

## 6 Times 651

### Chapter 651 Breaking Down Susan's Wall.!!

Susan next brought up her lesbianism issue. "Xania, I have other problems. In fact, incest isn't the half of it! I have to admit, I'm having all kinds of strange feelings lately about women. About Suzanne especially. You know what she looks like, how perfectly formed her body is. She's gorgeous! I've started kissing her on the lips and... Okay, I'll be totally honest. I'm even hot for my own daughter! How's that for messed up?! Incestuous and lesbian feelings rolled up in one. It's a sin! A double sin!"

Her eyes began to tear up with confusion and fear of what Xania might say to that, certain that Xania would, then and there, officially declare Susan to be totally insane.

But Xania remained unperturbed. She had been forewarned about this too. She calmly gave an explanation about how lesbianism wasn't immoral, and said this was an example of a detrimental belief she'd learned from her conservative church that was out of line with modern thinking. She pointed out that Susan was clearly bisexual, not lesbian, and that bisexuality amongst women was surprisingly common. She got a little carried away and made up the comment, "In fact, the latest studies show that bisexuality is the norm for women. It's just that our society frowns on it, so many women don't explore those desires."

"Really?!"

"Yes."

"Wow! Suddenly I feel so much better."

"Besides, I am a long-time friend of Suzanne, as you know. I'm aware that whatever measure of beauty there is, she busts the scale. She's so exceptionally beautiful that perfectly straight women are going to be very attracted to her, and aroused by her. That's only natural."

"It is?"

"Sure. Think of it as the 'Suzanne exception.'"

"Thank goodness! But what about my daughter?"

"From what Suzanne told me, she's just as stunning. It's not your fault to be surrounded by perfect-ten beauties. Why should you feel bad about that?"

"But I've kissed her! And Suzanne too. On the lips!"

Xania had been coached about what to say about the kissing: "What's wrong with that? That's like saying shaking hands is wrong. I've been kissing women on the lips just to say hello or goodbye for years. That's just how we do it here in L.A."

"With... uh, with tongue?"

"Sure. Of course, not with every woman you meet, but if it's someone you're very close to, then yes. Some fondling and intimate hugging during the kiss is perfectly acceptable too."

Susan was totally surprised by this revelation. "Really? So Suzanne wasn't shitting me after all? I mean, she wasn't, uh, joshing me?" (Susan found herself using curse words for the first time in her life lately, but she still wasn't fully comfortable doing so, especially around strangers.) "I have to admit that I was wondering if she was being sincere on that. Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!" Xania laughed (Suzanne, in fact, had coached Xania to say this about kissing). "Where were you raised? In a Catholic church mission?"

Again, Susan blushed, but this time she wasn't exactly sure of why. "A farm in the Midwest, actually."

Xania shrugged and said, "That's just about the same thing. You must have lived a sheltered life to not French kiss women all the time. Why, in the circles of friends I have, it's nearly impolite not to kiss a woman for minutes at a time just to say hello." This was largely true, but only because Xania mixed with fellow porn stars and B-movie actresses, most of them very sexually active, and many of them bisexual or lesbian. "In fact, I'd be rather hurt if you don't kiss me on the lips before this day is done. It would be good for your therapy to loosen up some, unless you don't find me at all attractive."

Susan was flushed with relief. "Oh, but I do. I find you very attractive. In fact, to be completely honest, I find you downright hot. Is that wrong? Do you mind me saying that?"

"Not at all. I'm flattered."

"You kind of remind me of Suzanne, and that makes me very hot. I mean, you have no idea the kind of feelings I have for my best friend. I've known her so long, and I think there's years of suppressed feelings coming out now."

"Well if that's the case, why don't we practice a little bit of kissing right now? It'll help you relax. Holding it in is very unhealthy. You need to release all those pent-up feelings."

"Well, okay," Susan said uncertainly. "But I feel like such a slut. Everyone is having me do things to them lately. Sexual things."

"Susan," Xania said as she stood up from behind her desk and approached the distraught mother, "a kiss is just a kiss."

"But... what about tongue?!"

Xania chuckled. "A tongue is just a tongue. It's not like we'd be having sex, and going down on each other. A psychologist shouldn't do those kinds of things with their patients, no matter how badly she might want to. But I think a kiss could be very therapeutic. You're so tense. Anyway, is there anything **WRONG** with people doing sexual things to you? Is that bad? Especially when they're your loved ones and everyone feels good about it?"

"Well, no, I guess..."

"Then maybe," Xania said sagely, "what would help you would be to think of it a bit differently. Let's look at your use of language. You say that people are doing things **TO** you, but in fact you greatly enjoy these things, don't you? Maybe it would be better if you say that people are doing sexual things **WITH** you. You won't feel so out of control if you admit that you've been a very willing and active participant already. Empower yourself by admitting that you want to do these things with the people you love."

Susan brightened. She felt like another weight had been lifted from her shoulders. "Wow. I never thought of it that way. You're right. Let's kiss. I want to kiss you. Can we try kissing now?"

So the two of them stood up and walked to each other. Xania was a good kisser, and she laid into Susan with a very active tongue.

Suzanne had told Xania that a little bit of kissing was okay, but not to push Susan too far too fast, so Xania tried to take it easy. Their racks rubbed together, since both women were so busty that it was nearly impossible for them to kiss without that happening. But Xania pretended like that was incidental, and she didn't actively grope or fondle beyond holding Susan in a friendly embrace.

Susan also tried to restrain herself. However, more and more, her body had its own ideas once she got seriously hot to trot. She also forced herself not to fondle, but she was very receptive to tongue-dueling.

Xania backed off after only a minute, causing their lips to part.

Xania smiled to see Susan now aglow with self-confidence instead of the worry that had dominated her face since she first walked in the office. "You see? That's what I call a 'California kiss.' How does that compare to what they do in the Midwest?"

Susan snorted with derision. "Are you kidding me? Where I come from, even hugging is practically taboo."

"Isn't this better?"

"Much!"

They reluctantly returned to their previous positions.

And, strangely enough, Susan did feel a lot better and more relaxed. She said, "I'm so glad to hear that this kind of kissing is okay. But the fact is, I want to do more than just kiss. Just yesterday morning, I was talking to Suzanne about this. Expressing ... feelings."

She unconsciously rubbed her thighs together like a pair of wet, fleshy scissors. She kicked her left foot up into the air as she imagined her and Xania passionately entwined on the office floor.

Xania held her hand up. "Wait. Let me guess. You told Suzanne that you have the hots for her."

Susan blushed. "How did you know? It happened just yesterday. How can you read me so well?"

Xania laughed. "If any creature on Earth has eyes and sees Suzanne, it's gonna have the hots for her. Now that you're freeing yourself from your sexual repressions and discovering your true self, it makes sense that you're opening up to her. I can only assume she feels the same way about you, because you're equally gorgeous, and a very kind and lovely person to boot."

Susan blushed more, but she was gleeful now. "Well, she did kinda say she liked me yesterday." She had her hands folded and fidgeted shyly like a girl confessing her first crush. Her pussy throbbed due to thoughts of both Suzanne and Xania. She desperately wished she could be rid of her constrictive clothes so she could scratch her itch down below.

Xania gave a benign laugh. "I've known Suzanne even longer than you have. She's a great person. Stick with her. Never doubt her judgment. And never doubt her love."

Susan recalled Alan saying nearly the exact same thing the night before. "You're so right," she said with a happy sigh.

"I have high hopes that the love between the two of you will continue to unfold and grow. If you have a physical relationship with her, I think that would be great. And very healthy for you. She's a strong anchor in your life and she'll never let you down."

Of course Xania had been coached to say all these things to Susan. It was unfair for Suzanne to put words in another person's mouth, but at least these were Suzanne's honest feelings on the subject - she truly did believe she would never let her best friend down.

Xania added, "Furthermore, as we discussed earlier, Alan's task of climaxing six times a day every day is a very difficult challenge indeed. The more you kiss and even fondle other beautiful women in front of him, the more that will help him, right?"

"Yes, but how does that justify me doing naughty things with Suzanne when he's not around?"

Xania said soothingly, "You need to be convincing. You need to have a real sexual relationship. If you have genuine sexual passion for her, and her for you, it'll show, and it'll help him have some great climaxes. Just picture you and Suzanne, both of you naked and lying on the bed, with Suzanne on top and kissing and touching you all over. Then picture Katherine and Alan sitting in chairs next to the bed, with Alan watching the hot mother-on-mother action while Katherine keeps her face in his crotch, expertly licking and sucking him. What teenage boy could possibly resist such an arousing scenario? That'll get him to squirt every time, no doubt!"

"Yes! Yes! Definitely!" Susan loved Xania's vision. She struggled mightily not to show how hot it made her. She noted, "I'm glad you're so understanding of how things can sometimes go in my house."

Xania smiled benignly. "Yes, well, it certainly is a very special situation with his medical needs and whatnot, so I try my best to be understanding. By the way, confessing that you have special feelings for Suzanne has tensed you up, I can tell. Why don't we practice kissing again to help you relax?"

Susan was startled by that. "Oh! Uh, thank you."

The two bombshells stood up and resumed necking in the middle of the room. That went on for a couple of minutes, until Susan reluctantly decided she was sufficiently "relaxed."

Xania had been briefed on Susan's new attitude towards clothing by Suzanne. So, once she returned to her seat, she said, "Now, on a different note, I see you've been pulling on your clothes ever since you've gotten in here. It's as if you're very uncomfortable wearing them. How do you feel about nudity?"

"Oh, I love it! I'm very pro-nudity. You're so perceptive, Xania. I'm amazed. I just hate being all confined when I go out. This is the worst, being all bound up in fancy clothes like this, and wearing a bra and panties, even. Not being able to go topless is just the absolute worst!"

"How do you feel being naked around your son?"

"Do you really want to know?"

Xania chuckled patiently. "Of course."

"Oh my goodness! I love it! It's the BEST! When I'm wearing clothes around him, it just feels so wrong! Unless I'm wearing something sexy and I know it's helping to keep him erect, you know, down there. Like, if I wear some kind of loose dress that lets my big breasts hang free. Then it's okay. Is that wrong? Am I crazy?"

"No. Absolutely not. Susan, I need you to be completely relaxed so you can open up to me. For different people that means different things. Despite what you might have learned in your small town upbringing, there is absolutely nothing wrong with nudity. Just ask any European and look at their nude beaches. If going topless puts you at ease, then by all means, I strongly encourage you to take your blouse and bra off right now. And with those huge breasts of yours, I can understand why you find that top so constricting. After all, I'm here to help, not to judge. I want you to feel confident enough to open up and get in touch with the real you."

"Oh really? Thanks! Don't mind if I do. This is fantastic. I was so worried about this appointment, but I feel so much better already. Suzanne is an incredible friend, calling you up to help me. I love her so much." Susan took off the layers of clothing above her waist until only her blouse loosely hung open.

Xania would have been blind to miss just how far Susan's nipples stood out, and she wasn't blind.

Xania continued to field all of Susan's questions and concerns. She drew no attention whatsoever to the fact that Susan was essentially topless.

Everything went swimmingly. By the end of the session, Susan thought Xania could practically read her mind. Thanks to Suzanne's helpful coaching, Xania very nearly could.

Xania found it curious to be talking to a buxom, essentially topless woman in such a formal setting. She knew that hardly anyone would have gone along with such a ploy, but for Susan, being topless had become normal, and wearing clothes was the oddity.

Xania was sorely tempted to "help" Susan with some more "California kissing" now that Susan was topless, but she worried she might not be able to control herself once she got her hands on Susan's large, bare melons.

However, she was too horny not to have some fun with the situation. So on a whim and for her own amusement, she decided to veer even further from Suzanne's approved script. She said, "Now Susan, let's do a little mental exercise. I want you to lie back on the couch and we're going to do some visualizations."

Susan lay back and luxuriated in the feeling of the leather couch as her massive breasts fell against her body.

"Good. Now let yourself get completely relaxed. Breathe in deep... Good. Close your eyes and let yourself go limp. Like a wet noodle... Good. Now, I want you to mentally explore your feelings for your son. I want you to take a few minutes and just imagine what it would be like to have your son inside you, bringing you to ecstasy. Keep your eyes closed and your body relaxed. Imagine that his penis is pushing in and out of your body while you receive him with your legs locked around his waist. I want to see what kind of feelings that inspires in you, to determine if we have a problem."

Susan warned, "But doctor, that's going to inspire some very horny feelings." Even as she said this, the pace of her breathing increased. Her eyes nearly glazed over.

"Well sure, that'll be part of it, but just go with it and let's see what all comes out." Xania watched Susan like a hungry wolf eyeing defenseless prey. She could tell that Susan was a ticking time-bomb of sex already on a very short fuse.

So Susan lay on the couch with her eyes closed and silently thought about having full intercourse with her son. Within a minute, her breathing started to become very labored.

Tiger, no! You can't! I'm your mommy! Oh, but you ARE! You're sliding your big fat cock into my helpless pussy! I can feel it splitting me wide open. So wide! So thick! MMMM! Ron's penis was like a toothpick compared to yours. OH! GOD! SO GOOD! SO HOT! MMMM!



After another minute, one of her hands drifted to her exposed boobs. Another minute passed and her legs started to writhe around involuntarily. Although she groped her tit-flesh, she tried her hardest not to plunge a hand under her panties.

OH NO! It's going DEEPER! So DEEP! I can't help myself - I totally LOVE IT! YES! You're not just starting to thrust your huge cock in me, you're taking control! You're proving that your cock BELONGS in me! It feels so good! TOO good! How can I possibly resist?! MMMM! MMMM! YES! Dear God, help me! I'm turning into one of Tiger's fuck toys, just like Angel! A total fuck toy, in every way!

After another minute, her dress rode up and her legs spread wide as if she was ready any second to have Alan impale her with his erection.

Xania herself was getting very aroused at the sight, but she said calmly, "All right, Susan, so tell me what you're thinking right now. Calmly."

Xania figured that Susan wouldn't be able to see if she took advantage of herself behind her desk. Since she held a pen in her hands as if she was taking notes, she dropped that hand down to her crotch. Her tight skirt naturally bunched up, and she began to lightly trace the outline of her clit with the pen.

"Yes, doctor," Susan gasped. "I'm on a beach. The beach we were at over the weekend. My Tiger is lying on top of me. Such a big, strong tiger, and I'm so helpless. He's fucking me! He's fucking me like a madman! So good! It's going in and out and he's ramming me up and down, up and down, driving me into the sand! MMMM! God! The ocean waves are crashing over my body! He's fucking his mommy out in the open, but I don't care! I just want it in me, more! Mmmm, yeah! More! Harder! Fuck me, Son! Nail me! Fuck your mommy good! Fuck-"

"Excuse me," Xania interrupted.

Susan had started relatively calmly but within seconds she was panting and heaving and nearly shouting. It took a while for her to react to Xania's comment.

Xania said, "Try to calm down, please. Freeze the image there and calm your breathing." Xania was better able to control herself to outside appearances, but her own hand was attacking her own clit more fervently with the pen even as she said this.

Susan slowly brought her breathing under control, relatively speaking, but she continued to grope her heaving chest. Her voice trembled as she mumbled, "Oh Lord God, he's in me! So deep!"

Xania could see a very big wet patch on Susan's panties. She unthinkingly licked her lips as she wondered how Susan's drenched pussy might taste. She didn't have to guess too hard though, because she could smell pussy from across the room. "That's better," she soothed. "Now, tell me about your feelings. What feelings are going through your head?"

"Heat. Extreme heat. I'm burning up. Horniness. Complete and absolute, utter arousal. It's like he's really fucking me! It's good! So good! Mmmm! It's like I can feel his thickness filling me!" Her hips started to involuntarily buck and thrust up into the air again as she described her feelings.

"Now hold on," Xania urged. "Stay calm. What about negative emotions? Are you feeling any of those?" she spread her legs wider to better attack her clit with the pen.

Had Susan looked up, she might have wondered why Xania's knees were so high above the desk, but she didn't. Xania's pantyhose still stood between her and direct contact with her privates, or she would have been plunging the pen in and out of her slit already.

Susan pondered her answer, trying to think coherently. "Uhhh, let's see. Frustration. Some part of me realizes this isn't real and that my son isn't actually fucking me now and hasn't actually fucked me yet. Not even once! That's really frustrating. GOD, that's so frustrating!"

Xania waited for more. Finally she asked, "Is that it?"

"IT'S WRONG!"

"What? Excuse me?" Xania thought Susan was being hit by guilt and complaining about the wrongness of incest.bender

But Susan explained, "It's wrong that he hasn't fucked me yet! I see it so clearly now. My body belongs to him! I can deny nothing to him, not even my pussy! ESPECIALLY not my pussy! Oh God! This exercise is so illuminating. My pussy NEEEDS his cock!"

Xania was relieved, not to mention secretly amused. "So that's it? No guilt? Fear? Worry? And please try to control yourself and your breathing before you answer." She added that because Susan was panting so hard, it seemed like she was on the verge of hyperventilating. The way Susan's huge tits heaved up and down was enticing, to say the least.

One of Xania's knees banged loudly against the desk as her body writhed involuntarily. She brought a second hand around and slipped it under the panties and pantyhose. Two fingers of that hand found their way into her vagina while the other hand still worked on her clit with the pen. She hoped Susan was too far gone to notice.

