

6 Times 851

Chapter 851 Everyone Talking About Alan

Amy again worried slightly that she might be saying too much. But she was so proud of Alan and so determined to explain to the others how great a boyfriend he was that she didn't have much self-restraint.

Again, there was a stunned silence from the others (except for Simone). They were surprised by Amy's possible implication that she engaged in lesbian sex, because until recently most of her female friends hadn't thought of Amy in a sexual way at all. But lesbianism was a sensitive topic and no-one wanted to touch it at the moment.

Donna frowned, and said, "I'm shocked! And appalled! Amy, that's wrong. Very wrong!"

Simone chastised her, "Oh Donna, stuff it already. I know you've been in orgies before, 'cos I've been in a couple of them with you. So don't be such a hypocrite."

Donna shot back, "Simone, shut up! You can't talk about that kind of stuff! That's a secret."

Simone rolled her eyes. "Yeah, big secret. Remember what you did in full view of everybody at the party by the lake last year?"

She turned to Amy and again gave her support. "Amy, I can't say I fully understand your situation with Alan, but I've seen that you've been even happier than usual lately, so thumbs up." She emphasized that point by giving her the thumbs-up sign with both hands.

Melissa pressed, "Amy, the main thing I wanted to ask you about is what makes him so great, you know, sexually speaking. You're calling him some kind of sexual superman. Why do you say that?"

Amy said, "Well, I'm not all great at explaining stuff. All I know is that he makes me feel soooo good. I mean, super duper incrediwonderliciouslyfantasmorgasmically good! So good that nothing else even begins to come close. Like, have you ever just had sex and you're lying there panting, and you're thinking, like, 'WOW!?' When I'm with him, gosh, if he just even smiles at me, it's just the bestest of the very best feeling in the whole wide world!" She gazed off into the distance in fond remembrance while flashing a smile that seemed brighter than a lighthouse searchlight.

Roxy said sarcastically, "To put that into English, I think what she's saying is that she likes it." Addressing the others, she said, "But everyone here knows that Amy's never had a boyfriend before this rather surprising hookup. Maybe she'd be over the moon with almost any guy."

Melissa turned to Simone. "Hey, you've had sex with Alan too. Is he really all that?"

Simone looked to Amy. "Is it okay if I speak my mind?"

"Totally!"

So Simone considered the question carefully. "Well, that's hard to say. Keep in mind that I've only had sex with him once so far. It was... I'd have to say... it was good, really good. In fact, now that I think about it, I can't think of any guy who's been better. But on the other hand, it wasn't like he was so head-and-shoulders above everyone else. I've had a few other guys who were on a pretty similar level. Not many, but a few. But also, I'm not in love with him. I'm sure everyone here can agree that sex with someone you love is much better in every way. So I can only imagine how good he must make Amy feel."

Melissa followed up with Simone, asking, "So would you say he's as good as the best of the other guys, or a little better? And what makes him so good?"

Simone thought back to her one encounter with him, just two days earlier. She began to grow aroused as she remembered how Alan had made Heather lick his erection while he slid it in and out. That was the biggest sexual thrill I've ever had, and I've had a lot of partners. But was it mostly because of the way he humiliated Heather? Was he doing that knowing how much I'd love it? What would he be like without Heather there?

She finally said, "He's a little better than any others, I think. But again, not THAT much better. I mean, when you really get down to it, what does a guy have to do but push his dick in and out at a nice rhythm? We're not talking rocket science here. He does have a nice long, thick one, though I've had bigger a couple of times. But he's got this intriguing combination of being sexually aggressive at times without being an asshole about it. And he's got pretty impressive stamina. Amy's definitely right about that part."

Amy was nodding her head madly in agreement as she leaned against the tree. She said, "Simone, you don't know the half of it! He can last for hours! It feels soooooOOOOoooo super great! And once his thingy goes down, it always bounces right back up again. Well, almost always. He can do it over and over and over! And don't forget his cum. Imagine your favorite food, and then it's twice as delicious as that!"

The others looked to Simone for confirmation.

Simone smirked, then joked, "Heck if I know about his cum. Donna, the next time Heather rubs Alan's stuff in your face, make sure to get a taste."

The others laughed (except Donna), but then they waited for a serious answer.

Simone was wary. "Well, to be honest, I did taste his stuff, but only a few drops' worth. Yes it was unusually sweet, but I think Amy may be looking at things through rose-colored glasses a little bit too. Just look at how much she obviously loves him. However, I do have to admit that Heather, of all people, has praised Alan's cum lately, which is pretty remarkable considering how much she usually hates blowjobs, as I'm sure you all know from the way she's always complaining that girls who give head are 'weak.' So maybe the taste grows on you or something."

Amy jumped in. "It does! It's like, pretty yummy at first, but then you're like, 'MMMM! I want more!' And then you have some more, and you're like, 'WOW!' And then pretty soon it's like you just wanna suck on that big fat spermsicle all day long! 'Move over and let me share some of that!' You know what I mean?"

Donna said flatly, "No."

Melissa, however, was growing enthusiastic and more than a little aroused. She'd never participated before in a talk about sex like this one. "I don't know about anyone else, but I find this all pretty amazing. I mean, the very fact that Heather would even have sex with a nerd, much less blow him and like it... He must be something truly incredible."

Donna though, wasn't convinced. If nothing else, she had a knee-jerk reaction of wanting to knock anything that Heather was praising. "Awww, come on, how can he be all that? So he's a nice guy with a big dick who has some stamina. I'm sure he's not the only one in this school with that combination. But my main objection is that he's got all the baggage. No one can deny he's a total geek. I mean, TOTAL

grade-A nerd. You can hardly get any lower than him. I still can't believe Heather will even TALK to him. Plus, I hear he smells."

"He does not!" Amy complained with righteous indignation. "If he smells a little funny at times, that's probably just a lingering sex smell. Geez! That's mean. It must be the smell of perfume and strange pussy. And he's not THAT nerdy. You're just afraid of guys who are smart!"

Roxy didn't want to get on Donna's bad side just because they didn't see eye to eye on Alan. She said, "Donna, please don't get upset at me; I'm just thinking out loud. Don't think of this as being about Alan. The key thing is Heather being involved with this guy. What does that mean?"

Donna saw strategic possibilities with that, but didn't want to mention them with Simone right there. So she just said, "Whatever. I don't care." She hoped Roxy would get the hint and save that discussion until later when they were alone.

Melissa leaned in to Amy and held her arm. She said in a conspiratorial but friendly voice, "Don't listen to Donna. If she wants to be stubborn, that's her problem. Personally, I don't care if he IS a bit nerdy. Simone says he's the best she's ever had, which means something. Say, since you're so open to sharing, do you think maybe you could set me up with him? I'd just like to try him out one time, 'cos I'm in between boyfriends and I've never had my bell really rung, if you know what I mean?"bender

Roxy butted in. "'Between boyfriends?' Ha! Just wait until Jimmy hears about that!"

"Hey!" Melissa turned to Roxy, suddenly embarrassed and worried. "Who says he has to hear? It's like what Donna said, what's wrong with a little fooling around in secret? If no one knows, no one gets hurt. Maybe I can learn some new things and teach them to Jimmy."

Now Roxy leaned in to Amy. "What a slut! I'd never cheat on MY boyfriend, but it does happen that I'm not going steady at the moment. Do you think you could introduce me to Alan? I don't want to steal him away-"

"Hey!" Now it was Donna's turn to butt in. "Roxy, what kind of friend are you? I said Alan is a nerd. AND he's Heather's boy toy. I would assume you wouldn't give him the time of day. Whose side are you on here?"

Roxy knew she couldn't cross Donna, since Donna was nearly as ruthless and powerful as Heather. So she thought quickly, and said, "Your side, obviously. Sure, Alan plays Star Trek video games or whatever it is that nerds do, but that's not all there is to him. I've been checking him out. He used to be gangly, but have you seen how he looks lately? He looks GOOD! He's been on the tennis team for a while now and has developed quite a muscular ass and buff chest."

Amy smiled and happily nodded in agreement.

Roxy added, "He can't REALLY be a nerd if he looks that good and is that good in the sack, can he? So what if he's got weird taste in movies or whatever? Anyways, it's not so much about him as the fact that Heather is into him. We need to know what's going on between them to use it against her, and that means getting closer to him."

Simone coughed, and said, "Duh! Roxy, you must be forgetting I'm here. Hell-looo. Heather's best friend? Remember? You're not stealing him from Heather, that's for sure. If you or Donna even tried, Heather would take the gloves off and go completely medieval on you. Heather has some strangely powerful feelings for him that I can't say I fully understand yet, but I know enough to warn you off. Really. Ignore this warning at your extreme peril!"

Simone wasn't the type to utter dark warnings, and normally if she did she would want to lighten the mood again almost instantly with a joke and a laugh. That she didn't try to make light of her warning told the others that she was, for once, quite serious, which in and of itself was actually fairly ominous.

For her part, Roxy had indeed forgotten Simone was there since Simone was sitting back and hadn't been talking for a while. She blushed and avoided looking in Donna's direction.

Melissa remained the most insistent about getting together with Alan. She took advantage of the awkward silence to lean in closer to Amy. "Amy? Girl? You didn't answer my question. Do you think you might be able to swing some kind of meeting with this wonderboy of yours? Forget about my boyfriend Jimmy; I can drop him like a hot potato to get some of this Alan stuff."

Amy was feeling awkward. "Sorry, I'm not some kind of social secretary for him or something. He's the one who decides who he wants to fuck, and I don't have any say in the matter. Why don't you just talk to him?"

Melissa sighed. "I already did. You know, I've been hearing all these rumors about what a stud he is for weeks now. I came onto him pretty strong a few days ago, before I even knew he was your boyfriend, but he just brushed me off."

She grimaced in remembrance. She didn't get turned down all that often, and Alan's refusal had stung her pride. He'd been very polite and nice about it, but firm in his answer that he was "too busy."

Amy suddenly stood up. "I'm sorry about that. He is pretty busy that way, but maybe you should try again. He really is great and I truly don't mind if you do sleep with him, if that's what he wants. Just make sure you use protection and stuff. But I've got to go. I'll see you later."

In fact, Amy didn't have anywhere to go to, but she was feeling uncomfortable with the way Melissa and Roxy were pressing in on her as they grew increasingly excited about Alan. It was clear from the looks in their eyes that they were going to keep pressuring her to arrange hook-ups, and she didn't want to have to deal with that.

Her doubts grew about whether she'd said too much. She also hoped that Alan wouldn't sleep with any of them - Melissa, Roxy or Donna - because although she grudgingly conceded that they might all be "Alan-worthy" in appearance, they each gave her a bad vibe. She did like Simone, though, despite the fact that Simone was Heather's best friend and was spreading bad rumors.

Amy walked off with her food tray after hardly eating anything. As she left, she again noticed Christine sitting near the others but still not joining them.

Christine appeared to be leaning in to listen as the remaining group continued to talk about Alan. She was staring into space with an intense look on her face, almost as if she was trying to record every word. (In fact, that's exactly what she was doing, thanks to her excellent memory.)

She could see from her peripheral vision that she'd been spotted listening in on the group. But once she saw that it was "only" Amy, she didn't worry about it and kept up her eavesdropping.

She heard Roxy ask Donna, "Do you believe any of what Amy just said?"

Donna replied, "A fraction. No way can that all be true. Maybe Amy believes it, but she has a loose connection with reality at best. I think she makes up tall tales about her boyfriend just like she makes up her weird words."

Roxy replied, sarcastically, "Super duper totalistically." She added more sincerely, "I wish we knew just how much of that was true. If I could believe only half of the rumors about him..." Her voice faded as she lost herself in thought.

Christine thought back to Alan's strange behavior of disappearing during each break between classes, and wondered if there was a connection with what she was overhearing. To her frustration, she didn't see any link.

Chapter 852 Susan X Xania

Susan had passed out in the basement of her house from too much sexual excitement. When she came to, she found that Xania and Suzanne were both working out on nearby exercise machines. They were as naked as she was. She still felt dizzy and out of it, but the sight of the two perfectly figured women engaging in rhythmic, pistoning motions got her horny all over again almost immediately.

Then she recalled her decision to start lactating, and the tactile sensation of having both nipples sucked at once came back so strongly that she almost felt as if it was happening to her again.

She nearly screamed with joy. Instead, she yelled, "Thank you! Thank you! Wow! What great friends!"

Suzanne looked over and smiled upon seeing that Susan was awake again and obviously feeling happy. It made her feel really good. This is what I should be doing. I should be supporting Susan instead of trying to undermine and best her. Ironically, I think I can actually get closer to my Sweetie by truly wanting the best for everyone, because it ties us all that much closer together. Susan's right: Angel, Amy, Susan, and I should work as a team. It feels so good to see my best friend in the world as happy as this. She's positively glowing!

So she'll lactate. And yeah, her breasts will get even bigger, bigger than mine. That'll make her an I-cup, if not a J-cup like Brenda. Whoa! Sweetie's gonna love that, of course. He may well spend more time with her, especially since he'll be suckling on her nipples a lot. But so what? I shouldn't think of this as a

competition. He loves both of us so very much that it can't be measured. And if he's spending a lot more time with her, I'll just join in! They'll both totally love that, and I will too. So what's the problem?

It may be time for me to give up on this idea that I'm going to be the sole leader of this group. For one thing, I just don't have the heart to push my way to the front by pushing Susan aside. Most anyone else, yes, but not her. I love her! I've loved her for so long. If she's not happy, then I'm not happy. What would I do without her?!

Suzanne nearly got teary eyed, but restrained herself. More practically, she looked at the sexual ramifications to such closeness and selflessness. Us Plummers and Pestridges should work as a team and fuck as a team. We can overcome any potential threat by acting as one seamless Alan-fucking machine! If we're always there to lend an extra tit for him to grope or a second or even third cocksucking tongue, there's no woman who can steal-

Xania accidentally interrupted Suzanne's thoughts. She'd crawled over to Susan, her bare tits swinging enticingly all the way. She said, "Ah. Look who's up. A couple of us at least get to finish our morning exercises, but not so for you."

"Why not?" Susan asked quizzically. "I can still catch up."

"Yeah, you could, but I think it's much more important for you to work on some more visualization exercises. You've got a big day coming up, and you need to prepare."

Xania realized she wasn't going to get any more exercising done with Susan awake again and obviously already terribly horny, so she made herself comfortable next to where Susan lay.

"Big day? What are you talking about?" Susan nearly trembled with excitement at the mention of Xania's "visualization exercises." Those were almost as good as getting fucked by Alan. Or, at least, she guessed they were, since she didn't know how good the fucking actually could be.

Xania smiled. "You silly, you know what I mean. The first time he fucks your pussy. The day he becomes a true motherfucker, and you become son-fucked!"

"OH!" Susan sat up and reflexively clutched at her chest as she considered that thrilling yet scary prospect.

Xania added, "I want to see how mentally ready you are. Let's have you close your eyes and visualize him naked, standing before you."

Susan looked over to her best friend. "Suzanne, please stop her. Don't let her make me do this! You don't know what it's like. It's so arousing, so terribly arousing! The way Xania talks me through Tiger fucking me, it's almost as intense as if he was really here and sticking his big cock in me!"

Suzanne couldn't help but laugh a little. She grinned and teased, "And how is that a bad thing, exactly?"

Xania tickled Susan's nipples with feather light touches of her fingertips, causing Susan to gasp and pant while her nipples hardened again. Knowing Susan's submissive nature, she told her, "Put your arms behind your back. You're blocking the view."

Sure enough, Susan uncovered her breasts and struck a stiff sitting pose with her hands behind her back.

