! I DO need to try harder! But I'm scared. Brenda, I'm scared! I want my son to tame my ass so very much. When you talk to me about him 'spearing' me there, I can feel the tingles deep in my ass! But I'm scared too. It's like you're telling me murder is okay. A part of me can't believe it, no matter what the arguments and facts are. And what if it IS a great sin? Perhaps only God truly knows. What then?"

Brenda stepped forward and put a hand on Susan's arm as a gesture of support. "Ultimately, you have to ask yourself, does he love you? Is he going to do something terrible to you?"

She let those questions linger in the air, knowing what Susan's answers had to be.

Then she added, "Or, maybe, there's no way that any physical expression of his profound love for you can be wrong. That's what I think. In my opinion, it's not the sex act that's wrong, it's the context. Compare you giving your son a loving blowjob versus some crack whore giving a stranger a blowjob in a dirty alleyway so she can buy some more crack. On a basic physical level, the two acts are the same, but at the same time they couldn't be more different! I'm no theologian, but I'll bet the Sodom and Gomorrah situation was about sex without love. Selfishness and greed, and lust over love, as a substitute for real love. Whereas in your case, sex is an expression of pure love! How could God be against that?!"

Susan suddenly staggered back and plopped back down on her sofa. "Sorry, I just have to sit down. What you just said was so profound that it made me weak in the knees. You're right. You're absolutely right! The people of Sodom and Gomorrah weren't punished because of any particular act, it was because of the blackness in their hearts and their evil intent."

Brenda's heart soared, because she sensed she was making a breakthrough. "Exactly. If Lot fucked his wife in the ass with loving intent, why would God be upset with that?"

Susan beamed. She could practically feel a weight lifting from her shoulders. "He wouldn't. The God I believe in is a loving god. And He wouldn't keep it a secret if it was so bad. I shouldn't fear anal sex, I should embrace it! It's another way for me to express my love for my son, and bond with him!"

Brenda was all smiles. "Yes, yes, and yes again! You couldn't be more right. And besides, as one of your son's official personal cocksuckers, it's your duty. I know it's got 'cocksucker, in the name, but it's about much, much more than just sucking cock, isn't it?"

Susan nodded with great seriousness. "It is! It's about... well... whatever it takes to make his cock throb with pleasure, whenever he feels like it. It's about serving him with love and joy, for both of us! If I can do that with my mouth, that's great, but there are many ways. Variety is the spice of life."

Brenda nodded approvingly. "Indeed. That's your duty. As it will be my duty, once it's my turn to be tamed there. And in my case, maybe it won't be so much love at first, but it is a bonding, and over time our bond will grow. Perhaps it's my fate to simply be one of his fuck toys, used simply for his sexual pleasure. But over time, I believe that bond will grow into some kind of love between us. Indeed, I'd even go on to say that bonding with him anally like that would undoubtedly be one of the most profound acts of submission a woman can make!"

Brenda saw a flash of concern on Susan's face, so she hastened to add, "But don't worry! We know how he is. His heart is as big as the ocean. The love he has for Suzanne, for instance, doesn't diminish the love he has for you one iota. And there's no way he'll ever love me half as much he loves you, because I'm not his mother and there's no way I ever could be."

Susan nodded, mollified on that for the time being. "So... what do I do now?"

Brenda grinned. "In the short term, you need to tell me everything that happened last night. Every last detail! And you and I are going to masturbate about it until our hands fall off! And then we're going to share some more nice anal fantasies that we'll conjure up, and we'll masturbate about that too. When we do that, I want you to be more proactive, okay?"

Susan smiled and nodded.

"And then I want you to tell me about your morning adventures, and we'll masturbate about that as well. I assume you and Katherine didn't just feed your son and send him off to school without playing around too?"

Susan said proudly, "Hardly! Oh my goodness. It was such an intense and wonderful morning. Would you believe that not only did we take turns pleasuring his cock, but right before he left he shot a big spermy load into Angel's mouth and then she kissed me and passed the spermy goodness into MY mouth! It was so naughty!"

Brenda laughed with glee. "I love it! I just knew something like that would happen. That's what I call being a good big-titted mommy. And Katherine should be praised for being an excellent fuck toy sister."

Susan smiled. "I know. She's wonderful, and her attitude couldn't be better. I dare say that she loves serving his cock just as much as I do. He really put both of us in our place all morning long. For instance, you should have seen the way he forced us to kiss each other! It was soooo hot!"

Susan's earlier apprehension and moral qualms about intimate lesbian kissing and touching seemed to be gone as she fondly recalled the scene.

"I'll bet!" Brenda's lesbian issues were also rapidly fading. She simply couldn't deny to herself how much merely thinking about Susan kissing aroused her, much less kissing her herself.

Susan felt the urge to kiss Brenda coming on. However, she changed subjects instead. "Can we use our new vibrators while we're doing all that story telling?"

Brenda laughed. "You tell me! It's your house, after all. It would be fitting to break them in together. So I say yes!"

Susan beamed. "I do too!"

Then Susan frowned, and asked, "But when I asked you 'what do I do now,' I didn't mean 'now' now. I mean, what should be my next step with this whole anal sex thing?"

Brenda mused, "I don't know. Despite getting a bit passionate expressing my feelings there, I don't have all the answers. I'm no Suzanne; I was just doing a good imitation of her. You need to talk to the real Suzanne. She'll set you straight, I'm sure."

Susan's smile widened; she loved Suzanne beyond words. "That's very good advice. I've been feeling too shy to talk to her about this, but I'm just going to have to buckle up and do it. I feel better already, because I know she'll know what steps I should take, and how to calm my fears. But you've already done so much! I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you did to me today."

Brenda gave her a hug. It was meant to be just a friendly and supportive hug, but it reminded them both of the fact that they were still buck naked and horny, and they both felt shivers of arousal run through their bodies. "It was my pleasure. And I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you and Suzanne did to me today. I came here this morning a rattled, shook up, mixed up bundle of nerves, and now I feel a peace in my heart and a spring in my step. All I really did was I took what Suzanne said to me and redirected some of that back to you. I even used some of her exact same words."

Susan said, "Maybe so, but it worked like gangbusters just the same. And I love the new aggressive you. To be honest, I didn't know you had it in you." She caressed Brenda's back, and even brought a hand down to clutch at one of her bare ass cheeks.

"To be honest, I didn't either!" Brenda laughed as she idly cupped one of Susan's great tits. "But seriously, the 'old me' had quite a temper. I was no wallflower. Although now I see that my temper was a reflection of my deep unhappiness from repressing my true self. But don't expect me to do that much. I only went into that mode briefly because I felt you needed a good slap on the face, so to speak."

"I thank you for that slap." Susan brought her other hand to Brenda's other ass cheek and gave it a light and playful slap.

Brenda also brought a hand to Susan's ass, and pulled her in closer. The passion between them was steadily rising, yet they both had lingering reluctance to act on their urges to kiss. "I don't feel comfortable behaving all bossy like that anymore, but I felt I had to do it. I know we haven't been friends for long, but I really do care for you. In fact, at the risk of scaring you off for being too clingy, I feel like you've become my very best friend."

She abruptly laughed, because she realized she was literally clinging to Susan's body.

Susan chuckled. "That's okay. You feel good." She smiled and kissed Brenda, but chickened out at the last second and only did it on the cheek.

Brenda stared adoringly up into Susan's eyes, and pressed their huge racks more tightly together as she tried to lessen the distance between their faces in anticipation of more kissing. "You're just about the only one who truly understands the new me. You and Suzanne, that is, but I relate to her in a different kind of way. So if you don't get to experience the joy of being fucked in the ass by Alan, and soon, I'll feel like I've let you down. Even though I've never experienced it myself, I just know it's going to be fantastic for you."

Susan knew Brenda had used an anal dildo in the past but she still was far from convinced that it would "be fantastic," as Brenda claimed. Considering that, she was surprised at how enthusiastic Brenda felt about it. And without consciously thinking about it, the ass talk was inspiring her to vigorously knead Brenda's ass cheeks.

Brenda added, as she also played with Susan's ass with both hands, "Furthermore, I'd feel like I let down my mas- er, Alan, too. I know you know I almost said 'master' there, and so be it. Call him what you want, but the fact is, technically he may not have tamed me yet, but it doesn't matter. He owns our hearts and controls us all. It's our duty to obey and serve him. I know this is controversial, and please don't tell Suzanne I said this, but I believe his desires come first, even ahead of my needs. You're his sexy mother, so I feel I would be remiss in my duties as your fellow tamed sexual servant or whatever you want to call it not to help you see the light that your ass NEEDS your son's cock fully sheathed within it! He deserves the best, and part of that means your ass!"

Susan was a bit overwhelmed by all that, so much so that she forgot to keep fondling Brenda's busty body for a few moments. He does deserve the best! But desires over needs? I don't know about that. I've always believed that as unfair as the situation with Tiger appears to be, it really isn't, because we all experience great pleasure. In fact, most of the time I suspect I get even more aroused than he does, and I certainly experience many more orgasms. But Brenda seems to throw any sense of fairness out the window. I'm beginning to realize that as submissive as I am, she takes it to the next level.



She felt some jealousy over Brenda's "next level" attitude, maybe even more than the boob size issue, but she tried not to show it. Instead, she just said, "Oh my goodness. That's some pretty intense stuff. But tell me... is it true you've never done it in the ass? Ever?!"

She poked a finger at the ring of Brenda's anus without actually probing into it.

Brenda also found herself fingering Susan's ass crack while still keeping her face close to Susan's so they could kiss again soon. "No, sadly, I haven't. Remember, I was married a long time to the idiot I once called my husband, and I see now that he just wanted me for impressively busty eye candy to show off to his friends and business associates. I was practically a museum exhibit for his collection. Such is the life of the idle rich trophy wife, I guess."

Gathering up her courage, she admitted, guardedly, "But I've definitely fantasized about it for a long, long time. To me, it might just be the ultimate act of submission. There are so many women out there who refuse to give anal sex a try. Even most wives refuse to do it with their husbands, or do it only very rarely, as if it were some kind of special treat, like a birthday gift. It's as if they're not supposed to enjoy it themselves, let alone develop a taste or hunger for it."

Brenda stood extra straight and proud while still in Susan's embrace, even rising on her tip toes in her high heels. "Whereas I can't wait to give Alan my ass! I want him to know that he can take me in any hole, at any time! I think the reason so many women are afraid of anal sex is that they let their fears get the best of them. Plus, they worry too much about social norms, just like how you're struggling with those issues right now. But I don't care about that sort of thing. I want to completely give myself to my lord and ma... uh, my Alan, and anal sex is a great way of showing that."

She added with almost breathless passion, "It would truly be my last virginity, and I would have the honor and privilege of willingly surrendering it to him!"

Again, Susan was floored. After hearing that, her own desire for anal sex went up a notch or even two notches, because she wanted to completely give herself to her son too. Plus, she didn't want to be outdone in that by Brenda. I want to surrender my anal virginity to my son too! That would be a real virginity that I can give him, that no one else has ever had, or ever will.

It all sounds so great that I almost can't breathe! Boy, I'm just amazed at Brenda's devotion to Tiger, and not for the first time either. That's especially true considering that she hasn't even had a chance to suck

his cock yet. I'm definitely going to have to remember that, given her loyalty and help, I need to introduce his cock to her mouth, and very soon!

After pondering Brenda's words, Susan said, "Brenda, I'm truly impressed. And I'm also impressed at your smarts and your knowledge in general. The way you handled that whole Sodom and Gomorrah argument would have impressed even Suzanne, I'll bet. You know, I'll bet people tend to look at you and think you're all boobs and no brains, like you're some kind of living sex doll. I've even thought that at times, before I really got to know you. But that's not true at all."

Brenda nodded appreciatively. "Thank you. I've fought that impression all my life. Of course, the irony is that now I WANT to be a living sex doll of sorts, Alan's sex doll." She grinned impishly as she rather startlingly brought a hand from Susan's ass to her pussy and ran it up and down her wet labia. "But there's no reason I can't be his sex doll with brains."

Susan was startled by Brenda's move, since pussy play was considered off limits. But she remembered that was the rule with Alan, so he wouldn't wind up fucking her, and there was no reason Brenda couldn't do it.

She decided not to say anything about it, and resumed fondling Brenda's curvy ass. "Agreed. And the more he gets to know your brains and not just your body, the more he'll be into you. Trust me. He may come for your body, but if he stays it'll be because of a deeper connection with your heart and your mind. And I also have a new understanding and appreciation of your position. I was so caught up in my petty jealousy of you that I was oblivious to your much more understandable jealousy of me. I'm sorry."

Brenda couldn't stand being so close to Susan's lips without kissing them, so she pulled Susan's face down to hers for a brief kiss. At the same time, she kept fingering Susan's pussy and clit, and squeezed her ass cheeks too.

After their lips lingered for another kiss or two, Brenda said, "Don't be sorry. There's nothing to be sorry about, especially since you've been justifiably distracted with your cock tending duties. It's true that you're living the dream, but, as frustrated as I've been, these last few weeks have been the best weeks of my life, by far. It's like I was just a shadow or a wraith, floating around in some ghost world. But now I've come to life, everything has become so alive, and real! I've discovered the real me, my true calling."

Susan smiled from ear to ear. She was still reluctant to play with another woman's pussy, so she brought a hand up to fondle Brenda's tremendous melons instead. "And that is?"

"Serving Alan, of course!" She punctuated that by slipping a finger into Susan's slit.

Susan inhaled heavily in surprise due to that finger, and the shock showed on her face. But she still didn't say or do anything to discourage Brenda.

Brenda was surprised that she was actually acting as the sexual aggressor, but her feelings for both Alan and Susan were growing so strong that she couldn't help herself. She started rhythmically poking the finger in and out. "As if there could be any doubt. Well, that and raising my own son. Nothing else matters to me anymore but those two things. Wait, no, that's not exactly true. Your friendship matters a lot to me, and Suzanne's friendship too. I can't even relate to my other friends anymore, because they don't know the real me. And sadly, they can never know. That's why I feel you've become my best friend."

The faces of Susan and Brenda had been drawing closer and closer, and now they finally kissed passionately.

Before, Susan appreciated Brenda's outstanding, curvaceous body, and she'd also appreciated how much the two of them had in common with their similar submissive mentalities. But after all they'd discussed today, she felt a much more profound emotional connection with her, as well as a growing direct sexual connection. That was reflected in the intensity of their kiss.

Their mutual passion was intensified by the fact that they knew they had a great deal to talk about and masturbate over. Brenda still couldn't wait to finally achieve orgasmic satisfaction, and Susan was just as needy.

