

6 Times 761

Chapter 761 Brenda And Susan

Susan was about to fix herself a sandwich when she heard the phone by the kitchen counter ring.

"Hello?" bender

"Hi, Susan. It's me." It was Brenda. "Is this a bad time to call?"

"No, not at all. I was about to make lunch, but that can wait a little while. What's up?"

"This may sound odd... I'm embarrassed to even tell you..."

"Brenda, have we not shared a lot lately? Feel free to talk to me about anything."

"Okay, but you'll laugh. The thing is, I've been fretting all morning about... well... the state of Alan's penis." She waited for derisive laughter, but none came. "I know it's silly. He's at school, after all. How could you or I know how his penis is doing? But still, I wonder. Is it flaccid? Or erect? Is someone taking good care of it?"

When there was still no response from Susan, Brenda added bitterly, "You can laugh now."

Susan replied with obvious sincerity, "Why would I laugh? I feel the exact same way."

"Really?!"

"Really. After all, remember that he's tamed me, just like he's taming you. I want to say 'welcome to my life,' because I have a lot of thoughts like that almost all day long, especially when he's at school. I fret about his blue balls when he's sitting in class. It really worries me."

Brenda was on speakerphone, so she actually clutched her head with both hands in dismay. "Oh God! Don't even talk to me about his blue balls. I can't bear the thought. His cock could be nice and stiff, just perfect for a long, intensive cocksucking, and there's nothing you or I can do about it!"

"Tell me about it," Susan emphatically agreed. She felt her nipples stiffen in her loose summer dress. "He could have a perfectly good boner for HOURS, without any help! But luckily, I wouldn't worry too much about it right now. It's about noon, which means it's his lunch period. I'm sure some beautiful big-titted cheerleader is taking good care of him. Maybe more than one! I still don't know all the details, but as I've told you, he's basically made all the cheerleaders his personal fuck toys."

Brenda sighed happily. "Aaaah. What a relief! That's so hot. God, I hope he's fucking some beautiful, blonde cheerleader even as we speak!"

"I'm sure he is," Susan said proudly. "I'm not sure about the blonde part, but busty and beautiful? You bet!" She chuckled at that. "That's my boy!"

Brenda sighed with relief again. "That's such good news. I feel like you just lifted a weight off my shoulders."

She'd started the phone call fully dressed, but now she was regretting that. She stuck a hand inside her blouse and started rubbing one of her erect nipples. "I just can't stop thinking about him, especially his cock. That was happening last week, but it's gotten even worse since Sunday's fashion show. I swear, that night changed my life."

She spoke a bit shyly. "This may be presumptive of me, but I have to tell you because I feel so strongly about it. I know I'm not one of his official personal cocksuckers, but for a while now, and especially since the fashion show, I've been feeling just like I am one. I only wish I had more opportunities to act that way too!"

Susan spoke carefully, wanting to encourage Brenda's cock-lust but also not wanting to make big promises. "As far as I'm concerned, I think it's just a matter of time before you win that title. But until then, we can definitely call you one of his cock helpers. You've got what it takes, girl! After that show, I'm sure he's going to want to fuck your face and your tits on a regular basis from now on."

Brenda exclaimed, "YOU LIE!"

Susan was taken aback. "Excuse me?!"

"Sorry, I'm too worked up. What I mean is, it can't be! Don't even tell me that, or I'm going to get too excited!"

Susan chuckled. "Sorry, you have no choice but to get 'too excited.' It's a done deal!"

"WOOO! WOO HOO!" Brenda shrieked into the phone.

After some more celebratory small talk between them, Brenda had to take some moments to take some deep breaths and try to calm down. Once she did so, she said, "To be honest, if you said the opposite, 'hasta la vista,' or 'don't call us, we'll call you,' I don't know what I'd do. I'm become so addicted to him, and to serving him. Do all of his women obsess like this?"

"It's hard to say. Katherine does, to some extent. But I suspect it's just you and me so far who get this carried away about it."

Brenda wasn't deterred by that at all. "What's funny is that with my soon-to-be ex-husband, it got to the point where I didn't like it when he got horny, because that meant I'd have to have sex with him. It was good the first years, but it eventually became a chore. He did it the same way every time, and he thought that was good enough because it got HIM off. I certainly wasn't keen to see his penis stiff all the time."

Her voice switched from sad to glad. "Whereas with Alan, geez, it still feels like I just met him, and that's not too far off the mark, but the state of his cock is becoming a kind of obsession for me. Do you think that's a bad thing? Am I bothering you with all this?"

Before Susan could answer, an anxious Brenda continued, "I'm trying hard not to bother you too much. I wanted to call you all morning, but I told myself, 'No, stop pestering her.' I forced myself to wait until this afternoon."

Susan glanced at the kitchen clock. She noted, "It's 12:02."

"Well I call that afternoon. After all, technically it is AFTER noon." Brenda laughed at her own eagerness, since it was obvious she'd called as soon as her clock reached noon.

Susan spoke encouragingly. "Don't worry about it. Don't be shy about calling me at any reasonable hour. I know we haven't been friends for long, but we've become close in such a short time. For instance yesterday, when we read that incest story together, and went through the fashion show pictures, and so much more. Wasn't that great?"

"Oh, that was definitely great! It was almost as good as the real thing." Brenda paused. She had something she wanted to say, but she wasn't sure if she should. "There's just one thing about that, though. I had some pretty weird dreams last night. Of course, I dreamed about getting fucked by Alan. But, in some of my other dreams I had sex with Adrian too."

"Adrian?! Really!"

"Yes. I think it's because you were going on about how great mother-son sex is. Like with that story. Although, to be honest, I've had the occasional sexual dream about Adrian before. As you know, I've kind of had a thing about incest for a while."

"I see." Susan didn't know what to say. On the one hand, she had come to love mother-son incest, so she could relate. But on the other hand, she felt loyalty to Alan was all important.

She decided it would be best to change the subject and consider that conflict later. "By the way, speaking of dreams last night, I didn't have to dream about Alan, because he came into my room in the middle of the night!"

"NO!"

"Yes!"

"NO!"

"Yes!" Susan giggled at another one of their "yes" and "no" back-and-forth series. She proceeded to tell Brenda all about the things she, Alan, and Katherine had done that morning, including Alan's early visit to Susan's room.

When Susan mentioned that she'd put on an erotic French maid's outfit, Brenda made her stop and describe it in detail. She also got to promise her to take a picture of herself wearing it later. Brenda had a particular fetish for French maid's outfits that went way back

The highlight of Susan's explanation was her very first ass fuck. She and Brenda shared a special connection there, since they had talked about anal sex some in the past and much of what Susan knew about it came from Brenda.

Before long, both women were masturbating, although they tried to conceal that fact from each other. Brenda gradually took her clothes off, piece by piece, so she could have better access to her privates. Susan didn't have to, since she was wearing a loose, short summer dress that allowed her to reach and fondle her huge breasts and wet pussy.

Susan went into great detail about the in and outs of the anal sex, as well as a running commentary on her feelings about it.

Even so, Brenda had questions at the end of the story, lots of questions. After they both climaxed and then recovered some, "Congratulations! I'm so happy for you that I could just hug and kiss you forever! Wasn't it great?"

Brenda laughed after saying that, because she remembered how Susan had already said in many different ways how great it was. "Okay, scratch that. Dumb question. But let's put it this way: does it equal or even exceed your expectations?"

Susan enthusiastically replied, "Oh, definitely! Remember when we first started talking about this, how repulsed I was by the very idea? I still have 'icky' issues, to be honest, but I think that actually could be a good thing. It increases the taboo thrill somehow."

Brenda grunted in approval.

Susan went on, "As for expectations, I was kind of a blank page. I thought back to the only real fucking I even experienced, with my husband Ron. I tried to remember that feeling and then multiply it by a hundred, since this is Tiger we're talking about! But a person can't imagine a pleasure a hundred times greater... until you feel it! Which I did! It really is that great!"

"I knew it!" Brenda gasped. She was too tired from her recent orgasm to masturbate some more, but she was thrilled and winded just the same.

Susan then said, "I loved it so much that I can dare say this: after just my first time, I think anal sex could very well be just as great as cocksucking! I know that might not mean much for some women, but I don't know how to give higher praise than that."

Brenda's desire for Alan grew and grew. She told herself that if she stuck with her current path, the day would come soon when he'd fuck her ass, and her pussy too.

Susan also mentioned that Alan fucked Katherine's ass as well shortly thereafter. That wasn't true, since he actually fucked Katherine's pussy that time, but Susan had been misled, so she could only pass on what she thought had happened.

When Susan had finished her rather lengthy description of all her morning sexual adventures, Brenda sighed longingly. "Aaaah... Susan, I've said this before, and I'll say it again: you're the luckiest woman in the world. But, you know, it's funny. I'm kind of jealous of you getting to spend so much time pleasuring his stiff cock every day, while I feel like I'm slowing dying of frustration from not getting to do the same."

Susan asked, "What about last night? You probably got to tend his cock more than anybody else."

"That's true. Last night was a dream come true. Between that and the night before, I'll bet I had my lips wrapped around his shaft for a full hour. But you have to remember that's it for me, in my entire life! One hour of bliss. Period. Whereas there are single days where you do a lot better than that. So yeah, I feel like I'm suffering from the slow torture of deprivation."

Susan said, "Don't worry, I'm sure it'll happen more frequently for you. Like I said, you should consider yourself one of his cock helpers. And I bet it won't be long until you're an official cocksucker."

Brenda sighed longingly. "I sure hope so. But in a way, the deprivation doesn't actually bother me as much if you give me updates like that. Yeah, I get jealous that I'm not directly doing the helping, but that's okay, because I also feel a tremendous sense of relief that his cock is being well taken care of. That's way more important to me. I mean, hearing that he fucked both your ass AND Katherine's ass before school? How can I not love that? That's what I call a good morning!"

"I know!" Susan giggled giddily. "I'd call it a GREAT morning." She was keeping two fingers in her pussy, pumping slowly. Unfortunately, she needed her other hand to hold the phone.

Brenda also was frigging her pussy with two fingers, but she was able to caress her round melons with the other hand. "I don't like to bring up my soon-to-be ex-husband, but if I'd ever caught him sleeping with another woman I would have ripped his throat out. But with Alan, every time I hear about him having sex with any woman, it makes me way more aroused than jealous. It feels like a victory for all of us. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, definitely. That's because we share the task of making sure he cums at least six times a day, so it IS a victory for us all. There's been this great group camaraderie that's been developing between me, Suzanne, Angel, and Amy. Every time he cums, we get all excited and sometimes even high-five each other. It's such fun!"

Brenda sighed longingly. She wished she could be an integral part of that, but again she didn't want to be too pushy. "That sounds lovely."

"It is."

Chapter 762 Brenda And Susan Continued

Susan abruptly changed the subject. "Speaking of the joy of sharing, just before you called, I was fantasizing about all of the things he could be doing with the cheerleader squad right now. I have this image of the six cheerleaders all lined up, naked and kneeling, with him standing in front of them, sternly inspecting them. He walks up to one you know about named Heather and pops his cock into her mouth while generally running his hands all over her body. Since she's the squad leader, he wants to make an example of her first. Once he pulls back after fucking her face for a minute or two, she pledges her eternal loyalty to him."

Brenda complained, "Don't just say that. Go into detail! What does she say exactly?! And what's she doing as she says it?"

Susan chuckled. "Okay. First, she bends down and silently licks his feet. The other cheerleaders are shocked, because Heather is known as a world-class bitch who doesn't answer to anybody. Then she lifts her head back to his crotch and resumes fondling his balls, stroking his shaft, and licking his sweet spot. As she does all that, she mutters, 'Alan, I just want you to know, I've told my boyfriend to take a hike. I'm pledging my eternal loyalty to you! I don't care how many other girls I have to share you with. My cunt, my cocksucking lips, my busty body - they all belong to you and only to you!'"

Brenda groaned lustily. "Oh. Hot! Hot, hot, hot! What are the others doing?!"

"Oh my goodness! Speaking of hot, they watch in utter disbelief! They're all on all fours, leaning forwards on their hands to make their big tits dangle down and look even larger. So they can't masturbate, but their arousal soars higher and higher! But what's most amazing is that this could actually be happening in real life, even as I speak!"

Brenda shrieked, "SHUT UP!" She realized how rude that sounded, and quickly added, "Sorry! There I go again! I don't mean that literally, but more like stop talking because I can't take how incredibly arousing it all is! Except don't listen to me! Don't stop!"

Susan laughed. "Don't worry, I get your general gist. He's so pleased that he rubs his stiff erection across Heather's face and even slips it back into her mouth for a little reward. She moans like the bitch in heat that she is! But she can only bob on it for a little while, because he's got the others to take care of. He goes down the line, doing the same to each of them. He's a naughty tease, fucking their faces just long enough for them to desperately crave more. Each one in turn pledges her total loyalty to him."

Susan was huffing and puffing as she got carried away with her own story. "Before long, it's a cocksucking free-for-all! Most of the team crowds around his crotch. But there isn't enough room, so one of them licks his ass crack and another stands up and locks lips with him! The entire team has found new purpose: serving their master!"

Brenda's hands were going wild on her tits and cunt. "Yes! I love it! What happens next?"

"That's as far as my daydream has gotten. But who knows? Maybe he'll fuck one of their asses or cunts while the others are only allowed to watch." Susan vividly imagined him doing just that, fucking them one after another, as they waited patiently in a row for their turns.

Brenda added eagerly, "He should tie her up first! Tie them all up! And give 'em a good spanking!"

Susan gently teased, "It sounds like someone is imagining herself as one of his busty cheerleader cunts."

Brenda laughed. "True! Too true. But you should talk. All that face fucking, and pledges of eternal loyalty? Who could that be?"

Susan laughed too. "Okay, you got me. But I love the idea of him doing it to all the cheerleaders too."

Brenda let out a husky purr. "Mmmm! Me too! Do you really think he's done something like that?"

"I don't know. Probably not. He doesn't tell us much, saying he shouldn't 'kiss and tell.' But it's possible."

"Yeah, it is. Very possible! And that excites me." Brenda was still riding a great erotic buzz while playing with her slit, but she asked more seriously, "Why is that? I would ask 'Why don't we get jealous,' but I do get jealous. Yet it 'hurts so good.' It's odd. I get the feeling that if I were his only lover, I wouldn't be nearly as obsessed and aroused by him all the time. It would be more of a typical, boring relationship. The fact that we have to share him helps make things wonderfully crazy, kind of fostering a sense of friendly competition."bender

"Yeah, that's true," Susan agreed. "I can't say I understand how it works, but it does. Emphasis on 'friendly' though. Like you said, whenever he cums, it's a victory for all of us."

"I wish someone could explain the psychology of it," Brenda mused, even as she kept on idly playing with herself. "It goes against everything that's supposed to happen with sexual relationships."

Susan replied, while also continuing to finger her pussy, "I'm no psychologist, that's for sure. But I'd guess it has something to do with the wildness of it all. It's like we're living in an over-the-top erotic story, like that 'Built for One Thing' story we read together yesterday. Tiger is wonderful, of course, but I think what we're feeling isn't all just because of what he does. It's because he's, like, a vessel. We have all these powerful sexual feelings and fantasies that we keep buried deep inside us, and with him somehow it's okay for them to come out."

"That's so true!" Brenda heartily agreed. "I feel like I've been some kind of sex bomb, waiting to go off."

Susan said in a husky voice, "You are a sex bomb. Rrrawrrr!"

Brenda giggled. "Thanks. But I don't mean it like that. I mean I've had all these repressed sexual feelings, especially submissive feelings. It was like I was ready to explode, and I didn't even know it. And now that I'm giving in to those urges, it's the best feeling in the world!"

Susan said, "Boy, do I know what you mean! We have such similar histories of our years of sexual frustration."

Brenda responded, "We do! And the more I give in to these sexual urges, the better I feel! I honestly can't get enough. It's got me thinking that maybe there are powerful societal pressures keeping people from going wild sexually, because if everyone did it, then who would keep the economy going? But you and I, we're basically the idle rich. We can indulge ourselves to the fullest."

"That's true. Between that and our years of sexual drought, maybe that's why we two seem to be even more into keeping Tiger's cock happy all the time than the others?"

Brenda nodded to herself. "It's possible. Speaking of which, do you think I could, uh... I don't mean to be pushy, but would it be at all possible for me to come over and help you help Alan later?"

