

6 Times 841

Chapter 841

Alan needed to get to school early, to put his plans for Glory into immediate effect.

Susan and Katherine were still dressed in the panties and tight, bra-less shirts.

As soon as he sat down with them and Xania at the dining room table, he said to them, "I've got bad news. I know I'm beginning to sound like a broken record, but I really need to take it easy this morning on the sex stuff. We've really got to rush here because I have to get to school at least ten minutes early, preferably fifteen. And then I'm going to have to lay off the sex when I get home due to my pile of homework."

He looked right at Katherine and said sadly, "I'll even have to skip my S-Club meeting this afternoon." He expected her to pass that message on to Kim later in the day. She nodded in understanding.

Susan brought bowls of cereal and fruit for Alan and Xania who were sitting at the dining room table. "Why don't you two get started, then? Tiger, what was it like fucking Xania silly? Did you pound your big, thick, juicy cock into her cunt like I expect you're gonna pound me soon?"

She smiled benignly. From her tone and demeanor one might have guessed she'd asked him if he'd had a nice walk instead.

His heart skipped a beat, just from hearing his mother talk about fucking like that. He recovered and responded, "It was great, and I almost gave her my all, but I didn't give her my complete 100%. I'm saving that just for you."

Susan beamed. "Awww. What a wonderful boy. I can't wait!"

He quickly added, to both Susan and Katherine, "And don't either of you ask Xania about her take on getting fucked. At least not yet. Mom, if I know you at all, you're going to want to vicariously experience our fuck by having her describe it in graphic detail. But save that for later, after I'm gone. I've got to hurry." He dived his spoon into his Honey Nut Cheerios.

Susan pouted. "Oh, poo."

But she just sat there, like something was bothering her. Finally, she said, "Xania, I hate to be a nag, especially since you're our guest, but Tiger's cock and balls aren't going to lick themselves clean. I'd gladly lick him, but I'm busy cooking."

Katherine started to speak.

But Susan didn't give her a chance. "And Angel, you have to eat. Maybe when you're done. But the cum will be getting gross by then." She looked sternly and disapprovingly at Xania.

Xania sighed with resignation. "Fine. I'll do it." She looked at Alan eating his cereal across the dining table. "What am I supposed to do now, kneel naked under the table and lick him while he eats?"

"But of course," Susan replied happily. "It's a pity you don't have your high heels on too, but you're new to this. You'll learn." With that, she walked back to the kitchen.

Xania looked down and saw Susan's high heels as Susan walked away. Good grief! This place is crazy! Feeling that she didn't really have any choice in the matter, she crawled under the table and started licking Alan's flaccid penis clean.

She thought, I told myself I wasn't going to do this, to keep at least some dignity. Ugh! But actually, compared to my many other humiliations last night and this morning, this isn't so bad. At least I'm mostly hidden from view by the table.

Katherine decided to eat her breakfast on a stool by the kitchen counter. She figured that although she wasn't allowed to lick his privates clean, she could help him enjoy the experience by providing visual stimulation from head to toe.

Her challenge was to capture and then keep her brother's attention. She held the day's newspaper in her hands and asked, "Big Church Steeple Brother, you're probably too busy to read the paper this morning, but what if I read it to you?"

"That sounds all right," he said while stuffing his face with another spoonful of cereal.

"Let's see what we have here." She ostentatiously fluffed the paper.

Seeing that caught her brother's attention, she pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it away.

He gave her a skeptical look.

"Hey, I'm just getting comfy," she protested with a naughty giggle. She turned her attention back to the paper. "Here's an interesting one, a local boy makes good type story." A change of tone indicated she was reading the headline. "Area Teen Sets New Daily Orgasm Record."

"Sis, come on! Get serious. As if there'd be an article about me in there."

"Oooh! Look who's all full of himself. Just because you have Xania licking your balls clean, do you think you're the cock of the walk?"

From the kitchen, Susan gleefully corrected, "Angel, he IS the cock of the walk. And the man of the house. And so much more! Don't forget your place as one of his many fuck toys."

Katherine grinned. "True. I stand corrected. That said, Big Bro, I'll have you know this article isn't about you at all. In fact, it looks like you have some competition." She pretended to read some of the article. "Wow! This guys is averaging TEN climaxes every day. I guess you'll have to fuck us all more often to keep up."

Alan snickered. "Yeah, right. As if more fucking is humanly possible. What's his supposed name?"

"Hmmm. Let's see here. Ah. 'Ivor Biggun.'"

Xania and Susan laughed.

Alan just groaned, and not from the way Xania was licking his balls. "Come on, Little Puffy Sheathed Sis. Get serious. Read the front page."bender

"Okay, here's a front page headline. 'State Supreme Court Strikes Down Incest Prohibition.' Wow! No way! This is awesome!" She wiggled her eyebrows excitedly.

He just rolled his eyes.

She went on, "It says right here that a California law prohibiting sex between siblings has been struck down as a violation of their right to privacy. However, and I quote, 'This provision will only remain valid for those who prove their seriousness and dedication to this major breach of traditional mores. Brothers must fuck their sisters at least once a day to retain this legal exemption. Furthermore, the daily fucks, preferably twice a day at the very least if the brother is sexy, well-hung, and cute, and the sister is a self-professed number-one fuck toy, must be deep, hard, and intense, giving the sister lots of wonderful orgasms.' Unquote. That's according to Supreme Court spokesperson Dick C. Normus."

Alan laughed with the others, but he said, "All right. That's it. No more newspaper reading allowed. Now let's finish our food and get out of here."

Katherine couldn't resist but add, "Wait! I haven't even told you about the gripping courtroom testimony of one Ms. E. Norma Snockers who convinced the judges that she suffered severe emotional and physical distress when her brother didn't fuck her at least three times a day!"

Alan got up and snatched the paper from his sister's hands while everyone else laughed. He tossed it on the counter and went back to his cereal.

Xania felt disappointed to have the objects of her licking taken away. She resumed as soon as he sat back down. She was surprised that she was enjoying doing such a demeaning task.

Susan chided Katherine from the kitchen, "Angel dear, let's focus so our well-hung lover here can get to school early. Less reading at the table and more eating!"

Katherine reluctantly picked up her spoon and dug into to her bowl of cereal.

Susan added with great eagerness, "Now, as for your story, I know it's imaginary, but does it have anything in there about sons fucking their needy, loving mommies?"

Katherine spoke without bothering to pretend to read the paper. "Of course, Mom. That's legal now, too. But it says that good mommies should allow their sons and daughters to fuck each other a lot. Sibling fucking comes first! It's actually written in the law."

Susan smiled and rolled her eyes. She noticed Katherine had put her spoon back down and was striking a sexy pose instead. "Angel, eat your cereal and fruit, and at double speed, or I'm going to make you put your top back on!"

Katherine picked up her spoon again, but said, "As for my top, that's long gone. Xania, did you know that there's a little thieving gremlin living in our house? He especially likes to steal women's tops so he can ogle their tits. Of course you can guess what his name is."

Xania couldn't stop grinning. She couldn't see anything from under the table, but she could hear it all. "No. What?"

"Seymour Juggs."

That resulted in more laughter all around.

But despite all the fun, the Plummer family did manage to get ready quickly without any serious sexual play.

Xania continued to have fun "cleaning" Alan's balls through most of his breakfast. She'd hoped to get him erect again, but that was not to be. However, she had a good time experimenting with sucking all of one of his balls into her mouth and then switching to the other one.

Susan in particular was very disappointed that she couldn't even give her son a handjob, much less a nice long blowjob. Her sexy morning rituals with Alan were an expected daily highlight for her now.

Chapter 842 I Essentially Have A Whole Harem Of Beautiful Women At My Disposal !

bender

Susan drove Alan and Katherine to school. They arrived a good fifteen minutes early, at Alan's request. He mainly needed the extra time because he had something he wanted to do to Glory.

No sooner did Alan get out of the car when his friend Sean came rushing up to him.

"Whoa! Dude! Fuckin' A, man, fuckin' A!" Sean was beaming and excited.

Alan immediately grabbed him and steered him away from the other students streaming to their classes. While they walked, Alan said, "Pretty good, eh? How does it feel to be an ex-virgin?"

"Damn, it feels good!" Suddenly Sean stopped. "Let me shake your hand. If you weren't a guy, I'd hug and kiss you."

They shook hands vigorously, and both sported big shit-eating grins.

"Kim's pretty good, isn't she," said Alan, as his friend nearly shook his hand off.

"Damn straight! Fuckin' A! Greatest thing in my life! I'm gonna fuckin' name my first-born after you, man! What can I say? 'Thank you' just doesn't cut it. I'm totally gonna pay you back with some really good deed, though I can't imagine what could compare."

"Don't worry about it. Just remember, not a word to anyone, okay? If you wanna let your feelings out about how great it was, talk to me."

"If being quiet means I might get a second chance with her, I'll never speak to anyone about anything ever again for the rest of my entire life!"

Alan smiled even more, happy for his friend. "No need to go that far. You're on the fast track to sexual discovery, and time is of the essence. I'm gonna talk to Kim and see if we can't get you a repeat performance this afternoon."

"THIS AFTERNOON? COOL!"

"Ssssh! Keep it down, man." Alan resumed walking away to a safer, more remote spot, and Sean followed. "This is not exactly a normal conversation we're having here."

Sean said excitedly, "So, dude. Kim told me some things that you said were okay for her to tell me. Man, I can't believe it! Everything you said is true! No wonder we never see you anymore. If I had a chance to fuck gorgeous babes all day long, I don't think you'd ever see me again either."

Alan smiled. He was glad to see that Sean had a healthy libido. Part of him had worried that Sean would rather watch Farscape or South Park on TV than spend all his time fucking. "I hate to boast, but you don't even know the half of it. Not even a fraction. If you could only know what I did in the last twelve hours or so, it would completely destroy your mind."

Sean grabbed him by the shoulder and asked him conspiratorially, "Did you do two girls at once? That's like a super huge fantasy of mine."

"Only all the time! This is the life, I'm telling you, and you're gonna experience all kinds of things. All you have to do is not say a word to anyone and I'll officially make you my apprentice."

Sean said gleefully in a Yoda voice, "Always two there are - the master and the apprentice." He and Alan were big Star Wars fans.

Alan chuckled. "Yes, my young Padawan, but we've got to work on your lightsaber techniques, and I'm talking about the one between your legs. We've got to train you for Heather."

Sean suddenly frowned at the mention of Heather.

Alan didn't expect a frown, and it brought him up short. "What?"

"Well, I mean, it's great with you wanting to set me up with Heather and all, but if everything you say is true, then that means that you and Heather really did... I mean, you two... you..."

"Fucked. Yes, we had sex. Deal with it. Sean, look. I know you adore Heather, but I have to pop your bubble a bit. She's a slut, okay? She's slept with half the football team, and I don't mean that metaphorically. She literally did."

Sean exclaimed, "You lie!"

"Find out for yourself. And get used to it. You're going to have to get used to all kinds of things in very short order. I have a huge weekend planned for you, to get you prepared for Heather. Clear the decks, because you're going to be a non-stop fucking machine all weekend long with a sexy MILF who will totally blow you away!"

Sean was flabbergasted. "No way!"

"Yes way!"

"How is all this possible?"

"I have a theory. I've learned that life isn't fair. Just as the rich get richer, and the powerful get even more powerful, it's the guys with all the women who get even more. Somehow I've fallen into the lucky crowd. I'm having so much great sex that I don't know if I'm coming or going. It feeds on itself. Once you've proven that you're a steady source of orgasms, you're not psycho, and most importantly, you don't blab, it's incredible how many women will want to fuck you. Now you're moving into the 'in' crowd. If you can show yourself to be talented and able to deal, you'll find that the sky's the limit."

He thought about explaining that he'd just gotten a brand new sex slave to help illustrate that there really was no limit on what could happen, but then he decided that wasn't prudent, even if he didn't mention Brenda by name. Besides, he was pretty sure Sean wouldn't believe him. He could barely believe it himself.

Instead, he said, "The key is to remember that women want a confident guy. Act like you're in charge and you know what you're doing, even if you don't."

Sean ran a hand through his hair. "Dude! It's tough. I am so not there yet. Kim had to be really patient with me yesterday. But she said I got a lot better by the end."

"No worries. I know more than you realize. I talked to her on the phone after you left her house." Alan was glad to learn that Kim felt Sean had a lot of potential, even if he was all fingers and thumbs his first time. Kim didn't want a boyfriend, just a good fuck, and Sean at least helped her to two climaxes.

He went on, "She gives you the big thumbs up. But you still need a lot more training. Once you get into some kind of Don Juan zone, the women will pick up on the vibe, and you'll literally have to fight them off. I'll bet most women are as horny as guys are, if not more so; it's just that society frowns on letting them show it."

Sean replied, "Whoa. Hey! Lately all these good-looking girls have been coming up to you, acting all flirtatious. That's another thing that's been weird about you lately. We were starting to think you were gay, with you turning them all down. Are you saying that, in fact, you're really secretly doing all of them?"

"No. Pretty much none of them. I tend to go for the older, more sexually experienced women. In fact, I want to hook you up with one of those over the weekend, like I was starting to tell you. She's a perfect ten, and a part-time soft porn star. She lives in L.A., so think of an excuse that'll get your parents to allow you to go away for the whole weekend."