As the kiss went on and on, Brenda kept on fingering Susan's cunt. She even brought in a second finger, and dug deeper with both of them together.

Susan couldn't deny how good that made her feel, driving her wild even more than the great kiss. She thought, Why do I keep holding back? What Brenda has been telling me today doesn't just hold true for anal sex, it's true for everything! There's nothing wrong with sex, even sex between women. Brenda has been waiting a long time for her orgasm, and I know just how to give it to her!

SusanBrenda

With that, Susan plunged a finger into Brenda's pussy too.

Not surprisingly, Brenda loved that. She screamed into Susan's mouth as their tongues dueled.

After a very enjoyable minute or two of that, Brenda thought, What's happening to me?! I used to think lesbianism was wrong, the same as Susan. But now, the thought of making love to her or Suzanne is almost as arousing as playing with Alan's cock! God, I love this family!

Still necking, they sank to the sofa behind them and began fingering each other's pussies. It wasn't long before both of them were screaming in total orgasmic ecstasy.

Then they both got their new vibrators out, and the fun really began (though Susan was careful not to let any phallic object near her pussy, as she wanted to save herself there for her son).

Chapter 633 Father Alan And Sister Gloria !

At lunch at school, Alan's friends Sean and Peter were so surprised to see him sit down with them at their cafeteria table that they made all kinds of jokes about his appearance. "He eats, Sean," Peter kidded. "Looks like he eats food to live, just like the rest of us."

In fact, Alan didn't eat much lunch anymore. Between his time with the cheerleaders and Glory, on most days he was lucky if he could snarf down a fruit and a granola bar. He usually had a big snack made by his mother when he got home to make up for it.

"So to what do we owe this great honor?" Sean asked Alan sarcastically, even as he was pleasantly surprised by Alan's appearance. They all got out their lunches and began to eat.

"Well, you know I've got this job as a teacher's aide to Ms. Rhymer. She's giving me a bit of a break today."

"That's what you keep saying," Peter answered suspiciously, "but I saw you rushing over to Building One a couple of times." That was the building where the theater room the cheerleaders used was.

"Yeah, that's true." He had a prepared cover story for that, too. "Truth be told, I've been hanging out with the cheerleaders over there. That's where they're eating lately. Obviously being with my sister, but mostly so I can hang with Amy."

"Oh man! You're eating lunch with Heather?" Sean asked. His crush on Heather bordered on being an obsession.

"Yeah, sometimes. Not all the time." In fact, he'd yet to actually eat any food with the cheerleaders, but he knew the story would mesh with cheerleader sightings there too.

"Shit." Sean was impressed. He'd yet to speak more than a few words to his cheerleader goddess. As a result, he was blissfully ignorant of what she was really like. "Can you invite me there too?"

"Well, I'd like to, but it's a private thing. Just between you and me, some of them light up and smoke pot. So they keep the circle small." That also made a good story, as all the cheerleaders did take up from time to time except for Katherine and Amy, and Alan's friends already knew this.

"Fuck." Sean was strongly against using any illegal drugs but, at least for the moment, he even seriously considered starting smoking pot if that would help him get closer to Heather.

Peter, who wasn't quite as infatuated with Heather, butted in. "So what's this about Amy, then? Don't you see plenty of her at home? She hangs out at your place all the time. I can just imagine her hanging out by your pool in a string bikini. I hope you take full advantage of some nice views of her wide ass, you lucky dog."

"Hey, don't do too much imagining there!" Stifling the urge to be possessive, Alan continued in a calmer voice, "Actually, I have been seeing a lot of her. You see, we've been getting pretty close lately, and we've actually started going out."

A shocked silence followed. Finally Sean spoke. "Going out? As in, you and her are dating? For real?"

"Yeah. For real." Alan was a bit surprised how shocked his friends were, especially since the school was swirling with recent rumors of him as some kind of mysterious sex stud. But then it occurred to him that because they knew him much better, they had a harder time changing their conceptions of him. Furthermore, as nerds, they were so out of the school gossip circuit that they were barely aware of how other peoples' perceptions at school had been changing. Alan had been the same until recently, paying no attention to school gossip.

But there was something in Alan's demeanor that removed all possibilities of kidding. Yet still they couldn't help but express disbelief.

"Shit! No fucking way!" Sean exclaimed.

Peter and Sean babbled for a minute or two. As far as they knew, Alan was still a virgin and had never even kissed a girl. So they made a big deal about it.

Alan's momentary flash of indignation passed and he smiled at them in tolerant amusement. He felt like he'd matured several years in the last few weeks, and had a hard time relating to what he now saw as their immature ways. He knew they were virgins and had never kissed - only now did he realize just how nerdy his friends were. Nonetheless, he still liked them very much, despite the growing gap between them.

He said, "I swear, it's true. We're going out." He looked around. Amy sat just a couple of tables away. He stared at her, caught her eye, and motioned her to come over.

Amy came bounding to the table. As always, she was smiling and happy.

He smiled as he said to her, "Hey Aims. I've heard you have a new boyfriend. Is it true? Who's the lucky guy?"

She giggled. "You are, silly. You're the best!" She bent down and kissed him on the cheek. She looked at his friends and proudly announced to them, "Alan is my official boyfriend!" Then she skipped off.

Alan watched Amy return to her seat. As she sat back down with her friends, she turned to him and waved back while giving him an extra friendly smile.

Alan thought, Wow. Amy is just so endearing and lovable. I'm such a lucky guy. I need to spend even more time with her. She's so sexually eager too. Definitely tonight, something's gonna happen. There's nothing stopping us from going all the way now.

Meanwhile Sean and Peter stared at their friend in wide-eyed shock.

Alan turned to them and beamed a shy but proud grin. "So you can understand now why I've been completely missing these past weeks. I hate to say it, but if I have a choice between playing computer games with you guys and fondling that ass, I'll take the ass. Wouldn't you? Sorry that I've had to keep it secret, but she wanted it that way until now."

They nodded in understanding.

Alan realized this would do wonders to squelch certain rumors, once the word spread. He was glad that this could help kill the (correct) idea that he and Glory were up to something. He was even gladder that this would kill the rumors that he had turned down offers for dates because he was gay.

He longed to tell them more about his sex life, much more. He wanted to have some kind of male confidant. The only problem was that his friends were so sexually inexperienced that it would be like trying to talk to a goat herder in the Sahara about snow. The idea of setting his friends up with some girls so they could better relate crossed his mind.

He decided to test the waters a little bit in confiding in them. "What's with all the gawking? Close your mouths before the flies get in. I mean, it's not like she's my first date. I've had sex lots of times."

"WHAT?!" Peter nearly shouted. "Okay, you go too far. I know Amy's like your childhood friend and everything. You set that up with her to play a joke on us, right? Right?!"

Alan looked at them sadly. "It's no joke. You'll see soon enough. Try talking to some people outside of your circle of friends. The fact that Amy and I are an item is public knowledge already."

He thought to himself, The way Amy came skipping by here, it seems so normal. I could almost convince myself that I'm just a normal guy with a normal girl next door girlfriend. Then he thought about his

mother's "A" branding beach fantasy. If people only knew the truth, they'd throw us all in prison for sure!

The problem is, such a huge gaping chasm has opened between me and my friends in such a short time. Like Mom telling me this morning, "We live to guzzle your thick cum juice down our throats." How could I ever confide to ANYBODY about that kind of thing?! I guess the whole idea of having a confidant is a non-starter. Damn.

After Alan left, Peter stewed. "Sean, did you hear that? Just 'cos he has a girlfriend, now he thinks he's all better than us. 'Try talking to some people outside of your circle of friends.' Well, excuuuse me! That used to be your circle of friends too, Alan. Sheesh! No wonder we never see him at lunch. I guess we're not good enough for him anymore."

Sean kept quiet, but he too was shocked and hurt by Alan's attitude. He felt like his friendship with Alan was slipping away.

Alan left lunch after only about fifteen minutes out of the forty-minute free period. As much as he liked to talk to his friends, he much preferred sexual fun with his teacher Glory. He thought about the sexual teasing she'd given him when he visited her just before school, and that made his dick erect even before he reached her classroom.

When he arrived, after announcing himself through the door, he was surprised to see Glory let him in already dressed in a nun's habit. She wasted no time to get in the role. He wondered if this was to stifle further gripes about yesterday's spanking, but he didn't mind.

"Ah. Father Alan. Welcome to our humble convent. I trust the Lord has been guiding you and keeping you?"

"Um, hello, uh, Sister Gloria. Yes. All is well. And you?" He struggled to switch gears into priest mode. Calling her Gloria seemed like a natural thing to do, given her role.

She led him to the closet and pointed him to his priest garb. She wore underwear in the hopes that they'd have fun when he took it off, but in a change of plans she slowly stripped and then redressed to help him get really worked up.



She didn't put all of the clothes back on right away, but left her outer garment swathed around her loosely so her chest and crotch were strategically exposed. Then, as she posed shamelessly, she turned to him and said, "Here's a sneak preview of Sister Gloria when she gets a little naughty."

"Wow. You look like a sexy pin-up girl, except more nun-like."

That was a bit of a stupid thing to say, so they laughed about it.

Alan was aroused both mentally and physically, but as Glory finished dressing, he grew somewhat regretful about his suggestion to play nun and priest. The problem was all the clothing. Glory was now completely covered in a black habit, except for a white brim across the front of her nun's shawl covering her head and a white bib-like cowl around her neck and upper chest. The only skin visible was her face and hands. He was similarly decked out in a stifling and heavy, long black robe with a white collar.

"Now, where were we?" she asked. "Father, you were saying you wanted to talk to me about something?"

"Yes I do want to talk, but let's not make it a habit," he joked. He made a rimshot sound as Glory groaned. "But seriously, let's get into our roles."

He stood back, stretched his body and limberly shook his head in every direction, like an actor psyching himself up before walking onto a stage.

"Okay," he said in a voice much deeper than his usual one. "Sister Gloria. Good to see you. How are you doing?" He walked formally toward her and bowed in respect. She bowed back.

"I'm well, Father. The Lord provides."

"Excellent. I came here because you had something for me to do?"

"Yes, Father. I'd like to make confession, and even though we don't have a confessional here, I was hoping you'd be able to listen to me in an informal manner."

"Yes," Alan responded sagely. "The Church of God is everywhere. Please sit down." They sat in classroom seats in front of her desk and faced each other. "Now, what seems to be on your mind?"

"Well, Father, I... It's rather difficult to say... I've been having very sinful thoughts."

"Oh really?" He leaned forward intently. "Do tell. In great detail."

She smiled at the "great detail," but then put on a very serious face. "Father, I've been having these ... urges. Sexual urges. In my mind I know it's wrong, but my body won't listen!"

"That's all right," he said as he took her hand in his. "It's perfectly natural, child. Please continue. How did it start?"

As though startled by the gesture, she immediately withdrew her hand and actually managed to make it tremble. "Oh, Father, I was hoping you wouldn't ask me that. It's very embarrassing. I'm afraid it started because of you."

Alan also showed good acting skills. His face looked convincingly surprised. "Me? Why me?"

With a look of longing on her face, she stared back at him for a brief moment and then cast her eyes downward, as though embarrassed. "Well, Father Cleveland, bless his departed soul, he was so old and infirm. But then you came here recently and replaced him, and you're so young and handsome and ... virile. I want to listen to your sermons, listen to the Word of God, but too often I find myself staring at your... well, your nether regions! There! I said it. And despite your robe, it seems that most of the time I can detect a certain bulge there."

She quickly and obviously glanced at Alan's crotch, where a very real and insistent erection could be seen, and then, just as quickly, averted her eyes shyly away.

He thought to himself, This is fun. I like where this is going, but we're both dressed to survive an Arctic blizzard. I have to spin this so I can get some clothes off first. He was good at thinking on his feet.

"Sounds serious," he replied gravely. "Have you considered that you might be haunted by a demon?"

"A demon? Oh no!" She gasped as one of her hands quickly flew to her chest in mock astonishment. "That never occurred to me. Could it be? Am I possessed?!"

"I'm afraid it's a real possibility. However, you are lucky that I'm a bit of an expert in these things. Take off your clothes."

"What? Did I hear you right?" She blushed and looked very convincingly aghast. She crossed her legs as she supposed her character would unconsciously do, acting both frightened and excited by the prospect.

"Yes, you did," he said with a grave nod. "You see, the demon has entered you, and the first thing we have to do is find out where exactly it entered you. Only then can we find a cure. We can determine the demon's presence and strength by certain telltale signs. For instance, a certain hardening right here."

As he said the word "here," he reached out, moved her hand away from her chest, and palmed one of her boobs through her clothes. Even through her robe and bra he could feel a hardened nipple.

She gasped again.

He tweaked her nipple repeatedly, as if testing to see just how hard it was.

She was taken aback at just how horny this game was making her; her heart beat a mile a minute. "Oh. I see. No man has ever seen me naked before, but if someone has to see me that way, I'm glad it's you. I'm sure I can trust you." She blushed again but this time like a girl in love. The look on her face was one of pure innocence, but with a powerful lust hiding just behind it.

She stood up and shyly undressed while she maintained complete and total eye contact with him.

He was transfixed by her subtle and seemingly completely innocent striptease.

"Please keep your hair covered," he said as she nearly finished. "The demon never enters through the hair." He thought to himself, Gotta keep that on so I'm reminded you're supposed to be a nun.

"Okay. Whatever you say, Father." She sat back down and left the black shawl on. She also still wore the white cowl and a crucifix around her neck.

Alan thought that was a nice touch. His eyes traveled up and down her body as she sat back down. He looked at her in great admiration, and thought, Glory may not have the big tits that I normally go ga-ga over. Even Sis has bigger tits, but Glory is living proof that size isn't everything. She's so firm all over. And tan. Very fit, but not too muscular so that it looks manly. Perfect, flawless skin, minus some sports injury scratches. She's totally fuck worthy, and her sexual skill is just too much!

One thing annoyed him. "Very good, Sister, but I did say you have to take your clothes off. You still have your bra and panties on."

She managed to look utterly scandalized. "But Father! All of it? Is that really necessary?"

"I'm afraid it is, as much as it pains us both. Demons are very base creatures, so the erogenous zones are the very places they are most likely to enter. We have to check there for demon activity particularly, and in a most thorough manner." He nodded at her crotch.

She appeared to be alarmed, and then resigned. "Oh. Of course. Please forgive me for my shyness. This is just all so, so... unorthodox for me. I never thought a demon was to blame. Just a minute."

She stood up and slowly unclasped her bra. But before she removed it, she slid her panties down her hips. She did that excruciatingly slowly, knowing how much he frustratingly loved it. Once her panties were all the way off, she then turned around and made a stiff-legged bend to put them on her desk.