Xania grinned impishly. Then she turned to Suzanne, and said, "Susan's such a lovely thing, isn't she? Look at her, with that innocent and kind face, but such a sinful, devilish, voluptuous body. Is her pussy ever not wet? Are her nipples ever not hard? How lucky you are to live next door to her." Mischief danced in Xania's eyes, as there was little she loved more than playing with Susan's hefty globes.

Suzanne pointed out, "We moved in next door to each other because we were already best friends, and we probably became friends in part due to our similar looks, so it wasn't luck. And we call it a 'cunt,' not a 'pussy.' But yeah, I know what you mean." She smiled wickedly. "I think she needs some encouragement to go with her visualization."

Suzanne scooted closer. She reached out and, temporarily taking over from Xania, grasped Susan's already heaving boobs. She mumbled, "Gotta work on starting that lactation," then she resumed sucking one tit while she played with the other.

Susan cried out, "No! Xania, this is unfair! This is too intense. Please don't make me think of Tiger while Suzanne's doing that! My tits are already too sensitive from before. You're going to make me pass out again!"

Xania said, "Too late. Your Tiger is already in the room. Close your eyes. Can't you see him?"

Susan closed her eyes. "I can! Oooh!"

"Can you smell him?"

Susan sniffed the air. "Mmmm! I can! Sperm! Sweet sperm! Mmmm, what a yummy smell. Just imagine if he really is here! Think of all the things he'd do to us! All our tongues sharing his cock and his big dick sliding through my cleavage and his cum splattered across all three busty chests! Oh! Oh! It's too much! Suzanne, stop sucking on my nipple or I'm gonna get too excited!"

Suzanne didn't stop.

Xania replied calmly, "If your tits can't take any more stimulation, don't think about those hands and lips on you. Think of something else. Think of your son and the long, hard, fat mommy-splitter he has hanging down between his legs. His hands are reaching out to touch you. Where are his hands going to go?"

Susan was instantly in the fantasy, like someone who dropped into hypnosis with a secret code word. She moaned and MMMM'd a bit, and then said, "I can see it now. He's put his hands on my legs at first, but now they're moving up to my ass. He's going for my ass! Oh, Tiger. You're so naughty! Just like my morning greetings. He must be 'getting my attention.' I love it!"

Xania commented, "Interesting." She was fully playing her psychologist role in her demeanor, tone, and even her facial expressions, but at the same time she was fully aroused, not to mention buck naked with a soaking wet pussy.

Rather than making notes on a pad of paper as a real therapist probably would have done, she reached out and grabbed Susan's ass with both hands as best she could, despite the fact that Susan was sitting

on it. She said, "Imagine my hands are his. He's touching you on the butt. But change your position so I can reach better."

Susan wasn't sure how to present herself so Suzanne could have complete access to her tits while Xania had access to her butt, but luckily she realized she could just lie down on one of the exercise benches and hang her ass far over the edge. She could plant her feet on the floor to fully support her weight and have Xania sit between her legs while Suzanne sat to the side, next to her chest.

All three of them soon repositioned themselves to take advantage.

Suzanne and Xania went at Susan for a bit, while Susan fantasized with her eyes closed. Eventually, Susan asked, "Wait. If your hands on my butt are Tiger's, then whose hands are on my boobs?"

Xania replied, "Those are his too. He has many hands. They're everywhere!"

Susan whimpered, "No fair! That's far too sexy! Don't get me so aroused!" She kept her eyes firmly closed and clenched as she felt another orgasm coming, but she didn't quite go over the edge.

Xania could see in Susan's face and bodily reactions how close she was to the edge. She kept her hands away from Susan's pussy so as to not push her over. Xania wanted to keep her right on the verge. As she worked her hands all over Susan's buttocks and into her ass crack, she said, "Now, keep visualizing. What are his hands on your butt going to do?"

"Everything! Just everything! He's going to spread my ass open and lick my asshole! And there's nothing I can do to stop him, even though it's terribly improper and naughty, because he can't be resisted! At all! Ever! Then he's going to spank me! I love that. Oh, Tiger! So hot! MMMM!"

Xania prodded, "Even though he is your son, he's gonna spank you? The child spanking the parent?"

"I know! It's so wrong!" Susan panted. "But he's the one with the big, fat cock, so what can I do? Serve him and love it, that's what! Anyway, then he's really going to open me up wide and plunge his cock, no, his mommy-splitter! I love that term! He's going to force his mommy-splitter into my tiny back door and fuck my ass! Yes! Mmmm... You should have seen the way he fucked me there yesterday. Aaah, yes... It was so hot, but now I'm too sore!"

Susan's voice took on a pleading and plaintive note. "Don't go there too much, Son, because it still hurts some. Let me suck your cock, to give my ass a chance to recover. That's it... Mmmm... Let Mommy drop to her knees below you, where she belongs!"

Suddenly, she snapped out of her fantasy, and asked, "How can I get my ass fucked more often without it hurting afterwards?"

Xania smiled, and thought, Like taking candy from a baby.

Then she said to her, "Funny you should ask. I have some great ideas regarding that. Do you know what a butt plug is? Suzanne, slow down on the nipple sucking for a bit so Susan can think and remember. Actually, we'd better stop the heavy stuff altogether for a bit and just go to some gentle fondling. Susan really needs to know this."

Suzanne did as Xania suggested and listened to find out what this expert advice would be. But she still kept on idly playing with Susan's breasts, especially their sensitive undersides.

Xania said, "Susan, you're in luck. A woman's virgin ass isn't used to having a really large object, such as Alan's thick, hard, nasty fuckmeat, pushed up into it and stretching it so widely open. I'll bet his first assfuck hurt."

Despite Xania saying that she and Suzanne should stop the "heavy stuff," she couldn't help herself. She quickly lubed up her index and middle fingers in her own copious pussy juices, and then unexpectedly shoved them up Susan's asshole to illustrate her point.

Susan grunted loudly, "UGH!" Xania's two fingers were quite filling, although nowhere near as filling as Alan's erect dick was. Susan had to simply breathe for a while to recover from the shock of the initial penetration. Then she said, "Damn straight! That assfuck hurt. And the second one yesterday did too!"

Despite the discomfort, Susan rocked her hips slightly to try and force Xania's two fingers deeper as her asshole pulsed and throbbed around them.

Xania pulled her fingers out and then leaned in and kissed Susan's clenching anus, very much like the way a mother would kiss away the hurts and pains of her own child.

Xania didn't mind kissing Susan's anus, or even licking in it, because she knew Susan had an enema to thoroughly clean her ass only a couple of hours ago. She'd been told that Susan did that every morning on the off chance Alan might want to use her ass.

Susan's little hole twitched as if waiting for more fingers, or anything else sufficiently large, to return.

Her anus wasn't entirely disappointed. All the tension seemed to drain out of Susan as Xania licked and rimmed around her asshole with her exceptionally long and talented tongue.

"Not to worry," Xania said soothingly between licks, as if she were talking to Susan's butt instead of to Susan. "You just need to prepare yourself better to take his fat cock. The more objects you can take inside you and the longer you can keep them in here, the more prepared you will be to take him."

Susan shivered as she said, "I prepare my ass for him... Every morning!"

"That's excellent. But you have to do more to adjust to his size back there." Xania kissed Susan's twitching anus again. "Luckily there are all kinds of toys that can help you with that."

Susan writhed wildly. "Oh, Xania, please! I can't take it! Your tongue is making me feel so... strange!"

Suzanne let go of Susan's tits and stood up. "That reminds me. I have some killer new dildos I just bought yesterday. This seems to be the perfect time to break them out. I've even got some anal ones, too. I'll be back in a sec." She hurried upstairs.

Susan continued with her "visualization exercises" while Xania cooed encouragements directly into her ass, keeping Susan's anus constantly stimulated with her tongue or fingers. It was a purposeful imitation of their earlier pretend direct discussion with Susan's boobs.

Xania said things like, "Susan's ass, don't let your tits and pussy take all the glory! Don't you want to take over Susan's brain too? You know you want to..."

Susan responded by elaborating on her anal fantasies. "Oh, Xania, you don't know. I want to, so very much! I want to be his butt slut too! I want him to know that my ass is his, any time he wants it! If I'm standing in the kitchen in just my erotic apron, working on something, he should feel free to slide right in my back door, as easily as saying 'What's for dinner!'"

Xania helped her along by deeply penetrating Susan's butt with her long tongue and tongue fucking Susan in mimicry of what she was fantasizing Alan was doing to her ass.

Xania giggled. "I love your naughty anal thoughts. And I thought you were so orally focused."

"I am, but I love it all! I think my ass has taken over my brain already. For instance, you won't believe what I was thinking when I gave myself an enema this morning. I don't really like doing that kind of yucky thing, but it's not so bad because I have all kinds of thrilling anal fantasies while I do it."

"Tell me!"

Susan continued, "So, this morning, I had this fantasy where my Angel, Tiger, and I were traveling together on a big airplane. Luckily, we had our own row, because Angel and I had to keep our heads in his lap most of the time."

"You HAD to?" Xania asked.

"Well, of course. It's not like his cock is going to get stiff all by itself. We're his personal cocksuckers. We have to get it stiff, whether we're on an airplane or not. And once it's stiff, it needs a lot of loving and tending. Lots of licking and sucking and stroking! Mmmm! My goodness. Just talking about this is making my mouth water. Since Angel sat on one side of him and I sat on the other, we both had our tongues on his cock most of the time, actually. Mmmm!"

Xania asked, "So how is this an anal fantasy?"

Susan shook her head to try to refocus her thoughts a bit. "Sorry, I digress. My point is, halfway through the flight, Tiger decided that cocksucking wasn't enough, and he wanted to fuck my ass! Right there in the middle of a crowded plane, no less! What a cheeky, COCKY boy! Sitting in our row gave us at least

some privacy, but there was no room there for an ass fuck. So he had me strip off all my clothes and get on all fours in the aisle! Then, with Angel helping, he proceeded to fuck my ass!"

Xania was amused. "You realize that could never happen in real life. What about all the other people on the plane?"bender

"I know! It was crazy and totally unrealistic, but goodness gracious, did it feel good! I think I kind of forgot about doing the enema for a while and just fingered my anus. In real life, I mean. And as for the other people on the fantasy plane, imagining that they were watching was one thing that made the fantasy so hot! I mean, my son doesn't care. It's like I'm, well... like Angel says, his fuck toy! Even on a plane, he's gonna-"

Susan cut herself off to suddenly exclaim, "Xania! Your tongue! It's like another cock! Fuck me with it!"

Xania grinned, her tongue still buried in Susan's backside. She was inspired by Susan's fantasy, and she was channeling her energy into her tongue probing. Her voice was muffled and slurred as her tongue probed deeper. "You're noht duh firthst tuh call it thaht."

Susan further gasped, "Have I told you yet that you're invited back here any time? It's an open door! We'll rent you a limo, dammit! Just keep that tongue up my butt!"

"Thpeaking of a wide open dooah..." Xania drove her tongue back into Susan's relaxed anal entrance. Her lips formed a seal around Susan's anus as she reamed her deeply.

Xania was surprised at the intensity of Susan's love for anal fun. She understandably had gotten the impression that Susan was orally fixated.

One of the things Susan told her while gasping for air was, "I want my Tiger to stuff his rock hard impaler into his mommy's butt hole and flex it as the new 'rule' for 'getting my attention' whenever he sees me!"

Xania figured Susan was exaggerating a bit with that one, but she was nonetheless surprised at how much Susan enjoyed anal penetration.

Xania accurately guessed that the pleasures of Alan drilling her pussy still seemed too fantastical and intense for Susan to even focus on them much, so Susan channeled a lot of that energy into her ass.

With Suzanne gone for a surprisingly long time, Susan went on to tell Xania even more anal fantasies that she'd been having in the last couple of days. Most of them were plausible in that the setting was somewhere in the house or the backyard. But others were like the airplane fantasy, taking place in improbable public locales. Xania realized that Susan shared her exhibitionist streak, and she felt a bond because of that.

Xania also recalled a joke that Susan had made earlier in the morning, about Alan marrying her and getting her pregnant. She knew that such jokes often weren't jokes at all. Susan and Suzanne both want to marry Alan and have his babies. That's obvious. That obviously also plays into their blatant yet thankfully friendly and even loving rivalry, because he clearly can't marry them both. Yet they're both incapable of having kids, and twice his age to boot.

He isn't very likely to marry either one of them, if he marries anyone at all. If I were him, I'd just build up a big harem and not play favorites. That's probably exactly what he's doing. Lucky bastard!

However, that obviously doesn't seem to slow down or hinder their fantasies in these directions. Susan seems to channel some of her pregnancy desire into a lactation fantasy, while Suzanne channels her love into pure lust, and a love of fucking. She's not afraid of her pussy, like Susan still is, so she focuses her energies there, whereas Susan turns more of her energies to the "safer" areas of the ass and tits.

Hey! I'm getting pretty good at this analysis stuff!

Chapter 853 I Have To Come Here More Often! When's My Next Free Day?

Suzanne came back down to the basement after an unusually long time. She walked in disappointed, and said to the other two, "I searched the underwear cabinet from top to bottom, and my best vibrator is gone. I'd just bought it recently too. I could have sworn I put it there. It has some cool remote control features."

She held up a bag and pulled out a few items. "But at least I have all these other vibrators, including this anal one. And here are some Ben Wa balls, and some anal beads, too." She didn't realize that the Televibe that she was looking for was gone because Alan had taken it to school to use on Glory.

However, Xania did realize that, since she was the one who advised him to take them and how to use them. She whispered to Suzanne, "Does Susan know that Alan is fucking his teacher, Glory Rhymer?"

Suzanne nodded.

So Xania explained, "Actually, I told him to take a sex toy called the Televibe to school."

Suzanne groaned in frustration. "That's the one."

Xania continued, "I know. They're pretty nice. Susan, if you don't know what it is, he's going to use a remote control device to stimulate his teacher Glory with vibrators all day long."

Susan immediately complained, "OH MY! You've got to be kidding me! He can do that? I'm sooooo jealous! You mean Tiger can control my cunt all day long, with a remote control vibrator?! Why hasn't he used that on me yet?!"

Suzanne pointed out, "You've said you don't want any big objects in your cunt, not until he 'deflowers' you with his flesh-and-blood cock."

"That's true," Susan admitted. "But after! Oh my GOD! After! The possibilities! He'll be in my cunt all the time in one way or another. He'll be controlling it and fucking it twenty-four hours a day! YES! Mmmm! Mmmm! MMMM! He'll keep me, his horny big-titted mommy slut, in endless HEAT! Oh no, I'm gonna cum!"

She didn't actually cum then, but it was close.

Xania was chagrined. So much for my strategy of keeping her close to the edge. She's far too excitable.

What Xania didn't know though was that Alan using the remote control vibrator was an even more exciting prospect for Suzanne than it was for Susan.

Suzanne tried not to show this outwardly in any way. But she was the one who'd bought the Televibe with the explicit hope that Alan would use it on her eventually.

She handed over the bag of sex toys to Xania, and then surreptitiously massaged her pussy lips while reveling in Susan's sexual fantasy of Alan using the vibrators twenty-four hours a day, except in Suzanne's dreams he focused on her instead of Susan. Then, being more inclusive, she thought, He can do it to both of us! Ah, that's the spirit.

Xania looked in the bag, and said, "These will do. These will do just fine. Susan, some things are best taught in a hands-on fashion. I'm going to put one in your mouth first, then I'm going to put one up your ass. By the way, the remote control vibrator unit, the Televibe, has an anal vibrator too. Your son is using that on Glory today as well."

That got an appreciative groan from Susan, who said, "May I just mention how very HOT that is?! I mean, my son has tamed his history teacher! I still can't believe it!"