Sean's eyes bugged out and his mouth fell open. "A porn star? No way!"

"A SOFT porn star," Alan corrected. "Like in Skinemax movies."

Sean understood his reference to racy Cinemax movies. "Dude! Close enough for horseshoes! This is so fucking unbelievable! Despite everything that's turned out true, you gotta be putting me on about this. No way!"

Alan smiled a wry smile. "Welcome to my life. Not a day goes by where I don't think the words 'bizarre' and 'unbelievable,' over and over. You're going to love it. I do. The only thing is that I just get so tired and weary, and I'm failing half my classes. Let me tell you a secret, and if you even THINK about telling anyone, I'll kill you. I'm trusting you so much here, with all of this."

Sean nodded.

He leaned in close and whispered, "I essentially have a whole harem of beautiful women at my disposal. More than a handful women, ready and willing to fuck me at any time, in any combination."

"NO! You?!" Sean simply couldn't believe it, and it showed.

Alan chuckled. "Yes, me. I know, I wouldn't believe it either, if I were in your shoes. But it IS true. You'll find out this weekend, when you talk to this woman I'm setting you up with."

Sean just stood and stared. He didn't know what to believe. He knew for a fact that Alan was fucking Kim and Heather. Kim had confirmed the latter, and she'd hinted that she knew the names of some of Alan's other lovers, although she refused to be specific. Given that, Sean decided he couldn't dismiss this harem idea out of hand, no matter how preposterous it sounded.

Alan continued, "Soon, you're gonna see what some of the harem lifestyle is like if you keep doing what I say and keep your mouth shut. I'm not going to let you fuck most of them as I feel quite protective towards them, and I don't even want you to know who most of them are. But you can develop a little harem of your own, if that's what you want. Think of the cheerleaders Kim, Janice, and Joy. Maybe even Heather will be in it eventually." He pulled back with a conspiratorial wink to see his friend's reaction.

Sean stared at Alan with his mouth practically hanging open. He imagined the four cheerleaders mentioned all naked on one bed, beckoning him to join them. Needless to say, his dick was very erect.

He exclaimed, "Shit, man! No way! ... No fuckin' bleeding way! Dude! But Heather is the only one I could ever love. Although..."

Alan smiled to himself because he could already see the same dark forces working on Sean that had worked on him. His loyalty to Heather only lasts about two seconds once he sees the possibility of sex

with lots of other girls too. I guess that's just how most males are. But I'm going to protect him from taking things too far, like they've gone with me. I'm trying to stave off the asshole factor, but can he fight that evil urge without the likes of Aims for sanity support? He's gonna need a lot of help with that.

Sean asked him urgently, "How am I going to make it through my classes today, thinking about all that?! Not to mention Kim waiting for me after school! Jesus Christ!"

Alan said happily, "Like I said, welcome to my life. I can't think about anything but sex anymore. Remember, everything I told you is a complete secret. Tell no one! If you tell anyone even one thing, it's all going to come to a sudden end."

"Duh!" Sean said. "I'm not stupid."

"I hope not. But no one means NO ONE. Not a family member, not an e-mail stranger, nobody. If you do, I will find out, because you're not a good liar."

Sean held his hands up defensively. "I understand completely. You're picking me as your padawan or whatever because I'm not an idiot. I won't let you down."

"Good. If you do feel the urge to talk about it, talk to me and only me. Don't tell any of your lovers anything else until you have my say so. Not until you get the hang of this and start to fly on your own. Okay?"

Sean nodded.

Alan walked off with a happy smile.

Sean just stood there and continued to stare at his friend in total amazement. Somehow, deep down, he could tell that Alan was telling the truth - the full truth. There was a lot of circumstantial evidence supporting this, such as the way girls were treating Alan in school lately. That realization completely blew his mind.

Alan felt really good to let another person know some of what was happening to him, and to share some of the sexual joy with another guy. He had a good feeling that his friend wouldn't tell anyone anything, and that things would work out for Sean. He pulled a watch out of his pocket and saw that he still had ten minutes to spend with Glory if he hurried to her classroom.

As Alan approached Glory's classroom, he thought, Sean will probably never know the full extent of everything I do. It's just too strange to believe, not to mention the danger in telling him. Like right now: what would he think if he knew my backpack contained a large and varied vibrator collection that I plan to use on my hot and sexy history teacher to keep her on sexual overload all day long?

Chapter 843 So You Expect Me To Wear This Through My Classes?! All Of Them?

Alan hurried to Glory's class. The unexpectedly long discussion with Sean had put him behind schedule.

When Alan got there, the door was open to welcome in her first-period study-hall students. But he checked to make sure no other students had arrived yet, and then he immediately turned around and closed the door, which automatically locked it.

Glory stood up and walked over to where he was. She was dressed in a tight blue business suit, a typical one for her. Instead of greeting him, she complained, "Hey! You can't do that. Students are going to start coming in any minute. They'll want to come in here and sit down." She seemed intent on unlocking the door herself.bender

"Good morning to you too, Glory. That's why we have to lock it. I'm late, but I'll be quick."

"What are you..." She suddenly became silent when he took out a surprisingly large vibrator and held it in front of her. Her eyes went wide. "Alan!"

"Quick, pull up your skirt so I can put this in you." The vibrator in his hand zoomed down towards her butt.

"Hold on! You're crazy. Get serious, young man! You can't just put that in me. That's way, way, WAY too big. I have classes to teach!" She held her skirt in place with her hands so he couldn't slip anything into her.

"You're right. It is too big. What if I had a smaller one?"

"Well, that would be better..." She caught herself smiling, but then shook her head as if to clear certain naughty thoughts. "But that's not the point! What's this all about? I have to teach! I take my teaching very seriously. I can't have this kind of distraction. Now, go on. Shoo!" Her hands waved him away like he was a pesky fly.

He pulled out a slightly smaller, but still quite large, vibrator. "How about this one?"

"Better, but I can't teach with that in me! It's still too big. How could I concentrate? This is all very amusing, but really..." Her resolve was weakening, despite her protests. She was becoming very aware of the feel and friction of her panties in her crotch. She readjusted the way she sat, and then readjusted again. And again.

He put that vibrator back and pulled another one, slightly smaller than the last and about the size of a typical penis. "This one?" It was bent, making it look something like a pink banana.

She chided him with a sigh, upset with her weakening resolve. "Alan! What am I going to do with you?"

He grinned devilishly. "I don't know, but I'm sure we can think of some things later." He winked. "But right now I'm going to put this up your pussy. There's really a very good reason for this, but we don't have time for explanations. Just try it out and see. I promise you, it won't interfere with your teaching at all. Look how small and harmless it is! Plus, it's totally high tech. You have to check this out!"

She complained, "It's not small. You're trying to trick me. Just because it's not gigantic, like those other ones..." Her resolve was weakening.

He pulled out some more items. He handed her a cell phone, then a small box connected to it via a short wire. Then he handed her the smaller pink vibrator. The other ones were to fake her out; this was the one he wanted her to use.

She put the other items on her desk, and then held up and examined the small box.

Meanwhile he held the pink vibrator and explained some of its various features.

She interrupted, aware of the time pressure, "Yes, yes, it's a vibrator, I know. But what's this system called? How does it all work together?"

He explained, "It's all one unit called the Televibe. I learned how to use it just before school, but it's really excellent. You have to put the two vibrators in your appropriate holes, then keep the cell phone and the attached control unit in a pocket. I'll call you on my phone here, and the signal goes to your phone, the control unit, and then signals are sent to the vibrators, setting them off. So I can adjust what they're doing from anywhere, just by hitting a button on my phone! Isn't that awesome?"

Glory chuckled. "You really are too much." She could already feel the dampness between her legs starting. It used to take her a lot of foreplay before she'd get wet, but it seemed that wasn't a problem for her with Alan.

"So what do you think?"

She joked, "Too bad I'm not your science teacher, or I might have to give you an A for clever use of technology."

She paused, and thought to herself, I'm not REALLY going to go through with this. Am I? Maybe I'll just test it out a bit, and see if it really works. I do have self-control! Nothing's more important than my teaching responsibilities, and Alan is under some kind of impression that I'd wear this during my classes. No way! ... Well... Maybe just a quick test of this gizmo.

Ever so slowly, she pulled up her skirt until the bottom of her panties could be seen by Alan standing in front of her. She gave him a smoldering look that told him she was going to go through with it, even if she still didn't realize it herself.

She growled challengingly, "So you expect me to wear this through my classes?! All of them?!"

But just then there was a knock on the door.

Alan used that to his advantage to ensure her compliance. "Quick! Put it in! We don't have time. I promise I won't bother you during your teaching. I'll keep it on the lowest setting then. Hurry!"

Glory pushed her panties aside. "I can't believe I'm doing this, but I'll admit I'm curious to see if it really works like you say it does. Just the one vibrator, though. I'm not putting anything up my ass."

She took the pink vibrator from him and pushed it up her pussy herself. She wasn't averse to having a finger up her butt, but that was as far as she went. She hated anal sex and had never used an anal vibrator before.

But he said, "The whole thing won't work without both vibrators. That's where the main receiver is, while the other part holds the battery. Please! Quick!" He was making the "main receiver" idea up, but he was ready to say anything to get her to agree, especially knowing that more students were gathering at the door.

She put the egg-shaped anal vibrator into his hands, pulled her panties down her thighs, and quickly bent over her desk. She pulled her butt cheeks apart for him as he knelt behind her. "Okay, but you'd better not set this one off - ever! God. Look how demeaning and embarrassing this is. Why are we doing this again? And why today?"

Her butt trembled with nervous anticipation. She was acutely aware that there had to be at least a couple of her students already waiting outside her door to come in.

He spoke urgently, "Today's the only chance to use it. It's now or never!"

That wasn't true and it wasn't really a coherent excuse or answer to either question, but he couldn't think up anything better. Luckily, the initial sensation of a pair of vibrators going into both her holes kept her too distracted to pay much attention to his bad lie.

Since time was of the essence, he felt lucky that her pussy was already quite wet. He coated the anal vibrator with her juices to help it go in. In the process, his fingers got sticky and wet too.

She couldn't believe the sensation of fullness in her posterior as he pressed the egg vibrator into her clenching asshole. Even though it was much smaller than the banana-shaped vaginal vibrator, it felt huge to her nearly virgin ass. At long last, she felt her anus swallow the egg completely.

Then he pushed his finger inside her anus to press the egg a few inches deeper into her. He pulled her panties up tightly into her crotch, stood her up, and smoothed her skirt back down.

Satisfied there was no evidence of what they'd been doing (aside from her shocked and flushed facial expressions and heavier breathing), he went to the door and opened it up before she could change her mind.

Only about five or six students wandered in, as there was still about five minutes to go before class started and most students liked to linger and talk in the hallway until the last minute.

Alan stayed and talked to Glory for a couple more minutes in front of the other students. They pretended to be talking about the grading of papers and other mundane topics, as if he really was her teaching assistant. More students filed in, paying no particular attention to either of them.

Meanwhile, Glory began to wonder just what she'd gotten herself into. He had overwhelmed her with his enthusiasm, and she hadn't fully realized what she was agreeing to. It began to finally hit her that he intended for her to wear the two vibrators for hours and hours.

Knowing that her other students might overhear, she had to speak cryptically, in an extra quiet voice. "So... how long is this expected to last?"

He replied, equally cryptically and quietly, "I understand it's a full day exercise."

She was pissed. She wanted to slap him. She also cursed herself for agreeing to this under great time pressure. She carefully asked, "What about those who can't attend for the full day? What if they pull out?"

He replied, "They'll be missing out on an important lecture about corporal punishment. Can you believe people still get spanked in this day and age? I hear it even happens to adults sometimes."

Glory carefully looked around the room, worried that his language had been too obvious. But no one else was paying any attention. She thought, I'll be damned if I'm going to be threatened by a spanking by one of my own students! Fuck that shit!

But despite the bluster in her own mind, she felt a strangely powerful desire to do what he told her. She knew deep down that she was going to keep the Televibe in her as long as possible, even without the threat of a spanking. In fact, coming from him, the spanking idea sounded more like a reward.

As she stood there thinking this over, she became acutely aware of the buzzing sound her vaginal vibrator was making. The sound was nearly imperceptible, but that was at the lowest setting. If it got louder, it might be detectable above the din of the usual classroom background noise, or the scraping of the tree branches against the windows. She wanted to complain and take them out for that reason alone, but it was too late. Class was about to start.

Alan made to leave with only a minute or two to spare to reach his own class. But just as he disengaged from talking to Glory by her desk, he reached into his shorts pocket and dialed in an increase in the vaginal Televibe's setting. He almost couldn't help himself from laughing with glee as he saw Glory's mouth pucker up curiously while her eyes got as big as if someone had goosed her posterior.

As he fled down the hallway, he dialed in a decrease, back to the lowest setting. He wanted to keep his pledge not to disturb her teaching, but he figured he'd have plenty of fun with his new toy during class breaks.

Chapter 844 Alan Is Lucky To Have You !

"Looks like someone had a fun morning. I'm jealous." Suzanne winked at Xania as the two of them sat in the Plummer house dining room with Susan, eating breakfast and drinking coffee. Susan had just returned from dropping Alan and Katherine at school.