She placed her legs quite far apart and held that position for some time, so he could inspect her pussy. A few rivulets of pussy juices were already starting to flow. "Father, I'm so ashamed! I can't help myself from... Well, you can see what's happening down below."

"You're lubricating," he explained. "Your baby-making hole is getting ready so the male genitalia can enter without too much friction."

"Father! That's not my intention at all!"

"Don't worry Sister, I'm not condemning you. This is just more of the demon's handiwork. With God's grace, we shall overcome. Please continue to disrobe."

She turned around again so he could watch her remove her bra. When that was done, she turned and spread her legs even wider, as she ostentatiously took her time to place the bra on the same table.

Alan had been losing his erection due to their heavy clothing, but after the show that Glory put on his erection was most definitely back with a vengeance. He especially liked the way she acted so ashamed.

bender

She stood facing him again.

The white cowl she wore covered most of her chest, though happily not her nipples. He loved to watch them rise and fall with each breath. But even better was the sight of her dirty blonde pussy. He leaned forward, looked closely at her crotch, took a deep whiff of her womanly fragrance, and quipped, "Glory be."

She laughed. "Young man, stay in your role, please." She covered her pussy with splayed fingers that appeared to protect her privates, but in actual fact exposed more than they hid.

Still leaning forward, he closely eyed the fine sheen of arousal and examined the few beads of sweat in her nether regions that were rolling down between her thighs.

"Sorry," he finally said in his normal voice. "But you realize that before I resume the role I have to say 'Glory Hallelujah' first."

They laughed some more.

His frustration at the spanking episode yesterday was now completely forgotten as he warmed to the fun and arousing situation.

He went on seriously in his priest voice, "Thank you for your cooperation. Please continue, Sister Gloria. Don't mind me - I'll just be checking to find the exact spot where the demon has entered you. Why don't you stand as you were. Grasp your ankles with your hands and spread your legs even wider. That way I can really see what the demon is doing."

She did so gladly while pretending to act worried. Her shawl and cowl had fallen off each time she'd bent obscenely far over, and now they fell off again and stayed off. The only religious symbol that remained was the heavy cross dangling around her neck.

Alan stood up and closed the short distance to her. He stood behind her. The position he requested completely opened her pussy, showing off all her lovely moist pinkish folds. He dropped his nose close enough to nearly touch the folds with his nose's tip.

He thought, This is really testing my patience. How long can I hold out from fucking this woman?!

His hands dropped to her shoulders, and he began running his hands over her skin there, figuring it would be in character of the priest to start in a relatively safe spot.

Chapter 634 Fun Times With Gloria !

Glory went on, "Anyway, my problem began with seeing that bulge all the time. Your bulge. But then my problem got worse when my roommate Sister Heather noticed my distraction."

"Sister Heather?" he asked quizzically while his hands were running up and down her bare arms and back. He could hardly restrain himself from exploring more vital regions.

"Yes. Don't you know her? She's the new nun that looks just like a blonde California cheerleader. Her parents brought her to this convent to cure her of her addiction to fornication."

He nodded knowingly. "Ah, yes. Sister Heather. Bless her soul."

He realized with a start that Glory was referring to the real flesh-and-blood head cheerleader Heather Morgan, whom he would see and probably fool around with after school. He was a bit puzzled as to why Glory picked her, of all possible real or imaginary people, especially since he guessed that Glory didn't like her at all. He wondered if she knew about his meeting plans.

But Glory was merely her usual curious self. She was desperately keen to find out whom Alan was with during his lunches, but she didn't want to ask him directly. So she figured this way she could test his reactions. Heather was a very likely choice for his lunch disappearances, since the school rumor mill had noted with surprise that Heather had recently been on friendly, speaking terms with the nerdy Alan.

Glory turned around and saw from Alan's startled face that her Heather guess had struck home. But she played it cool. She continued, "I'm afraid you may need to hear Heather's confession even more than mine, because it seems she is far from cured of her fornicating ways. She was very curious about my stares in your direction, and since she's my sole roommate, she would question me about it relentlessly almost every night before we went to sleep. Soon she got me admitting my urges and talking about them freely. Then she... Father! What are you DOING?!"

Alan's hands had dropped down to Glory's underside and reached up grasp her dangling boobs. He groped them openly, with a focus again on tweaking her nipples. "Sister, relax. As I said, demons tend to focus on our forbidden parts. I need to check your chest region particularly thoroughly to make sure he didn't enter through here. It is especially common for them to enter through the nipple. Since demons are usually invisible, it requires a very close inspection to determine how he entered you."

"I see. But Father, that's making it so hard for me to continue talking!" She still positioned herself as lewdly as humanly possible, with her ass high above her head and her hands tightly clasped around her ankles.

"Please persevere and be strong. Trust in the Lord. You were saying?" He pulled at both nipples at once and stretched her tits away from her body.

With a sudden shudder of pleasure, she stammered, "Oh! Oh! Uh, um, yes. Oh dear! Uh... Heather. That's right. Sister Heather. Each night we would talk, and, you see, she's well... God blessed her with a very beautiful and curvy body. And while there are strict rules about what clothes nuns should wear, there are no rules about what clothes to wear UNDER those clothes, if you catch my meaning. When we're alone, she walks around in the most ... uh... disturbing undergarments. At least, they disturb me. For instance, sometimes she wears fancy black lingerie from her neck to her ankles."

"Well, that sounds like it covers her thoroughly," he said while running one of his hands all over Glory's taut stomach.

"But you can see right through it! Why can't she wear a bra and panties?"

"Maybe she gets cold?" he suggested.

"Ha! Forgive my impertinence, Father, but if that's the case, then why does she have to wear four inch high heels at the same time? Is she afraid the monastery will get flooded? And speaking of getting cold, she only wears that lingerie around me. When she's in public, nobody knows this, but she wears absolutely nothing underneath her nun habit. Well, that's not true. She does wear some kind of plug for her birth hole. She says it's to hold back her fornicating urges, but it seems to me that thing is always quivering and buzzing in a most distracting way. I would think that would only make her fornicating urges even worse, but she says she knows best. From experience, she says. You should see how quickly she runs through the batteries for it."

Alan was suddenly hit by the image of Heather dressed in just black body-length lingerie, black stockings, high heels, and a nun's habit, wandering the halls of an ancient monastery. He found it highly arousing to picture someone as immoral as Heather dressed as a sexy nun. Her blonde hair was entirely hidden under her habit, and her robe was more like partially see-through black lingerie.

He figured that if she ever really was forced to become a nun for some strange reason, she'd soon have the entire nunnery under her thumb. The kind-hearted nuns would never know what hit them.

He joked, "Hmmm. Now I understand why she's been looking so blissful during my sermons lately." He switched from roughly mauling Glory's breasts to gently squeezing them.

Glory could barely contain her mirth. "I'm sure that was just religious rapture caused by your holy words. Anyhow, where was I? Oh yes. Eeek!" She squealed because he quickly twisted both nipples, just to keep her on her toes. "What was that again? ... Um, she started comforting me each evening. At first it was just... Oh Lord! Father! What are you doing?"

Alan's hands had explored their way down her stomach some more, but he decided that he could reach her ass and pussy more easily from her backside given her lewd position. So he walked around her and then began caressing her clit and pussy lips. He wiped away a smile and said as seriously as he could,



"Oh, don't mind me. This is the usual point of entry for demons, in this general region. So I'll just be focusing here for a few minutes."

"But Father! These urges, these feelings I'm confessing about... I have to confess that I'm feeling them very strongly even as we speak!" She trembled so much from arousal that she feared she would fall over altogether, given her precarious bent-over position.

"That's perfectly fine, Sister. In fact, a surge of feeling will help me find the location of the demon." Without warning, he spread her pussy lips wide and inserted two fingers deep inside. Then he began to turn them. He muttered, "Let's see if he's in here somewhere."

She panted, "But Father, it's so shameful! So embarrassing. I can't believe I've been possessed by an evil spirit! Thankfully, there are good, God-fearing men like you." She added with deliberate irony, "I'd hate for some unscrupulous person to take advantage of my condition."

He found her G-spot, and gently tapped it. That was too much for her to handle, given the way she stood. He let her drop to her knees to get more comfortable. Despite her readjustment he never took his fingers out of her burning hole.

He soothed, "Don't worry about it. It happens all the time to us who have made religion our life, because Satan wants our souls the most. Why, as a matter of fact, I happen to be haunted by a demon as well."

Her body shuddered, but not from embarrassment. She gasped, "Really? Are you possessed?"

"No. Well, sort of. I'm not completely possessed, but one part of me is. Here. Let me show you." He took his fingers out of her hole and licked them clean. Then he took his robe off, something he was very happy to finally do because it was heavy and restricting.

Meanwhile, Glory turned around to face him, and readjusted herself too. She stood up and sat on the edge of the desk. Again, she planted her legs as wide as she could while still being able to touch the floor with her feet. "Father Alan! You're getting naked! I don't know if I can stand it! My urges! Oh no! Dear God!" She pointed at his crotch, where his erection stood out invitingly.

"I see you noticed the problem right away," he said casually. "That's where the demon is. My problem is that my member has been possessed by a minor demon. That's why you've seen the bulge there so frequently, because the penis is under the control of evil forces. The demon is filled with a great lust. When I see your sexy body, even covered in your habit, he gets very active."

"Oh my God!" She looked down at her own body as if for the first time. There was a long rivulet of pussy juice rolling down her thigh. She looked at it as if she didn't know what it was, dropping a finger into it, then brought some to her mouth where she rolled it around on her tongue as if tasting it for the first time.

He reached out with both hands and boldly began to explore her exposed, glistening pussy lips. He said nonchalantly, "Now, Sister, don't use the Lord's name in vain. And it's rude to point. It's much better if you can help me out."

She tried to calm herself down a bit, and that wasn't just acting for her role. "But what should I do? I don't know anything about exorcising demons."

"It's easy. The demon is lodged in my dick. You have to coax him out. The way you do that is by pulling on it and stroking it to tempt him to come outside." He grabbed his erection and squeezed it, causing a small amount of pre-cum to drip onto the floor. "See? That's the demon spitting. Don't you want to rid me of this cursed beast?"

"I don't know..." Her face maintained a very worried look a nun might wear, but she somewhat betrayed the effect by repeatedly licking her lips. She knew what would be coming soon, and she could barely hold back.

"Sister, when you joined the Order of Eternal Chastity, did you not make a vow to devote your body and soul to the helping of others? This is where the use of your body to help comes in. If you won't, it'll just get angry and spit some more." He squeezed his cock again, causing more drops of pre-cum to fall, landing this time on her long, tanned legs. "Just reach out and touch it. Here. Like this."

He grabbed her hands and pulled them into his crotch.

But that wasn't enough for her. She fell to the floor, knowing she'd need to be in that position to suck him off soon. She picked up her shawl and cowl and put them back on.

Then, with his hands again on hers, he pretended to show her how to jack someone off.

Of course, she was already a complete expert when it came to pleasing penises, but she pretended to be clueless.

She leaned forward until her nose nearly touched the tip of his cock. She wanted to "inadvertently" breathe on it, and she did. "Father Alan, I can't believe I'm touching your member! I've dreamed about this in so many sinful fantasies. Sister Heather and I talk about it all the time."

Glory tried to pretend shock at being so close to "the priest's" penis, but she had a hard time keeping a smile off her face. She knew what was going to come next and knew it was going to be good - having his cock in her mouth always was.

This is just too much fun! He should be an improv artist. I can hardly believe he's only eighteen. Especially in the last week or two, he's been acting more mature and self-assured. But he's still so much fun and so kind! I don't care about our age difference - I'm not that much older. I want him to drop those young floozies he's going with and pick ME as his girlfriend!

She returned her focus to the role-play. There was more "work" to be done before she could feast on his prick. She closed her eyes and tried to show reluctance as she slowly slipped her hand forward and back over his boner. "But Father. Isn't this a sin? Even for a good cause?"

"Just remember you're doing the work of the Lord here. So don't feel sinful. Just keep stroking like that. Yeah... Ahhh. So good. Do you feel good?"

"You have no idea, young man. I mean, Father. If you touch a match to my skin it'll burst into flame. Let's get going already!"

Chapter 635 Fucking Gloria. !

Alan felt great with her hands around his boner, but he wanted to reciprocate. He remembered his recent vow to give as much as he received. He said, "Sister Gloria, thanks for trying to release my demon, but we also have your demon problem to contend with. I believe I was trying to find where the demon entered you. We'll have to examine your ass in a minute, but I think it's most likely he entered right here." He shoved a finger back up her pussy right as he said "here."

"Jesus wept!" she moaned. She appeared shy, worried, and uncontrollably aroused. The last part she didn't have to fake. "Not up there, so deep like that! Nobody's been up there, except Sister Heather!"

"Well then, while I'm doing this, tell me more about what you and Sister Heather have been up to. But before you start that, I'm afraid my demon is playing a little bit of hide and seek. Can you help?"

"Oh Father! It's the least I can do. What would you like?"

"Sometimes my demon likes to go on a little vacation over to my backside. He's tricky that way. So you should keep doing what you're doing on my member with one hand, and use your other to see if he's escaped up my asshole."

"If you say so, Father. You know best." She reached behind him and enthusiastically began to saw a finger into his butt.

"Yes. The Lord works in mysterious ways. If sometimes that means putting a finger up an ass, who are we to question the wisdom of His purposes? In fact, I think we'll find that in my ministry, starting from today, your body will be able to serve the Lord in a whole myriad of different ways."

"Blessed be His name."

"Yes. And blessed be your hands. In just a couple of minutes you've become very good at demon coaxing. The demon is bound to come out very soon if you keep it up like that, so you might want to slow down just a little bit."

She slowed down, not thinking that it went against her supposed desire to get the demon out. She wasn't thinking too clearly now that three of his fingers pumped furiously up her pussy.

He eventually got the conversation going again. "So? You and Sister Heather?"

"Oh yes. Father, each night she comes to my bed and we talk about you. We talk all about your member! She's always saying strange things, like how she wants to 'shove it up her box', whatever that means. She doesn't even own a box, as far as I know. And something about how she wants you to fill her 'pie hole with your man meat', even though we're all vegetarians at the nunnery. I don't quite understand her. But while we talk, she puts her fingers where you have them right now. And she makes me do the same thing to her. But she didn't mention anything about a demon... Oh!"

She cried out because he found her G-spot in earnest this time. Once he was sure of the treasure he'd found, he started to work it vigorously.

"She probably didn't want to make you feel bad for having a demon. She's very considerate."