Surprisingly, Suzanne groaned too, with even more lusty passion. Her hand was buried in her crotch so the others couldn't see, but she had a nice orgasm while focusing on the thought of Alan keeping her pussy AND ass constantly stuffed with vibrators.

She thought, Why Glory, my Sweetie? Why not me? Okay, I can understand the thrill of secretly controlling your teacher and her cunt in front of class. But still, it was MY idea in the first place to buy these things, and I love you more than her! I want you up my cunt and up my butt all the time! And Susan too. And why should Angel or Amy be left out, for that matter?

Okay. That's it. I'm gonna visit Ginger's sex shop TODAY and order a bunch more of those! Best if there'll never be a problem of running out.

Oooh! Maybe Sweetie could have a bunch of phones and control us all at the same time! Or, more practically, he could have one phone that controls all the Televibes at the same time. That would be interesting, having a shared orgasmic experience with everyone else in the harem at the same time, no matter where we are! Either way, given how he's picking up big-titted nymphos everywhere, I'm going to have to buy a LOT of these! Woo!

Suzanne felt jealous when Alan focused his attention (and toys) on someone like Glory, but she also reveled in the large number of sexual conquests he had. Logic didn't play a big part in her thinking when she was very aroused. She was so horny that she didn't realize how much she sounded like Susan when Susan was similarly excited.

Susan was still lying down on the exercise bench and couldn't see what Xania was doing directly below her.

Xania took her time picking out a dildo, increasing Susan's excitement and anticipation.

Within seconds, Susan grew tired of waiting and sat up to help make a choice and speed things along.

Susan commented on the dildo Xania happened to be holding. "Ah. Excellent choice. Let's use that one. That's Mr. Excitement. It's the only one that's black and a foot long. It seems to be a family favorite. But that one in your other hand is far too small."

Xania corrected, "No, this one's a little anal jobber. It starts with a small point and then widens out, so the further you push it in, the more it fills you up."

Susan sat up and clapped her hands like a little child seeing a magic trick. "Oh, goody! Let's imagine Mr. Excitement is Tiger - it's about the right size. And then let's pretend the other one is under his remote control." She was so enthusiastic about Alan's penis that she sincerely thought he was about the same size and thickness as the massive, 12-inch dildo.

Suzanne had recovered from her secret climax by this time, and she joined in. "All right, so you've picked out the dildos. Let's not waste any more time. Susan, assume the position!"

"No fair!" Susan complained playfully. "I've told you how much it excites me when Tiger says that. 'Assume the position.' Oooh! Mmmm!" However, her voice grew a bit sad, and she added, "Too bad you can't put that in my cunt or my ass though."

Suzanne and Xania were surprised at that. "We can't?" they both said at once.

"Of course not. Remember, those holes are saved for my son. I can't allow anything much bigger than a finger in them; it wouldn't be right. But I'd loooove to suck on Mr. Excitement though. Maybe I can practice sucking on it. A good mommy is a cocksucking mommy! And we can get it all lubed up and you can fuck my tits with it. But that's as far as I go."

"Oh, very well," Suzanne said. She was a bit disappointed, as she'd momentarily forgotten Susan's stance on vaginal penetration and she'd had ideas of taking Susan with a strap-on. But she also admired Susan's dedication. She figured she could talk her into changing her mind if she really pushed and worked at it, but she decided that would be selfish and not a very nice thing to do.

Suzanne and Xania respected Susan's wishes, but they also found lots of ways to give her pleasure without using big dildos.

For one thing, both of them realized that Susan was so easily excitable that touching almost wasn't necessary. They kept up a stream of sexual comments that drove her wild. They generally faced towards and directed their comments into Susan's asshole, since she enjoyed that conceit. They discussed various tips, techniques, lubricants, exercises, and strategies on how to keep Susan's ass primed for routine and frequent assfucking while she listened and took it all in.

Xania also used her remarkably long tongue to thoroughly explore Susan's butt, both inside and out. It was accurate to liken her tongue to a man's penis, because she could pump it in and out of an ass or pussy just like a thrusting penis. Its smaller size made it very effective with assholes.

Furthermore, Susan wasn't opposed to all sex toys, just using the big ones in certain ways that came too close to fucking, in her opinion. So Suzanne broke out some anal beads and showed Susan how they worked.

After all the anal talk and Xania's tongue work, Susan's ass was ready to go. The anal beads were just what she needed to take her arousal to the next level. She'd never even known that such things existed. She was endlessly fascinated with having them pushed in her or pulled out. Every time a bead went past her sphincter, it seemed that she practically passed out with the intensity of the experience. After a while her ass grew so sensitive that she started crying to stop, even as she continued to have great climaxes.

Eventually, Suzanne and Xania listened to Susan's increasingly desperate cries for mercy, and let go of her.

Susan had had so many orgasms by that time that she hardly knew her name or where she was.

Xania said naughtily, "Okay, we'll give you a bit of a rest, but just a bit. We have tits ready for milking and an ass to ready for rampant, non-stop fucking. There's no rest for the wicked. We'll keep those beads in there though, as we don't want you to go totally prudish on us."

Susan laughed. "Prudish? Ha! Now that would be so VERY improper!" She walked around a little bit, proudly showing her beads off to the others.

The other two laughed at that turn around of her old catch phrase. But then she sighed, completely exhausted, and sat back down.

Suzanne slapped herself on the forehead. "Xania, what are we doing? We're letting Mr. Excitement go to waste because of Susan's concerns, but we can use it on each other. Susan, do you mind?"

Susan was still strutting around, having fun with her anal beads. "No, not in the least. It would be kind of hot to watch you two get it on, in fact."

"Good." Suzanne reached into the nearby dildo bag and gave a dildo to Xania, then got another one for herself. Xania was impressed with Susan's and Suzanne's sexual enthusiasm. I swear to God, I've never seen such a non-stop hothouse of sex. I'm sure some of the action is due to my presence here today, but they clearly have a lot of fun without me too.

She inhaled deeply of the air. For instance, I can smell semen and cunt even down here in this obviously little-used room. Especially cunt. Juicy, tasty cunt. Wow. I just LOVE this house!

Suzanne stood up, modeling a huge strap-on. It looked to be about 12 inches long.

Susan took one look, and said, "Holy fuck! I think that's even bigger than Alan Junior!"

Suzanne replied, "I think it just may be. Xania, are you ready for a 'holy fuck?'" She was gently teasing, since Susan so rarely used the F-word.

Xania said wryly, "Well, as a sex therapist and researcher, I feel rather obliged to try out new experiences. Besides, it could be an interesting religious experience too."

Suzanne smiled and teased, "Believe me, with this dildo attached to this strap-on, you just might experience a second cumming."

"That's true," Xania laughed.

Suzanne suggested, "Seeing as how we're nearly done with our morning exercise routine, we have to show Xania our other favorite morning activity: nude sunbathing by the pool. I'll tell ya, Xania, life is tough for the idle rich. When do you have to leave?"

"Noon, at the latest. I have a class to go to up in L.A."

"Let's go upstairs. We're gonna have more fun before you go. The application of suntan lotion alone is worth the trip down from L.A., believe me! However, first, I see a cunt that needs fucking." She winked in Xania's direction.

Xania felt her heart swell with lust and love for her old friend. "It's good to have you back in my life."bender

"It's good to have you back in MY life. Our lives, actually. Us Plummers are a close-knit team." Suzanne didn't notice that she'd just called herself a "Plummer."

Xania nodded. Then she looked over at Susan and saw her pulling on her anal beads. I thought I love sex, but these two are total nymphomaniacs! I don't know how Alan can keep them satisfied, much less his other women too. If only I could have this routine every day, with these two... Man, I have to come here more often! When's my next free day?

Chapter 854 Is This Class Ever Going To End?

Back at school, Glory still had one Televibe vibrator in her pussy and a smaller egg-shaped one in her ass. The cell phone allowed Alan to remotely control the vaginal vibrator with the press of a single button in his pocket. He'd put the Televibe to good use during the first two breaks between classes, but during the break between third and fourth periods he'd had an unpleasant run in with Heather. All of his troubles with her put him in a bad mood, so now that his fourth-period class taught by Glory had begun, he wasn't in the mood to mess around with her vibrators.

Furthermore, he reminded himself, he'd vowed not to bother her while teaching. But as time wore on during class and he saw Glory looking even more lovely and desirable than ever as she walked around and lectured (due in no small part to her flushed cheeks and unusually high arousal level), the thought kept coming back to him, I told her I wouldn't bother her while teaching, not that I wouldn't bother her during her classes. There's a loophole there. Technically, I can do something to her in class when she's not actively lecturing.

But for the time being, he didn't have much of a chance to slip through that loophole, as Glory was very busy with another one of her lectures. The class was World History, and today she was teaching about the beginnings of the European age of exploration. She was so engaged in a discussion of how the inventions of gunpowder and the compass impacted history that Alan thought it a great shame to interrupt her.

However, he only saw Glory's outwardly visible behavior.

In fact, even as she ably lectured, on another level her mind was heavily focused on the two vibrators within her. The anal vibrator was still on its lowest setting, but its very presence up her ass created constant, curious sensations for her, especially whenever she walked around. She was completely unused to having anything up her ass except for an occasional finger during sex. However, she was starting to like these new sensations in her ass. It began to dawn on her that she was in the process of discovering a new erogenous zone, although she had such an ingrained aversion to anything anal that she was loathe to admit even that much.

But as interesting as the anal vibrator felt, the vaginal vibrator still occupied most of her thoughts. Alan hadn't changed the settings during the last break (due to his confrontation with Heather), and she was very disappointed that he'd kept it on the lowest setting for so long. She'd completely forgotten about her initial determination to take the Televibe out!

She'd given the lecture she was giving several times before, and she felt she could do it in her sleep. Only the vibrator and its low, steady buzz held her full attention today. She was somewhat worried that

her face was flushed, but she was confident the students would have no clue that was due to any sex toys. She was determined to hide how aroused she truly was.

Alan's rotten mood, brought on by his confrontation with Heather, slowly evaporated. The more he gazed at Glory, the less he thought of Heather.

After about twenty minutes, a student finally raised their hand and asked a rather involved question.

Alan saw a chance to strike, as he figured Glory wasn't technically teaching when a student was talking. He switched the Televibe from its lowest setting, zero, to setting number six, which he knew had quickly become one of her favorites. He still only had a vague idea what any of the ten settings did, but he'd gotten positive feedback on a couple and negatives on a couple others, so he tried to make the best of that knowledge.

Glory had a rather bored expression on her face, until the instant Alan changed the pussy Televibe to the six setting. WHOA! ALAN! Not during my class! Nooooo! Her eyes immediately bugged out, but she quickly covered for that, trying to make it appear that she was surprised and fascinated by the question being asked.

It was all Alan could do not to laugh out loud with glee upon seeing the reaction he'd caused, plus her efforts to disguise her feelings. Despite Glory's mental protests about him activating the Televibe in class, her face now radiated happiness instead of her previously bored look. When the question came to an end and she started her reply, Alan turned the vibrator back to the zero setting, which actually earned him a sharp glance of disapproval from his teacher.

He thought, A-ha! So she likes it, even during class. Interesting. Veeery interesting. I'm almost positive that frown wasn't for me starting, but for me stopping! I think I've found the perfect way to get my Heather troubles off of my mind. I'll just have to look for more opportunities to give Glory a jolt without violating my pledge not to interfere with her teaching. If she even so much as stops to sneeze, that's not teaching, and it's time for another jolt! He chuckled silently.

About another minute later, another student asked a question.

No sooner did Glory stop talking and point at the raised hand than Alan switched the vibrator to another setting. He still didn't know how the ten settings worked, but he'd figured out that the zero to three

settings went from weak to strong, and beyond that the settings followed no understandable pattern. So he switched the setting from zero to two, the "Medium Gear" setting. That got a raised eyebrow and slight smile from her about two seconds after he'd pressed the button for the new setting.

He thought, A-ha! She does like it! And here I was so concerned that she'd get upset at me for ruining her concentration. But he still turned it back down once Glory resumed her lecture.

After that, Glory seemed increasingly distracted. This in turn led to more questions, as she was leaving obvious gaps in her explanations. More questions meant more opportunities with the Televibe. She would flash him a smile or frown after each question ended, indicating whether she liked his recent setting change or not.

Alan wondered, Is she distracted because of the vibrator, or is she purposely messing up so she'll get more questions? Or is there some delightful combination? How far can I go with this? I still don't want to keep it on when she's teaching, because that would violate my previous promise. I wish there was some way I could talk to her directly and find out exactly what she wants. But then again, maybe not knowing for sure is part of what makes it such fun.

Indeed, Glory wanted more questions so she'd be able to enjoy more secret Televibe fun. As the teacher, she could act. She soon reached a good break in her lecture, and announced to the class, "I want everyone to recall their reading assignment and come up with one question. Then we'll collect all the questions and I'll select someone else at random to answer. This'll be a good way to judge both the intelligence of the question and the answer."

Alan naturally assumed that he'd be the one to collect the questions, since he was the teacher's pet sitting in the front row and such tasks usually fell to him. So he took the opportunity to write her a couple of true/false questions, with a couple of questions like, "Can I turn it on while you're teaching?" and "What about a new policy? Anything goes, unless you indicate you don't like it." He also wrote up a regular question, just in case he had to give something to someone else.

He collected up all the questions, just as he'd assumed he would, and walked up behind her desk to hand them to her, including his special Televibe-related ones. But he was in for a surprise.

Glory was ready for him, and she'd pulled her skirt up and panties aside so he could see the Televibe wiggling at the entrance to her pussy. She handed him a note, which read:

Look how hot you're making me!

I'm throwing all caution to the wind!

His penis had been partially engorged, but it immediately surged to full size. Taking advantage of the placement of the podium and desk, he was forced to adjust his shorts so the bulge wouldn't look so obvious. He quickly and surreptitiously put her note in his pocket, and then silently pointed out the questions he'd written.

She simply wrote:

"YES!!!"

With that one word she answered all of his questions, confirming "anything goes" regarding his use of the Televibe on her, even in class.

He walked back to his desk with a smug and happy look. His only problem was concealing his erection, especially while walking and not being able to get any relief for it at the moment.

Now that Glory and Alan had made their desires clear to each other, their fun escalated. It helped that her question session was starting up. She stood up behind the podium and began reading out the questions other students had turned in. Then she'd select a student at random to try to come up with a good answer.

Nothing happened to her Televibe at first. She was surprised and disappointed that Alan didn't change the vibrator settings, now that she was letting him do that at any time.

However, he was waiting for a number. As soon as she said a number, "In 1498, Vasco de Gamma sailed around the African continent and discovered the riches of Asia," he dialed in the number eight on the Televibe.

She went on without much pause or seeing the connection as the "Techno" pattern pounded through her. But then, a few sentences later, she stated, "As the Portuguese had reached Asia only six years after Columbus discovered America in 1492," Alan hit her with a six and then a two.

She grinned as she realized that she was now fully in control of the vibrator's settings by the words she said. Suddenly, she decided to answer the selected questions herself. Furthermore, although no one else noticed it but Alan, her answers were filled with numerical references.

Before long, she systematically worked her way from zero to nine, and surreptitiously flashed facial expressions in Alan's direction to indicate which settings she liked the best.

But she was still in for a surprise. She happened to mention, "With the main routes to the Far Eastern riches monopolized by the Spanish and Portuguese, other nations strove to open a back door to Asia that would let them in as well." Alan had been thinking about turning on the anal vibrator. Her mention of "back door" gave him a delicious excuse to do so.

When he turned that vibrator on, again merely by pressing buttons on the cell phone hidden in his pocket, he received the most entertaining expression from Glory yet.