"Yeah, well," Xania replied modestly, "probably not as much fun as Brenda had last night, judging by her screams. Not to mention how much fun Alan has ALL the time. I swear, he's the Energizer Bunny come to life. It's like this is his world and we just live in it." She was fully dressed again.

Suzanne nodded in agreement, and said, "I sure do know how to pick them, don't I?"

But then with a start she realized she'd slipped up - one could take that to mean that she'd initiated Alan's six-times-a-day treatment instead of merely reacting to it. Luckily, no one seemed to notice. Still, she added, "Brenda's a ripe peach."

Xania looked over at Suzanne, who was dressed in a white business suit as if she was about to attend a formal business meeting. "Why are you all dressed up like that?"

Suzanne replied, "I just told my husband I was off to do some business-related things, and I want to have a cup of tea before I changed into my more casual and comfortable Plummer-house clothing."

"I see." Xania wanted to say something to Suzanne in private, but she realized that wasn't likely to happen because there was no reason for Susan to go somewhere else. So she said what was on her mind to Suzanne anyway. "By the way, I'm totally pissed at you right now."

Suzanne was unflappable. "And why is that?"

"You tricked me and blindsided me!"

Xania explained to Susan, "The other day, Suzanne called me up out of the blue after I hadn't heard from her in ages. She told me how she'd fallen in love and in lust with your son, and how you had too, and wanted me to give some counseling to you all. Of course I said yes. Anything for an old friend."

Xania was being forced to alter or omit certain details to jibe with the account that Susan knew (especially omitting the plan to have sex with him up in L.A.), but the gist was still basically true. "So far, so good. Then, of course, I met you all in L.A., and I thought that went well."

"Oh, it definitely did," Susan said. "You helped me so much! Learning to accept my role as one of my son's fuck toys - and deciding that had to include actual fucking - has brought me such peace of mind that I can't even tell you!"

Xania still had trouble with that kind of language and thinking, but she felt that lifestyle really was for the best for Susan. So she said, "Glad to help. Anyway, I was intrigued by the whole Plummer family, and Alan in particular. I must admit that I found myself sexually attracted to him. So when I was invited to the poker party, I was delighted to attend."

She turned to Suzanne and made an unhappy face. "That's where the blindsiding happened! I had NO IDEA what I was getting into!"

She honestly felt that way, even after having sex with Alan in L.A. "Everything was so sexual and arousing that I couldn't believe it! I still can't! Suzanne, you could have given me some warning, but noooooOOOOoooo!"

Suzanne smirked as she sipped her tea. "And what would be the fun of that? Seriously, don't you think you enjoyed it a lot more, being taken by surprise by so many things?"

"Well, yeah, but then this morning, he fucked me like he was trying to kill me with his cock! I was blindsided all over again, even after what happened last night. That kid can FUCK! Not only that, but he fucked with my mind. I must admit that I'm actually a little bit scared of him now. I've had sex with a lot of guys over the years. Big, strong guys. Linebacker types. Hell, an actual linebacker or two. But I never felt so, well... dominated... as I felt with Alan this morning!"

Susan smiled from ear to ear, and fanned her chest with her hand. "Is it just me, or is it suddenly hot in here?"

Suzanne smiled too. "No, it's not just you. Hold on a sec." She unbuttoned the front of her blouse and opened it widely. Then she reached in, pulled her bra out, and tossed it aside.

With her pale breasts now fully exposed, she sipped her tea and calmly said, "Go on. You were saying?"

Xania shook her head in amazement. Every time I think things can't get any more arousing at the Plummer house, they do. Sheesh!

She went on, "Anyway, I heard a lot of talk last night about Brenda and I getting 'broken in' and even 'tamed.' Dammit, I don't want that to happen to me! I cherish my independence. But after less than 24

hours, I feel disturbingly... hooked. Hooked to Alan first and foremost, but to everyone else in this house too. You guys know how to LIVE!"

Susan said proudly, "Thank you. Although if you would have come here a few months ago, you would have found everything very different. I think it's more accurate to say we're learning how to live."

Xania said, "Yes, but be that as it may, I have such a great time that it actually disturbs me. Suzanne, you really should have warned me how addictive sex with Alan is."

Suzanne shrugged, and then stuck her tongue out playfully. "I'm just trying to make life more interesting for you."

"Gee, thanks," Xania said sarcastically.

Susan had a twinkle in her eye as she pointed out, "Suzanne, guess who cleaned Tiger's cock and balls this morning, and where and when she did it?"

Xania groaned in dismay and slumped down.

Suzanne said, "Tell me."

Susan happily explained, "Xania cleaned them, during breakfast, while kneeling naked under this very table we're sitting at now! She lovingly licked and licked his balls through the whole meal, practically until I had to take him and Angel to school!"

A blushing Xania complained, "You see? This is exactly what I'm talking about. Suzanne, you should have warned me. I had no idea things would end up like that. Good grief, I still don't believe I did that, and of my own free will."

Suzanne was secretly very aroused that Alan had such a profound effect on Xania in such a short time. She stood up. "If you'll excuse me, simply opening my blouse up isn't enough. I'm going to go change. I'll just be at the front foyer, where the underwear cabinet is. I'll still be able to hear you from there, so please, don't stop talking on my account."

She got up and walked out of sight to the underwear cabinet in the front entrance way.

Susan and Xania sipped at their coffees while they waited for Suzanne.

To pass the time, Xania said to Susan, "You said something to me last night about how experiencing things firsthand here would change my perspective on why you've given in to incest. I agreed then, but doubly so now. Susan, I can honestly say that if I were in your shoes, I'd probably be sucking and fucking him every chance I could get."

She took Susan's hand across the table. "You shouldn't feel guilty or bad whatsoever."

Susan loved hearing that. "Thank you. That means a lot to me. I consider myself a very lucky woman. I know a lot of outsiders would think I'm wasting my life devoting so much time and attention to being one of my son's fuck toys, but I've never felt so happy or so loved. And why do people work so hard in the rat race? To have their basic security and food needs and such met, for one. But that's taken care of for me in any case. Beyond that, people work to be loved and be happy. And now I've got that in spades! I'm drowning in love, spermy love. And don't talk to me about the orgasms on top of that!"

Xania squeezed Susan's hand. "Let's hear about your orgasms. The really exciting ones!"

They both laughed at that.

Susan said with joy, "Don't get me started."

Suzanne came back into the room just then, and said half-jokingly, "Seriously, don't get her started. We'll never leave this table, at least not until our fingers are too tired to masturbate any longer."

Xania chuckled. "Okay. Another time. But Susan, if you've found such great happiness, then more power to you. Who cares what those outsiders would think?"

"Thank you," Susan replied. "I don't, not anymore. To me, it's all about family. Including Suzanne and Amy, of course." She smiled lovingly at her best friend.

The three of them made some more small talk about non-sexual matters for a while.

Then Susan asked, "So, Xania, how long can you stay with us before you have to head back north?"

"Oh, I should probably get going about midday. I do have things to do."

Xania didn't want to mention it, but she had a dental assistant class to attend. As she was nearly forty years old, she figured that in a couple of years she wouldn't be able to get any more acting jobs, which were based almost entirely on her looks. She'd need to transition to another career. She had no special interest in being a dental assistant, and she wasn't happy about it at all, but she figured it would pay the bills.

Susan replied, "Oh good. That gives us some time, then. You can join us for our morning routine. We start every day with exercises to keep in shape and I'm sure you must as well, given the way you're so healthy and well toned. We've got a decent collection of exercise machines in the basement. Suzanne put hers in with mine a long time ago. It'll be fun to have a visitor join us."

Susan was all smiles until a look of embarrassment crossed her face. "But I, uh, I should warn you that lately, our exercises have become a bit, well, unusual..."

Suzanne laughed as she walked back into the kitchen dressed in just a loose shirt and shorts. "Xania, she means that, increasingly, our exercising sessions are less focused on the exercising of our legs and arms and more the exercising of our tongues and pussies. But not today, I imagine. We're all pretty satiated and tired after last night."

Susan sighed. "You're right that we're tired out." But then with only thinly disguised eagerness, she continued, "But would it be okay if we exercise in the nude?"

Xania laughed too. "Susan, don't you remember our appointment where you sat in my office topless? Of course it's fine. In fact, I hope you're not too tired, because I might have trouble keeping my hands off you. Both of you."

Susan queried, "So that means we were successful in breaking you in to our lifestyle?"

"Yes, though putting it that way makes it sound like a bad thing, like I've been broken against my will by cruel masters. I prefer to think of it as an opening up. In this house, sex comes freely and naturally, and one just lets go and opens up. It's intoxicating."

Suzanne said, "About the naked idea, normally I'd be against that. Exercise plus bouncing boobs equals ouch! But since we have a very special guest today, I suppose we can do it just this once." She thought to herself about the sexual possibilities, Plus, I doubt we'll be doing much exercising, if any at all!

"Let's go downstairs then," Susan enthused. "I can hardly wait to get all these stuffy clothes off." She wore nothing more than her usual morning apron plus a T-shirt underneath it (for Xania's sake), but to her that was horribly overdressed.

Suzanne pouted, "Already? I just finished changing once. Oh well. I guess I'll have to go do it again." She stood up and started undressing. She took an incredibly long time to pull her panties down. "Look at this! Underwear. It's ridiculous. Serious chafing problem, here. Susan, I think I'm starting to love nudity as much as you do."

Xania watched Suzanne undressing with all the allure of a professional striptease, and exclaimed to her, "God DAMN, you're a sexy woman! You haven't changed a bit since when we were roommates. You don't even look a day older! You still have a way of maximizing the sexiness of every move you make. Susan, do you realize how lucky you are to have Suzanne as your next door neighbor?"

Susan gave a big contented smile and said emphatically, "Yes. Yes, I do. I thank the Lord for it every day, as a matter of fact." Then she asked, "Suzanne, why'd you keep your panties on, anyway? You know that's against the rules!"

Suzanne grinned. "What can I say? I'm a showboater. I just like having you watch me take my clothes off, and the more to take off, the better. Besides, I knew I wouldn't have had them on more than a couple of minutes. If I had to wear them any longer I wouldn't have wanted to bear it."

All three women walked down the stairs to the basement in the buff. They only wore small, inconsequential things, such as sweatbands, socks, and sneakers.

As soon as they got downstairs, Xania said, "Susan, I have a bit of a confession to make. I wasn't as reluctant last night as I made out to be. I was just having fun acting kind of prudish. The fact is, I've actually had a pretty active sex life."

That took Susan by surprise. She looked at her best friend, and asked, "Did you know about this?"

Suzanne thought, Well, given the fact that she and I used to lick each other out back when we were college roommates, it's not exactly a huge surprise.

But she kept the thought to herself and answered, "Xania and I have been out of contact for some time, but I've pretty much gathered that, yes. Don't you remember what we were talking about with our college adventures?"

Susan seemed to have a realization. "Oh, yes. Silly me. I didn't put it all together. How could you be prudish these days when you were so wild back then? Once people are turned on to how great sex is, they never go back, do they?"bender

Suzanne wrapped an arm around Susan and gave her a loving squeeze. "No, they don't. And you know what that means: there's no going back for you either. You're going to be servicing your son's cock for years and years to come! I hope you enjoy the feeling of having your mouth completely stuffed with his cock-"

Susan cut in, "I do! I do! So much! Mmmm... And then when my lips slide on him with a tight seal, and I tickle his sweet spot with the tip of my tongue, causing more of his pre-cum to dribble out and flow down my throat... Oh, it's all so good! It's the BEST!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Yeah, as I was saying, imagine enjoying that as much as you do, and then imagine enjoying him filling your cunt even MORE! That's your future in a nutshell."

Susan stared dreamily into space. "Oh... my!" She began idly caressing her bare tits and pussy. "Is fucking really even BETTER than sucking?! I find that hard to believe."

Suzanne said, "I certainly think it is. What about you, Xania?"

"Oh, definitely. Why is that so hard for you to believe, Susan?"

"Because I love sucking his cock soooo much! It's hard to believe that ANYTHING could be better!"

Xania gave Susan a big hug from the front. "You're so adorable. Alan is very lucky to have you."

Susan blushed and looked away. "Thanks. I try." She suddenly looked around, remembering where they were. "Speaking of which, let's get started. Being a top-notch fuck pet for my son is serious business. Daily exercise is absolutely essential!"

Xania let go of Susan, and said, "Before we do that, I want to finish what I was about to say about my background." She mostly lied, "You see, Susan, I'm not exactly a normal psychologist. I love sex, so my specialty is sexual relations. I do a lot of counseling of couples, helping with their love lives. That's why I'm so fascinated by your family and friends. I'd like to do a sort of informal case study of your family's situation. Not a formal, written study, mind you, but just something for my own edification."

She continued more honestly, "Your family seems to be on the cutting edge in so many things. For instance, the sheer number and duration of Alan's erections, not to mention things like this stealth stroking concept, or your greeting rituals. It's all so fascinating. All one has to do is walk into the house, and one is overwhelmed by the smell of sex. It's an intriguing mix of your son's unusually sweet cum - something else I'd like to learn more about, by the way - and the potent smell of women in heat. Even down here in the basement, the air just screams, 'Let's fuck like rabbits!'"

Her mix of lies and truth was designed to set herself up as the Plummer family sex advisor. She didn't want to be paid; she just thought that would be a fun thing to do, and it would give her an excuse to visit frequently (not that she really needed one).