Her nun persona suddenly dropped and her voice turned deadly serious. "Alan, just a sec. I want you to remember that what I'm saying is for your fantasy purposes only. In no way am interested in anything lesbian whatsoever, is that clear? If you put me in a sexual situation with the real Heather or anyone else for that matter, I am going to go ballistic. Do you fully understand that, young man?"

"Yes." Inwardly, he was crestfallen to hear this, but he resolved to respect her wishes. He figured either someone had lesbian tendencies or they didn't, and there was no way to force it.

"Okay then. I'm just showing you how I always go the extra mile to make you happy. Anything is possible in a fantasy, and I'm happy to do anything in a role-play for you. But not in real life with other people. I'd like to see Heather just try to keep up with me, because in real life, I'm sure she doesn't hold a candle to me, if I can say so myself. I also want to make damn clear that you need to keep doing exactly what you're doing to my G-spot."

She bent forward and started to lick the tip of his cock, even as both of her hands continued to stroke it.

He brought them back into the role-play. "Sister Gloria! What are you doing with your tongue there?"

"Sorry, Father. Sister Heather and I have talked a lot about doing this to you. I was thinking it wouldn't hurt in getting the demon out."

"Good point," he conceded with a feigned sigh of resignation. "I think the demon will definitely, uh, appreciate that. I mean, that'll inspire him to come out. It's just that you kind of surprised me there. Please carry on. What else have you and Heather done?"

"To be honest, I don't think she's over her fornicating ways. Not at all. She's always talking about the things she wants to do to you. Or the things I could do to you. Or what we could do to you together. Like, she keeps talking about 'cocksucking.' Whatever that is. 'Tag team cocksucking.' She likes that idea especially. And all the while, she's kissing me and touching me all over. It makes it so hard to find time to say my nightly prayers. Or my morning ones, for that matter. She's all over me whenever we're alone." She resumed licking.

"Sister, speaking of praying, please stay there on your knees as if in prayer, but scoot in closer to my possessed dick. Then you can continue with your tongue. I need to check if our dastardly demon has entered you through the rear. Like I mentioned, that's always a problem area."

As soon as she did as he'd asked, he thrust a finger up her ass.

Glory shrieked, "Oh Lord! Sister Heather does that to me too! She must be trying to rid me of my demon, after all. But what's this cocksucking she keeps talking about? I've been trying not to let on with her just how naïve I am with sexual matters. I've never even kissed a man!"

"Here. Instead of just licking my member, try swallowing the whole thing. Then tease it with your tongue inside your mouth. And then I'll explain to you what cocksucking is."

"Mmmph." She had a hard time replying coherently because she enthusiastically swallowed him even before he finished speaking. She was really worked up and sucked him off with every trick she knew. Because she was so good at deep throating, having learned to suppress her gag reflex, she could keep him in as deep as she wanted, at least until she had to breathe.

He just sat back and enjoyed it. She was so good that he couldn't even concentrate on anal probing, so he clenched her ass cheeks and held on for dear life as she overwhelmed his cock with incredible sensations.

"Sister, let's not be too hasty there - AH! You don't want the demon to come out too quickly or he'll uh, he'll, he'll splatter all over the back of your throat!"

Alan grabbed her head and forcefully pulled it away. It was touch and go, but he managed to hold back from cumming by flexing his PC muscle.

She also expertly grabbed his cock at the base and squeezed hard to stave off his climax.

They both fell back and took a breather. His erection slowly deflated to a half-hard state.

As she lay there, chest still heaving with exhaustion, she playfully asked, "So, Father, what's this cocksucking thing I keep hearing about?"

He laughed at the irony. "It's hard to explain. I think it's better if I teach you. Why don't I come to your and Sister Heather's room tonight, and I'll teach both of you firsthand? That way, I can teach you what 'tag teaming' means as well. I don't think we can solve your demon problem right now. It's going to be a long and perilous road and take quite a while to solve. But with God on our side, we will defeat Satan eventually. Sister Heather obviously has her own sex demon, so I'm going to have to spend a lot of time on her problem too. Sometimes the only way to defeat such a creature is to sexually exhaust it, kind of like fighting fire with fire."

"Good idea. I'm sure Sister Heather will love it. But what about fucking?" Glory asked bluntly. "As long as you're in our room every night, couldn't you fuck us a little, too? I don't know what that word means, but Sister Heather talks about it all the time. She makes it sound like so much fun. She said that it feels 'heavenly,' so I'm sure the church must approve."bender

He physically crawled over Glory until his body completely covered hers. Back in his normal voice, he said, "Now, that's what I call a cocktease. If you're not willing to fuck me, you can't say things like that, okay? You're gonna make me hard again already."

She laughed joyfully. "And the problem with that is?"

"The problem is, I'm going to tickle you to death. Jesus! Can you give me more than one minute to recover, already?"

He started tickling her, and since he lay on top of her, she was fairly helpless. Soon he had her crying with joy amidst her laughter. But their energy quickly petered out and the two of them just lay there quietly for a while.

As he lay with his head resting on Glory's lap, he got to thinking about Glory and Heather together. God, I WISH Glory and Heather would tag team me. That would be awesome. But Glory seems pretty sincere about her distaste for anything lesbian. She's pointed that out a couple of times. She is most definitely an incredibly talented lover, but when it comes down to it, she's still an old fashioned kind of gal. I mean, she hardly even curses. Playing around with me, while knowing that I'm doing other women at the same time, that's a huge stretch for her. She's been low key about it so far and keeps hoping she can sexually wow me into dropping the others, but I can tell it's bothering her. No way would she be into a threesome of any kind.

But if that's true, then why did she introduce Heather into the fantasy? She could have gone in other directions that would have been equally arousing. And why Heather? She does teach her in another class and knows her reasonably well. Maybe, deep, deep down, she has a thing for Heather? Hell. Who wouldn't? Despite her blow-dried, fake-o, mean-spirited nature, she's like the living embodiment of the blonde Baywatch babe. I've been totally happy with Glory just alone, but she's put this tantalizing threesome idea in my head... In fact, now that I think about it, both Glory and Heather are blonde. I could get the "double blonde attack" thing going. Dang.

And is Glory really that old fashioned? She's so sexually adept. And she has this weird thing about spanking. Maybe she's totally wild, but just hides it well behind all her fancy clothes?

Thinking about Heather got him to think about the cheerleaders in general. He said to Glory, "I'm really sorry about running off during lunch sometimes. But things kind of happened. You remember when I got caught with a girl by Mr. Jackson?"

"Remember? How could I forget? That was only two weeks ago."

"Two weeks? Are you kidding me? Really? God, it feels like two years ago to me. So much has happened since... But now I'm in a situation with a girl who has some lunchtime expectations of me, and I don't know how to tell her no. So I've been trying my best to juggle." Alan figured that was close enough to the truth to not be a lie.



"Oh, you must be suffering," Glory teased. "It must be just horrible." She assumed he was now talking about Heather. She asked with more concern, "So is that who you spent the first half of this lunch with?"

He replied, "To be honest, I spent it hanging out and eating with some male friends. I said that to hurt you for yesterday. I'm sorry."

"So it's just little old me for you at school today? Oh goody." Her voice was half sarcastic and half genuinely happy.

"Uhhh... Well, that's not entirely true. Glory, I consider you more than just a lover; you're a best friend. So I have to be honest when it might seem mean. I want you to know that, speaking of Heather, I'll be meeting her after school, in, uh, a sexual kind of context."

"Ugh!" She groaned. "God dammit! That bitch! You're having sex with that evil skank?!"

"Uh, yeah." He blushed. He knew that Heather wouldn't be the only cheerleader there, but he figured it would be best to break the truth to Glory a little bit at a time.

"You're too much, really. Whatever am I going to do with you, young man? I pretty much figured it out from the role-play, that's why I brought her up, to see your reaction. But to be told for certain - it's soul crushing. The only reason I'm not more pissed is because I KNOW I'm going to get you to see the light that so much as touching her is the height of folly. Don't be fooled by her all-American, blue-eyed blonde looks. She's poison."

"Hey. I really would prefer to be with you. Really. With the exception of a couple of silly crushes, you're my first real love. You always come first. In fact, I moved the meeting to after school instead of now because I wanted to be with you."

"Whoop-de-do." She was peeved at him for being with Heather, but she was also still very aroused. She knew in the back of her mind that she'd be a lot more angry about it later, after she'd had another climax or two. They'd have to talk seriously about it before long, but now was not the time.

He was of a similar mind to change the topic. "Never mind about that. Let's have some fun."

They still tenuously kept the fantasy going, but they were more into doing and less into talking now. Within minutes, he found himself dry humping her between her thighs. That had been so much fun the one time before she'd allowed him to do it that he just had to do it again.

But as he slipped his cock between her slicked up thighs, he thought, Why I am just dry humping her? Why can't I be fucking her? Everyone keeps saying I need to be more aggressive. Glory wants me to fuck her bad; yesterday she all but promised that we'd be doing it soon when she promised to do "anything" to make up for the shock she gave me. So why are we waiting around? Accidents happen. Why don't I just slip it in? She gave me the shock of my life yesterday; it's only fair play if I give her a big surprise.

I could ask her about it and get her permission. That would be the old Alan. We'd talk and talk and the passion would fall away. Yesterday she agreed we could fuck in so many words, so it's not like I would be violating her. She just said she wanted to wait a bit until we could do it right with a really special occasion. Well, we'll do that too. This is a pretty special role-play in its own way. Right now I can't control myself. All this fucking teasing! And then more at home. I'm never allowed to actually fuck anybody, it seems.

This dry humping is great, but it's also absolute torture to be so close and yet so far. Screw being polite and considerate! She tortured me with the whole Michelle thing yesterday anyways. It's time for the new Alan to assert himself!

He plowed in and out of her thighs like a rocking see saw. He reached down, grabbed his erection, and repositioned it at the entrance of her pussy.

She just thought he was having another strategic break so he could keep going.

But within seconds, he thrust forward again. Her pussy was so wet that his cock slid in effortlessly all the way to the hilt.

"Alan!" she cried frantically. "Young man! That's the wrong spot! That's my pussy!"

"I know." He made a long pull almost all the way out, and she thought he would vacate it. But then he slowly pushed all the way back in. He thought, anxiously, Too late to stop now!

## Chapter 636 Fucking Gloria Contd..

"ALAN! ALAN PLUMMER! JUST WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!" Glory yelled at her young lover because she'd been taken by complete surprise.

Alan had battled between being the polite, respectful kid that he felt was essential to his nature, the demands from females he was with, and his own libido's urge to be more sexually aggressive. Given a chance to dry hump Glory, his libido won out and he impulsively thrust into her pussy. He surprised even himself and didn't know how she'd react or what to say. He decided to play for time while he gathered his thoughts. "Shush, Glory. Someone is going to hear you!"

She considered his words as she felt his cock slowly plunge into her steaming pussy for the third time. Though the room was nearly soundproof, she screamed awfully loud. So she reprimanded him in a quieter, but still fiercely determined, voice. "Young man, stop what you're doing this instant!"

"Why?" he asked, letting his thoughts flow out honestly. "Yesterday you said you'd do 'anything' to make that spanking up to me. 'Anything.' We both knew what that meant." He'd pulled nearly all the way out, and then slowly pushed back in.

Though she verbally resisted him, she most certainly hadn't tried to push him away yet.

She whined, "I know, Alan, but not like this. I wanted wine. Candles! Romance!" She groaned in utter pleasure, which undercut her complaint, as he once again slowly thrust into her body with his engorged cock.

"Don't worry, we'll do that soon. In the meanwhile, who's this Alan guy?" He raised an expectant eyebrow at her and then winked with a playful smirk on his face.

"Huh?" Her entire being was so focused on the sensation of getting fucked that she couldn't carry on a conversation much more or think very well. As he slowly thrust deep, all the way to her cervix, her legs felt like they had turned to Jell-O.

She didn't mind getting fucked, in fact, she knew that she'd love it. Her objection was more of a reflex to the surprise and his failure to ask first than anything. But with that thrust, her body gave in completely and made her even less able to talk.

Not only did she give in to the physical pleasure, but she also felt her love for the teenager leap to a new level. Ironically, it was the very aggressiveness that she complained about which brought about her new admiration. Forgetting the need to be quiet again, she shouted out, "Alan, you're such a MAN!" She instinctively locked her heels behind his ass as he pistoned into her more forcefully.

He was surprised at himself. It was as if a new side of him had come to the fore for the first time, a side he'd always repressed (there had been hints, such as his verbally aggressive sex with Heather, but that felt like another role-play and this felt real). This more aggressive Alan was in complete control of the situation, and not at all worried if Glory complained about being fucked. He knew she was going to love it, no matter what, because he was going to make her feel better than she had ever felt before.

Rape was completely unthinkable in such a situation because she profoundly wanted and needed to be fucked by him, and had begged for it for weeks; he realized that now. He'd been too busy listening to her mouth say no, and hadn't heeded her eyes and body, which screamed yes.

But now all was well with the world, because things were as they should be - he was fucking his first true love, the woman he'd lusted after for two years.

She fucked back like a woman possessed. She thrust her hips back at him so forcefully on the backstroke that it almost knocked his boner out of her pussy.

But he adjusted and drilled even deeper than before.

He was so confident and in control that he surprised even himself with the ability to keep talking right through all this feverish fucking. "Who's Alan?" he asked, rephrasing his earlier question. He looked in Glory's eyes and saw that she was now too far gone to reply. He was momentarily struck by the look in her eyes, a love-struck look of pure joy that nonetheless still registered great surprise at his unexpected daring.

Lacking an answer from her, he continued between ragged breaths timed to his thrusts and her counter-thrusts, "I ask... who Alan is... because I'm a priest... and you're a nun... I'm fucking a naughty nun... Remember?"

A light of recognition went off in her eyes, though she was too busy grunting and thrusting and just reveling in the intensity of the fuck to even say a word. Although all their costumed clothing had come off, she recalled that they'd been in a role-play just before he decided to drive his thickness all the way into her.

Neither she nor he were coherent enough to remember that he was still known as Alan in their role-play - Father Alan and Sister Gloria. But it didn't matter. The point was to revive the role-play in their minds, and it worked.

Now Alan felt like a wayward priest, actually fucking a nun. That taboo was added to him having illicit sex with his history teacher right in her classroom in the middle of the school day, and also added to the joy of the aggressive surge that ran through his body. Suddenly, his usual emotional restraints had been completely cast aside. He was high on life. It was as good as or better than some of his best sexual moments, like when Suzanne first came into his room and sucked him off, or his first fuck with Katherine, or that first crazy Tuesday his mother repeatedly checked his penis for "abnormalities."