Susan counted to ten in her mind, trying to calm down. Then she continued, "No. That comes before and after. But during, like when I masturbate, I just let myself go! It feels so good! But I'm a good girl. I am not going to put my hand down there. NO! Bad! Bad girl! Mommy has to be a good girl for Tiger. This sex cow has to save her needy pussy for his big prick!" Susan's chest was heaving again, and her legs kicked wildly up in the air.

Xania said, "Okay, calm down! Calm down."

Then there was a silence, because Xania was starting to quietly cum. She found the intense incestuous emotions Susan was expressing just too arousing to control herself, and she was getting a great feeling from the way she ran her pen up and down over her clit and pussy lips.

She waited until she got her own immense relief with a nice clitoral orgasm, and then tidied up a bit.

With her hands once again safely above the desk, she said, "Open your eyes and just relax. The exercise is over."

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Susan looked crestfallen. She definitely enjoyed the exercise, even though she hadn't been able to cum.

Xania felt bad for cumming when she hadn't let Susan reach her own orgasm, and hoped she could make it up to her later. She thought, Fuuuuuuuck. This woman really needs to be fucked! I have never

seen anyone in such dire need of some serious fucking. If it weren't for the hands-off promise I made to Suzanne and the lack of a strap-on, I would get up right now and do her myself. There's just so much tasty flesh to explore on her. Talk about curves. Damn!

I think even if I were a real psychologist, my prescription would be some hardcore son-fucking. She just needs it like she needs air to breathe. "Fuck your son three times a day, before meals, and call me in the morning." Ha! She's got MY panties totally soaked! Unfortunately, I still have to pretend to be a professional, or I'm gonna fuck it up for everyone in the family. Fuck. Fuckedly fuckedly fuck fuck!

Xania was curious about one thing. "Now, did I hear you call yourself a sex cow?"

"Oh, shoot. Did I really say that out loud?" Susan answered bashfully, feeling guilty and nervous again. She closed her eyes. "It's shameful. I say that all the time, but only in my own mind. Isn't that sick? Twisted? The thing is, I want Alan to milk me. My udders. Uh, I mean, my tits. And he'll squeeze my udders dry. And then he'll poke me with his cattle prod!"

She started to get sexually worked up again, but caught herself, and said with concern, "So, you see what's wrong with me? Tell me I'm sick! I have these constant fantasies about lactating for him."

Xania pretended to take copious notes of the "visualization exercise" while Susan watched nervously. Meanwhile, Xania merely said, "Very good. Instructive." Suzanne hadn't warned Xania about Susan's cow fantasy because Susan had hid it from Suzanne so far.

Xania didn't know what she should say, so she just winged it. After a pause, she said, "Susan, you have nothing to worry about. Such cow fantasies are actually quite common, though rarely discussed. To have fantasies is very healthy and a sign of strong mental health. I strongly encourage you to pursue your lactation dreams... Now that I think about it, this might also be somehow connected to the fact that you were unable to bear children of your own. I think that not only should you further explore these fantasies, but you should get Alan and others to help stimulate your breasts much more often. With any luck, and with constant daily tactile stimulation, you might be able to lactate and thus satisfy an unfulfilled maternal urge."

Xania was completely making this up, but figured that advice that led to further tit fondling could only be good for everyone involved. She had no idea what kind of big impact she was making.

"Oh, really?!" Susan nearly leaped up out of her seat with joy. "Thank you so much, doctor! That's one thing that's been worrying me, that I've been having these strange fantasies."

Xania muttered, "Like I said, fantasies are healthy. Now, Suzanne left some notes for me, and she mentioned that the main reason you're holding back from allowing your son to fuck you is your religious beliefs. Is that correct?"

"Yes it is, doctor. I wasn't going to dwell on that because, like you said earlier, you're not a theologian. And your comments earlier did help some. But I must admit that still is my main issue. I worry about going to Hell for my sinful ways."

"But Suzanne says she's explained that what you're not doing is not a sin?"

"She has, and she's helped me to see the light on most things. But it's like what we talked about before: I can agree on a rational level, but emotional, down in the gut, I still stubbornly cling to the idea that vaginal penetration is incest, even if all the other stuff isn't. And it's adultery, too! I'm still married you know, even if it looks like I'm headed for a divorce."

Xania nodded while pretending to still consult her notes. "I see. Well, we'll work on some of those issues as the day goes on, if that's okay with you. It's true that I'm not a religious expert, but I understand that you agree with Suzanne on a rational level that vaginal fucking is not a sin, it's just that you can't accept this truth on an emotional level. Would you agree with that?"

"Yes, I suppose."

"Good. If we look at it as a bad attitude you're trying to fix instead of a theological issue, I can definitely help with that." Xania wrote some more on her pad (or at least pretended to), finally looked up, and said, "Okay, that's it for now. We've been at this quite a while, and I think we could use a break. What do you think?"

Susan nodded. "I'm a bit blown away. Like I've been through the wringer. That visualization exercise was intense. I don't normally allow myself to indulge those thoughts about him. At least, not so blatantly. I try to just fantasize about things like sucking his cock, or taking it in the ass. Someday soon, he's going to fuck me up the ass. I can almost feel it. Mmmm... The fullness of having a pine tree shoved up my butt. Hurts so good! Mommy's butt is so ready for Tiger's big pine tree to come knocking on her back door..."

Xania cut Susan off before she could drift completely into her anal fantasy. "It's good to just let it all out. That's part of therapy. Try to have these kinds of fantasies as much as possible, to bring out your repressed feelings. Get in touch with your inner sex cow, okay?"

Xania thought she might have gone over the top with that last comment, but Susan seemed to take it seriously and in good faith.

Susan nodded obediently. But she thought to herself, Xania, you don't know what you're saying there. If I do that, I'm either gonna run out of cum or I'm gonna get some kind of carpal tunnel syndrome injury from too much pussy fingering. But maybe I have to work it out of my system. Maybe that's the solution. I need to fantasize about having Tiger fuck me. Frequently! Wow, life is good!

Xania continued, "Good. Now, we're going to take a break-"

"Wait! Before we stop, I have an important question. It just came to me while I was having my anal fantasy. What do you think about anal sex?"

Xania asked guardedly, "What do you mean?"

"Is it wrong? I talked to a friend about it, and she assured me that it's not a sin, but I'm still not sure. It just SEEMS wrong, you know what I mean? That hole wasn't meant for that. Just because you can physically do something doesn't mean that you should."

Xania decided to strongly argue her position, to help Susan overcome her doubts. "Of course there's nothing wrong with anal sex. We're coming out of a sexual dark ages where lots of people thought virtually any kind of sex was wrong, unless you did it in the dark with your spouse, wearing your clothes, strictly for the purpose of bearing a child. But since then we've been going through what they call the 'Sexual Revolution,' and there's a revolution going on about anal sex."

She continued, "Yes, some people don't enjoy it that much, and yes, it's more difficult to do and requires more prep work than regular intercourse. But you're wrong that it's unnatural. The body has pleasure nerves INSIDE the anus. Think about that. What good is that for, if the anus is only meant for defecating? Chances are humans have been having anal sex long before there was civilization. So I understand your

reluctance, but if you have an enlightened attitude on this, I'm almost certain you'll be rewarded with great pleasure and joy."

Susan thought that over, and then said, "Wow. You make quite a strong case. But can I ask you a personal question."

"That depends on the question. But give it a try, and we'll see."

"Do you, uh... What I mean to say is... Have you, erm, ever... had anal sex?"

"I'm willing to answer that. And yes, I have. And yes, I've enjoyed it. Just as I'm sure you will. From what I understand, Alan is considerate and kind. Trust him with your ass and you won't regret it, believe me."

"But, uh, couldn't he be, er, a little too big for that? I mean, he has a tremendously thick, long, and all-around impressively large penis. Sometimes, I can barely fit it in my mouth. And even though the Lord knows just how much I love to suck on it, at times my jaw can get really sore from having to stay wide open for so long, especially considering his great stamina. That's not to say that I regret one second of slurping and licking and sucking and generally loving his penis with my tongue and lips, but-

Xania cut her off. "I get what you're saying. You're worried that he's too thick for your ass."

"In a word, yes."

"Don't be. The human body is incredibly flexible. For instance, think about how much the vagina stretches when a woman gives birth. If there's trouble, that just means you need more prep work to fit it in. You might even use butt plugs to prepare the way. Ask Suzanne about them if you want. But the great thing about having a caring lover like Alan is that he's going to take the time necessary to do it right and make it enjoyable for you."

"Okay. Thanks." Susan thought, Well, that's interesting, to say the least. She certainly feels strongly that anal sex isn't bad. In fact, she's done it herself and she makes no bones about the fact that she really likes it! First Brenda tells me it's great, then Suzanne, and now Xania. And I trust all of them. But still... I can't get over all those years of thinking sodomy was nearly as bad as murder or rape.

After giving Susan some moments to mull that over, Xania said, "Okay, like I was starting to say, it's time to take a break. We're going to do a round-robin of sorts. I'm going to talk to your children for a while and then you and I will get back to some of these issues later. By the end of the day we should make a plan on what to do and where to go from here. But that will depend greatly on what Alan and Katherine have to say later in their sessions. Okay?"

Susan stood up. "Thanks." She stepped forward to kiss Xania just as Xania was standing up too. But right before she got to her, she looked down and remembered her topless state. "Oops! Hold on a second."

Xania was secretly crushed as she watched Susan go back to her chair and put her blouse on. But she reminded herself that it was probably a fortunate thing, since she had to keep her cover and not get too amorous.

Susan left the room after she shared another deep goodbye kiss with Xania.

Susan was still fully aroused, but she had no choice but to wait in the outer waiting room. Left alone, her guilt kicked in and slowly overtook her lust. She ruminated about saying shameful things to an almost complete stranger, such as "wanting a pine tree shoved up her ass." Strangely enough, she did not dwell at all on her time kissing Xania while braless with an open blouse. Those actions had become perfectly normal. In fact, keeping her top on while in the waiting room had felt strange to her.

Then Katherine entered, ready for her session. Feeling a little cavalier due to her recent success, Xania stood up and bowed to Katherine when she walked in, saying, "Welcome! Xania Goodleigh, at your service."

Like Susan, Katherine was blown away by Xania's exceptional beauty. But she tried to ignore that reaction and concentrate on being a good patient so she could hopefully get something out of the visit.

Right off the bat, Katherine freely admitted to her sexual desire for her brother and to already having had sex with him.

Xania gave her much the same talk about incest that she had given Susan. In this case her task was much easier, because she didn't need to change Katherine's mind since Katherine was already fully convinced that sex with her foster brother was okay.



Xania took the opportunity to plant some of Suzanne's suggestions. She pointed out that Susan's body needed "seriously special attention" and that Katherine could be a good daughter by helping Alan out in this regard. That advice made Katherine resolve to be even more aggressive with her mother in the future.

More crucially to Suzanne's plan, Xania suggested that Katherine follow Suzanne's guidance and leadership in such things. Katherine readily agreed.

The session went quickly and easily. Although Katherine was already set in her ways, she was pleased and emboldened that she was getting a professional stamp of approval for her incestuous behavior.

As they were winding down, Katherine spoke up. "Oh, by the way, lately, I've been thinking of myself as my brother's 'number one fuck toy.' Mom, er, Susan, said I should bring up that issue after she got upset with me using those words earlier today." She scrunched up her face with some worry. "Do you think, uh, that's going too far?"

Xania didn't know how to respond to that, since Suzanne hadn't mentioned it. She wasn't even sure how she felt about it. So she kicked the issue back by asking, "What do YOU think?"

Katherine pondered that, and then replied honestly, "I don't know. Maybe it is a bit much. I know it's not really true, at least literally, since I have to compete with the likes of Mom and Aunt Suzy. But it makes me feel good to say it, and I know Brother grins when he hears it, so what's the harm?"

Xania replied, "One could argue that it shows you're being too submissive and deferential to your brother. After all, he is only a year older than you." She didn't really feel a need to say that, but curiosity drove her.

"Yeah, I suppose. But it's not like that. I mean, I know he's still my same old brother, you know? He's still the same guy who farts and picks his nose. I don't walk around the house bowing at his feet. Our relationship is still good. It's the sexual stuff that I go ga-ga over. When I see his hard cock, I have this overwhelming urge to suck it or stick it in me. But at other times, we're the same brother and sister joking and teasing each other like we always were."

Xania wasn't just Suzanne's puppet - she didn't want to knowingly give bad advice. That answer reassured her, so she said, "Well then, that sounds fine with me. But just remember that Alan puts his pants on one leg at a time, like everyone else."

Katherine quipped, "Yeah, but he has three legs!"

Xania chuckled. "Very funny. Seriously though, he may seem like some kind of super stud lately, but he's basically the same guy as before, and you don't want to ruin the good sibling bond you have with him by acting too fawning. That gets old fast."

Katherine nodded. She'd been reluctant to bring up the topic, but she was glad she had because she liked Xania's feedback on it.

After that, they all broke for lunch. Susan and Katherine went to eat at a nearby restaurant while Xania ate something she'd brought to her 'office'. (Xania had done that deliberately so they all could have a genuine break from each other.)

Xania was pleased with her performance. The two females had clearly bought her role as a psychologist lock, stock, and barrel.

But she was more excited knowing that Alan would show up from school soon for his session. She stood staring towards the waiting room and thought, I have plans for Alan. Big plans. Suzanne forbade me from going too far with Susan, but I'm free to do what I want with him. I can't wait to see what happens when he arrives. I keep hearing so much hype about this guy. I'm dying to see if he'll try to seduce me, and how good he'll be. And how good he'll taste. Mmmm!

Unlike Susan, I sure as hell ain't gonna hold back from fucking the young stud, even if I have to be the one to seduce him!

Chapter 653 Sext Time With Glory

Meanwhile, back at school, Alan took two midterm tests. He was lucky that he'd managed to study some hours the night before, because they were difficult tests. He figured that, as a result, he probably got C's

on them instead of F's. Last night was the first time he'd seriously studied in a week, and he wasn't concentrating very well in class, either.

He had another test in his fourth-period history class taught by Glory. He was so distraught about how the other two tests went that he made it a point to not even glance in Glory's direction so he wouldn't be cursed with the mentally distracting hard-on he usually had in her class.

He was reasonably successful at avoiding thoughts about his teacher and having sex with her. He did a good job on the test, since it was his favorite subject and he knew the material pretty well even without studying (thanks to the inspiration Glory had given him over the past couple of years).

When the class was over, he stayed after, as usual. He wasn't supposed to leave for the psychologist's office in L.A. until after he had something to eat. He'd decided to use the lunch period to be with Glory and then the cheerleaders, and then grab a sandwich from Subway to eat in the car.

Glory sat behind her desk and Alan remained at his desk while the two of them patiently waited until all the other students filed out. Then Glory found his paper in the stack of tests, took it out, winked at him, and wrote "A+" in big letters on the top of it.

"Hey, you can't do that!" Alan genuinely protested as he got up to stop her. "You haven't graded it yet!"

"I know," Glory replied professionally even as she gave him a subtle smile, "but that's what you get for fooling around with your teacher. I'm counting fucking your teacher senseless as extra credit on this test, and that's worth a LOT of extra credit!"

"But seriously, you can't do that," he still complained. "You know I'm not messing around with you to get a good grade. That would really disturb me if you graded me unfairly."

Glory looked at him with a deadpan face and said, "Glarg van wogga bluga snorf dats."

Alan blinked in confusion. "Huh?"

"You fucked me senseless. So of course you can't understand me."

She laughed at her own kidding around, and so did he.

Then she said, "Young man, I didn't know HOW I could manage teaching class today, thinking about all the ways you were going to fuck me, much less how I got through fifth period yesterday, knowing you were hiding in the closet the whole time. It occurred to me it was dusty in there, and I was scared shitless that you would sneeze."

She stood up and started to take off her clothes.

He put a hand on her shoulder to prevent her from taking anything off. "Wait a sec. I'm still concerned about this A plus. We have to be on the level. I can't allow that; it cheapens this special thing we have. Plus, what about my A.P. test? That's a standardized test, administered by someone else. If I really don't know my history, do you think I can just go in there and say, 'Do you count teacher-fucking as extra credit on this A.P. History test?' I don't think that's gonna work!"

"Don't be so sure," she said. "Those tests are often administered by teachers. If it's being run by an attractive female, you just might want to try that out!"

Glory was only half joking when she said that. She only had glimmers of his other sexual escapades, but she could tell by the way he was improving as a lover on almost a daily basis that he was getting lots of other practice. When she consulted her own heart, she didn't doubt his ability now to seduce women and get them to do really outrageous things for him, but she wasn't happy about it.

"I'm being serious!" he complained.

"I know," she said more contritely. "And that's one thing that endears you to me, that you have a good conscience. But I practically don't have to grade your test, in any case. You're an excellent student, and history is your best subject. If you studied at all, I'm sure you got an A. Did you study?" She studied his face closely to see if he told the truth.

"Yeah. I actually studied a lot yesterday. Too much for this class, because I like the material, and not enough for the sucky subjects."

"See?" She waved her hands wide, like it was no longer an issue. "There you go. Easy A. I'm glad to hear it too, 'cos you have been slacking off in my class more than a little bit lately. I almost need to spank you again for that. In fact, I think you need a spanking, regardless." She winked.

