

## 6 Times 891

### Chapter 891 Blowing Continued

There was no talking for several minutes while Alan, Katherine, and Susan ate. Worried about being late to school, Alan ate quickly to make up for lost time.

Katherine frequently giggled, and even Susan sometimes snickered, due to the frequently changing expressions on his face. He often looked like he was in extreme agony, but they knew he was experiencing extreme pleasure instead. It was amusing to see his efforts to look normal and breathe normally.

He tried to psych himself up. Come on! You can do this! This is a big part of the fantasy for all involved, that I proceed to eat breakfast just like she isn't there. Even though she's so dang loud with her slurping and sliding! Heck, I can even hear her tongue lapping on my sweet spot, like a thirsty cat at a water bowl! And then there's the smell. Don't get me started with the smell! Brenda's more pungent, since she leaks so much. It's like we're inside a wet pussy, the sex smell is so thick in the air!

But I can handle it. I'm chill. I'm relaxed. This is the new normal, right? Soon, most every breakfast is going to be like this. Fuuuuck! Don't even think that! Too arousing. Heck, don't think about anything!

He was flexing his PC muscle non-stop already. He had to briefly stop eating to practice some slow breathing exercises, almost like meditation. That helped a lot. Step by step, day by day, he was learning to "endure" truly remarkable levels of sexual arousal without cumming quickly.

It helped that he was developing a simple form of non-verbal communication with Brenda. She had caught on that when he put his hands on her head, that meant she needed to slow down and ease up. He had to touch her head, and sometimes even repeatedly tap it, every minute or two.

Brenda knew from his tapping and touching that he wanted her to take it easy on him, but the entire situation of being naked under the table with the other three eating and talking, was too thrilling for her to control herself much. Now that she'd fully given in to her submissive urges, this was like Heaven on Earth. But enough of her old way of thinking remained to remind her how "wrong" and taboo this was, and that drove her wild.

Once he finished his waffles and eggs, he just had some fruit and a muffin to go, so he slowed his rapid eating.

Susan and Katherine were finishing up and slowing down too. That allowed all of them to resume talking. Susan was the first to speak. "Isn't this nice, the three of us getting to eat breakfast together? Between the cooking and the cock pleasuring every morning, I so rarely get to sit down with my children. I say we should do this more often!" She asked Katherine, "What do you think?"

Katherine asked, "What, have Brenda help under the table?"

"Not just Brenda. She's got Adrian to care of most mornings. But we could have various special guests to help during breakfast after you and I give him a prolonged wake-up blowjob together. Suzanne or Amy could get away early from time to time, I'm sure. Then there's Xania, after staying the night from one of our parties. Or Akami. I'll bet that she-

Alan cut her off. "Hold on. Can we talk about spoiling me too much? I hate to look a gift horse in the mouth. Especially since Brenda is STILL putting so much effort and passion into what she's doing." He had to let out a heavy sigh, like he did after most every sentence, because it was an effort to talk while getting one's cock sucked this well. "I'm still floating on air, no doubt! But, something feels wrong about this. Immoral, even. No man should ever feel THIS much pleasure. It's way too imbalanced."

Katherine spoke seriously. "Brother, I think you mean well, but you're misguided. You don't understand! It's like what Mom said earlier: this is more for Brenda than for you. Sure, you're enjoying it, but that's almost a side effect. What about her? She longs to be a good sex pet for you, and this is what good sex pets do. She's having the time of her life! I guarantee it!"

She gave Brenda's side a gentle nudge with her knee. "What do you say, Brenda?"

Brenda had been suckling non-stop through the entire meal, and she relished being "forgotten" under the table and unable to speak due to her busy mouth. But she pulled her lips off to answer. "Of course I'm having the time of my life!"

Brenda peered up at Alan from under the table edge, just barely managing to make eye contact, even as she continued to stroke and lick his throbbing pole. "Master, I love making you feel good. That makes me feel good. That's what being a busty sex pet is all about: the joy of serving, and of servitude!"

She simply lapped on his sweet spot as she considered what else to say. Her fingers were busy fondling his balls too. Finally, she went on, "This is about as happy as I've ever been, not counting the time you fucked me to Heaven and back. Katherine is right. This is what good sex pets do. Honestly, these are the times I live for! I know that's hard for you to understand, maybe impossible, since you're the opposite of submissive. But if it helps you, consider that I'm sure I'm feeling even more sexual pleasure than you are right now. I've had several orgasms already, and I can feel a really big one coming on!"bender

He asked, "You have?! I didn't notice anything."

She continued to lick as she explained, "Women have different kinds of orgasms. There are the really big ones, the screamers, but that's just one kind. Did you notice how I only have one hand on your balls about half the time? That's because I'm periodically fingering myself and cumming every now and then. I know you'll find this hard to believe, but as high on lust as you feel, I'm sure I feel even higher!"

Feeling that she'd made her point, she engulfed his cockhead again and resumed her happy bobbing.

He winced, due to another surge of intense arousal when she reestablished her tight lip-lock around his shaft.

She moaned loudly and with obvious erotic pleasure as her lips got busy sliding again.

He wondered if she was exaggerating for effect, or if her moan truly reflected how overjoyed she felt. He looked to Susan and then to Katherine.

They both nodded with great sincerity. Susan said, "it's true, Son. This is a classic win-win situation. I know a lot of women are said not to enjoy blowjobs. I don't know what their deal is; I can't speak for them. But just because the woman does all the work, don't think of this as a selfish act."

Katherine chimed in, "Hey, I know. Think of it just like fucking. That can be selfish, or not, depending on how it's done. A guy can fuck a woman and leave her frustrated and unsatisfied, or he can fuck her until she actually passes out from erotic overload, and there are all points in between. It's the same thing with a blowjob, or titfuck, or other things. There are so many things that go into it. Heck, I'd say the mental part is more important than the physical."

Susan said, "I'd agree with that. Son, you say you're not doing anything, but that's not true. You've created this situation where she's naked and kneeling under the table, with two of us watching. That's half of it, right there."

Katherine nodded. "More than half! Such delicious humiliation! Peek under the table and take a good look at her face."

He did so, scooting his chair back to see more.

Katherine asked, "Is her face red from blushing?"

He nodded. It was an extremely sexy sight. He was so wildly aroused that he was right on the cusp of climax.

Katherine stated, "Think about it. She's been at it for the entire breakfast, and her face is STILL that red! Can you imagine how totally horny and embarrassed she is, non-stop, from this situation? I'll bet you can't, not really, but I can. I get shivers just thinking about being in her place, especially since I know I will very frequently from now on."

Susan chimed in, "Me too, Angel. Tiger is going to make us suck him through countless thousands of meals in the years to come. But I bet I'll never get over being humiliated about it!"

"Totally!" Katherine agreed. "Same here. Some things are so far from the social norm that there's no getting used to it. I mean, Brother, when we talk about Brenda being your sex pet, that's not just talk! She's a grown woman who's willing to crawl around nude on all fours for you, just like a real pet!"

Brenda moaned extra loudly upon hearing that. It's true! And I don't even care anymore! They're right that one can never get over the humiliation, but I've given up trying to resist. This is who I am! Master's cock is in my mouth, and that's Heaven!

Alan was having to hold her head still with both hands as best he could, because he was still on the verge and she was showing no restraint. She was far too gone for that.

Katherine continued, "Think about it: will she ever be in any other relationship in her life where doing this kind of thing is possible? I'll bet not. Never! Has anyone else she's ever met earned the title of 'Master?' No! Not even her two ex-husbands. You set the scene in all kinds of intangible ways."

Susan added, "It's true. Son, you have a special way of totally humiliating us without actually being mean or cruel about it. The way you make me feel, us feel, is simply out of this world!"

Brenda moaned loudly and affirmatively as she noisily bobbed on him. "Mmmm-HMMM!"

He suddenly exclaimed, "Okay, that's enough! Strategic break time!" He felt he had no choice but to say that, since his cum need was getting too urgent. Knowing Brenda didn't have a lot of self-control when she got this horny, he used his hands on her head to rather forcefully push her back until her mouth was off his throbbing erection.

He closed his eyes and slumped in his seat.

Chapter 892 Suzanne - Alan's Other Personal Cocksuckers Find Your Efforts...?

Susan took a peek under the table. "Tut-tut! Brenda, you heard him. Stop stroking him too. Part of being a personal cocksucker is knowing when to slow down or stop."

Luckily, Brenda got that message. She let go of his privates altogether so she wouldn't be tempted.

A couple of minutes passed without anyone speaking. Finally, Alan opened his eyes. "Okay, where was I?"

Brenda had been waiting for that signal. She engulfed his cockhead again and resumed bobbing on him.

He chuckled at that. He patted her head to get her attention. "Hey, take it easier this time, okay?"

"Mmmm!" She resolved to be more obedient. The two or so minutes' rest gave her a chance to cool down some, so she was more in control - at least for now.

Seeing he was ready to talk some more, Katherine prodded him, "You asked 'where was I.' We were talking about some of the reasons Brenda loves doing this to you as much or more as you love it. This is for her more than you."

He sighed, remembering that line of discussion again. "Oh yeah, thanks. That may be. I kind of get that. But still, all this lavish loving is warping me. How can I ever be normal again? How can I go to school, and in just a little while, mind you... Yikes! What time is it?!"

Susan patted one of his hands on the table. "Don't worry about it. You've got twenty more minutes, at least."

He looked at her skeptically. "If you say so. Anyway, how can I sit in class and try to act like just another student after a 'breakfast' like this? It's total mental whiplash. Worse, how long will it be before I come to expect this kind of treatment all the time, and even demand it? I don't want to be that guy, that arrogant asshole guy. But I feel like it's almost inevitable."

He sighed again and listened to Brenda's joyous slurping. He was running a hand through her short hair in a relaxed way. He was glad that she wasn't sucking him so intently anymore. "Look. I'm not saying this has to stop. I'm enjoying it too much to even be able to think that. But let's at least have SOME limits. Okay? For instance, no more special guests at breakfast. Mom and Sis, you already spoil me rotten every single morning. Any more, and I'll be too weirded out to even function in school. Let's save that sort of thing for AFTER school."

Susan nodded. "Okay, fair enough. No more special guests in the morning, at least for a while, until you get used to things." She was careful to leave that large loophole. "By the way, have you finished eating?"

He looked down at his plate. He'd only eaten half of his muffin, but he was full. He'd finished the rest. "Yeah, I guess so."

Brenda suddenly applied much more suction and began bobbing faster. She was listening carefully, and she was worried that her time was running out.

Susan asked him, "Is that all you wanted to say, about your issues?" bender

"I suppose."