He rose above words and thoughts. He and Glory were one, like the gears of a train rolling down the track, with him rhythmically thrusting in and her rhythmically thrusting back.

She kicked her legs back so her feet were on either side of her head, opening herself up even wider to his drilling.

Glory, too, was in heaven. She was fully into her role as a nun, even as she remained deliciously aware of her role as a teacher fucking her favorite student. They were beyond dialogue, but she managed to cry, "FATHER!" as she came hard.

That reminder of his priest role drove him to fuck her even faster and more powerfully.

At the same time, she had to stop counter-thrusting altogether, as it seemed her entire body turned to mush with the climax.

It was all she could do not to faint, especially with the way that Alan continued to pound right through her weakness and vulnerability. She had the feeling that there was a human jackhammer on top of her that relentlessly plunged into her no matter what she did. She could try to recover and adjust, and if she was talented enough, help give pleasure back with her own movements, but there was no way to stop his incessant thrusts. He was simply an unstoppable fucking machine, taking what he wanted. She was the cunt lucky enough to be on the receiving end. That somehow turned her on even more, which was remarkable as she was already feeling better than she ever had before.

There was no question now that she would do anything to be fucked by this man. It wouldn't matter if she was married or really was a nun - she was his now. Completely.

That idea of complete belonging excited her so much that she came again. That, in turn, made her feel as limp as jelly from head to toe, and heightened her vulnerability and the awe of his aggressive skill in contrast to her defenselessness. That turned her on all over again. It was a vicious cycle of pleasure that felt so good that she actually wondered if it was possible for her to die of joy before they stopped. But the idea of dying was an almost irrelevant, idle thought, because she didn't want to stop getting fucked, even if it meant certain death. That's how good she felt.

She climaxed again and let out an almost primeval, guttural moan. They were rutting like wild animals now.

But luckily Alan kept his head, because they were in a dangerous situation. When he started to fuck her, he'd checked the clock to see if there was enough time, and there was, but just enough. There were only ten minutes left before the start of fifth period. Now it was down to five. Within minutes, other students would likely start to knock on the door, leaving Alan trapped inside. He knew he had to get out soon. But the fucking felt far too good to stop. There's no way he could stop before climaxing, even if the principal and the rest of the entire school were to stand around them and watch.

He instinctively knew that there was just one thing to do: forget his PC muscle training and cum as quickly as he could. That wasn't hard to do since he felt so incredibly good. Further, since they were both so excited, he'd already rapidly built up from a slow, almost lazy pace, to a rapid one. Now he started to go even faster. He felt as if he was part of a high speed machine, pistoning so fast into the hot cylinder of her pussy that his cock was a blur.

Glory could tell that he was trying to get off as soon as he could. Practical considerations were the last thing on her mind, so she cried "NO!" in frustration. Actually, she tried to cry "NO!" but all that came out was a rising "Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na..." She was so enraptured by her sensations that she couldn't even complete a short word like "no."

But Alan couldn't stop now. In fact, it was such an intense fuck that it was unlikely that he could have prolonged it much longer even if he tried. He was bursting with emotion, and his cock had to burst too.

He shouted, "Aaaaahhhh!" and forgot his own admonition to keep quiet. Glory seemed to have a smaller, tighter pussy than most. It felt like a vice-grip around his shaft.

As he climaxed, he pushed in even further and it seemed like his cock hit her cervix as hard as if it hit a wall. But it was good. He was transported. It felt like death and then rebirth as wave after wave of cum flooded her depths.

Glory twisted and shuddered beneath him like a rag doll. Her legs were her most active parts; they swung wide and away from him, and then kicked about fiercely in the air as she grunted incoherently.

Slug after slug of his white cum lewdly bubbled around her tightly-gripping pussy lips while his erection pulsed and throbbed continuously. He had a feeling, even as his mind went into overload, that his sperm had not just coated her love canal, but it had been deposited directly into her womb where, if she hadn't been on birth control, it could easily have gotten her pregnant.

His energy level collapsed, and he lay on top of her like a sack of potatoes. His whole body continued to twitch as if it couldn't stop the thrusting rhythm.

She continued to quietly moan, coming down from her last of many orgasms.

They embraced tightly for a minute or two, unable to do anything more despite the niggling concern in his brain, at least, that time was running out. His dick deflated some, but it remained inside her in a half-erect state.

Glory was the first to speak. His face lay on hers, but she made eye contact, and raised a hand to brush his cheek. "My love," was all she said, in a small, awe-filled voice.

She said it so lovingly, so wholeheartedly, that he was taken aback. He instantly knew that their relationship had changed in some profound way. It wasn't just that they'd shared an incredible fuck,

though that was a big part of it. She looked at him through completely new eyes, though he didn't yet know just what that meant.

They remained there and stared deeply into each other's eyes from only a couple of inches away for what must have been another minute, until they were interrupted by a knock on the door.

Alan looked up at the clock - it was three minutes until class started. He'd been running on a primal, pure emotional level, but now he had his first coherent thought. Oh shit. I'm fucked! How do I get out of here now?

He looked down at Glory.

She seemed completely oblivious. The knocking didn't register in her brain at all.

He shook her and whispered, "Glory. Get up! Get dressed! Your next class is in three minutes!" He rolled off of her and stood. As he did this, his penis came free and his cum pooled out of her pussy onto the sheet they lay upon.

That made some kind of impression on her, though a painfully slow one.

Alan rushed about, gathering up the pieces of their nun and priest uniforms and looked around madly for their street clothes.

She sat up and even more of his cum poured out of her.

He tossed her underwear at her even as he frantically pulled his shorts up. "Get dressed!" he urgently hissed.

She started to move her arms and legs into the underwear, though still too slowly for his tastes.

He looked at her with concern. I've heard of people having that freshly-fucked glow, but this is ridiculous! She's glowing so brightly that you could turn all the lights off and use her as a night light. She



looks like she's been fucked senseless. She's flushed clear down to her chest. There must be a crowd of students gathering at the door, wondering why it's locked and she's not opening it. If I leave now, it's gonna look bad. Really bad. I probably look all flushed and fucked too. It would take an idiot not to put two and two together. Dang!

He'd finished dressing by this time, though she still had a long ways to go. The seconds ticked by. Even if she did get all her clothes on, her hair looked like a mess. Suddenly a desperate but clever thought came to him. Hey! I remember thinking that Michelle was hiding in Glory's closet. It would be big enough for me. I should just get in there, and screw fifth period. Somehow I'll sneak out in the break between fifth and sixth. But what do I do about Glory? She's still in la-la land.

"Glory, I'm going to hide in the closet," he whispered. "The whole fifth period. For the love of God, please don't let anyone find out."

She nodded. She was starting to come around and began to move a little more quickly. As she picked up the sheet she'd been fucked on, she deliberately put her hand right in the middle of the puddle of cum. She lifted up her now cum-drenched hand and studied it like a little child fascinated by a new toy. But after only a few seconds like this, she licked some of the cum from her hand and resumed getting ready.

"Now, as for you..." He considered what to do with her, even as the pounding at the door grew louder and more insistent. There was only a minute until the bell would ring. Most of the class would be waiting outside by now. "Do you have a cell phone?" he asked. He sprayed the air with a can of air freshener, as he or she usually did before the end of their lunch sessions.

"Yes," she whispered, puzzled.

"Good. Answer the door with the phone at your ear, like you're still on an important call. Keep talking into it. That'll explain why you haven't opened the door yet. Do you have a sister? Announce to the class that you've just heard your sister is pregnant. That'll explain why you look so blissed out."

"I don't have a sister."

"Best friend then. I'm popping in the closet. Good luck." With the nun and priest outfits in his hand, plus the cum-stained sheet they'd been lying on, he stepped into the closet.

Showing her first real sense of urgency, she hurried to the closet to close it. But then she lingered, staring at him briefly. She whispered, "Yes, my love," as she tenderly stroked his cheek with her hand. Then she kissed him quickly on the nose and closed the door.

As the door closed, he quickly whispered, "Your hair!" He saw one of her hands go up to her tousled hair in concern as the door shut.

He was engulfed in total darkness. He heard the bell ring and the sound of students pouring into the classroom. FUCK that was close!

He still panted from the excitement of the sex and the close call. I think we just pulled it off, if I can keep completely quiet here for an entire hour, and if Glory can get her act together enough to give them an in-class assignment or something. Dang, that was risky. I have no idea what all this "my love" stuff portends - probably more trouble even though I love her too. But it was soooo worth it!

A few seconds later, he realized that his cheek was coated with his own cum from her hand that swiped his face. He thought, I hope to God she doesn't have to touch anyone before class starts!

Chapter 637 Suzanne Meets Xania

Suzanne was pleased at how quickly she made it through the Orange County traffic to Los Angeles.

She'd called up Xania as soon as she'd left to explain that she was going to be late, and they wound up talking on the phone the entire way there. She was concerned that Xania wouldn't come across as a credible psychologist. Tricking Susan would be easy, since Susan was so trusting, as well as unknowledgeable about psychology. But the plan was to have Xania talk to Alan and Katherine too, and they were both more savvy and more knowledgeable.

Suzanne knew at least a little about many things, so as she sped along in her silver Mazda she started to consider what aspects of psychology she should discuss with Xania.

But she didn't get far before Xania just laughed. "Hey, don't stress. I know all that stuff already. Don't forget that my degree was in psychology. Even though that was a long time ago, I still remember a lot of it. Freud, Jung, Skinner, Pavlov... I know all the guys and the basics of their theories."

"That's a relief. I'm worried that I'm rushing this far too quickly. What do you know exactly, and how do you know it?"

"You forget, I live in L.A. and I've long worked in the movie industry. Everybody who's anybody has a shrink, and people luuuuve to talk about their psychoanalytical bullshit. Having a shrink is a status symbol, like having a big pool or a yacht. But not only that, remember that I'm not just a pretty face. I went to the same college as you did, for starters; I even ended up with a degree in psychology."

Suzanne was more than a little astonished. "REALLY?! When did that happen?"

"Oh, it was long after we split. I haven't done much with the degree, but the knowledge has come in handy for my acting. And as a refresher I even checked a couple of books out of the library yesterday and spent all evening reading them. I take this seriously, just like an improv acting role, and that means doing my prep work so I can roll with the punches."

"Good!" But just to be sure, Suzanne asked Xania some detailed questions to make sure Xania really knew something.

When she realized that Xania did, she switched topics, and spent the rest of the ride explaining the issues Susan, Katherine, and Alan would likely want to discuss with her, as well as giving suggestions on how she should respond.

Suzanne was pleasantly surprised at how quickly Xania caught on and remembered what she said. But the one hour drive wasn't nearly enough time to explain everything. However, she had to put that aside for now, because her main purpose in coming to L.A. in the flesh was to set up the phony office that Xania would be using.

Suzanne had rented a fully furnished office on a very short term basis, just so it could be used by Xania for a single day. But Suzanne had only seen pictures of it, and she had to make sure it had all the little touches, from the right reference books on the shelves to convincing faked diplomas on the walls. She had to take care of all that today or else, since the appointment was tomorrow.

Xania explained that she was already in the office and working on making it more "homey." So Suzanne drove straight there.

A few minutes later, Suzanne was knocking at the office door.

Xania answered it. "Heeeeyyy! Suzanne! Long time no see. Come on in!" She pulled Suzanne in and closed the door behind her.

Suzanne had been planning on giving Xania a very friendly kiss and a hug, but that was forgotten when she saw the room. "Wow! This looks like everything's in place and ready to go."

Xania was all smiles. "This is just the waiting room. Check out the inner office!" She grabbed Suzanne's hand and pulled her to the other room.

Suzanne's jaw dropped. "Good God! This looks exactly like..."

Xania finished for her, "A psychologist's office. I know. Check it out!"

Suzanne walked around with wide-eyed wonder, closely examining everything she saw. She froze when she got to a diploma framed and hanging on the wall. "Hey! This is your name! It looks... perfect!"

Xania chuckled with glee. "Pretty good, eh? It's amazing what you can do with Photoshop and a really good color laser printer at a print shop."

"Wow!" Suzanne examined the diploma even closer. "This is great. I tried making one yesterday, but mine doesn't look as good as yours."

"One?" Xania scoffed playfully. She waved her hand at more diplomas down the wall. "Check it out. There's my undergrad degree - in fact, that's a copy of my real psychology degree, though I changed the last name to match the one I'm using tomorrow. Over there I've given myself a master's degree, and another master's degree. And that's my PhD certificate that you're holding in your hand. Since we're faking it anyway, I decided to give myself a lot of degrees."

Suzanne stared at her in amazement. "Incredible! I could kiss you! This is gonna save us so much time. And look, you installed a computer. And a bookshelf full of books!" After putting the phony PhD certificate back on the wall, she rushed to the bookshelf and examined the books. "Good God! These

books are perfect! Where did you get these?! How did you do all this already?! The only thing missing is some of the furniture."

Xania smiled from ear to ear. "A lot of those books actually are mine, left over from my college days. Am I a good friend or what? I happen to live near here, as you well know, and I wanted to get everything set up so we'd have time to reconnect. And I guess I wanted to impress you a little bit. It helps that you're late. And, as for the furniture, I held off with the stuff that you told me you were renting."

Suzanne rushed to Xania and gave her a big hug. "You rock! Frankly, I've been more than a little worried that I've been losing my mind, thinking that I could pull this off with such short notice. But you have me convinced." She took a close look at Xania's face and outfit for the first time since she'd arrived. "And your look! Your glasses! You look so academic. Don't tell me you really need those?"

Xania laughed. "No. I know we're getting older, but thank God I've still got my vision." She grabbed the frames of her glasses and wiggled them playfully. "But I like 'em. I think they make me look smart but sexy too."

Suzanne exclaimed, "That's because you ARE smart and sexy! I said I'm so happy that I could kiss you, and now I will!" Since she was already holding Xania in her arms, they soon were kissing passionately.

— — —

An hour or so later, Suzanne was still in Xania's new "office." They were both sweating as they arranged the heavy furniture in the office, solely for the meeting Xania would have with the Plummers the next day. She knew that she'd have to return a few days later when the furniture rental store came to pick up her props, just before the week's lease of the office would be up. It was a lot of work and a lot of money just to fabricate one "doctor's appointment".

Suzanne plopped herself down on the couch they'd just moved in. She was sweaty and exhausted. "That's the last of it, Xania. Thanks a lot for all your hard work."

Xania answered, "Anything for an old friend. Actually, I really look forward to it. This is like a big adventure."

"Believe me, you'll enjoy it. Especially what you're going to do with Alan. But remember, that's a side issue. The main reason for all of this is Susan. She's your main target."