She sputtered in mid-word while her eyes bulged out and her hands reflexively grasped at her ass cheeks. Needless to say, that caused quite a few titters from the other students. That in turn made Glory blush, which only caused even more of a murmuring from her class.

To stifle idle speculation, she said, "Excuse me, class, but I'm having a very upset stomach today. But never mind about that. It's not a big problem. Where was I?" and she continued where she left off.

Confident again, she shot Alan a dirty look, and said, "But let's not focus on the back door route, let's discuss the much more interesting front door route." She emphasized the words "back door" and "front door" to an almost suspicious degree.

To her chagrin, he only upped the settings on the anal vibrator the second time she said "back door," and then he changed the vaginal vibrator to a powerful setting when she mentioned "front door."

Soon he was changing the settings on both vibrators at the slightest opportunity.

Glory learned she shouldn't use the word "but" if she could help it, because he'd always change the anal vibrator every time she did. Similarly, the words "to" or "too" and "for" put the vaginal vibrator at two and four respectively. Four was the most intense setting, so she tried particularly hard to avoid that one.

The problem was, she soon became so overwhelmed with sexual stimulation that she could hardly concentrate on what she was saying anymore. That meant that she wasn't really able to avoid key words and numbers and kept saying them more often, which only made her even more stimulated. It was a vicious circle. She tried particularly hard not to use the word "but." However, that proved to be nearly impossible, since it was such a common and necessary word.

Within a couple of minutes, she was forced to sit down behind her desk for fear of rivulets of pussy juice running down her thighs so copiously that her students would get an idea of just how aroused she was. Her panties were thoroughly sodden and soaked through. She was eager to change out of them, but of course she had no way to do that in the middle of class. Sitting down prevented obvious dripping, but in a sense it only made matters worse, because now, safely behind her desk, she could touch her pussy without anyone knowing.

Anyone except Alan, though. He watched the movement of her arms very intently and quickly figured out exactly what she was doing.

Glory thought, I don't know what's come over me! I'm acting completely irresponsibly, ruining my lecture and fondling myself right in front of everybody! I promised myself not to do this ever again. No, Glory, no! It's a good thing I happen to know this particular topic like the back of my hand, or I'd be in really bad shape! I can't do this! Teaching comes first. Yet my pussy feels so fine, so alive, so cared for! This is terribly exciting! Such a fun game! I can't stop. Can't stop. No. Keep going. Alan, hit me again! Another one! Keep doing it! I love it! I love YOU! Yes!

If there was only some way all these kids could LEAVE and Alan could bend me over my desk and RAM HIS COCK HOME! God dammit, young man, NAIL my slutty hot hole! Fingers... dildos... even the Televibe... they just don't cut it! I need COCK!

She was getting so excited that she could barely keep teaching, so she switched back to having other students answer the questions. She let them do most of the talking for a while.

That meant he didn't have many signals to change the vibrator settings to, and now that they were playing this way he didn't want to change the settings willy nilly. Besides, he could see her face was growing flushed and panicky, and he figured she could use the break.

She was glad for the chance to calm down, but she didn't want to calm down too much. She was having the time of her life, reveling in the danger and excitement.

She'd hiked her skirt up so the growing puddle of cum on her chair wouldn't get her clothes wet. Thinking that the chair was too risky after all (as she couldn't control her masturbation), she cleaned herself up a bit and then moved behind her podium again.

But really this was only an excuse to get even more daring. Soon, she hiked her skirt up so high that anyone could see her entire panty covered crotch or ass if they had the right angle. Yet she knew that no one had the right angle to see, especially since she pressed herself up closely to the podium.

It was a cloudy day, so there were no reflections on the windows, and therefore not even Alan could see what was happening below the podium edge. However, he had a good idea what was happening by the way she was panting and getting red and the fact that she wasn't gesticulating with both hands as she normally did. His erection was like a steel bar in his shorts and he longed for some kind of way to give it relief.

Glory knew the other students must have noticed her flushed appearance, so she mentioned her supposed sickness again to explain away her strange behavior. But then she pushed her luck even further. She put a hand to her face as if wiping a fevered brow, but very strategically she showed only three extended fingers.

Alan got the hint, and turned both vibrators to the powerful three setting. bender

She didn't expect the anal vibrator change as well, and a surprising anal tingle brought her right to the edge of a climax. But rather than stop, she wanted to go all the way. She made another swipe across her forehead, this time showing four fingers.

He turned both vibrators to four, one of the highest settings.

She cried out as she was wracked by an intense multiple orgasm. She clutched at the podium with both hands while her whole body vibrated back and forth. Luckily, her face looked agonized, though really she was in complete ecstasy.

As she came down from her orgasmic high, she decided, Okay, I've had enough fun. In fact, far too much fun! My whole teaching career could be destroyed today, due to my reckless behavior. This has to stop, now!

She made a move to return to her desk seat and fully recover.

Alan was quick thinking. He strongly suspected that her skirt was hiked up and she was too blissed out to care about it. When she covered the short distance between the podium and the desk, she was bound to expose her privates to the whole class. In a flash, he sensed she was going to make this mistake, judging from her spaced out facial expression.

Just as she started to make the move, he stood up and shouted, "Ms. Rhymer!" All eyes turned to him, which was his intention.

Better, Glory stopped moving and again grasped the podium to keep from falling over in her languid erotic bliss.

He urgently explained, "Everyone, our teacher isn't well. Ms. Rhymer, you really need to go to the nurse!" He rushed up to the podium and held her up. He looked down and saw with horror that his instincts were right, because the lower edge of her skirt was still hanging a couple inches above her crotch. He managed to tug her skirt down without anyone seeing, using the podium as cover.

Glory was so out of it that she didn't even realize what a close call she'd had. She waved off his help and returned to her desk, saying, "Thanks, but I'm all right. I just need to sit down for a minute."

An awkwardly quiet minute passed as she panted and recovered back at her desk. Then she had the students continue their discourses, and she made a good faith effort to pay attention.

Soon she was able to teach again, thanks to the fact that he had turned both vibrators down to their lowest settings in the meantime. But her panties were sopping wet, and she appeared to be completely

drained. Had anyone been looking closely at her legs as she moved from her podium to her desk, they would have seen rivulets of liquid pouring down past her knees.

There was simply no way she could stand up again in class for any reason, and she knew it. She felt like her legs were two giant wet noodles. Her heart continued to race wildly, because she sensed her entire teaching career was on the razor's edge.

He remained concerned that things had gone too far. One of the students to answer one of the history questions had long blonde hair, and that reminded him of the similarly blonde Christine.

With the Televibe situation seemingly in hand, he began thinking back to when he'd asked Christine out and she'd turned him down. It no longer caused him pain to remember that. Instead, it mainly reminded him of how much had changed in a short time.

I wonder if Christine suspects that something's up with Glory. Christine is so proper; she'd have a total hissy fit and call the cops if she ever suspected her teacher was wearing one vibrator, much less two. It's things like that which make it better that I'm not pursuing her seriously anymore. She could never fit into my new life, which is too bad because she's great in so many ways. She could never deal with the "Bad Alan," the one that even at this moment is considering the possibility of upping the Televibe settings again. I'm so incorrigible!

But his concerns for Glory's reputation and teaching job still dominated his thinking. He left his controls alone.

That gave Glory a chance to recover. She thought, more calmly now, I went too far. Way, way too far! Crazy! Today, I've just been in one of those moods where I've been really needy for Alan. I sure picked the wrong day, with his Televibe experiment going on!

Hot damn! It's like the last hours have been one constant, massive orgasm! But no matter how arousing that's been, it's a huge relief that he's stopped. I can't ever let him do this to me again, or I'll lose my job for sure. I have to play it cool for the rest of class, or else I'm going to do something very stupid. As it is, it's all I can do not to stand up and proudly announce, "Class is dismissed early. Alan is going to fuck my brains out now!"

Hell, just standing all the way up would be a disaster, with the way I look.

She glanced at the clock on the wall. Fuck. Fifteen more minutes. When is this class ever going to end?

She kept her promise to play it cool until class ended. She wasn't in much shape to teach, especially with thoughts of what Alan might do to her during lunch looming large in her mind, but she managed to drag out the exercise where the students did most of the talking until the class came to an end.

He was a bit disappointed he couldn't keep playing with the Televibe settings. His erection went flaccid after a while. But the awareness of how close she had come to great scandal by exposing her privates before the entire class kept him sober and a bit chastened.

Chapter 855 Let Me Give You The Best Deep Throat Ever!

Alan's erection came back with a vengeance as the time left in the class hour slowly ran out. He knew for sure that as soon as the other students were gone, he'd be on Glory like a wild man.

Glory knew it too. If he wasn't planning on doing that already, she probably was ready to tackle him before he went out the door. Her excitement started to grow as time ran out too. She tried not to show up, but there were signs in her face.

Alan read those subtle signs and grew more excited. Then Glory read his subtle signs and grew more excited too. It was a positive feedback loop.

The school bell eventually rang, signaling to both of them that her class had mercifully come to an end.

Alan and Glory were so aroused that they could hardly contain themselves. They waited anxiously until all the other students had left. Then they flew at each other and kissed passionately.

To Alan's surprise, Glory exclaimed, "You're so good to me!"

That really surprised him, because he thought she'd complain. But he didn't reply and just kissed her some more. Their hands were busy, and while the kissing still continued they both somehow managed to get some of each other's clothes off.

Then Glory suddenly pulled away and said, "God, that was an insane class! You've made my pussy red hot, like a scalding bar of iron straight from the forge. It burns to touch it! Please, put out the fire! Put it out!"

He knelt down in front of where she stood and put his face up next to her pussy. He found that what she'd said had a lot of truth to it, because her pussy was radiating a surprising amount of real heat. His face was actually warmed just by being near it.

He leaned in closer and began licking. With his tongue on her clit, he spread her pussy lips even more so that he could slide a finger in alongside her vibrator, stretching her even more tightly until he found her G-spot. He frantically licked and friggled her on her two most sensitive spots.

It was more than she could take after everything that had happened that day. She came within seconds, and came hard. For a moment, her pussy gushed at Brenda-esque levels. She thundered through the intensely powerful climax, her entire body vibrating as if she was a large bell that he'd just struck. The only thing was that she forced herself not to make much noise. But the reminder that she had to stay quiet because she was having sex with him in her classroom helped send her orgasm to an even higher level.

She was so overcome that she actually lost control of her body and fell hard onto the floor before he could react and brace her fall. Luckily, she wasn't hurt.

She just lay where she fell, panting hard. She was completely oblivious to the temporary pain, while the pleasure centers of her brain flooded everything else from her awareness. When she finally recovered something of herself, she looked up at him, as if for the first time, and saw him standing naked above her with his massive erection towering over her head.

"Young man," she said with a wry smile, "what do you have there? Is that a monstrously huge cock poking me in the face, or are you just happy to see me?" She giggled at that, and he did too.

Then she said, "But seriously, it looks like you've seen to my needs and I've forgotten all about yours. What should we do about that?" She licked her lips seductively. Since her pussy was filled with the Televibe, she had a blowjob on her mind.

He replied, "Whatever we do, let's make it last. As excited as I am right now, I doubt I'll be able to get it up again before lunch is over. That's just the feeling I have."

He didn't want to explain why, but the truth was he was still suffering a kind of orgasmic hangover from the poker party, fucking Brenda, and then fucking Xania, all within a short time frame. Plus, he knew he'd have a lot more sex later in the day, and he needed to pace himself.

He suggested, "Let's do a role-play. We haven't done one of those in days, and it'll help make the fun last through lunch."

"We've done far too little in days, my favorite young man. By the way, before I get too carried away with your cock, remind me that we can never get that carried away during class! That was far too reckless!"

"Agreed. I'm really sorry."

She simply nodded. She figured they'd talk more about that later. Right now, she had a powerful erotic hunger that needed to be satisfied. Suddenly, a strange look came over her face. "I've had a certain role-play in mind for a couple of days now. I'd like to surprise you with it."

He was pleased. "Surprise away."

"Okay. You'll have to turn around and close your eyes. But first, can you... Am I allowed to take it out? You know, the big one? Otherwise, how will you fit in?" They both knew that she was referring to the larger of the two Televibes.

He considered her request, and then answered, "No. Not yet. When I'm ready to enter you, only then. Your holes must be filled constantly today. No exceptions."

"You're so mean," she pouted, but she did as he said and kept it in. "My holes are killing me, you know. This fuck is going to be an exquisite mixture of pleasure and pain. But first, hide yourself. I'm going to go get the costume."

So Alan closed his eyes and turned his back.

Glory wasn't very long getting changed. She wasn't wearing any clothes to change out of, and what she took out of her supply closet was easy to slip on. She wasn't sure about the idea behind this role-play, and the Televibe was distracting her so much that she considered doing something else. But it was something she'd thought out and arranged the night before, so she decided she might as well go through with it.

"Ready yet?" he asked with some anxiousness. He was really looking forward to more role-playing with her. Just going a couple of days without their games seemed far too long.

"Almost. You'll have to visualize the setting, as I don't have many props. Okay. I'm starting now." Her voice changed subtly and she nearly yelled, "Son, is that you? I'm over in the kitchen, doing the dishes!" It was as if she was shouting from across a house.

He opened his eyes. He noticed the room was much darker now - she'd obviously closed the curtains. He saw her standing with her back to him. She was up against the chalkboard, but her hands were moving as if she were washing dishes. She wore nothing but an apron. He could see all of her back and ass, and a lot of one of her tits in profile. Despite the sexy sight, he felt a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach.

He was overwhelmed by fear and horror as he realized what she was doing. She's role-playing a mother. A mother! She hates incest! There's no way this is a normal role-play - this is a test! She must have suspicions about me and this is how she thinks she's going to find out! I can't let her. I can't let her see my face, or I'll give it away!

"Well?" she asked impatiently. Something in her voice also disturbed him.

He quickly closed the distance to her, figuring that if he was right behind her, she couldn't turn to see him. He put his hands on her ass cheeks and aggressively caressed them. He got down on his knees and nearly buried his face in her ass crack as well, to make sure she couldn't see his expression. But then he decided that wasn't necessary and just kept his face an inch or so above her ass cheeks. He trusted in his

steady hands and steady voice, but he knew his face must be burning with a heavy blush. Given her attitude on incest, he feared it would be all over if she got even one look at him.

He said, "I absolutely love your ass in this apron, Glory, but what's with this 'son' stuff? Obviously you can't be pretending to be a mother because I know how much you hate the whole incest idea. You must be a maid. That's sexy. Did you know I used to have a maid who called me 'son' when I was little?" In fact he didn't, but he hoped she'd buy it.

She asked, again in a voice that didn't seem playful, "So you don't even like the idea of incest in a fantasy? Can't one fantasize about anything? It's not like it's real life."

She thought about turning to gauge his reaction, but she was afraid to see. Not only was she fearful that she might not like his response, but she was anxious to get fucked and didn't want anything to ruin it. Xania's advice to Alan to keep Glory so constantly filled with the Televibe or his cock that she was too distracted to suspect anything was paying dividends even during this challenge she was giving him.

"What was that? I'm sorry, but I'm having a hard time concentrating. The fact is, now that the initial burst after class is over, I've got something on my mind that's bothering me so much that not even this magnificent ass can distract me. I've got some really bad news."

She finally tried to turn and look at him.

However, he buried his face in her ass crack so she couldn't see his redness. "No, let me give you pleasure to balance out your pain." He licked right at her anus. His tongue pushed at her asshole while the egg-shaped vibrator kept right on lightly buzzing away deeper inside her.