"Good. I thought you'd say more. As it is, we should have just enough time. Angel, can you take Brenda to the bathroom and help her get ready?"

"Sure thing." Katherine stood up.

Brenda pulled her lips off again, then crawled out from under the table. After briefly bowing in Alan's direction, she silently took Katherine's hand and walked away with her. Curiously, she put her hands behind her head as she bowed, making it an even more submissive pose, even though no one had told her to do so.

On the way out, Katherine stopped by the phone, called somebody, spoke only a few words, and then hung up.

He noticed that, and thought, Weird, man! What was that about? Everything's so friggin' weird this morning. For instance, Brenda just bowed at me. Bowed! After all she did to my dick, she bows at me as if she was thanking me for the pleasure of serving me. Which, now that I think about it, was probably exactly what she was doing. Weird!

Once Susan was alone with Alan, she leaned towards him and whispered, "I'm glad we have a moment to talk in private. I know you have your concerns, and believe me, I hear you. You say you worry about balance, and understandably so. This is a perfect time for you to do something for her to make up for all she's been doing for you."

He was relieved, and whispered back, "Gladly! Anything. What is it? I'll do literally anything to try to restore the balance a little bit. I'm not worthy!"

Susan smiled at that. "I knew you'd say that, even though you ARE worthy, and don't you ever forget it. Luckily, it's really easy. As I mentioned earlier, this is all about giving her that official personal cocksucker title before you leave for your trip, so she doesn't suffer all weekend long. She wants to feel that she belongs to you."

"Well, she does." He did a double take. "As weird as that is to say. Wow!" Brenda DOES belong to me now. I still don't even know her that well, and yet she adores me. I know there's more to her than just being a well, a sex pet, but it's kind of hard to keep that in mind when she's so friggin' sexy! Not to mention being a cocksucking demon!

Susan suggested, "But you have to make it official, make her know it. You haven't done that yet. Angel mentioned how you set the scene in all kinds of intangible ways. Now is your chance to do some more of that. Please give her that title, and make a sort of official ceremony out of it."

He frowned. "Wait a sec. What's with all this 'official' talk? Official according to whom?"

"To YOU, of course! She wants to have firm confirmation that you appreciate her efforts and that she belongs as one of us, as one of your favorite big-titted sluts. Now, as for the ceremony, I don't have any specific suggestions, but it would be good to have a lot of sexy humiliation. That's her favorite."

He cocked a curious eyebrow. "'Favorite?'"

"Well, I don't know if that's the right word. It's like what I was saying earlier. Like the rest of us, she's in total agony while it's happening. But it makes everything that much more intense and arousing. It's like... you never feel more ALIVE than when you're being sexually dominated and humiliated by the man you love!" She beamed lovingly at him.

He shook his head at all the strangeness. But he also said, "Okay. We all must be collectively insane, because I know exactly what you mean, and what she wants, even though I can't really understand it from her point of view. How much time do we have left?" He still hadn't found out the exact time all morning.

"Fifteen minutes. Twenty, if we push it."

"That much? But earlier you said we had half an hour, and it's been at least twenty minutes since then. Plus, you said twenty minutes more than five minutes ago."



Susan looked down shyly. "To be honest, I've been fudging the numbers a little bit in order to spur you on. But don't worry. Knowing that Brenda would be coming over, I woke you up extra early so we'd have plenty of time for this. We can't skip this ceremony or she'll be crushed."

"So how much time do we really have?"

"Don't worry about it. Enough." In truth, she considered this so important that she didn't even mind if he was a little late to school, but she didn't want him to know that.

"Okay." He closed his eyes. "Give me a minute or two to mentally figure things out. Plus, my dick could use more of a strategic break."

"Sure thing."

Susan got up. But then she leaned down and whispered, "Oh, by the way, Suzanne and Amy are here."

He opened his eyes in surprise. Sure enough, he saw Suzanne and Amy standing at the entrance to the dining room, fully dressed.

They smiled at him and waved.

He was flabbergasted. He managed to wave back.

Susan whispered more, "Suzanne helped me plan all this. We figured having everyone here will make the ceremony more official and emotionally impactful."

He sat there simply shaking his head in amazement. Whoa! Crazy. Just crazy. And I'm sure them being here is meant to make everything that much more humiliating for her too. He quickly pulled himself together and asked, "What's the deal with this whole 'personal cocksucker' thing, anyway? I don't even know what that means."

Susan replied, "It means whatever you want it to mean. But I think it's pretty self-explanatory. Lots of beautiful and talented women get to suck your cock, but few are selected by you to be the very best! I think Brenda deserves the title, not so much for what she's done to your cock already, but for her commitment and passion. Don't you?"

Wow! They're giving me such much power! He pointed out, "We never had any ceremony for that with you or anyone else."

"That's true, and that's a shame. But at least we can have one for Brenda. Better late than never, right?" Susan bent over and kissed the top of his head. "Oh. And please, I know you have great stamina, but it would be great if you could conclude the ceremony by cumming all over her face. You need release before school, and that'll symbolically put her in her place." Then she went off to talk to Suzanne and Amy.

He moved over from the dining table to the love seat, figuring that would be better for what was coming. Then he closed his eyes again. Man. So friggin' weird! I get to restore some balance with Brenda by doing a nice thing for her, by making her one of MY official cocksuckers, which makes things even MORE imbalanced! Apparently, cumming on her face is a favor to HER as well! How does that make any sense?! But it seems to be the thing to do. And to think: in twenty minutes or so, I'm gonna go from this to sitting in Mr. Tompkins' physics class. Talk about SEVERE mental whiplash! Sheesh!

It turned out he only had about one interrupted minute to make plans for Brenda's ceremony. There just wasn't much time left before school.

He heard some deliberate coughing, so he opened his eyes again. Before him was an odd sight: Brenda was standing across the room, still buck naked and blushing, with her arms pinned behind her back, head bowed, and her tits thrust forward. He didn't see a big change from her time getting freshened up in the bathroom, although her hair was combed and her face had been wiped clean of cum and slobber, and her thighs were dry too. But the odd aspect was that Susan and Katherine stood on one side of Brenda, and Suzanne and Amy stood on the other. The four of them were still fully dressed, which made Brenda's nudity starkly stand out. Undoubtedly, that was the intention.

Despite his griping, he was still very aroused, and ready to play his part. Weird or not, this is my life. This is what I do, and I'm damn good at it! I've just gotta get in the right mindset, kind of like I do whenever I see Heather. Let's make this a hell of a lot of fun for us all.

He started by pretending dismay at Brenda. He barked at her, "What are you DOING there? Standing there on your feet with the others, like a free woman. I want you to go back to the front foyer, and crawl to me on all fours, like a good sex pet! And be quick about it, because we don't have much time."

Brenda's eyes went wide with alarm. Clutching her huge breasts with her arms so they wouldn't wildly bounce, she ran to the foyer as fast as she could. Mere seconds later, she was on her hands and knees and quickly crawling back to him. Her already blushing face quickly turned blazing cherry red.

The other women moved to each side to allow Alan a good view through the large opening into the living room. They all seemed pleased at his commands. Suzanne in particular made eye contact with him and smiled and nodded his way, indicating that she very much approved.

Alan remained silent until Brenda was only a couple of feet away. He figured, correctly, that the silence would give Brenda nothing to think about but her own predicament, further increasing her humiliation.

She came to a stop, uncertain what to do next. Oh God! Fuck me! This is too exciting! After all these weeks of waiting, it's happening! I hate having to crawl for him in front of everybody, but it feels SO RIGHT! This is what it means to be ALIVE! I swear, I'm so excited I'm going to pass out!

He said to her, "Okay, you may stand before me. Strike the most sexy and submissive pose you can."

She didn't hesitate, not even for a second. It seemed that she'd given that some thought already. She immediately spread her legs wide, to a surprising degree, wider than Alan thought she could manage. It looked like she was on the verge of doing the splits. It was an even more impressive feat given that she was still wearing her red high heels.

Then she put her hands on the top of her head and leaned her upper body forward. That served as both a submissive bowing motion, and also caused her massive tits to swell and hang down in a most enticing manner. It was as if she was offering them to him on a platter. Once in position, she adoringly whispered, "Master!"

That was plenty arousing. Not surprisingly, his erection hadn't softened at all, not even during his break. He'd known that moments like this were coming, and sure enough, he'd been right. In fact, he was so aroused that he was momentarily speechless. He could have made Brenda pose in more embarrassing positions, but his sexual desire was too great, and he was worried about the time.

He simply pointed to his stiff erection and nodded.

Brenda was on him in a flash, kneeling between his legs in what seemed like the blink of an eye. She swallowed him surprisingly deep, and then started to bob and suck. She'd been hungry for his cock while bobbing on him all through breakfast, but after being made to pose and crawl in front of the others, she was absolutely ravenous. She made quite a racket, slurping with great suction, and making still more lewd choking and gagging noises by continually going as deep as she could.

The four women watching and listening all felt goose bumps at the exact same time. Those choking and gagging noises triggered a deep desire in each of them.

Alan shut his eyes tightly as a rush of intense arousal flew through his body like electric currents. After a minute or so when he opened them again, he noticed a definite change in his audience. Previously, they had been smiling and happy, obviously enjoying the ceremony. But now they looked almost pained, due to their struggles to control their own lusty desires. It wasn't so much what they were watching, since they couldn't see much of the actual cocksucking other than Brenda's bobbing head; it was mainly the sounds of Brenda's oral action that kept driving each of them wild.

It went without saying that Alan was even more affected than they were, since sound was just one small part of his erotic sensory overload. He was flying so high that he was in danger of forgetting all about the ceremony and just losing himself to lust.

But luckily, he was mindful enough not to make that mistake. However, he already was panting so hard that it was difficult for him to speak. So he changed his plan slightly to let others do most of the talking for a while. Gathering his wits, he said, "So, Brenda... I hear you want to be one of my personal cocksuckers."

"Mmmm-hmmm!" She opened his eyes and looked up at his face. She tried to nod emphatically, although that wasn't very helpful since her head was bobbing already.

That was good enough for him to get the message. So he gasped out, "Very well. But do you have what it takes? Let's see what the others have to say about that, from up close!" With that accomplished, he closed his eyes again and directed most of his mental energy at simply not cumming yet. He knew the other women would do the speaking for a while, and he was grateful. Furthermore, he was counting on their close examination and critical comments to embarrass and arouse Brenda even more.

Sure enough, the other four quickly crowded around so their heads were only a foot or two away from Alan's cock. They began saying exactly the kinds of things he'd hoped they would. They all knew to challenge her and slightly embarrass her without actually saying anything mean.