Xania plopped down on the sofa next to Suzanne and made herself comfortable. She could feel another lecture coming on. Suzanne had talked practically nonstop all day and the day before as they made all their arrangements. By now, Xania felt she knew Susan and her two children inside and out, but Suzanne constantly repeated herself because she wanted everything to go perfectly.

"Let's review," Suzanne said as she wiped the sweat off of her forehead. "The most important thing is..." Her voice dropped away so Xania could complete the sentence.

"To get Susan to want to fuck her children," Xania dutifully replied. But she went on, "I know. But, if I may ask, why is that such a big deal? Why not just let whatever happens happen? I mean, don't take this the wrong way, but aren't you violating her trust with this whole office scheme?"

Suzanne laughed, a little bit bitterly. "Thanks for bringing this up now, now that everything has been arranged. Look. This is what's best for everyone. I'm not being selfish here. This is what Susan wants and needs. She needs to fuck her son like she needs to breathe air; she just doesn't fully admit it to herself yet. You should see how she is; time is of the essence. She's so worked up about it that she doesn't know if she's coming or going. And I mean that literally! If you can help her come to peace with this inevitable decision, it'll help her so much. And Alan will be loving life, and Katherine will be joining in and loving it... Everyone will be living in heaven on Earth if we can just break down her last reservations."

Xania asked, "But isn't the fact that she's even considering incest all your doing in the first place? Didn't you put that bug in her ear from the very beginning?"

"Yes, but like I said, it's all very necessary. The whole family has never been happier. She's never been happier. It's win-win for everyone."

"I thought you just said she doesn't know if she's coming or going."

"True, but that's just because she's so blissed out on pure happiness. Trust me. I'm her best friend. I'm thinking only of what benefits her, and what'll benefit her whole family. You should have seen how frigid and prudish she used to be. It was almost comical, especially given that I've been her best friend all this time. She's like a flower in bloom now. And yes, of course I'm going to benefit, big time. I'll be having sex

with all of them, and it'll be one non-stop orgy. But that just shows that good things come to those who help others."

Xania chuckled. "Just like you and me, eh? I'm doing a good deed, and you're going to make sure that I'm rewarded. And then, in turn, you're going to be rewarded for helping me."

"Yes. I'd fuck you right now, just like the old days. But it'll be all that much sweeter if it's a victory fuck to celebrate our successful conversion of Susan into the world of total sexual freedom. You'll love when I lick you, I'll love when you lick me - everyone benefits. Another win-win!"

Xania leaned in closer and wrapped her arms around her college friend. "There's no reason why we can't fuck now AND fuck later. I'm game if you are." She kissed Suzanne on the lips.

Suzanne kissed back, but only briefly before pulling away. "Now, now, Xania. Hold on. As much as I enjoy that, good things come to those who wait. If there's anything I've learned in these past weeks, it's how a prize is all the sweeter when you have to wait for it. Not only that, but if you and I get started on each other, we won't get anything done. We would just fuck non-stop on every piece of furniture in here until we drop of exhaustion."

Xania rolled her eyes. "That's some kind of bad thing? I'll tell you, Suzanne. Responsibility. Who needs it?" Then she got serious again. "Let's get back to Susan. Something about this just doesn't sit right with me. Putting your words in my mouth and having me say, 'Trust Suzanne. She knows what's best for you.' I don't know. That's weird. It's not too late to change your mind. At least make the advice I'm going to give her more neutral."

Suzanne rationalized to herself, Xania is right, of course. It is immoral. But I've dug myself in a hole and this is the only way out. If I don't do this right, Susan will go and find a real psychologist and the shit'll hit the fan. This has to be a one-time bending of my ethics, for a good cause.

Suzanne grabbed Xania and looked her in the eye. "Trust me. You know me. I haven't changed much over the years. My methods are strange, but have I ever hurt anyone with my schemes? No. Susan is a pure, good person and not all jaded and bitter like myself. I place her interests over my own because she has more trouble fending for herself. I would never, ever do anything to hurt her!"

"Okay, okay. You know I'll help. I told you I'm looking forward to it, and I am. I just want to be absolutely sure that you know what you're doing. I mean, incest! This is serious stuff you're having Susan get into, even if her kids are adopted. There's legal stuff to worry about, if anyone ever gets caught. Isn't there?"

Suzanne responded, "Don't worry. I've got it all figured out. Now, let's finish up here as fast as we can. Then I have to rush back in time for dinner. I do have responsibilities. They make things go."

Suzanne pondered what preparations she might have forgotten, then snapped her fingers as something important came to mind. "A-ha! Here's another important issue. What are you going to wear? It needs to be very formal and professional, so you can come across as believable. But it also has to be very sexy, so you can titillate and intrigue Alan. I know you don't usually wear that kind of thing, so I suppose we should go shopping."

"Hold your horses. I have just the thing." Xania was wearing casual clothes, but she started walking away, saying, "You stay right here while I change in the next room."

"I can't wait!"

Xania came back a couple of minutes later in a dramatic red power suit. It was very closely fitted, looking both sexy and professional. She pirouetted, proudly posing with a big grin.

Suzanne had been sitting, but when she saw that she stood up and clapped. "Excellent! That's perfect! You're full of surprises today. Where'd you get that?"

Xania explained, "You were right that I don't normally wear this kind of thing, but one perk of being in movies, even though I was far from a star, is that I got to keep some of the clothes that had been custom fitted to me. This one is from an 'Animal House'-like movie called 'Those Wild, Crazy College Days.' I played the apparently stern but secretly very lusty school librarian."

Suzanne was really pleased, and it showed. "That's soooo perfect! Alan won't be able to resist you in that. And I love that movie title. It sounds like a movie they could have made about OUR college days."

Xania replied, "Our movie would have been X-rated for sure. In that one, all they did was flash T and A. The dialogue was sub-par and the plot was worse. Besides, my role wasn't very big."



"Hmmm. Still, I'd be curious to watch it one of these days, if only to see your nude scenes."

Xania grinned widely. "There is that." Then she left the room to change back to her casual clothes, since the suit was too tight to wear while moving furniture and doing other heavy work.

Once Xania had changed, Suzanne asked, "What's still on the to-do list?"

Xania looked around and shrugged. "To be honest? Pretty much... nothing. About the only thing is if you have more advice on how I should behave and what I should say. But I think I have that pretty well covered too. I really busted my ass to get everything done so you and I could spend some quality time together. I've missed you."

Suzanne smiled, and gave her a big hug. "I missed you too. Let's sit down and get comfy. I have a confession to get off my chest."

"A confession? Oooh! Sounds juicy." Xania led Suzanne to a couch.

Chapter 638 Come Down To The Plummer House From Time To Time And Join In The Fun.

Suzanne took Xania's hand. "I've been thinking about you and me lately... these past few days... The truth is, I realize I'm the one to blame for screwing up our friendship. Going all the way back to college, when I stole what's-his-name from you."

"Ugh!" Xania complained, "You don't even remember his name? It was Jeffrey."

"That's water under the bridge. I'm sure I could think of it if I walk down memory lane, but I don't want to go there. That's ancient history. I'm so alive these days! For the first time in a long time, I'm excited to get up in the morning, knowing what the day will bring. Hell, I'm excited all day long, every day. Alan... he's just... he's turned my life around!"

Xania said, "You keep talking about him like he's the greatest thing since sliced bread. What does he do that's so great?"

"To be honest, nothing that special. He's just being himself. It's WHO he is. He's honest, loving, funny, loyal, ... and really kind-hearted. He doesn't get mad at you or put you down or turn on you. It just doesn't happen. What I love most is that I can feel how much he loves me. I mostly credit Susan for raising him so well."

"But I thought you said you were nearly as responsible for raising him as she was?"

Suzanne grinned impishly. "Okay, I gotta credit myself too. But in any case, I was so jaded. I'd given up on true love. I was so rich and beautiful that I'd given up on anyone loving the whole me, including the inner me. Any new person I met, I'd have to assume they were interested in me mainly for surface things, because how could it be otherwise? But then Alan snuck in right under my nose and stole my heart. He loves me for more than just my looks. I know it's true because he loved me with all his heart since he was just a little kid, before he even had a libido." She stared off into space, a loving and dreamy look in her eyes.

Then she snapped back to the here and now, continuing, "Anyway, as you know, it turns out he's also some kind of natural stud, and now everything is getting even more wonderful and more erotic every day. That's made me look at my relationship with you in a whole new light."

"Really? With me? How?"

"I always thought of myself as the 'mature' one and you were the 'irresponsible free spirit.'" She made air quotes twice as she said that.

Xania blinked owlishly. "Well... yeah! That's because it's true. I'm honest enough with myself to say that. Look at you. You've got a husband, two kids, a huge house, and money up the wazoo thanks to your smart decisions and even smarter investments. Meanwhile, I've frittered my life away chasing silly Hollywood dreams that never work out."

Suzanne conceded, "Yeah, well, there is a lot of truth to that, and that's part of the problem. You see, over the years, you tried to stay in contact more than I did. We connected now and then, but I just didn't

see how your freewheeling, partying lifestyle could fit in with my suburban family life. But now, most of all, I was thinking about Susan."

"Susan? How does she fit in?"

"She's so much more than my best friend! She means so much to me that I can't even begin to tell you, and that's not even counting the sexual attraction, which I'm very happy to say, is slowly but surely coming to realization!" She squeezed Xania's hand excitedly.

Then she continued, "But anyway, Susan was soooo prudish and straight-laced. I tried to change her, but without success. So instead, on some level, I eventually started to become more that way myself, just to get her approval. I was turning into the stereotypical suburban soccer mom. But subconsciously I was very unhappy about the whole thing. That's not me. Well, it's a part of me - I've especially loved raising my kids - but it's just a part. I'd kind of neutered myself these last few years. The way I let our friendship slowly wither is just an example. I must admit, I was especially concerned about the sexual aspect."

Xania asked, "What does that mean?"

"Well, you're just so... you!" She let go of Xania's hand and waved her arms in the air, as if announcing "Ta-da!" in Xania's direction. "Look at you. Damn, woman, you're fine! You're so beautiful and curvy that it hurts. What's worse is how you remind me of Susan. From the neck down, she and you could be identical twins! For a long time there, I tried as hard as I could to deny my sexual feelings for her, since there seemed no chance in hell that they'd ever be returned. That's why I had to stop having sex with women, especially you, because it just reminded me of her so much. That's the main reason why I finally let contact with you peter out altogether a few years back."

Suzanne grasped Xania's hand again. "But now, everything's changed! With this new scheme, which has to be my greatest ever, I've turned the tables on everything. First, all my dreams and fantasies are coming true with Alan. I'm learning to live and love again, and it feels GREAT!"

She continued, "Second, Susan's going through a major personality change, thanks to my clever scheming. Instead of me ossifying into another boring ol' soccer mom like her, she's becoming like a young version of ME! And the more that happens, the more I can cut loose. Remember when we were in college and how wild we were? How much fun we had? All the non-stop sex?"

Xania smiled in fond memory. "Yeah. In retrospect, those were the greatest days of my life."

Suzanne said fiercely, "No! That's a lie! Because the greatest days are just around the corner for you, just like what's already happening for me. I'm having twice as much fun now as I ever did back then, and even MORE sex! If that's possible!"

Xania laughed. "That's not possible. We were major sluts."

"I know. But come and see what life is like in the Plummer house lately. And it's getting better all the time! What that means is that I don't have to keep you at a distance anymore. I'm really glad that you're helping me with this crazy favor today, but at the same time, I'm hoping this can turn into so much more. I don't want to be the 'responsible one' anymore. And I don't have to be, now that my kids are grown, thanks to the money I've saved. I want more of your wild spirit! And I don't have to fear our sexual relationship. Now that I can sense sexual movement between Susan and me, I won't see you as a Susan substitute anymore. Instead, I can think of you as you, and that you is totally AMAZING! If I were to think of all of the women I've met in my life, who could stand toe to toe with me in some kind of sexual marathon, you're the only one."

Xania smiled widely; she loved the way this discussion was going. Modestly, she said, "I don't know about that. I'm a little bit older and a little bit slower than I used to be. Nowadays I have a lot fewer sexual marathons and a lot more dental-assistant classes. Things are pretty boring lately."

Suzanne waved a hand dismissively. "Bah! So what? We all get older. And why do you want to be a dental assistant anyway?"

"It's not like I want to. Please, don't get me started." Xania sighed sadly.

"Don't you have an undergraduate degree in psychology?"

"Yeah. That, plus a quarter will buy me a piece of bubble gum."

Seeing that Xania was starting to get depressed, Suzanne tried to cheer her up. "Forget about that now. You've still got it, babe! I can tell. You. Look. HOT! Talk about keeping in shape! I'll bet you really could run a marathon!"

Xania couldn't help but boast a little bit. "Maybe I could. I hope all the running around and sweating and exercising I do is good for SOMETHing. But it's not like I have any choice, not if I want to get hired occasionally as an actress, even if only for minor roles here and there. My looks are my main calling card."

Suzanne wrapped an arm around her friend's back. "Yeah, well, whatever the reason, the fact is, you've still got that college spirit, and that college wildness. I can tell from the gleam in your eye. I've basically reached the point in my life where I said 'Screw it! My kids are almost grown and they don't need me holding their hands all the time anymore. Enough with being responsible. It's time I start having some FUN again.' Xania, I want you back in my life in a big way. And I want you back in my BED big time."

Xania moved in closer. "Mmmm... I could go for that. And in a big way too!"

They kissed mouth to mouth, exchanging spit. It was a kiss of two long-lost lovers who greatly missed each other, full of emotion and promise. Since both of them had such extraordinarily long tongues, they enjoyed a lot of playful tongue action.

But Suzanne was eager to say more, so she broke the kiss but kept the close embrace. "There's more. I haven't even gotten to Katherine yet. She means nearly as much to me as Alan or Susan. In fact, if she were the one with a dick instead of Alan, I'm sure I'd be just as moony about falling in love with her. Even as it is, I'm very much in love with her too." She grinned impishly as she said, "Basically, if anyone lives in the Plummer house, I want to fuck them until we're all too weak to walk."

Xania joked, "Damn! I gotta move there, just so I can qualify. But what about Susan's husband?"

"Ron? He doesn't count. It turns out he's gay."

"Oh, really?!"

"Ssssh! Don't be talking about that tomorrow, okay? It's almost a moot point though since he's pretty much never at home anyway. He spends most of the year working and playing around in Asia. I expect Susan to divorce him before long, now that she's got a much better situation. But Alan, Susan, Katherine and I are turning into a totally sexual family! My daughter Amy has gotten into it too, in a big way. But

obviously, the one sex hookup that can't happen is the one between me and her, because that really would be real, biological incest."