Susan laughed. "We do our best. Of course, Xania, you're always welcome here, as long as you remember the house rules: hot big-titted women like yourself have to spread your legs for my son whenever he wants it. Or drop to your knees and suck. Or fuck him with your tits. Or, well, you get the idea. But now that you're broken in, and doubtlessly been thoroughly fucked by him like you deserved, I don't think that will be a problem."

"No, I don't think it will," Xania agreed, grinning. "That's the best thing about these case studies: the firsthand participation."

She was surprised that Susan's unusual conditions didn't bother her in the slightest. Normally, she would have been outraged at the audacity and hubris, but her overriding thought right now was how good it would feel to have sex with Alan again.

Susan asked with great interest, "So have you done other studies like this? Do you know of other families like ours?"

"No. You're unique. Definitely."

"Darn! So you don't know of any other boys with full-fledged harems?"

"Again, no. I imagine that's extremely, extremely rare. Your son is very exceptional."

Susan beamed brightly. She clasped her hands to her chest. "I know! Both of my children make me so proud, every single day. My son is turning into a natural, well... let's call him a harem leader, for now, and Angel is coming into her own as an EXCELLENT fuck toy for him!" She wanted to use the word "master," but she was reluctant to do so with Suzanne and Xania there.

Xania suddenly came up with another inspired lie that would allow her to reveal her actress experience to Susan. "Your family's case is unique. But I am conducting another sexual case study right now, in a more formal manner. Since I live in L.A., I thought I'd look at the porn industry. But what's funny is that I approached them pretending to be an actress, and people liked my looks and soon I was getting all kinds of jobs. You can actually find movies with me in them! Not great movies, mind you, but I have some minor roles in some actual mainstream R-rated films."

"Wow. Amazing!" Susan was impressed.

Xania wanted to be more open and honest about whom she really was, but couldn't tell the complete truth because she also enjoyed her psychologist/sex therapist role she'd developed with the Plummer family.

She was more direct and honest (but still not completely honest) with Alan for a variety of reasons. The main reason was that Susan had a lot of emotional investment in Xania's psychologist role, while Alan

didn't. Xania's professional seal of approval on Susan's incestuous and lesbian activity was very psychologically important to her, so Xania tried to maintain more dignity with the whole "case study" concept. She was glad to weave her acting career into her cover story, though.

That resolved, the conversation drifted to what Xania had been doing with herself the last few years. She could answer fairly honestly, now that Susan at least knew of her acting work. They also finally got around to actually exercising.

Chapter 845 I Imagine Alan Fucking Me! - Susan

All of them were tired, especially Xania, since she'd woken up before the others and had an exhausting morning of sex. So they took their time exercising, and in between sets on machines or switching machines, they often talked.

Xania talked some more about her personal life, going into honest detail about her general lack of success with romantic relationships.

She admitted, "I'm fickle. I don't know why, but I have a really hard time with commitment. I've known some great guys, and gals too, but I've rarely had a relationship last even half a year. A full year is about as long as it's been for me. It's frustrating!"

Susan was sitting on her ass with a towel wrapped around her neck. She said, "That's very distressing. I can't imagine life without the people I love, especially my Tiger, Angel, Amy, and you, Suzanne. They complete me, and give me reason to live. Xania, how can you stand to live alone?! Surely you must have some idea why?"

Xania shrugged. "I honestly don't know. At first, I blamed my partners, like they weren't good enough because of this or that. But I found myself in relationships where everything was great, and yet I got restless and broke it off. So I started to think it had to be my sex drive. To be blunt, I love to fuck! I like a lot of sexual variety. And I'm fully bisexual, and that's a big problem. If I'm dating a guy, I miss having sex with a girl. And if I'm dating a girl, I miss having sex with a guy."

Suzanne spoke with a sly grin. "It sounds like what you need is to belong to a harem-type situation. You could have sex with a kind-hearted and handsome young man who has incredible sexual stamina, and

also have sex with a variety of remarkably beautiful women. Admittedly, you wouldn't get much variety with just one guy, but you'd more than make up for that with the women."

Xania laughed at Suzanne's obvious ploy. "Gee, could that young man be named 'Alan?'"

Suzanne winked playfully. "Maybe."

Susan's eyes brightened. "Oooh! That's a GREAT idea! Xania, I'm just getting to know you, so it would be premature to offer you full admission into the harem just yet. We're going to have to set very, very, VERY high standards there, or the harem will grow to an unwieldy size. Besides, this is my son's harem, and he's the one who would have to decide. I imagine he'd have to fall in love with you, at a bare minimum. But, after last night and this morning, I think it's clear he at least lusts after you a great deal."

Susan was going to say more, but Xania stopped her. "Before you get carried away, let's nip that idea in the bud. If I were to join the harem, I'd have to become one of his sex pets, or fuck toys, or whatever you call it. I'd have to totally dedicate myself to serving his cock, and forsake all other men. That's just not me. For one thing, Susan, I'm just not the submissive type like you are. But also, for whatever reason, I guess I'm kind of a loner. I've lived alone, or with just a housemate or two, my entire adult life. I couldn't handle being in a group situation like that. I couldn't handle staying loyal to just one man for... well, how long would this last? Forever?"

Susan spoke firmly, "In my book, it's forever. At some point, age will become a problem. When he's 42, I'll be 60! A total stud like him will be drowning in busty young hotties, so he'll want to have sex with me less and less. But, if that's my fate, so be it. He's the love of my life, my soul mate! My master! Although the sex will decline, I believe the love between us will just grow and grow."

Suzanne held her breath listening to that. Getting older frightened the hell out of her; she tried hard not to think about it at all. But when she did, her thoughts were very similar to what Susan just said. Oh, God! That's so scary! But Sweetie is MY soulmate too! There's no reason why a person can't have two soulmates, or even more. Right now, we're all a bit sex-mad, but the vast majority of life is the time between having sex anyway. And there's no one I'd rather grow old with than my Sweetie, AND Susan, and my Honey Pie, and Angel!

Xania said, "That sounds nice for you, but it would never work for me. I couldn't stay faithful for a year, much less ten years or a whole lifetime. Some people just aren't meant for a harem lifestyle."

Suzanne stared at her curiously, then said enigmatically, "We'll see. We'll see."

Xania turned to her. "What does that mean?"

"It means what it means. We'll see. Things can change. People can change. You're getting older too, you know. At some point, don't you long for more meaningful companionship in your life?"

Xania stared at Suzanne for a long moment. Then she bowed her head and sighed. "Yeah. That would be nice. I'm coming up on the big four-oh before long. I'm probably on the verge of a mid-life crisis, because I'm not happy about a lot of things."

She looked up and around with new determination. "But let's not talk about that now, please. We're surrounded by these impressive, expensive exercise machines. Why don't we finish our workout?"

So the three of them resumed their exercising.

Xania was even more averse to thinking about her long-term future than the other two were, largely because she had much less to look forward to. She felt like she'd reached a dead end with her Hollywood career, and her plan to become a dental assistant only depressed her. Her personal life prospects were similarly distressing.

As a result, she was keen to get the other two talking about sex. She regaled them with some entertaining sex adventures that had really happened to her. In the process, she made clear just how much she loved to fuck and how often she did it.

This, plus all the naked bodies pumping on the exercise machines, slowly increased the arousal level of all three women.

At one point, Xania made the comment, "You know, given my limited time around the porn industry, I can't help but notice just how much money we'd make if there was a crew here to film us exercising in the nude like this. I imagine they'd call it something like 'Lesbian Workout Inferno,' and make a million bucks. I'm definitely not suggesting it - no way. I'm just pointing out that there are countless men who would gladly give their right testicle just to watch what you do every day to stay in shape."

"What is it with guys and boobs?" Suzanne asked, a bit tongue-in-cheek. She stopped her exercising and walked over to where Susan was exercising, and then stopped her too. She pressed her tits into Susan's, and the two of them began mashing their boobs together, rubbing them around in circles while they clutched each other's asses.

Xania's heart started to race as she gawked at that sexy sight.

Suzanne added, "Guys have a totally unhealthy fascination with tits. Why, there might even be men who find what we're doing arousing." She was even more tongue-in-cheek now.

Susan giggled as she enjoyed the contact.

Xania had a particular interest in Susan's breasts, since she'd already gotten to know Suzanne's quite well in college. She stopped exercising too, and pulled Suzanne away from Susan. "Forget men! Damn, that's hot. Can I play with Susan's nips for a bit?" She pushed and pulled on both of Susan's nipples aggressively.

Susan yelped a bit, and said, "Be careful, Xania. I have to warn you that my tits are tremendously sensitive. When people touch me there, especially when they touch my nipples..."

Xania pulled on one of Susan's nipples again in response, and hefted that tit up with both of her hands to bring it to her mouth.

"Oh! Like that. Especially there ... The underside is quite nice too, but really the whole of my breasts... It's all such an erogenous zone that I don't know if you should start."

Xania started licking the nipple she was focusing on.

Susan squealed, "Oh no! You see? Sucking's the worst. Or the best! I don't know. It gets so intense for me, and my craving for Tiger's cock gets so great when that happens, but I have nothing to put in my mouth and suck on when he's at school. It's so aggravating!"

Suzanne didn't want to be left out, so she grasped Susan's other breast while Xania continued aggressively fondling and licking the one she'd been holding up. Suzanne pointed out to Xania, "Susan keeps telling all of us that her tits will just up and take control of her brain if they get too aroused. So you've been warned. Are you really ready to face Susan's tits on the rampage?"

Xania bent down and again licked Susan's left nipple.

Suzanne saw what she was doing, and then did the same to Susan's right.

Xania paused long enough to ask, "So what do we have to do to get her tits to come out and play?"

Susan bent her head back in ecstasy. "Just keep doing that, you two! Oh GOD! No, on second thought, don't! ... It's too intense! ... No, do it! Do it! Fucking do it! ... But wait! I can't handle it! Stop!"

Xania and Suzanne licked a bit longer until they knew Susan's engine was really running. They continued regardless of what Susan said.

Then Xania unexpectedly pulled away and moved back to one of the exercise machines. She had her own exercise schedule, and she wanted to finish this particular workout.

But all three of them were very hot and bothered. Xania was dreaming if she thought they could simply go back to exercising now.

Xania was trying to get back to exercising and away from thinking about heavy issues, especially issues about her future. But she was still in a contemplative mode, so she asked Susan, "So... what about you? Are you happy with your life?"

"YES!" Susan's whole face brightened. "I couldn't be happier than I am right now! Well, except when I'm naked and kneeling with my son's huge cock in my mouth. That's the absolute best!"

Xania rolled her eyes. I should have known. Damn, I'm envious. The thing is, it's clear that she really means it. It's weird, because even though she's felt conflicted enough to want to see me as a therapist, I

don't know if I've ever known anyone who is so genuinely happy. That was just a few days ago, and look at her now. Did I help her that much?!

Xania asked, "Let's put it this way. Everybody is always striving for more. No matter how happy you are now, what's still missing? What do you long for?"

Susan spoke without hesitation. "That's a no-brainer, if I ever heard one. To be fucked by my son, of course! I can't wait! Sometimes, it's all I think about. Well, that and the pleasures of cocksucking, titfucking, ass fucking, and more! As long as it involves my Tiger and his big fat cock, I just know it's going to be great!"

She stared off into space dreamily, and smiled from ear to ear.

Suzanne asked her, "What? What are you thinking about?"

Susan giggled gleefully. "You know what! I'm imagining Tiger fucking me, driving into me, right on one of the sofas in the living room, where everyone can see! Mmmm! My legs are splayed out wide, a thousand miles wide, as wide as they can get, so he can pound me deep! So deep! Hard and fast and DEEP! Pardon my language, but he's fucking the SHIT out of me! Oh, and he's kneading my breasts too, making me scream his name at the top of my lungs!" She sighed blissfully. "Aaaah!"

Xania asked with a tinge of frustration, not to mention lusty envy, "Are you really THAT focused on your son's penis?!"

Susan's voice was full with pride "Yes, I am. And I'm not ashamed about it. Xania, what is life all about, anyway? Becoming rich or powerful or famous, or something like that? Those sorts of things have never driven me. I'm very blessed, and I have all I need. Helping others? That IS very important to me. I feel that by basically enslaving myself to my son's cock, I'm helping others more than ever. Obviously that helps make Tiger very happy, but it's not just him. We're developing this little community bound together by all the sexy, fun times we share."

She concluded, "I could go down the list of all the things you could argue life is about. But for me, life is about two equally important things. One, living a righteous and moral life in the eyes of God. And two, finding joy and fulfillment by sharing love and happiness with family and friends."

Suzanne thought, Well put! But what do I think life is all about?! Hrm. I don't think I can boil it down to such a simple formula like that. But the things I want most of all are to be happy and to be loved, so I suppose she and I are on the same page. And I have to agree that this emerging harem has me walking on air nearly all the time!

Susan looked around, startled. "I've never stated things so plainly before, and it's a bit more complicated than that, but I believe that is the gist of it. The bottom line is, I've never feel so happy, so loved, or so content. Not to mention sexually satisfied! The only problem was not being able to get fucked by my son. But now, thanks to your advice" - she looked to Xania - "and your advice," - she looked to Suzanne - "I don't need to worry that incest is a sin. All is well! I honestly couldn't be happier! My life is like a dream come true!"