She quickly went from shy to enthusiastic. "Just think if he were to come home today and finds you and me kneeling in nothing but matching high heels, ready to spend the rest of the afternoon jointly worshipping his mighty cock!"

Susan sped up the pace of her masturbation upon hearing that. "That sounds like a really great idea. I love that we got to lick his cock together at the fashion show, but it was for a frustratingly short time. It would be heavenly to do it non-stop for a couple of hours. Taking turns getting our mouths impaled by his shaft, then holding him deep and sucking him with all our might! Or going to town with both our tongues on his sweet spot, while our hands slip and slide all over his great fat pole! We could do that for ages. Mmmm! Or have him fuck our tits-"

Brenda excitedly interrupted, "There's so much we could do with our tits! He could suck your nipples while he fucks my tits, or vice versa! He could even fuck both pairs of our girls at once by squeezing between all four of them!" She hefted her massive boobs as if they were half encasing Alan's cock. Of course, Susan couldn't see that, but she was doing it for herself.

Susan sighed longingly, while also briefly groping her only slightly smaller G-cup boobs with both hands. "That sounds wonderful. I love my big girls. I love that he loves them. I wanna rub them all over his face! Mmmm... As for this afternoon, I'd be delighted to have your help keeping his cock hard and throbbing with arousal from the minute he gets home all the way until dinner. But unfortunately, that can't be."

Brenda's fondling hands suddenly froze. "Oh no! Why not?"

"It turns out that he's got a big backlog of homework to do. He's falling so far behind in his classes that he's seriously worried. This morning, he told me to sexually wear myself out all day long, so I'd be able to leave him alone when he comes home. I've been meaning to tell you that your phone call has been a big help with that. To be honest, I've been playing with myself for most of the call!" She'd stopped masturbating to give Brenda the bad news, but now she resumed.

"Really? To be honest, so have I!" Brenda also resumed her self-fondling. "I must admit that my fingers are soaked."

They both chuckled at their identical confessions. Susan playfully chided, "You naughty girl, you."

Brenda let out a sign of frustration as she considered her rejected plans. "That's too bad. We could have had such great fun. But don't tell me he'll be so busy with homework that he's not going to cum all afternoon?!"

"Oh, heavens no! I'll try to tempt him to at least have a quick blowjob or titfuck or two when he comes through the door. But if he's not game, or even if he is, we'll probably try some 'stealth stroking' afterwards. I forget if I've told you about that already, but that's where he sits and reads a book or something relaxing like that, or even does homework, while one of us jacks him off under the table. The key is to do it in a mellow sort of way so his boner can be kept aroused for hours without him losing his concentration."

"What a GREAT idea!" Brenda wanted to invite herself to help with that too, but she forced herself not to, for fear of being too pushy. "I sure hope it works out. Would you mind if I call you later to kind of check in, to find out if his cock is being well tended?"

"Sure. Call as much as you like. These phone calls are great fun. They help inspire me to be the best big-titted, cocksucking mommy I can be. And by the way, if I ever don't answer your call right away, don't worry. That almost certainly means that my mouth is occupied with a very important task, if you know what I mean."

"I do! I do!" Brenda made a lewd slurpy noise.

They shared another laugh.

The phone call ended a short time later after some more sex-related small talk. Neither of them had a climax during the call, but they had both maintained a high level of sexual arousal for a prolonged time. Susan reminded Brenda that, if nothing else, she had Wednesday's poker party to look forward to, and that ended the call on a hopeful note.

Susan went right back to making her sandwich. As she chopped the lettuce, she thought, Brenda's great. I love that she gets it. She's serious about being an excellent sex toy for him. Sometimes I think I'm going too far with the way I pamper my son, especially sexually, but then I think about Brenda and realize I'm probably not going far enough!

I've been insisting that she shouldn't be here very much, lest she take precious time away from the rest of us, but I think it's time to rethink that. Tiger has such great needs. Now that I've warmed up to the double blowjob idea, that changes everything when it comes to sharing. Two or even three women working together to keep his ten thick inches stiff and coated in saliva and cum is going to become the new normal, I imagine.

I love the idea of having her spend the entire afternoon helping me lick and stroke his big cock. That doesn't take any sexy fun time away from me. Too bad about all his homework or I would have invited her over today. But I'm sure there will be plenty of other days she can help like that.

She hummed a happy tune as she worked. All seemed well in her world.

Chapter 763 Heather Vs Glory

Alan bombed his test in Mr. Jackson's third-period art class, just as he figured he would. That put him in a very bad mood when he got to Glory's fourth-period history class. It wasn't just the one test; he felt he'd gone from being one of the top students to slowly failing out of school due to a non-stop sex obsession. He also felt the added weight of all the homework he hadn't done.

During lunch, he wasn't in the mood for sex, even though Glory most certainly was. He told her about his failed test, and asked to just get naked and cuddle.

Glory got out her blanket, sheets, and pillows, and they swaddled up together and cuddled on the floor. They were mostly quiet and motionless, but both of them found the experience to be surprisingly emotional, just the same. He loved her and she loved him, and they simply basked in their mutual love.

By the end of lunch, Alan felt much more optimistic and energetic. He started to get frisky just as they had to put the bedding away and get dressed.

Glory complained in a playful way, "Now that I've got your motor running, who's going to drive your car?"

"We don't discuss the other women, right, Glory?"

"Oh. Right." But it was clear Glory was very curious about the other women. In fact, her curiosity concerning just exactly who he was sleeping with was nearly killing her. Her interest was especially piqued due to a confrontation with Heather during a class break earlier in the morning. She reran the conversation in her mind while thinking over the "other women" idea.

Heather had her bathroom ultimatum with Alan just before attending one of Glory's classes, and she felt flushed with success. She was also increasingly certain that Alan was committing incest with his sister, due to the way he brushed off her "Would you rather sleep with someone even closer to home?" question.

Glory held Heather back during the next break between classes to ask her a couple of probing questions about homework and to chide her for being late to class before sending her on her way. She was frustrated that Heather always seemed to do very well on her essays but poorly in class and on her tests, strongly suggesting that she was somehow cheating on the essays. But Glory couldn't prove it, despite constant efforts to do so.

Before Glory could get started into Heather's work, the haughty teen said, completely out of the blue, "Looks like Alan is really sleeping around with everybody these days. Don't you think, Ms. Rhymer?"

This was the first time Alan had ever come up in conversation between Heather and Glory. It was hardly the sort of thing a student normally discussed with a teacher, but Heather was not easily deterred. She hoped to steer the conversation so she could drop insinuations about Alan committing incest, and see if that could be a fruitful path to shock Glory into breaking up with him.

But Heather didn't get a chance to do that, because she underestimated Glory's reaction.

Glory took the comment to be a not-so subtle form of blackmail, showing that Heather knew about her relationship with Alan. Furthermore, she felt it was meant to be a direct insult that she would involve herself with a boy who was sleeping with so many others. She attacked back, saying testily, "I don't think it's appropriate to speak of a fellow student that way, Heather. But in any case, I don't think one could compare how much he sleeps around with how much someone like you does. I'm not one to solicit or pass along rumors, but just the same, if half of what I hear about you is correct, you're sleeping with just about every boy in school and half the girls as well."

Heather was taken aback. "I'll have you know, Ms. Rhymer, I have a very good reputation!"

Glory laughed spitefully. "So, I see you tacitly confirm the rumors and only try to argue that not many people know about what you really do. Interesting. I must say it's awful nice of you as head cheerleader to give the school such team spirit by spreading your legs for anyone who asks for it." She spoke in a low tone so the other students coming and going from her class during the break wouldn't hear, but her biting, near whispering tone somehow made her seem more menacing than if she'd been shouting.

Heather had no idea Glory had this side to her, or would dare say such a thing to a student, but she came back gamely. "At least what I'm doing is legal, Ms. Rhymer. Yes, I have a little bit of fun, but when I have my fun I don't do something foolish that could threaten my career." She strongly emphasized "threaten my career" in a low growl.

Glory didn't have a good comeback for that, as she knew that issue was her Achilles' heel. She looked around the room and noticed with some relief that no one had noticed or heard anything out of the ordinary; apparently they just assumed she was speaking to a student about class work. Dismissing Heather with a disdainful glance and shrug, she said, "We'll discuss this later. Remember to do your homework."

She looked at Heather's shoulders and noticed bra straps just beside her shirt's shoulder straps. But she was puzzled, because from the way Heather's tight, white T-shirt clung to her, it was as if she wasn't wearing a bra at all. She added, "And be mindful of the school's dress code. That must be the thinnest bra in the history of the world, if you really are wearing a bra at all." She was embarrassed to say it out loud, but she could clearly see the outlines of Heather's nipples.

She scoffed, "And what's with this slogan written across your chest?" She read it out loud. "'Make me wet.'" She suspected the size of the letters were adjusted to make Heather's curves seem even more pronounced.

Heather stood challenging and unrepentant. She smirked. "Hey, I live near the ocean and I like to go swimming. What's wrong with that?"

"Yeah, right. That's not exactly subtle innuendo. You're right on the border line. I'll have to speak to the administration and find out why you're able to flaunt our standards day after day. I wonder what form of persuasion you used on someone to get your way." She let the insinuation that Heather would fuck anyone for favors hang in the air. Her condemning tone of voice carried much more of an insult than her words did.

Heather retorted, "I understand. Someone of YOUR age naturally can't compete, so you hide behind the rules to level the playing field."

"Are you calling me old?" Glory was getting increasingly hot under the collar, and almost said that far too loudly. She was outraged, considering that she was only 27 years old. She considered launching into an angry tirade, but held back. The short time provided by the breaks was a big factor in her decision to cut things short. She also worried that Heather could be setting her up, perhaps recording the conversation. With another dismissive gesture, she said, "Heather, get to class. And remember that I'm your teacher and I deserve some respect. That is all."

Heather walked out. As she reached the door to the classroom, she muttered "Bitch" just loud enough for Glory to hear. She was happy that she'd begun the fight against Glory and looked forward to an eventual sweet and hard-fought victory by taking Alan for her own, but she was also a bit scared as she'd never come out so openly against one of her own teachers. Furthermore, in the opening trade of insults, she forgot to drop the hints about Alan and incest that could start to split him and his teacher apart.

Glory overheard the muttered "bitch" comment and silently fumed, "Bitch"?! Talk about the pot calling the kettle black! I swear to God, sometimes I wish I wasn't a teacher. I wish I could really speak my mind and tear that insufferable baby a new asshole. Heather, don't even try to mess with me! You can lord over all the other students all you want, but if you mess with a teacher you're gonna find yourself kicked out of this school so fast it'll make your head spin! And by trying to get between me and Alan, you're really asking for it. BITCH!

Back with Alan in her arms during lunch later in the day, Glory finished replaying this exchange in her mind, and considered telling Alan all about it. She wanted to know what he saw in the bitchy Heather and wanted even more to convince him to have nothing further to do with the girl. But she considered Alan's sullen and quiet mood, and decided it wasn't the right time. He was stressed about failing his third-period test and plummeting in his studies in general. She went back to just stroking his hair and enjoying his embrace.

Had Alan known everything about Glory's encounter with Heather, he would have been very disturbed. He would have been most disturbed by Heather's intention to use her suspicions of his incestuous behavior with Glory. For all of Glory's sexual talents and enthusiasm, she had a proper and conservative aspect to her personality, and he knew that it would be extremely bad if she discovered that in fact he was sleeping with his sister, much less his mother too. If she found out about that, he wondered if she would even speak to him again, or worse, if she'd consider it her duty to inform the authorities.

But at the same time, had he been a fly on the wall, he would also have been perturbed by the emotional intensity of Glory's attacks on Heather. Glory was letting her emotions get the better of her and she'd acted quite recklessly in speaking so directly and harshly to the conniving head cheerleader. She could have gotten in trouble merely from others overhearing her far too personal conversation.

Alan felt much better after he left Glory. She'd given him some words of encouragement about his academic woes, and all the cuddling didn't hurt.

But on his way to his fifth-period calculus class, he ran into trouble. Several large boys surrounded him and backed him into a locker. They looked menacing and appeared to be the size of football linemen.

The ringleader, a stereotypically burly guy with square jaw and crew cut, spoke for the group. "There you are. The famous Alan. This is the guy, right?" He looked to one of his flunkies, who nodded.

Alan kept up a brave front. "What do you guys want? I've got to hurry to class."

"What do we want? We've been hearing rumors. You look mild-mannered enough, but people are saying that you're fucking all the best girls in school. What do you have to say to that?" The unnamed bully stepped forward.

Alan reflexively stepped back, which pressed him harder into the locker. "I don't know what you're talking about. Look at me! Do I look like the kind of guy women would be after?" But he could see his words weren't having much of an effect. So he made up what he hoped would be a convincing lie. "Okay, so I have a bigger than average dick. Some girls saw it and I guess people talked and every time the story was told, I somehow grew more manly and fucked more girls and my endowment grew longer. But that's it! Just rumors. I've never fucked anybody but my girlfriend!"

"That's not what I hear," the leader growled. But luckily the hallway crowds were thinning out as there was just a minute or so to get to the next class before the bell. The only cluster still left were the burly guys around Alan. A couple of them started to drift off too.

"I swear! Look at me. I'm a nerd!"

"We'll see. You got off easy this time, but if I find you were sleeping with my Judy..." The big teen smacked his fist into his hand. The blow looked very convincing. He walked off.

Alan was scared shitless on the inside, but he was proud of the way he appeared incredulous and bravely innocent on the outside. He thought, Dang! What the hell? I don't even know this guy's name or who Judy is. I don't know any of them and don't want to know them! This is all Amy's fault. I should have never let her run around and freely tell people what a good fucker I was. So I guess that makes it my fault too. Hopefully this will blow over because I'm stopping with the cheerleaders and I'm not gonna get near any Judy or anyone like her. That's for sure!

Susan went out to garden in the backyard for a while. That meant she had to put on a long-sleeved blouse and pants, as well as gloves on her hands, to guard against thorn scratches and the like.

She was doing some weeding when Suzanne came wandering through the gate between their two properties, wearing just a bikini. She looked up and smiled. "Hey, you! You just left a little while ago. What brings you around again so soon?"

"Nothing at all," Suzanne admitted. "I just like being around you. You've been my best friend forever, but lately it seems we've become even closer." She looked at Susan in her gardening clothes and asked, "Is there anything I can do to help?"

Susan felt a sudden welling up of loving feeling for Suzanne that hit her like a tsunami and practically overwhelmed her. She stood up, yanked her rough gloves off, and rushed into Suzanne's arms.

They shared a long, loving series of French kisses.

When they finally came up for air, Suzanne exclaimed, "I'm not complaining, but what brought that on? I love this new hello and good-bye kiss tradition."

Repeating what Suzanne had said before the kiss, Susan replied, "Nothing at all! And that's what so great, that we don't even need a reason to express our love to each other."

"Mmmm!" Suzanne moaned as they shared another French kiss.

When that ended, Suzanne looked around, and saw the evidence of Susan's weeding, with a pile of pulled weeds. She asked again, "So, like I was saying, what can I do to help? I'm not much of a gardener, but I can give it a go."

An idea popped into Susan's head that she loved. She broke free of Suzanne's hug and started walking towards the house. "Actually, there is something you can help me with. Come this way."

Suzanne followed.

As soon as Susan got in the house, she began pulling her clothes off and dropping them on the floor. When she started running out of things to take off, she slowed down and sauntered with a sexy swish in her walk for good measure.

Suzanne didn't know what was going on exactly, but she knew it had to be good. It was much easier for her to pull her bikini off and let the pieces fall too. She had to slow down to stay behind Susan and continue to enjoy the tempting sight of her ass cheeks undulating up and down.

Suzanne mused to herself, No wonder Sweetie loves to grab her ass and play with that sweet mommy ass. Just watching those luscious mounds in motion makes me want to do all kinds of naughty things, including burying my face in her ass crack!

Silence reigned all the way up the stairs, with Susan already buck naked.

When Susan reached the upper floor, she quickly hustled down the hall to her bedroom, because she was so hot to trot that she couldn't wait.

After Suzanne followed and opened the bedroom door, she had to hold her breath in wonder. Susan was lying in the middle of the bed, with her legs spread open wide. She had a hand on her skin just above her pussy, directing all attention to her pubic mound.

Susan said, "Suzanne, my dear love, please come close. I have something important to tell you."

Suzanne's heart thumped faster and faster. She sat on the bed between Susan's legs, and reached out to hold Susan's free hand.