For instance, Katherine reached in and ran her fingers up and down the lower half of Alan's shaft as she said to the others, "I suppose it can't be denied that she's taking good care of the cockhead area, but what about down here?" She essentially jacked him off as she added, "Look at all these inches of thick cock being totally ignored."

Brenda quickly brought a hand from his balls to his lower shaft and replaced Katherine's stroking fingers with her own.

But then Amy reached in and cradled his balls from below. "That's true. But now what about his balls? Aunt Susan, you've told me that a man's balls are an underappreciated and under-loved erogeny zone." She giggled.

Susan also reached in for his balls. She fondled one while Amy played with the other. "It's 'erogenous,' Amy. But you're right. You can't ignore his balls. It makes me wonder if Brenda is really personal cocksucker material." Of course she didn't really mean that. Like the others, she was just winding Brenda up.

Brenda was so horny that she'd had one hand fingering her pussy. But she realized that she had no choice but to bring that hand up so she could stroke his lower shaft with one hand while fondling his balls with the other.

With that, Amy and Susan relented and let go of his balls. But they kept their hands on his thighs, just inches away.

Suzanne spoke up next. "What you say is true, but it's a matter of perspective. I like what her fingers are doing now, but I wonder... if she's so busy doing all that, is she really giving his sweet spot enough attention? When you come right down to it, that's the main thing."

Susan said, "You're so right! And the real test is stamina. She's only sucked his cock a few times, and not very long each time. Does she have what it takes to slurp and bob over his sweet spot for hours on end, if need be?"

Katherine added, "And, as we all know, need DOES be most of the time!" She giggled.

Brenda was frustrated. She was doing all she could with her lips and tongue, but unlike the earlier comments, there was no easy way for her to show off what she was doing inside her mouth. And it was even more impossible for her to demonstrate stamina, especially since everyone knew that Alan would have to leave for school shortly.

However, she resolved, Screw what they say! I'm going to do my absolute best, no matter what they say. They're just trying to get my goat. Master is going to enjoy my efforts and feel tremendous pleasure, and that's the most important thing!

Brenda had been going all out on his cock and balls. The situation had made her as aroused as humanly possible, and with the four others watching closely, she already had been determined to do her very best. Yet somehow she managed to step up her efforts a little more. She already was using her tongue, lips, and both hands, and she didn't actually do anything that different than before. But somehow she stopped consciously thinking about what she was doing and fell into "the zone" where everything happened naturally, to even better effect.

Alan had been on the verge of cumming for a while now, building up a strong need to cum all through breakfast. It was remarkable what he'd endured, but that ability was breaking down. He felt he could only last a little longer. He really had no choice but to hang on, as it would be very embarrassing to cum before the "ceremony" was over. The problem was, all of a sudden, he was gasping for air and struggling so hard just to hold out that he was in no shape to say the right words appropriate for the situation. It was difficult for him to coherently speak at all.

Luckily, he knew he could count on his loved ones to help. He tapped Suzanne's shoulder and made eye contact with her. He didn't say anything, since Brenda could hear, but he tried to convey his problem non-verbally as best he could, since Brenda couldn't see his face or Suzanne's.

While he still could, he spoke between ragged, heavy breaths, "It's time! ... Time for the... words! ... Aunt Suzy, please! ... Say them!"

Suzanne smirked, amused at his predicament. But she was loving and caring, and she wanted to help make this event a success. She winked at him in understanding.

She spoke in her most authoritative voice. "Brenda Hunter, we, Alan's other personal cocksuckers, find your efforts..." She paused dramatically.

Brenda held her breath and her heart leapt to her throat. She even froze her cocksucking efforts.

Suzanne finally relented, and concluded, "...worthy. Don't we, ladies?"

Brenda's tensed up body relaxed. YESSSS! Oh, happy day! Glorious day! She resumed her sucking, and with even greater passion and intensity.

Susan, Amy, and Katherine all muttered and murmured in agreement. Actually, they were quite impressed by Brenda's efforts. They couldn't see inside her mouth, where nearly all the important action was taking place, but they noticed his lusty reaction. Watching Brenda bob on him was making them extremely hot and bothered, and yet they felt trapped and annoyed since they were wearing so many layers of clothes.

Suzanne said, "Very good. I agree as well. Brenda, please stop sucking him for a minute so you can carefully listen to what I'm about to say." She wanted to help give Alan something of a respite, because she worried he wouldn't make it through the rest of the ceremony before cumming.

Brenda stopped her bobbing and stroking. However, she couldn't resist continuing to intently lick his sweet spot inside her mouth. She knew Suzanne wouldn't be able to see that.

He breathed a big sigh of relief. He could still feel the cum need building up inside of him, since Brenda was "cheating" and the overall situation was so thrilling, but Suzanne's words bought him a little more time.

Suzanne continued, "Brenda, do you understand the commitment you're making, wanting to be one of his official personal cocksuckers? That means you have to be willing to serve his cock to the best of your ability, and with all your passion, whenever he needs it. Whenever he wants it. Heck, whenever he so much as has a fleeting thought about it! A personal cocksucker is happiest where you are right now,

naked, kneeling, and with a mouth full of cock! If you agree with all that, slide your lips down his shaft as far as you can go, choke on his thickness for a few seconds, then pull back until your lips are where they are now."

Brenda did that, but very slowly. She used all the suction she could muster and feverishly lapped and licked everything her tongue could reach.

Suzanne was tempting fate, hoping that Alan could rise to the occasion and delay his climax just a little longer. However, she could see from the pained expression on his face that he wasn't likely to last more than a few seconds. He was in erotic ecstasy, but he was suffering greatly too. She impulsively helped out by squeezing her fingers around the base of his shaft. She knew that if she applied pressure at the right spot, his cum couldn't rush up and out of his erection.

He was so far gone that he didn't even realize what she was doing to him. He didn't cum, but even with Suzanne's squeezing he was right on the verge.

There was much more Suzanne wanted to say, but knew she'd have to wrap this up fast. She waited until Brenda gagged on him and then slid her lips back to her original position. "Okay, good. Brenda, I now pronounce you Alan's fifth official personal cocksucker, joining the rest of us right here. As such, your greatest pleasure needs to be HIS greatest pleasure! Yes, it's humiliating, but you should always put serving his cock first! Always treat him like a king, like your lord and master!"

Suzanne knew from discussions with both Alan and Brenda that the phrase "lord and master" had a very powerful effect on Brenda ever since, in Alan's first private conversation with her, he'd told her that her ideal man would "treat you like a queen most of the time, out of bed, but in bed, he'll be your lord and master."

Brenda was holding back from orgasming, just like Alan was. As soon as she heard that key phrase, she lost all control and began cumming hard.

Suzanne smirked, because she knew that would happen. She also knew that Alan would start cumming at any moment, triggered by Brenda's orgasm. If that didn't do the trick, all it would take was Suzanne easing the pressure around the base of his shaft. But the wily redhead didn't want him to cum in her mouth, since that wouldn't be an ideal ending to the ceremony.



She quickly pulled Brenda's head back, completely off his cock, allowing Brenda to scream as loudly as she'd ever done so in her life.

The other women actually pulled back and plugged their ears.

Suzanne didn't have that luxury though, since she still had a hand on Alan's boner. She relaxed her firm grip and slid her hand up, ready to do the aiming. She used her other hand to make sure Brenda's head stayed in position.

As she expected, a second or two later, Alan started to fire his load. He was worked up to such a degree that even he yelled loudly as well.

Brenda's face was right in front of the tip of his cock, mere inches away. Her mouth was opened as wide as possible due to her screaming.

It would have been easy for Suzanne to simply fire his cum into Brenda's gaping maw, but her goal was to paint her face instead. Luckily, Brenda's eyes were shut tight, so Suzanne generally aimed above Brenda's mouth.

Alan was so deliriously aroused that he had only a vague idea of what was happening. He actually saw stars.

Brenda was just as delirious as he was, if not more so. She was grateful for Suzanne's assistance, because she would have been completely incapable of aiming his cock. All she could do was cum and cum, and cum some more. She screamed her head off for a good two more minutes after he stopped cumming. Even then, her body continued to twitch spasmodically for a few minutes more, often because another small orgasm would unexpectedly hit her.

Her body was completely limp. Even her holding her head up seemed beyond her abilities for a while.

Luckily, the others were able to help out. Amy and Katherine held Brenda's body and head in its kneeling pose between Alan's legs.

Brenda's thought of the others "forcing" her down between Alan's legs trigger another orgasmic aftershock.

Susan scooted in next to Brenda. "Congratulations! You did it! You're one of his personal cocksuckers now!" Brenda's eyes were glazed over, and she showed no sign of hearing that. Susan asked her, "Did you hear me?"

After a long pause, Brenda mumbled, "Mmmm-hmmm..."

Susan frowned. "This is not good! It's going to take a while for Brenda to come around, and Alan looks to be completely out of it too! I've kind of lost track of time, but I'm worried all three of our kids are going to be late for school!"

Suzanne said, "Hmmm. That is a problem. I've got an idea: let's cut our losses. You take care of him and her, and I'll drive the two girls to school ASAP. Then, as soon as Alan is even halfway mobile, drive him to school and let Brenda stay here to rest and recover. You and I will be back soon enough, with me probably coming back first. How does that sound?"

"Good!" Susan frowned. "Such a shame though. Just look at Brenda's cummy face. So beautiful! We could have a fun time with all that yummy sperm!"

Suzanne said, "Them's the breaks. And I'm afraid you're going to have to skip your usual cleaning ritual in the interest of time. Let's get a move on!"

Things moved quickly after that. Since everyone was fully dressed already except for Brenda and Alan, Suzanne was able to leave with Katherine and Amy almost immediately. Susan had a harder time getting Alan out the door, but it was partly her fault. She helped Brenda to lie down on the floor. Then, despite Suzanne's instructions to the contrary, she couldn't resist her son's privates a little bit. However, mindful that he was headed to school, she did focus more on actual cleaning. She used a wet towel on him after that to make sure he was truly clean all over.

She managed to get him out the door about five minutes after Suzanne left with the girls. He was still in a daze. She had to clothe him and help him walk to the car. She knew it would be a very close call getting him to class on time.

## Chapter 893 Heather Doing The Painted On Panties Thing!

Alan rested with his eyes closed during the car ride to school. Susan was quiet for the most part, knowing he needed to try to switch gears mentally in his own way. She had to concentrate on driving, since she was going much faster than usual to make up for starting so late.

He thought, Wow! So intense! I still don't even know what the hell that was all about, with all that "official" stuff, but it was fucking epic! Brenda is amaaaaazing!