Suzanne was extremely moved by that. She thought, THIS! Talking about dreams coming true, this is my dream coming true! I've schemed and lied and indoctrinated Susan and others, and sometimes I've wondered if it was just my selfish desires driving me, and is this the right thing to do. But now I know that, YES, it IS the right thing to do! I've made Susan this happy, and that makes me so happy that I think I'm going to cry!bender

She turned her head and used a towel to wipe the tears from her face under the guise of wiping away sweat, because she didn't want the others to see she was tearing up.

Susan wasn't quite done. With Suzanne turned away, she spoke to Xania. "I know it seems strange to an outsider like you that a person could get so much out of basically servicing one man's cock with such dedication. And yes, I love it! I'm probably happiest when I have his cock down my throat, or in my cleavage, or my ass. But it's not just about him. It's about this community, this group, this harem - whatever you want to call it. It's about the love we all share with each other."

She turned to Suzanne. "For instance, I have my best friend here too, and I love her so much! And we're learning to love each other in new and exciting ways!"

She got up off her exercise machine and walked to Suzanne where she sat on her exercise machine. The two of them started to make out.

Suzanne was extremely relieved. Her heart was filled with love for her best friend and she longed to express it, but she was shy about putting it into words. She much preferred channeling those feelings into the kiss.

Susan was initially surprised at the intensity of Suzanne's passion, but she quickly recovered and kissed back with just as much feeling. Their huge racks rubbed together and their hands wandered freely.

Xania thought, Damn! Damn, damn, damn! It's kind of easy to look down at their harem lifestyle as an absurdity, but they sure as hell are having a lot of fun. And so much love! I wish I had a best friend like that. Suzanne and I are close, but those two love each other so much that it almost makes me want to cry! Are those actually tears leaking from Suzanne's eyes? I think they are! Wow! I wish she felt that strongly about me. Hell, I wish anyone felt like that about me.

Feeling a bit awkward, Xania joked as she watched, "Hey, you two, get a room."

Susan and Suzanne finally broke apart, but they still stared lovingly into each other's eyes.

Xania thought as she looked at Susan, Clearly, Susan has a very simple way of thinking and living. She's all about being a good mother, and helping others. It makes sense that her sexual submissiveness fits right into that. I envy her. I wish I could find such purpose in sucking a guy's cock all day long! But that's not me. I'd be the world's worst mom, for starters. And I'm kind of selfish, to be honest. Or at least I don't have the urge to help others that she does. And I'm not submissive either.

Xania turned her gaze to Suzanne. Whereas Suzanne's much more similar to me. But she's truly in love with Alan. I can see that clearly now. And she's just as much in love with Susan, probably. Not to mention Katherine and Amy. So even though she's not submissive, this harem situation is ideal for her. She gets non-stop sex with all of her favorite people. But it's not for me. It would take me years and years to even begin to share the strong bonds they do. It's such a shame, because they really are living the life here!

I do hope to visit here a lot. There is something special about Alan and his sexual skills, although I can't quite explain it. The fucking he gave me this morning was the best sex I've had in years! Maybe ever. Plus, the poker party was way more fun than any orgy. And it'll be great if I can fully renew my friendship and "skinship" with Suzanne, and even take it to a deeper level. Not to mention, I'd really like to get to know Susan and the others much better, both in and out of bed. But it's like a great destination to visit, but one where I'm not allowed to live. Damn!

Once Xania had their full attention, she said, "That was a really deep answer, Susan. Thanks for sharing that with me. I'm more than a little impressed. You've given me a lot of food for thought."

Chapter 846 Susan X Suzanne

As usual, Suzanne didn't like to speak of serious matters, and she still had trouble expressing her feelings. So, she furtively wiped the tears from her cheeks, and then she said to Xania, "Hey, let's lighten things up here. Remember how we were joking that Susan's breasts have minds of their own? If you talk to Susan's brain, you're mostly going to hear about how much she wants to get fucked. You should ask her tits what they think instead."

Xania chuckled at that. She stared at Susan's massive melons, and asked, "So, if your tits have taken over and we're speaking directly to them now... Hi there, Susan's titties! What's YOUR greatest wish? More titfucks?"

Susan replied for her boobs, "Hi there. It's nice to meet you!" She hefted them up towards Xania, even though Suzanne was still fondling her there, and giggled gaily. "Yes, of course I love titfucks! Lots and lots of titfucks!"

Then she thought, Should I tell them? I know she's just joking around, but this is a perfect opportunity to bring up my great secret fantasy. Maybe they could even help make it come true! Xania is a doctor, after all. True, this isn't her specialty, but maybe she knows someone...

Susan gathered her courage, and said, "But more than that, I want to be milked!"

Suzanne immediately bent down and locked her lips around Susan's nearest stiff nipple.

Susan moaned with erotic bliss. "Mmmm... Yes... Mmmm..."

Xania chuckled. "Yeah, that's a fun fantasy."

But Susan adamantly replied, "No! Not just what Suzanne is doing now" - Suzanne happened to be squeezing the entire tit she'd been working on as if she was trying to empty it into her mouth. "Not just play milking, but real, honest to God milking! Like what Tiger talked about last night. I want both my son

and daughter to drink from my tits every day and squeeze my life-giving mommy's milk out of me, constantly! I want to gush my milk all over my Tiger in the same way that he covers me in cum!"

Suzanne pulled away from Susan and went back to her exercise machine. Like Xania, she intended to finish exercising before getting seriously into sexual play.

But Susan was so excited now that she grabbed both of her tits and began squeezing them tightly as if trying to shoot milk out of her nipples.

Susan seemed more than a bit preoccupied with her own body, so Suzanne said to Xania, "Susan adopted Alan and Katherine, but she adopted them not long after they were born; about one year after Alan's birth and less than that with Katherine. She could have breastfed them, but with the way she was brought up, no one thought of having her induce lactation. It wasn't so common back in those days. Maybe her current desire to breast-feed grew out of her frustration in not being able to do it then."

Xania was back exercising, and Suzanne was too, but Susan remained intent on her weighty mammaries, acting like she was going to squeeze and play with them all day.

Xania pointed out, "Alan seemed a bit noncommittal on the lactation issue last night. But Susan, or Susan's tits if I'm speaking directly to you" - she chuckled while saying that, moving her eyes down to Susan's chest - "it's obviously a very big deal for you. Or, should I say both of you? Or all three of you?" She grinned.

Susan replied half-jokingly, "You can speak to me, and I'll pass the word on to my bouncy boobies." She lifted them up and let them fall, setting off a prolonged jiggle. "I thank the Lord every day for blessing me with these."

Suzanne continued more seriously, "I have a suggestion. I think we should induce lactation immediately, and surprise Sweetie with it. He probably doesn't know what to say because he doesn't really know what it all means or what it would be like. How easy is it to start or stop? How many times a day do you need to be drained? And so on. So he needs some hands-on experience to figure it all out."

Susan gasped with pleasure, and grasped her boobs. Then she moaned, "'Hands-on experience?' Our Sweetie? Oh YES! Tiger, milk your mommy! Many times a day! So many times a day! Put your mouth on

your sex cow's udders and keep it there!" She repeatedly squeezed them together, as if she was in the middle of a titfucking.

Suzanne smiled while rolling her eyes a bit. "Calm down, Susan. I think we're verging on a serious discussion here. Can you stop squeezing your breasts like that? I'm finding it hard to think, the way you're carrying on. I for one don't think you need this lactation thing. It's a nice fantasy but a pain in the ass in real life. Just keep it a fantasy."

Susan reluctantly let go of her throbbing breasts, because she really wanted to pay attention and get some good advice on this issue. "How would you know?"

She was referring to the fact that Suzanne hadn't breastfed her children, even though Amy and Brad were her own biological offspring. At the time, Suzanne thought it would ruin her figure and didn't know about the many health benefits for her children. It wasn't as popular an idea twenty years earlier as it had become at the beginning of the 21st century.

Suzanne seemed a bit bothered by that, and she opened her mouth to say something in return. But before she could, she was stopped by the sound of Xania laughing uproariously. Annoyed and a bit miffed, Suzanne asked her old college friend suspiciously, "What's so funny?"

Xania replied between giggles, "Suzanne, I know you, and I can see right through you. You just don't want Susan to really lactate because you know it'll make her boobs grow bigger. Right now you two are exactly tied in size, and we all know Alan loves big boobs. Plus, it'll be something he and his mother will have with each other, and you'll be left out."

Suzanne was chagrined, because Xania had pegged her perfectly. She hadn't even realized these things until Xania pointed them out. She wasn't used to such perceptiveness, as the trusting Susan usually took whatever she said and did at face value. She thought, Damn. There's a double-edged sword to having such a good sexual adviser around.

Xania's comment was so perceptive that Susan couldn't help but see the truth in it too. She said, "Suzanne! Jealousy? Tsk-tsk. It doesn't become you. Don't worry. Tiger loves you very much. You really are like a second mother to him; that's why he calls you Aunt Suzy."

Suzanne grumped, "I know. But don't worry, I'm fine with the idea. I just needed someone to slap me silly and wake me up. There's plenty of him to go around."

Changing gears, Susan said, "But I don't know about surprising him. I mean, Tiger is the man of the house now. I have dreams of him literally replacing my husband in my bed, and in all other things. Should we be making big decisions without consulting him?"

Xania pointed out, "It would just be a testing period, so he can make an informed decision. Obviously, you're so into the idea that you need to get at least a bit of it out of your system. Imagine how exciting it'll be to shoot a stream of warm milk directly into his mouth. How could he be anything but delighted by that? Imagine him getting his 'afternoon feeding' right before he takes a nap with a tummy full of mother's milk."

Susan talked more to herself than her friends as she fantasized while grasping both tits. "Mmmm. Mommy is going to make her baby feel good. But my baby's not such a baby anymore. Baby has a big hard cock and he wants to stick it in mommy's mouth! Oh, yes! Let Mommy milk his cock with my lips while his lips suckle on my udders!"

She stopped, brought her ragged breath under control, and asked with a worried frown, "But can I do that? Can I just test milking out a bit? I've heard it's a pretty time-intensive thing. You can't just turn it on and off, can you?"

Xania pointed out, "Turning it on is relatively easy. You just need to eat the right herbs while we give your nipples prolonged stimulation. It can take a week to a month or more to get started..."

"A month?!" Susan shrieked in dismay.

"Hold on," Xania said. "Maybe not. With the way you and everyone else here are always fondling and sucking your twin glories, I imagine you're pretty close to the tipping point already."

"Thank heavens. I wish I could start today!"

Xania continued, "And yes, it's a pretty tough daily regimen once you get started. But if you don't actually have a baby who needs the milk to survive, you don't need to have such an intense schedule."

You can have fewer milkings a day if you want, or more if that's what you want. And yes, it's a bit tough on the body to stop, so you don't want to flip it on and off like a light switch. But you could, say, go half the year milking and half without, or whatever Alan wants. You should try it for a month and see how everyone likes it."

Susan fondled her boobs and hummed, "Mmmm. Daily milkings. HOURLY milkings! Mmmm! Tiger on my right breast, Angel on my left! Oh boy!"

Xania assumed Susan was still paying sufficient attention, and went on, "However, I should warn you that it's rare for women with induced lactation to ever get as much milk production as a naturally lactating woman. As it is, we should supplement your stimulation regimen with some pills and herbs, if only to increase the quantity of milk you'll produce. I'm guessing you'd want to be a heavy milk producer. I think the pill is called Reglan. Do you know any medical professionals who might be able to get you something like that?"

Suzanne said with some satisfaction, "In fact we do. Don't worry about that." Akami naturally came to her mind. Suzanne still wasn't crazy about the idea of Susan lactating, but she genuinely liked to see her best friend happy, and she could see that this could make Susan very happy indeed, if everything worked out as it should.

Susan meanwhile seemed lost in her milky fantasy.

The other two just watched her grope at her double-deckers for a bit.

But then, remembering her two waiting friends, Susan focused somewhat, and asked, "How do you know so much about this, Xania?"

"I'm a sex therapist, remember? It's true I've never lactated myself, but you're not the first woman to come to me and ask about the use of lactation for sexual play. I have to know about these things."

That was another lie. Xania did have some knowledge, though it wasn't because of previous patients, since she'd never had any patients. However, she did have some wild friends who'd used lactation during sex, so she knew about it through them. She'd even suckled on milky nipples during an orgy or two. She quite liked it, and already she could hardly wait to be back in the Plummer house when Susan was full of milk.

Xania explained further, this time honestly, "The idea isn't really that unusual. Many husbands partake of their wives' milk straight from the source when having sex after the wife has had a baby. It can be an extremely sexual, sensual, and emotional experience which bonds them closer together both as lovers and as life partners. There are even women who can spontaneously squirt milk at the height of intense orgasms, even though they're not actively lactating."

She put a hand on her chin, and pondered, "Now that I think about it, Alan asked me about that very thing this morning regarding Brenda. He said that he found milk on his chest after he finished fucking her, and he wanted to know what it meant."

Susan sat up and looked at Xania with alarm. "Brenda? Brenda?! You mean Tiger is going to get his milky goodness from Brenda and not me? I won't have it! May her overly busty tits make her fall flat on her face!"

Her dismay turned into steely resolve. "That's it. I'm going to lactate for sure. For real, and not just talk or games! Let's get started right away!"