Susan said, "As you know, I've had issues coming to grips with the fact that I'm bisexual. And yes, I said 'fact.' I realize that even though I'm mainly aroused by my son and his wonderful cock," she breathed hotly. "I have to admit that I also get very horny for women too. Certain women especially." She gave her best friend a saucy wink.

Play it cool! Don't blow it! Suzanne was thinking, hearing this confession. Let her beg for it the way she needs to!

Susan nervously went on, "Also as you know, I recently performed oral sex on Akami, and she on me. I'll have to admit that it wasn't an ideal situation. She wouldn't have been my first choice, or even close. But you know me, so all I can say for myself is that at the time I was so horny that I kind of lost my mind and just did it. Since then, I've been thinking about doing it with you. I love you just as much as I've ever loved anyone else on God's green earth, and that includes Tiger, Angel, and Amy. I want to take our relationship to a higher level, a physical level... an intimate level."

Yes! Yes! Yes! A thousand times, YES! Suzanne was having a hard time not leaping onto her friend in a ravenous frenzy.

Susan grew shy. She tentatively asked, "Will you... will you lick my pussy?"

Suzanne practically swooned. Will I? WILL I!?! I've been waiting for this for two decades! Not even Sweetie walking in on us right now could stop me from tasting and drinking your love juices!

Suzanne "answered" that request by first crawling up Susan's body and kissing her lips with a longing desire. As always, she had a hard time expressing her emotions in words, but she more than made up for it by rocking Susan's world with one of the most heartfelt and passionate kisses either of them had ever experienced.

Their hands were busy too. Thanks in large part to Alan, both of them had gotten more tit-focused in recent weeks, and each of them couldn't stop fondling the tremendous rack of the other one.

When the kiss ended, Susan was breathless. She looked up at Suzanne and tenderly brushed some stray hair from her face. "Wow! I take it that's a yes?!"

Suzanne was almost choked up with emotion. "Susan, you have no idea! That's a 'YES!' written in neon letters six miles high! I know I don't say it enough, but... I love you! So much! You've been my rock all these years. I've been so inspired by your innate goodness, your pure heart, your boundless love! You've made me strive to be a better person!" bender

Tears started to flow from her eyes, and Susan's eyes too.

Susan exclaimed, "I love you too!"

Suzanne smiled. "I know. Believe me, I know. Your love is so pure and strong. You know how much you love your cutie Tiger and you love showing it by sucking his cock and generally driving him wild with your luscious body?"

Susan nodded while she futilely tried to wipe Suzanne's tears away.

"That's how I want it to be between you and me. I have trouble putting my feelings into words, but I want to show you how I feel for you with MY body on yours! Especially my mouth on your pussy. I've been waiting for this moment for YEARS!"

Susan chuckled through her crying. "Well, for someone who supposedly has trouble putting your feelings in words, you're doing pretty darn good! I feel the same about everything you said, only double! I can't wait to go down on you too!"

Suzanne gave her another sizzling hot kiss, but only a short one, because she was eager to get started. She slithered back down Susan's body, but took her time doing it. She stopped at Susan's round melons and muttered, "You can't call doubles, you know. Besides, I say I love you triple!" With that, she latched her lips on Susan's left nipple and started sucking.

Susan seized up, arching her back. She clenched her best friend's head with both hands, overwhelmed by the intensity of pleasure she was experiencing.

Suzanne quietly snickered with glee. She didn't know how the cunnilingus was going to go, but she was thrilled to do it, and do it so well that Susan would soon come to want to do much more of it. She loved the fact that Susan was willing to finally do it with her, but she also knew that Susan had decades of anti-lesbian propaganda to overcome, including lots of Christian moralizing against supposed sinning. So her goal was to get Susan as aroused as she possibly could get. She knew that Susan's breasts, and especially her nipples, were the key to doing that.

She spent the next couple of minutes sucking on one nipple and then the other, while using her hands to both gently caress the huge globes she was nursing on while also starting to play with her best friend's clit and slit.

To further stack the deck, while she was busy with all that, she briefly pulled her lips off a nipple to say, "You know how we were talking a little while ago about the orgasm denial technique?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, I'm going to teach you by showing you! From now on, you can't cum until I tell you!"

Susan squealed, "Oh, poo! You meanie!" But she loved it, even though she already was on the cusp of a big climax. The outpouring of her emotional feelings for Suzanne had sent her arousal for her soaring into the sky as well.

Suzanne drove Susan bonkers with anticipation by leaving Susan's breasts and moving down, but only to her tummy. She licked and caressed on and around her belly button, though admittedly she also had a couple of fingers pumping in Susan's tight slit by that time.

As she did so, she thought, Good fucking Lord, Susan is a beauty! Her tummy is all muscle and gentle curves. She almost has a six-pack! And yet it feels so soft and yielding somehow. I swear, Sweetie is the luckiest motherfucker on the planet to get to fuck THIS mother! But she's all mine too. This is OUR time!

With that, she kissed and caressed her way further down, all the way to Susan's bush and pussy. She immediately got busy licking, but not directly on her pussy lips or clit. Now that she had her worked up to a fever pitch, she took her fingers away and licked just about everywhere except where Susan wanted it most.

Soon, Susan was actually howling in frustration. "Suzanne! I beg of you! Quit mucking about! DO IT! I need it!"

Suzanne teased, "Geez, for someone who fancies herself a big-titted sex pet, you're being awfully demanding. You didn't even say 'please.'"

"Pleeeeeeassse! PLEASE! Pleasepleasepleaseplease! HNNG! UGH! Can't... I can't! I'm sorry, but I can't hold it!"

Suzanne's voice suddenly grew more authoritative, even as she licked right to the edge of Susan's pussy lips. "Hold it! That's an order!"

"AAAARRRUUGH!" Susan was suffering. She was clenching and writhing so much in her desperate desire not to cum yet that most of her body rose up off the bed, including her ass.

That was a problem for Suzanne, as her face got smacked due to one of Susan's jerky movements. She commanded, "STAY STILL!"

Susan whined, "I can't! You're so mean! Please!"

Suzanne growled, "You're such a difficult case. Okay, one orgasm WHEN I say so, not a second sooner! And just one! Then you have to get my permission again!"

Susan exhaled with great relief. "Thank you! Oh God! Thank you!"

Suzanne could sense that Susan was already loosening up and losing control now that she'd said that much. She had to act fast before Susan came without permission.

She suddenly switched from no contact with Susan's clit or slit to gently biting down on her unhooded clit. Then she quickly pulled off, anticipating a near violent reaction. She exclaimed, "Okay, now!"

Susan was already in the process of letting go as soon as the biting began. She screamed and wailed while thrashing around on the bed.

Suzanne had to both pull further back and also grab hold of Susan's hips to prevent her from moving around too much.

Susan kept right on shrieking incoherently. Her orgasm was just as big as her really great ones with Alan.

But Suzanne was just getting warmed up. As soon as Susan more or less settled down after her prolonged climax, Suzanne resumed her licking, as well as general fondling. For a couple of minutes, she

once again avoided her friend's clit or slit, both to give her a chance to recover and also because she knew that her slit would be super sensitive for a while.

Then she began licking directly on Susan's honey pot. And "honey pot" was the very term that Suzanne was using in her mind, because Susan's pussy juices tasted so sweet.

Her wetness had a sweet taste already, probably because she had a similar diet to the one that gave Alan such sweet cum. But lately, she'd been serving her son pineapple juice more than anything else, and generally preferring foods good for cum, so naturally she'd been drinking and eating most of the same things, to the same effect.

In fact, Suzanne quickly decided that Susan had the sweetest, best tasting pussy of any woman she'd ever experienced. She wasn't surprised, since she'd encountered Susan's cum here and there in their mutual adventures with Alan in the last few weeks, but naturally she was delighted just the same.

Suzanne was a very good pussy licker. She'd had a long history of lesbian adventures, especially with Xania (and other hotties) back in her college days. But she didn't even have to try that hard, because she had a built-in advantage: her freakishly long tongue.

It wasn't long before Susan was begging again for permission to cum.

Naturally, Suzanne forcefully told her no.

And that was before Suzanne had even started to take advantage of her tongue length. Eventually, she started probing into Susan's slit. From the very start, she could reach depths that would have been laughably impossible for most any tongue. Crucially, she knew where Susan's G-spot was from previous fingerbanging, and she could just barely reach that with her tongue when she aimed for it.

Susan was over the moon. She clenched at her sheets and screamed bloody murder, and that was before she had permission to cum again.

Suzanne was in a generous mood. She liked establishing that she was the domme when it came to this sort of sex, but once that point was made, she wanted Susan to cum both hard and often, to help ensure she'd want to do this again and again and again.

And that's exactly what happened. Susan nearly went out of her mind, until she could barely tell if she was in the middle of a big orgasm or not, because it all was so pleasurable and intense.

Finally, after about twenty minutes of Suzanne's best pussy licking, Susan literally had to beg for Suzanne to stop altogether, because she couldn't take any more.

Suzanne relented, proud that it all had worked as well as she could have hoped. She thought, Such a great day! Another key building block in my sexual utopia plan falls into place. It won't be long now before I can do this while Sweetie and Angel are in the room too. It'll be one of those "orgies" Susan is so scared of.

She slithered her way back up to Susan's face. Seeing that Susan was sweaty and half dead from her intense experience, she just kissed and licked her face here and there, paying particular attention to lick away the tears of joy and intensity that had flooded Susan's cheeks.

Susan had her eyes closed for a while. With them still closed, she eventually said, "Suzanne, you just DESTROYED me! Ugh! I'm barely alive! That was so intense! It's practically as good as a really great cocksucking!"

Suzanne chuckled with chagrin and amusement. Why did I know she was going to say that? Come on, Susan! That was better than that. I rocked your world! You're just saying that out of habit, since you think cocksucking is the best there is. And the great thing is, we can do this to eat other any time we want! But she kept those thoughts to herself. She didn't want to start an argument over what felt the best.

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Suzanne didn't say a word until Susan's curiosity got the best of her and she finally opened her eyes. Then Suzanne smiled down on her and briefly pecked her lips. "That's my gift to you. I may not always say it, but in the future when we do that, remember that this is one way for me to show you my love, just like your son squirting his 'liquid love' on your face and chest."

Susan reached up and touched Suzanne's face with child-like wonder. "Thank you! You're so special to me. I'm going to treasure this memory forever. It's so much more than I thought it would be. It blew what I did with Akami out of the water!"

Suzanne said, "Don't let her hear you say that. But she shouldn't feel bad. You and I, we have a deep connection. Such a long history. You're like the sister I never had... and more. How could Akami compete with all that? Not to mention my long tongue!" She stuck her tongue out playfully, but also to show off just how very long it was.

Suzanne added, "I'm sure it'll be much like this with Angel, and probably with Amy too, because the rivers of love flow so deep there too. And, as Sweetie's harem, or stable, or whatever you want to call it, grows over time, you'll have chances to experience this with other beauties as well. I'm sure you and Brenda will do this a lot, given time. And can you imagine getting licked by Glory, for instance? Or Heather? Or Christine, even?"

Susan gasped. "Suzanne! Could that really be?!"

"It could. Who knows? And that's not even counting the fun of dildos, vibrators, and strap-ons. I know you're starting to enjoy Tigger, your new toy, but just wait until you've been fucked by your sweet son and you can put it all the way inside you too. You'll see stars!"

Susan was reviving more and more. She gaped in amazement. "My goodness! That sounds like... so much pleasure!"

Suzanne chuckled. "It will be!"

"I don't know. It seems rather... debauched. This was a great thing, and I definitely want to do it with you a lot more. But not TOO often."

Suzanne furrowed her brow in consternation. "What? Why not?"

"I feel guilty, being pampered and the center of attention. My duty first and foremost is to serve my son's cock! Some lesbian play is okay. After all, now that he's on his way to taming so many women, it's good if we can burn off our sexual energies on each other. But if I lay around all day having so many

orgasms with other women, it'll dull my hunger for his cock. Besides, I feel more comfortable serving. I really come to love being submissive. But with what we just did, you were actually serving me!"

Suzanne was secretly annoyed at Susan's attitude, but she decided not to try to directly argue with her about it, at least not at this time. Instead, she proposed, "Well then, why don't you try going down on me? That's the natural next step."

Susan's eyes brightened, then dulled. "I'd love to, except..."

"Except what?"

"Well... it's just that you're so good at it. No, fantastic! Again, I don't want to knock Akami, but you were on an entirely different league. There's no doubt about it. Obviously I don't have much experience here, but I have no doubt your oral skills are as good as it gets. And your tongue! Geez! You reached so deeply inside of me that you practically took away my new virginity!" She chuckled at that.

Suzanne did too. "Okay, it's true I have an unfair advantage with my tongue. But you're already an expert pussy licker, even though you've never done it before. Do you know why?"

Susan looked befuddled. "An 'expert?!' Me?! That can't be."

"Ah, but it is, because your growing cocksucking skills are VERY transferable here. You've developed remarkable tongue dexterity and endurance over the last month plus. It's much like stimulating Sweetie's sweet spot: as long as you're licking in the right general region, you simply can't go wrong! There's nothing to it, really, except that people tire out from all the licking. But that's not a problem for you, not anymore. Give it a try."

"Well... okay. But let me apologize in advance. It's not just the licking. You played me like a fiddle, my entire body. I feel like a klutz when it comes to a woman's body. One reason I've been waiting on doing this is because I worry I'm going to embarrass myself."

"No you won't. Trust me. Plus, you have a secret weapon: even if you're absolutely terrible, I'll love it all to death, simply because it's YOU!"

Susan glowed with delight. "Oh, Suzanne! That's so sweet!"

They shared a long French kiss.

Suzanne said, "As far as you feeling like a 'klutz,' remember that you're not being judged or graded here. Sure, you've got a learning curve. But we have a long road to walk together, hand in hand. You'll get to be great before long, just like you did with your cocksucking skills."

She asked, "Do you know the song 'I'd Have You Anytime,' by George Harrison, the Beatle?"

"No, sorry."

Suzanne sang in her scratchy voice:

"All I have is yours

all you see is mine

And I'm glad to hold you in my arms

I'd have you anytime"

Susan said with heartfelt emotion, "Beautiful! Suzanne, you say you don't do 'mushy.' You're becoming the queen of mushy!"

The two of them laughed.

Susan commented, "I love that thought, that all I have is yours and all you have is mine. We're so entwined, like one big family!"

"We are!"

Susan rolled over so she was on top. Then she started to slide on down Suzanne's body.

Suzanne said, "Now, you'll note I spent a lot of time on your breasts and especially your nipples before I even started with your pussy. That's because I know your body, and that's your weak spot. Don't bother doing that with me because my weak spot IS my pussy! So, again, you can't possibly go wrong, because I guarantee I'm going to love anything you do down there."

Encouraged, Susan kept on sliding down until she was face to face with Suzanne's bush and pussy.

Suzanne spoke before Susan could get nervous. She knew that even though Susan had done this with Akami already, it felt like this was the first time, due to the much greater emotional intensity. She said, "Don't think, just lick. You'll get used to it by and by. Just close your eyes and let yourself be guided by your senses of taste, touch and smell. The wetter and muskier I get, the better you're doing."

So Susan did just that. In truth, she wasn't very good, because she was tentative and inexperienced. Additionally, she was still exhausted from her epic series of orgasms. Also, her blowjob skills didn't completely transfer over.

However, Suzanne was right that Susan's inexperience simply didn't matter much. Suzanne really did have a super sensitive pussy, and she already was very worked up from going down on Susan. More than that, Suzanne was simply beside herself with joy that Susan was actually performing cunnilingus on her. She had fantasized about this since meeting her twenty years ago.

Susan didn't yet know how to "play" Suzanne, working her up to a fever pitch, and she didn't feel comfortable with using the orgasm denial technique on her, since it would feel completely wrong for her to give Suzanne orders. But that also didn't matter. It wasn't long before Suzanne was cumming hard and often. True, her orgasms weren't half as mind-blowing as some of the ones Susan had just had, but she knew that would come in time. She had a twenty-year experience advantage over Susan when it came to this, after all.

It also helped Susan that Suzanne's pussy juices also tasted sweet. It was true that Suzanne's pussy wasn't as sweet as Susan's, probably due to a different diet. But still, it was a very pleasant taste.

Furthermore, Suzanne had a distinct flavor that was all her own. It was easy for Susan to stay motivated with her licking, because she was rewarded with a steady flow of heavenly nectar.

One nice advantage of the sexual activity being less physically intense when Susan was doing the licking was that it was more like tenderly making love. One thing that Susan definitely learned from sucking cock that transferred over was her ability to express her love and passion with her tongue work. To Susan, sex was inexorably tied in with love. It was as if she was saying "I love you" with every single lick.