But what really blows my mind is that this is just the beginning. This is not just one wild week, or one wild month. This is how it's going to be forever! Brenda just made a serious commitment. Hell, we're all committed to each other now, whether we say it's "official" or not. For instance, I'm never going to live separate from Mom and Sis if I can help it. Hell, twenty years from now, Mom'll probably still be cooking the two of us breakfast in her erotic apron and then blowing me through breakfast before necking and rubbing her tits all over my chest as I head out the door to work! Why the hell not? I know some people might find it odd to live with their mothers, but they wouldn't think that if she was a perfect ten totally submissive bombshell fuck toy!

Hell, and knowing her, she'll probably look even better than she does now! And Aunt Suzy and Aims are just as much a vital part of our shared future. Brenda's wiggling her way into our lives too, and I'm certainly not complaining about that! Man, "my future's so bright I gotta wear shades," that's all I can say. I just need to make it through today, and then the hiking trip, and soon I'll be balls-deep in Mom's cunt! Not just once or twice, but every day, forever! How cool is that?!

As Susan drove the minivan through a key intersection, she gave him a nudge. "Tiger, my love, we're almost there."

He opened his eyes and rubbed his face. "Man! Whoa!"

She glanced at him with concern. "Are you going to be okay? You still look a bit, well... stunned."

"That's 'cos I feel stunned. That was great, but we can't do that kind of thing every morning. It's too intense! How am I going to get into the right mindset for school?"

She smiled encouragingly. "You'll manage. You always do."

He thought, I've got to seriously focus on my classes for at least a few hours. I'd love to repeat my remote vibrator control fun with Glory, but not today. I'm going to be distracted enough as it is. Besides, she'd be too sore to take another day so soon. I've got a triple whammy of tests in my first-, second- and third-period classes, so it's time to hunker down and avoid distractions.

By the time Susan pulled up in front of the school, he was feeling better. But the school bell had already rung. After giving Susan a goodbye peck on the cheek, he did his best to hustle to class.

Normally, he would have been quite nervous seeing Christine for the first time since he'd passionately necked with her at the pub the night before. But he made it to his first-period physics class with mere seconds to spare, so all he could really do was smile and say "Hi" as he took his front-row seat next to hers. She seemed to look and act perfectly normal, which made things easier.

He glanced over at her and sighed. Sheesh! This morning was like the blowjob morning to end all blowjob mornings! It was so far beyond anything I could have ever dreamed of in my wildest fantasies, and yet it really happened to me! If Christine had even the tiniest inkling, she would completely freak out. Hell, everyone would. And yet, Mom washed me down, combed my hair, and threw some clothes on me, so now, to all outward appearances, I look just like everyone else. But that's so wrong! I don't even know how to think about it anymore. It's a total skull fuck!

He found himself grateful that he had tests for his first three classes, because it forced him to focus on test-taking. By the time his first period was over, he had mostly recovered from his morning sex daze. At least he could fake acting normally.bender

Christine and Alan walked together between classes, talking as they went, but by then they were both so deeply in test-taking mode that it was easy for them to act as if the events of the previous evening had never occurred.

Alan's two tests came and went. He felt pretty good about how he'd done. As he waited at the end of his second-period English class, he thought, Finally! That monkey is off my back. I've got one test left in fifth period, but I know I'll cruise through that one. Heather came through with the illegally authored essay, and it was a good one too. From now on, I'm going to do better so I never have to do that kind of cheating again. Not only is it wrong, but doing wrong leaves me vulnerable to blackmail. Especially from Heather. Despite our good meeting yesterday, I still don't trust her farther than I can throw her. Hell, I don't trust her farther than the eight inches I can fuck her.

But those worries are for another day. I made it through a tough week and now I get my rewards! First off, I'm gonna fuck Glory silly for lunch. We've never done that Princess Leia role-play she wants to do. I saw that she still has that costume buried in her supply closet, so we can do that one. Sean's such a big Star Wars fan; I wonder what he'd think if he was a fly on the wall for that one.

Speaking of which, with these tests basically out of the way, I have to find Sean again and get a progress report on his second Kim fuck. And I wanna hear Kim's side of it, too. Probably I should get her take first. I hope he did well, because the Xania thing is all arranged for him and right around the corner. I wonder what she'll think when he shows up there with his car all filled with camping gear. I hope the cover story of him being a guest on my scouting trip holds with his parents. It should. The call from my mom to his mother should prevent any doubts, I should think.

And then there's the hiking trip. I've been so focused on everything else that I've practically forgotten about that. But it should be a good break for me, both mentally and physically. A chance to give my mind and my dick big vacations. Forty-eight straight hours without cumming. That'll be strange.

But there's so much to do beforehand! Not only finish packing, but I've got all kinds of unresolved issues to deal with, most of which hopefully involve more sex, heh-heh. I might as well go out in style and completely drain my balls before I go. I think I can afford another fuck with Heather as final payback for the "help" with the essay. Then there's an appointment with Akami in the afternoon, which is certainly going to have more sex in it. Oh. Wait. Heather'll be at the football game cheerleading after school. Well that's one less fuck for me, for good or for bad. Probably for good - I'm only human.

And then there's the one really huge question. Is Mom's period over so I can finally fuck her? Mom did say she's still "on the rag," but that could change by the afternoon. All hope is not lost that today could be the big day.

If worse comes to worst, we'll have to wait until after the hiking trip. But that might actually be better, if we can both hold out until then. We could make a really big production out of it, and I'll be so backed up with cum I'll be able to fuck her ten times in one day! Okay, maybe not, but a hell of a lot of times. He chuckled to himself.

So sweet! I'm getting a boner just thinking about it. But in any case, she's going to want to play around before I go. I can at least console myself with that. A titfuck? An assfuck? Or the tried and true blowjob? Another double blowjob? Dang, I love those! So many good possibilities.

This is gonna be a very sexually busy afternoon. All I know is, as soon as that final school bell rings, I'm going to have as many fucks as my body can stand until the van comes to take me away. It's going to be glorious. Talk about "Thank God It's Friday!" Sweetness!

Alan had been carrying on so much about how his tests and the 20-page essay were bothering him, that a number of people knew when his academic day was finished, for all practical purposes. So when he walked out of his second-period class, Amy and Katherine were there, dressed in the skimpy red cheerleader uniforms they wore every Friday, ready to meet him with hugs and kisses (a chaste kiss on the cheek from Katherine, and a wet, lingering kiss on the lips from Amy). The two girls had finished their own tests, so the three of them gave each other high fives.

But then Katherine suddenly said in a nervous voice, "We've gotta go," and the two girls rushed off without even goodbye hugs.

Alan thought that was strange, as the five minute break period had just begun. But then he looked around and saw Heather coming his way, like a shark swimming through packs of helpless fish. She too was dressed in her cheerleader uniform. She had a serious and determined look on her face - which made Alan realize why Katherine and Amy had departed so suddenly. It seemed like Heather was coming his way to punch him in the face.

However, when she got close, she smiled at him and said, "Hi! You said you had your two tough tests to start the day, so I figure you must be through the worst of it. How'd you do?"

Alan was a bit taken aback by her casual, friendly question, especially since it contrasted dramatically with the searing look in her eyes. He replied, "Okay. I'm glad it's all over. I still have one more test later, but that one should be okay."

He hadn't gone more than a few feet from the door of his third-period class, and he stood just out of the path of those wanting to exit or enter that room. Suddenly Heather grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him a few feet down the hall and pressed him up against the wall. He found himself positioned with his face only about a foot away from hers, and her legs on either side of his. It was the perfect position if they wanted to stand and neck against the hallway lockers, but that wasn't what Heather wanted to do.

With Alan still playing catch-up, Heather grabbed one of his hands and drew it to her ass. As she did this, she said in a low and quiet voice, "Alan, thinking about our meeting yesterday makes me really HOT! It's all I can think about. I want you, no, NEED you, in my butt! Time is short and we all know what kind of day Friday is, so don't waste time!"

He didn't know what she meant when she said "we all know what kind of day Friday is," but then he reviewed his memory of their meeting and recalled his "Groping Naked Heather Day" fantasy. He'd described how dozens and dozens of strange hands would grope her all day long every Friday as she'd only wear painted on panties, and possibly even just a painted on top as well. Then the feeling of her skin on his hand made him realize that she in fact wasn't wearing any panties. He thought, Wow! She's doing the painted on panties thing! For real? Really?!

She was planning on doing the "painted-on-panties thing" today, but she was so excited about what Alan had told her the day before that even that didn't go far enough for her. She wasn't wearing panties, but hadn't had her crotch painted black yet either, as she planned to do that during sixth-period cheerleading practice, in time for the game after school. The feeling of nudity not even covered by paint and the thrill of getting caught had her so aroused that she'd been practically glowing all morning.

He looked around. There were kids milling about all over the place, and Heather was practically treated like a rock star at school, so people were always looking her way. It was remarkable no one had noticed where his hand was, mostly because it was covered by her cheerleader skirt, and they were standing close. He said, "Not here; this is nuts! Let's go around the corner, at least."

#### Chapter 894 Fucking Heather While Others Watching!

Heather let out a frustrated grunt and then practically carried Alan around the corner. She eagerly assumed the same position as before.

Touching Heather's privates in the school hall was still pretty crazy, even in their new location, but Alan couldn't resist. It only took him a couple of seconds from the time she pulled his hand up into her ass crack until he figured out what she wanted him to do. He began rubbing his hand over the inner slopes of her ass cheeks, and poked around the entry to her anus. The ecstatic and practically orgasmic facial expression right in front of his nose told him that he was doing the right thing. He was too frazzled to notice the difference in texture between painted and unpainted skin. In any case, he would never even have considered the possibility that she would have deliberately forgone even the minimal protection of painted panties underneath her short skirt.

He looked to the right and left and wondered how the two of them would look to other people walking down the hall. Going around the corner had moved them from a crowded hall to a less crowded hall, but it wasn't deserted. He saw some girls walking by, staring in wide-eyed wonder. But to his relief, he saw they were staring at his face and Heather's face. The faces were so close that it looked like they were

about to kiss. He figured they wouldn't have even considered the possibility that he'd have his hand all over Heather's ass under her skirt.

However, he knew that Heather had such a fantastic ass that the next boys to walk by would probably be staring at it in any case. So he embraced her with his free hand and pulled her up so at least their activity would be less obvious. Then he switched to fingering her pussy from the front side. That would be a lot harder to notice, especially with their bodies closer together.