He complained, "Don't bring up spankings." He was still smarting from what he now called the "Michelle incident."

"Sorry. I'll grade it just to be sure, though. As for that A.P. test, I'm sure you'll ace that too. But if you don't think you will, I'd be more than happy to give you private tutoring. Seriously. I have an idea for a reward system that I think would be most effective."

She began to run her hands over his arms and chest. "We could study a little, play around a little, study some more, fuck, study, fuck some more, then fuck some more after that..."

"Oh yeah, right," he said, both delighted and derisive. "I like the idea, but do you expect to be able to do that at my house, with my mom and sister nearly always there? And even after your boyfriend moves out now, what would your neighbors think of you coming home a lot with a teenager who might be your student?"

"That is a problem," she conceded. "If all else fails, we could get a hotel room. I could even tutor you on some of your other subjects. Including Sex Ed, of course," she added seductively.

"You're crazy," he said as he shook his head in disbelief at how single-mindedly focused on sex she had become, especially since she'd been the one against having sex for so long. But he kissed her anyway.

The conversation came to an abrupt end and Glory's serious proposal was left unresolved, because after the kiss ended, she enthused, "Let's fuck!" She opened her blouse and yanked her bra up over her boobs.

But Alan once again disappointed her. "I wish I could, but I've only got a few minutes. I really shouldn't even climax right now."

She stopped her advance and put her hands on her hips in frustration. "Young man, just what is going on here? You can't just give me the fuck of my life one day and then say, 'Oh, by the way, I can only stay

five minutes' the next. You said that time with me would come first. Do you have any idea what you've done to me? I was so excited last night that I could hardly sleep, thinking of what we'd do today. I damn near dehydrated myself from the masturbation!"

She added in a dejected tone, "I'll bet you didn't even think about me."

He scanned his mind. In fact, he did think about the sex they'd had many times the rest of that day, and that night as well. He'd even dreamt about it. But it also competed with other thoughts about other women. And he'd given very little thought to this lunch, as he knew he'd already promised to spend the bulk of it with the cheerleaders. It wasn't that he preferred their company, but he had painting responsibilities to finish before he headed up to L.A.

So he felt he spoke honestly when he said, "Glory, that's not true. I've been thinking about you a lot ever since we did the deed. I loved it. But that caused me to miss an appointment yesterday at lunch, and now I have to make it up."

"An 'appointment'?" she repeated as she narrowed her eyes in a sign of jealousy. "Do you mean, a chance to fuck a cheerleader? Come ON! Aren't I a better fuck?"

"Of course you are, but I made a promise and I can't let them down." As soon as he said the word "them" he knew he'd made a big mistake and inwardly groaned at his own stupidity. She had a knack for getting him to accidentally confess things.

"THEM!" Glory cried hotly. "THEM?! Just how many girls are we talking about here?! What, are you fucking the whole cheerleading squad or something?!"

He blushed. He decided this was not the time for total honesty on that score. He replied meekly, "No, not exactly..."

She stood up and clenched her hands into fists. "NOT EXACTLY?! Young man! Come clean with me! Just who all is my competition around here?! I just had sex with you for the first time yesterday while, technically, I'm still dating Garth! Do you realize what a huge leap of faith that was for me?!"

Alan realized that he was getting into deep trouble. Once she had a lead, she had a way of ferreting out much more than he wanted to tell. So he aimed for a distraction and unzipped his blue jeans. His semi-hard thick penis flopped out like a flesh-colored garden hose.

Her eyes locked onto the new target, but it was obvious she still expected an answer.

He hemmed and hawed. "Ummm... Uh, well, you see, it's like this. I am involved with a couple of cheerleaders, but they don't mean anything to me. Not like you. But I feel obliged. It's like when you start something you have to keep up with it. I actually am helping them out with a thing, a favor, and... well, yes, some sexual stuff happens along the way, but mostly I'm obliged to finish this favor. I wish I could explain better, but they're assuming that what we're doing is all in strict confidence."

She homed in on one point he'd made. "A couple? As in two, or two-ish, possibly three or four?"

"Um, the latter," he replied, almost inaudibly. His ears burned with embarrassment. And despite everything, his penis was steadily growing stiffer. It started to poke up, like a drawbridge slowly rising.

"I figured." Luckily, she was heavily distracted by the sight of his now fully turgid erection, and in fact one of her hands slowly inched forward towards it, as if there was an internal battle going on inside her to jack him off or stay mad. The staying mad side was losing.

She added, "I already knew about Kim. And then there's your new girlfriend Amy. She's a cheerleader too. That's two. For all I know, you could be fucking the whole cheerleading team, except for your sister!"

He coughed. He had a very guilty look on his face. He was deathly worried that the longer this conversation went on, the more likely Glory would squeeze out of him the fact that his sister was on the list of those he'd fucked.

"You ARE!" Glory realized with frustration. "Fuck!" Her hand flew the rest of the distance to his erection and she started to stroke it madly. "I don't know why, but I'm not only mad, I'm horny as hell. Fucking the whole cheerleading squad. Fuck! Shit! I thought that kind of shit only happened in the movies. In really corny, hard-to-believe porno flicks. But you're actually doing it."

Her fingers flew up and down his rigid pole in a near blur. "If I were smart, I'd tell you to get out of my sight, but your confession just makes me want you even more. What's wrong with me?!"

Her hands paused, and in fact her whole body froze for a second, while she decided something. "Fuck you, Alan Plummer," she said with resignation as she dropped to a squatting position and swallowed his cockhead.

He stood with his legs slightly spread and relaxed while she did her thing. He was amazed at this development, and decided not to say anything for fear of upsetting her.

All of her frustrations at his multiple partners were channeled into her blowjob as frantic energy, so she sucked his erection like there was no tomorrow. She twirled and licked and blew and scraped with her teeth. It felt as if she had three tongues inside her mouth. Since he wore heavy blue jeans she couldn't attack his ass, but she more than made up for it with a two-handed assault on his balls.

It was all he could do not to just shoot his wad in the first minute. Somehow, she managed to take the rest of her clothes off while this was going on, except for her panties.

She thought, God dammit! Fuckin' fuckhead! He's fucking pretty much the entire cheerleader squad?! No wonder getting him to stay with me during lunch is like pulling teeth. So what am I doing on my knees with his fuckin' cock down my throat? He's just too fucking irresistible! It fucking ANNOYS me how much I'm loving this! What am I doing? Slathering his cockhead with my tongue, crouching half-naked, when I already had a serious boyfriend who was my own age! It's wrong, but it feels so RIGHT! I hate to admit it, but the fact that he's fucking all those sexy cheerleaders seriously arouses me! He's the most sexually unstoppable boy in school!

It wasn't long before he had to push her head away with his hands, because she had no intention of stopping her relentless tongue and lip assault. He, on the other hand, worried that if he came just then, he would be embarrassingly flaccid with the cheerleaders. He could practically hear Heather's voice mercilessly taunting him for failing to give her any "consolation prize" like he'd promised.

They struggled a bit, with him barely able to keep her at bay, and her trying to get her lips back around his prick.



She cursed, "Fuck you again, young man! I'm going to fucking get that load, if it's the last thing I do! Those fucking cheerleader sluts don't deserve your sweet cum. It's mine, dammit! Mine!"

They struggled for a while longer. Alan had gentlemanly limitations, so Glory was able to quickly resume a steady bobbing down his shaft. However, he held her head firmly enough to prevent her from going for a deep throating. He knew that if she did that, he'd be a goner.

Suddenly, Alan thought of a way to satisfy Glory and keep his load so he wouldn't disappoint Janice and Heather. He said in a strong voice, "Glory, I love you very much. But I'll decide who gets my cum and when. You need to be punished for your attitude. Present me your ass. NOW!"

She pulled her lips off his boner to say something in protest.

That enabled him to get much more aggressive. He pushed her back much harder, so she actually fell backwards and had to drop her hands to the floor as her ass was knocked from her crouching position a few inches to the floor.

Surprised by the sudden reemergence of his aggressive side, she did as she was told and turned over on all fours. "Alan? What's gotten into you?" she asked meekly.

He yanked her panties down to expose her butt. To his surprise, the fabric tore in his hands, and he ended up with a chunk of her panties in his palm. The rest of her ripped underwear fell to the floor. That accidental tearing seemed to surprise and impress her even more. He noticed that her pussy was dripping almost as excessively as Brenda's often did.

Then he said, "Hey. You're making me like this, with your 'It's mine, dammit' comments. So I have sex with some cheerleaders. They mean nothing to me emotionally. Not like you. You have a big piece of my heart. Do you have a problem with that?" He raised his hand up to strike her butt.

As she looked over her shoulder in fear and arousal, she replied, "N-n-n-no. G-g-g-go ahead. Fuck 'em all."

He slammed his hand down, hard. Then he said, "Good! I think I will. Glory, I still love you dearly, but variety is the spice of life. I admit it, I'm selfish and I'm spoiled when it comes to sex these days. But I'm

still really just a kid. If a bunch of sexy cheerleaders throw themselves at an eighteen-year-old guy, how many guys would turn them down? I'm weak, but I love you. I don't care about them. You have to understand that. Neither of us can make exclusive long term commitments because who knows where college will take me in a year? Let's just enjoy each other while we can. Okay?"

"O-o-o-o-okay." She felt that his voice was so sincere, she couldn't argue with him. His tone made it seem like the cheerleaders were less than nothing but she was everything to him. Plus, the fact that she was on all fours presenting her naked ass to him for a spanking made it hard to have a rational argument.

He spanked her again. But as soon as the slap ended, he thrust his fingers into her vagina. She was so wet that they slid in deep, like a body sliding down a water slide. She didn't cry out at the spanking or the invasion.

Then he slapped her ass a few more times, but never stopped rapidly frigging her pussy.

She panted heavily and obviously loved it. She didn't consider herself a submissive type, but he was so sexually overwhelming that she couldn't help but react. It was like being carried away by a huge ocean wave.

After only about six or seven slaps, he stopped and devoted all his energies to pleasuring her ass and her pussy with his hands. After all, the slaps were really sex slaps, not true anger slaps, and both of them knew it.

She came hard with an all-over body tremble.

He felt good too, because he could tell she was shaken to her very core by the experience.

She turned around when it was over, and to his surprise she was crying. What puzzled him more was that he could tell that they were simultaneously tears of sadness and tears of joy.

She said to him, "Alan, when I first started getting involved with you, I knew it was a risky and unknown path. But I never, EVER thought something like this could happen! I LOVE YOU! I really do. I've never loved any boyfriend so much. And you're just a kid. But you're more of a man than any of them. If one of

my boyfriends so much as heavily flirted with another woman, that was it. He was toast. And yet you're telling me you're fucking all these cheerleaders, and I'm okay with it! Well, not really, but I'm hating it and yet I'm kinda loving it at the same time. This is so fucked up!"

Suddenly, she pulled him down to her level.

Taken by surprise, he collapsed right on top of her.

She kissed him passionately, and he recovered enough of his wits to kiss back. He wound up lying on top of her, with an arm wrapped around her. She wound up with an arm around him too, and a hand holding his still insistently erect dick.

When it was done, she looked him in the eye, and said, "Alan, I'm having a hard time adjusting to your other women. Will you do me a favor? Please don't get mad when I call you 'my love.' And don't tell me about those others anymore. I won't ask where you're going or try to stop you. Just let me pretend that I'm your only one. I already hate all the cheerleaders, your sister excepted of course, just because they might be having sex with you. If I knew which ones they were for sure, then I'd REALLY hate them. As a teacher, I have to try to remain impartial. This jealousy isn't good."

She mentally checked what she was doing, and realized, Shit! Even now, I'm jacking him off! I'm just too horny! She redoubled her stroking efforts, hoping to get him to blow his load before he had to go.

Even as she did that, she thought some more, and then added, "Well, now that I think about it, you did mention Heather by name yesterday. She's a cheerleader. Shit. When you broke it to me yesterday that you're having sex with her, for some reason that didn't bother me that much because I was sure I could convince you of the error of your ways. I know enough school gossip to know she'll fuck just about anything that moves, male or female. She's probably a walking cauldron of sexual diseases by now, so you'd better be taking precautions when you're having sex with her!"

"I've got it covered. Completely covered. She's been tested, and she's clean."

"I should hope so! Shit, shit, shit! Heather. If this problem is more than just her, it's going to be a lot harder to get you to change. I love you so much. And after what we did yesterday, it's tough for me to accept this. Tough." Even as she grimaced while thinking about Heather, her hand kept sliding up and down Alan's thick shaft.

Alan was all tenderness now. He chose to ignore what she was talking about, figuring it would be good to let it sink in for a while first. As he spoke, he planted kisses around her face. "Okay, Glory. You know that I deeply love you too. In a lot of ways, you'll always be my first love. If I could call you something like 'lover' too sometimes, I'd be honored."

"Oh, Alan!" She hugged him tightly with both hands and kissed him again. "Of course you can. My lover. My love!"

They kissed some more. She had to let go of his dick to hug him that way, but it didn't matter since they were sharing an important emotional moment.

But then he suddenly got up. He looked at the classroom clock. "Would you look at that? You're sneaky. You made me more than five minutes late."

She came back with the comment, "You're the sneaky one. I noticed that you saved your climax for those cheerleader bitches. Fucking sluts!"

"Hey," he admonished. "Remember? We won't talk about them. Certainly not like that, or more spankings for you."

She giggled. "And that's supposed to be a deterrent? You might want to rethink your punishments, young man. That's like punishing me by making me cum even more."

He zipped up his jeans and made to leave. "All right, Teach. We'll see about that later. Don't make me any later than I already am."

She winked. "Okay. I'll be good. I promise. I think between that fuck yesterday and what you did today, you've left me too wiped out to fight. My love." She winked again just as he opened the door to leave.

As soon as Alan left, Glory sat up and thought, What the hell just happened?! Talk about embarrassing. I'm his teacher, for crying out loud. That's every boy's fantasy, to have sex with his teacher, and I'm letting him fuck those cheerleaders too? I must be mental!

Not only that, but I've been dating Garth for a year! Poor Garth. HE just can't compete with Alan, in bed or out of it. Now that I think about it, a few minutes ago, I mentioned that I'm still "technically" going out with Garth. I might as well face it: I have to break it to him that we're well and truly through. Poor guy. He's going to be crushed.

Once Alan was alone in the hallway, he just stood there for a minute to ponder what happened. God. I didn't plan ANY of that. Phew, that was intense. "I hate it and yet I'm kinda loving it at the same time." What the fuck? I thought when she found out about the others there would be a big blow-up for sure. But how to square her "kinda loving it" comment with her distress about the idea a few minutes later? I guess maybe people have some crazy feelings at the height of passion.

His mind pondered the situation for some time. If push comes to shove and I'm forced to make a choice, I'd give up the other cheerleaders for Glory. But not the home situation, and that includes Amy and my sister. I want to be completely honest with Glory, but the whole home thing is going to have to stay a deep, deep secret. But who knows? Maybe she'll come around and I'll be able to keep boning the cheerleaders too. I have to build on her "kinda loving it" feelings by giving her such great loving so often that she just doesn't care about the others and has no reason to be jealous. bender

Finally, he looked around and realized he'd been standing there lost in thought. Phew. Intense. But as if that wasn't enough, now I've got to go find Heather and Janice, and please them. Then I've got to go to L.A. and have some kind of intense therapy session. Then God knows what kind of fun when I get home with Mom and who knows whom else. At least hopefully I'll be able to get a nap in there somewhere. This is just too fucking intense, and the wild ride never stops!

The Boy Scout trip is starting in less than eight hours too. Jeeeesus! I just have to make it till then without suffering a total nervous breakdown. Ugh!

Chapter 654 Heather - Top Notch Slut ?

Alan rushed into the theater room where Janice and Heather were waiting. He was relieved to see that no one else was there this time. He said to Janice, who held the door open for him, "Quick, Janice, I'm running late. We don't have much time to fuck."

Janice pumped a fist into the air as she closed and locked the door. "Sweet!" As she followed Alan to the stage, she started leaving a trail of clothing in her wake. Like Heather, she was wearing her cheerleader uniform, since today was game day.

But Heather protested, as Alan knew she would. "Hey! Wait a second! You promised me a consolation prize. I didn't come here for nothing. Where's my prize?" She kept her clothes on until the issue of what exactly was going to happen could be sorted out.

He said dismissively, "Sorry, Heather, but I don't have time. Next time. I'll make it up to you. I promise." He was more yanking her chain than anything, just to see what her reaction would be.

Heather's eyes narrowed angrily. "Next time?! It's always next time with you. NO! Do you have any idea WHO I AM?! I'm the queen of this school! I could CRUSH you like a bug if it tickles my fancy! You said I'd get my prize TODAY and I want it TODAY! Is that clear?"

He stopped undressing long enough to fix her with a withering gaze. "Heather, who's in charge here? You or me? Who makes that decision? You or me? You want to get on my bad side?"

He knew he was taking a very risky path, as no one wanted to get on Heather's bad side. No one but him had ever challenged her like this. Ever. She was right, she was the social queen of the school and she did have the power to crush him into a complete social pariah.