She couldn't help but moan with pleasure from what he was doing to her, but inside she was torn. Now it was her turn to get a horrible sinking feeling. I knew it! He's sleeping with his mother! Probably her AND his sister! I've seen them both and they're both so remarkably attractive, and he's so very virile, handsome, and confident. And with his treatment, it was inevitable. But he's gone too far. Too far! His own family? I can't bear it. I can't even imagine how I can look him in the eye ever again! It's too-

Her thoughts were interrupted by his words. "It's Heather. You know, Heather Morgan, the head cheerleader I've been sleeping with?"

"Heather? Yes? She's in one of my classes. What about her?" She was puzzled. Am I wrong about my suspicions? Please tell me I'm wrong, Alan! His bad news is about Heather? Her quick mind flashed to the strange confrontation she'd had with Heather two days before.

"Yes. Her. I found out just an hour before class that she's been spreading rumors about you all over school. Horrible rumors. It pains me to say this, but she's been telling people that I've gotten you pregnant. She says you're either going to have to quit teaching or have an abortion."

He slid up her body so he could hug her from behind. His stiff pole naturally settled into the crack of her ass as though it belonged there, causing her to sigh and lean back against him. This new position cleverly gave him more time to wait for his blush to fade.

She remained in his arms for some time while she absorbed this, but then she suddenly squirmed out of his grasp and stomped across the room. She stared out the window for a few moments.

Alan could see that her hands were tightened into fists and her whole body was tensed up, as if she was about to explode.

She dramatically turned back around and strode right up to him. With a voice filled with menace and tension, she said in low, quiet tones, "Why? Tell me why she said this."

He could look her in the eyes now, and did. He hoped that either his blush had faded or she was so preoccupied that she wouldn't notice. "There's more. She also claims that your boyfriend mistreats you and passes you around to all his friends. She wants to destroy your reputation."

She spun on her heels and strode back to the window. She raised her arms as if she was going to punch something, but then in an act of great self-control, she slowly lowered them again. "Is that all she says? The joke's on her! I don't even have a fucking boyfriend anymore!"

"What?" He was confused. He knew she had been drifting apart from her long-term boyfriend Garth for several weeks now, but he thought they were still together. "But I thought that you... You and he..."

She twirled back in his direction. "Fuck! I was going to tell you at a special time, but now Heather's fucked that up too. That bitch! I'll fucking kill her! I'm so sorry to tell you like this, but it's true. He and I

broke up over the weekend. That's one reason why I was so needy for you. How could I stay with him another day after the way you make me feel? But Heather! Arrrggh!"

She went storming off across the room again.

She was filled with righteous anger, but didn't know how to let go of it. She'd been raised with manners and believed a woman just didn't hit things or throw things or get destructive. She pumped her fists in the air and cried again, "Arrrggh!"

She came storming back up to Alan and looked him right in his face. "She knows about us. I figured that out two days ago. She came up to me and tried to play some kind of mind game. You and I really should have talked. She's trying to separate you from me, isn't she?"

"That's what I figure. The rumors started today. Apparently she's started rumors against Amy today as well. I ran into Heather an hour ago and told her, in so many words, to stop the rumors. But once they're out there they can never be completely stopped." He didn't have to mention that Amy was his official girlfriend because Glory knew that all too well. It was a sore subject with her.

Glory pulled away and stormed across the room again. "What the fuck? I don't mind the rumors that much; I can handle myself against some baseless rumors. What bothers me is what this means. This means WAR! If Heather wants to tangle, I'm gonna tangle! That FUCKING BITCH SLUT doesn't know who she's messing with!"

He crossed the room and caught up with Glory as she paced back and forth. He gripped her in a bear hug, and said, "It's all right. Let it out. Hit me on the back if it'll help."

Her voice said, "I can't do that," but her hands began hitting his back before those words had finished leaving her mouth. She rained punches on his back with her hands that had been wrapped around him the same way a petulant baby pounds its fists.

Her blows were surprisingly hard, and for a reason. Subconsciously, she wasn't just mad at Heather, she was mad at herself and Alan for putting her in the position where she could lose her job and her reputation due to a bitchy cheerleader. All of her worries and fears about her relationship with Alan came flooding out in her anger and her punches.

But then he kissed her roughly on the mouth and took her breath away. She found herself so overwhelmed with the kiss that she stopped her futile blows and found herself squeezing him with all her might as she kissed him back as if it was the last kiss she'd ever have the chance to make.

They kissed and hugged for several minutes until her surge of frustrated energy passed. She pulled back to make eye contact. She was gentle and soft with her words, yet still with an underlying angry edge, "Heather thinks she can take you away from me, does she? Well, she's wrong. Nothing can separate us. Nothing! Certainly not that fuckwad dipshit evil bimbo and her stupid tricks!"bender

Mere minutes earlier she'd been on the verge of breaking up with Alan over her incest suspicions, but now that was the last thing on her mind.

He asked, "What should we do, Glory? Let's figure something out. I'm sure that between you and me, we can-"

She interrupted, "Ah, fuck it! I'm in no mood to think. I'm so pissed. Not only that, but I'm incredibly horny! That was the greatest kiss ever. It makes me uncontrollably hot and bothered to know that you know just what to do with me. You knew when to let me rage and when to hold me. I really shouldn't let my pussy do my thinking for me, but you make me feel" - she paused for a deep breath - "so fucking good!"

The only word in that statement she whispered was "fucking." She said it as if it was the dirtiest word she'd ever uttered.

She reached down to his still stiff erection. "And I still haven't taken care of you. Let me give you the best deep throat ever!"

Chapter 856 Is It Going To Begin?

Alan kept hugging Glory, and said, "I've got another idea. I really want to do a role-play, but that one you had with the apron is so overdone. I have a really strange suggestion. Why don't you pretend to be Heather?"

"What? That's odd. Why don't you be Heather and then I'll kick your ass!" Glory's eyes flashed dangerously.

He laughed. "No thanks. You already beat my back pretty good. Let's try it the other way around. For starters, take that apron off."

She replied, hesitantly, "All right. You always seem to know what to do, so I'll trust you." She stepped back from him, dropped the apron, and then stood there.

He stood in front of her with his stiff dick poking out, and tingles of sexual arousal flowing through him. He whistled in appreciation. "Glory, you're gorgeous!"

She looked down at her feet bashfully. "Thanks." She felt very self-conscious, because she had an idea about just how stunning at least some of Alan's other lovers were, and she worried that she didn't measure up. For instance, she worried that if it came to a popular beauty contest between herself and Heather, Heather would win. She was too embarrassed to tell that to him right now though.

She remained standing, unsure of what to do next. Finally she said, "Now I'm Heather. Now what?"

"Well, if you're Heather, what would you say?"

Glory thought about this for a few moments. Glory had a high, dainty, and refined voice, whereas Heather's was coarse and casual, with a tinge of Valley Girl-speak to it. Both had been raised in upper middle class homes, but Glory had been raised very properly, whereas Heather had been left to run wild. Glory was good at voices and knew Heather's from teaching her, so she launched into an excellent mock-Heather accent.

"Hi, my name is Heather, and I'm a complete BITCH!" She smiled, and then laughed.

He smiled too, and asked, "Didn't that feel good?"

"You shut up, you! I'm Heather, and nobody talks back to me! I'm a fucking bitch and I OWN this school. I'm a stuck up cunt and I don't talk to just anyone, so get out of my face!" Glory turned her head and

tossed her hair back flippantly, dismissing him from her presence with a final disdainful glance in his direction.

She decided she was really enjoying this already. It was cathartic.

He started to say, "Heather-"

However, Glory interrupted him. "Did you hear me? I said that I'm Heather fucking Morgan! Do I need to say any more? Don't you realize that you're talking to the most beautiful girl in the whole school?"

He laughed. "I thought she said that just to me. Does she tell everyone that?"

Glory smiled, and said in her normal voice, "I don't know if she says it in those particular words, but she implies it with every sentence."

Then she switched back to her Heather voice. "Because after all, I'm Heather. Don't you love me? Everybody loves me. If you don't love me, I'll crush you like a bug. And if you do, I'll use you like a tool, you worthless peon. I'll bet you want to fuck me, but you can't. Even though I'm such a slut, I'm not going to sleep with YOU." She looked at him disdainfully and then turned away again with contempt.

"Wow! That's scary good!" He asked, "Feeling better, Glory?"

Back in her normal voice, she replied, "Much! This is so much fun. I know I shouldn't mock one of my own students, but it feels too good to stop."

She had a new idea. "Watch me walk. This is how she walks." She strode across the room, swishing and swaying her hips as dramatically as she could. "She walks everywhere like she's a model walking down a catwalk. It's like she's saying, 'Look at my ass. Don't you want my ass?'"

eH nodded to himself, because it was true. She really walked like that.

He also thought, Remind me never to mess with Glory. She gets totally psycho when she's angry. I feel sorry for Heather. Actually, Heather can give as good as she gets, so no one needs to feel sorry for her. No, I feel sorry for the school building, 'cos it's gonna be rubble by the time these two are done with each other!

Glory seemed content to swish and sway all around the room, Heather-style. In so doing, she made another pleasant discovery. Walking quickly, and swinging her hips dramatically the way Heather did, she became acutely aware of the two vibrators inside of her, and how they shifted and ground against each other with each new stride. It was as if she was being deliciously fucked as she walked around. The quicker and more exaggerated she walked, the better the feeling, especially from the anal vibrator.

She would have liked to experiment more with strutting around, but he was impatient. He wanted to get down to some serious fucking, and the lunch break didn't last that long. He walked up to her, and said, "Okay, Heather. Now imagine I'm a nerd."

Glory reluctantly came to a halt. "Ugh! A nerd? Excuse me while I barf!" Her Heather voice was still a near perfect mockery. She also mimicked Heather's facial expressions well, making a convincing gagging expression when she said the word "nerd."

He moved closer, putting his hands on her shoulders. "Now, keep in mind that not only am I a nerd, but I'm a smart nerd who's slipped you a powerful aphrodisiac."

"Get your hands off me, you lowly nerdling! I'm Heather Morgan, queen of the universe! How dare you!" She tried to wiggle out of his grasp, but she wasn't too successful at it, accidentally on purpose.

He aggressively cupped a tit with one hand and her crotch with the other.

She trapped the hand touching her pussy by squeezing it with her thighs. "Just a minute, nerd! What do you think you're doing?"

"The name is Alan." He continued to grope her boob with his free hand.

"Yeah, whatever. Like I care. I'm the one and only Heather. If you don't let go I'm going to scream."

"Go ahead. There's no one here. You're helpless to stop me. Did you ever see 'The Revenge of the Nerds'? This is it!"

"No way. Oh! Oh God, that feels so good." Alan's trapped hand was still able to finger her slit a bit, and now she parted her thighs to make it easier for him. "Stop that RIGHT NOW or I'll, I'll... I'll get too horny!"

He laughed at that "threat." Then he said menacingly, "That's right, bitch! You're all mine now."

"No! Not a nerd!" Glory reached out and grasped his hard-on with both hands. "I suppose you're going to want me to jack off this big, nerdy penis. And I'll love it because I'm such a bitchy slut... Oh! Why did I say that?"

"Because I also gave you some truth serum. We nerds are great scientists."

"Dammit! Don't you know I'm the great Heather? Everyone has to look at ME! Me, me, me, me, me!" Glory frantically jacked him off as she said this. Then she suddenly fell to her knees. Her tongue flickered out and licked the tip of his cockhead whenever it came within range.

He dropped his role for a second to whisper, "Glory, you're so good at doing Heather that it's uncanny!"

"It's easy to do her." She thought for a second, and joked, "But you probably already know that, in more ways than one!"

That got a good laugh from both of them, even though it was bittersweet humor for Glory.

She continued, "Just combine bitch and slut. Actually, make that a blackmailing bitch who spreads lies and innuendo. Fuck ME!" The emphasis was on the egotistical "me."

"I think I will! Suck on it, Heather. You know you want to."

Glory leaned her head forward to suck even as her hands kept pumping, but then he changed his mind. He said, "Turn around. You're such a bitch that I think you need it up the ass."

Glory stood up and spoke in her normal voice, momentarily dropping her Heather imitation. "Wait a minute, young man. Time out. My role-play enthusiasm will only go so far. Even though I'd love to see Heather get it up the ass, you'll actually be fucking me, not her, and I don't do that anal stuff. Not even for you. I'm sorry. Stick a baseball bat up that hussy's ass, but please leave mine alone."

She meant it, too. Even the pleasant feelings the anal vibrator was causing her weren't enough to overcome her deep-seated resistance to the idea of anal sex.

He was surprised at the vehemence of her opposition to the idea, though in part she was just feeling extremely passionate about everything in her anti-Heather anger. He also was surprised the topic of anal sex had never come up with her before. He could have pointed out the irony of her words, given that she had an anal vibrator buzzing away in her at that very moment, but he let it slide. He figured she didn't need more aggravation, and clearly she imagined a large difference between a small plastic toy and a bigger hard cock.

"Okay, if that's what you want, Glory." He then switched personas and spoke to "Heather" again. "Now, bitch, spread your legs because I'm going to fuck you in your bank."

"My 'bank?'" She reached in and pulled the vaginal vibrator out, because she knew what was coming next, even if she didn't understand his cryptic reference.

"Yes. Hundreds pull up to your drive-thru every day. They cum and leave a deposit. Except from now on you're going to be the cunt on tap for all us nerds."

Chapter 857 Fucking Glory In The Classroom!

"No. No! ... YES!" Glory turned around and leaned over a desk, sticking her ass out at a dramatic angle. She figured that if she couldn't let him fuck her ass, doggy-style would be at least similar. She reached back, found his cock, and helped push it in. "I'm such an evil slut that I can't help myself! Fuck me, whoever you said your name was!"

"The name's Alan, you stupid cow, but it doesn't matter because you're gonna see nothing but an endless blur of nerdy cocks in your cunt from now on." He accentuated the point by driving his penis into her.

"Okay! Sounds delish. I'm a horny slut who just can't get enough!" As if they were having a second conversation, she punctuated that statement by thrusting back at him with her hips. "I'll even take nerdy cocks if they're like yours!"

His role-play was proving cathartic. "Besides, you need to get fucked by a lot of nerdy cocks to make up for the way you treated us. You, and girls like you!"

Glory still gleefully channeled Heather. "I do! I do! I'm a terrible human being! I need to pay. I'm only good for fucking!"

She greatly enjoyed the extra, unusual sensations created by the anal vibrator. She made a decision that while she wasn't in favor of anal sex per se, anal vibrators definitely got a big thumbs up. She spoke passionately, but not too loudly, mindful of the location. "Fuck me hard, Albert!"

"Albert?"

"Sorry. Alfred, right? Deeper, Alfred, deeper!"

Alan laughed, because he figured out Glory was making fun of Heather's self-centeredness and pretending she couldn't remember his name.

She proceeded to call him just about every male name starting with A that she could think of, except for Alan. They both laughed a lot.

They fucked hard and fast for a while. Alan liked to take her anal dildo out and push it back in. She was so very aroused that she didn't object.

Glory had a very hard time not screaming at the top of her lungs, especially when he worked the anal dildo. She knew she couldn't scream though, given where they were.

They eventually came to rest, when he needed to catch his usual second wind.

She thought, Phew! So good! Alan is my man! First, he works me up into a lather with the Televibe, and now he brings it home with the real thing! I'll bet even queens and empresses don't get fucked this good. Bye, bye, Garth. You were a nice guy, but Alan makes my blood boil in the best possible sense. How do you like being outclassed in every way by a high school student?

At the same time, Alan thought while struggling for air, Man, I'm never going to see my desk in the same way again! What a trip, to have my teacher's tits slamming into the same spot where I'm usually writing out answers to her history tests!

A minute or two later, while still resting with his erection all the way inside her, he asked, "Did you choose this desk on purpose?"