Heather was hoping to blindside Alan and so overwhelm him with sexuality and danger that she'd be able to assert control over their relationship. But right now she was the one feeling completely overwhelmed. She couldn't help but think back to the fantasies he'd put in her head of things like "Naked Heather Day" or wearing no clothes to school except painted on ones. Suddenly, she was filled with the naughty thought of Alan fucking her ass right then and there. She imagined herself wearing nothing but her cheerleader skirt and being lifted up into the air and held there by nothing but a wildly oversized version of Alan's erection.

That turned her on so much she could barely contain herself. She even had trouble breathing. "Oh Alan!" she purred. "I can't believe what you do to me!"

He thought, I don't even want to be doing this. How do I get out of this? I can't seem to pull my hand away. What's wrong with me? Am I suicidal? What if some of the football players see me? Just standing this close to Heather would earn me a serious ass whooping.

He took another look past Heather. To his surprise, he saw Heather's friend Simone standing less than ten feet away. A couple of her and Heather's mutual friends were standing with her, apparently all in on whatever Heather was up to, and enjoying the groping scene. Simone was positioned in the best spot to see what he was doing with his hand, and in so doing she and her friends had blocked off that view from anyone on his right side, no doubt deliberately. The left side was still wide open, and unfortunately they were at the corner of an L-bend in the hallway, so a big potential remained for people to see from that side.

He motioned to Simone with his head, and nodded in the direction of the exposed side. She got his non-verbal message and moved to the other side of him and Heather. She stood quite close to Heather, effectively blocking the view from that side too.

That was a big relief for Alan, but he still didn't like the situation. He whispered (even as his hand continued to explore her pussy lips), "Heather, this is dangerous!"



She huskily replied, "I know!" But to her, that was a really good thing.

The memory of being pushed and shoved by big football players in the hallway was at the forefront of his mind. He imagined what they'd do if they saw him like this. He had a vision of being repeatedly punched and kicked by a crowd of big bullies, and then having his broken and bloody body thrown out a window into a trash dumpster. He whispered in a shaky voice, "The football players!" His heart pounded like a hammer.

She breathily whispered back, "I'll take care of them! Remember what you're having me do? Believe me, they won't bother you anymore. Though I'll hate every minute of it, because you're so right about them. They're just jealous because they're a bunch of tiny-dicked losers who don't know how to fuck."

Alan felt his hand wander between Heather's legs until it was back on her ass again. He was rather amazed that his hand would fondle Heather's ass even as he knew the act was ridiculously dangerous. He didn't have the willpower to stop, and it was like his hand wasn't being controlled by his brain. But at least he managed to quickly switch positions with Heather, so that she was now up against the lockers and his back faced the open hallway. He figured that was safer, though still far from completely safe, especially with the way Heather was breathing heavily now.

The skirt and the wall covered up what his fingers were actually doing to her bare pussy and ass, but there couldn't be an innocent explanation if anyone noticed the general location of his hand. He couldn't move his hand much while Heather's body weight pressed it against the wall, but he managed to wiggle it around enough to keep Heather happy.

He looked again at Simone, and saw her lick her lips ostentatiously at him.

With a mischievous twinkle in her eye, Simone said, "Hi Alan. Did you lose something? I'm thinking you must have lost something around Heather's ass, because you sure are giving it a good search." She snickered.

He turned back to Heather. Somehow, seeing Simone lick like that made him much more scared, as if it was possible for an orgy to break out in the hallway at any moment. He consoled himself that at least Simone was keeping her voice way down low so even the other girls standing near couldn't hear.

Despite everything, his wiggling hand grew a little more adventurous, momentarily exploring her pussy lips.

Simone was watching his every move and she said, "Smart guy! You obviously need to conduct a full cavity search." She giggled.

Heather ignored that. She'd been planning to get a revenge of sorts for the way Alan had treated her the day before. She thought it was time to remind him who was really in charge of their relationship. At first she was too excited, but now she steeled her nerves and asked Alan, "Are you a 'fraidy cat? That's surprising, coming from you. I was going to jack you off, but you're obviously not in the mood." Even as she said this, she grasped his throbbing bulge through his pants.

"What?! Right here in the hallway?!"

She laughed at him, as if he was soft in the head to have a problem with that. "Where else? But time is short. We've only got a minute or two. I'll let you go as soon as you give me an orgasm." She figured she could control any man through his dick, and he'd soon be putty in her hands, ready to follow her agenda if she let him cum.

Alan felt very uncomfortable, because now Heather was in control and he was the one mentally knocked off balance. Not only was the situation embarrassing, but he knew it was also dangerous to let Heather think she could ever have the upper hand with him, like she did now. So, despite the danger, he quickly licked his long middle finger to get it lubed up, and then he stuck it up her asshole. He'd been reluctant to go that far, but he consoled himself that at least no one would imagine she wasn't actually wearing panties, and so probably not even Simone with her extremely close view could tell what his fingers were actually doing.

Heather gasped, and she immediately appeared to wilt. The aggressive and practically triumphant look on her face disappeared and her whole body slumped down a couple of inches. Her ass was her weakness.

He didn't realize that she hadn't even painted on any panties and that her new position caused her ass to stick out and her cheerleader skirt to rise up. He was so into the moment that he didn't hear Simone and the other girls gasp as most of Heather's bare ass came into view.

He pushed his sudden advantage, and whispered, "Who's the bitch that needs a Bitch Tamer?"

"I am!" She seemed ready to cream. She tried to get back at him by unzipping his fly so she could jack him off directly, but her hands failed her as she lost her concentration, so she merely fumbled around for it. Within seconds, she gave up and went back to simply stroking his bulge.

He was really sawing at her ass now. He felt a sticky wetness spreading onto his open palm from her excited pussy. It had been moist before, but now it was flowing like a river. "You will NOT surprise me like that again, you understand? I'm in charge at all times, and I'll decide! Is that clear?"

She whimpered, "Yes."

"Who's the anal slave?"

"I am." Her hand was practically wrapped around his shaft now, despite his pants, and she stroked it with a passion. Because Alan happened to wear silk underpants that day, she was able to work up a good rhythm.

He purred, "You're whispering too quietly. Tell Simone and her friends what you are."

"No. I can't! They look up to me."

"You can forget your Bitch Training, then." He continued to saw her anus madly, knowing that anal pleasure was the key to getting her to agree to anything.

He looked around frantically, and didn't see anyone else who'd paid them any special attention on the left side, aside from Simone. But then he looked to the right side at Heather's friends, and saw that the group had increased in size by two girls to a total of five. They also were moving in closer. Their very presence with their body posture indicating they were looking at something interesting was certain to draw a crowd before long.

Every second that Alan had his finger working in Heather's ass seemed to weaken her resolve. Her facial expression morphed from victory to defeat mere inches from Alan's face. She looked over at Simone,

and in a quiet voice but one just loud enough for rest of the group to hear, she said, "I'm an anal slave. Alan is my master. My ass master." Then she buried her face in one of her hands in embarrassment (her other hand kept stroking his bulge).

Simone's eyes went wide in shock, and her hands flew down to her crotch. She'd been painfully aroused by everything she'd seen and heard so far, but seeing the haughty Heather act so submissive practically made her cum on the spot.

Alan immediately pulled his finger out of Heather's asshole, his task accomplished. He whispered, "Good girl," and withdrew his hand completely from her ass. His body pulled back as well. He looked at and sniffed his finger. While he didn't see or smell anything unusual, he nevertheless planned to wash his hands before the start of his next class. His palm was practically soaked with Heather's pussy juice, plus he had an urgent need to clean the finger that had been in her asshole.

That caused Heather's skirt to fall back down, though Alan was still completely unaware of what she'd been showing the whole time.

Heather though, didn't want to let go of him. She continued to jack him off through his clothes with one hand while the other remained propped up against a locker in a futile effort to make their contact appeal casual.

She desperately whispered, "Can we meet for lunch?"

He pushed away, and said in a low voice, "No. I told you I have other arrangements now." He looked down at himself and saw a small wet spot atop the obscene bulge straining his pants.

She still clung to him, even though she knew that made her look pathetic and desperate to her group of friends. She whispered even quieter, "Then can I borrow the key?"

He looked at her uncertainly, painfully aware that the break was coming to a close. He lowered his voice again. "You realize it's my key and you only get to borrow it for a short while, if at all?"

"Yes."

Changing the subject briefly, he announced loud enough for the other girls to hear, "I want you to shave your bush off. Today. Your body belongs to me and I don't want a jungle down there. Is that clear?"

Heather practically swooned at that. "Yes!" Her knees buckled and she nearly fell to the floor, but luckily she managed to grasp the handle of a locker door and hang on for dear life.

"You deserve a reward for admitting who you are to your friends. I'll open the door for you at the start of lunch. Now go." He turned and hurried down the hall to the bathroom without looking to see Heather's reaction or the reaction of the others. Had he looked, he would have seen Heather, Simone, and the others simply stare at his back in amazement as he walked away from them.

Simone's hands continued to rub at her clit through her skirt, without her even realizing it.

As Alan fled the scene, clutching his cum-drenched hand with his other one, he thought about Heather. Fuck! I've created a monster! Even if she doesn't scheme against me, her enthusiasm is going to get me killed! That was complete insanity! Complete, idiotic insanity! My face is still black and blue and I'm already begging for another beating! It was just sheer luck no guys came walking past the whole time. Sheer luck!

Heather stared into space dreamily after Alan disappeared around a corner. But then Simone walked up to her to speak and she snapped back to reality.

The transformation of her face was incredible. She instantly went from lost and moony to looking like a harsh drill sergeant. Her eyes fell on the five other girls who had watched the whole thing and she gave them a deadly look. They had been quietly chattering amongst themselves, but quickly shut up.

"Okay you lot. Come with me." Heather realized she had to make these girls completely shut up about what they'd just seen and heard. She could trust Simone to be discreet, but these others would need strong persuasion for her to be absolutely sure. Luckily, they were all members of her "Blondie" group (and in fact all of them were blonde), so she already had them more or less under her control.

Chapter 895 Simone To The Mix?

Alan had a very hard time settling down after that encounter with Heather. He sat down and tried to focus on his third-period art class, but his dick stayed very erect.

But only a minute or two after he sat down, and before class actually began, his teacher Mr. Jackson walked up to his desk. Even more curiously, Simone was with him, following just behind. This was very strange, since Simone wasn't in the class.

Mr. Jackson spoke quietly while the other students filed in to the classroom. "Hey Alan, I've got a student aide here with something for you to do. Try not to be long, okay?"

Alan looked back and forth between Mr. Jackson and Simone. He didn't understand, and it showed on his face. "What is it for?"