But he instinctively felt that the only way to successfully deal with her was to act from a position of strength. The aggressive approach was working well for him lately in general, and flush with the relative success of his interaction with Glory, he was in a mood to throw caution to the wind. He knew that he'd end up doing something physical with Heather, if only because it was so much fun, but he wanted to set the terms.

It appeared to work. Heather, for once, was silent, though she looked like she was on the edge of saying a few choice words.

His penis hung out of his now-unzipped jeans and he caught both girls staring hungrily at it. Using the same ploy that had just worked with Glory, he willed himself to full hardness in a matter of seconds.

Whoa! Heather thought, as she saw his penis engorge into a stiff pole. Is that... lipstick?! It is! What a fucking cad, coming here with a ring of fresh lipstick around his dick. But seeing the lipstick secretly impressed her and increased her desire for him.

Looking up, he noticed Heather licking her lips, causing him to conclude her fuck-lust was taking over. Obviously her lust was very strong. Since that was her main weakness, he had to try and exploit her sexual desires in order to gain the upper hand with her.

But she appeared ready to redouble her efforts to take charge of the situation. A storm of anger seemed to be brewing within her, judging by the look on her face.

However, before she could gather up her hateful energy and throw it at him, he parried her with a preemptive proposal. "I'll fuck you, if you beg for it."

Heather's eyes shot daggers at him while her mouth dropped open at the sheer audacity of his demand. She had never known any male to treat her like this. No one even came close to trying, except him. And he was getting more outrageous with the way he treated her every time he saw her.

She thought, Dammit! I'm so keen on ripping him a new asshole! But then he has to go and say THAT. I'm so fucking eager for a serious fucking. The other guys just don't do it for me anymore, for some reason. Maybe I should let him fuck me and then I'll go postal all over his ass? Nah, he'll get all huffy about that, and then what'll I do tomorrow? But there's no fuckin' way in Hell I'm gonna beg anyone for anything, much less a snot-nosed nerd like him! But if I don't beg, I don't get to feel his fat cock slide all the way inside me...

While she mulled over his offer, Alan was thinking, Talk about a win-win. If she agrees, I get to fuck a humbled Heather. If she says no, I can blame not fucking her on her bitchy attitude, which will blunt her counterattacks. And then I'll be able to enjoy Janice without rushing and probably still get around to fucking Heather sometime later. I think she's too aroused to go totally nuclear on me right now since you don't bite the hand that feeds you. Or should I say the cock that fucks you? He chuckled inaudibly.

"All right," Heather finally conceded with a roll of her eyes. "I'll go along with your little game. I beg you. Please fuck me, Alan. I'm begging you." She raised her hands to make mocking quote marks in the air when she said "I beg you" and "I'm begging you." She finally took her clothes off, which didn't take long since she wasn't wearing any underwear.

Alan was almost disappointed to see her undress, because when she wore her cheerleader outfit it reminded him that he was fucking the school's head cheerleader. He raised an eyebrow in slight surprise

that she'd actually said what he wanted her to, even sarcastically. But he immediately pushed her to do better. "Hrm. Very uninspired."

bender

Heather snorted derisively, clearly unimpressed. She had recovered from her earlier shock and appeared more amused by him than anything. "Fuck me please, I beg you," she repeated, with a little more effort.

"Obviously not sincere. But I'll fix your snotty attitude soon enough."

She griped, "Come on, already! I did what you said."

"Bend over, Heather. No, I have an even better idea: let's see you get on all fours and sincerely beg from there."

Janice asked, "Hey wait! What about me?"

"Don't worry," Alan said to Janice with more confidence than he really had. "I'll get to you too. Trust me."

Janice was miffed, but she didn't push the issue because she was quite eager to see if Heather would actually go through with Alan's demands. If she did, that might be even more satisfying than to get fucked, since her hatred for Heather was so strong.

Heather thought, What the hell?! He's pushing his luck! He's crazy if he thinks I'm going to do that, especially with Janice here. Wait a minute. Why am I even considering it? No way!

He turned his attention back to Heather as he finished taking all his clothes off. Partly inspired by his anal sex with Suzanne on Wednesday night and partly inspired by Glory's warning that Heather's pussy could be a "cauldron" of sexually transmitted diseases, he felt inspired to fuck Heather up the ass. "Because your cunt is too dirty for me to defile my dick in any longer, I'm going to fill you up in your other hole."



Heather's eyes nearly popped from their sockets. "You mean you're going to fuck me up the ass?!" She was completely incredulous. "You can't be serious."

She'd been on the verge of telling him off, but his anal sex suggestion intrigued her and threw her off her game. All her boyfriends, without exception, had thought the idea of anal sex too disgusting and "gay." So despite her vast sexual experience, it was something she'd never done before. The closest she'd come was with some very limited and tentative anal dildo play with her best friend Simone. She guessed by the way she'd enjoyed that experience that she might enjoy this.

She tried to compromise. She got down on all fours, but she said to Alan in a firm voice, "Okay, here's how it's going to be. I'll let you fuck my ass, since I must admit that I'm curious what that's like. But I'm NOT going to beg for anything, and Janice is NOT going to watch! In fact, Janice, what the hell are you still doing here? Leave! NOW!"

Alan walked behind Heather and started fingering her pussy. He knew that the more aroused she got, the less defiant she'd be. "Heather, you crack me up, acting like you're anything more than my personal cum dump. But first, we have a practical problem. This idea just came to me on a whim, and I don't have any anal lube. That's a big problem. Would either of you have any?"

"Um, I think I have some Vaseline," Janice suggested.

He actually had something better, but he didn't want them to know that yet, so he merely said, "From what I understand, that's not good enough. But sexual juices work, I think. If I can get my dick wet, and Heather's pussy wet, we just might be able to swing this. Heather, let's get into a sixty-nine."

Heather sighed heavily. "You really are a case." But that was quite a mild rebuke, and she did let Alan lie down on top of her in a sixty-nine position.

Alan had been improving his pussy licking skills, and he did his best to arouse her. True, he couldn't do as well as some of Heather's female partners, like Simone, but he was good enough to stop her from complaining.

However, Heather's efforts were half-hearted at best. She didn't even attempt to blow him, but just licked around his cockhead a little bit. She was trying to punish him for being so demanding, although even a relatively uninspired cock-licking was hardly a punishment for any male!

The fact that there was still a fresh ring of lipstick halfway down his shaft was off-putting for her. While she'd found the idea impressive in the abstract a few minutes earlier, she didn't like licking where she knew some strange woman's saliva had just been. Finally, she asked, "Whose lipstick is this?"

Alan merely responded with, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

She was annoyed, but she didn't stop licking.

In less than a minute, he paused licking her pussy to complain, "Heather, you call yourself a slut? No self-respecting slut sucks cock that badly. Janice, help her out please."

"What?!" Heather was horrified. "Janice, NO! What are you still doing here in the first place? I told you to go, so go!"

Before Janice could reply, Alan said, "Janice, don't listen to her. Time is ridiculously short! We only have PART of lunch period to get Heather's ass and your pussy fucked. The only way that'll happen is if my dick gets soaking wet in the next minute or two."

Heather quickly said, "Wait! Wait! I can do better!" She immediately engulfed his cockhead and started rapidly bobbing on it.

Alan loved the rush of extreme arousal her renewed efforts caused, but he pretended to be unaffected. After stifling the urge to loudly grunt, he said, "I know you can do better, much better. Sadly, you're coasting on your above-average looks."

"Above average?!" That incensed Heather, since she considered herself extraordinarily beautiful. What a fucking piece of shit! I'll show him! Trying to prove that she wasn't "coasting," she redoubled her efforts on his cock. Since she was already frantically bobbing him, about all she could do was get her tongue involved too, while increasing her overall suction.

The results actually felt spectacular. In particular, she sucked with remarkable power once she created a tight seal and put all her effort into it. Alan was unable to speak for nearly a minute, and he struggled

mightily not to let out any erotic moans to give away how much he was enjoying it. He also had no chance to lick her at the same time, although he tried to make up for that by fingering her pussy some.

Thanks to all the sexual pleasure he was experiencing on a daily basis, he managed to calm down some, even though Heather kept up the frantic pace and the waves of incredible pleasure kept on washing through his body. Finally, he was able to speak. "That's... better. But still, you're a disobedient bitch who doesn't know her place. You deserve a solid, painful spanking."

Heather moaned loudly, although it was muffled since her lips were tightly sliding back and forth over his sweet spot. FUCK! What an outrage! Who does he think he is? Does he really dare to even claim he has the right to spank ME? If I wasn't so busy sucking his cock, I'd give him a piece of my mind!

She truly felt outraged, but the fact that he was threatening to spank her publicly also aroused her greatly.

He continued, "Unfortunately, there's no time today. Heather, I appreciate you're actually trying, but you're not getting the job done fast enough. Make room for Janice to help or forget the whole anal sex idea. I'll just fuck Janice instead."

Heather couldn't believe it. She was incredulous that he hadn't climaxed already, and his claim that she wasn't getting the job done fast enough sounded downright insulting. Still, she was eager to get fucked. So she pulled her lips off with a loud smacking sound, and grumbled, "Sheesh! Okay, already. But Janice, if you say ONE WORD about any of this, I swear, I'll torture and kill you with my own bare hands!" She was wildly exaggerating about the physical violence part, but not about getting revenge, and everyone knew it.

Alan licked Heather's juicy pussy a little more while he saw Janice move into position, lying down with her face in his crotch. Janice was careful to touch Heather as little as possible.

Then he said, "Heather, you like to say you're a top-notch slut, but you sure don't act like it. I'll bet you that Janice can suck my cock much better than you can."

Heather complained, "HA! That's a joke! Watch this!" She swallowed Alan's cockhead and then some, and resumed intently bobbing over his sweet spot. But once she started doing that, she wondered,

When did I ever call myself a "top notch slut," or even a slut at all? However, she was determined to beat Janice, so she didn't really think about it.

The bitchy blonde was frustrated though, because she was already giving the blowjob her all, and yet that didn't seem good enough. She wanted to do more to make sure she left Janice in the dust, but she didn't know what else she could do. As a result, she did what she'd already been doing before, except faster and with even more suction.

He knew it was hopeless to expect Heather and Janice to share his erection without some kind of verbal or even physical fight breaking out. Janice was gamely attempting to lick his balls, but he knew that was all Heather was going to let her do unless he stepped in. Plus, he also knew that he had to get Heather to stop before she either made him cum or sucked his cock right off his body. So after only about twenty seconds, he said, "Okay, Heather, let Janice take her turn bobbing on it."

Some moments passed, but when Heather showed no sign of stopping he added, "That is, if you want me to fuck your ass today."

Heather reluctantly pulled off and let Janice take over.

Janice was pleased as punch by this competition. She was determined to outdo Heather. She immediately started bobbing in the same manner Heather had been doing, but while Heather had just held his shaft, Janice vigorously stroked it as well.

However, her efforts weren't nearly as arousing for Alan as Heather's industrial strength suction. That allowed him to recover a little and even get back to licking Heather's pussy (which was still right under his face).

Heather was careful not to touch him in any sexual way during Janice's turn, because she didn't want to help Janice in any way. But she watched Janice's efforts from just inches away, though not by choice, since she was still in a sixty-nine with Alan on top of her.

She simmered with impatience and arousal while awaiting her turn. This is really pissing me off! Why the hell is watching Janice suck and stroke his bone getting me so fuckin' horny? I know he's still licking my pussy, but to be honest, it's a lot more than that. I want that cock! Janice, you pathetic piece of shit; you don't know what you're doing! Come on! Suck it! Harder! Deeper! Give it all your love!

She realized with a start that that last thought was an odd thing for her to think. So she tried hard not to think at all, but just watch Janice's sliding lips.

After less than half a minute, Alan called for the girls to switch again. Heather took over, and made sure to do everything she'd seen Janice do, include the stroking, and then some. She'd never put this much effort and energy into a blowjob before, not even when she'd been with Alan.

Janice just watched during Heather's turn this time, since Heather hadn't been helping during Janice's earlier turn. Then Janice took another turn, as did Heather. It all felt so good for Alan that he was losing his focus on licking Heather, and doing a pretty poor job when he managed to do anything at all.

Then a surprising thing happened. Janice was so carried away by cock-lust that she found herself licking Alan's balls during Heather's turn. Heather didn't mind, since she figured Janice was helping her win. But when Alan called for a switch again, Heather couldn't manage to pull away, and she found herself licking his balls instead, since Janice's hands and mouth were occupying all of his long boner.

Heather felt like she was having an out-of-body experience. She knew she was licking his balls, but it was as if she was watching someone else doing it, because she had no intention of helping Janice win. Yet, there she was. What the fuck?! I don't even wanna be doing this, but it's like I can't stop! I totally hate sucking cock, but I have to admit that I'm really getting into sucking Alan's right now. Licking balls is majorly lame, but it's the best I can do while that pig-beast Janice gets all the best parts!

Alan is gonna fuck my ass! These very balls are gonna be pumping hot cum into my ass in a matter of minutes! How can I not be excited about that? And if Janice says ONE WORD about how he made me crawl and beg, I'm gonna rip her head clean off her shoulders!

Alan thought he'd already been feeling really great, but when the two girls started working together it was all he could do not to blow his load. FUUUUUCK! This is so insanely pleasurable! Janice is getting better by the minute, and the mere fact that Heather is deigning to lick my balls is rocking my world. Too exciting! Their lust is actually making them work together! UGH! God, I love it!

If we keep this up, I'll bet they'll eventually get so horny they'll freely share and I won't have to call turns anymore. But the problem is, I'm gonna cum long before that partnership occurs. Shit! This is too much fun, but we have to stop now or I'm gonna blow. Literally!

He abruptly cried out, "Stop! Stop! STOP!" All the while he was clenching his PC muscle as if his life depended on it.

Luckily, the two cheerleaders were so surprised by the urgency in his voice that they did stop and look up.

#### Chapter 655 Jealous Heather

Alan quickly scrambled to his feet. He was so close to climaxing that he feared either of them touching his hard-on in any way, or even breathing near it.

He stood back, panting hard. He looked at the two girls and realized that his goal to get Heather excited and wet had succeeded beyond his wildest expectations. She had a near feral look in her eyes, and Janice did too. He was actually a bit worried the two hot and beautiful girls would advance on him and suck his cock dry. He held his hand out with a stop gesture while he doubled over and panted some more.

He realized, Dang. I'm in a bit of a fix. On the plus side, I have Heather right where I want her, as part of this never-ending battle to stay one step ahead of her. But on the minus side, I'm hardly in any shape to talk, much less start fucking her ass. My boner is still on a hair trigger. And besides, we're running out of time. Shit! What should I do?!

He decided that he had no choice but to push forward with his plans (and his penis), especially given the limited time problem. Still doubled over and breathing hard, he said, "Okay, Heather, it's time. Get back on all fours and beg. Show me how much you want my cock up your ass!"

Heather was so far gone with her arousal that she forgot about her earlier objections. Or at least she forgot until she was back on all fours. Even as she started wiggling her ass enticingly in Alan's direction, the thought hit her, What the fuck am I doing?! He's making me beg again. ME! Heather fucking Morgan! And with Janice watching, of all people!bender

But it was too late for her to stop. By this time her needy body was in control, with her mind just along for the ride.

To her surprise, she found herself saying, without any reluctance or sarcastic tone, "Alan, I need you to fuck my ass! No, I'm BEGGING you, I'm actually down on all fours, begging you to fuck my ass! Please! Please! I need it!"

Alan was so aroused by that sight that he was very nearly forced to close his eyes. It was all too stimulating, especially given the way Heather was erotically wiggling her ass. In fact, her entire body was writhing with abandon.

He was standing behind her, so he stepped forward and caressed her ass cheeks. "That's a good slut."

She burned with shame. "A good slut?!" And he's petting me encouragingly like I'm nothing more than his pet! His pet slut! Whom he's about to fuck in the ass! But... God... I can't help myself! Fuck your slut! Shove that big cock up my butt! Somehow, her anger was reinforcing her unbridled lust.

He knew he still had to stall for time, to give him a chance to back off the orgasmic edge. He looked over at Janice and was pleased to see her grinning from ear to ear. He was also happy to note that she was frigging her pussy, working up to quite a climax on her own.

Janice looked up at him and smiled wickedly. He smiled back and they traded knowing winks.

He decided to push his luck, because "Bad Alan" was in control. As he ran his hands all over Heather's tanned, muscular ass, he asked her, "Are you my slut, you sexy little cum dump?"

There was a long pause. Heather didn't want to admit to anything, especially with Janice there. She could feel her ears and face burning in embarrassment.

He contemplated smacking her firm ass cheeks, but instead suddenly jammed two fingers deep into her hot cunt.

She cried out for dear life and reared her head up like a wildly bucking bronco. Suddenly, her body was totally out of control as a massive orgasm tore through her. She found herself screaming, "YES! I'm your slut! Cum dump! Yes! Use me! Abuse me! God, YES!"

Janice thought she'd died and gone to Heaven. Even as Heather's body continued to shake and writhe orgasmically, Janice reached over and gave Heather's nearest ass cheek a slap. "There, there, such a good little cum dump."

Although Heather had her eyes tightly shut and had little to no control over most of her body, she roared angrily, "Janice! Gonna kill you!"