She practically ran at Xania and shoved a tit in her face, as if she could start lactating after a few minutes of sucking.

Xania gently held Susan back while grinning at her enthusiasm.

Suzanne laughed. "I'll admit that I was jealous before, but who's jealous now? Jealousy doesn't become you either, Susan."

"This is different," Susan complained, obviously deeply upset at the Brenda revelation. "Tiger already loves you and me deeply. To argue over how much is like arguing over the number of stars in the sky. But Brenda, yes, she's become a friend, but she's also a newcomer, and a threat! I don't have to remind you that she has the biggest tits of us all, an all-around incredible and squeezably soft body, a cute face, a properly subservient attitude, and she's really rich too. What if he takes a greater fancy to her than either of us?"

Xania said, "Susan, before you get your panties in a twist - not that you ever wear panties - keep in mind that Alan also told me that he'd asked Brenda about her milky excretions last night too. He just wanted

to get my take on it. He told me that she told him she's definitely not lactating. It's just that some sour milk leaks out when she has particularly powerful orgasms sometimes. It's sour because it's been in her breasts for so long."

Susan replied, "Well... that's kind of a relief. But still! That shows that her tits are so big and full of milk that all she has to do is THINK about lactating and she'll start! Practically, anyway. Suzanne, we have to band together! I've grown to love Brenda dearly these past weeks, but we can't let her become the family milk maid. That job naturally belongs to me!"

Suzanne could see the logic of that. Besides, she realized that now that Susan had the lactation idea in her head, there would be no way to talk her out of it. Furthermore, although it would have some effects she didn't like, such as making Susan's breasts bigger than hers, she also realized that playing with lactating breasts could bring her, and everyone else, a lot of pleasure. She got off the exercise machine, which she hadn't been using for a while anyway, and moved over to stand beside her best friend.

She put both hands on Susan's breasts, and said, "If you're gonna do it, you can count on me to help, especially with the stimulation you'll need to get started. There's no time like the present, I always say."

Susan squealed, merely from having someone else's hands on her tits when she was this worked up about lactating. "Oh no! I'm going to cum!"

Suzanne bent down and put her mouth to one of Susan's nipples. Just before she started to suck, she exclaimed, "Then cum!"

"Dear Lord!" Susan cried out, as Suzanne started to suckle on her nipple. "I'm going to squirt my milk all over! All over Tiger, AND Angel! Yes! Both of my babies will suck my sensitive tits for HOURS AND HOURS! God, it's making me cum already! Just the thought of both of them each taking a tit is too much! I can't handle it!"

Xania moved over to Susan, and said mischievously, "You mean like this?"

Again, Xania sucked on one nipple while Suzanne sucked on the other.

The difference was that Susan was much, much more hot and bothered now. The sensations, and the idea, were both too much for her, and she began having a very big climax.

Suzanne acted quickly, thrusting her fingers into Susan's pussy as her climax began.

Xania also did her best to further the stimulation, fondling Susan's engorged clit.

The stimulation was literally too much for Susan to take, causing her to pass out.

After checking that Susan was really dead to the world, Suzanne motioned that Xania should follow her to the basement restroom that was adjacent to the workout area. Once there she wet a washcloth to take back to Susan, intending to use that when Susan started to stir as the cover explanation for why she and Xania had moved to the restroom.

Once they were safely some distance from Susan, Suzanne whispered to Xania, "How do you know so much about inducing lactation? Or was that all bull?"

Xania replied, "Don't worry, it's for real. I've had girlfriends who've done that for their lovers. It's really hot! I even know which kinds of foods and herbs can make it happen, like oatmeal, fenugreek, anise, fennel, and mother's milk tea. Unfortunately, that tea tastes like bitter black licorice, but if you add some peppermint or honey, it's tolerable. On the other hand, the fenugreek will make her smell and taste like maple syrup when she's taking the right amount. That should appeal to everybody."

Suzanne said, "Good. You should buy some of those for her and present them to her along with your advice. That will put her in your debt. You've seen how jealous she can be, but she'll want you around if you're helping her, rather than wanting you gone so that you're not competing for Alan's cock. I'll give you some money when we get upstairs so that you can buy her a month's supply of everything that might help."

She continued, "In the meantime I'll contact our medical source and get a prescription for Reglan. We'll get her started right away."

Xania nodded, but said, "The only snag with that plan is that I highly doubt I'll be able to go shopping before I leave this area today. Besides, I don't know the local stores, and it can be hard to find some of this stuff. But I'm guessing Susan will want to get started right away."

"That's a safe bet," Suzanne said.

"So let me write a list. I'll leave it up to you to get everything."

"Okay, I can do that."bender

Just then Susan started to stir, so they walked back to her with the cooling washcloth that Suzanne had prepared.

Chapter 847 Toying With Glory

Glory was very irritated at herself, and irritated at Alan. She sat at her desk towards the end of her first-period class and had a brief chance to think about her situation as the class was winding down. I don't know which is more aggravating: the fact that Alan is making me wear this stupid Televibe thing, or the fact that I agreed to wear it! What the hell was I thinking? That young man has some serious hold over me. It's almost disturbing. He even got me to stick something up my butt! I'm sorry, but I do not put ANYTHING up my butt. Well, until now, I guess.

I'm Alan's teacher! I should be the one telling him what to do. I'm older and wiser. Even in our sexual relationship, I should be calling the shots. He has the gall to threaten me with a spanking if I pull these damn things out of me. I should tell him to go to hell, that's what I should do!

She wiggled her ass in her chair and felt the dildo in her butt. She was annoyed at how distracting it felt. Crap. Every time I walk a step I can feel those two toys shift and grind against each other inside of me! I'm just going to have to find him during the break and tell him that these things are coming out!

She shifted her ass cheeks back and forth several times. I'll admit that the technology is clever, and I certainly wouldn't be averse to trying this out some other time, but not while I'm teaching! It is MOST distracting, even at the lowest setting. I mean, I taught my class okay, but this stupid Televibe thing was always on my mind.

Not to mention, it made me constantly think about him and his god-damned fucking delicious cock. Those thoughts are the real reason my panties are getting wet. How am I supposed to teach with all these fantasies going through my head? Two minutes ago, I was explaining the causes of World War I while imagining him pumping away at my pussy with us both naked in the middle of a busy beach! It's a sheer miracle my mouth could keep moving and say something vaguely coherent. No, these cursed things are coming out. Period!

She shifted her ass cheeks back and forth some more. Dammit! Why do I keep doing that?! I can't afford to get all squishy and juicy now!bender

Glory dismissed her class a minute later, and then got up to find Alan. She felt obliged to tell him she was taking the Televibe out, since she'd promised him otherwise. Just walking to the door was incredibly arousing, as Alan's toys rolled around and against each other inside of her.

But as soon as she made it out the door of her class, she felt the pussy vibrator suddenly increase in intensity. Both vibrators had ten settings which varied not only by intensity, but also by the type and pattern of pulses.

Alan had switched her vaginal vibrator from "heart beat," which was nothing but very brief and soft twitches, to "throb," which was a rapid and strong pulse. He'd only had a few minutes for Xania to teach him how to use the device before school, so he didn't really know what all the settings were. He assumed that the zero setting was the lowest and nine was the highest, but that wasn't so. That was the general trend, but, for instance, four was one of the strongest settings.

Glory wobbled in her walk, and nearly fell over with surprise as her knees came close to buckling out from under her. Holy shit! She paused in the hallway and struggled to remain standing. She looked around to see if anyone had been watching her.

Luckily, it seemed that her near stumble hadn't been noticed by anyone. The vibrator continued its "throb."

Glory was hit by a stunning realization. I'm completely helpless. Helpless! This is a disaster! He could turn the vibrator up to a very high level, making it impossible for me to do anything. Unless I'm in a bathroom stall, there's no way I can take these out or otherwise stop them in any way. I don't think this

thing even HAS an on/off switch! I didn't see one, at least. Even the damn anal egg keeps buzzing at a low level.

I'm completely at his mercy! Unfortunately, I've got to admit that turns me on. I mean, it's not like I'm a submissive, not really, but one couldn't be human and not get aroused in this situation!

Dammit! She stumbled and nearly fell as she continued to walk down the hallway.

Stupid high heels. As if I don't have enough problems. Grrr!

But the danger is that he might not even know when I've got a problem! For instance, I could be in the middle of class when there's a sudden silence, and everyone could hear this thing buzzing away, and I wouldn't be able to do a thing to stop it! To think that I've been annoyed at those branches scraping against the windows lately; now they might be my salvation.

But even worse, this thing doesn't even fit completely inside my hole, thanks to that slightly widened circular base on the bottom end allowing it to rest up against the outside of my labia. Luckily, that ridge isn't very thick, so it's not noticeable if I'm wearing panties, but otherwise it could be bad. Really bad. What would happen if it suddenly fell out of me altogether and clattered to the floor right in the middle of one of my lectures?

Holy shit, again! That's a scary thought! I have to find him immediately, or a bathroom if I can make it all the way to the end of the hall without turning into a puddle of cum. I'm taking both of these out, NOW! Where is he? She wandered further down the hall, even as the intense "throb" setting made it difficult to walk.

Then the vibrator's setting changed again. Alan had hit the seven button, which was "Ramp Down Waves," a gradual decrease down to nearly nothing, and then a sudden increase to full, repeating over and over. This made it even more difficult for her to walk, especially as the throbbing of the vaginal vibrator caused sympathetic reverberations with the inactive vibrator just a thin membrane away in her butt. She would be fine, briefly, and then hit hard.

She placed a hand against the wall and stood in one position until she could recover, except that she couldn't recover. The vibrator was relentless. She waited for the setting to change again, but it didn't. She looked around and breathed a sigh of relief because she didn't see anyone staring at her. Realizing

the situation wasn't likely to get any better, she attempted to continue down the hall on her unsteady legs.

The bathroom was getting in sight, but then he changed the setting again. He'd pressed six, called "Rhythmic Pulse."

She quite liked that one. She could walk a little better with it because it wasn't jerky like the others.

But just as it changed, she saw Alan farther down the hall. He was looking directly at her, and she realized that he'd been watching her from a distance for some time. She walked forwards to him, supremely aware of the plastic toys filling both her holes and in particular the insistent throbbing of the vaginal vibrator.

But he walked away from her at the same pace, while keeping an eye on her.

She thought, You little shit! I'll get you for this! Crap! He's toying with me, stringing me along like a human yo-yo. Bastard! You damn well better fuck the shit out of me, and right now! Wait. Why am I thinking about getting fucked doggy-style? That's not right! Where would he even fuck me? Oh dear God, what am I going to do?! The bathroom! I need to get to the bathroom!

So she headed to the bathroom to take the vibrators out, even as she was enjoying them more and more. Her panties were truly soaked now, and she was continually aroused no matter what the setting was. That was the problem. She was so aroused now that she could hardly think.

Alan could see that she was heading to the ladies' room, so he closed the distance to cut her off. (He didn't have much trouble catching up to her, since she was walking slowly and carefully.)

He walked right up to her, and said, "How are you doing, Ms. Rhymer? Did you stub your toe or something?" He was aware that they could be seen and observed by other students standing just a few feet away, so his joke was as subtle and veiled as he could make it.

She was having a hard time keeping up a public front, because she wanted to cry out something like, "You fucking bastard! Stop this insanity this minute and take these fucking things out of me!"

But she couldn't say or do anything unusual with other students around. Merely talking to Alan outside of class like this could be eyebrow raising in and of itself.

She quickly looked around. Seeing that no one was looking right at her face, she gave him the evil eye. There were a million things she wanted to say, but she was so flummoxed, as well as uncertain if she was being overheard, that she didn't say anything. What annoyed her most of all was that she couldn't get the image of him fucking her doggy-style out of her head.

He said to her rather quietly, "I remembered that math sequence that you'd been asking about, teacher. Zero, four, seven, six. Then I think the next number is a two." Right as he said "two," he switched the pussy vibrator to the two setting, which was "Medium Gear," an insistent, constant vibration of middling strength.

(He hadn't even touched the anal vibrator controls yet, and didn't plan to, as he'd promised not to. However, there was no real off setting, so that vibrator buzzed at a low level no matter what.)

Glory grimaced and tensed up a little. This setting was more intense than the pleasant rhythm of six. She said quietly but forcefully, "No, I think it ends with six. Six, not two."

So he dialed a six instead.

A big smile returned to Glory's face as she relaxed into her "Rhythmic Pulse" again.

He grinned too. He was amazed at what he could do just by hitting a button on his phone.

However, thanks to his misunderstanding of the settings, he thought that meant that she wanted something stronger and therefore closer to the top nine setting, and not something down near the low zero. "I think you're right. Six. Although, are you sure it wasn't an eight?" He switched the controls to an eight as he said that - "Techno" - causing an intense series of throbs and pulses to rumble like thunder through her.

Her eyes went wide as her knees threatened to buckle out from under her again. "No! No! Definitely six! Not eight. Eight's bad!"

So he returned the vibrator to the six setting. He looked around and noticed that most of the other students were filing into their classes as the break was coming to an end. No one was paying any attention to their conversation.

He said, "A most fascinating discussion, Ms. Rhymer. We'll have to do this again sometime." Then he started to walk off.