Mr. Jackson was holding a small piece of paper, and he held it up and read it to himself. "I don't know. It just says that your presence is required by... let's see here... some visiting nurse named Ms. Hendrix." He squinted at Alan. "Is there anything wrong with you?"

"Um, no. I feel fine." He looked suspiciously at Simone, since he knew her last name was Hendrix.

Since she was standing a little behind Mr. Jackson, she gave Alan a sexy smile and a provocative wink.

Alan suddenly had visions of having sex with her. He wanted to be annoyed, but they weren't exactly unappealing visions.

Just a few moments later, Alan and Simone were walking out of class and down the hall. Once the coast was clear, Alan said with amusement, "Nurse Hendrix, huh? I wonder who that could be."

Simone smiled from ear to ear as she played stupid. "You got me."

He chuckled at that, then asked, "Seriously, what's going on? I don't like being shanghaied left and right. And I don't want to miss any of the class."

"I'm aware. But I have some serious stuff to talk to you about, regarding Heather, and it can't wait. Don't worry; I don't want to miss a lot of class either."

He replied, "Oh. Well, I'm okay with that then, I guess." In truth, his horniness was making him eager. "Where are we going?"

"We need to talk in private. You have the key to the theater room on you, right?"

"Yeah?"

"Good. Let's go there."

He noticed they were already headed in that direction. "How'd you get me out of class, by the way?"

"Heather has a stack of passes about this high." She held her hands up, gesturing a distance of about two feet high. "I used one on myself too, of course."

He sighed. "Figures. I just hope and pray that Heather's power at school will allow her to influence the football players. Has she told you yet about how they're after me?"

Simone responded, "Don't worry, Heather tells me everything, and I know she's working on things already. Besides, I'm pretty well plugged in on the grapevine here at school myself, so yeah, I already know all about your situation. Let me tell you though, those guys are all bark and no bite. Nobody crosses Heather and survives to tell about it. Nobody."

He grumbled as he walked along, "You make her sound like a mass murderer."

She quipped, "Nah. Mass killing is too crude for her. She prefers targeted ass-ass-ination." She wiggled her hips outrageously each time she said "ass."

Alan laughed, despite himself. "That has to be the worst pun I've ever heard."

"Hey, you try making a joke on the spot out of mass murder. It ain't easy."

"Good point. And here we are." They had reached the door to the theater room. As he unlocked the door, he thanked his lucky stars that he'd managed to get the only key to the room from Heather. Furthermore, had he let Heather borrow the key earlier, he wouldn't be able to be here with Simone now.

Once Alan and Simone were safely inside the room with the door closed, he immediately turned to her and asked, "Okay, so what's so important that I had to miss class?"

Simone walked to a couch and sat down on it before answering. "Several things, actually."

Alan, following along, sat down next to her. "Such as...?"

"The main thing concerns what happened between you and her today in the hallway. But first, before I forget, I want to mention something curious from yesterday that you might find interesting. I was hanging out with Heather in her room after school, as we usually do. One thing led to another, and we started fooling around. When I got all of her clothes off, guess what I discovered?"

"What?" He was impatient to return to class, and it showed.

"Some crusty, yucky cum on her ass cheeks! Can you imagine? I wonder where that came from?"

His eyes widened in genuine surprise. "Oh no. She didn't."

"She did."

"God damn. I told her to keep that cum on her ass as just kind of a... thing. You know, it was just something to say. I thought she'd get off on the idea. I didn't expect her to actually DO it!"

Simone laughed. "I know. I was pretty blown away too. But I thought I should tell you because it shows that she takes what you say seriously. I know that in general you shouldn't trust her farther than you can



throw her, and you still should be wary. But when you say something, it means something to her, which in and of itself is highly unusual, believe me. Frankly, I don't even know how to read her sometimes lately, because she's acting totally out of character when it comes to you."

He didn't know what to say. That was unexpected.

She went on, "She told me all about your demand not to have sex with anyone else except for me and the cheerleaders. You do know that she and I have a very special relationship, don't you?"

"I do. I probably don't know the half of it, but I have a general idea. And believe you me, I have no intention of getting in the way of that. My main concern is the spread of STDs. As long as you're not having sex with all kinds of strangers, it's fine with me if you do whatever the hell you want with her whenever you want. Frankly, that's not my business."

"Except if there's a disease concern, and then it is your business," Simone pointed out.

"Well, yeah. Sorry, but that's just being prudent."

Simone nodded warily. "I understand. And you'll be glad to know that I'm only having sex with one guy right now, the wide receiver I told you about before. And he's a real straight arrow. I'm only the third girl he's had sex with, and each has been in a serious relationship. He's pushing me to go steady, but of course I can't. It's not you that would hold me back, it's the fact that I have sex with Heather nearly every day. He wouldn't understand that."

"Ah. Well, thanks for telling me all that." He said impatiently, "Now, about what happened today in the hall-"

"Wait a minute. You asked me to be your eyes and ears when it comes to Heather's sex partners. After talking to her yesterday, I get the sense that she's serious about limiting herself to just you, me, and the cheerleaders. She wonders how long she can go without more 'live cock' than just you, but at the same time she's not about to just up and have sex with some other guy, because she thinks they all pale in comparison to you. I even suggested she should look outside the school for more impressive partners, and she just flat out wasn't interested in that idea at all. That means you have some kind of emotional hold on her. I know she has a nasty habit of promising one thing and doing the exact opposite, but in this case you should know that she's not blowing smoke up your ass."

She paused, and then added, "Actually, she probably IS blowing smoke up your ass. Sounds like you two do all kinds of wild ass-related stuff. But what I mean is, when she's not busy tonguing your ass and blowing air up it, she's not running around and blowing smoke up other guys' asses too."

He grinned. "Thanks for the clarification. Actually, that's good news. Please let me know if there's any kind of change, okay?"

Simone smiled and mock-saluted. "Yes, sir. Traitorous, back-stabbing Mata Hari Hendrix at your service."

"Hey, it's not like that. You're not betraying your friend in any way. On the contrary, you're helping her, big time. When she's with you, if she's anything like she is when she's with me, you know she's unreasonably wild and reckless. She's completely convinced that she'll never have to face any consequences. As your best friend, it's good if you look out for her."

Simone nodded. "I know. I do feel a twinge of guilt, but you're right that it's for the greater good. You should beware, though. On the STD issue, you and I see eye to eye. But if your interests clash with her interests, I'm liable to side with her."

"I know. And I understand. Thanks for being honest. Now, speaking of wild and reckless, what did you want to say about that hall encounter today?"

"Ah. That. You really set the school on fire with that little stunt." She pointed to a spot on the couch just behind him. "And the fires are still burning, as I can see from the smoke rising out of your ass crack."

He realized she was heading for a joke, and got there first. "No, don't worry about that; that's just the smoke that Heather's been blowing up my ass."

She grinned, but said, "Darn, you stole my punch line. Anyway, as I'm sure you remember, it wasn't just you and her standing there, I was there along with a bunch of Heather's friends. And sure, I could keep my lips shut, but Heather's other friends? Not so much. In fact, Heather doesn't really HAVE other friends."

He joked, "Yeah, I've heard from reliable sources that you'd have to be certifiably insane to be friends with her."

"True. Too true. By the way, you should stop by my place one day and check out my insanity certificate. But anyway, her other so-called friends can't be trusted to keep a secret. Sure enough, by lunchtime, rumors were running rampant. Remember, you had Heather tell the group point blank: 'I'm an anal slave. Alan is my master. My ass master.' So... not a lot of subtlety or room for misinterpretation there."

He grimaced. "Oh... yeah... That..."

Simone rolled her eyes. "Yeah, THAT! But don't worry, I'll do my best to take care of it during lunch, and I'm sure Heather will too. In the meantime, you need to watch out!"

"Thanks. Damn. Is there anything I can do, other than just 'watch out?'"

"For one thing, don't be blatantly fingering Heather's ass in the hallway!"

He winced. "Yeah. That was not my best moment. But you can't blame just me for that. She was all over me like some kind of excitable octopus. She was unstoppable! Believe it or not, I was doing some damage control there. I had to play along to some degree. You should have seen her. She was so horny that I seriously thought she was gonna drop to her knees and blow me right there in the hallway!"

Simone pointed out, "I was there, silly. And I do know what you mean, because she was that horny, so you do have a point. And I'm partly to blame too. As you pointed out earlier, Heather is unreasonably reckless, and I kind of see myself as her guardian angel, making sure she doesn't get into TOO much trouble. A little bit of mischief is okay, though." She winked. "That's why I've agreed to be your inside source and help you out with the STD issue."

He sighed. "Shit. I'll been far too careless, about too many things."

"Shit, indeed. Although in your case it's probably smoke-flavored shit from all that ass blowing Heather's been doing."

He looked at her in confusion.

"Sorry. Once I get on a jokey riff, I tend to run it into the ground."

He rolled his eyes.bender

An idea came to her, "By the way, since I'm your secret insider, I'll need a code name. Can I be Deep Throat?" Her voice turned flirtatious, and she struck a sexy pose on the couch. "Of course, I have to earn that name, and I don't know how to deep throat yet. But I figure you can help me with practice. Lots and lots of practice!"

She put a hand on his crotch. She was disappointed that he didn't have any sign of an erection, but within seconds she felt a bulge. She theatrically bugged her eyes out, and cried out in her best attempt at a Transylvanian accent, "Igor, Igor, come to the basement. It's ALIVE!"

Alan laughed, but he also pulled her hand away, since he felt obliged to get back to class. He asked, "Are you trying to be Dr. Frankenstein?"

She said in a pretend offended tone, "It's Dr. Fraaaankensteeein."

He laughed, because he recognized the reference to dialogue in the Mel Brooks movie Young Frankenstein. Recalling more of the movie, he quipped back, "Then you should know my name is pronounced 'Eye-gore.'"

She had a good laugh at that. "Touché. I love a man who is well cultured and knows the true movie classics. That's why your code name should be Biggus Dickus." She put her hand back on his bulge, which was already larger. "I don't know why that name just came to me, but it did."

Catching the Monty Python movie reference, he said, "Ah, yes. That's my vewy gweat fwiend in Wome. If that's my code name, then Heather's needs to be Intercontentia Buttocks."

Simone laughed heartily, "accidentally" and repeatedly squeezing his bulge as her body shook with the laughter. "Awesome! And fitting. It's sad how few of my friends even know the movie Life of Brian

exists. But anyway, getting back to the hallway incident, it's my self-appointed role to serve as Heather's kind of guardian angel, but I just stood by and let it all happen. And you know why?"

"Why?"