Alan laughed at that. But he also knew he had to do some damage control. He resumed fondling Heather's muscular ass cheeks, even as they were a moving target from all of her writhing. "Don't worry, Heather. Sure, Janice knows you're my slut - one of my sluts, that is - but she knows not to tell a soul. Not even her best friend Joy. If she does, I'm gonna make sure she gets in big trouble, even before you do the same for her. Nothing said or done here leaves this room, period! Isn't that right, Janice?"

Janice remembered the danger of pissing Heather off, and she didn't want to upset Alan either. She replied, "That's right. We're just having some sexy fun. Right, Heather?"

Heather growled menacingly.

Alan still needed to play for time, so he could have a proper strategic break before starting any ass fucking. He walked around to Heather's front side in order to check out the expression on her face.

He wasn't disappointed. Heather's face was contorted into a mask of anger and wild lust. His throbbing erection was bobbing freely in the air, and now seeing her like that caused it to twitch and rise up as surely as someone lifting it. He stepped closer so the tip of his dick practically bumped against her nose.

Heather looked up and felt a surge of anger when she saw his slightly smug face. "I'll bet you think you're pretty hot stuff!" she complained angrily, even as she stared longingly at his stiff boner. "Well, fuck you! Fuck you for being such a total stud! Fuck you for making me beg! Fuck you for making me love doing it!"



She thought, Shit! I'm trying to tell him off, but somehow it's coming out all wrong! I'm too horny to think straight!

Knowing that he had her right where he wanted her, he said, "Hey, Janice, come here and check this out. Heather's facial expression is priceless."

"NO!" Heather screamed desperately. "Janice, don't look! Don't look at me!" Heather had never felt so naked in her life. She wanted to cover her tits and ass with her hands, but her hands were helping hold her up, and for some reason she seemed incapable of standing on her feet to get out of her humiliating pose.

Alan said, "Janice, as usual, don't listen to her. I'm in charge here, Heather; aren't I?"

Heather didn't answer. In part, it was because she was nearly breathless. Hearing him say that literally took her breath away. She knew that if anyone so much as lightly grazed her clit, she would cum buckets.

"I can't hear you," he prodded. "Who's in charge?" When she didn't answer right away, he stepped a little closer and rubbed the side of his raging erection against one of her facial cheeks. His boner was soaked with a mixture of saliva and cum from all three of them, and he gleefully rubbed it into her skin.

Heather grumbled unhappily, "You are."

He dragged his dick across her face, going directly over her mouth.

Heather was still out of her mind with arousal despite her recent climax, which made her helpless to resist the urge to lick his cockhead when it came within range.

He kept it there for a few precious seconds, causing her to moan erotically while she passionately licked as much of it as she could reach. But then he kept on dragging it across her face until he was smearing the wetness of his pole on her other cheek too. He finally pulled back slightly.

Heather stuck her tongue out as far as she could, but his cock was just out of reach. Dammit! What the fuck?! Why is he being such an asshole?! Why won't he just let me suck on it? I'm Heather fucking Morgan, God dammit! Nobody treats me like this, especially in front of some loser like Janice.

She lurched forward, but he moved back just as much. Ugh! It's just... out of reach! ARGH! So fucking frustrating! I need that cock! I need to suck on it, NOW!

She lurched forward again, hoping to catch him by surprise. Her tongue managed to make contact with his cockhead for a few thrilling seconds, and she strained with all her might to reach it, eager to lick it, only to have him pull away just out of reach again. FUUUUCK! Why is Alan totally humiliating me like this?! I'm the fucking head cheerleader, for fuck's sake! I'm the most motherfucking beautiful girl in the whole God damn school! Son of a BITCH! If I can only get my lips and tongue on it, I'm gonna show him! He thinks it's amusing to keep me naked and on all fours? Well, I'll fucking show him, with the blowjob of his LIFE!

Janice walked around to where Alan stood. She smirked and started to say, "Well, well, well. Look who-

However, Alan acted quickly. He was worried that he could be pushing Heather too far. It was one thing when he pushed her buttons - that usually just aroused her all the more. But having Janice look at her smugly and say rude things was an entirely different matter. So he pulled Janice in close and kissed her on the lips. Janice was still able to look down at Heather from time to time, and that delighted her to no end, but her mouth was most definitely occupied, so she couldn't say the rude things that she had intended.

At the same time, Alan pinned his erection up against his lower abdomen and cupped it with his hand so Janice couldn't touch it or even rub against it. His dick wasn't getting much of a break, since everything was so incredibly arousing, but at least it wasn't being actively stimulated in any way. With time running out, that was the best he could hope for.

Heather continued to writhe and moan as she waited for Alan to direct his attention back her way. She was so eager that she even would have welcomed his rubbing his cock on her face some more. This SUCKS! If I wasn't so keen on finding out about anal sex, I would never put up with this shit. If it was just him here, that would be one thing, but Janice? I hate her! She's like acid burning my skin. Especially since SHE gets to kiss him! Dammit!

With an eye to the clock, Alan broke the kissing. The idea had been simply to tease Heather a bit to prime her for the anal sex, but he'd gotten carried away. He knew he'd be lucky to have time to fuck

Heather's ass properly, much less fuck Janice too. He knew in the back of his mind that he was acting quite recklessly in terms of time, location, and provoking Heather, not to mention the dangerously excited state of his penis. But things had a momentum of their own.

He whispered in Janice's ear, "Don't say anything to Heather at all, okay? She's right on the edge of turning into a vengeful bitch. Let me handle her mood, and watch all you want, but only speak if I ask you something, okay?"

She nodded.

He rewarded her by kissing her on the lips again, while reaching down and playing with her nether lips at the same time.

Heather's patience was at a breaking point. When she saw them start to kiss again, she griped, "Come ON! For fuck's sake, don't leave me hanging here! I've done everything you asked. Please!"

Alan broke the kiss and nodded. Heather was within easy reach, so he patted her head. "You have. That's a good slut. Now I'm gonna fuck your ass."

Janice couldn't help but snicker as she watched and listened to that.

Heather bristled, shooting Janice a look meant to kill.

## Chapter 656 Ass Fucking Heather ! Pt 1

Alan finally walked back behind Heather and lewdly wagged his engorged dick at her ass. She couldn't see what he was doing, but he made sure to brush his boner against her firm bare butt. "Pull your cheeks apart nice and wide, you little cum-guzzling slut!"

Heather was growing increasingly excited by the prospect of finally having anal sex. When her mother Helen had sat her down to give her the "birds and bees" talk years ago, anal sex was the one and only

sexual act that her mother had specifically forbidden. Helen had spoken of it in hushed tones of distaste and revulsion, as if it was one step shy of murdering someone.

Heather had been deeply intrigued by thoughts of doing it ever since. Her contrary attitude reveled in the opportunity to defy her mother's wishes. Yet at the same time, much of her mother's attitude had sunk in. Only in recent months had she finally dared to consider that act, trying some limited anal dildo play with Simone and hinting to some of her male lovers that she wanted to try out anal. It remained the ultimate irresistible sexual taboo for her.

Alan was also getting psyched up. He thought to himself, You know, there's something especially satisfying about fucking Heather's butt. Not only is she generally acknowledged as the most beautiful girl in school - although I personally think that Christine, Aims and Sis are all more beautiful - but just the idea of fucking her in the ass gives me the feeling of taking this far-too-bitchy and arrogant slut down a notch. In addition, our jousting matches are doing wonders at building up my confidence and aggressiveness.

He began rubbing his erection all over her pussy lips and also up and down her ass crack. In so doing, he used his hard-on like an artist's paintbrush to lubricate her asshole somewhat with her pussy juices. The tickling feeling of rubbing his bare cock through the valley between her quivering buttocks was also intensely erotic for him, and even more so for her.

However, he realized that probably wasn't enough lubrication. Luckily, he had an "ace in the hole" he'd refrained from revealing unless he needed to, and now seemed like the time. So he said, "You know, when it comes to anal sex, one can't use too much lube. And it's good to use a condom too. It so happens that I have both a small tube of lube and a condom in my pockets. Janice, would you please get those for me?"

Janice immediately went to where his pants had been tossed aside. "Sure thing."

But Heather complained, "Hold on. I don't mind the extra lubrication, 'cos I don't want that big dick of yours tearing up my insides back there. But a condom? That's bullshit! I wanna feel you cum in my ass! That's a big part of the experience!"

He replied, "In the future, we can try that out. But did you have an enema in the last hour or so? Are you completely sure that you're totally cleaned out in there?"

There was a long pause. Obviously, Heather was trying to figure out what to say so he wouldn't wear a condom. But finally she just huffed, "Fine. Whatever. Get on with it already, then!"

Since Heather wasn't resisting about that, he looked to Janice and said, "Could you please do me another favor and help with the condom and the lube?"

"With pleasure!" Janice immediately knelt down and stuck her head between Alan's body and Heather's ass. Although she had just handed him the lube and condom, she did not retrieve them. Instead, she started stroking and licking her way all over Alan's stiff erection.

Heather could feel Janice's hair brushing against her ass at different angles. She heard slurping sounds and soon contented feminine moaning sounds. She barked, "What the fuck is going on back there? I'm dying! Janice, if you're fucking around and wasting time, I swear-"

Alan interrupted, "Janice, you probably should speed things up. We don't have all day."

"Darn." She retrieved the condom and lube from his hand and started preparing his dick. She said, "Since YOU asked me so NICELY, then of course." Stated that way, it was an obvious rebuke of Heather and her rude behavior.

More long moments passed. Heather wiggled her ass impatiently. "Come ON, people! Jesus Christ. What is taking so fucking long?!"

Janice replied a bit snarkily, "I've got the condom on, and now I'm applying the lube and rubbing it in very carefully."

Heather exhaled loudly, in great frustration. "Yeah, I know what you're doing; you're jacking him off! God knows it's exciting to stroke his big, thick cock. If I were in your shoes, I'd take it in my hands and run my fingers up and down it, and breathe heavily on it, and bend over so I could..."

She realized with a start that she was getting carried away with her fantasy. "Wait a minute. Never mind that. Get on with it already, or heads are going to roll!"

Alan again sensed that Janice was pushing Heather too far, so he said, "Thanks a lot, Janice. That was great."

She reluctantly let go of his cock and sat back on her heels. "Any time."

Alan scooted up a few inches until his condom-covered dick was resting against Heather's ass crack. But instead of sticking it in, he rubbed it up and down her crack while also reaching under and fingering her pussy lips and clit.

Heather was practically delirious, mostly because she felt like she was on the verge of a great climax, due to the anticipation and build-up. The fact that he was fingering and teasing her like that made her worry that she'd cum so intensely that she'd be too wrecked to stay on all fours and get her ass fucked. She was trying her best to hold back from cumming, and the way he was fingering her was driving her crazy.

So Alan had to speed things up a bit. He began rubbing his cock around her anus more specifically.

She panted hard as she repeatedly thrust her ass back into his cock. She was literally trying to impale herself on it, but without success. His cockhead always seemed to be a fraction of an inch out of reach. "Stick it... stick it IN! God dammit! ... DO IT!"

He replied, "Not until you beg."

She complained, "I already did!"

"I know. And it was music to my ears. I want you to beg some more."

"Ha! Fat chance," she taunted.

Alan pushed his hard-on into her anus just a little bit, stretching it open ever so slightly, leading Heather to think that he'd given in. He knew that's what she'd expect from him since high school boys were not exactly renowned for their patience. But he kept his throbbing rod there and didn't go in any further. "Okay Janice, I told you this wouldn't take long. Get ready; it's your turn now."

Heather was so focused on getting Alan's dick in her ass that she'd completely forgotten Janice was there. The reminder caused her to explode in anger. "Janice, fuck off! What are you STILL doing here?! If you don't fucking clear out of this room this very instant, I will fucking DESTROY you! I'm not going to let Alan play you against me. Janice, do you hear me? Leave!"

Janice looked with worry to Alan.

Alan continued to toy around with pressing his dick into Heather's anus, but only a tiny little bit so as to give her a taste of what might be coming. He certainly wasn't anywhere close to pushing his bulbous cockhead past her angrily pulsating sphincter. "Heather, how rude. If I'm going to fuck your ass, first you're going to have to apologize to Janice. Then you're going to promise never to get revenge on her in any way. If you even try, you can forget this ever happening again. I have lots of other women to fuck, not just Janice. Heck, I could very easily go get someone else to replace her right now. So, first apologize, then beg. Beg me to fill your ass with my cock."

"You're mental! No way!"

He sighed as if he'd given up. "Sad. Your loss. Okay, Janice, I'm serious this time. It's your turn now." He pushed into and stretched open Heather's clenching anus so that his cockhead almost passed into her.bender

Heather assisted, pulsing her anal muscles and pushing her hips back to help draw him in, but he pulled away from her at the last second. Then he withdrew from her completely, placing his hard-on on top of her ass crack again. The sensation of the fine softness of her skin contrasted deliciously with the resistant firmness of the hard muscles of her ass, especially with her trembling under his touch in lustful anticipation of being impaled back there.

"Aaaargh!" Heather screamed. The loss of his dick was like a physical blow to her. She badly wanted to be fucked in the ass and knew that somehow Alan sensed this. I fucking HATE him! I can tell he's gonna keep torturing me until I do what he says. Why doesn't he think with his dick, like every other fucking boy his age?!

Her extreme need pushed all other considerations out of her mind. "Okay, fine," she said huffily. "Janice, I'm sorry. Forget the revenge over this, but if you dare cross me over anything else, your ass is grass. Alan, I'm begging you. For real this time. Now let's get on with this, shall we?"

Alan paused. He didn't like the way Heather was speaking. She'd said her words hurriedly and without sincere emotion, in much the same way a spoiled brat says the word "please" only because some adult forced them to do so. But he also figured that he could only push her so far. He was playing a dangerous game with her and could easily push his luck too far if he insisted on total surrender.

So he said, "That's better. That's not so hard, is it?" He began rubbing his erection up and down Heather's ass crack again.

Heather complained, "Fucking GET ON WITH IT already! Damn! You're so fucking aggravating."

"Okay, fine." Alan turned to Janice and winked at her. "Just one more sincere pleading should do it, my cute little cum dump."

"Arrgh! Alan, FUCK MY ASS! I'm begging you! I really am!" Her voice was angry, but there was no doubt she meant it.

Janice was looking on with great amusement. She was miffed at having to wait, and she didn't see how Alan would have time to fuck her too in what remained of the lunch period, but watching Heather get taken down a peg or two was almost worth it. Besides, she was having fun playing with her nipples and pussy.

Alan suddenly pushed his dick forward into Heather's ass, but the resistance was fierce. Now that he wanted to get his wide cockhead past her taut sphincter, he found he couldn't do it that easily. He tried pushing a couple of times while loudly grunting.

Heather tried to assist his attempts to penetrate her, opening her ass as wide as she could by pulling her ass cheeks apart with both hands. She grunted even louder than he did when she started pushing back in time with his thrusting to get into her.

But Alan's cock still wasn't going in. Her asshole simply wasn't dilating widely enough to permit him entry. He paused to rest for a minute, and said, "I've done this before and it wasn't nearly this tough. Heather, I think you're too stressed and tense. You need to relax your asshole before I can get in. But instead you're yelling at everyone and working yourself into a lather. That'll never work."



Heather was suffering. She knew that this might be her only chance to have anal sex while still in high school, since she had yet to find any other guy who was receptive to the idea. Besides, she was still right on the edge of an enormous climax, and desperately wanted the release. She complained derisively, "So what am I supposed to do, Einstein?"

He could feel how badly she wanted it. For one thing, the frustration and desire in her groaning was very obvious. "Quit struggling. You need to quit fighting and resisting me or we'll never get anywhere." He paused for dramatic effect, to make sure his next words sunk in. "You need to be sincere in your begging. That'll show that you've stopped resisting." His tone made it clear that he was being completely serious.

Heather's need had grown to such a fever pitch that she actually tried his suggestion. Arrgh! With the fucking begging again! Her pleading ended up sounding like a plaintive wail of desperation. "Alan. Please. Pleeease. Fuck me! Pleeeeeease! Fuck me in the ass! God, I need it SO BAD! I'm begging you. PLEASE!"

"That's better," he said warmly as he smiled in triumph.

He tried pushing forward, but he still faced too much resistance. Heather had the most impressively firm and muscular ass he'd ever had the pleasure to touch, but the downside was that when those muscles were tensed up, they were like steel bars. So he said, "Now you've said it to me, think it to yourself. Think it, and mean it. You're my personal slut. My private cum dump. Your one and only goal is to pleasure my cock. Just... give in. Give in to the joy of serving my cock!"

He immediately wondered if he'd gone too far.

But Heather was so desperate to get assfucked that she was ready to try anything. She sincerely thought, Give in! Give in! Relax... I'm a good slut. Alan's slut. Nothing to fear. He's gonna fuck me, and I'm gonna love it! Give in... Serve his cock... Like a good slut...

Alan could sense her muscles relaxing. He suddenly grabbed her ass with both hands, spread her cheeks widely apart, and thrust strongly forward. He had been afraid of doing that before for fear of hurting her, but now he went for broke. To his great pleasure, his bulbous head pushed on through the powerful grip of her clenching anus. With surprising suddenness, he was in her.

Heather was ecstatic, but also in pain. She threw her head back and howled. "URGGHH! YES! Oh! Jesus! JEEESUS! Fuck, that hurt! ... Finally! Fuck me, you prick! Fuck me hard! Give it to me!"