"You know I did. Whenever I see you sitting in class, it's about all I can do not to walk right here and say, 'Class, for the rest of the period I'm going to give you a surprise quiz. Explain how the Renaissance got started or some crap like that. Whatever. Everyone that is, except for Alan Plummer. He has a special extra credit project. He's gonna fuck his teacher's pussy raw! Don't mind my screams, just do your work.'"

They laughed.

Alan said, "Awww, shucks. But I have so much to say about the start of the Renaissance, not to mention some other crap like that. And extra credit sounds to me like extra work."bender

They laughed some more.

He thought, Man, I'm on top of the world. Fucking my teach in the nude right after class is over, and on my desk no less, is such a natural high! And with any luck I'll be doing this until the end of the year. At least! He chuckled to himself.

As they were about to resume, Glory said in her normal voice, "That was fun being Heather. But now, I want you to show me how much you love me."

He began fucking her as she'd requested. The emotional mood switched gears accordingly, They were all gentle caresses and blowing into ears, whereas he had been madly slapping his balls against her thighs mere minutes earlier. But there still was the steady and long stroking and grinding that they both craved so much.

Strangely, Glory asked out of nowhere, "Young man, you wouldn't do ..." She stopped her hip thrusts for a moment while she searched for the right words. "You wouldn't do anything to disappoint me, would you?"

He immediately knew what she was indirectly getting at, even if she didn't know that he knew. The incest idea was back on her mind, but she was afraid to bring it up directly. The question was so vague that he could take it any way he wanted. He answered, "Glory, I used to be a complete goody-goody, but now I'm a bit of a bad kid. But I think that's one reason you love me, isn't it?"

She pondered that, and failed to answer. Instead, she said, "Just fuck me. Fuck me good."

He switched from making love to something much more vigorous and wanton. He was relieved she'd dropped her probing, but he knew it was only a temporary respite. She had her suspicions, and once she had suspicions about something, she was relentless until she found out what she wanted to know.

He kept fucking her hard until they were out of time. He finally let go and released a torrential flood of cum into her when he saw what time the clock showed.

He'd pushed his luck on the timing, so now they had to clean up quickly.

Glory knew nothing about the "cleaning" tradition he had at home. He had to clean up his privates the old-fashioned way. Luckily, she had some moist towelettes to help them get clean.

He asked as he pulled his shorts back on, "So, what are we going to do about Heather? I take it you cooled down some?"

She frantically changed clothes as well. "Yeah. I've cooled down, thanks to you. You really helped me blow off some steam. You know that's not the real me, but I feel like I can just let myself go and act out my normally suppressed feelings because you and I are so close. I'll refrain from doing anything overt for the moment, but she'll still regret crossing me."

He nodded.

"What do you see in her, anyway? Can the sex really be that great?"

"Well, it's different. Not great, just different. I can blow off steam just like you did and really get crazy with her. Anything goes."

She suggested, "I can be like that. We can do like we did today. I can be your substitute Heather. Then you can be completely rid of her poison and whatever hold she has on you."

"Yeah, but it's not the same. You don't deserve the kind of treatment she does, and you can only pretend to be her so many times. I guess I do kind of need her, in a way, some psychological way I don't understand. Maybe I'm weak about that."

Glory gave him an irritated look.

"I'm trying to pull away from her, I really am, but it isn't easy. Plus, how can you say 'anything goes' when you won't let me fuck you in the ass? I know it seems weird, but anal sex is the key to my relationship with her. First off, it feels really good, and I don't get a lot of chances to do anal. But also, I feel like I'm taming her inner bitch through fucking her ass, and maybe even helping her somehow by humbling her through doing that."

Glory scoffed, "Ha. Good luck! You're gonna need it. I think your penis will fall off long before you defeat her bitchiness. I mean, what kind of person spreads lies like that? So what if you and I are together? That's none of her business."

He gave her a quick kiss on the lips. "I know. But we know how she is. Look at the time. I've gotta run. I'm gonna see her after school and try to figure her out. I plan to give her hell for spreading lies. Then you and I can talk. We need a strategy to deal with her."

She stopped him before he left her reach, pulling him back to her and putting her hands on his chest. "Come straight back here after you finish with her. Please?"

He said guardedly, "It might take a while."

She grimaced. That's because he's going to fuck her too, I'm sure. God dammit! He'll probably rage-fuck her to get his anger out, like what he just did to me in our role-play, only more sincere and intense.

Still, she said, "I can wait. I really want to hear what happens."

She gave him a smoldering look, and added, "Plus, we can't forget this." She was fully dressed by this time, but she didn't have any panties on. (They were a soaked, rolled up ball of sodden fabric stuffed deep into her supply closet in the corner of the classroom.) She lifted up a leg so he could clearly see her pussy lips. "Aren't you forgetting something, young man?"

In fact, he had temporarily forgotten about their Televibe fun, but he pretended otherwise. He started looking around. "Where did they get to?"

They found her vaginal vibrator on the floor, still humming away. It had been thrown aside at the height of passion so he could enter her.

He'd also manipulated her anal vibrator, but that ended up remaining in place so it didn't need to be found. She continued to have zero interest in anal sex, but she remained beguiled by how much better the anal vibrator made their fucking feel. She decided that a little bit of anal play was okay.

He commented as he picked up the vaginal Televibe vibrator, "Just imagine what would happen if we forgot to pick this up and your next class saw it there."

"Don't remind me!" She shuddered, momentarily sobered by the thought. But then she added eagerly, "Just stuff me up!"

She thought to herself, What am I doing? Talk about letting passion take control of me. If Heather doesn't cause me to lose my job, I'm going to lose it another way, at the rate things are going. I really should stop. I need to put an end to this. Right now!

But her introspection and reluctance ended as soon as her eyes fell on what Alan was doing with the vibrator. He cleaned it off with some cloth, but he didn't use just any cloth; he made a point to go to her supply closet and dig out her panties. Then he ostentatiously wiped it with the soaked panties. He lubricated it with even more of her pussy juices, leaving it wetter than before. It wasted precious time, but he thought it was worth it for dramatic effect.

She stared at him in disbelief. Despite having just climaxed, her pussy tingled in approval.

He gave her panties a big whiff as if smelling a fine bouquet of flowers, and then stuffed them in his pocket. "You won't be needing these anymore. Why do history teachers even need panties to teach? Don't even bother wearing any tomorrow. Don't bother with a bra, either."

Glory trembled with excitement at his assertion of control over her underwear selection (or lack thereof). She practically danced from foot to foot in anticipation of getting stuffed again soon.

She was like putty in his hands now, and cooed sexily, "You'll have to come back and give me another inspection or I might just be a bad girl and leave my holes all empty and lonely while you're gone. I'll be waiting for you when you're done with Heather."

She thought, I can't believe I actually said that. I'd patiently wait for my turn while he's doing Heather?! We both know that while he may yell at her, he's gonna fuck her too. He'll probably come back here with his cock still covered in her skanky pussy juices.

I'm like his puppet on a string. He's controlling me with the Televibe, and now he wants to control my underwear too. I'm his teacher and he's my student. But he's taking control, and I'm liking it! I must be soft in the head. I should have stuck with Garth, safe and steady Garth. But Alan makes me feel so alive!

He replied. "I can come back here, but again, it might take a while. Oh, and you're going to keep my cum in you while you teach, aren't you?"

She defiantly shook her head no. But then, after a pause, she nodded yes. She blushed at her instant change of heart.

He pulled her in for a hug. She'd already put her clothes on, as had he, but he lifted her skirt up in back and possessively kneaded her bare ass cheeks. "If large gobs of my seed drip down your legs and splat onto the floor while you teach your next class, just tell your students, 'Oh, don't mind that. My fourth-period student Alan Plummer usually keeps my pussy pumped so full of his hot cum that I've gotten quite used to it sloshing around inside me all day long.'"

He let go of her and quickly changed the vaginal vibrator's batteries.

Glory's eyes went wide and her chest heaved. She thought, Damn him! Now that's all I'm going to be thinking about. His cum rolling down my legs past the hem of my skirt! That and the Televibe churning his cum all around inside of me. He's turned me into a total nymphomaniac! As if I could EVER go back to Garth.

She reached back and felt her ass cheeks where his hands had just been. There's nothing underneath my skirt now. Nothing! Now that my panties are gone, I'm going to have to be VERY careful about how I stand or I might really drop my Televibe in front of the whole class! I can't believe Alan would allow that risk! What a crazy, lovable lunk.

He grinned knowingly at her, then turned serious. He reached up with one hand and tenderly brushed her cheek with a loving caress. "By the way, I'm touched that you broke up with your boyfriend for me. You mean a lot to me. I love our sexual connection, and the taboo of fucking my teacher, but you mean much, much more to me than that. You made the right choice, you'll see."

He glanced at the clock again. "We'll talk more later. Gotta go."

He gave her another peck on the cheek, then pulled out his Televibe controller and winked. He hurried out of the classroom just in the nick of time.

She sat and thought while her fifth-period students filed in. What's wrong with me? Why did I break up with Garth when I'm so uncertain about Alan? He has no sexual morals, and he's just getting worse. He used to be such a good kid, but he's becoming more of a "bad kid" every day, as he put it. He fucks anyone and everyone he wants. I don't even want to think about just who might be in that growing

crowd. He loves bisexual threesomes. Probably orgies too. He fucks girls up the ass, girls like Heather that he doesn't even particularly like or care about! I want a nice Mr. Right that I can settle down with. I'm the monogamous type.

At least Alan loves me. I can feel it in everything he does to me, even the weird and domineering sexual stuff. That feels good! His love is a powerful love. I feel more love from him than I ever did from Garth, that's for sure.

She stared off into space, heedless of her students arriving. But although he loves me, I'm still just one of many loves for him. Many! He's "touched" that I'll only sleep with him and only have eyes for him while he sleeps with half the female population? Big whoop! So hypocritical.

I'm so stupid. My boyfriend Garth might have been a bit boring, too boring, but he was handsome, safe, and dependable. If only there was some way I could combine the best qualities of both of them. In my heart of hearts I'm dreaming I can take Alan away all for my own, but there's just no way. He won't even give up Heather, even after she stabs him AND me in the back with her dirty tricks. Bitch!

She sighed sadly. Alan's a runaway train and I've just hopped aboard for the ride!

Just after thinking these thoughts, she felt a tremor in her pussy as the Televibe went up a notch from zero to one. She knew that Alan was letting her know that he was still nearby and thinking about her, and still planning to keep her stimulated without any let up. She liked that a lot.

She bemoaned the fact that she wasn't wearing any panties and that Alan's cum was oozing out of her pussy, but the idea of disobeying him by putting her panties back on or cleaning up her crotch never even crossed her mind.

She wore a devilishly happy smile as she stared out over her classroom, while inside she happily thought very naughty thoughts about what Alan might do to her next and what she wanted him to do to her.

Susan, Suzanne, and Xania were relaxing on lounge chairs beside the pool. There had been hardly any swimming in the pool in recent weeks, but Susan and Suzanne got a lot of use out of the lounge chairs. All three of them remained proudly naked from head to toe.

Xania had a strange feeling of déjà vu when she returned to the pool, the site of where she'd had sex with Alan earlier in the morning. She looked all around, and asked a bit naïvely, "So, can anyone actually see you from here?"

Suzanne answered, "No, don't worry."

Xania pointed to the upstairs window in the Petridge house that was clearly visible. "What about that?" bender

Suzanne replied, "One can see through the trees from my house, if you go to Amy's room, that's true. But that's the only room. There is the odd chance that Brad or Eric could go to Amy's window and see what's happening over here, but luckily they're rarely home. Besides, they respect Amy's privacy. I'm the only one allowed to go in there, to clean up sometimes."

Xania persisted, "But still... What if they heard, say, a loud scream coming from here, and really wanted to check it out?"

"If one of them did that and somehow saw some hanky panky, it almost certainly would be of Susan and me, since we sunbathe out here every day. At worst, they'd think I'm having an affair with Susan. That wouldn't be the end of the world. I hardly ever do anything out here with my Sweetie, and if I do, I make doubly sure that neither of them are home. And the other neighbors are far off and completely out of sight. Trust me, you're safe."

Xania felt better knowing all that. Nonetheless, she would periodically look up from whatever she was doing and recall with a start that in fact she was outside where strangers could potentially look in. She often felt chagrined that Alan tricked her so convincingly. Already she was trying to think of ways to prank him back.

The three women leisurely indulged one another. They spread a blanket out in the shade. But they were all so fair that they lovingly applying suntan lotion on each other anyway. It soon devolved into sexual fondling, naturally focused on the pelvic and upper chest regions.

That got them hot and bothered. Soon, they were taking full advantage of the numerous dildos at hand. At one point, Xania wore a strap-on and used it on Suzanne. Their shared erotic pleasure went on and on, effortlessly.

Susan was determined not to be penetrated by anything more than a finger or two, at least until after Alan had "deflowered" her. (She liked to think of herself as his "mommy virgin," because even though she'd obviously had sex with her husband Ron, she figured that since he was gay, that didn't count.) However, she was ready and willing to fully take part in everything else they did. In fact, she was the center of attention for the other two more often than not.

When they finished their fun, they just lay back and relaxed. They were all nicely sexually satiated.

Xania even drifted into a short nap.

However, when Xania woke up, she wanted to seriously talk. She took a quick dip in the pool to revive and clean herself, and then she sat up in her lounge chair.

Looking intently at Susan in an adjacent lounge chair, she began, "My work as your sex therapist today is not done. First off, I have a prescription to condition your anus and rectum for increasingly frequent penetration by Alan and, I assume eventually, a variety of strap-ons by your female lovers too. This isn't a prescription for pills, but for a workout routine. I want you to do the anal exercises I showed you earlier as a regular daily regimen."

Susan asked, "Will that help keep my ass firm and squeezable, as well as making me a better ass fuck?"

"It will. Furthermore, I want you to keep your anal dildo fully inserted at least a couple hours a day, more if you can stand it, until you develop the necessary natural aptitude to easily and automatically accept penetration back there."

"Oh my goodness," Susan said with mild alarm while fondling her own ass cheeks where she sat. "So you're saying I should keep my ass in tip top shape so Tiger can plunge his stiff staff into it any time he likes, day or night?"

"Yes," Xania replied with a grin. She was amused at how Susan's face went from alarm to aroused in mere seconds.

"Oh my!" Susan's hands switched to squeezing her big breasts instead. It seemed like she had no control over where they went. She whispered, "He's just gonna... he's gonna own my entire body!"

Xania grinned. "That's probably true." She thought, I can't believe I'm an enabler for Susan's craziness. But this lifestyle makes her so damn happy! I wish I could be half as happy as she is all the time. A tenth, even. She gets to live out her sexual fantasies on a daily basis, and Alan and everyone else around her benefit big time too, including me. What's the harm of that? Besides, Suzanne is there to bring her back to Earth if she gets too weird.

Xania continued, "Then do the 'rectal crunches' I showed you to build up your muscle tone and grip strength back there. Both things will contribute greatly to your pleasure and his. Once Alan experiences the results of your anal exercises, he's going to be plunging his cock deeply into you quite often. That in turn will make your ass stronger and even more irresistibly fuckable, and you'll create a positive feedback loop."

"Oh my God!" Susan muttered with growing arousal. "That sounds SO HOT! I like that whole feedback loop idea. I'm gonna get fucked and fucked and fucked!" She started fingering her slit while still pulling on a nipple.

Xania, also getting excited, sat up in her lounge chair, purposely letting her big 38Gs bounce and sway. "You will! Before you know it, you'll have the most fuckable ass on Earth. You'll be able to squeeze his cock with your ass muscles so expertly that he'll practically want to LIVE in there!"