Suzanne was emotionally overwhelmed due to reaching that level of emotional expression. It wasn't something that made her scream like a banshee and writhe like a beached fish, but it actually was what she craved much more than mere physical intensity.

At one point, while running her hands through Susan's head in her crotch, Suzanne pointed out, "There's so much we can do. Can you imagine doing what you're doing now while I'm licking you at the same time? And there are other ways for women to make love. Scissoring, for instance?"

"What's that?" Susan asked as she lapped.

"That's when women rub their pussies together. There's so many things we can do. Susan, we could spend our entire lives making love with each other, and it would be divine! When you add Sweetie and his big cock into the mix, why should we ever get out of bed?"

Susan really liked that idea. She felt somewhat uneasy doing something that was fully lesbian, but including Alan in the picture put her back on comfortable turf. Her mind soared with the possibilities of threesomes for years to come, not to mention other combinations of loved ones. The number of options seemed limitless.

Another cocksucking skill that transferred over was Susan's sheer licking stamina. After a while, Suzanne began teaching her what she liked most, as well as giving verbal tips. Susan learned a great deal in a hurry, since the basics weren't that hard if one had the right attitude.

Eventually, they were both fully sexually satiated. Susan would up cuddled side by side with Suzanne. She purred, "I'm so glad I did this. My period is coming soon, you know, so I kind of felt like I was racing the clock."

Suzanne pointed out, "You should think about doing it with your darling Angel before that particular clock strikes. I'm sure she's just like me, and she'd be walking in the clouds just from the thought of taking your physical intimacy to the next level like this."

"Mmmm," Susan purred as she considered that. "I just might, if the right situation comes up. I feel so blessed, by God. How lucky am I? I'm surrounded by all my favorite people who I love more than life itself. And I don't have to be limited by acceptable hugs and kisses and saying 'I love you.' We can share our love with our entire bodies!"

"Indeed." Suzanne tenderly petted Susan's long hair. "And it's just going to get better and better, trust me."bender

"Mmmm," Susan purred again. "I trust you. You're so much more than my best friend. Let's agree now to spend the rest of our lives together." She suddenly sat up, so she could make eye contact with Suzanne. "Yes! Let's! We can make it an official pact!"

Suzanne just smiled. "Don't worry, I'm there already, and I've been there for years. I take that as a given. I'm afraid you're stuck with me. And Sweetie is stuck with the both of us. For life, I hope. Can you imagine? Fifty years from now, he'll be a wrinkled prune in a rocking chair, and we'll be old and gray, but still kneeling naked together between his leg and trying to get his dick hard again!"

Susan laid back down, blissed out. "So good! I love that future vision. All of us together, forever! Wow. Let's hope Angel and Amy are there too. Boy. This AND Tiger fucking my ass in one day. And all on a Tuesday! Every day is my new best day of my life!"

Suzanne thought, I feel the same. I'm so glad I waited to do this. I could have pushed her to do it at least a week or two earlier, and she would have, but she would have been conflicted and tentative. There might even have been one of her backlashes. But she decided when she was mentally ready, and boy was she!

Alan considered whether or not to cancel his after school meeting with Heather, given what had happened. He decided he didn't want a boiling mad Heather on his case, so he obligingly went to the theater room after school, as planned. Besides, he figured that since he'd gone the whole school day without a single orgasm, it would be good to get a little relief before heading home and diving into the books. Between the encounter with Heather in the stinky bathroom and the cuddling with Glory at lunch, he was raring to go.

However, he was annoyed at Heather and wanted to give her a good dressing down first. He correctly figured she was a "give an inch, take a mile" type, and he had to show her that she couldn't push him around. He especially had to make her not want to go any further with her strong hint that he was fucking his sister.

When he walked in, he was very surprised to find not only Heather there, but Joy, Janice, and Heather's best friend Simone. He blurted out incredulously, "Heather, what's going on here?! I thought you wanted to see me alone."

"Hi to you too, Alan. Obviously we're all here to fuck. And if I'm going to prove to you that fucking me is worthwhile, I figure I could use a little bit of help. I'm not above getting some assistance, you know." She pointed to Simone. "You're probably wondering who this is."

"Yes," he said testily. In fact, he was lying because he'd already met her, while the two of them stood right next to Heather no less. But at the time, Alan had meant so little to Heather that she didn't think much of the encounter and had completely forgotten that Simone was there. He decided it was just easier to play along than to explain the whole situation.

"This is my best friend, Simone," Heather said significantly.

Alan looked Simone over carefully. He stared first at the juncture between her thighs and thought, If I want, I could be plowing that pussy in a few minutes. Wow, that's wild. His eyes drifted up to her chest. Or I could be sliding between those round beauties. She's a beauty, and she's stacked! Just the way I like 'em. It's good to be the king, heh-heh!

Simone similarly stared at Alan's crotch with more than a little bit of curiosity. She'd heard a lot about his sexual prowess from Heather, and also from things Amy supposedly told others. She raised an eyebrow as she watched the bulge in his short grow in a matter of seconds.

Alan and Simone shook hands with a formality that was a bit funny given they both knew they were about to do very sexually intimate things with each other. It was even stranger because both of them recalled the time when they had met before.

Simone was playing dumb with Heather just like Alan was. She rolled her eyes for Alan's benefit when Heather wasn't looking.

That left Alan feeling as if they shared a bond, a conspiratorial secret about their attitude toward Heather. He'd assumed that since Simone was Heather's best friend, she was almost exactly like her: stuck up, self-centered, and bitchy. He was very pleasantly surprised that the vibes he was getting off her were almost nothing like Heather's.

Heather continued, "You've probably seen her with me, walking around school or eating or whatever. She's not only my best friend, but one of my fuck buddies too. She's got the hots for you, as do just about all the girls around here after what Amy's been telling everybody. I assume she's fuck-worthy?"

Alan was chagrined, especially by the mention of his growing reputation, particularly in light of what the bully had said earlier. He replied directly to Simone, trying to be more polite and diplomatic than Heather was. "Nice to meet you. I do recognize you from around school, now that I think about it. Why, I think I've seen you at the White Sands Beach before, no?"

"That could be." Simone grinned knowingly at his veiled reference to the first time they'd met.

"I don't usually say this to people I barely know, but you're definitely fuck-worthy. In fact, Simone, I dare say you're even more beautiful than Heather." He didn't actually feel that way, although it was a close call. He just said it to get in a dig at Heather.

"Why, thank you," Simone replied, seemingly unfazed by the unusual situation. "Heather, he's so charming." She joked, "And he speaks deep truths."

But Heather wasn't amused. She replied, "Nice try, Alan. I know no one's more beautiful than me and that you're just trying to get a rise out of me. It won't work. Now, shall we get started?"

He thought, Dang, Heather needs some serious attitude adjustment. Talk about stuck on yourself! Geez.

He took another look at Simone. Wow. She really is fuck-worthy. As if I wouldn't know her! Everybody at school at least knows of her. Of course, all of Heather's girlfriends are hot, but with so few black people at our school, Simone really stands out. She looks so exotic with that short, choppy hair that doesn't

look like the typical black person's kinky hair. She looks really tropical, like she's from some tropical island; the Solomon Islands or Trinidad or something, maybe. And she seems surprisingly cool for being Heather's best friend. Not at all what I expected. True, I don't know her, so I could be wrong, but at least she's not walking around like she's got a stick up her butt.

Simone came closer to Alan and whispered in his ear, "I hope you don't think that just because I'm ready to fuck someone I hardly know that I'm some kind of wanton hussy." She paused, then said jokingly, "Hell, who am I kidding? I AM a wanton hussy! But still, it takes a special man to interest me." She backed away, laughing.

Chapter 766 Alan Vs Heather And Simone

Heather, who had been leaning in to hear Simone's whispers, looked at Alan a little closer. "Something wrong, big man? Don't you like my friends?" Jealous of his attention on Simone, she started undressing - the only one to do so.

He looked around. "Hi Joy. Hi Janice." He felt a bit embarrassed he hadn't said anything to them already, but he had been totally taken by Simone's presence.

They replied in kind with hellos and friendly waves.

He continued, "No, I'm happy to see you all. It's just that this raises the performance bar. I was expecting a simple, quick fuck, and now I've got a big production. It's not easy to please four girls at once. It takes a lot of energy."

Heather smiled. She'd hurriedly removed all her clothes, then stood in a sexy pose with her hands behind her head. She wasn't acting at all bashful due her to extremely high opinion of herself and her beauty.

She said to Alan in an extra sultry tone, "Don't worry. Your only goal here is to fuck me. The others are just here to assist with that, unless you want to give Simone or any of the others a quick warm up fuck first. It's up to you. Don't worry about their pleasure. Just worry about yours and mine. They all owe me, and this is some payback time for them. Come on. You got me so worked up earlier today; let's get this show on the road!"

Alan again looked around and said to the others. "Are all of you okay with that? Or did Heather put you up to his? I don't want anyone to do something they don't want to do."

Janice replied, "Heather didn't need to talk us into this. Yeah, she was trying to push us, but that was as necessary as trying to force a boy to open up his Christmas presents. Given what you said yesterday about not wanting to fuck us anymore, Joy and I figure we should take any opportunity with you we can get."

In actual fact, Heather had a hard time getting Janice to participate due to their mutual feud. Janice had been dead against it despite really wanting to fuck Alan, because she was even more set against doing anything to help Heather. Then Heather had subtly pointed out that it would be an opportunity for Janice to see Joy naked, and even be with and touch a naked Joy. That had clinched it for Janice.

Simone said to Alan, "I don't want to put any pressure on you or anything, but I'm pretty much in the same boat. You've become quite well-known in certain circles in the girls' locker rooms. Heather and I have gotten into a lot of mischief together. I remember when Heather first talked about you uncertainly, the mysterious 'nerd' she couldn't quite place. Then when she first told me about how the two of you had sex, she tried to pass it off as a joke. But you've come a long way in a short time. Lately she's always talking about you, gushing about what a dreamboat you are. I just had to see for myself what this special guy is made of. So here I am."

Alan was surprised to see Heather profusely blushing. He had a hard time imagining her gushing or calling anyone a dreamboat, let alone him.

Heather clapped her hands to help quickly change the topic. "Okay, everyone. Enough chatting. No doubt Alan's in a hurry. He always is. So let's do it! Why are you all standing around with your clothes on?"

Although Heather already had her clothes off, the others were weirded out by this unusual situation. They stalled for time and only took off unimportant things like their shoes and socks. Alan didn't bother taking anything off at all.

An idea to teach Heather a lesson of sorts was forming in Alan's mind. He asked, "So. I'm the king of the hill here, right? Heather, you want me to do whatever I want so I'll be happy and do this again, right?"

"Right." Heather started to get worried with where his train of thought was going. She didn't like the fact that she was the only one naked, and she was about to angrily launch into the other girls, ordering them to get with the program.

But before she could do that, Alan snapped his fingers while pulling his shorts down until they dropped below his knees, completely exposing his stiff erection. "Okay. Heather, on your knees and crawl over here in front of me. You're going to blow me to warm me up, since you love that so much." He was sarcastic with this last point, since he knew the one sexual act she enjoyed the least was giving blowjobs. (That was because blowjobs weren't focused on her and giving her pleasure, and for Heather everything needed to be about her.)

Yet Heather obeyed immediately. She had it bad for him, and she was extremely horny. She got down on her knees, grumbling to herself as if talking to Alan, Fucking dipshit! Making me do this in front of these girls; you really fucking take the cake! I'm gonna make you pay for this later, that's for sure. Consider yourself lucky that I'm too horny to help myself!

Alan found it nearly eerie the way she eagerly crawled over to him and began licking, but outwardly he avoided expressing any surprise.

However, Janice, Joy, and Simone practically passed out from shock, they were so surprised to see Heather behave that way. Even as the other four of them stood there fully clothed, Heather licked Alan's cockhead while naked and on her hands and knees.

Simone stared. Holy shit! Look at the way Heather is staring adoringly at his long trouser snake while her cheeks suck in! The only times I've ever seen her suck some guy off is if she's forced to quickly get him to full hardness so he would be ready for fucking. But she seems to be really into it, as a sex act in and of itself. My God, she's got a look of fucking WONDER on her face as she strokes it and licks the damn thing!

I'm getting really, seriously aroused by all this!

As Alan enjoyed Heather's tongue and lip work, he trained his eyes on Simone, since she was new, unusual, and alluring. His perception of her was based on the many times he'd scoped her out, usually from a distance. But as she slowly took off her top and revealed her bare breasts, he realized that she was even hotter and more fit than he'd assumed. She was downright muscular, no doubt due to her love

of playing sports. Even Alan knew that Simone was a sort of sports hero for some of the female varsity teams.

Her body was a lot like Heather's - they both had hard bodies with classic hourglass figures. Alan contemplated that that wasn't so surprising, since the two of them were such good friends. Heather wasn't going to associate with someone ugly, or even unremarkable looking. He was well aware of Simone's lovely bubble butt, but he'd never realized just how stacked she was up top. He was surprised enough to ask, "Holy cow, where have you been hiding those things?"

Simone giggled. "Let's just say they were an early Christmas present from my dad. You're one of the first to take them for a test drive." She briefly bent over and pulled her shorts all the way down her legs for good measure, leaving her wearing just her white panties.

"Impressive. Give his plastic surgeon my compliments." He thought, I guess that explains that. I remember her being a cup or so smaller a couple of months ago, and it looks like I was right.

He looked down and saw Heather eagerly taking more and more of his erection in her mouth. You can't say she doesn't enjoy this. Actually, I kind of hope she doesn't. Somehow it makes it more fun to see her doing something against her will.

Simone stepped forward so Alan could inspect her breasts with his hands, which is exactly what he did. He was even more impressed with their feel. Nice! So firm and round! They don't feel artificial. They're firm, but they have a lot of give.

As if Simone could read his mind, she said, "They feel real because it's mostly real tit flesh in there - I just boosted them a little to get my bra size a tad bit bigger than Heather's, after she got a boob job to surpass me. We're awfully competitive with each other."

Heather muttered as she bobbed, "You cah sah thah aganh."

Alan quipped, "That's the kind of war of escalation the world needs more of." Then, pretending confusion, he asked Simone, "Did you hear someone say something?"

Simone chuckled, and happily replied, "No, I didn't hear anyone at all." She thought, Damn, there does seem to be something special to this guy! He's standing here having a nice conversation with me and caressing my breasts with a knowing touch. Not a lot of guys could be so cool and collected about that. But on top of that, he doesn't seem to be reacting to Heather's cocksucking at all! Hell, he won't even acknowledge her existence. That must be driving her crazy!

In fact, it really was driving Heather crazy. She thought, God dammit! Look at him just standing there with that stupid happy-go-lucky look on his face. La de fuckin' da! I'm using so much suction on his cock that he's lucky I don't just suck it clear off his body! But he just stands around fondling Simone's breasts! Maybe it was a mistake bringing her here. But no; nobody can outshine me. I'm just gonna have to up my game until he won't even be able to stay standing! Ha! That'll show him!

The problem was, she was already doing a very good job, at least by her standards. She'd never worried much before about giving good blowjobs, but she searched her mind and tried to think how other girls did it. Luckily, she'd seen a lot of porn videos over the years, and she drew upon what she had seen. Her moves improved.

However, they were still a pale reflection of the kinds of moves Susan or Suzanne could do. Alan didn't fully realize it, but in a mere matter of weeks he had developed a tremendous "arousal tolerance." Almost any other male would have cum already, but thanks to all the incredible stimulation he received so many times a day, day after day, not only was he not in danger of cumming, his breathing wasn't even labored.

Heather noticed that his breathing wasn't quickening, and that aggravated her to no end. She briefly considered whether to bite his boner, not enough to actually hurt him but enough to force him to admit that she was there. However, she was more than a bit scared of him getting angry. She vowed to keep on giving him a really great cocksucking for as long as it took, until he reacted to her efforts like he was "supposed to."

Alan could see that Janice and Joy were feeling awkward and neglected, so he tried to draw them in, both physically and emotionally. He said, "Hey Joy, when's the last time we shared a kiss? You too, Janice." He waved them over.

They might have been offended by his kissing suggestion, giving that he was still fondling Simone's big tits while Heather sucked him off, but he flashed such a happy, sincere smile that they couldn't resist.

They walked up and took turns necking with him, but they were careful to come at him from each side so they wouldn't interfere with what was happening between him, Simone, and Heather.