She came hard. However, she didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing she'd cum already, so she did her best to hide it. She also managed to stay on all fours, even though it seemed for a while that her limbs had turned to Jell-o.

Alan was extremely pleased with himself, even though he wasn't aware that she'd climaxed. He hadn't really intended to make her beg so much, but it had worked out better than he'd expected. He also knew from talking to Suzanne about anal that it would be prudent to give Heather's ass a chance to adjust to his large size before going in any deeper.

Besides, the crushingly strong grip she was exerting on his shaft meant that any additional penetration was, for the moment at least, quite impossible. So he figured it was a good chance to mess with her head some more, since he had to wait for her strong asshole to relax before she could take any more of him in any case.

"Heather, did you call me a prick? I guess I'll have to pull out. And after all that effort, too. What a shame." He sighed in disappointment and pulled back gently. It wasn't enough to pop out of her, but it was enough to make her feel that he could.

"Alan, you are a prick!" She clamped down with her powerful anal muscles in an attempt to prevent his penis from escaping her ass.

He was surprised by her outburst. He thought he had her over a barrel at the moment, in a very literal sense.

She continued, "But I mean that as a compliment. Believe me, I'm a prick too, so I can recognize one when I see one. God, you're so fucking evil, making me beg. But I love it! Don't you have any kind of fear? Don't you know what I could do to you?"

He gave that some thought. Frankly, I'm surprising myself too. Why DON'T I have more fear of her? Just last week I was too afraid to even talk to her, and now I'm acting like this... I guess it's because I don't really have much to be afraid about. What's the worst she could do? She could make me a complete social outcast at school, but so what? I'm headed in that direction anyway. I'm losing all my friends to my sex mania.

But on the plus side, I have four wonderful, loving, and incredibly beautiful women at home. They've caused my confidence to double and then triple again just in these last few weeks alone. My entire school life could be a complete social disaster and who cares, 'cos I'm just marking time until I can be home and playing with all those round tits and asses again anyway. Except for Glory, of course. She's the shining bright spot in my school day.

And if Heather tries to destroy me, that'll make Glory stand by me all the more. I've got so much amazing love and sex going on everywhere else that Heather's worst doesn't seem that bad. It's possible she could get some football players to beat me up if she was really pissed, but that doesn't seem her style. She's all about psychological power. She wants to control your mind, not just your body.

But the bottom line is that she needs me too much. I haven't had that much sex with her yet, but I can already tell that she needs me much more than I need her. So I can throw caution to the wind because her threats are mostly empty. Ha! This is fun!

He replied, "Heather, to be honest, I don't care. The thing is, I'm fucking too many women who are more enjoyable in and out of bed than you'll ever be. I'm fucking you mainly out of pity because your other male lovers appear to be such a pathetic bunch. You basically said so yourself."

That wasn't true, that he was fucking her only out of pity. No one could deny that Heather was one of the most beautiful girls at the school, along with Amy, Katherine, Heather's best friend Simone, Christine, Donna (a brunette social queen and Heather's main rival), and maybe one or two others. Heather was also very sexually skilled and enthusiastic, thanks to her long-standing love of fucking, and Alan did greatly enjoy fucking her. Plus, he got a great kick out of mentally fucking with her. But he wasn't about to admit any of that to her face, especially since she would take it as a sign of weakness.

One nice thing he discovered about having his dick in her ass was that she was so overwhelmed by the feeling of being stretched open and stuffed that she was slow on the uptake. He knew that if he gave her the chance, she'd soon be complaining about how she was the best and most beautiful girl in the school. So before she could recover her wits, he pressed deeper into her ass.

With one long and agonizingly slow thrust, he pushed his condom-covered shaft through Heather's tightly stretched anus and deep into her spasming, rhythmically contracting rectum. He kept cramming more and more of his meaty pole between her quivering buttocks until, at last, he found himself buried balls-deep in her ass.

He let out a heavy sigh of relief and satisfaction.

While penetration had actually been reasonably quick for Alan, given that he was going where no one had gone before, for Heather it had seemed as if time had slowed to a crawl. Her whole world had contracted to just the sensation of being filled agonizingly slowly by the invading beefy monster that was sinking further into her butt.

There had been feelings of pain as his cockhead had stretched her wide while traveling deeper and deeper into her. Yet behind the head she felt a delicious friction from the shaft sliding through her tightly clenching anus and along her rectal walls. The way his erection pulsed and throbbed as he had continued to push it deeper had felt so good that she'd thought she was likely to pass out from the sheer pleasure of it.

As his rigid boner was penetrating her, she'd reached back and pulled her ass cheeks further apart, arching her back to slightly improve the angle of penetration.

All along, she'd kept telling herself, Okay, that's all the cock he's got to give. There can't be any more than that! And yet, somehow, still more of his meaty thickness violated the as-yet-unfucked virgin depths of her ass. If, during that time, she'd been asked the length of Alan's dick, she would have said it must have been at least fifteen inches long. She had even half-expected to feel a large bulge in her abdomen from the tip of his invasive log.

She'd whimpered and shivered as his thick cock had continued to plow through territory that had never before been reached, by anal dildos or anything else. By the time he'd finally bottomed out, she was on the verge of tears of both pain and joy. She'd kept her eyes tightly shut, and at the end she'd thought, I hope Janice isn't looking! But of course she is, dammit! The fucking shame and humiliation. First he made me beg; now he's splitting me in two! She must think I'm the ultimate slut, taking twenty inches of cock in my ass! Okay, maybe it's not really twenty, but it sure as hell feels like it!

Alan had also been moved, but not by how deep he'd gone. Just like he'd felt during his first experience of anal sex, with Suzanne the day before, what really struck him was how tight Heather's ass was. His cock was being squeezed all over in the most delightful way just by virtue of being inside her there. He could hardly conceive how good it would be when she learned to loosen up enough for him to thrust in and out without great difficulty.

He didn't have much to compare the feeling with, since he'd only had anal sex once before, so he had no idea how unusually strong Heather's ass was. But he did notice that the pressure she could exert on him was far greater than anything he'd experienced with Suzanne, and that was when Heather wasn't really trying to crush his cock by flexing her muscles deep inside.

Heather, though, apparently didn't realize that it was a good idea to wait a bit for her ass to adjust to his deeper penetration. She thought, I want more fucking and I want it NOW! His comments about fucking her out of pity were completely forgotten, at least for the moment. She squirmed and wiggled and goaded him on, saying, "Please, for the love of God, don't stop! It's just getting good! Push! Push it in and out!"

Alan still just rested his rigid erection all the way inside her and tried not to say anything. This was difficult to do because every time her asshole throbbed mightily around him, it felt like her anus was trying to bite off his dick and swallow it whole. Yet even though the intense pressure hurt some, it was also extremely pleasurable for him. It was an orgasmic struggle just to keep his cock in there and deal with her powerful clenching as she pulsed around him; so much so that thrusting almost seemed unnecessary.

Heather clearly didn't feel the same, though. She continued, "Alan, I'm begging you! Fuck my ass! Fuck it good! I'm your dirty slutty anal whore and I NEED your cock! That's right; I said I'm your dirty slutty anal whore! I love it! I neeed more! Please! Pleeease! I'm begging you!" As she said this, she reached around and tried to push him back while rocking her hips forward. She hoped to push him almost all the way out and then pull him back in.

But he could tell what she was trying to do. His firm hands on her ass cheeks kept her from gaining any leverage, and since she was on all fours there was nothing on the other side she could push against. He said with surprising calm, "Relax, Heather. Chill. This takes a couple of minutes. I can't do it right if you don't let your ass relax some more."bender

She was still trying to thrust on her own, but to no avail. "Come on! Do it! DO IT! Don't be a wuss. Fuck my ass already!"

"Hmmm. I don't know," he replied uncertainly after a long pause. "I don't know if I like that attitude."

Janice had been keeping quiet, hoping Heather would forget she was there. But she couldn't resist saying, "Yeah, I don't like that attitude either. She's pretty demanding for a 'dirty slutty anal whore.'" She snickered with glee.

Heather cursed, "Fuck you, Janice! Fuck off and DIE!" But she immediately turned her attention back to Alan. "Pleeeeeease! ALAN! For the love of God! Please! I'm not calling you a wuss; I'm just saying get on with it! What do you want me to say? You're great! You're the greatest. WhatEVER! Just fuck my AAAASSSSSS!"

Alan looked at Heather's ass cheeks right in front of him. They were exceptionally muscular and firm. Heather couldn't care less about her school homework, but she treated her body like a temple, eating right and working out religiously, and of course she had an incredible all-over tan. Acting on a whim, he raised his hand up and slapped Heather's right ass cheek hard. "Bad Heather!" Then he did the same to her left ass cheek. "Bad Heather!"

She whimpered, "Please, Alan, please! I'm really begging you now. This is so real. Real begging! I'm your... I'm your slut! I am, and I mean it! Make your slut happy. Please do it!"

Alan was surprised at how little reaction she'd shown to those slaps. It seemed that getting fucked was the only thing that mattered, so even the ass-slapping was just a little-noticed distraction.

He turned to Janice, who still sat nearby watching and masturbating. Anal sex was something completely new to the feisty redhead. "What do you think, Janice? Should I do it?"

Heather groaned with frustration. She expected no sympathy from her nemesis. She listened closely, and was disturbed to hear the obviously sounds of Janice playing with her juicy pussy.

But to everyone's surprise, Janice said, "Put the bitch out of her misery already. I can't stand to see her beg. It's pathetic."

Alan was quite disappointed. He was having a lot of fun toying with Heather. Dang. I was gonna keep stringing Heather along. What the heck is wrong with me? It looks like even Janice thinks I've gone too far. Is this just an issue I have with the bitchy Heather, or am I slowly becoming truly nasty? I really should control myself. I shouldn't call her hurtful names. It's not right. But it's so much fun to have this perfectly formed tanned cheerleader goddess whimpering and begging me to fuck her up the butt!

Even as he thought this, he pulled out a bit and then pushed in some. He felt an almost evil glee as he heard Heather moan and literally scream in a combination of satisfaction and frustration. She loved the little motion, but she wanted him to go all the way with deep penetrating thrusts.

She panted, "Alan, no! That's the wrong way! I'm your anal slut! I'm your bitch! I'm your whore! I'm your slave! I'm your anything! Just put it in! No one has EVER fucked my ass before and I just HAVE to have it! Please!" She appeared to be on the verge of tears as her ass cheeks quaked and unsuccessfully tried to squeeze and suck his shaft further into her.

He thought, "I'm your slave"? Wow. I like the sound of that! She must really need it, especially to say that right in front of her enemy Janice. He snickered as he watched Heather's perfectly tanned ass ripple and quake with the need for his penis. "Well, since you asked so nicely, my lovely blonde slut. Please IS the magic word."

## Chapter 658 Vindictive Heather !

Thinking, I guess I AM a prick, he finally began to slowly thrust in and out of her with the kind of deep strokes that Heather wanted so badly. One good result from the last minute or so of his teasing was that it had allowed her ass to loosen up a little bit more. That meant the fucking was extremely pleasurable for both of them, instead of being a frustrating struggle. It was somewhat like fucking an extremely tight, muscular, and very strong pussy. Any tighter and it would have been too painful, but this felt just great.

He was also quite surprised that he didn't feel an overwhelming need to cum. He'd been on the brink from well before he started, but somehow, once he was deep in her ass, his urge to cum lessened quite a lot. He wondered if it had to do with the fact that she was so tight that it was almost painful. He decided not to worry about it too much, and just enjoy riding this seemingly endless erotic high.

With his steady thrusting, Alan quickly reduced Heather to a quivering mass of subservient Jell-O. He could tell she was loving it by the way she shrieked incoherently as his strokes started to move faster and bring both of them even more pleasure. That only caused his ego to swell even further. His bad side was definitely in full control now. He got a great kick out of yelling rude things to her as he plowed her butt from behind.

"Who's a rude cunt bitch?" he growled as he slapped her left butt cheek gleefully.

"I am!" Heather gasped happily while getting rammed on a deep stroke.

"Who's nothing more than a pussy life support system, good for nothing but being fucked?"

"I am!" A thin line of drool dripped from the corner of her mouth and then was flung away by all the rhythmic shaking of her entire body.

"Are you my personal cunt?"

"Yes!"

"Are you my cum dumpster?"

Heather didn't even hesitate to answer. "Yes!" At that moment, at least, she was fiercely proud of it and willing to shout it to the whole world. She was well aware that Janice was listening, but she didn't even care that much. She was that horny.

Alan straightened his back, withdrew his stiff rod out of her nearly completely, and then shoved it back in with all of his might. The pain was excruciating for him as his wide cockhead forced its way in past her still very tight sphincter muscles, but it hurt in a good way.

She clenched her teeth to keep from losing all control. Then she let out a piercing scream.

Janice, still watching intently, had to temporarily stop playing with herself so she could plug her ears.



"Who's your daddy, you common whore?" he yelled.

"You are!" Heather mewled helplessly as she rocked under his onslaught. Her entire body was literally rocking on all fours.

He gripped her ass cheeks to stop her from rocking back and forth too much, especially since the rocking left his boner in the middle of a tug of war. "And who's an arrogant bitch who needs to be put in her place?"

"I am!" Tingles of excitement shot up and down her spine.

"Hey, sperm breath! What's your only purpose in life?"

Heather shouted out her answer so loud that it sounded almost as if she'd been split in two. "To fuck! And get fucked! By you!"

Alan loved her "by you" comment. Little additions like that showed she was really into it and not just parroting the bare minimum of what she thought he wanted her to say. His ego swelled even more.

bender

And so it went. Not only did Heather not mind the names, she loved them. The worse he treated her, the more she loved it. She couldn't figure out why, because with all her previous lovers she'd brooked no insults or sassy attitude at all.

She actually felt high from the whole experience, like she'd just taken some powerful and wonderful drug. She already realized that she would have to have her ass filled regularly from now on, and that only Alan was man enough for the job of keeping her butt properly and thoroughly fucked the way she wanted and needed it.

Neither Alan nor Heather realized it just yet, but Heather happened to be one of the small minority of women with an overabundance of pleasure receptors in the ass that enabled her to absolutely love anal

penetration from a purely physical point of view. The fact that she considered it naughty, depraved, and deviant made her love doing it even more. That her mother had expressly forbidden her from doing it was like the icing on the cake.

He mercilessly fucked Heather while she crouched on all fours. He didn't care about the limited time left, or Janice, or the fact he was actually in school, or anything else but his fucking task.

At least, he forgot about those things most of the time. But as time passed, he heard Janice huffing and puffing increasingly loudly, even louder than Heather's constant desperate, sexy moans. Right at the same time, Heather came hard, and flopped to the floor. He suddenly picked her up and carried her limp body about five feet to a spot right in front of where Janice was seated masturbating. He hoped this sight would help Janice have an especially great climax. He forced Heather's big, tanned tits down onto the cold floor. With every thrust, he pushed her whole body into the hard ground.

But Heather seemed to actually prefer the rough treatment. Feeling her erect nipples rub on the cold hard floor aroused her even more. Knowing Janice was staring down at her from only a few feet away somehow turned her on still more. Heather's screams were of a woman at the absolute peak of ecstasy. She didn't even know if she was having an orgasm at any given moment or how many she was having overall. It seemed to her as if every single second Alan thrust in and out of her ass was yet another great orgasm.

Alan briefly looked at Janice as he repositioned himself. Her naked body was so close, he felt like he could reach out and touch her knee.

Janice appeared both terribly aroused and yet a bit afraid. She seemed to think that she would be getting the "Heather treatment" next. She had no desire to be bullied and insulted by Alan like that. But on the other hand, she longed for the ecstasy that Heather was obviously feeling. And the way Alan had put Heather in her place really turned Janice on. She was busy frigging herself to an orgasm, and it was far from her first; one could easily tell by how wet her hands and thighs were.

Alan was finally ready to cum, but he knew that if he did that he'd have nothing left for Janice. So he waited until Heather had a particularly intense series of rippling convulsions. It felt like her strong asshole was trying to pulp his dick. He guessed that meant she was having another orgasm, though it was hard to tell for sure. For a second or two he was certain the erotic pressure had pushed him past the point of no return and that his cum would shoot out of him, but a fervent squeezing of his PC muscle just managed to save the day.

Then he suddenly pulled out, and he took his hands off Heather altogether. He looked down and saw her well-fucked and hungrily pulsating asshole gaping back at him, still molded to the shape of his rigid penis. A thin film of sweat and her pussy juice covered her crotch and sparkled in the fluorescent lights overhead. Her ass cheeks had big red marks from where he'd slammed or clawed at her.

"Hey, what are you doing?" moaned an annoyed Heather. She shoved her ass backwards as if her anus could find his dick and gobble it back inside.

"Patience, Heather, patience. Who here has the cock?"

"You do," she answered glumly.

"And who's in charge here, slut?" At first she didn't answer, but he poked and rubbed his boner against her ass. The tip slithered in the space between her pussy and anus, but failed to enter either.

"You are." Saying that really rankled her, but at this point there was no way to deny the obvious. Besides, she knew it was an established "fact" already, based on what had been said before.