Susan gushed (in more ways than one), "Then I'll be my Tiger's favorite butt slut, just like in my dreams!" She squished and squirmed happily at the thought, writhing about so much that it looked like there was an invisible lover on top of her, drilling her.

"Indeed you will," Xania responded, now trying to contain her own excitement so she wouldn't get completely carried away. She was happy that she could help Susan fulfill her fantasies. The smell of sex hung heavy in the air, even though they were outside. It felt as if they were all inside a colossal pussy - the wet and musky smell was inescapable.

Suzanne, however, wasn't as happy as they were. She thought as she lay on her lounge chair, looking the epitome of cool and sexy behind dark sunglasses, Curses! This sucks. I mean, I'm all for help and help alike, and I do want to turn over a new leaf with my scheming, but dammit, I want to be my Sweetie's favorite butt slut! His cock should live in MY ass.

Well, I'm not going to do anything to hinder Susan anymore. That was a mistake I'll never repeat. She's my best friend, and so much more. I could never hurt her!

But there's no harm in me following all of Xania's advice too. In fact, I'll do double the exercises Susan does! I've already got the ass of a hardbodied college girl, if I do say so myself. By the time I'm through, I'll be able to bend steel bars with my butt muscles. Hee-hee! Naturally, he'll repeatedly bend us over and fuck all our asses, but with my sexual skills and dedication he's gonna end up picking me the most! This isn't plotting against Susan; I'm just engaging in a little friendly and completely fair competition.

Oblivious to Suzanne's jealousies and issues, Xania continued saying to Susan, "You'll also need to pay closer attention to your lubrication than you have been. I like your enthusiasm in lubing yourself up each morning-"

"Thank you," Susan cut in. "It's no bother at all lubing up my butt, and I do some anal flexing too. I get to thinking of Tiger bending me over, grabbing my ass cheeks roughly-"

Xania interrupted, knowing that Susan was likely to get sidetracked describing another fantasy. "That's good. But if what you did today is any indication, you haven't been using quite enough lube, especially on the inside. Remember that your ass has no natural lubrication of its own. None. I'm also glad to announce that Suzanne told me she's happy to help you along with your anal education, not to mention your lactation needs as you get your tits fully prepared for your son."

Suzanne indeed was very willing to help, but she expected similar help in return from Susan once Xania was gone. She said, "Susan, let's see you take your small anal dildo and work on loosening things up so you can take something bigger. Something like... oh gee... I dunnooo..."

Susan leaped at the verbal lure Suzanne deliberately left dangling. "Like, my son's cock!"

Xania thought with amusement, Gee, who would have seen that one coming? She whispered to Susan, "Sssh! You don't have to shout it to the whole neighborhood."

"Oops. Sorry. It's just that sometimes I get so excited!"

"Oh, really?" an amused Suzanne asked with deliberate understatement.

Susan got into position on all fours and "practiced" her anal exercises and dildo insertions for them again.

Suzanne and Xania just sat back and watched her, occasionally offering words of encouragement. Supposedly they were watching to make sure she was doing them right, but in fact they were more intent on watching because it was so arousing to see this formerly prudish and devoutly Christian mother joyfully fuck her own ass with such lustful abandon.

Their fingers lazily rubbed their own pussy lips, creating a light erotic buzz. But both of them were too tired for more at the moment.

As Susan pumped her sex toy in and out of her ass, she once again revisited her fantasies. Her imaginings returned to her favorite old idea of being bent over at a ninety degree angle and having Alan shove his meaty erection right up her ass.

Suzanne was enjoying the show that Susan was putting on, and pretty much could guess what Susan was thinking. Susan was very predictable, but in an endearing way.

Xania, however, had to ask: "Susan, what are you thinking that's making you so happy?"

Susan gave a fond sigh. "Well, there are so many things, so many fantasies. Mmmm... For instance, I have this recurring daydream that my Tiger comes home from school and finds me working naked in the kitchen, or maybe with just my erotic apron on. Mmmm... I love those... But in any case, my butt is bent over the counter at a perfect right angle, lubed up and ready to be fucked! I'm trying to act calm and normal, but my heart thumps and my body tingles all over, because I know what he's about to do to me!"

She picked up the pace of her anal masturbation. "Without saying a word, he just drops his shorts and pushes his big, manly, MASSIVE cock into my eager and horny little mommy butt! He doesn't need to say

anything, because he does this kind of thing so many times a day. After all, he's the man of the house. It's his right! He fucks all his women a lot, but he has a special love for fucking his big-titted mommy!"

"And tight-assed mommy," Xania said encouragingly. She was surprised how aroused this scenario was getting her.

Susan's eyes twinkled with delight. "Mmmm! True! Mommy's naughty, cock-hungry ass! I just gasp and groan and wiggle as he completely fills me up. It's so big! It would be like trying to fit the end of a baseball bat in me back there. A fleshy, throbbing, hot and juicy... baseball cock. I mean, bat... Oh God!"

She forced herself to calm down a bit, gradually slowing her thrusts until she was using the same long, slow, luxurious strokes that Alan had pumped her with the day before. She sighed and arched her back, working her anus and rectum around "her Tiger" the way she had learned, and was now learning to crave. She mumbled, "Mmmm, how was your day, dear?"

"Very good Susan, just like that." Xania murmured, hypnotically. She was really getting into the lewd display. She encouraged, "Keep going, just like that. That's a good mommy. Good mommies get their asses fucked so very much, every single day."

Susan cooed and purred at that delightful idea, while Suzanne snickered at how easy it was to get a reaction from her best friend.

Unexpectedly, Susan asked, "Son, aren't you going to tell me about your day?" It wasn't clear who she thought she was talking to, since her eyes were closed.

Suzanne decided to answer this, since she knew the kind of answer Susan loved the most. She lowered her voice in an attempt to make it sound manly. "Oh you know, same ol', same ol'. It was a good day. Glory and Heather sucked my cock at lunch today, so that was pretty cool."

Susan grinned, and shifted her fantasy to add in Suzanne's comments. "Together?"

"Of course together," Suzanne replied. "I told them if they didn't share nicely, they'd both get a good spanking. After that, they were like angels. Although they did put up a stink when Christine joined in."

Susan practically screamed, "Christine?!"

Suzanne smirked a little. She was having fun with this. "Of course. Ever since she became one of my official cocksuckers, she can't get enough. I fucked her tits while Glory and Heather licked my cockhead when it peeked out through the top."

Susan did scream now. "Oh, YES! I love it!" She was masturbating with both hands now, fingering her pussy with one hand and using the anal dildo with her other.

Suzanne reached out and caressed Susan's ass with both hands. It was wiggling and swaying in such a tempting manner that she couldn't resist. She continued, "I shot my load across all three of their faces just before lunch ended. You should have seen the way they licked each other's faces clean, as well as my cock and balls. Even though they're enemies, that didn't stop them from kissing and snowballing my cum back and forth, and rubbing their sperm-glazed tits together!"

Susan squealed, "So HOT! If only it were true!" She was working herself up into a masturbatory frenzy.

Suzanne caressed Susan's ass as she added, "But now I'm in an anal mood, Mom, 'cos during PE I anally fucked the cheerleaders."

"Which one?" Susan gasped breathlessly.

"All of them! The whole squad! I took their asses, one after another! And now I'm gonna take yours!"

"OH GOD! OH GOD!" Susan kept right on playing with herself until she came, with a little bit of fondling assistance by Suzanne.

Suzanne and Xania didn't cum because they weren't masturbating, but they were highly aroused too.

As they rested, Xania asked Suzanne, "So I take it that was a completely implausible scenario, even for Alan? For starters, Glory and Heather hate each other's guts, don't they?"

"That's right," Suzanne said. "That'll probably never, ever happen, but then again, you never know. Who would have believed a poker party like the one we had last night, for instance?"

Susan sat up. She was in great spirits, since she'd just had a nice climax. She said, "Anything is possible! That's one thing that's so great about being in a harem. Once you open your mind to sharing, the various sexual combinations are practically endless. It's all so great. The Good Lord has certainly blessed this house!"

Xania said to her, "Let's get back to your ass. That fantasy was fun, but it kind of slipped away from having an anal focus. Susan, do you have any other anal-focused visualizations that come to mind?"

Susan replied, shyly, "Now that you mention it... I do!" She suddenly beamed in fond memory. "In fact, I have quite a few!"

Xania chuckled at that. "Why am I not surprised? And let me guess: they all involve Alan."

Susan blushed a little. "Keep in mind that I have a lot of time on my hands. I spent a good part of my days alone, cleaning or paying bills or buying groceries or what-have-you. If I think about my hunky son and his delicious cock, and who he's doing, and what I want to do to him later, well, it kind of puts a spring in my step and a smile on my face all day long." She smiled broadly, indicating just how happy her new lifestyle made her.

Xania said, "Fair enough. Can you share one of your anal-themed favorites? Let's hear something really out there."

Susan spoke shyly. "Well, I have this weird idea that I could never ever sit down, or even lie down. I mean never! Any time my ass touches something, Alan's cock magically appears right between my cheeks and slides far into the depths of my open ass! There's no way to stop it! If I move over a few inches, his cock is somehow there instead. I'm not talking about Alan being there. In fact, he might be watching me the whole time. I'm not talking about a dildo, either. I'm talking about his real cock, but detached, somehow always ready to appear wherever it's needed."

Susan spoke with growing confidence, because she could see that Suzanne and Xania were enjoying her unusual fantasy. "I have to do my housework, and if I get tired and have to sit, there his cock is again,

filling my ass! Maybe I lean against the refrigerator door for a minute, just to catch my breath after vacuuming. But his cock is there as soon as my ass hits the door!"

Seeing Suzanne starting to furtively finger her pussy some more, she resumed doing so as well, even though her pussy was still quite sensitive. "It's always in the exact perfect spot, trying to wiggle into my asshole. And it does! I'm anally violated no matter where I go, no matter what I do! There's no escape! I try to do my work, really I do, but I get so tired, and I can't stay on my feet forever. Finally, I give up and sit down in a chair, but of course I can't sit without being anally penetrated! So DEEP! UGH! He completely fills me up! His rock hard boner appears right in the middle of the seat and fully impales me! I bounce up and down for joy and grasp hold of the armrests as I reach a climax. But the armrests have turned into copies of Alan's cock too! Of course I start jacking them off, because that's what good mommies do!"

Suzanne mumbled, "Yes. Good mommies do!" She was surprised to find herself saying that with all sincerity. She was supposed to be the one in control, but lately much of the time that was just a front. She had a lot of sexual fantasies too, but she rarely shared the weirder ones, not even with Susan, so she was having a lot of fun hearing this imaginative one.

Susan continued in her usual horny and enthusiastic way, "I open my mouth in great surprise, and another copy of Alan's cock slides right in! It's a good thing I can breathe through my nose, because my mouth is so completely filled with hot, hard cock-meat! He takes me everywhere, all the time! I have no choice! I have to submit completely! Utterly! His cock is everywhere! Every hole, every crack! Take me, Tiger! Ram that tree trunk of yours up my ass! You know just where! God! Unh! MMMM! UH!"

Susan had mentally pushed herself over the edge with her fantasy. Her hands flew about frantically and it was just a matter of moments before she would succeed in pushing herself through a particularly massive orgasm.

Chapter 859 Love It! Revel In It. Rejoice!

But then Xania said calmly, "Nice visualization exercise, but please, hold it right there."bender

It seemed Susan didn't hear, or didn't want to hear. Her eyes were closed and she was happy somewhere off in Alan Land.

So Xania repeated more forcefully, "Hold it right there!" That was easy for her to say, since she hadn't resumed masturbating like the other two had.

Susan's hands reluctantly came to a halt. "Hold it? What are you talking about? How am I supposed to stop?!" She sensed that with just a few more seconds of clitoral stimulation she could cum, but it would be rude to do so now after being told not to.

"That's good," Xania said benignly, as if it was no problem at all for Susan to start or stop again, just at a word. "We need you to complete some more exercises before you can cum."

"Okay, but hurry! I'm only human," she breathed, her chest heaving. "What is it, already?" Her fair-skinned orbs were flushed and crazily crashing into each other as she gasped for air.

Suzanne could see where Xania was going with this, which was keeping Susan delightfully frustrated at the edge of climax. Keeping her voice pitched low and sexy (and keeping her fingers rubbing her own clit), she spoke quietly to Susan. "First, take the dildo out of your ass."

"Why?" Susan asked plaintively.

"Don't ask, just do it." Suzanne ordered.

"Oh, poo!" Susan reluctantly complied.

Suzanne said, "Now, without cumming or touching yourself anywhere near your ass, cunt, or tits, I have another visualization exercise for you. Imagine that it's been a long day and you're working in the kitchen. Naturally, you're buck-naked."

Susan asked, "Can I wear an erotic apron? Or high heels?" She clenched her ass cheeks, trying to imitate the way high heels firmed up her legs and ass. Already, she was envisioning Alan coming up to her from behind, and she wanted to look her best for him.

"High heels, okay, but apron, no. You'll see why. Your big breasts are full of milk near to bursting, and you really need to be drained."

Susan instantly visualized herself in the fantasy Suzanne was describing. "Oooooohhhh," She groaned, as if her breasts really were painfully full. She ran a hand back and forth across her tummy, since she wasn't allowed to touch herself in other places.

Xania told her, "You know how it feels walking around without a bra? It's like your breasts have a mind of their own. One of 'em wants to go one way and the other the other way. Now imagine those breasts feeling like they're twice as big and twice as heavy because they're full of milk! You're totally STACKED! So busty! Because of all that milk! It's like you've added two big balloons to your breasts, but they're full of creamy milk!"

Susan gasped, "Xania! I love it! Tell me more!" She was frustrated that she wasn't allowed to touch her privates. So she sat up and brought her upper body up against the back of the lounge chair and rubbed her erect nipples up against an edge. She figured she could do that until someone told her she couldn't. She hoped that could help relieve the imaginary pressure in her milk-heavy breasts, which felt very real to her, thanks to the vivid descriptions she was hearing.

Suzanne seemed to allow her rubbing, and continued, "Alan walks into the kitchen, in the buff. He's just gotten home from school and this is the first time you've seen him and his motherfucking cock all day."

Susan's eyes remained shut tight. "Is he hard?"

Suzanne grinned. "Susan! Who are we talking about here? Don't you know your own son? Of COURSE his cock is fully erect! Is it ever not throbbingly, massively erect, burning hot, and ready for a good sucking or hole stuffing?"

Susan's breath was growing ragged. "Oh! Yes! Yes, yes, YES! You're right! I'm sorry."

Suzanne asked her, "So what do you do? Do you sit down and watch TV?"

Susan laughed at that. "No!"

"Do you read a magazine?"

"NO!"

"Do you make him a sandwich?"

"Maybe later, but no! There's only one thing for me to do, and that's take care of his cock! Properly and extensively! Tiger needs to take advantage of his naked big-titted mommy! He's had a hard day at school, and he needs to relax by unloading all that yummy sperm in me and on me!"

"Very true," Suzanne said. "Does he first help you with your tits or your ass?"

Xania nodded to herself, Interesting little fantasy situation that Suzanne's cooked up there. I wonder how Susan will react to this scenario, especially since it may very possibly become a regular daily event for her. I don't live here and I don't know what's going on, but if I were Alan, when I'd come home from school I'd probably go straight to my "naked big-titted mommy!"

Susan asked while she continued to press her tits back and forth against the back of the lounge chair, "Can he do both?" The rubbing just barely failed to push her over the edge. "Maybe he could hold my tits from behind while he rubs his cock all over my ass?"