"Because I was damn horny too! Do you realize how arousing it was to see you treat Heather like that and get away with it? To watch a red-faced Heather actually tell a bunch of her Blondie friends 'I'm an anal slave. Alan is my master. My ass master?' My God! And then to see you fingering her ass and look at all their shocked faces?! All of us were so fucking horny, it was incredible! If we'd had more time, not only would Heather have dropped to her knees to suck your cock, but I would have too! Then I would have turned to the other now kneeling Blondies as I pulled my clothes off and said, 'Sorry girls, but you've gotta wait your turn!'"

Chapter 896 Fucking Simone!

Simone let go of his bulge, but only because she used both hands to quickly pull her top off and then undo her bra for good measure. She knew she had to work fast before he thought to put up a resistance.

It was so fast that it seemed to happen in the blink of an eye for a very bewildered Alan. He was bewildered because he was quickly finding himself overcome by lust as well. He wanted to stop her, but all he said was, "You don't have to illustrate your story by, uh..."

"Oh, but I do!" She returned her focus to his crotch. But this time she brought both hands there. She deftly managed to unzip his fly and whip out his erection with as much speed as she'd taken her top and bra off.

He complained, "Simone, we can't do this! What about my teacher, Mr. Jackson? It's not fair to him if you waste valuable class time jacking me off."

She joked, "I didn't realize he was jealous. Next time, he can jack you off. But he's not here and I am, so let me do the honors." By this time, she was already busy fondling his exposed privates with both hands.

"Simooooone!"

"That's my name, don't wear it out or I'll make you buy me a new one. And don't worry, you'll be Simoooooaning with pleasure before too long."

He laughed. "You really are the queen of the bad puns, aren't you? And please, stop this handjob before it goes too far!"

She kept on stroking, and said in parody of the famous U.S. military slogan, "It's not just a hand job, it's a hand adventure!"

He laughed some more. "You're really too much. But please, stop it already. It feels too good."

"Well, we wouldn't want that."

To his surprise, she did stop the handjob as soon as she said that. She stood up next to the couch and began wiggling out of the red shorts she was wearing. He was disappointed, realizing that he didn't really want her to stop. Then he realized her intentions.

As she wiggled the shorts down her muscular legs, pulling her panties down with them, she said, "I'm stopping because I can't do that while you're fucking me."

"Whoa! Wait a minute!" He didn't even know why he said that once he said it, because he was so horny that he was past the point of no return.

She could tell his protests lacked conviction, and the way his hard-on stood up at a jaunty angle showed just how aroused he was. But she kept talking because it was taking some time to get completely naked. "By the way, did I mention that I'm STILL horny from what I saw you do to Heather earlier? I've been having an itch needing to be scratched all fucking day!"

She finally had all her clothes off, so she picked up her panties and tossed them at him. "See how wet I've been! And not only that, but Heather carries on about you like you're the greatest motherfucking fucker on Earth! It's time that I find out what the hype is all about!" Since Alan still hadn't moved, she crawled back up on the couch and all over him.

He couldn't resist squeezing her dark globes. "But you've already had sex with me."

"I know, but let's not rush to judgment." She grinned impishly. "We need a few good fucks before I begin to make up my mind."

He disengaged and stood up, but even he knew that by this point he was only playing hard to get. When she got up and wrapped her arms around him, pressing her naked body against his clothed one, he didn't resist. All he managed to say was, "Some kind of angel you are."

She was all smiles. "Hey, who says devils get to have all the fun?" She knew his fly was unzipped, so she dramatically yanked his pants down nearly to his knees.

He was smiling from ear to ear too. "Uh oh. I have a feeling we're about to fuck."

"Brilliant deduction. Biggus Dickus? They should call you Biggus Brainus." Holding his shaft, she rose up and lowered herself down on it until he was fully impaled in her while they both remained standing up.

A great surge of pleasure went through him. "Whoa!"

She smirked. "That was articulate. You sound like Keanu Reeves in The Matrix."

The comment made him realize that he was just reacting. He decided that it was time to get proactive. Although he knew her comment that she wanted to find out what the hype was all about was made partly in jest, he realized there was some truth to it too, and that she really did wonder why Heather was so hung up on him. He was determined to rock her world, just like he'd repeatedly rocked Heather's.

With that in mind, he unexpectedly lifted her up until his dick was almost entirely out of her vagina. Then, just as unexpectedly, he suddenly dropped her back down, dramatically impaling her on his thick shaft.

Simone's eyes bugged out and she yelled out incoherently. "HUUUGGYNNG!"

Playfully throwing her comment back at her, she said, "That was articulate. You sound like Keanu Reeves getting strangled to death."

She recovered quickly, and joked, "Sadly, a sound we have yet to hear." Obviously, she wasn't a fan of the actor's acting abilities.

He realized that while fucking standing might look good to someone watching, it wasn't a very practical position. So he said, "I could stand here all day and impale you" - just then, he lifted her up and impaled her back down again - "all day long."

"Sounds good!"

"Or, I could bend you over the couch and fuck you doggy style."

"Sounds even better!"

After he impaled her a couple more times for good measure, they changed positions, allowing him to fuck her on the couch as he'd described.

As his cock slid back in her tight sheath, he thought, Maaaaan, that feels good. I can't believe this is happening. Here I am, fucking one of the hottest girls in school, when I should be back in art class! Life is GOOD! He laughed out loud, even as he started thrusting.

Simone asked, "What's- UGH! What's so funny?"

He joked, "I just realized that before long I'm gonna be Simooaning with pleasure. Maybe even Si-moaning and Si-groaning."

"UGH!"

"Was that a 'bad joke' ugh or a 'damn, you're fucking me good' ugh?"



"Both! Seriously! So bad, but so funny. If you keep it up, I'm going to have a tell-me-some-more-gasm!"

He replied, "Ugh! And that's a 'bad joke' ugh! If you keep THAT up, I'm gonna give you a show-you-the-door-gasm."

She guffawed at his quick wit.

They kept on fucking, but at the same time they also kept up their playful, jokey banter.

At one point, Simone pondered the situation even as Alan was fucking her hard and deep. I'm starting to get why Alan is so popular with the ladies. He makes sex FUN! He knows just what to do. With Heather, he somehow figured out that she gets off on dirty and mean talk, so he gives her that. And with me, he knows I love joking around. And even though it doesn't get me off in any way, it sure as hell makes this a total blast! Even though his jokes are so bad, hee-hee! Between the joking and the fucking, I can't breathe!

After a few minutes, the joking, and indeed any talking at all, faded away because they were going at it so energetically. Alan was still determined to give Simone a fucking she'd remember. He did have to stop at times for a minute or two to catch his breath and gather his energies, but then he'd be at it again, pounding her over the couch with great vigor.

Eventually, Simone had a nice orgasm. She figured he'd cum too, and that would be the end of it. But in fact he wasn't even close to cumming yet, and he had no intention of stopping. He'd discovered that continuing to steadily fuck right through a woman's orgasm and well beyond it was a great way to make an impression, so that's what he was doing now.

Simone was winded and overwhelmed by her climax. Her pussy was in a sensitive state too. So when she noticed he was still going, she panted, "Stop! Please!"

But he didn't stop. Instead, he said, "You don't mean that."

"No, I do. I really do!"

"Trust me on this, okay? Give it another minute. If you still want to stop, then I'll stop."

"Well... okay," she groaned, still dubious.

So he kept on fucking, but he slowed down some to give her body a chance to at least partially recover.

There were no clocks in the room and Simone wasn't wearing a watch. As a result, she had no way of knowing when a minute had passed. She tried to count the seconds in her head, but Alan started talking to her, telling her dumb-blond jokes, of all things (he always had a bunch of those memorized to use on Christine). He asked her, "If a blonde and brunette both jumped off a building at the same time, who would land first?"

Simone answered, "The brunette. The blonde would have to stop and ask directions! By the way, don't try to out joke me. I know them all!"

He tried a few more jokes on her, and she knew the punch line more often than not. But in the process, he got her to forget all about counting until a minute was up. Eventually, he was so confident that she was into keeping the fucking going, he said, "Here's kind of a different one. If you're fucking a sexy girl, how do you get her to stop counting to sixty?"

Simone was so preoccupied with getting fucked that she couldn't think straight. So she just asked, "Huh?"

"You tell her lots of dumb-blond jokes!"

She finally figured it out. "Grrr! I'm gonna get you for that one!"

"Yeah, you're not exactly in a position to do that." Pleased as punch at his cleverness, he kept right on fucking her, hard and fast.

She was amazed that he hadn't climaxed yet. She was nearly as amazed that he could continue talking without running out of air. What she didn't know was that it wasn't so much a matter of him being in

good shape as it was a matter of getting "trained" at both things through many daily sexual adventures that involved talking more often than not.

But even Alan had his limits. Once he'd told that "stop counting to sixty" joke, he went silent again and concentrated fully on the fucking. He'd already reached a point where he had to rhythmically squeeze his PC muscle to stop an imminent climax. But he also knew from recent experience that he'd gained the ability to do that nearly indefinitely (or at least until he ran out of the energy needed to continue the squeezing and the fucking).

He felt he had Simone right where he wanted her. He'd gotten her to cum once, and he kept on fucking until he got her to cum again. Then they changed positions, and he laid on top of her on the couch. But, like before, he didn't give her much chance to rest and recover. It wasn't long before he fucked his way through her third orgasm.

He was going to keep on going, but she started shouting, "Stop! Stop!" It sounded like she really meant it this time. He didn't feel like he knew her well enough to decide he knew better and continue fucking right through her cries to stop. So he really did come to a stop.

As they rested, he said, "Your loss. If you would have let me continue, I really would have rocked your world."

She panted, "You already DID rock my world! Hell, you fucked me half to death! Jeeeesus!"

He laid on top of her, cuddling. "Yeah, but that's nothing. Seriously, I could have fucked you all the way to death."

She realized he was serious about the fact that she'd missed out while also being joking about his exact language. "That doesn't sound so appealing. I think I prefer being fucked just short of seeing the Grim Reaper."

He grinned and kissed her face. "I can see you've got a point there."

Even though she was exhausted, she reached down and found his dick. He'd pulled all the way out, so it was resting against his thigh. "Hey! You're still hard!"

"Yeah, well, I figured we were going to keep going for a while."

"Oh, geez. I'm sorry. And... hey! I just realized! What about a condom? Damn, we forgot!"

"No, you forgot. Once we got kind of close, I was going to put one on. But that wasn't going to be for a while yet. Actually, we could still do it. You want me to put one on now?"

"Are you kidding me?! Damn! That's all I can say, is damn!" She laid under him, still panting and sweating.