"Damn straight," he said as he stood up on shaky legs and took his soaked erection far from her crotch. He desperately needed to cum, but he wasn't going to do it in Heather. Not only did he still have Janice waiting, but he thought about how the aloof, arrogant Heather had cockteased countless boys at the high school and felt a sense of satisfaction to be giving her a taste of her own medicine.

"No! Wait!" cried Heather. She still felt boneless from her climaxes, so she made no attempt to get up or even move. But she said very emotionally, "You're gonna leave me unsatisfied. Please don't go!"

"Oh come on. You came lots of times. I could tell."

"Yeah, but you haven't cum in my ass! I'm gonna have the mother of all orgasms when you cum in me there, I just know it!"

He was cocky. "Hmmm. You seem to be right about that. But I only promised you a consolation prize. Janice gets the main reward." He had no choice but to leave her like that. There was no way he could do them both right then.

Heather looked upset, but in fact she wasn't that upset. She'd been fucked to oblivion and she was feeling the friction burn from insufficient lubrication already. Her ass really couldn't take much more right now, even if her libido had wanted to keep going. She had yet to learn how good it could feel to have a big load of hot cum erupt inside her, flooding the steaming hot depths of her ass, so she didn't know what she was missing.

With every passing second though, she felt the fight going out of her. She slumped to the floor and just panted heavily. It was all she could do to resist the urge to pass out.

Alan could see he wasn't going to get any more grief from Heather for a while. He turned to Janice.

She sat in her chair with her fingers still in her crotch. She looked up at him with trepidation. "You're not going to be like that with me, are you?"

He laughed. Then he realized he must look like a wild-eyed, overexcited, arrogant, sex maniac. He was still riding erotic and egoistical highs, but he forced himself to calm down some and speak in kind tones. "Don't worry. Not unless you want that kind of treatment."

"No thanks!" She was so distraught by that idea that she stopped playing with herself.

"I thought not. I only fuck like that with Heather. It's kind of a special thing I've got going with her. I'll be as nice with you as you want me to be."

Janice muttered, "Thank God." She was beside herself with delight and relief, both to hear that and to know that she had a good fucking to look forward to. She was even happier to see Heather was still awake and slowly recovering. It would make the sex all the sweeter if her enemy was forced to watch her get what she'd been denied.

Alan remembered Suzanne's advice that one should never go from fucking an asshole to a pussy. He took his condom off and walked to the back of the stage where there was a sink. He used his hands to

splash water all over his groin, and then he washed himself thoroughly with soap. When he was all cleaned up, he got a new condom from his discarded clothes and put it on.

He was too tired to talk while doing all this. Heather and Janice refrained from talking too.

Heather had recovered some more and was able to sit up. She was still completely silent though. She was trying to digest what had just happened. She instinctively knew that this was a pivotal event in her life, because she'd enjoyed the anal sex so much. She felt like someone who had just shot heroin for the first time and knew in that instant that they would be a heroin junkie for the rest of their life.

Anal sex felt so great that she knew it was something she absolutely had to have from that point forward. She also felt instinctively that she had to have it specifically from Alan. He knew exactly how to push all her buttons. Even if she could find some other guy willing to do it - a big if - she knew it would pale in comparison. She couldn't admit it consciously, but the name calling and being forced to beg and wait was a big part of why she had loved the experience so much.

But now she had a problem. She needed Alan like she needed food to eat, but she was determined not to let him know that. She couldn't stand not being in complete control. He already had a strangely powerful grip on her, and she didn't want that to get any worse. She thought, He's a NERD! I keep forgetting, but he's just a nerd! Phew, that's a reassuring thought. But... damn! How could a mere nerd rock my world like that?!

Alan, meanwhile, was thinking about Heather as he admired her sweaty, disheveled, and exhausted naked body. She's a bitch in more ways than one. I just want to treat her like a bitch; like an animal. I want to slap her around and spank her. But that's not right! What am I saying?! Even Heather has a heart and has feelings. If I can train her and bring her to heel... Damn! A dog metaphor again.

A malicious mood filled his head like a thick fog. He sat still for some long moments until the fog lifted a little bit. I have to get a hold of myself! But my point is, if I can fuck the evil out of her and correct her arrogant ways, there might be a nice person inside, waiting to come out. I'm gonna fuck Janice nicely now, and show Heather that she can be fucked nice and gentle when she deserves it.

Little did he realize, but the last way that Heather wanted to be fucked by him was nice and gentle.

He walked to the couch where Janice was sitting. "Finally. I'm all set now. Sorry to keep you waiting so long. But hopefully you found the show somewhat entertaining." He sat next to her and caressed her arms and cheek.

Janice relaxed further as she realized he really wasn't going to treat her like he'd treated Heather, even though his eyes still looked a little bit crazy. She replied as she ran her hands across his chest, "Definitely. It's funny, but I don't hate Heather so much anymore now that I see how she's so pathetically desperate for your cock."

Heather had been about to complain very vocally that Alan needed to finish what he started, but if she did that now it would only confirm what Janice had just said. Instead, she flailed around for a comeback. "Who's pathetically desperate? Looks like you are, Janice."

Janice laughed derisively. "Yeah. Right. Like I would EVER willingly call myself a 'cum dumpster.'" She mimicked Alan's voice, "'Who's nothing more than a pussy life support system, good for nothing but being fucked?'" Then she mimicked Heather's gaspingly horny reply in a mocking tone, "'I am!'"

Heather instantly blushed and was furious. She realized she had a massive problem on her hands. Her enemy Janice had heard her say the most humiliating things imaginable. She instinctively trusted that Alan wouldn't repeat them anywhere, even though they'd never discussed it. She knew he was prudent and smart, and that was the prudent and smart thing to do, if he wanted to fuck her again. But she knew just as certainly that Janice could have the entire school talking about Heather's shame within an hour. Of course some people might think Janice was just making it up, but there would be sincerity in Janice's tone and an unavoidable embarrassment in Heather's denials that would fan the gossip flames.

She rushed over to Janice and stared into Janice's eyes from inches away. "Listen to me and listen to me good. If you breathe ONE WORD about what happened in here to ANYONE, I will KILL YOU. KILL YOU! You're dead! Do you understand me?!"

Janice shrank backwards in terror. "Kill me?!"

"Not literally, you fool, but I will make you WISH you were dead. Not only that, but I can tell how lovey-dovey you are for Joy. You can deny it till you're blue in the face, but I can see how you look at her with googly eyes. Before I utterly crush your will to live, I'll first turn on Joy and ruin her. If I hear ONE WORD about the things Alan called me here today, Joy will be expelled and in prison within a week. And that's just for starters!"

Janice had quite pale skin to begin with, but she was completely white with fear now. "You wouldn't!" Notably, she didn't deny that she was in love with Joy.

"I would. And I can. Don't test me!"

Alan also blanched. For the first time, he began to realize just how powerful and vindictive Heather could be. He had no idea how Heather could frame Joy and put her in prison, but looking at the determination and hatred on her face, there was no way to deny that she could do it.

But he also realized that the one thing he had going with Heather was an impression of superiority and invulnerability. If she sensed any weakness from him, he was finished. Thinking, In for a penny, in for a pound, he started speaking without knowing what he was going to say. "Listen. Hey, you two, listen to me."

Heather and Janice turned in his direction. Heather still clutched Janice's hair and her face was twisted with hate, but Alan sat there practically in Janice's lap.

Alan continued, stalling for time, "Hey. No fighting. What am I - a bump on a log? I'm here too, you know. I'm not going to allow you to fight. Janice, don't worry, I won't allow Heather to do that to you or to Joy."

Heather now turned her anger at him. "Oh yeah? Says who? Don't even THINK-"

"HEY! Hey! Hey! Hey! HEY!" Alan shouted over Heather until she let him speak. "Listen! Heather, I won't allow your secrets out of this room. Don't worry! Like I said earlier, what happened here stays here. I certainly am not going to tell a soul. I don't kiss and tell. It's not my way."

That calmed Heather down a lot. It confirmed her instincts that he could be trusted. She turned her angry face back at Janice.

But Alan kept talking. "Janice, I'll try to stop Heather from doing anything crazy. It's pretty obvious that she loves anal sex. If she retaliates on you, she won't be getting any more sex from me. Period. But on the other hand, if I were you, I wouldn't even think about crossing her on this. She obviously has a lot of

ways of getting even. It's better for all three of us if we just stay quiet about this. Janice, may I also remind you that if you go blabbing to everyone about Heather, then I can't trust you either. There's no way I'm going to have sex with you now or ever again if you can't be discreet."

Janice looked back and forth between Alan and Heather. Alan looked sincere and determined while Heather just looked plain evil. After a long pause, she said, "Fine. Who said I was going to say anything, anyway? I'm not."

Heather pointed right in Janice's face. "Not even to Joy!"

"Fine. Not even to her. But you and I aren't done, Heather. Now I know how you REALLY are. You're the most pathetic girl I've ever seen. I'll never be able to look at you in the same way again. You bring disgrace to the entire female gender. 'Oh! Alan! Please let me be your cum dumpster! Please?!'"

Alan immediately spoke up before Heather could go ballistic. "Listen! Janice, being quiet means not mentioning these kinds of comments in the future to me OR to Heather. Really, you shouldn't have been here. That was a mistake. But you were. The things Heather and I say to each other are just between her and me. If I say something sexual to you, then I expect the same discretion from Heather. I know you two hate each other, but I don't want to get caught in the middle of your little feud. If that's how it's going to be, I'm going to wash my hands of both of you, and good riddance."

Heather and Janice both shouted at once, "NO!"

Heather could hardly wait to get fucked by Alan again, especially in the ass. In fact, she was surprised to find her own hands wandering back to defensively clutch and massage her own ass cheeks, as if to soothe and reassure her rear end that Alan would soon be back for more.

Janice, meanwhile, had just seen that Heather had been overwhelmed by a revelatory sexual experience and she wanted something similar (though not in the ass). If what Heather had was the "consolation prize" then she could hardly imagine what the first prize would be like.

He said, "So, if either of you want to take part in more erotic adventures like this, the most basic thing is that nobody talks. Can both of you be mature and cool enough to do that?"



Both girls nodded, rather sheepishly.

Alan was pleased that he seemed to have some control of the situation. The truth was, if Janice did spread word of what had happened to the gossip networks, it would not only devastate Heather but also seriously complicate his own life. Calling Heather a "cum dumpster" would hardly endear him to anyone, especially the female half of the school. He could already imagine Christine hitting him with a barrage of withering insults, if not her open hand. Worse, his best friend Sean was so moony over Heather that Sean would hate him. In fact, if Sean merely found out that he'd had sex with Heather, Sean would probably be devastated.

He turned to Heather. "I think it's best if you go. NOW! Janice is NOT going to talk; I'll make sure of that. Calm down and take a chill pill. There's no problem here. One of these days I'll finish what I started with you here today, and cum in your ass."

Heather could see the wisdom of leaving. She realized that she was way too upset to think clearly and she didn't want to say anything in the heat of the moment that could ruin her chances with Alan. She got up and went to wash up and put her clothes back on.

But still she stewed. "'One of these days?' What does that mean? Alan, you can't leave me hanging like this! I really want you to cum in my ass. It somehow feels incomplete if you don't." She was going to plead some more, but then she remembered Janice's comment about being "pathetically desperate" and that shut her up.

"Heather, we'll talk later. Don't worry; everything's good. That was fun. I definitely want to cram your butt again - you have a really tight ass." He ran a hand over her nearest ass cheek. At first he just fondled her over her skirt, but then he slipped a hand inside her skirt and panties and gave her ass flesh a good squeeze.

Heather was somewhat mollified by his words. His promise was something she could work with and build on, as she hopefully molded him into her anal-sex boy toy. She was already scheming on how to find a way to get her newly-discovered anal-sex fix from him every day. She continued to clean up and dress while Alan and Janice waited silently for her to finish and leave.

Alan's penis had gone flaccid during Heather's big angry outburst. But halfway through her getting dressed, Janice knelt down in front of him and started bobbing on his erection, obviously trying to bring him back to full hardness.

Heather had already put her panties and skirt back on, but she pulled her panties right back off again while keeping the skirt (because she'd deduced correctly that Alan enjoyed the cheerleader look). Knowing that he was watching her, she slowly put her tennis shoes on, a process that provided a reason for her to do a lot of bending over with plenty of ass wiggling. Then she turned around to face him.

It was her intention to perform a semi-naked dance for him, but when it actually came time to deliver she realized that she just didn't have the energy. She was literally all fucked out. So she just did a mellow striptease of sorts, pulling her cheerleader skirt down in a sexy manner, before pulling it slightly back up again. Doing this gave her confidence. God, I have such a fucking hot body! I really am the most beautiful girl in this school, by far! Not even Christine looks THIS scorching! A total nobody like Alan should count his lucky stars that I deign to spend any time with him at all.

She pulled her skirt just below her pussy. Hey, stud, you want this? You wanna tap this sweet pussy? You wanna drill me with that big fuckin' cock of yours?

She pulled her skirt back up, but then turned around and pulled it just below her ass cheeks once again. Or do you wanna take me like this? Are you gonna make me bark like a dog when you take me doggy-style, you motherfuckin' beast? She smirked, smiling as she considered the possibilities.

Then, facing him again, she said, "Alan, don't worry. I'm definitely cool and mature enough to understand the need for total discretion. I know how to give you a good time, and you know how to give me a good time. Together we can have a very good time together."

When she was done, she turned yet again and bent over. She made sure her skirt rode up enough to expose all of her bare and very tanned ass cheeks.

Alan just nodded in agreement. Janice's busy lips and tongue had his dick fully hard again, so he was somewhat preoccupied.

Heather considered saying more but realized that doing so would just prolong Janice's blowjob and Alan's enjoyment of Janice, and that bugged her. So instead she just straightened up and nodded in return. But even then she wasn't quite done teasing, as she took her sexy time putting her panties and bra back on.

Finally, when she was fully dressed, she went to the door to let herself out. She ignored Janice, but didn't know what to say to Alan. She suddenly felt strange feelings of affection for him, even as her asshole throbbed with a dull burning soreness from his recent violation back there. To her complete amazement, she sincerely found herself wanting to say intimate things or blow him a kiss in a very girly way. But she didn't, primarily because Janice was there. In the end she just waved awkwardly and left.

She had a very funny gait as she walked away.

## Chapter 659 Fucking Janice

Heather was so weary and her ass was so sore that she went outside to a bench where she could be alone and sit down. She quickly realized though that her ass didn't like that, and she stood back up. As she thought about everything that had just happened, she felt a great anger welling up within her, and at first, she directed some of her hate at Alan.

I'm gonna get you for this, Alan Plummer! God dammit, I can't even sit down now, thanks to you. Just how am I supposed to get through my next class, not to mention cheerleading practice? "Sorry girls, someone else is going to have to lead the practice today 'cos Alan fucked my butt way too hard." As if! And Janice is going to be snickering to herself at every visible sign of my anal discomfort, even if she does miraculously keep her big mouth shut.

Oh God! Today's game day! What a nightmare! That's ten times worse. How on Earth am I going to be able to cheerlead in front of so many people when I can barely walk? Damn you, Alan! I'll bet you fucked my ass on game day on purpose, just to rub in your supposed superiority.

Who does he think he is, anyways? He's got some kind of gall. He thinks he's all Mr. Hot Stuff, calling me all those mean things and treating me like a piece of meat. Making me beg and say all those humiliating things. Ha! We'll see who's begging soon, nerd boy! I can't wait until the tables are turned and I'm slapping his butt and getting him to cry for mercy. Hell, I could fuck HIS ass with a strap-on! Wouldn't that be the best?! You're going to be sorry you ever crossed me. You and Janice. I'll get you both. That's gonna be sweet! I can taste victory already.

She paced in circles around the bench. The other students milling about were going inside because lunch was nearly over. She repeatedly rubbed her ass cheeks, trying to ease the burning sensation she felt between them. The problem was, that burning was slowly turning into an itchy hot feeling, one that she

knew couldn't be scratched, except by Alan. Damn. I feel like I'm gonna be walking funny for weeks. Why does that fucker have to fucking fuck so damn fucking good?! It's annoying.

The problem is that Alan is seriously the only real man in this school. He's got what I want. The whole thing was humiliating, but shit, it's so fucking intense. I honestly loved it! I even loved all the names, though if Janice breathes ONE WORD...

Shit. Even I can't believe that I loved being called a "cum dumpster." He really has some balls, especially considering he's basically a nerd. He's completely fearless! The truth is, I have to admire how he played me like a fiddle, playing me against Janice and against my own lust. He thinks he's some kind of nice guy, but the truth is he's a Machiavellian manipulator just like I am. That's a man after my own heart. What's amazing is how he gets just what he wants and still keeps that nice guy nerdy image. Impressive. God, that just makes me want to fuck him even more!

I wonder if I could actually be falling in love. Finally, a real challenge, someone WORTHY of my attention! I'm going to get my revenge and prove that I'm at least his equal. Wait. What am I saying? I'm his superior in every way! He'll soon see that all the other girls he fucks are just pathetic wallflowers. Amy? Hah! Nice big butt, cute face, and decent mams, sure, but that's hardly reason enough to pick her for a girlfriend. What's she got that I don't have, and then some? It can't be her personality since she's a fucking airhead. What's the challenge in HER?