Simone thought, Okay, this is getting pretty bizarre. Now he's got four girls around him, taking turns with him, and he's acting like this is normal and even expected. Somehow, that's making me really horny! Plus he really knows how to use his finger on my nipples!

Heather kept looking up at Alan to see if he was paying attention to all of her (unusually for her) active oral effort, but since he was standing and she was on all fours, she had trouble seeing any of his face. And when she did, he appeared to be fully preoccupied with kissing Joy or Janice.

Then he started in on French kissing Simone too, as well as roaming his hands all over her body instead of just focusing on her impressive dark-brown globes. She helped him by lowering her white panties, which let him finger her pussy directly while kissing Joy.

As the minutes passed, the girls took their clothes off when it wasn't their turn to be kissed. Before long, the only clothes remaining was Alan's T-shirt up around his shoulders and his shorts down around his knees. But the three girls kissing him got annoyed at that and worked together until he was just as naked as they were.

As yet more minutes slipped by, Heather grew increasingly annoyed. She was giving her all to her cocksucking efforts, but it seemed there was nothing she could do to capture his attention. She'd been trying hard to make him cum, hoping that would shake things up, but her jaw and tongue was getting too tired to go on and she suspected he still wasn't even close to his limit. She fondled his balls and even ran fingers up his ass crack, and her lips and tongues steadily focused on his sweet spot, but apparently to no avail.

She thought, Fuckin' A! What the hell am I supposed to do here?! Why can't he be like normal guys? He should have cum five minutes ago at least, especially with the way he's getting kissed up there. DAMMIT! And I don't think the fuckhead has taken his hands off Simone yet. If he's not playing with her tits, he's playing with her cunt, and he's usually got a hand on her ass cheeks too. If I were Joy or Janice, I'd be annoyed at the way I'm being ignored, since he's kissing Simone a lot too.

What the hell am I thinking? I'm being ignored even more than they are! This is why I hate blowjobs - lots of work, and little reward. Well, except for the fact his thick cock feels so good sliding between my lips, but still. It's time he gives me a damn good fucking!

Heather decided to get his attention by taking credit for what everyone was doing, since she'd brought the others here. She stopped her cocksucking long enough to say, "You see, Alan? You see what I can do for you if you play ball with me? I can bring you girls. Lots of girls. Orgies. Orgies filled with sizzling hot teen pussy. Simone has a great pussy. I fuck all my girlfriends, and she's one of the best. We can have a-

Alan interrupted her by pushing his hard-on back into her mouth. He said flippantly, "Enough talking, more head, cocksucker." He knew that she got turned on by being degraded.

On the one hand, he wanted to punish her by giving her a bad time, but on the other hand, he enjoyed giving her the treatment she craved, and criticizing and ignoring her was actually a reward (although she certainly wouldn't see it as such!). The latter urge won out, since he was in a bit of a bad mood and it was fun, if immature, to let it out on Heather. Thinking about her hinting at blackmail regarding him and Katherine made him feel mean.

Talking more to himself than anyone, he muttered, "I don't need anyone new. This is probably a really bad idea."

But his libido was in control now. He looked over at Janice. "Hey Janice, you know how to stimulate a prostate? Good. Take my ass." (He didn't want the enemies Heather and Janice close together.)

Then he looked at Joy. "Joy, help Heather with the cocksucking. She's clearly such a bad lover that she needs at least three other girls to help her please a man."

Heather was going to protest that, but Alan kept his hands firmly on her head and his boner deep in her mouth, preventing her from talking. On a whim, he forcibly prevented Heather from pulling away, even though she struggled to do so.

Finally, it appeared that she was running out of breath. She looked at him venomously and scraped his shaft with her teeth, just enough to warn him.

He finally backed off, but not before noticing how much Heather got off on being forced. He saw that one of her hands was at her pussy, and while he couldn't see the details of her self-stimulation, he certainly felt it when she peaked and shuddered in orgasm.

Janice and Joy both got busy with their new tasks. (Janice actually had never stimulated a prostate, and sticking her finger up his ass seemed way too gross. So she started licking his ass instead. Before long, she found herself licking his ass crack, and she didn't have any problem with that.)

Heather went from full on deep cocksucking to long licks up and down Alan's pole, so she could accommodate Joy kneeling next to her. But Heather was extremely hot to trot and determined to outdo Joy in every way. In addition to giving the dual blowjob her all, she sat up on her heels and used more of her body to rub him everywhere she could touch him. In particular, she rubbed her nipples against his shaft and then moved in for a full titfuck near the root of his shaft while Joy licked her way in circles around his cockhead.

Heather was surprised at how much she was enjoying the dual blowjob, especially since Alan had forced her to do it. She was determined to get him to cum, and was having trouble doing that by herself. She practically cackled with glee because she was sure the four of them working together would get him to cum soon. Then she planned to push Joy away so she could be the target for all of his cum.

Simone now was about to make out with Alan exclusively, since the other girls were busy down below. She'd had big doubts about taking part in this, but he'd worked her up to such a lather that her doubts were long gone. It seemed that he knew all of her erogenous zones already, and he played her body like a fiddle while also proving to be a very talented kisser.

Chapter 767 Fucking Simone

After a few more minutes, Alan said, "Hey everyone, I'm getting tired. I need to lie down for a while."

It was true that he was getting tired standing there, but he also wanted to impress them all with his staying power, and the way Janice was licking his ass crack in particular was driving him over the edge. By lying down, she'd have no choice but to stop that, and he figured the kissing and fondling of Simone would stop for a while too.

He was right: Janice and Simone just sat or knelt nearby watching the dual blowjob for a couple of minutes.

Then Janice asked, "Alan? Can I sit on your face?"

He chuckled. "Sure."

So she did.

Simone just watched a little longer. She was fascinated in particular by Heather's utter devotion and determination with her cocksucking efforts. She could scarcely believe what she was seeing, since she'd known Heather to be the most selfish of lovers. But it was hard not to conclude that Heather was genuinely enjoying pleasuring Alan. The bitchy blonde even cooed happily when she heard him moan erotically in response to her efforts.

As Simone sat there watching, she spoke to Heather, although Heather was so consumed with her licking and rubbing that Simone was doubtful she was listening. "Fucking unreal, girl. Okay, I'm starting to believe the hype. I've never seen three girls on one guy before, and in this case I wasn't even one of them. And I don't know any guy who wouldn't have busted his nut already from that much stimulation. Wow."

Heather surprisingly replied while still licking, "Fucking unreal is right! What did I tell you? I figured he'd have all four of us on him before long - that's why I didn't just bring you. Just wait until you feel the things he does with his hip thrusts when he's deep inside you. Or the way his cum tastes. You know how I HATE to swallow, but this is different. I'm working this hard in hopes that I'll get his cum. Mmmm. Remember Alan, you promised me this load! And the next one. I wanna suck and lick that one out of you too! Mmmm..."

Simone was used to a deeply cynical Heather, so she was surprised at the unbridled enthusiasm in her best friend's voice.

Joy had begun bobbing up and down over Alan's cockhead while Heather was talking, but once Heather finished she growled testily and nudged Joy's shoulder until Joy went back to just licking on "her" side of Alan's long, fat erection.

Alan had been enjoying himself so much that he'd temporarily forgotten Simone, but now Janice got up off his face for a minute (apparently to go to the bathroom), allowing him to look up and admire Simone's dangling orbs as she leaned forward to get a better view.

He said to her, "My apologies for Heather's interruption. She keeps thinking there are people who want to hear her talking, when naturally the only thing she should do with her mouth is suck cock and lick pussy. I don't know how you can stand her as a friend. Although I suppose it's nice to have a human cunt for a pet, always ready to stop, drop, and eat you whenever she's ordered to."

Heather moaned lustily upon hearing those words and greedily engulfed his cockhead.

Joy was annoyed, but she made do licking his balls for a while.

Simone laughed as she continued to watch in disbelief. "She lets you treat her like this? I can't believe it! She never told me about THIS! Needless to say, she's hardly my cunt pet. Or are you, Heather?" She laughed some more, obviously fantasizing for a moment that what Alan was saying was true.

Alan tsk-tsked. "Has Heather been talking again? I warned her not to do that anymore. She'll say the craziest things when her tongue isn't busy with a cunt or a cock. She even makes some people feel intimidated. Can you imagine that - a pet cunt acting all haughty? Simone, do you keep her on a leash? I assume you do. In the future I recommend you keep her on a shorter leash."

Heather had been happily bobbing on Alan's cockhead, but she still managed to let out a loud moan of pure arousal upon hearing that.

Alan went on, "And in the future, don't let her walk on two feet, like people do. That just gives her ideas. She belongs on her back getting fucked, but failing that, she should crawl."

Simone was more than a little surprised. "Heather? Are you just going to take that? Aren't you going to kick him in the nuts?"

Heather moaned again with undisguised lust. Instead of kicking his nuts, she would have loved to suck on them, except that Joy was doing that already. Heather was working hard to get him to cum by slathering his sweet spot with her tongue, even as her lips were sliding less than an inch further down his shaft.

Alan was pleased to see that Heather was getting quite excited. Even he was starting to get quite winded. He reached out and held onto her blonde hair, right where her ponytail started. He yanked her head up, forcing her lips off his cock. He asked her, "So, cunt, what do you have to say to Simone?"

Heather gasped for breath for a few moments, now that her mouth was free. She watched with jealousy as Joy took over bobbing while she spoke to Simone somewhere behind her. "Sorry, Simone. I've been bad. I haven't been sucking enough of Alan's cock lately. When I'm without cock, it makes me start to think and stuff. And that just hurts my head." She rubbed her head as if saying that many words was painful. "I need to be a good girl and just suck and fuck."

Simone was beyond shocked. She could see that Heather was just acting an outlandish role, but she was obviously really getting into it, joyfully hamming it up.

Janice had just come back, and she was wondering how to get involved again. Alan saw that, but rather than welcoming her back in, he said to Joy, "Hey Joy, sorry, but could you pull off me for a minute? Everyone needs to let my dick be for a few minutes or else I'm gonna cum."

Joy disengaged and sat up on the heels of her feet.

Janice sat next to her.

Even Heather finally pulled back and sat up, although she seemed highly miffed about it. Clearly, she craved to get back to more cocksucking, despite the exhaustion of her tongue and lips and jaw.

Alan said, "Simone, by the way, my hands are free. Bring your lovely rack over here."

Simone was puzzled what he meant, then boggled at his suggestion. Whoa. Apparently three cheerleaders aren't enough for him?! She walked to his side where he lay, knelt right next to his head, and leaned forward over him so he could have easy access to her chest.

Alan began idly fondling Simone's boobs again. He figured he could enjoy that much stimulation while giving his boner a rest. He asked Heather, "So, cunt, what about all that walking?"

Heather grinned wolfishly; she was really enjoying this pretense. She bewailed theatrically, "It's horrible! Simone not only won't let me crawl to my classes, but she doesn't even let me wear my leash to school. And I have to wear clothes, like, everywhere!" She giggled with a surprisingly uninhibited girlishness.

She knew she wasn't allowed to touch his stiff cock, and that was driving her crazy, especially when he said these kinds of things to her. She leaned over him and rubbed her big tits up and down his tummy while kissing him around his nipples.

Simone boggled as she watched that. I don't fucking believe my lying eyes! Heather's, like, fawning over him!

Alan looked up at Simone. He tsk-tsked again, even while he continued to fondle her very dark-skinned tits. Her nipples were even darker. "Simone, I thought you were a good friend. Owning a slave is a great responsibility. Surely you of all people in our school, with the history of black slavery in this country, should know how important it is to properly handle a slave. You make her wear clothes? Like she's some kind of normal person?"

Simone grinned. "I'm afraid I do." She was warming up to Alan despite all the weirdness, and found herself running her hands around his face, caressing him like a passionate lover. She even fed a couple of her fingers into his mouth and let him suckle on them. She couldn't believe she was being so intimate with him, especially with Janice and Joy watching.

He asked her, "And what about branding? I don't see any branding or even a tattoo. If you own this cunt, I expect to see a big 'S' on one of her ass cheeks, at the very least. Where's the tattoo?"

Heather groaned quite loudly in extreme arousal. Her whole body started to buckle over Alan's leg as if she was being soundly fucked. I don't want to be owned by Simone; I want to be owned by Alan! Yes! Oh God! UGH!

Simone shook her head in amazement while she watched Heather cum. She replied, "I'm afraid I haven't gotten around to that just yet."

Alan said in a severe voice, "If you don't brand your toy, then anyone can claim her. In fact, I think I'll put my own mark on her in a little while. A big 'A' brand on her left ass cheek, which I'll douse with a fresh load of cum."

Heather moaned even louder. Even though she'd just climaxed again, she was still as energized and aroused as before. Suddenly, she couldn't take it anymore and she quickly shifted positions. She had his cockhead in her mouth a few seconds later.

Janice and Joy saw this as a sign that Alan's rest period was over, and they closed in on his crotch and got busy licking his dick and balls too.

Alan acted like nothing at all had changed, continuing to talk to Simone in a level tone. Even he was secretly amazed that he was able to do this, thanks to all the wild sex with multiple partners that he was now enjoying on a daily basis. He told Simone, "I'm afraid you're going to have to be punished for your lax Heather ownership."

Simone muttered slowly and uncomprehendingly, "Lax? ... Slave? ... Heather?" She was still visibly stunned to see the proud Heather willingly act like this. I thought I knew her better than anyone else. If other guys are at all forward or aggressive with her, she stomps on their balls and eats them for lunch. What's going on here?!

Alan said to the three girls slurping and bobbing on his privates, "Okay, enough of that. I really do need a break." He could tell Heather needed extra motivation, so he added to her, "Pull off now, my blonde cunt bitch, or I'm not gonna fuck you at all today."

So Alan's dick was left alone. But Simone figured his order didn't apply to her since she hadn't been touching him there. She rolled on top of him and made out with him some more. But she was careful not to do anything with his dick since she knew he was trying to give it a rest.

The other three girls sat together and watched Alan and Simone neck. Strangely, even though Joy disliked Heather and Janice outright hated her, the three of them were at least temporarily bonded together. Janice and Joy even put their arms around Heather since she happened to be sitting in the middle.

Joy said to the other two, "She's one lucky fucker." She didn't have to clarify she was speaking of Simone, since the three girls were watching Simone's every move as she kissed and fondled Alan while lying on top of him.

Heather just sighed longingly. "Yeah." She was unusually aroused, which was saying a lot given her powerful sex drive. She pinched her own nipples in imitation of the way Alan was pinching Simone's.

No more words were said between the three resting girls, for fear the wrong thing might be said, which would end their temporary truce. But for now, there was a lot of friendly body language between them, mostly because they were all so helplessly horny.

Once Alan felt able to go on, he ordered Simone, "Get on that table over there, please. I'm afraid I'm going to have to give you a good fucking before I do anything else. I'm curious to see what fucking a black woman is like... Joy, please get her a pillow and put it over there."

Simone got up off him, allowing him to sit up.

Heather complained to him, "Hey, you're here to fuck ME! That's the deal. These girls are my fluffers!"

But Alan just said, "Heather, you don't understand your place in life yet, do you? I think I'll not only brand you with a great big 'A' on one cheek, but I'll put a big 'P' on the other."

Joy asked Janice, "A. P.? Does that stand for Alan Plummer?"

Janice smirked. "Maybe. Personally, I think it stands for Alan's Pussy."

Alan was smirking too. "Actually, Joy was right at first, but I like Janice's idea better. Don't you, Heather?"

Even though everyone was taking a break and no one was intimately touching anyone else, it was clear that Heather was still close to cumming. She bit her lip in an attempt to control her arousal, which prevented her from talking. She also forced herself not to vigorously nod in agreement, as she feared that doing so would push her over the edge in a very embarrassing way.

Alan stood up and turned his attention back to Simone. "Hey, are you going to get on that table or what?"

Simone staggered back onto the table and found herself crawling up onto it. She looked up at Alan with a bit of fear. She found herself highly aroused by his confident manner, but she wasn't sure how much of his domineering persona was an act. She was so flabbergasted that she didn't know what to think. She even half-expected him to really pull out a brand and start branding asses, she was so awed and confused.

He commanded her, "Face away from me like you're ready to get fucked doggy-style. Or are you here to play chess? Get to it!" His aggressive role-play with Heather was accidentally rubbing off in the way he treated others. "Bad Alan" was coming to the fore.

Simone followed his command, then muttered, "It's true."