Glory was at a loss for words, as the break time between classes was now almost over and she hadn't made it to the bathroom or been able to speak to him about anything. NoooOOOOoooo! He needs to fuck me right now! Enough with this stupid dildo crap! Bend me over and fuckin' bone me, you big-cocked bastard! Where are you going?!

She looked at the bathroom, which seemed so close, yet so impossibly far away, and then at Alan walking away. She grimaced. "Alan! Wait!"

He paused and fiddled with his hand in his pocket, feeling for the right button to press. "Oh. Right. All number sequences end in zero. Sorry." He returned the vibrator to its lowest setting, and continued on to his class.

Glory felt greatly relieved. After all the other settings, the zero setting seemed like heaven. She looked around to make sure no one was looking. Then she patted the middle of her ass to see if there was a wet spot there. It felt dry, so she ran her hands over her upper thighs to make sure there weren't any rivulets dripping down to her knees.

Phew! I'm okay for now. But I feel like my pussy is gushing like Niagara Falls. I hope I can make it through the day. I have so many more classes to endure!

She walked back to her classroom with a spring in her step, amazed at how good it felt to merely have a light buzz. Even the inactive anal vibrator felt good as it shifted around inside her with every swing of her hips.

She thought, That didn't go as I expected, to say the least. But I'll have to admit he makes me so fucking horny! I didn't make it to the bathroom to take this damn contraption out of me, which is unfortunate, but it's too late to go back now with the bell about to ring. Maybe I'll just keep this in for another hour and see what happens. I hope he caught that I liked the six setting. That's a good one!

Chapter 848 You're HAPPY That He Made Her Pregnant?

Amy felt bad about the possibility that her boasting about Alan had led to his current bruises. Since gossip had caused the problem, she made it a point to keep her ears to the ground and listen for further gossip. She unobtrusively hung out near Heather's friends, because she figured if there was a problem it was probably connected to Heather. Because Amy was perceived as harmless, no one paid her presence any mind.

She'd been doing this for a few days - in fact she'd started paying some attention before Alan got punched - and her effort finally struck paydirt during the break between first and second periods.

Simone and another friend of Heather's named Melissa were at their lockers in a crowded hallway, standing around and talking, since they had some time to kill during the break between classes. A whole clique associated with Heather had their lockers together, so it was a good place for Amy to lurk.

Amy had been listening intermittently to several different conversations when she heard Melissa say, "I can't believe Heather wants us to tell people that! I wonder what her beef is."

Amy wandered over and acted as if she had been a party to the conversation all along. She said in her almost constantly happy voice, "Ohmigod! Heather's having you tell people stuff too? Is it the same thing she told me?"

Simone and Melissa were a bit surprised, but not too surprised, by Amy's interruption. They knew her a bit from a couple of shared classes.

Simone asked, "I don't know. What did she say to you?"

Amy was winging it, hoping that if she played along and guessed correctly, she'd figure out what trickery Heather was up to now. She made an educated guess. "I guess she's trying to ruin her reputation. She wants me to say really nasty stuff about her."

Melissa prodded, as if annoyed by talking to a child, "Who, Amy? You have to say who. Are you talking about Ms. Rhymer?"

Amy wasn't as dumb as they thought, so she played along. "Yeah. Ms. Rhymer. I guess Heather must be trying to bring her down. What did she have you say about her?"

Simone laughed. "You can say that again. I'd hate to be on Heather's enemies list. Going after a teacher, that takes some daring. She told me to say that Ms. Rhymer's gotten pregnant by a student. Can you believe it? She's going to have to quit before she starts showing or get an abortion."bender

"Wow," Amy replied. "I'm supposed to tell people that, uh, her boyfriend treats her mean and stuff." She just said the first nasty rumor she could think up.

Melissa tsk-tsked, "Amy, if you're spreading rumors, you have to do better than 'and stuff.' What's the rest?"

"Um, that he, like, passes her around to his friends and makes her sleep with all kinds of bad people."

"Oooh. Nasty!" said Simone. "She told you that one? That one's nasty."

Amy was amazed that the rumor she thought she'd made up was already in circulation, more or less. But she kept her simple, smiling face on and didn't give away any of her feelings. Eager to pump more information out of them, she asked, "So are you supposed to say which student made her pregnant?"

That caused a bit of consternation between Simone and Melissa. They whispered to each other with worried looks on their faces.

Amy could figure out what was going on. She was fairly certain that the rumor had Alan making Glory pregnant, and the two girls didn't want to say that part to Amy since they knew she was Alan's girlfriend.

So she said, "Are you two prudes? God! Like, no way. I totally wouldn't have figured you two to be prudes. Me, I don't hold back with anything. Like with my boyfriend Alan. The way I figure, the more girls he sleeps with, the better. It makes me so happy whenever I hear he's made another conquest. It just shows that he's such a stud and a real man!"

Simone looked at Amy uncertainly. She didn't want to be considered a prude. "Yeah. I'd heard that about you. That's a bit... unusual. Well, maybe you'll be happy to know then that the rumor says he's the one who made Ms. Rhymer pregnant."

Amy clapped her hands with glee. "Oooh! He is? Cool! See what I mean? Isn't he such a stud? Simone, don't you think he's just the bestest fuck in the whole world?"

Simone felt uncomfortable answering that, and stayed quiet. She thought, I can't believe what a total airhead Amy is.

She asked, "You're HAPPY that he made her pregnant?!"

"Totally! 'Cos then everyone will see what a complete stud he is, and then he'll be able to bang even more hotties like you." Amy didn't really like the idea of him making Glory pregnant, but wanted the others to think of her as a ditz.

Simone knew that the rumors she was helping spread would hurt Alan as well as Glory. She did feel a certain loyalty and affection for him, but it wasn't nearly as great as her loyalty to Heather, who had been her best friend since childhood and her lover for several years.

The reminder that she'd had sex with Alan too, however, put her in a bad mood. The fact that Amy obviously knew she'd been fucked by Alan and didn't mind it puzzled her. Does she really not care, and even like that fact?! I don't get it!

Melissa, meanwhile, rolled her eyes. "Amy, it's just a rumor, remember? Knowing Heather, it's probably not even true. I didn't know she's got you working the grapevine too, but go around and tell it to everyone you know. Okay?"

"M'kay! I knew that. Although, in a weird kind of way, it would've been kinda cool if he'd knocked up his teach. Bummer. I mean, how many students would be able to say that?" Amy pouted prettily, then gave a friendly wave and walked off.

Yet Amy didn't walk off as quickly as expected, and she kept her ears peeled. So she heard Melissa say to Simone, "God. What an idiot and total weirdo. What does Alan see in her, aside from her tits and ass?"

Simone snidely replied, "Well, you have to admit she does have a lot of tits and ass to like. Why do you have to go beyond those two things? I know Alan and that's all he cares about. He's like a walking sex machine. I know he looks normal and unassuming, but you'd be surprised." She wanted to think of him as a bad person so she wouldn't feel guilty for spreading rumors against him.

She added, "Besides, what guy wouldn't kill to have a girlfriend who actually loves it when he sleeps around? Amy's such a child. I kinda like her, to be honest. I don't like to spread rumors against her too. Heather's really flooding the grapevine today though. I wonder why."

The others had forgotten Amy, so she was able to stand nearby and keep listening. But the conversation drifted off into other idle speculation and she never did hear what rumors were being said about her. She left seething - a feeling almost completely unfamiliar to her - but outwardly she kept her cool. She wanted to rush off and find Alan immediately to tell him what she'd learned, but there was no time left before she had to get to class.

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When Amy found Alan in the hallway during the next break between classes, she slowed down and grew cautious as she got nearer to him, because he was in the hallway talking to Glory. Amy lingered at a safe distance, waiting until he was free.

He looked over and noticed her standing about ten feet away, but he continued with what he was saying to Glory. Amy was confused, because it seemed to be some kind of mathematics discussion, but it made no sense to her. Alan was saying, "The sequence goes, zero, three, one, six, two, and nine. I'm sure of it."

Glory answered, "No. Forget the three. That's not in the sequence. You have no idea what a three is like. And a nine? Are you crazy?"

Amy thought that sounded like a very perplexing kind of mathematics problem, but then Glory saw that Alan was looking behind her at someone. Glory turned and saw Amy as well, then said something under her breath to Alan and left.

Amy of course had no idea that Alan and Glory had been obliquely discussing Glory's vibrator settings. After Glory left, Amy had a quick conversation with Alan. She had just enough time to tell him about Heather's latest before the break came to an end and third-period classes began.

Glory had rapidly become addicted to the Televibe, so she gave no further thought to removing the vibrators for the rest of the school day. She made sure to "accidentally" run into Alan in the breaks between classes so she could communicate in their code language which settings he should focus on, at least until he fully understood their impact.

Chapter 849 I'm The One Who Really Loves You, Alan!

Meanwhile, Heather felt triumphant about the spread of her new rumors against Amy, and especially Glory. She hoped that at the very least Alan would be forced to curtail his contacts with his girlfriend and teacher while at school for fear of inflaming the rumors even more. She figured that would mean that he'd spent more time with her.

Heather was in Glory's third-period class. When class began, it became obvious to the astute Heather that there was something unusual about Glory's demeanor.

Glory taught like she always had, and her words and actions were as typical as ever, but there was a pained expression on her face. She seemed distracted, and practically tortured at times.

Heather thought this meant that Glory, with her interest in hearing all the school rumors, had already heard some of the rumors about her. Heather rejoiced in Glory's misery. She imagined Glory was deeply shaken and desperate.

In fact, Glory's facial contortions were caused by the Televibe. Even though Alan kept his promise not to change the settings while Glory was teaching, she was so aroused from all the constant stimulation all morning long that she remained very horny. Even the lowest setting, the zero, helped keep her buzzing with constant arousal, especially when combined with the unfamiliar feelings caused by the anal dildo. She was actually in heaven while Heather thought she was in hell.

When third period ended, Heather left Glory's class nearly ecstatic. She wanted to gloat. Then she ran into Alan in the hallway. He had Glory's class right after Heather did. Recently, he'd been arriving at class

at the last possible moment to avoid running into Heather, but today he got there as quickly as he could to catch her before she got far.

He walked right up to Heather just before she reached a group of her friends. Cutting her off, he said in a polite voice, "Hey, Heather, how goes it? Can I talk to you for a moment?"

So they moved to a quieter spot in the hallway, though it didn't have complete privacy since it was still the busy hallway. She knew she should stifle her gloating around him, so she said in a light and normal tone, "How you doin', Alan?"

He just looked at her. A part of him was flabbergasted at the clothes she wore (in this case a sports bra underneath an unbuttoned shirt that allowed one to inspect the shape of her nipples, even when they weren't erect). Once again, he wondered how she got away with wearing what she did and somehow didn't get generally known as the slut that she really was. He tried to avoid looking at her curvaceous and deeply tanned body and just focus on her face.

He concentrated his anger mentally by remembering the details of what Amy had told him about the rumors that Heather had concocted. His look turned to a glare, then the glare turned into a menacing, penetrating stare.

Heather's smile retreated from her face, as she wondered what was coming over Alan.

Then he said, piercingly, "I know. I've heard the rumors, and I have proof you were behind them."

She expected more of an explanation from him, or even a threat, but he simply continued to stare her down until she withered under his malevolent gaze and turned away, unable to face him any longer.

"I'll deal with your ass later," he said under his breath, with all the cold, brittle anger he could muster. "Put a stop to it now, if you want to cut your losses." Then he stormed off without looking back.

Heather was stunned. Her exuberant mood was history. She felt devastated. She'd carefully developed a cover story for her rumors, and was going to blame them on the football players, pretending that it was part of their campaign to get at Alan by striking at his favorite teacher and girlfriend.

She was rocked to the core of her being. Shivers of fright ran up and down her spine. She was so unaccustomed to anyone discovering her trickery that she had no idea how to react.

She stood alone in the busy hallway and thought, Fuck! I'm so fucked! This wasn't supposed to happen! This NEVER happens! How the hell did he find out? I had it all worked out!

Maybe he's bluffing. He must be bluffing...

No, he's a pretty bad liar, and I'm convinced he was extremely pissed off at me. I was certainly terrified, that's for sure! He MUST know. Shit. That really pisses me off because I had such a perfect alibi! It was all so brilliant. Fuck!

What am I going to do? Well, for one thing, I'm going to have to tough it out. Act like it's no big deal when we meet later.

She thought of Glory. That skanky bitch! It's all her fault. Fuck!

At least I have the satisfaction of bringing her down a bit with these rumors. It's not like Alan can stop their spread now. I need to talk to him during lunch and get this sorted out. But how can I when he's gonna get all lovey-dovey with that ugly 'ho teacher of his and not even leave her classroom? It makes me SICK to think of them together. Laying his thick pipe in her when it belongs in MY ass! I'm the one who really loves you, Alan! FUUUUCCCK!

She went to her fourth-period class fuming at herself and at Glory. She irrationally blamed Glory for Alan finding out. But after a while her anger died down and she tried to concentrate on possible solutions. Think, Heather, think! Alan's going to be soooo pissed. I wonder if he's going to take it out on my ass.

She squirmed around in her seat as she delightfully imagined all the things he might do to her rear end as "punishment." But then she remembered his face as he simply said "I know." Worse, she remembered her desire to be his girlfriend, and then realized just how deep of a hole she'd dug for herself.