Suzanne sat back and exclaimed triumphantly, "We're starting a whole new thing! I don't think there's even a name for it yet. A sex family, maybe. It's so much fun and it's so damn HOT! And I want you to be a part of it too!"

"What do you mean?"

Suzanne calmed down a little. "Well, obviously, you have your life here in L.A. But you should get your toe wet, at least. I want to share the wealth, as it were. Come down to the Plummer house from time to time and join in the fun. You'll love it, I promise!"

She stopped and admitted, "I'm getting ahead of myself, aren't I? First, you need to get to know Susan, Katherine and Alan tomorrow when they're here with you. I'm sure you'll love them, and probably lust after all of them. How can you not? They're good people. Rock solid, salt-of-the-Earth type people. The kind you'd want to have at your back in a fight, if you know what I mean. As for looks, you already know that Susan's got the face and body of a centerfold. Well, Katherine's just the same, except she's younger and still growing. She's that hot too!"

She went on, "As for Alan, I'd admit he's no Brad Pitt. The Chippendales Dancers aren't going to recruit him anytime soon either, since he's not a muscular hunk, though he does have some muscles. He plays a lot of tennis. But he definitely qualifies as handsome, and he grows on you. And boy, does he grow on you! I'd admit, when I fell in love with him, I didn't have a clue about his sexual potential. He's exceeded all my expectations and then some, and he's still improving. He's turning into a master cocksman, with an impressive weapon and incredible staying power. He'll totally rock your world!"

Xania said, "Hmmm. That's high praise. You know I've had a lot more lovers than you've had, and you're hardly a naïve virgin. It'll take a lot to impress me, much less truly rock my world."

Suzanne was bursting with pride as she said, "Just you wait and see. You should see how it is down at the Plummer house these days. Between Susan, Amy, Katherine, and me, it seems like one of us always has a hand or mouth on his cock. It's so much fun that we simply can't get enough!"

Xania cuddled in closer. "Enough about him. I'll see for myself later. What about you and me? All the things you told me just now, I must say... I'm so thrilled that I can hardly contain myself! I've been with a lot of women over the years. A LOT. But you and me, we always had that special spark. Every other female lover I've had I've compared to you, and they've all come up wanting. I've truly missed you. And not just as a lover, but as a friend. So, yes, I'll accept your offer to reconnect with open arms. ... and... open legs!"

Suzanne loved the sound of that so much that she not only closed in for another French kiss, she pushed Xania down to the couch in the process. Within seconds, they were madly kissing and ripping off their clothes.

Chapter 639 A Little Game.

Alan made it out of Glory's class at the end of fifth period without anyone suspecting.

By the end of the class, Glory had fully regained her wits. She rushed her students out the door, pretending that she wanted to be alone to call her "pregnant best friend" again. She checked to see if the coast was clear in the hallway and then hustled Alan out at the right moment.

They only spoke briefly, as both knew they'd have plenty of time to talk later. She just whispered to him as she guided him to the door, "And to think, I protested when you started fucking me! I think you'll need to spank me soon to punish me for my bad attitude. See ya!" She winked playfully at him.

He found himself outside the door, in the busy hallway. It took a while for his eyes to adjust to the light.

He staggered down the hall in a daze, amazed at how surreal it all was. As if holding my breath for an hour in a closet and trying not to fall asleep wasn't weird enough, she has to leave me with that arousing spanking thought. I should spank her just for that! Now I'm going to have to go to my tennis class with another boner. But I guess there's nothing unusual about that. I think if the Guinness Book of World Records had a category for most constantly sexually aroused kid of all time, my picture would be in there.

He sighed with both glee and frustration and kept walking to his next class.

He hadn't gone more than a few steps when Amy bounded up to him. "Alan!" she said joyfully, as she practically jumped into his arms and covered his face with a series of quick pecks. She was the epitome of happiness, even more so than usual. She'd been walking on air all through the school day ever since word had gotten out at school the day before that she and Alan were boyfriend and girlfriend. She particularly loved telling people that the rumors were true. To unexpectedly run into Alan made life just that much sweeter for her.

But, just as quickly, she pulled away and said more quietly, "Beau, I'm meeting some friends just around the corner. Check it out!" Then she skipped off.

Alan stood for a minute to ponder the issue of P.D.A. - public displays of affection. He had never had a girlfriend before, so Amy's unexpected kisses in the school hallway felt strange. He wasn't complaining though. After all, he had told Amy that one of the perks of being his "official girlfriend" was that she could get away with public displays, while the others couldn't.

However, it occurred to him that he and Amy would have to talk things over to make sure that neither of them went too far with P.D.A. No doubt she was eager to all but fuck him in the school hallways when she saw him, so it was up to him to set the boundaries. Just like with Sis, I've got to be the responsible one.

He belatedly made his way around the corner and saw Amy some distance away, standing in the middle of a cluster of girls. She was the most attractive, but the others were quite pretty, too. She talked with great animation and glee, as usual, and he wondered why she wanted him to see this discussion in particular. It was too far for him to hear what she was saying to the others, but then she started to gesture with her hands.

Alan's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Amy's hands flew back and forth in front of her in what could only be a demonstration of her handjob techniques. Clearly she was showing the others just what she did to her new boyfriend, and just how she did it.

Then, as if that wasn't enough, she held a hand in front of her face, as if to grip an invisible penis, and began to mime her cocksucking technique. Her face was one of near rapture. The other girls all looked on with excitement and envy.

Alan peeked around the hall corner like a bad spy, not hiding himself that well.



Amy suddenly turned his way, and smiled and waved with the hand not holding the imaginary penis.

He instantly turned red as a beet.

The girls saw him and broke into very embarrassed giggles.

He awkwardly waved to the crowd of girls, and then fled down the hallway where he'd just come from, even though his class was in the other direction.

As he walked a longer route to his tennis class, he thought, Dang. There's been this rising interest in me from the girls at this school, as I've become this increasingly sexy and mature guy in recent weeks but no one knew why. I've become the "mystery guy." People are asking, "Who is he going with, and what are they doing?" But now Amy is touting my sexual skills like some kind of carnival barker. I hate to look a gift horse in the mouth, but the attention is only going to increase, and I already have more great women in my life than I can possibly handle. This is crazy! I know Amy means well, but I've got a very bad feeling about this.

Reality intruded on Alan's life as he had to play tennis for an hour.

But then he had his "appointment" with the cheerleaders after school. He was almost afraid to go into the theater room when school ended. He wondered just what kind of bizarreness he'd face next.

The only thing he knew was that he had to finish off Janice's painting job, as he'd never gotten around to painting her most private places the day before. He didn't know who would be there, though he expected to see Janice, Joy, and Heather, just like last time.

But to his surprise, when he arrived Joy wasn't there and Amy was. (Katherine, of course, was missing, as she wanted to avoid any sexual situation with the other cheerleaders where her incestuous relationship with Alan might get accidentally exposed.)bender

Alan was let in by Heather.

She seemed to be in a surly mood, as was Janice, no doubt from their continuing feud with each other. It appeared the two of them had reached some kind of truce so they could (barely) tolerate each other, in order to get through their cheerleading practices. But both of them radiated hatred for each other.

It occurred to Alan that his arrival probably greatly inflamed the situation, as the two of them would be competing for his attention.

Amy, on the other hand, was living on a different planet - a very happy planet. She seemed to be totally oblivious to the ill feelings that filled the room. Heather had opened the door for Alan, but it was Amy he greeted as she tackled him with a big hug the second the door was opened.

"My love!" she cried with joy, like she'd been separated from him for months.

Heather grudgingly closed the door, which allowed Amy to throw off whatever restraints she might have and kiss Alan in an all-out body grope.

As Alan French kissed his new girlfriend, he briefly pondered her words. "My love." There's that phrase again. This can't be good, if both Glory and Amy see me as their one true love. And then, of course, Sis feels the same way. And let's not even talk about Mom. Or Aunt Suzy. Holy fuck! Too many women, and I love them all. This keeps building and building, and it's bound to explode sooner or later. He sighed, even as he continued to kiss and caress.

He gave in and let himself enjoy the French kissing for a bit, until Heather said in a nasty tone, "My, my. The two little lovebirds sure do love each other. But I didn't come here to watch you two make out."

Alan broke away from Amy and regarded Heather. Heather was dressed in her street clothes, as was Amy and Janice.

Heather glared at him icily and stiffly, while Janice was in a similar stance, except she glared at Heather instead.

"Nice to see you too, Heather," Alan said with a touch of sarcasm.

He'd managed to open Amy's top and take off her bra during the grope, and now he idly fondled her bare tits, making her squirm and moan. He knew that it was easier to deal with Heather when she was aroused, and he also knew the bisexual Heather would enjoy his fondling of Amy's ample rack. For some reason, he had no lack of confidence when doing this kind of thing around the imposing Heather.

In a kinder tone, he turned to Janice and greeted her.

Janice said hello and smiled back, but it looked forced. She obviously was trying her best, but she was in a sour mood already.

Although it was the end of school, Alan felt rushed because, frankly, he couldn't wait to go home and have fun with Susan and whoever else happened to be there. Now that he'd had double blowjobs twice the day before, he was eager to see what other new combinations and surprises there were. He also felt bad about Susan waiting for him. He knew she pretty much counted the minutes after school let out.

He thought, Wow, what does it say that I'd rather be at home alone with Mom than play around with literally half the cheerleading squad? Yes, Mom is that beautiful and sexy. Not to mention an awesome cocksucker! And if Aunt Suzy is there and they want to "help me" at the same time... Wow! But still, I've got a job to do here, and it should be pretty fun. Besides, Mom is so generally good-natured and tolerant that I have a little bit of time to play with before she starts to get too antsy.

Staring at both Heather and Janice, he said, "Before we get started, we need to straighten something out here. Just what the hell is the burr up your butts, you two? I'm not going to do anything until we get this out in the open and resolved."

He paused, but neither said a word. So he crossed his arms and goaded, "Well? I'm waiting."

The two remained silent and looked everywhere but at him.

Finally, Janice said, "I'd like to talk to you about it, but not here. Not with Heather here." She practically spat out the word "Heather."

Heather was more stubborn and didn't say anything at all, but just stood with her arms crossed and a deep frown on her face.

Alan thought to himself, Aggressiveness works. I've got to be really "balls out" here.

Inside, he was uncertain about what to do, but outwardly, he appeared in command. He said with a shrug, "Okay, if that's the way it's going to be, then we have two options. One, I can leave right now. I see no reason to help either of you as long as you're acting like complete bitches. Two, the two of you kiss and make up. And I do mean that literally. If the two of you can bring each other off, then and only then will I do the painting. And to give you some incentive, I'll fuck the first one to make the other one cum."

Worried that might make them too aggressive, he added, "Or the one who makes the other one cum more tenderly and lovingly. I'll decide which when it's done."

Heather and Janice stared at him in astonishment. They both could hardly believe what he had demanded, yet both of them knew that they would do it if it meant a chance to get fucked by him. He was that good.

Heather was chagrined with appreciation at the twisted brilliance of his plan. It was something she wished she'd been able to do with her lovers, but she never had.

Amy, meanwhile, pouted because Alan had stopped massaging her tits. She'd taken the rest of her blouse off already. She thrust her chest out at him and arched her back backwards at an almost improbable angle to gain his attention.

He took notice and resumed his fondling.

She cooed in reply, seemingly unconcerned with the feud in front of her.

He imagined that if it were up to her to resolve the conflict, she would say something simple like, "Hey, you two, be nice. Don't fight."

"I'm in a hurry," Alan barked. "Get naked before I get mad and decide to leave. You too, Amy."

Amy threw him a playful salute, and said, "Yes, sir!" in a giggly, chirpy tone. She actually made a peace sign with her fingers as she made her salute - she was very big on the peace sign. Even though she wasn't a "hippy chick," the phrase "make love, not war" fit her perfectly.

Heather also said "Yes, sir," but in a mocking, sarcastic tone. Yet she didn't hesitate to quickly take her clothes off, as if she was a private responding to a military command.

Janice didn't say anything at all, but just stripped at a slower pace. She continued to seethe at Heather all the while.

Alan was very pleased with himself. The group seemed to be chilling out a bit and coming under his command. He said, "I'm not horny enough. Do something to get me going."

Heather shot him an angry look, but she walked over to Amy and whispered in her ear. Alan didn't hear it, but she said, "You heard him. Kiss me and touch me to get him horny. You're his girlfriend now; you've got to do that kind of shit."

Janice, meanwhile, continued to slowly undress. She was stalling for time because she didn't want to have to touch Heather if she didn't have to.

Heather and Amy kissed on the lips, and then Amy began slowly working her way down Heather's body, kissing along the way. She quickly got down to Heather's pussy and started kissing and licking there.

Heather just remained standing imperiously, not doing anything in return to Amy. She was pleased with herself for thinking of a way to turn this situation to her advantage.

Alan was enjoying the sight but then it came to him that this was another one of Heather's power plays. She was taking his official girlfriend and having her service Heather's pleasure. So it became all about Heather's enjoyment instead of about his or Amy's.

He rolled his eyes and said, "Okay, enough of that. Heather, I see your little game."

"What?" Heather asked with mock innocence. Her face was triumphant.

"Here's something that'll wipe away that sneer," he said. "I want you and Janice to get it on. Right here, right now."

Janice and Heather both started to protest at the same time.

But Alan cut in with a sharp, "Shut up! I'm in charge here. Janice, lie on top of Heather. Use that couch in the back of the stage."

There were a lot of dirty looks all around, but the two of them migrated there and left the last of their clothes behind.

Alan was still dressed, but he didn't stay that way for long. He dropped his shorts to the floor. With Amy standing next to him, he turned to her, gave her a happy wink and said, "You know what to do."

Amy again replied with a cheery "Yes, sir," and went to work on his cock with both hands. "Should I suck it?" she asked enthusiastically.

Alan noticed Heather derisively mouthing the words "Should I suck it?" while rolling her eyes and non-verbally mocking Amy's cheerfulness. He pretended not to notice, instead answering Amy, "Up to you. Maybe you want to alternate, because I don't think you're gonna want to miss Heather and Janice. Check those two out. It should be veeeery interesting."

Amy muttered a quick "M'kay." But apparently she was more interested in his erection than the show, because she immediately dropped to her knees and began to suck on his bulbous knob.

Alan smiled widely. As he reflected many times a day, he couldn't believe how great everything in his life was.

Chapter 640 Janice, Amy, Heather & Alan

Heather eyed Janice warily as Janice tried to figure out how to set herself down on the head cheerleader. "Don't you dare scratch me, or I'll claw your eyeballs out," Heather warned menacingly.