"What's true?" Alan walked over to the table. He positioned himself over Simone to mount her from behind.

Simone repeated, "It's true! What people are whispering about you. How you're the greatest fuck in school. Look what you've done to Heather! I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes. Please don't do that to me? I like my freedom! Don't make me your slave?"

Joy grinned like a brainwashed cult member. "If you think that's something, just wait until he fucks you."

Janice added, "He makes the boys of this school look like the premature ejaculators they are. Emphasis on 'boy.' But Alan's a MAN."

"Okay, you all," Alan chided. He got embarrassed at such praise and actually didn't like it. "That's enough. Heather, come here and feed my dick into Simone. You're one of the fluffers now. I want you to jack or lick it as much as you can until I get going at a good pace. Joy and Janice, do whatever you want to both me and Simone and yourselves to liven things up. After all, this is an orgy."

Heather chose to crawl under Simone so she could lie face up with her head directly under Simone's crotch.

Simone liked that and lowered herself some so her cunt was in range of Heather's tongue.

Janice got excited at the prospect of touching Joy, but she tried to hide it from her voice. With alarm in her voice but hope in her heart, she asked, "Wait. Alan, you're saying the rest of us should, like, do lesbian things to each other? You want me to get physical with Joy, even?"

He looked at Janice's face and saw how she was trying to hide her eagerness.

He thought, I don't know what this is about, but it looks like I can make Janice really happy.

He said commandingly, "Yes. Of course. You two get physical with each other, and Heather, and Simone too. Joy, you suck on Simone's tits while Janice eats you out. If you do a really good job, I might fuck you first next time."

Janice rushed behind Joy so she could pump her fist into the air in triumph without Joy seeing.

Alan couldn't help but laugh in sympathy at Janice's happiness. But then he turned back to his main task of the moment, fucking Simone.

He stood poised with his throbbing erection a mere inch or two from Simone's pussy lips while Heather lay underneath, both licking and jacking him off. He could hear her repeatedly mumbling, "Cum, dammit! Cum!"

The wait was excruciating for Simone, but she endured it. The fact that Heather was also occasionally licking her pussy lips as she focused on where Alan was almost entering her just built up her lust and made waiting that much harder to do.

Heather was reluctant to give up the dick she was both stroking and licking, but some loud coughs from Alan finally got her to act. She finally started to push Alan's dick into Simone's steamy hole.

Simone let out a great breath of relief. She let out a deeper sigh of pleasure as the thick intrusion pushed a couple of inches deeper into her.

But then it stopped. Heather was unwilling to give up any more of the thick erection that she was still holding and licking. The cockhead was completely consumed by Simone's tight slit, but that still left Heather a lot of inches to play with.

Heather had been laboring for many long minutes at getting Alan to climax and yet he still hadn't climaxed (although she certainly had, more than once). She was absolutely possessed with determination to get him to cum, even though she knew that would mean he would shoot into Simone. In fact, in a surprisingly unselfish way, she truly wanted Simone to share in the joy of feeling Alan's hot cum spurting into her.

Simone, in her own desperate need, began wiggling her hips and squeezing her pussy muscles to get at least a little fucking action going. She could have just started thrusting back and forth but she was worried about trapping Heather's face between Alan's thighs and herself.

Another thing that kept her from pushing Heather away was the simple shock of feeling Heather in such a subservient position. Simone had been in orgies with Heather before, but she'd never seen or imagined Heather actually feeding a penis into someone else. The orgies (usually all girl "slumber parties") inevitably centered around Heather. Simone wanted to prolong the experience to better remember it later.

But then Alan started to get antsy. Although Simone didn't know what she was doing with her pussy squeezing, her moves were having a big effect, especially combined with Heather's worshipful licking and stroking. Further, he'd been building up the need to cum ever since running into Heather in the stinky bathroom, and his need for release was intense. He didn't want to lose his load before he could really get started with Simone because he knew that it was important to make a good first impression.

He nodded to Janice, getting her attention. Then, by a combination of hand gestures and speaking without making a sound so his lips could be read, he indicated that he wanted Janice to make Heather cum by playing with her pussy.

It didn't take much. Pretty much as soon as Janice's fingers began tugging Heather's clit, Heather came hard.

Simone heard and even felt that, and came too.

Chapter 768 Chocolate Simon

At the same time, and without saying anything, he slowly pushed his erection all the way into Simone until Heather had to let go. As his tuft of pubic hair came into contact with Simone's back, Heather was forced to withdraw her head out of the way. Then he gradually pulled back out.

Even though Heather was dizzy and giddy from her climax, she was hardly deterred in her cock lust. She eagerly grabbed Alan's now pussy-soaked stick and licked and squeezed it while she could, until it disappeared back into Simone again. She flicked her tongue all over it, even more turned on to know it was now coated with Simone's juices.

Suddenly Heather exclaimed, "GOD, it's so GOOD!" She sucked and licked and stroked Alan's thick pole so ardently that he couldn't help but pause for a while before pushing back into Simone, so Heather could have more time to lavish her attention on his cum-soaked boner.

As Alan paused, he said to Simone, "Don't be alarmed. I'm not going to fuck you into a slave or something. I don't have that power. Heather is like this because she wants to be, and only for a time. At other times, she acts like her usual bitch-self with me. Believe me. You should have seen the way she was pushing me around this morning with all her demands. This is just an ordinary fuck, so relax and enjoy it." He wanted to diminish the sky-high expectations everyone was creating.

Joy looked up from Simone's tit that she'd been licking. She seemed content enough with all the lesbian activity going on around her, even though she wasn't naturally inclined that way. Things were just so hot and arousing that she couldn't help but get swept up in it.

Alan forgot about Joy's inclinations, since he was so used to every female he came across being bisexual.

Joy stared seriously at Simone and said half-jokingly, "Don't believe him. He'll turn you into his sex slave. Look at the three of us and what we're doing. Enjoy your last few minutes of freedom - once you climax, it's all over!"

Simone pointed out, "I came already!"

Joy said, "Then it's too late!"

Simone was worried, since she didn't know what to think anymore.

Alan slowly slid into Simone and then back out. The stroke took over a minute. Then he paused again, with just the very tip of his cockhead still in Simone's hot sheath.

That greatly pleased Heather, because it gave her many more long moments to work on his shaft with her fingers, lips, and tongue. She thought, God, I love this cock! So big, so thick, so powerful! Alan's gonna fuck the shit out of Simone, and then she'll see! She'll know! She'll get why I've been raving about him so much lately. This cock... Oh God! It needs to be worshipped! It needs to be loved!

She lavished her attention on it with her steadily lapping tongue.

Alan had been distracted by Heather's latest outburst of cock licking energy. But he focused his concentration, looked at Joy, and said, "Joy, please. No joking. Tell Simone that you're just joking."

Joy was back at Simone's nipple and wasn't intent on stopping again.

But Alan tapped on her head until she finally relented. He said again, "Come on. Don't freak her out. Tell her you're joking already."

Joy looked at Simone. "Okay. I'm joking. Kind of. The fact is, Alan is a great fuck. Janice is right. He makes the other guys look like the inexperienced boys they are. Look at him: he's drowning in female flesh and he's hardly fazed. He may not literally blow your mind, but it's a mind-blowing experience all the same."

"Okay, Joy. That's enough," Alan griped, since she wasn't exactly putting Simone's worries to rest.

Heather said, "You tell 'em, Joy. Tell how he's gonna turn us all into his hopelessly addicted personal SLUTS!" She was so horny at the moment that she really did feel that way, at least on one level. But she also said that to keep the conversation going, since she'd noticed that Alan had paused in his thrusting while listening to Joy speak. Heather had been very busy with those precious seconds, running ten fingers up and down his shaft while lapping against his barely exposed sweet spot.

But her efforts to prolong Alan's current position didn't work. Alan said, "Come on! Simone, don't listen to her." Then he pushed all the way back inside Simone's hot furnace, forcing Heather to let go of his pole yet again.bender

Everyone went back to what they were doing for a couple of minutes. Alan was still making extremely slow strokes into Simone so Heather would have a chance to stay involved and back away when need be.

After a while Alan looked again over at Joy and Janice. He saw that Joy had given up on licking Simone's tit and was leaning back, completely absorbed by the pussy licking Janice was giving her. He remembered now that Joy said she didn't go for lesbian sex, and just from her facial expression he couldn't tell if she was in agony or ecstasy. So he asked, "Joy, how's it going over there?"

"Well, you want Janice to do this," was all Joy said. Her tone was neutral as well.

Alan decided that he'd talk to Joy alone some time later. He thought, I feel bad. I'm getting so haughty and insensitive. Am I just using Janice and Joy for my own pleasure or am I helping push them together? Do I really care what happens to them? I feel the temptation of just letting go and giving in to my darker urges. Especially when my libido is in control, like it is right now. I have to fight it!

Simone suddenly cried out, "Alan, I can't take it anymore! Heather, quit with all your damn cock licking and let him really fuck me! This slow shit is great to a point, but now I need a solid nailing. That cock is MINE, girl! Fuck me now, Alan! Really go at it!"

Alan complied, especially since he was feeling the same way. He began pushing in and out at a normal fucking pace. There was no room for Heather anymore, so he said to her, "You heard your mistress, Cunt Girl. Twiddle her clit and poke your finger up my asshole while you watch me fuck."

Heather, surprisingly, put up resistance and refused. But it was only because her fuck need was so great. "No! Fuck me instead! Please! I've been waiting for this! I'm so keyed up. If you don't fuck me now I'm gonna die! Pleeeeeassee!"

Alan paused in his thrusting and all action stopped. He said to Simone, "See what happens when you're lax with your slave? This kind of annoying shit. Well, Heather, if you're going to be so difficult. I'll tell you

what. Lie down and have Simone lie on top of you. That way, I'll have a choice of fucks. You've been sucking my cock so long now, I suppose you do deserve a bit of a reward."

"Yes!" Heather was happy and gladly did what he commanded. Finally, I get some fucking credit for loving his cock that long! My damn tongue is so tired it's fucking ridiculous!

She lay on her back and Simone lay face down on top of her, so their pussies and tits could rub against each other.

Alan stood behind and probed with his cock at the two pussies lined up on top of each other. He commented, "You two are easily the darkest fucks I've ever had. But Heather, even though your skin is so tanned, your pussy is nice and pink and creamy. Simone's on the other hand is a lovely chocolate brown, just like the rest of her. Which one should I go for? Chocolate or cream?"

Both Simone and Heather were annoyed at his talking. Each of them thought, JUST DO IT!

He probed with his erection, slightly entering one pussy only to pull out after going in an inch. Then he'd do the same to the other. He felt like he was having to hit moving targets, because their entire bodies were swaying up and down, they were panting so hard.

Both girls were insane with anticipation and held their breath, hoping to be the first one chosen.

But he wasn't just being a tease - this was another strategic break for his boner. He figured if he could cool down for just a minute, he could last through about another five minutes of fucking.

Stalling for more time, he looked to Janice and Joy, and saw them sitting next to each other and watching. He said, "Hey you two, keep your mouths and pussies warm for me."

The two of them got busy kissing and fingering each other. He knew Janice would love that, and he hoped Joy would too. She certainly didn't show any hesitation or lack of enthusiasm in what she did to Janice.

Yet Alan felt that his dick still needed to rest a little longer, if he was going to last long enough to live up to his reputation. He tried to think of another good excuse to stall, and then a very good one came to him. "Hey! I almost forgot a condom. Does anyone have a condom?"

Simone and Heather groaned in agony.

He looked at Janice and Joy and saw they were deeply engaged in a steamy lip-lock. He decided not to disturb them, and muttered, "Hold on, I'll get one myself." He walked off to where his shorts lay on the floor, since he had some condoms in his wallet.

Heather thought, Lord, please Lord! Please let him choose me! I need it so bad! She prayed with all her might even though she wasn't religious in the slightest.

Finally Alan came back with the condom over his erection. Again, he rested his hands on their legs and poked back and forth, as if he still couldn't decide who to fuck first.

Simone's patience broke. She screamed wildly, "Fucking DO IT! Just fucking FUCK one of us! Fuck ME!"

Heather also cried out, "YES! DO IT! You fucking STUD! But fuck ME!"

He chose Simone, as he knew he would all along. He just wanted to torture Heather a bit more. As he pushed in all the way to Simone's succulent depths, he said, "Sorry, Heather. Looks like Simone wins. Problem is, I prefer chocolate. Especially dark chocolate. Mmmm. Yum."

Heather cried out, "Alan! Noooooo! Why are you doing this to me? Please! God, that was so close! Pleeeeeeaaase!"

"Heather, you need a good de-bitching. You're too stuck up. Now shut up, because you're ruining my fuck!"

Simone pressed closer onto Heather, so their lips met. She kissed the head cheerleader and really gave the deep kiss her all. At the same time, she worked hard to keep her tits rubbing into Heather's.

This was a bit of a diplomatic move, because with all the kissing and rubbing, Heather was unable to talk or respond to Alan. She was trapped beneath Simone, and eventually resigned herself to that fact. She felt tamed, tricked, and defeated, but she kind of liked it. In fact, she more than just liked it, she loved it, even though she hated it at the same time. The more Alan denied her and defeated her, the more she desired him.

However, after a couple of minutes steadily fucking Simone, he had mercy on Heather. He pulled out of Simone and fucked Heather for about a minute.

Heather let out a sigh of supreme satisfaction. It was like her body was on fire from head to toe and she'd jumped into a pool of cool water. But even though she felt relief, her lust grew and grew.

She moaned with need when he pulled out and started fucking Simone again, and then soared with joy when he resumed fucking her another minute later.

He went back and forth between them for quite a while, but each time he was in Simone more and Heather less. He was glad that he'd taken the extra time to rest, so he had the stamina to keep going, because it felt absolutely fantastic.

Simone and Heather were so horny they were practically delirious. They kissed and fondled each other as their bodies were wracked and rocked with several nice climaxes.

But eventually Alan could tell he was starting up the path to an inevitable climax and he wouldn't be able to last much longer. He already was primarily fucking Simone, but now he thrust himself back into Simone and stayed with just her.

Heather could only writhe under Simone helplessly, waiting for her next turn which never came.

Alan slowly built up a head of steam with Simone, plunging into her faster and faster. After all the praise he felt the need to live up to his reputation, and took his time building up the pace until they were speeding along at a fast fuck.

Alan had Simone cumming long before he got near his own peak. Eventually he reached a frantic slamming mode.

Heather bounced up and down below them like a human pillow, absorbing every single thrust. She found it maddening yet arousing. It was a kind of exquisite torture to feel Simone getting seriously fucked like this.

Alan finally reached his peak and aggressively pumped his seed into Simone - actually, into his condom inside Simone - as she cried out incoherently.

Finally taking some pity on Heather, he went at her clit aggressively even while he was climaxing, causing Heather to cum at the same time as Alan and Simone.

When it was over, Alan looked around and saw Joy and Janice on the floor next to them. Janice now had a dildo in her hand and was using it on Joy's pussy most vigorously. Joy seemed to be having climaxes of her own, though she wasn't returning the attentions at the moment.

Finally all was still. Everyone climaxed (except for Janice, apparently), and had to recover.

Chapter 769 Susan's Wild Imagination

Heather, gratefully able to roll out from under Simone, asked her, "So. How was it? Did I tell you, or what? Isn't he the bomb?"

Simone was still trying to catch her breath. But she opened her eyes wide in a frustrated attempt to convey some of her tangled emotions. Finally, between breaths she managed to gasp out, "Damn!"

Alan looked up at Heather. "Oh, it's you, Cunt Girl. What did I tell you about talking? It's likely to fry your tiny brain. Get back to licking something. I'm wiped out and Janice and Joy look content, so get busy on the mess between your mistress's legs."

Simone protested, "No, really, you don't have to do that. I'm so sensitive and sore down there right now..."

But Alan insisted. "Get to it. If you do a good job, I might fuck you next." He didn't fully understand how sensitive women could get after cumming.

"Might?" Heather cried in dismay. She gave Simone a minute or two to recover, then got licking.

Simone immediately found herself wriggling again, especially since Heather was really working her clit. They knew each other's bodies quite well and Heather knew just what to do to get her friend off. But Simone still tried to answer Heather's "Isn't he the bomb?" question. "God, Alan, that was fantastic. That WAS the bomb. A fucking nuclear bomb. As far as I'm concerned, you can fuck me anytime. I don't care if I'm in the middle of getting fucked by my boyfriend. If Heather gives me the call, I'll be there."