She pounded a fist into an open palm with determination. I'm going to make him see that I'm the only one in this school worthy of being his girlfriend. Anyone who stands between him and me is going to feel my wrath. Amy is too sweet and innocent to take on directly. There's no sport in it; it would be like taking candy from a baby. But I'll elbow her and the likes of Janice aside soon enough. And then he will be mine. All mine! She felt her asshole throb hotly, as if in endorsement of that idea.

Meanwhile, as Heather mulled over her options, Alan and Janice still had unfinished business back in the theater room.

As Alan heard Heather close the door, he was reminded to look up at the clock. Oh no. I've got to make this a fast fuck, because I'm going to be late to the psychologist's appointment if I don't hustle. I wonder what's going to happen there? This could be really pivotal.

He turned his attention back to Janice. He put his hands on her bobbing head, and said, "Um, I think you can stop now. I'm definitely as hard as I'll ever get."

She sat back up and wiped her chin and lips clean.

He asked her, "Are you okay?"

She stared off into space. "Thanks for asking. I'm still pissed off at that bitch. To think that she would do all kinds of dreadful things to Joy. I don't care about me, I can defend myself. But attacking Joy to get at me? That's hitting below the belt."bender

Alan decided that Janice needed a hug. He was right; she held on to him like a life preserver. They remained hugging like that for a couple of minutes. Finally, the bell rang, indicating that there was only one minute until the start of fifth period.

He pulled away. "Uh oh. Time's up. The bell's not a problem for me 'cos I'm actually not going back to class today. I have a doctor's appointment. But I imagine you're gonna be late. Sorry the time slipped away."

Janice asked, "What, you don't want to fuck? I'm still up for it. I'm hardly ever late, so I can be massively late just this once. The truth is, I'm so stressed out. Heather really upset me. Disturbed me. She talked about killing me, even if it was just a figure of speech. I found out with my old boyfriend that fucking can be a great stress reliever. I NEED this."

"Okay. That's cool. The truth is I need it for the same reason. Of course, the fact that you're in my arms and we're both naked and you're such a hottie and a cutie doesn't hurt."

Janice giggled, happy with his compliments.

He held her tighter and leaned in to her conspiratorially. "Here's another thing you should never tell anyone else. I act all tough around Heather, but the truth is I'm scared of her too. She's one scary bitch, that's for sure!"

Janice sighed with relief. "Really? I'm glad to hear that. I was beginning to think you were superhuman or something. I say that I can defend myself, but that's just a front. I'm soooo not going to talk! I may hate her guts, but I'm not stupid."

The two of them slowly transitioned from comforting each other to making out, and then to fucking. It was a relatively quick transition, spurred on by the awareness that she had to get back to class and he had to get to his appointment.

But Alan wasn't in such a hurry that he would overly rush a nice cheerleader fuck. So they had good, gentle sex, more like making love than simple fucking. He again made sure to use another condom for protection from STDs, even though he knew that Janice, like all the cheerleaders, was on the pill.

Alan found it a relief after what he did to Heather to make tender, caring love, with sweet words of affection instead of name-calling.

They both knew that this wasn't meant to be some kind of virtuoso, athletic sexual performance, but just a low key stress reliever. Still, it turned out to be very satisfying for both of them.

As Alan fucked, he again pondered the issue of aggressiveness. It seemed to him that with some females, such as Heather, he went too far, and with others, such as his mother, he didn't go far enough. He wondered how he was changing overall, and if he could strike the right balance with everyone.

Back on the Orange County street where the Pestrighes lived, Suzanne sat alone in her car. She was about to drive off to do some shopping when she found herself overcome with worry. She was somewhat nervous about how things were going between Susan and Xania, but not too nervous. If there had been a major problem, Xania would have called her already. The issue that caused her to worry was imagining what Xania and Alan might do together.

Sweetie's sexually involved with a LOT of women these days, far too many for him to think of me enough. Xania is a damned good lover, and she's got an incredible, stacked body - just the kind he loves. By the time she's done with him, I'll probably be in the back of his mind: "Suzanne? Sure. I remember my Aunt Suzy. She's nice to have around for a good laugh and a blowjob. She's starting to understand her place in things. She does just what I say."

No! That's not how he's going to see me. He has to realize that I love him more than anyone else does and that I'm not just another good fuck. This is not just about sex for me; I LOVE him. I really do! He's my cute little Sweetie! He needs to realize that I love him just as much as Susan does! I don't want to take anything away from her, but in my mind he's my son as much or even more than Brad is. If he doesn't love me back the way I love him, I don't know what I'll do!

Suzanne started to feel the tears flow, but she steeled herself and cut off the urge to cry. She was too proud for that.

It was a mistake to allow Xania to fuck him as part of her reward for doing this. We had a bit of a rivalry back in our college days, always stealing boyfriends from each other. If she tries to steal him away from me, there's going to be hell to pay, that's for sure! I've risked everything to be with him. I could go to prison with my schemes, but I'd do it all over again and then some if we could become the lovers we are in my dreams. If it weren't for the fact that she lives in L.A., I'd rush up there and put a stop to things. But she obviously can't steal him away if she lives that far off, right?

Why did I set it up for them to fuck? What was I thinking?! It sounded good at the time - that getting the two of them together would help draw Xania back into my life so we could be close friends again. But God knows he's fucking enough other women already. Why do I want to compete with yet another incredibly sexy woman for his attention? Thank God she lives far off, at least.

It's too late to stop them from fucking now. But I have to reassert my control over this whole situation, just the same. It keeps slipping away. I've gone far too long without fucking him. Maybe that's my problem. I can't wait any longer. Once I fuck him, he'll realize that the others are just fun diversions, but I'm the real deal. I can prove my love with my sexual talents and desire. Not only that, but all schemes aside, I need some satisfaction, dammit! I NEED that deep satisfaction only a profoundly prolonged and filling fucking can provide. I know from the way he plowed my ass that he'll be able to deliver and then some. But this stupid weekend hiking trip of his is ruining everything. There's no way I can wait till Monday.

She pondered that problem for quite a few minutes, then came to a conclusion. Or, maybe ... should I say, this stupid hiking trip of his WAS ruining everything. I think I just figured out a way to get that trip canceled. And with Alan home all weekend, without anything on his schedule, there will be time for the kind of first-fuck extravaganza that I've been waiting for. Yes! God, I've been waiting for this SOOOO LONG!

As she began to plot out her plans, something suddenly occurred to Suzanne. Wait a second. The whole point of Susan's visit with Xania is to finally break down the last remaining barriers between mother and son. But what if the visit is TOO successful in that regard? What if they're ready to immediately fuck like bunnies? I'll be completely forgotten! I have to get him to fuck me first. Only after I've secured my place as his number one woman, only then should they fuck.

Suzanne sighed. What a web I've weaved. I've promised not to do any harm to anyone with my schemes, but if Susan is well and truly ready to fuck her son and I try to delay that, then I'm hurting her. And she's my best friend and places her complete trust in me - I can't betray that trust. I just have to hope to God that she leaves Xania with some lingering reservations so I have more time to play with.

Yes. I'm probably worrying too much. At the very least, Susan is going to ask me for my advice when she comes home, and if I suggest she should wait a few more days to get her head together, is that really so bad? Isn't that the kind of prudent advice I'd give her in any case?

She avoided answering that last question, because she knew the answer would be 'No'. She bit her lip in worry. Well, I know one thing. I hope Sweetie is rested enough and mentally ready for a roller coaster, because I'm going to fuck him like he's never been fucked! I'm going to fuck him eighteen different ways before Monday, and give him the sexual trip of his life so he'll never forget who the best fucker around here is. This is going to be the best weekend ever!

Feeling better now, Suzanne started her car and pulled out into the road. There was a big smile on her face. Her desire to fuck had dulled her scheming skills and she knew it. But it didn't bother her terribly at the moment because she knew that Alan's penis would be flooding her vagina with cum by tomorrow at the latest. Her face looked content and relaxed, but her hands on the steering wheel trembled in anticipation.

#### Chapter 660 Any Last Words Of Wisdom, To Prepare Me?

As Alan drove up Highway 5 to Los Angeles, he thought, Phew! What a day already. I don't know if I'm more sexually exhausted or more hungry. Fucking Heather's ass totally wiped me out. The "recovery" sex with Janice was good, but it also kinda wiped me out even more.

Think about it: I spent my lunch time getting a blowjob from Glory, another blowjob from Heather (with Janice chipping in), fucking Heather's ass, and finally fucking Janice. I could have done all that, or I could have ate lunch. Dang! I think I prefer going hungry, heh-heh! Few guys ever get a chance to have sex with three women in one day, and yet that was just one part of my sexual day. Am I beyond lucky or what?

So he didn't mind the hunger pangs as he busted the speed limit driving up to Los Angeles. He hoped that if he hurried he wouldn't be too late to his appointment with the psychologist Xania Goodleigh.



Even while speeding, he was able to have some rare contemplation time. He spent most of it analyzing what had just happened with Heather and Janice, and most especially Heather, since she was such a curious and complicated case. He made sure to look at the recent events in a dispassionate and logical manner, so he could figure out how to outsmart Heather in the future.

On top of everything else, I'm damn lucky that Heather didn't just up and kill me! Talk about pushing my luck. I pushed it off the cliff, repeatedly! And yet it worked. In fact, I suspect that with her the ONLY viable defense is a good offense.

It's weird. Once I'm with her and things get rolling, I seem to get into some kind of zone where I can do no wrong. I wonder why that is. Maybe it's partially because of Mom. She's the queen of saying one thing while really wanting another, so I'm starting to get how women can be like that. She'll say something like, "Oh no, Son, please don't spank me!" when it's totally obvious that she'd love nothing better than be spanked. It's way less obvious what Heather wants, but it's the same kind of weird thinking where her mind wants one thing and her body wants the opposite.

Even so, with Heather, I'm walking on the high wire. One bad move and I'm toast. The spell I have over her will be broken. She's obviously way into the anal sex we had. That's good, very good. I have to use that to my advantage, like a dangling carrot.

He grew more thoughtful. But I need to ask, ultimately, what is my goal? Yes, having lots of great sex with Heather is a damn fine goal in and of itself, but I also have this strange feeling that I can somehow help her out. It's like, she's so powerful and arrogant that she needs someone to put her in her place to make her more human, and I'm probably the only one in a position to do that.

But I have to keep my priorities straight. If it comes down to being with Glory or Heather, Glory's gonna win every time. She's not just my teacher and a hot fuck, but also a great deep throater and a true friend. I can honestly say I love her in every way. Whereas I don't even like Heather as a person. I just like fucking her. So it's only fair I make an effort to spend my lunch time with Glory whenever I can.

Walking into Xania's office, he was pleased to look at a clock and see that he'd almost made it on time. Susan and Katherine sat in the waiting room, as they had just returned from lunch. He looked at his mother and sister and noticed how happy and relaxed they appeared, while they read magazines that had been left in the waiting room. Obviously the psychologist session had been going very well.

Susan in particular looked like she would slide off her chair and collapse into a puddle if she got any more relaxed.

He noticed that she seemed to absent-mindedly rub her own nipples through her dress, which was a common enough sight at home, but an extremely unusual thing for her, or anyone, to be doing in such a semi-public place. (At least, he thought it was a semi-public place, not knowing that they were the only 'patients' that Xania had ever had.)

Then Susan looked up and saw him. Normally, her eyes lit up when she saw either of her children, but her eyes stayed half-lidded, like she was on some kind of drug trip. She was coherent enough to say, "Oh, Tiger! I'm so glad to see you. I think Xania is ready to see you shortly. She's so perceptive! It's incredible. I'm sure you'll find this VERY useful."bender

He made some small talk with his mother and sister. He wanted very much to greet them with big kisses but realized this wasn't the time or place for that. In fact, both of them were so relaxed that they didn't even get out of their chairs.

He sat down in a free chair and asked, "So, how's it going?"

Katherine responded first. "Great! Xania's totally understanding. She's really, really great! She GETS the whole thing. You know, the incest thing. She hasn't tried to talk us out of that at all. In fact, she's made me feel even BETTER about being your fuck toy!" She gave him a sexy wink.

Susan had been a bit spaced out, but she roused herself to say, "Angel! Please. Your language."

"What? 'Fuck toy?' What's wrong with that? I told you, Xania's totally cool with that."

Susan frowned. "I know, but it still seems somehow terribly... improper, especially in a place like this. After all, Tiger is your brother."

Katherine replied, "I know that. But that's part of what makes it so great, and so hot! Instead of complaining, you should proudly admit that you're one of his fuck toys too."

Susan said in her chiding mother voice, "Katherine! Katherine Plummer!" She even wagged a finger at her.

But Katherine was defiant. "What? You say that, but you know it gets you hot. Your DUTY is to help get his cock hard and keep it hard six times a day, every single day, possibly for the rest of his life! That makes you his fuck toy. You even said so yourself on the ride up. Or, if you prefer, his sex toy. Your busty, sexy body exists to serve him sexually. Same with mine. What's wrong with me just speaking the truth?"

Susan was trying to maintain her stern mother look, but it was obvious to anyone with eyes that she was getting extremely aroused.

Alan had been somewhat amused, not to mention flattered, hearing them talk like that. His penis had had a good rest on the long ride up, and now he quickly grew erect. But he was in a big rush, so he said, "Sorry to cut in, but I drove like a madman to get here in time. It is my turn, right?"

"Definitely," Katherine said. "You're only a few minutes late, so don't stress."

"Oh, good," he replied. "So Mom, what do you think? About Xania, and what she has to say?"

Susan had been spacing out again (and for once she hadn't even noticed her son's prominent bulge). "What? Did you ask me something?"

Katherine giggled. "Don't mind her. She's been like that all through lunch. Mom told me in general, vague terms what she and Xania talked about, but I'd love to know what was said exactly, because Mom's been totally spacing out ever since."

Susan knew the answer: she couldn't get her mind off the mental exercise Xania had made her go through, where Susan had fantasized at length about being fucked by her son. That was the one thing she never allowed herself to think about, even in fantasies. (Her mind did wander in that direction from time to time, but she would quickly divert her thoughts to blowjobs and titfucks and the like instead.) Now, she'd been given official approval to think such thoughts, and suddenly she was hardly capable of thinking about anything else. Even now, with Alan standing in front of her, she finally noticed the bulge in his crotch. But instead of thinking of blowjobs as usual, she was wondering about how his thickness would feel as it stretched her pussy lips open wide.

However, Alan repeated his question: "What do you think about Xania?"

Susan gathered her wits and forced herself to answer. "She's nice."

"That's it?" he asked. "She's nice?"

"Very nice. And beaaaaautiful. So beautiful, inside and out." She added in her own mind. She's Alan-worthy, if anyone is! He's gonna love her big tits! He really should tame her. That would be divine.

He looked with mild concern at how out of it Susan seemed to be. "Um, Mom?"

Susan elaborated with a blissful smile, "It's like Angel said, she's totally understanding. Especially about the all-important incest question. To be honest, I feel great! Better than I've felt in years. Maybe that's why I seem distracted. I feel like a great weight has been lifted."

She suddenly reached out and grabbed Alan's hands. She held them tightly in her grasp. "It's okay! Everything is okay! Everything we've been doing - the daily blowjobs and handjobs and all the rest - it's okay! You have no idea what that means to me, to hear that it's okay to do all that."

Katherine added, "To be Alan's fuck toys, you mean."

Susan shot Katherine a withering look, but Katherine just giggled impishly.

Alan grinned widely. He felt a great sense of relief just hearing that everything indeed seemed to be okay. He hadn't been worried Xania would totally disapprove, because he couldn't see Suzanne allowing that to happen, but he had been worried Susan would suffer another one of her prudish setbacks. It was great news that, if anything, the opposite had happened.

He was still standing while his mother and sister were still sitting. He said, "So, should I just knock on the door and go on in then?"

Katherine replied, "Yep. That's what she told us to tell you to do."

"Any last words of wisdom, to prepare me?"

Katherine started to say something, and then stopped.

"What?"

She was going to tell him of Xania's great beauty to better prepare him than Susan's vague "she's beautiful, inside and out" comment, but she decided to let him be pleasantly surprised. Instead, she said, "Nah, it's nothing. You'll do great, I'm sure. It's like talking to some wise, knowledgeable friend, not some inquisition."

Alan grinned as he said, "I wasn't expecting some kind of Spanish Inquisition."

He and his sister were both Monty Python fans, and he'd set her up perfectly. She was all smiles as she replied, "NOOOOOBODY expects the Spanish Inquisition!"

He was about to turn to the inner door when Susan put her hand directly on the bulge in his jeans. "Tiger! You're stiff!"

Katherine giggled. "And that's a surprise, Mom... how?" She giggled some more.

Susan gripped his shaft through the fabric and slowly stroked it up and down. "But for once, it's a problem. Son, you can't go in there like that."

He rolled his eyes. "Then Mom, um, maybe you should stop holding it like that."

"Oh." After a long pause, she added, "Sorry." It took even longer, but she finally pulled her hand off.

He reached into his jeans and did some readjusting. "Don't worry, it'll be fine. See? You can hardly tell."

Susan stared longingly at his bulge. True, his readjustment had hidden his erection, but she still knew it was there.

He looked at Katherine just in time for her to ostentatiously lick her lips and wink at him.

He shook his head, but he grinned too.