"The same," Janice spat back. "Don't try anything or I'll pop the silicone sacks in your fake tits with MY nails!"

Alan looked at the two girls' hands from where he stood and realized with relief that, in fact, neither girl had long fingernails.

"Fake?" Heather countered. "Who says they're fake? You WISH you had tits half as big as mine!" They were fake, but Heather wasn't willing to easily concede that fact.

Janice lay down on Heather just after hearing that, which inspired Heather to add snidely, "And don't crush my face with your fat ass."

"Fat?! I have a perfect ass, you lard butt. Alan, don't you like my ass? Whose do you like? My ass, or Ms. Silicone Wide Load here?"

With that, all lingering remnants of civility completely broke down. They both began attacking each other in an unrestrained cat fight. Janice got behind Heather and tried to pin her to the floor.

But Alan quickly shouted out, "Hey! Hey, hey, hey, HEY! Stop that!" That only slowed them down a bit, so he yelled even more forcefully, "Stop moving! FREEZE! Freeze altogether!"

That finally brought them to a halt. But they still seemed raring to go at each other at the slightest provocation.

Heather said between gritted teeth, "What? We're just settling our differences."

"Hey, you two," Alan complained. "I'm in charge, and you'll do what I say. Your goal is to get each other off, not kill each other. And no talking, since you two are unlikely to say anything nice. Just do it. Get each other off."

Amy still had her face between his thighs, happily sucking him off as he talked.

His new commands caused the two angry girls to redirect their attention to the assigned task at hand.

As indicated by Heather's mocking concern at having her face crushed, Janice positioned herself in a sixty-nine position over Heather, figuring that pussy licking was the fastest way to get the job done for both of them.

Their tongues got to work quickly and easily enough, but the problem for each was where to put their hands. Grasps quickly turned to scratches. Heather, not surprisingly, was particularly aggressive, and scratched at Janice's lower back like a cat with bared claws.

Alan was again relieved that neither had long fingernails, but long, red marks were made just the same. Had there been any blood, he would have stopped things immediately, but he figured that a certain amount of abuse was inevitable given their mutual hatred for each other.

Amy looked over her shoulder from time to time to see how the other two girls were doing, but generally she was fully content to focus on the cock in her mouth. After a couple of minutes, she alternated from sucking to licking, and whispered to him, "Beau, can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Is there some reason why you're not fucking me already? Don't you want to fuck? We could do it right now."

"I know. But when we do it, I want it to be something really special. This scene is way too seedy. It should be just you and me, after a really special night."

"M'kay." Her voice was sad.

He quietly added, "Maybe tonight, even. I'll see if my little guy is up for it." He mused at the irony that earlier in the day it was Glory who had said that they should wait to fuck until they could have a more



romantic setting, and now he was the one using the same line on Amy. But it was true. He wanted it to be a memory that would last her a lifetime.

"M'kay!" She said this with much more enthusiasm. She took his cock as deep into her mouth as she could manage and sucked with greater vigor.

bender

Alan could hardly concentrate on the hot lesbian scene in front of him, given the way Amy was going at it. She'd gotten a lot better at cocksucking lately. He figured he knew why, because he detected her performing some of Suzanne's special moves. He wished he could have been a fly on the wall as Suzanne gave cocksucking lessons to her daughter.

But he did his best to watch the others despite Amy's arousing distractions. Janice and Heather had settled down into a pattern that was part cat fight, part sex. As an observer, it was a very hot thing for him to watch, especially since he knew their emotions were completely real. It was as if they each were two different people: one represented by the tongue, which lapped with great fervor, and the other represented by the hands, attacking and grasping aggressively. Both of them scratched all over and left fingernail marks everywhere, even as they passionately licked pussies and clits.

Alan came close to a climax. However he was able to put his hands on Amy's head and pull her away so he could rest and then keep going. He pulled her just out of range of his boner, but she playfully stuck her tongue out as far as it could go and just barely managed to reach the tip of his erection from time to time. It was a fun game, even if it didn't help him calm down very much.

While her mouth was temporarily unoccupied, he quietly asked her, "Aims, why were you telling all your friends today about your handjob and cocksucking technique?"

"Two reasons. One, I want to be very frank with them so they'll want to share their experiences and I can learn from them too and get that much better at it. It's hard to compete with mymm- many others." She was going to say "my mom and Aunt Susan and Kat," but luckily she realized Janice and Heather might hear, even though they were increasingly self-involved and she and Alan were being careful to talk quietly. Still, one couldn't be too careful.

She continued, "Two, and the main reason, is I want them to all know what a great lover you are and how totally super-amazing it is to even suck your thingy. The more beautiful the girl is, the more I hype you up. That way, you'll never have to go without. If you're in class, and you get hard, hopefully some cute girl sitting next to you will take notice, which isn't hard the way your thingy always boings up in your tight shorts. Then maybe she can reach over and lend you a hand."

Alan practically swooned with delight. He was blown away at her giving and sharing sprit. He was also blown away by her very sexy classroom idea. "What? Right in the middle of class? Do you realize how impossible that is? Even for me, in my surreal, unbelievable world, that could never, ever happen."

She conceded the point, though she commented, "Well, it might happen if I was sitting next to you. Too bad we don't have any classes like that. But, in any case, that's what the breaks between classes are for. So we cheerleaders and others can all take turns sucking you off."

As if to illustrate, she lunged forward, pushing against the hands on her head. She succeeded in swallowing his entire cockhead before he pushed her back. But he didn't push back hard, and the tip of her tongue danced around his piss hole.

Alan shook his head in amazement. As he stared ahead at the lesbian fight-fuck, he marveled, "Aims, do you have any idea about the limitations of the male body? I can only cum so many times a day. With all the great girls I can choose from, I'm not going to waste an opportunity on some girl at school I hardly even know. So please don't spread rumors. If I did want a quick blowjob between classes, if there was even time, which there isn't, I'd want to do it with you." He stroked her hair lovingly and smiled down at her.

That made Amy very happy. "M'kay! Cool! But don't you want to try some others out, just once? All my friends are way super eager to help. You should see how much they adore you now! I think it would be just the wowest thing if every cute girl in school had a chance to get a mouthful of your cum. I don't mind as long as you never forget who your official girlfriend is."

Deciding she'd gone long enough without that mouth-full-of-cock feeling, she pressed forward even more forcefully and took his erection in again. Her lips resumed their happy sliding.

But Alan wasn't ready yet. He was still on a hair trigger. "Wait! Wait, Aims! Just hold it there for a minute."

So she held it there until he gave her a sign that she could keep going.

Meanwhile, Alan kept watching Heather and Janice, which didn't help him recover any. He eventually decided that it would be rude to keep Amy waiting any longer.

Finally allowed to keep going, she mumbled, "Today I already learned some stuff from one girl that I can do with my teeth. Here. Let me try." She put his cock between her cheek and teeth, as if she was brushing her teeth with his dick. That was something she'd never done before. She scraped across it with her teeth, again rather like brushing.

No one had done that to him before, not even Suzanne. Most of Suzanne's cocksucking tricks involved her tongue, since hers was so unusually long and dexterous. But he liked Amy's new technique too.

He looked past Amy and saw Janice and Heather attacking each other even more aggressively. To his great surprise, he realized that both of them had already cum, yet they were still at it. It looked like they had no intention of stopping anytime soon.

He grunted through clenched teeth to Amy's bobbing head below, "Maybe you shouldn't stop telling your friends what you're doing, as long as you keep learning tricks like that."

"M'kay!" she mumbled through her cock-filled mouth.

He thought, Thank God for good ol' Aims. When everyone else is getting more and more jealous, she only wants to share me even more. What a perfect girlfriend. Am I charmed with amazing luck or what?

Then a disturbing thought occurred to him. "Aims, scratch that. Do you realize, the way you've been talking in the last day or two, no doubt everyone is going to think that you're a total slut. You should stop talking before you ruin your reputation."

She laughed, and sat up some more so she could titfuck him while she talked. "But why should they say that? I'm so totally NOT a slut. The only guy I've ever been with is you, except for that stupid Jack Johnson, and he just touched me a little bit. I've made it clear that I'm only having sex with you. The only way I'm a slut is if I'm an Alan slut. I'll spread my legs for you anytime, anywhere, Beau."

She giggled, "Right here is good." She adjusted her position to place his dick in her cleavage. It was time for a titfuck.

Her tongue flickered at the tip of his boner again as she slid his cock up and down her cleavage. She didn't prepare with any lubrication, but she didn't need to because his pole was soaked with his pre-cum and her saliva.

It dawned on him that his titfucks of Amy had been far too few and far between. Then it further dawned on him that he wouldn't be able to fully appreciate it because there was no way he could hold out another minute.

He looked at Janice and Heather. They both were now sitting up on the couch. They rubbed their pussies against each other while kissing passionately.

He was stunned yet again at the turn of events, because they were really getting into each other. Sometimes it even appeared like they were looking into each others' eyes with love. Heather's face was even slightly flushed.

Yet at the same time, the anger was still there. They continued to scratch at each other. Both bodies were covered with dozens of tiny red scratch lines, mostly on their hips and lower back.

He further realized that they occasionally whispered to each other quietly, hopeful that he wouldn't hear. Between passionate kisses, they would mutter things like, "Bitch," or "Hussy," or "Carpet Muncher," before attacking another body part with their mouths. Neither paid the slightest bit of attention to him or Amy.

It was all too exciting for Alan. His PC muscle had been battling all this stimulation for a long time now, but it finally lost the fight. He pushed Amy's head deeper into his crotch so there was more cocksucking and less titfucking. He then let loose and deposited a load in her mouth.

Amy slurped it down as quickly as it came out. It was a disappointingly small amount by his usual standards, but she didn't seem to mind.

He staggered away from Amy and tried to get some air.

Amy immediately followed, on her knees, and said, "I want that precious last drop." She was remembering Katherine's semi-joking advice that the last drop was the sweetest. When she got in front of him again, she started to lick his entire crotch clean, even though his penis was fully flaccid. She was following Susan's advice on that one.

Alan braced himself against the couch Janice and Heather were using, and tried to remain upright on wobbly knees.

That finally reminded them of his presence, but they still didn't stop. Slowly but surely, they worked themselves up to climax. With one final orgasm for each of them in what no doubt had been a long series, they clawed and scratched and cussed themselves to completion.

Finally, they disengaged and flopped down into the couch, facing away from each other.

Heather was the first to speak. "I have to admit, Janice, that was surprisingly good. You're not too bad. Thanks." Her tone was one of grudging respect.

Janice replied, "Thanks, Joy." She quickly threw a hand over her mouth and blushed as she realized she'd said "Joy," not "Heather."

Heather might have teased her about that, but she was too tired. But both she and Alan took note of the verbal slip.

Alan thought, Huh. I guess Janice must have a thing for Joy, and somehow imagined Heather as a substitute. I wonder what the ramifications of that are. What does Joy think? Have they done it with each other? In fact, has Janice ever done it with another girl before at all?

He asked, "Hey Janice, was that your first time with a girl?"

"Mmmm hmmm," she said, wiping the girl-cum from her face. She looked very glum and slunk further into the couch, perhaps regretting the fact that her first time with another girl was with her nemesis.

Heather was more lively, no doubt due to her greater sexual experience. She said brightly as she sat up, "So, Alan, I made Janice cum first. Do I get to claim my prize?"

Janice sat up, now peeved. She turned to Heather. "You LIAR! You did not! I totally made you cum first!"

Heather turned to her as well, and replied, "Did not, you tiny-titted albino. As IF you could beat me on your first time." Her grudging words of semi-kindness to Janice were already forgotten.

But rather than reply, Janice sank back into the couch glumly. It looked like she would cry. She muttered, "Bitch! I should have known better than to feel..." Her voice faded away.

Alan thought, I don't know what's going on, but I have a feeling it sucks to be Janice right now. It seems like Janice was reaching out to Heather with her love-making somehow, and now feels betrayed.

He announced, while Amy still lapped at his balls, doing much more than cleaning them, "I declare Janice the winner. However, I'm in no position to hand out the victory prize. Amy kind of overwhelmed me here with the intensity of her sucking. Tomorrow at lunch, Janice."

Heather looked like she would have attacked him with a weapon if there was one in range, so he added, "And as for you, Heather, I'm not forgetting about you. Sorry it's been a while. There will be a nice consolation prize for you tomorrow as well."

That seemed to temporarily appease the vindictive blonde, even though she complained, "Consolation prize? Hrmph! It had better be damn good, Romeo."

"It will be." He wasn't even sure what it would be, but he figured he'd think up something when the time came. He continued to the whole group, "Once we're all recovered a bit, let me take care of the rest of that paint job, Janice. Then I really should get home. I'm way overdue."

He imagined Susan waiting impatiently with an open and eager mouth. He further imagined frustrating Glory at lunch tomorrow by these new plans with Janice, but he decided that Janice needed a positive experience more than Glory did, Plus, Heather needed to be appeased.

He wondered, Will I be able to make it to the Boy Scout trip tomorrow before I utterly collapse? At least maybe I made some headway in fixing things between Heather and Janice. Or maybe not. I can't really tell.

After Alan had all that fun and excitement, painting Janice's privates went relatively uneventfully for him.

When Heather saw that she wasn't going to get in any more sexual action from anyone, she immediately left.

Amy waited outside so Alan could be alone with Janice.

Alan wanted the privacy so he could hear from Janice just what was going on with her and Heather, and also her and Joy, given her mysterious "Thanks, Joy," comment.

Now that they were alone and fully dressed, he said, "Okay, Janice, I'm no genius about relationships, but it's pretty obvious that you're attracted to Joy, but there's a problem. What is it?"

"I AM NOT!"

The passion of her denial convinced him that he was right. "Janice, look. I'm not going to tell anybody, just as I'm not going to say anything about what we all did here today. Haven't I shown I keep my mouth shut about this kind of stuff? You've been bottling this all up, and now it's hurting you. You need someone to talk to, I can tell. I'm safe. Don't hold it in."

Janice sighed heavily. But with a little more coaxing, she told him everything. She was extremely gratified to have someone she could safely confess to. She ended up crying quite profusely.

Alan tried to comfort her with kind words and a hug, and that made her feel better, but he had no idea how to fix her problem. Janice loved Joy, but Joy had shown no lesbian leanings. It was a tough problem. Janice's other problem of blaming Heather for bringing out these frustrated feelings inside her seemed relatively minor in comparison.

Janice thanked Alan profusely for listening to her. She was amazed at how good it felt to share her bottled up emotions. They both hadn't known each other well before, but now they had a special bond.