Alan groaned with dismay. He hadn't even thought to ask about that. "Boyfriend? Don't tell me you have one too?"

"Yeah. You probably know him. He's the tall tight end who catches all the touchdowns."

Alan groaned even louder. He thought, She could have called him the extremely tall and LARGE tight end who could kick my ass with both hands tied behind his back. Big, scary black guy. Just my luck. He probably knows the guy who harassed me and accused me of stealing girlfriends. Well, he's right. I didn't even bother to ask if Simone had a boyfriend BEFORE fucking her. Duh!

He griped, "Oh man. Simone, I like you and all, but I never meant to get between you and your boyfriend. Now I feel bad. If Amy slept around on me, I don't know what I'd do."

That got a few derisive snorts.

Janice, who never shirked from speaking her mind, said, "Let me see if I get this straight, Alan. You're lazing in between four naked women, all of whom you've fucked recently, and you're bemoaning the possibility that Amy might one day sleep with another guy." Her voice dripped with sarcasm. "Uh huh."

"Okay, I'm a hypocrite," he replied. "I know that. The thing is, Amy really IS cool with me doing this, for whatever reason. Call me blessed. But Simone, I highly doubt your boyfriend is cool with this. Is he?"

"No. But he's not like my 'boyfriend' boyfriend. He's just a guy I've been dating for a few weeks. We're not officially exclusive. I doubt I'll be dating him much longer, especially after you opened my eyes today that I don't have to settle for yet another selfish fucker. We don't have some kind of going steady commitment, so don't feel bad."

"Oh. Good. 'Cos I'd like to do it with you again sometime." He got up and began putting on his clothes. He announced, "Okay, that's it. I'm out of here. Thanks for all the fun."

Heather stopped her licking of Simone's pussy and protested. "Wait a minute! You didn't fuck me properly yet! This is all about you fucking me. That's why I called us all together. That's the whole fucking point!"

Alan gave her a mischievous smile. "Thanks for that, but you must admit it's a much higher priority for me to fuck your mistress than it is to fuck a lowly Cunt Girl."

"No it's not! NO! That's BULLSHIT!" Heather protested. "You have to fuck meeeee! My tongue is ready to fall off from all the licking you made me do. You owe me!"

"So you implicitly admit that Simone is your mistress. That's a good first step."

The buxom blonde complained, "I admit no such thing! Dammit, I ORDER you to fuck me. NOW!"

He chuckled. "As if you could order ME around. I'll be generous and assume that was a joke. Besides, how can you complain? I fucked you pretty good for a while back there."

She put her hands on her hips and complained defiantly, "Not hardly. You only fucked me HALF the time, and then at the end it was ALL Simone! That SUCKED!"

He shrugged. "Sorry. If you don't like it, next time I'll just leave you out of it altogether, Cunt Girl."

She wanted to scream, but she calmed herself. She ultimately couldn't get that mad because he did fuck her pretty good, and most importantly, she'd had a series of great orgasms ending with a really powerful one.

So she tried a different tack in an attempt to retain a shred of dignity in front of the other three. "Okay, fine. Alan, unfortunately, it sounds like the sex is over for now. So stop the playing around and get back to our normal roles with each other."

"Cunt Girl, don't be difficult, or we'll have to get your leash out and take you for a walk around the school. I hope everyone's gone home, but you never can tell. I imagine the football team is out practicing. I wonder what they'll think. Really, Simone. You need to train her better."

Simone was all smiles. "Sorry. I'll remember what you said. Shorter leash. No clothes. More crawling. A big 'S' tattoo." She joked, "Maybe a doggy bowl too for her to eat her meals with?"

Heather gave her best friend the evil eye.

"I like the doggy bowl. Now you've got the spirit." Alan added, "Tell you what, Simone. You put a big 'S' on one ass cheek and I'll put a big 'A' on her other ass cheek. How would you like that, Heather?"

Heather complained, "I said the playing is over." But her voice lacked conviction. Even now, it was clear such thoughts excited her greatly.

Joy noted with glee, "A. S. Hmmm. That spells 'Alan's Slut.'"

Janice noted with even more glee, "Or 'Alan's Slave.'"

Joy further suggested, "Or 'Anal Servant,' maybe?"

"Hey, you two!" Heather barked. "Shut UP!" But her cheeks were turning red from blushing and arousal. Secretly, she liked all three suggestions.

Simone joked, "It could also mean 'Assigned to Simone.'"

Alan chuckled at that. "True." He pretended to ponder, "I wonder, where can one go these days to get one's slut branded? I mean, there are tattoo parlors all over the place, but no branding parlors. Such a shame."

Simone caught up to the spirit of things, and said, "I guess it's a just a D.I.Y. thing. Do it yourself. Buy your own brand. From a nearby ranch, maybe. If they're not busy branding the cows."

"Wow, that would be pretty intense," Alan mused. "The burning smell, the red hot poker... Hey! Maybe I could do it with a barbecue grill. You know, invite over all my friends to witness my slut branding. We could make it a big party. Heather would be the only one bound and naked, of course."

Heather walked right up to Alan and stared into his eyes from just inches away with the most intimidating look she could muster. "Alan, if you don't fuck me right now, you're going to DIE! I swear, I'm going to kill you! I'll turn you into a social nobody! I'll make you so hated at school that you'll wish that I killed you for real!" Her whole body was trembling with desire from the conversation.

Alan turned back to Simone. "Did you hear something? I thought I heard someone talking."

Simone was all grins. "What? No."

"Me neither. Sluts who want to get fucked know better than to make threats, so it must be my imagination."

Heather let out a great big groan of frustration. "Arrrggh!" Her fists were clenched at her sides, and her teeth were clenched too. The fact that Alan completely ignored her aroused her even more. She was torn between punching him hard in the face and dropping to her knees to suck his cock some more. She might have done the latter except that she knew he was totally flaccid at the moment. She stomped away in an effort to compose herself.

Alan continued with Simone, "Don't tell anyone about this, okay? Some guys are getting jealous and it could get ugly. Okay?"

Simone nodded, realizing he was being serious for once. "Okay."

He said to Janice and Joy, "And that goes for you two as well, right? Nobody here should say a word about this to anyone else. What goes on in here stays in here. Is that clear?"

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Alan quickly dressed and left before Heather realized he was really going. He wished he could stay and see the fallout from what Janice did to Joy, but he figured he should leave on a high note, before Heather's usual bitchy personality completely reasserted itself.

Heather turned her head around at the sound of the door slamming, and then pounded a fist into her open hand. She'd been moping, and had no idea he'd go so soon.

The other three girls were all smirking at her. Simone was starting to joke, "So. Fido, do you-"

Heather shot such an intensely hateful look at Simone that Simone completely froze. "Shut up! Don't even THINK it!"

Simone meekly nodded. She knew it was extremely unwise to cross Heather when she was mad. The erotic mood rapidly faded, even though all four girls were still completely nude.

Heather pointed to each girl in turn and said, "Okay, you all. That's enough! I don't have to remind you how I can destroy any or all of you at my slightest whim." She let out a shrill scream, "DO NOT CROSS ME!"

They all bowed their heads in the face of her withering stare. The situation was suddenly very uncomfortable, because Heather had reasserted her authority but ideas of branding and doggy bowls were still on everyone's minds. Soon all the girls put their clothes on, cleaned themselves up, and made to leave.

Simone thought as she pulled her T-shirt over her head, I thought that was too good to last. I guess Bizarro World only lasts as long as Alan's in the room. Looks like I'll have to put off that 'S' branding for another day... As if that'll ever happen. Ha! But it's fun to dream after all the shit Heather puts me through...

Man alive, that Alan is fun though. I can't wait to do this again and carry on where we left off. Maybe I should bring a doggy bowl, just in case we could put it to good use. Hee-hee!

She didn't feel afraid towards him anymore, although she was extremely impressed. He was good at sex but it wasn't like he could steal her soul with his prowess. She still didn't understand why Heather was affected so strongly, but she had some theories that were Heather-specific.

Alan thought that he'd won a victory of sorts, in that he'd given Heather the message not to force him into anything. But he was half right and all wrong. He only had a partial understanding about her: he knew how to turn her on, but not how to turn her off. If he wanted to get rid of her he needed to act fawning and always say yes, like all the other guys around her did. Because of the way he treated her and repeatedly bested her, she desired him all the more.

And yet she wasn't simply submissive about it, because at the same time she seriously vowed to get revenge.

Heather consoled herself as she shimmied into her tight clothes, Okay, that was a bit embarrassing. Okay, MORE than a bit embarrassing - that was completely humiliating! But I still hold all the cards. Actually, more cards now. By getting Janice to attend, and using the lure of Joy, I've shown that I can get Janice to do what I want as long as I keep the Joy lure dangling. And where Janice goes, Joy follows. I can force those two closer together physically, and then Janice is going to permanently owe me, big time. That'll be extra delicious because she wants to get back at me so bad but she can't because I'm the one who can put her together with Joy naked. It'll be fun to watch her squirm, having all this shit on me but unable to use it. Ha!

Then there's Simone. Screw all this "mistress" shit. The fact is, she'll do what I say, especially now that I've got her googly about Alan. She's been far too rebellious with me lately, but I can use the Alan lure to keep her better under my thumb. If I tell her to jump to have sex with him, she'll ask how high. I just have to get Kim on my side, too, and I'll have most of my cheerleading squad at my disposal. They're all my natural allies, and will want to see Amy put down into her place so Alan will look to us and not to her for his fucking pleasures. We can work as a team against Ms. Rhymer too. They're just timid at the moment because Amy's so nice and Ms. Rhymer's a teacher.

Then there's Katherine. She's the key. I've got to prove what she's really doing with her brother and then I'll be able to control Alan like a puppet. I just KNOW there's something going on there. Won't it be delicious? Alan thinks he's so funny calling me "Cunt Girl." Well, I think I'll call my new boyfriend "Cock Boy." "Come here, Cock Boy. Lick my feet. You're going to stay in and fuck me all night long. Just me.

Come here, Simone. Stick his fat impaler in me and lick it if you get a chance whenever he pulls out. That's all you get. And no back talking, slave girl!"

Ha! HA! That'll show them. Alan looks like he's in the driver's seat now, but soon I'll have total control over everyone who was here today. Maybe I'll brand HIM!

She found herself growing aroused again as she thought about the earlier talk about branding. That reminded her of how he treated her in general, and made her even more horny. Dammit!

Back at the Plummer house, Suzanne let herself in the front door and shouted, "Susan? It's me!"

As Susan walked through the living room to the front foyer, she said, "Oh, hey. What's up? You were just here a little while ago."

Suzanne kissed her before explaining, "I know, but I wanted to eat lunch with my favorite person in the entire world... who doesn't have a penis, that is."

Susan giggled happily at that. "Well, good. In that case, I'd also like to eat lunch with my favorite person in the entire world, who doesn't have a great big fat penis or the nickname 'Tiger.' Hmmm, I wonder who that could be?" She winked. "Come on in. I just made something. Luckily, Brenda interrupted me with a long phone call, or I would have eaten already."

A few minutes later, they sat down to eat lunch.

Suzanne had carried a book into the house, but Susan hadn't gotten a good look at it. Once they were sitting down at the dining room table, with salads and a bowl of fruit, Suzanne brought the book out and put it on the table.

Susan was startled. "Hey! That's a Bible!"

Suzanne smirked knowingly. "It is. I thought that while we ate, we could have kind of a Bible study."

Susan was even more startled. "I'd love nothing better. But I'm surprised to hear that, coming from you. Why, getting you to such much as go to church on Sunday is like pulling teeth."

Suzanne said, "I know. But this isn't just any kind of Bible study. This is about sex in the Bible, and you know that I'm interested in that." She smirked again.

Susan held a hand over her chest. "Sex? In the Bible? What are you talking about? There might be a few 'begats,' but there's not much more than that."

"Oh, but there is." She opened the Bible to one of several pages she had bookmarked. "How familiar are you with the Old Testament book called 'The Song of Songs'? It's also known as 'The Song of Solomon.'"

"Oh my goodness," Susan replied in surprise. "It's funny you mention that, because that may be the one book in the Bible I'm the least familiar with. When I was growing up, my parents told me not to bother with that one. They said it shouldn't have made it into the Bible in the first place, since it doesn't even mention God once. And they said it had some disagreeable ideas, although... now that I think about it, they never did tell me just what those were."

Suzanne said, "Your parents were half right and all wrong. It's true that it doesn't mention God or even religion at all, but it's a great book, because it celebrates sex. It's basically one long poem about sex and the love between a man and a woman."

Susan said, "And they put THAT in the Bible?!"

"Of course! God wants us to enjoy sex, and as often as possible! Haven't you noticed that when you're with your Tiger? Can't you just tell down in your soul that something that great has to be a gift from God?"

Susan replied hesitantly, "Well... yes... but... I guess I kind of thought that was just my own personal interpretation. I find it hard to believe that they allowed praise of sex in the Bible."

"Sure they did," Suzanne said confidently. "It's just that a lot of very religious people have a phobia about sex, so they've tried to pass that misguided attitude on. The apostle Peter and lots of the other early apostles and church leaders were married. The Roman Catholics don't allow their priests to marry

at all, but it wasn't until three hundred years after Jesus that some Church official came up with the celibacy rule so that priests wouldn't try to leave the church's wealth to their kids. You can see how if a priest or preacher is never allowed to enjoy sex, he has to suppress all sexual urges. Then he naturally gives off the attitude that the truly religious don't enjoy sex."

The facts that Suzanne mentioned were accurate, although the opinion was all her own. She'd done her research in order to better dislodge Susan's existing point of view and shift it to that which Suzanne wanted.

"I can see that," Susan said with a worried frown. Even at that point, she considered herself a very devout Christian, so hearing apparently contradictory ideas that were supposedly in the Bible shook her up.

Suzanne smiled encouragingly. "But we know better, because it's right in the Bible, in The Song of Songs, that sex is a great thing and we should love it! Let me give you an example." She read from the Bible: "'I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.' And here's another one: 'Come, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.' As you can see, the Bible is celebrating oral sex - both ways!"

Susan grabbed the Bible in disbelief. "Let me see that!" She turned the Bible so that it faced her way and read the two passages that Suzanne had highlighted. She was so surprised that she actually picked the Bible up and looked at the cover, to check if it was some kind of bizarre translation. But it was the standard King James version.

She exclaimed, "How can this be?! 'Come, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out?!' That's CLEARLY talking about sucking a big juicy cock until he cums hard! And it's in THE BIBLE! Why have I never seen this before?!"

Suzanne said, "Probably because some prudish people didn't want you to know. A lot of people are afraid of sex. They worry that it's a powerful force that they cannot control. In that quote you repeated, they use 'garden' and 'spices' because those were highly valued things to people living in the desert."

Susan nodded. "Kind of weird, sure. But I picked up on those meanings right away. It was a different culture in a different time, but the joy of cocksucking must be universal!"

Suzanne went on, "Indeed. And think again about that first quote: 'I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.' The Bible is praising blowjobs, more than once! There's no doubt about it!"

Susan stared off into space, flabbergasted. "Oh... my... goodness! It certainly seems that way, doesn't it? Why, it even praises the sweet, fruity taste of his cum. It's like that was written for ME! About my Tiger!"

Suzanne was secretly delighted at how well her plan was going. "In a way, it is. These are wise words that speak to us across the ages. Let's read some more."

She turned the Bible back around and flipped to another bookmark. "We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for? If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar. I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.' As you can clearly see, this is Biblical praise for a woman's big breasts."

Susan was even more staggered. She reflexively clutched at her own breasts. She whispered in awe while looking down at her chest, "Oh my GOD! 'Breasts like towers?!' 'Breasts like towers!' That's ME!" bender

Suzanne chuckled, and then cast a significant glance down at her own sizable rack. "That's both of us. The Bible praises big breasts because they help men and women enjoy sex more, and the Bible teaches us that sex is good. Don't believe me? Here's a verse from the book of Proverbs."

She flipped to another bookmarked page. "'Let thy fountain be blessed: and rejoice with the wife of thy youth. Let her be as the loving deer and pleasant doe; let her breasts satisfy thee at all times; and be thou ravished always with her love. And why wilt thou, my son, be ravished with a strange woman, and embrace the bosom of a stranger? For the ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings.'"

Again, Susan simply couldn't believe it. She grabbed the Bible, turned it around, and read the words for herself. When she was done, she exclaimed, "But... but... this not only praises sex... and breasts... Oh my! How wonderful is that?! But it praises incest too! This woman author asks her son why go to the bosom of a strange woman when the bosom of your mommy is right at hand?!"