Come ON, Heather! Focus! This is serious! I've really fucked up this time. Like he's ever going to want to be my boyfriend now. I'll be lucky if he wants to keep me as his lunchtime cum dump at this rate! Arrrggh! I've got to come up with something clever to get myself out of this mess, and fast!

But first, damage control. Shit, I need to do a lot of damage control. I guess I do need to put a stop to the rumors. Otherwise, this hole I'm in is only going to get deeper and harder to climb out of!

She felt a yawning pit of uncertainty and despair start to take hold in her belly. I might really lose him completely if I can't contain this!bender

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Alan made it to his third period art class taught by Mr. Jackson with seconds to spare. He looked excited and flushed.

Christine had a seat next to his, as she generally did in the classes they shared together. She looked at him with skepticism and even worry as she watched him try to calm his breathing and appear normal.

Typically, she was loathe to talk to Alan or anyone else once class actually began. But this class started with another student asking Mr. Jackson a question that was irrelevant to the other students, so she leaned towards Alan and whispered to him, "What the heck is going on, mystery man?"

"What do you mean?" he whispered back.

"You've been acting strangely lately, but today takes the cake. More and more, we've been walking and talking between classes, right?"

He nodded.

"But today, you made it to first period with, like, three seconds to spare. Then, the instant the class ended, you took off like a bat out of hell, and just barely made it to second period, again with seconds to spare. Then the exact same thing happened just now, between second and third periods! What's going on?!"

He checked to see that Mr. Jackson was still engaged with the student. That was unfortunate for him, because he didn't have a good answer at hand to tell Christine. Obviously, he couldn't tell her the truth, that he was preoccupied with Glory and the Televibe, and he'd deliberately ditched Christine so he could fiddle with the Televibe controls without her noticing.

He went with the first reasonable excuse that popped into his head. He whispered, "It's complicated. But I had some important stuff going on with someone that's kind of personal. Sorry, I can't say more about it, since, you know... it's personal."

Christine just nodded. The teacher finished answering the student's question at the same time and began addressing the entire class, so she couldn't really say more anyway.

She maintained a poker face, but she was secretly pissed. God dammit! I'll be anything that he's been doing something with one of his floozies! Why the hell I put up with him I don't understand.

No, wait. Check that. He and I are just platonic friends. What he does on his own time with other girls is his business. Besides, he could be talking about someone like Sean or Peter for all I know. And what could happen between classes in the middle of school anyway? It had to just be talking.

Ugh! So why does it upset me so much?!

While she was thinking, he was thinking, Shoot! I feel bad, like I'm cheating on Christine. But that's silly. We're not intimately involved in any way. It's not like we have to stick like glue to each other between classes. And playing with Glory and the Televibe is such fun. But Christine can't know, or I'll be really screwed.

Dammit. Why do I feel bad? It's irrational. Nothing can happen between us, and nothing should. I'll just have to be more careful when I play these games. She's with me or near me an awful lot all through the school day.

Chapter 850 Donna !

Amy had just had food put on her tray in the school cafeteria and was standing at the end of the line, trying to decide where she was going to sit, when she was practically accosted by several other girls.

They surrounded her and all but forced her to join them and sit in the yard outside the cafeteria, away from everyone else.

Amy knew that the four girls - Simone, Melissa, Donna, and Roxy - were all very attractive members of the most elite social circles in school, but she didn't personally know any of them particularly well.

She was a little puzzled by what was going on, but just went with the flow and let them direct her to a place to sit.

As they all sat down in a green space surrounded by trees, Melissa said to Amy, "Sorry for being so insistent, but the four of us were just talking, and we absolutely HAVE to speak to you in private about something. Is that okay?"

"M'kay, sure. What's up?" Amy put her tray on the ground and leaned up against a tree.

Melissa said, as she also leaned against a tree, "This is kind of awkward, but do you remember when you were talking to Simone and me and a couple others a little while ago?"

"Yeah?" She picked at her salad with a fork.

The others had trays too but none of them were eating. Melissa continued, "Well, it's just that we wanted to hear more about one thing you mentioned. You were talking about your new boyfriend Alan, and I think this is an exact quote, you said: 'The way I figure, the more girls he sleeps with, the better. It makes me so happy whenever I hear he's made another conquest.' Well, I just wanted to ask you about that."

Any replied, "Yeah, I said that. What's the big deal?"

Donna was a stunningly beautiful olive-skinned brunette of obvious Italian ancestry. She was second only to Heather in the female student power hierarchy and as such had never deigned to talk to Amy much. She knew Amy only by her airhead reputation.

Thus she lectured Amy as if she were dealing with a slow-witted child. "Amy dear, surely you know that good girls don't allow that kind of thing. If you have a boyfriend, you don't let him stray. Period. If my boyfriend did that to me, I'd cut his balls off. Do you understand?"

Amy replied without a hint of malice, "But Donna, you DO sleep around. Does your boyfriend Sam know what you and Nick do when he's supposed to be tutoring you? Or how about what you did to Jerry in the bathroom at the last school dance? So how is that different?"

Donna opened and shut her mouth like a fish out of water, gasping for oxygen. But she recovered quickly and blurted out, "That's totally untrue! What are you talking about?! I have no idea where you heard these malicious rumors, but I can assure you-"

Roxy was a friend of Donna's and a member of her power faction, but she didn't know the others very well. She interrupted, "Donna, give it a rest. Everybody knows about that stuff except maybe for your hapless boyfriend. Heather's been telling about your cheating to anyone who has ears, and now even Amy knows about it. Don't blame Amy for YOUR slip-ups."

Donna was defensive. "Well, so what? My situation is totally different." She glared at the others as if daring them to refute her claim. "I can't go into details, but for starters it's one thing to do something in secret and it's another to do something out in the open. It sets a bad precedent and it's bad for us girls everywhere. What if every guy starts having sex with girls other than his girlfriend?"

Simone spoke up, joking. "Then we'd probably all get laid a lot more often!" Seeing that joke hadn't gone over very well, she added, "Why is Amy's situation so bad, if that's what she wants? I think it's great that they have an open relationship. There are a lot of open marriages that work, you know."

Roxy, falling back into her usual role as Donna's attack dog, complained, "You WOULD say that. That's just because YOU get to fuck him. I hear Alan's even been banging you and Heather at the same time. And don't even try to deny it; in the past few days, Heather's been surprisingly loose lipped about some of the things you two have done with this Alan guy. He's a nerd, isn't he? A real nerd! I don't get the appeal."

Donna chimed in. "Yeah. She's been so insufferable at lunch lately, even more so than usual. She's got that 'I've just been royally fucked and you haven't' smirk on her face all the time. It's SOOO annoying."

Donna was Heather's main rival, but they had a Cold War-styled low intensity struggle going on behind each other's backs while pretending to be friendly face to face. The others all knew the score, so Donna didn't have to put on a front and hide her hatred for Heather from them.

Simone confessed, "Yeah, so I've had sex with Alan. So what? Maybe that shades my opinion of Amy's sharing, but I don't care."

She turned to Amy. "Thanks, girl. Thanks for sharing. You've got a pretty great boyfriend. I think you're really cool about everything."

Amy was growing concerned that the others were ganging up for a verbal attack on her, but she flashed a big smile when she realized that she had at least one supporter amongst them. "Thanks!"

Melissa chimed in, "Hey, I think it's cool too, if that's what you want. Unlike SOME people" - she shot a look at Donna - "I'm not here to judge. I just want to get, you know, the full low down. I mean, there have been all kinds of rumors about Alan lately, but now that you're his girlfriend you can give us the inside scoop, can't you?"

"I dunno..." Amy looked around with worry. She was surprised to see Christine sitting just a short distance away, as she didn't recall seeing her there before. But she didn't spend much time thinking about it. She figured Christine probably already knew everything she was likely to say anyway.

Donna suddenly changed her tone and came on to Amy like a friend. "Oh, don't mind me. I guess maybe I'm just a little bit jealous, especially about how Heather is rubbing this Alan stuff in my face lately."

Simone cut in and joked, "I usually sit at the same lunch table and I haven't seen much of that, but watching Heather rub Alan's 'stuff' in your face sounds like something I'd love to see!"

The others laughed, but Donna just smiled politely. "As I was saying, Amy, I'd love to hear all about it too." In truth, Donna wasn't at all envious about Heather having sex with Alan, since she still considered

Alan a lowly nerd not worth her attention. But she figured there was a possibility she might learn some things she could use against Heather.

Before Amy could answer, Simone asked her earnestly, "Out of curiosity, does the fact that I've had sex with Alan bother you at all? Does it make you jealous? I mean, come on. You can be completely honest here."

Amy was all smiles. "Nope!"

Roxy was unbelieving. "Oh, come on!"

Amy explained, "You have to understand, I don't look at it like I have any claim on him. I told him I want to be loyal just to him, but he made it very clear up front that he was going to sleep around. In fact, when he asked me to be his girlfriend, he had this totally gorgeous girl suck his cock just a few minutes later, right in front of me, to be totally sure that I was okay with it. In fact, now that I think about it, she took over from another hottie who was jacking him off. And then later on I shared the licking honors with another girl. It was great! He really showed us all what a total stud he is."bender

The other four girls were completely flabbergasted and struck speechless. Even Simone was amazed and wolf-whistled.

Finally, Roxy said, "No. Way. No freakin' way!"

Amy frowned and wondered if she'd said too much. She was proud of herself for not mentioning names and for referring to Susan and her mother as girls to help deflect suspicions. She'd also been careful not to mention anything about his six-times-a-day treatment. She didn't see anything wrong in what she had mentioned, so she couldn't understand why the others were so shocked.

She decided it was too late to take back what she'd said, so she just replied, "Way!"

Melissa asked, "Who ARE these other girls?"

Before Amy could answer, Simone put a hand over her mouth and faked a cough, but coughed out the name "Heather."

The others laughed, but then Melissa gamely joked back, coughing out "Simone."

Simone playfully fought back by coughing "Melissa."

Melissa laughed, then said, "I wish!"

Amy explained, "Yeah, Heather and now Simone are two of them, though they weren't the ones there that day. I can't mention names, but most of his lovers aren't students you'd know, from this school. About the only thing they have in common is that they all look totally super sexy and pretty much all have big boobs." She thought that was a clever dodge.

Donna was skeptical. "One guy and that many beautiful women? What, is he a porn star? I don't believe it."

Amy frowned and said defensively, "It's true. It's super double totallyistically true! Why would I lie about it, anyway?"

Donna was still incredulous but asked, "Amy, can't you see the situation you described is more than just a little bit unusual? I mean, that's just fucking nuts! Why on Earth would you agree to be his girlfriend when he's getting stroked and blown by someone else right in front of you?!"

Amy said, "I don't even think about it, 'cos the fact is, Alan is more man than any one girl can handle. It's the only way. He's like, super stud guy! Heck, if I tried to keep him all for myself, he'd probably burst from making cum faster than I could squeeze it out."

Donna snorted. "Yeah. Right!"

Even Simone seemed skeptical and joked, "I don't know, Amy. I can handle a LOT of man meat!"

Amy got a bit upset that the others didn't believe her, and especially that Donna was looking at her like she was crazy. She protested, "It's true! You can't talk 'cos you don't know what it's like. You all think you're so experienced, but have you ever known a guy who regularly cums six, seven, or even eight times a day? And it's not like he cums in five minutes, either. He's like, superwonderifically long last-y, every time!"

The others continued to stare at Amy like she was just telling a tall tale. Her strange use of grammar only served to puzzle them even more.

Amy was disappointed that even Simone didn't believe her fully, since Simone knew more and had been with Alan. She tried to explain it in a different way. "Think of it like this. Did you ever have a super big crush on a pop star?"

Melissa answered, "Yeah? I'm, like, waaay into Justin Timberlake. I've got posters of him all over my room."

Amy smiled. "Well then, Melissa, what if you got backstage at one of his concerts and had a chance to have sex with him?"

Melissa looked around a bit guiltily, but then burst forth enthusiastically, "You know what? I'd be all over that! And all over him!" She giggled.

Amy giggled too. "And after you had sex with him, would you demand that he stop seeing all other women?"

Melissa was indignant. "No, of course not. He can have sex with anyone he wants, 'cos he's Justin fucking Timberlake! I'm sure he's got a steady stream of groupies. I'd be totally psyched if he wanted to do me any time, no matter what the circumstances. I'd thank my lucky stars that he even looked at me!"

Amy sat back, looking satisfied. "Exactly. So now you see how I feel. My boyfriend is Alan fucking Plummer, and I love him. He's got a steady stream of 'groupies' too, more or less, and he deserves them, 'cos he's such a stud. I can't even imagine him NOT having sex with lots of girls; it would seem wrong. I just thank my lucky stars every day that out of all of them he picked ME to be his official girlfriend. That shows how much he loves me."

Donna complained, "But Alan's not famous, not even close. He's just some local loser nerd at this lame-ass school. He's a complete nobody!"

Amy, though, wasn't moved. "Says you! If I had to choose between him and Justin Timberlake or any other famous guy, he'd win hands down. I mean, not only is he a sexual super-duper-man, he's smart, considerate, caring, funny, rich, handsome, loving, and everything else I could possibly want in my man. I haven't regretted my decision one second. And I really do think it's great when he has sex with other girls. For one thing, when he does that, well, let's just say that can lead to lots of fun for everyone. Have you ever been in an orgy? I have!"