Suzanne grinned. "Of course he's going to do both of those things, and more. Much more! But the question is, what should he do first: suckle on your nipples or fuck your ass? Keep in mind that your breasts have grown even larger than Brenda's, thanks to all the milk building up in them."

"OH! Oh my goodness!"

In Susan's fantasy, she could see Alan standing in front of her with a tremendously massive erection pointing directly at her. However, she could also feel the insistent pressure in her extra large breasts too, as if they were really sloshing about with gallons of milk. If I bend over for him to put his cock in my butt, he won't be able to suck my nipples and drink my milk. But if I bring his mouth to my desperately needy nipples, he won't be able to put his cock in my butt like he needs to. Maybe I just need to slurp and suck on his cock for a while, until I make up my mind? Oh dear! Choices, choices! Mmmm! Yummy, spermy choices!

"Tiger, mommy has a little problem," a shut-eyed Susan confessed to her imaginary son, blushing a little as she squirmed around in need. "My ass is empty and my breasts are full." She started breathing even more heavily, her G-cup boobs rising and falling like mighty ocean waves in a storm. "Can you, can you sit in a chair facing me so I can sit on your lap? That way, I can sit on your big boner until it fills my ass up while you suckle at my teats. Hurry! They're about to burst with milky goodness!"

Suzanne was a little surprised by Susan's clever resolution of the conflict. She'd wanted to see which erogenous zone was more important to Susan, her tits or her ass, but she realized she wasn't likely to get a clear answer. So instead she whispered an idea to Xania, then sat on Susan's lounge chair between her thighs, and pulled those splayed thighs up over her own.

Suzanne scooted around until she had the dildo in her hand pointing right at Susan's asshole. Suzanne spread the orifice open ever so slightly with the tip of her plastic cock. Then she teased Susan until neither of them could take it anymore and she plunged it in. (She would have preferred to use a strap-on, but respected Susan's wishes not to.)

Susan pulled her best friend to her straining breasts, which Suzanne happily licked and sucked while pumping away in Susan's backside from the front.

Unable to resist Susan's boobs any longer, Xania settled in behind Susan and reached around, groping, fondling and squeezing Susan's breasts, even as Susan offered them up for Suzanne to suck on her nipples.

Suzanne gladly accepted the offer, again and again, with loud slurping sounds. Just to make Susan that much happier, she paused to say, "Mmmm, this milk is delicious!"

Susan practically swooned as she imagined herself really lactating.

The three of them greatly enjoyed the "Susan sandwich," as they called it. Suzanne eventually got the climax she craved, and then some, and so did Susan.

Xania was less of a focus in the trio at the moment. She was content simply to play with Susan's boobs as long as she could. Already, I'm feeling sad that I'll have to be leaving soon. Not only are these two total hotties, but they make sex non-stop fun!

Once the three of them were more or less recovered, Xania sat up and gave Susan a bit of a lecture. "It seems that your brain isn't just controlled by your tits. Your tits, cunt, and ass all vie for control over you. In fact, I find it rather amazing you can get any non-sexual thinking done at all. The way I look at it, there's a whole bunch of things turning you into an utterly divine creature of erotic pleasure."

She continued, "First of all, there's your age. At 37, you're reaching the peak of your sex drive. Since you've been so repressed all your life, your sex drive is absolutely exploding now that you've finally uncorked the bottle. Secondly, you're seriously in love. I don't know if you've ever really been in love before..." She let the comment hang to give Susan a change to respond.

Xania flicked her eyes briefly over at Suzanne, including her in this second point. Her glance said, This is just as true for you as it is for Susan. She'd heard that Suzanne had really loved Eric at the start of their marriage, but she guessed correctly that Suzanne's love for Alan was on a whole different level.

Susan answered, "No, not really. Not like this. I thought I was in love once, a long time ago, but I was deluding myself. I was more talked into marriage with my husband Ron than anything. People told me he was the perfect catch, and it's true that he IS a nice person. But I never had the all-consuming, burning, lusty passion I have now." Her eyes glazed over as her face took on a dreamy expression.

Suzanne meanwhile was thinking about her past loves. She was different from Susan in that she had been truly in love with her husband Eric at one time, but it seemed so long ago that she could barely recall it. She briefly thought about the painful events that drove her away from Eric, but she quickly banished that line of thought.

Xania replied to Susan, "Ah. I see. True love is also peaking for you along with your newfound lust. So what if it happens that the man you love is your own foster son? That just makes it all the better, doesn't it? This love sets up a positive feedback loop between your sexual urges and your romantic love, which only sends you spiraling higher and higher. So my advice is to just sit back and enjoy the ride."

Susan smiled widely. "I can do that! And it's going to be a long, fulfilling, bouncy ride, isn't it?" She churned her hips, indicating the type of "ride" she was referring to.

Xania grinned at that response. "It is. Third, and this is a big one, you're rejecting all the moral values which have held you down since you were a little kid. You played by the rules and did all the right things, but your uptight, conservative, Midwestern upbringing brought you a lot of sadness and a lack of fulfillment, didn't it?"

Susan nodded, suddenly sad.

"You did everything you were supposed to and married the ideal man, according to what everyone said, but you were left miserable, with a loveless marriage and an empty bed. This helps explain why the naughtier the sex, the more you love it. Every time you take your son's hefty cock inside your ass, cleavage, or mouth, you're reaffirming your rejection of everything you previously believed in and embracing your newly awakened self. Yes, what you're doing is very sexually submissive, but it's also profoundly liberating. Did you ever think while doing something really crazy with Alan or Suzanne or someone else, 'If they could only see me now'?"

"Only all the time! And you're right. It's such a great feeling. Shameful, yet invigorating! It makes me feel so alive!"

Xania nodded. "Well, there you go. Anal sex is one symbol of your transformation from an ignorant, prudish waste of a perfect body into your new self - a fully sexual woman who is vibrantly alive for the first time in her life! Love it! Revel in it. Rejoice! I know you're all about loving your family. You can love them just as much as ever, but even more now, because you can do it in a sexual way too! Get fucked in every hole as often as you can!"

Susan lay back, and it seemed as if every muscle in her whole body relaxed all at once, leaving her as contented as a purring kitten. She closed her eyes with a great big smile on her face. Mmmm... Love... Family love... Romantic love... Sexual love... All together! With Tiger, with Suzanne, with Angel, with Amy... And with so many more wonderful women to come, who he'll conquer with his cock and bring into our family! Our harem!

Chapter 860 Where Would I Be Without Your Good Advice?

Suzanne felt envious. She said to Xania, "You give such good advice. Damn, you're good at this! To be honest, I wanna be just like Susan. Look at her. Look at that blissful expression on her face. How can I let go and get that look on MY face? I'm so much more uptight than her to begin with. What's wrong with me?"

Xania pointed out, "You already talked to me about this earlier, but I never got around to giving you my thoughts, did I? Let's review. You're having control issues. You just can't seem to let go completely to

achieve total sexual orgasmic release. And you said that on the rare occasions when you do, you're afraid of losing yourself in a submissive way to Alan."

Suzanne nodded. "Yes. Yes. Exactly. Susan's in her happy place right now. Let's go for a little walk and leave her in peace."

"Good idea."

They both got up, while Susan continued to lie there with her eyes closed. She wasn't sleeping exactly, but she was in a dreamland, fantasizing about her hopeful future.

Suzanne didn't want to go for a big walk; she just wanted to get away from Susan so she could talk to Xania freely. They slowly walked to the other side of the pool. "Now that you've spent some time around the house, can't you see the problem? Everybody gets carried away."

Xania nodded.

Suzanne continued, "You know me. I'm a strong woman. I use my wiles, charm, and looks to have any man eating out of the palm of my hand. But with Alan, it's different. God, I love him! I really do. He makes me weak in my knees. Just looking at him sets my heart racing. And that was BEFORE he proved himself to be a naturally talented cocksman. With the subservient attitude going around, sometimes I get caught up in that too. Frequently, in fact. More and more, I just want to bask... in the joy... of, of... serving his cock! Does that sound crazy?!"

Xania replied, "Not at all. I can relate. Last night, at one point, I was shouting for him to tame me with his big dick. I don't know if 'taming' is an actual thing, but I felt even more that way this morning, this sense of being sexually dominated and actually really enjoying it. You know I'm not much of a submissive type, so that's very curious. But Alan played me like a fiddle by tying me up and tricking me, and so much more. There's a crazy vibe around this house. Maybe it has to do with the smell, or the constant sight of incredibly gorgeous, naked or scantily dressed women. I don't know."

"Those things factor in, for sure," Suzanne said. "And he has a knack, knowing just what to do to send a woman into seventh heaven."

Xania nodded.

The two of them continued to slowly walk in circles on the other side of the pool.

Xania said, "If I were here for weeks at a time, I imagine it would take all of my willpower not to give in to Alan's domination too. It just seems like the thing to do, especially when everyone else is doing it and feeling so joyous as a result. Like you, I don't want to give in. That's not my natural way. I admire how happy Susan and Katherine are, but I'm just not the submissive type. I'd fight it."

"Exactly!" Suzanne enthused, glad to talk to someone who could relate to her situation. "I'm fighting it. But it's so hard, because Alan is so damn incredible! I mean, I thought he was just an inexperienced kid, but the things he does to me! I hyped him up to the nth degree, mostly for Susan's sake, but it's kind of become a self-fulfilling prophesy. The more women who fall under his spell, and the more impressive they are, the more tempting and powerful he becomes somehow. He hardly even has to do anything at this point, because even just the hype gets us all so worked up. I kind of created a monster."

"A monster?"

"Well, not a monster. That's just the saying. And I don't regret it. I'm happy with the way things are going, actually, just so long as I don't turn into Susan or Brenda eventually. I love this harem that's developing, overall. But how can even a dominant woman like me resist his sexual power? It takes all my willpower. That's why I can't give in and enjoy myself as much, to reach the same ecstatic heights that they do."

Suzanne sighed in frustration as she thought about her schemes and her secrets. She particularly thought about her greatest secret, the way she had initiated the six-times-a-day ruse and her constant concern that it would come out. Even thinking about those things caused her to tense up.

Xania however, remained undeterred. "That's where you're wrong. Letting go is not the same as submitting to another. I think I have greater immunity against the strangely-alluring submissive vibe that's taken hold here, because I can tell the difference. Here. Let me teach you." She stopped walking and faced Suzanne.

"But how?" Suzanne asked plaintively.

"First of all, you have to be as honest with yourself as you can. We all have secrets, and that's fine. But many of them are secrets of pride. Part of letting go is clearing your head of petty worries. Look at Susan. Do you think she's letting a million little things stress her out right now?"

Suzanne looked over at her best friend on the other side of the pool. Susan was lying face up in her lounge chair, naked to the world and totally blissed out. Her legs were slightly spread and her arms were akimbo. She looked like she'd just been royally fucked, even though they'd all just been casually playing around. She wore an enormous smile.

Suzanne felt her envy rise again. She knew that Susan often looked like that, completely blissed out and smiling, even when she hadn't had a recent climax. "Okay. I'll admit it. It's my CUNT. I don't go on and on about it like Susan does, but my cunt controls me in the same way Susan's tits and ass control her. Okay? I mean, it's embarrassing to know that half of what I do is because my cunt demands it of me. If you only knew some of the things I've done to keep it happy..."

Again, the six-times-a-day secret came to the fore of her mind. Slashing the tires of the scoutmaster's van the week before popped into her head too. But she forced those unpleasant memories away as quickly as they came up.

"Hey, remember who you're talking to here!" Xania exclaimed, reaching for Suzanne's pussy. "I knew that already. Don't you remember all the fun we used to have back in college? Your cunt was practically insatiable!"

However, Suzanne closed her legs, using her hand to keep Xania at bay, forcing Xania to withdraw. "No! Don't touch! It's too sensitive. And I don't just mean now. Feeding it just makes it hungrier! A couple of weeks ago, I tried wearing one of those internal dildos all day long, and I damn near turned into a blithering idiot. I was much better off before Sweetie started fucking me. That woke up my cunt, and now it's taking over my life. I fear I'm losing control!"

Xania pointed out, "There's the control issue again. What's so bad about losing control?"

"I don't want to end up worshiping Alan like he's some kind of god. I don't even want to be fully 'tamed' by him. I mean, I love him heart and soul, but I'm a modern woman. I love the harem, I love being a part of this sisterhood of Alan's lovers that's developing, but I don't want to be just... like... nothing more than another one of his sex slaves!" bender

She added, more to herself than Xania, "I never thought it would come to this. I thought I could stay on top of things. I figured something like a harem would develop, but I thought that I'd be the one on top, controlling it!" She flopped her arms up and down in helpless frustration. "Things are slipping away from me, and I don't know what happened!"

Xania pointed out, "You may not be in complete control of everything, but I know you. You're still the same Suzanne I've always known: the clever, creative, 'can-do' woman. I'm no harem expert, but I suppose it's only natural that the one guy is in charge. But who will be the real power behind the scenes? You will!"

Suzanne frowned uncertainly. "You think?"

"Sure. You can do that AND go wild on his cock to your heart's delight too. Even if you completely 'succumb' and become a 'fuck toy' or whatever the submissive lingo here is, your natural take-charge personality will still come to the fore again before long. Alan's not a controlling kind of guy, I can tell. Sure, he finds the sexual submission thing highly arousing, but beyond that, doesn't he pretty much look to you on what to do?"

"He does," Suzanne said with relief. She felt better already.

"So my advice is to go wild in the bedroom. Give in to your submissive urge, if it feels good. Let go, completely! Then be your usual strong Suzanne self the rest of the time. You're not going to turn into Susan or Brenda, because you're not them. You're you. Their personalities didn't change, not really. To be honest, I don't think there's true 'taming' here at all. Clearly, both of them had untapped and repressed submissive aspects of their personalities, and Alan's 'taming' magic was that he was able to bring that to the fore."

She continued, "Chances are, a lot of women have a submissive side, including you and me. But that's just one side. You're a particularly complicated and multifaceted woman, Suzanne. Alan has brought your submissive side forward too, and now he's working on me. I consider that a good thing. It's gonna result in a lot of really hot sex! But in the end, we're still the same basic people we always were. You know what I mean?"

"I do," Suzanne replied. "And thank God for that! This is such a relief, talking to you. Thanks! Where would I be without your good advice?"

Xania smiled. "Suzanne, here's something to remember. You have great friends. I'd like to think that I can be a really good friend in your life again, and give you help and advice when you need it. But even if I'm out of the picture, you have your best friends here. Alan, Katherine, and Susan, and of course your lovely daughter Amy. Trust them. Let them know what you want and what you DON'T want. If you go too far on something, they'll be right there to help you. You're in a circle of love."

She went on, "Frankly, I'm very envious. Alan loves YOU, the feisty Suzanne he grew up with. Yes, he loves dominating your sexy ass in the bedroom, but he doesn't want you to become some submissive zombie. Far from it! He needs you as you are, and relies on you to be that way."

Suzanne said, "That's true. He keeps telling Angel that he wants her to be 'uppity,' not mindlessly submissive. As for me, I think he wants and expects me to be kind of the father figure for us all, and help keep his 'Bad Alan' tendencies in check."

"Exactly." Xania added, "Trust him, and the rest of your de facto family. It's like a team-building trust fall. Let go, and know they'll catch you. You don't have to always be the responsible one; you don't need to always mentally hold back. Look at Alan. He's as maxed out with sexual pleasure as a person can be, yet he still maintains a good grip on things. You have a strong will, Suzanne. You can do this. Just let yourself go totally, when the time is right, and you'll be able to experience the ultimate ecstasies with your loved ones."

"But how?!" Suzanne asked with exasperation.

"Let's do a little trust exercise right now. Come with me." Xania led Suzanne back around the pool to Susan.