Suzanne smiled widely. "Exactly! You see? Why indeed? There's a lot more in the Bible than people realize."

Susan sat back and stared wide-eyed. "Why oh why didn't you tell me about this before?! This... this... this changes everything!"

Suzanne chuckled gleefully. The truth was that she would have shown Susan those quotes much earlier, except that she'd only recently found them herself while trying to find more religious justification for incestuous intercourse.

She looked back down at the book. "Hold on. There's more! Listen to this, from The Song of Songs again: 'It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.' I don't think I have to point out that the 'chamber' is a delicate way of saying 'vagina.'"

Susan raised her hands. Her entire body jerked in surprise. She had a sudden vision of her son on top of her, fucking her hard. She had her legs wrapped around his backside and she was screaming at the top of her lungs. Oh my God! It's going to happen! It's really going to happen! How can I stop it?! I have no excuse to stop it! None! He's going to fuck me so hard that it'll be beyond belief! Compared to what I did with Ron, I'm almost a virgin. Oh God! I can't breathe!

Suzanne was very curious what was going on in Susan's head, because Susan seemed staggered by that. But Suzanne stayed quiet. She had a good idea what Susan was thinking, but realized it would be best if Susan reached those conclusions on her own.

After a long pause, lasting nearly half a minute, Susan exclaimed, "But that means that if my son fucks me... it's okay! God approves!"

"But of course He does! Why would He not want you and your son to love each other in such a beautiful way? It's a complicated issue, so the Bible can't just state it plainly as one of the Ten Commandments or something like that. But the truth is there for those who seek it."

"Amen!" Susan cried in relief.

Suzanne turned the Bible back towards herself. "Now, that's all well and good, but I want to get to my main point."

"You mean there's MORE?!" Susan clutched at her chest again.

"There is. Earlier today, you gave the approval for Sweetie to fuck me. And I thank you for that; I'm very grateful. He's already fucked Amy, and you're still warming up to the idea of him fucking you, so you know who's being left out."

Susan slumped back in her chair and frowned. "Angel."

"That's right. After your talk with Xania, where she showed you that there's no reason why your Tiger shouldn't fuck you, doesn't that same logic apply to him and Angel?"

Susan sat there silent. She was trying to think of a good excuse to explain why that was different, but she couldn't come up with much. Finally she said, "But she's so young."

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "Is she that much younger than Amy or some of the other girls he's fucking? He's fucking the cheerleader Kim, and she's younger than our Angel, and you never complained about that."

Susan sighed. "It's different when it's my daughter. I know I'm being hypocritical. I know I don't have a leg to stand on. But... it's just HARD when you're a parent. You know how it is with Amy. Think about how much you protected her from the Jack Johnsons of the world."

"True. But Sweetie isn't Jack Johnson, obviously. It was tough, but I got over my motherly protective urges enough to let Alan and Amy fuck. You should do the same."

Suzanne added quickly, "Now, before you say more about that, I have another Biblical quote, from The Song of Songs again."

She read, "'Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck. How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! How much better is

thy love than wine! And the smell of thine ointments than all spices! A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

She looked back up and asked, "What do you think that means?"

Susan furrowed her brow. "I must not be hearing things right. Because... it, it... sounds to me as if he's speaking of a woman who is both his sister AND his wife! He says it three times, even! And clearly, there's a lot of ravishing going on. Of her 'garden,' even!"

Suzanne nodded like a patient teacher. "That's what I think it means too. But if you have any doubt that the Bible approves of sister incest, and incest in general, try this one: 'O that thou were as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! When I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised. I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.'"

Susan's eyes bugged out, and she clutched at her breasts again. "Suzanne, that's just all kinds of incest on top of incest! Here's a woman who wants her boyfriend to be her brother! And furthermore, she wants him to have sex with her mother! I can picture the three of them, with the mother instructing the daughter, and the... the pomegranate juice!"

Suzanne prodded, "You do know what that stands for, don't you?"

"Of course I do! Oh my goodness! Suzanne!" She grabbed the Bible again, turned it around again, and read the words for herself as she had before. Then she read the previous quotation for good measure. She shook her head in amazement.

She sat back and exclaimed, "Suzanne, no wonder my parents wouldn't let me read The Song of Songs! This is like pornography! And not just any pornography; it's filled with all kinds of naughty, naughty ideas!"

Suzanne said, "Read all of The Song of Songs for yourself. In fact, reread the entire Bible with a new eye. There's all kinds of naughty things in there. But 'naughty' or 'sexy' is not the same as 'sinful.' Remember, King Solomon had 700 wives and 300 concubines. His life must have been a non-stop orgy! God approves of that kind of lifestyle!"

Susan had discussed Solomon's harem with Suzanne before, and with Brenda too. But even then, it seemed unreal, like it has to be some kind of mistranslation. But it struck her deeply in light of the other "naughty" Biblical references.

Suzanne added, "Or remember how Lot fucked his two daughters until they both got pregnant. There's no doubt about that one at all. And if Adam and Eve were the first two people on Earth, who did their children Cain and Abel have sex with to have more children? Why, Eve, of course! There's no reason not to let your Tiger ravish Angel's garden!"

Susan just sat there staring into space, trying to mentally process all this shocking information. Finally she said, "You've given me so much to think about. I feel like the scales have fallen from my eyes."

After another long pause, she said with an angry scowl, "You know what? I feel cheated! I've been deliberately misled! Between my parents, our priest, and heck, everyone else back in my home town, it's like there was a conspiracy to make me think sex was wrong. I nearly let them ruin my entire life!"

She suddenly reached out and grasped Suzanne's hand. "Thank God for you! Literally. It's like you're an angel sent from the Lord to steer me from darkness and lies. What would I ever do without you?"

Suzanne was a bit bashful. "I don't know about all that. I'm just looking out for my best friend."

"Oh, thank you! So much!" Susan leaned across the table and hugged Suzanne as best she could. They probably would have gotten more intimate, but the table got in the way.

Suzanne felt a bit guilty. She knew that she was deliberately misreading some Bible verses and taking others out of context. But still, she hadn't fabricated anything; the Bible verses she mentioned were completely accurate.

She figured that in this case the end justified the means. For instance, these quotes meant that Susan would inevitably come to accept that Alan and Katherine could and should fuck. It was just a matter of days, if even that long. She wanted Susan to welcome their fucking without turmoil or doubt, and the easiest way to do that was to reinterpret and refashion Susan's Christian beliefs.

Chapter 770 Susan And Suzanne

Suzanne's impromptu "Bible study" was so arresting for Susan that the two of them had completely ignored the Greek salads Susan had prepared for lunch. So they just ate for a while in silence. Susan nibbled distractedly on a pomegranate from the bowl of fruit.

Suzanne knew silence was best, so Susan would have time to cogitate about those selected Biblical quotes and let them sink in. She was glad that she'd bookmarked and highlighted those passages, because Susan kept flipping from one page to another, rereading and pondering their meanings.

When they finished their salads, Suzanne asked with a grin, "So... how does it feel to have 'breasts like towers?'"

Susan smiled widely. "Great!" She sat up straight and briefly thrust her chest out proudly. "To think that I used to think of my breasts as nothing but a burden. Little did I know they were a blessing from God!"

"They are," Suzanne nodded. "So few women have breasts as large as yours, or as round and perfectly formed. It's as if God has a special purpose for you, a very sexy purpose. It's almost like it's your calling to tempt your son with your big tits and your beautiful face, so you can continually assist him in keeping his balls drained dry."

Susan nodded somberly. She agreed with that analysis a thousand percent. It wiped away nearly all of her lingering uneasy feelings about her new lifestyle.

She said, "It really does look that way, doesn't it? Far from me to try to divine God's Plan, but the evidence keeps piling up. It's like I was born and bred to serve my son's big cock! It's fate! Thanks again for taking the time to share those Biblical verses with me. To be honest, I feel kind of embarrassed that I didn't already know that part of the Bible."

Suzanne shrugged. "Don't feel bad. Like you said, you were deliberately misled. And please don't be upset at your parents; I'm sure they were misled too. I think it's better you don't mention this to them, or any of the other sexual changes going on here. At their age, they probably wouldn't understand."

Susan nodded. "Sad but true. The older they get, the more set in their ways they become."

Suzanne didn't like talking about Susan's parents because she really didn't like them very much. She added, "And it goes without saying that you can't tell any of your sisters either. They wouldn't understand, and they'd immediately tell their your parents, and their preacher, and your parent's preacher, and so on. It would be a total fiasco."

"I suppose." Susan stared into space. "But it's such a shame. Some of them would make great big-titted mommies. We generally have similar voluptuous bodies, and I'll bet submissiveness is inherited too. For instance, Mary has a son who is just-"

Suzanne cut her off. "I know. Maybe we can revisit that topic later, but not now, okay? It's too dangerous."bender

Susan sighed sadly. "Okay."

Suzanne was keen to change the topic. Since she was always on the lookout for more "intel" to help her stay on top of everything, she asked, "By the way, you said Brenda called you a little while ago. How are things between you and her lately?"

"Oh, great. Couldn't be better. I must admit that I've become hooked on our daily phone calls. Plus, we've been telling erotic stories to each other. It's so naughty! And you wouldn't believe how excited she is about the upcoming party."

"But..."

"Why do you say 'but?'"

"There's a look on your face that tells me something's bothering you. Remember, I can read you like a book."

"Well, there is one thing..."

"Which is...? Don't make me tickle it out of you."

That made Susan smile. "That sounds like fun, actually. It's just that... well, when we talked on the phone just a short while ago, Brenda confessed to me that she's been having dreams about her son. Adrian. Sexual dreams."

"And? Is that a bad thing?"

"Of course it is! Where's her loyalty to Alan?!"

Suzanne said, "Susan, let me tell you something. Nobody can be 100 percent loyal, for instance, not in their dreams. Studies show that EVERYBODY has dreams about others, be it the mailman or a movie star or whomever. That's how the brain works. We're always comparing. It doesn't mean anything, and it doesn't matter."

Susan said, offended, "Well, I only dream about my Tiger! Period! If I dreamt about anyone else, I... well, I don't know what I'd do! But I would be horrified."

Suzanne put her hand over Susan's on the table. "That's now, in the first flush of excitement. What about five years from now?"

Susan stared at her disapprovingly.

Suzanne suddenly changed her mind. "You know what? Don't worry about it. I'm obviously not going to convince you about it today. Instead, I'd like to hear exactly what Brenda said about these dreams."

"She feels bad about it too. But she also kind of blamed me, so now I feel bad."

"What? Why you?"

"Well, I must admit, she does have a point. You see, as you know, my feelings about incest have undergone quite a shift, especially since I got such great advice from Xania. Far from thinking that it's wrong, I've come to feel that nothing is more right!"

She stared off into space, fondly reminiscing. "Oh, Suzanne! When I have Tiger's great fat cock in my mouth, filling it up completely... Holding his sperm-filled balls in my hand, maybe sliding my other hand up and down his shaft, all soaked and slippery with pre-cum... And then, lapping my tongue on his sweet spot, his oh-so-sweet sweet spot! And hot! And thick! Mmmm! Spermy! And sliding my lips up and down at the same time, doing everything I can to give him maximum pleasure! Tell me: is there any better way for a mother to show her love for her son? I think not!"

Suzanne replied, "Well, there's doing much the same with your pussy..."

Susan winced. "That's true. But I'm not quite there yet. Almost, but not quite. It's still almost too wonderful and amazing for me to contemplate! God, to have Tiger take me and possess me that way... Wow! But you're right. That's the ultimate way for a mother to show her love, by letting him spear her very most private spot, and then churning on it!"

Her arousal level suddenly shot off the charts. "Churning my hips! Rising up and down! Squeezing it tightly, repeatedly! Rhythmically squeezing and churning Tiger's fat erection, over and over! MMMM! Until he cums! Mmmm! Hot spermy cream, pouring into me, flooding my deepest depths, my very womb, with his spermy love!"

Suzanne smirked with amusement. What had started with a lazy, wistful daydream had suddenly gotten very intense, very fast. Susan's big breasts were heaving up and down inside her blouse in an extremely distracting way.

However, Suzanne was here just to eat lunch. She had lots to do, include catch up on the financial markets before Wall Street closed at 2 p.m. Pacific Coast time. So she tried to calm Susan down by staying focused on the topic at hand. "Hang on, Susan. Please don't get carried away. Let's focus on what you and Brenda talked about. Can we do that?"

Susan nodded. She visibly struggled to calm her breathing.

"Good. Now, let's talk about her son Adrian. How did what you said encourage her to dream about him?" Suzanne knew that shifting the focus to Adrian would cool Susan's ardor fast.

Indeed, Susan almost went back to normal, practically in a flash. "Oh yes, Adrian. Well, uh, you see, it's like I said about how my attitude about incest has changed. The more I've come to realize that it's a very

good thing instead of a bad thing, the more I've tended to hype it up to Brenda. I fear I've been putting thoughts into her head about how wonderful incestuous sex is."

"No!" Suzanne's voice was slightly sarcastic, although Susan didn't pick up on it at all. Suzanne found the idea of Susan putting thoughts into Brenda's head secretly amusing, given how much Suzanne had indoctrinated Susan, including remolding her thoughts on incest.

"It's true! I can't help myself. I know you love Tiger dearly. And you are his aunt in just about every way. But you're not his mother. There's an extra special bond there that's unique. I can't explain it."

Susan suddenly started to tear up. "My love for my cutie Tiger... it's, it's without limits! I would do anything for him! Just like I would do anything for my sweet Angel. I would die for either or both of them. Throw myself across a train track if need be. My whole life! It's all about raising them, teaching them to be good people, preparing them for the wider world."

The tears were flowing fast as she continued, "At first, I was very concerned that helping Tiger sexually would interfere with that. I resisted. But the logic of his six-times-a-day diagnosis was relentless. With him needing to cum so much every day, I really had no choice. And then... something wonderful happened! I realized that he was still growing up to be a fine man, and Angel is still growing up to be a lovely lady, and we can express our love for each other in new ways! And that includes you and Amy too, since you're both de facto members of this family. It's all so wonderful!"

Suzanne handed her a napkin to cry into. "So why are you crying?"

"I don't know! I'm just so overcome. God, if I were to ever lose either of them, or you, or Amy... It's funny, but I never even think of Brad or Eric."

"Let's not talk about them," Suzanne said hastily. "Let's stay on track. I love Brad dearly, but he's not part of what we have here. Bring this back 'round to Brenda's dreams, please."

"Oh. Yes." Susan wiped her eyes, now that her crying spell was subsiding. "I guess I was just overwhelmed for a moment there thinking about the special bond between a mother and a child. I know you know exactly what that's like since you're a mother too. And then, when you add the sexual love on top of it... Wow! It just makes me want to suck Tiger's cock all day long!"

Suzanne said with secretly amused understatement, "I've noticed."

"Yes. Well, the thing is, I've talked to Brenda at length about the special joy of mother-son incest. And it's like trying to talk a young boy into eating candy. It isn't hard to do, because she was there already. In fact, it turns out that she's been reading mother-son incest stories on the Internet for YEARS! But she says she never really thought of her own son that way, except maybe in an occasional dream. She just enjoyed the idea in the abstract. He was too young, for starters. Plus, his personality just doesn't jibe with what she wants in a man. He's too timid. I've yet to meet him, but from what she tells me, it sounds like he's submissive too."

"That's what I've gathered as well," Suzanne pointed out.

Susan nodded. "It's clear that Adrian is no Alan. He certainly doesn't go around collecting beautiful busty women and turning them into his personal sex toys. And that's a very good thing, in my opinion. If I came across another Alan-type, I wouldn't want to get near him, or even people close to him, because I wouldn't want to be tempted. Like I was saying just a few minutes ago, my loyalty to my son is total!"

Suzanne nodded too. "Go on." She didn't want to admit it to herself, much less to Susan, but she was jealous of Susan's special bond with both Alan and Katherine, and she didn't like hearing Susan talk about it so much. She loved being "Aunt Suzy" to them both, but in a perfect world she would have much preferred to be their second mother. Deep down, she hoped that all of her sexual scheming would help that come to pass. But even if it did, and even considering just how close she was to Alan and Katherine already, she knew it would be very tough to match the special love Susan shared with her children.

Susan wiped her red eyes with the napkin. "Anyway, I guess I've been so enthusiastic with all my incest talk that I've got Brenda thinking about such things so much that she's started to have these Adrian dreams. I feel bad."