In truth, he'd forgotten about the condom too. But his goal was to impress her, so he was exaggerating just how long he could have lasted. With the condom comment, he was giving the impression that he was just getting started.

He thought, Shit! I talk a good talk about being careful about STDs, but when it comes to actual fucking, I forget more often than not! And here I thought I was so clever with that 'stop counting to sixty' joke. What an idiot!

However, he turned the close call about the condom into an opportunity. "Hey, Simone, if we're gonna keep meeting like this, we need to be more serious about STDs. As you know, I've already been tested, and I know you have too recently."

"That's right."

"But don't you think it would be good if we're both tested again? And Heather too? One can never be too careful."

"Yeah. Sure. Jesus Christ, at this point, I'd agree to anything. After getting fucked like that! No wonder Heather's so ga-ga over you. I know you fucked me before, and that was a lot of fun, but this was way more intense!"

"Hey, we aim to please. By the way, what you just experienced is called a please-stop-I'm-much-too-sore-gasm."

She had a good laugh at that. "Stop! No more jokes! If you don't kill me with the fucking, you're gonna kill me with the joking. I need to catch my breath!"

Alan laid on top of her and just cuddled and rested for a while. She apologized several times for stopping before he'd had a chance to cum. He shrugged it off, appearing to be selfless about it. In fact, he was secretly relieved. He'd had plenty of fun fucking her, and since he hadn't climaxed, that meant he'd still be ready for more when he got home later. He had no doubt he'd be in for a lot more fun and sexual times before the day was over.

Eventually, the two of them rested enough to get up and go back to class.

Simone had made sure to talk to him in the theater room with the intention of getting him to fuck her. However, she hadn't planned on it taking so long or feeling so wiped out afterwards. He had truly impressed her with his skill and especially his stamina.

Both of them made it back in time for the second half of their third-period classes. But after all the fucking, the best they could do was go through the motions.

#### Chapter 897 Glory Having A Breakdown?

The break between third and fourth period was an extremely eventful one for Glory. She was lost in thought at the end of her third-period class. Heather was in Glory's third-period class on the second floor.

As the class came to an end, all of Glory's students stood to leave, and she saw an opportunity to give Heather the evil eye while no one else was looking.

Heather returned it with an even more menacing look. In fact, the tension between the two had been increasing over the past few days; this wasn't their first exchange of mean looks. However, neither of them dared to say anything. Glory knew that, as a teacher, she wasn't supposed to do such things, and Heather didn't want to be blatant about incurring her teacher's wrath.

Heather was also in a hurry, so she flew out of the class with surprising speed. She had plans to catch Alan as he left his class down on the ground floor, so as soon as she left Glory's class she broke into a run.

But Glory wasn't so worried about Heather today. Her thoughts were more on Alan and the fact that he'd be coming into the room in a couple of minutes. She couldn't shake the notion that there was something dreadfully wrong.

As she got up and walked down the hallway for a bathroom break, she thought, That mother role-play I put on yesterday still haunts me. I wanted to look him in the eye, but I didn't get a chance. I was so out of it thanks to the vibrators that I didn't put him to the real test. But was it that I wasn't paying proper attention, or was it that he managed to avoid looking me in the eye, because he didn't dare look me in the eye? There's so much circumstantial evidence that just leaves me with a really bad feeling. Am I risking my career and everything else on a guy who's so sex-crazed that he'd even have sex with his own sister or mother? Or both?

She shuddered in disgust.

She ruminated on this some more while she went to the bathroom. As she made her way back to her classroom, she saw Katherine talking to a couple of friends in the hallway just outside the door to the teen's next class (Katherine had just come up to the second floor after giving her congratulations to Alan and being spooked by Heather). During breaks, most students tended to linger in the hallways and socialize until the very last moment.

Glory walked up to Katherine, and said, "Excuse me. Can I speak to you for a moment?"

Katherine was surprised. She and Glory knew each other by name, and they knew a lot about each other through Alan, but they'd hardly ever spoken directly. Katherine had never been in one of Glory's classes yet. But she couldn't say no to a teacher, so she agreed and followed Glory down the hallway. To her surprise, they entered a ladies' room, the very room Glory had just been in.

Glory looked the bathroom over thoroughly, checking each stall to make sure they were alone. They were.

Katherine thought Glory's scoping out the room was extremely odd, and she started getting nervous about it. Then Glory walked up to her and looked at her from an uncomfortably short distance with a strange, intense expression. That made Katherine even more nervous.

Time was ticking on the class break, and Glory, as a teacher, couldn't afford to be late to her own class, but she just stared at Katherine while she tried to figure out what she wanted to say. She hadn't planned this exchange in advance, but she had an intuition that she could find out from Katherine if Alan was committing incest with her. If only she could only figure out the right thing to say, she'd have her evidence.

The problem was, she couldn't just blurt out, "Are you having sex with your brother?" because it would be beyond embarrassing if she was wrong. A good twenty seconds went by while she thought, and Katherine grew increasingly flustered and nervous. She had no idea what Glory was up to.

Finally, Glory simply said, "Katherine, you know that I'm involved with your brother. I want to ask you about who else he's involved with."

Katherine blanched. Her jaw dropped in surprise. She immediately assumed Glory was referring to her, even though Glory didn't say or even directly imply that. She averted her eyes and blushed profusely. She stammered, "I'm sorry, Ms. Rhymer. I don't know what you mean."

Glory felt an incredible sadness. It was like a ten-ton weight had come crashing down on her head. It was more than she could bear. She looked away as well. Her brain screamed, IT'S TRUE! FUCK! ALAN IS SLEEPING WITH HIS SISTER! NO! PLEASE GOD, NO!

She muttered to Katherine, "My apologies. Never mind." Then she rushed out of the bathroom without looking at the teen again.

Katherine was left confused. She just thought, What the hell was that about? That was a close call! The way she was staring me down, I totally thought... Phew! I'm all tingly. I'll have to tell Brother about that. Weird.

She hurried back to her class, unaware of just how guilty she'd looked to Glory.bender

Glory hurried down the hall. It was fortunate for Alan that her class was on the second floor, because had she been one floor lower, she would have rushed right past Alan and Heather. If she'd noticed them, she almost certainly would have stopped to see what they were doing, and noticed that Alan was fondling, if not fingerfucking, the bitchy cheerleader's ass. That would have been the absolute worst thing she could have seen at that moment.

But even as it was, Glory was beyond distraught. She wanted to scream. She wanted to throw things. She wanted to cry. The one thing she didn't want to do was teach a class. Yet that's what she had to do.

#### Chapter 898 Doesn't Love Conquer All?

Glory walked back into her classroom just as the bell rang. Barely making it to her own class on time was quite unusual for her. She sat at her desk for some moments, shuffling papers and gathering her wits. She was determined not to look at Alan, which was difficult because he sat right in front of her in the front row.

But, in fact, he wasn't there. His outrageous ass fondling of Heather had just come to an end, and he was still in the bathroom washing his hands when the bell rang. He ran upstairs to Glory's class as quickly as he could. He burst into the room rather dramatically, still huffing and puffing, just as one of the other students was closing it.

Glory couldn't help but look up to see who caused the disturbance, and when she saw it was Alan her heart leapt to her throat. She jerked her head away and said nothing.

The students found her behavior quite strange. Her appearance - burning cheeks, trembling hands - was stranger still. But then, to add to the strangeness, she announced, "Hello, class. Something has come up. I want you all to write an in-class essay right now on this week's reading assignment. Um, think about something you feel strongly from that reading, and develop an argument on that. You have the entire class. I'll be back shortly."

That announcement was met with groans. Most noticed that there was something not right about her demeanor, if they hadn't picked up on it already. She spoke in a robotic monotone, and stared straight ahead, above the eyes of everyone. She was trying desperately hard not to look at Alan, who had taken his seat in the front row. She fled the class as soon as the last words of her announcement left her lips.



Despite his late arrival, Alan knew Glory well and also realized something was wrong, very wrong. His front row seat allowed him to see that she was trembling and tensed up while most in the back rows missed those clues. He could tell that a problem was brewing with her, but he was completely stumped as to what the problem might be. He put his head down and got to work on the in class work she'd just assigned, even though he knew it was just busy work to cover some kind of emergency.

Glory didn't know where to go to have some privacy and a good cry. She didn't want Alan to go looking for her and find her. Then she remembered the supply room that she had the keys to. It was the very same supply room Alan had used to fuck his sister and Kim, in what seemed ages ago. She knew about his shenanigans with Kim in that room, and she bitterly recalled the memory. She ironically went back to the inner supply room where Alan first agreed to fuck his sister, and crumpled down to the floor. She cried.

She cried and cried for many long minutes, thinking about nothing in particular, but just feeling weighted down by the entire situation. After a while, words began to form, and she thought, I want to cry on someone's shoulder, but now I'm all alone. I just broke up with my boyfriend, and now I can't cry on Alan's shoulder! Poor Garth. I should have stuck with him.

But Alan! God, I want him so bad, but it can't be. It's over! It has to be over. If I'm too stupid not to break up with him now too, then someone should shoot me. It's just been one thing after another with him. First, sleeping with my own student was wrong. Wrong, wrong, wrong! So stupid. Then I find out that he's sleeping with other women, and do I break up with him? No! STUPID. He even steals my key to fuck another girl in this very room, and do I care? No. I find out about more and more partners, and do I care about that? No. I'm so desperate for a good fucking and desperate for love that I acted like a complete slut and an even bigger idiot.

Then things get more and more dangerous with Heather and everything, and do I care? Do I say "slow down," "play it cool?" No! Stupid again! I even go and break up with my dependable boyfriend for this wild kid. The Alan I knew and loved was the most good and innocent and tender boy, but he's turned into something else. He's turned into a sexual monster who'll fuck his own sister! Where's the love? I thought he loved me, but he's only hurt me. It's like we're all just his sex slaves!

He doesn't care. When I told him I broke up with my boyfriend yesterday, it barely registered. "Oh. That's nice. Thanks for that." He never calls, he never visits me outside of school - he's probably too busy fucking his sister! Face it Glory, you're just a midday fuck for an evil sex monster! And you're a dumbfuck. A DUMB FUCK. IDIOT! He's totally crushed my heart.

I should have said no. I should have said no a million times over. Well, I'm saying no NOW. He's gone way too far this time. Incest? It makes me want to retch. What the hell is wrong with him? That's disgusting! Does he just fuck anything that moves? What's next? Necrophilia? Bestiality?

Oh no, it could be worse, much, much WORSE! What if he is sleeping with his mother too? I know he's doing Mrs. Pestridge, and of course everybody knows about him and Amy. So he's fucking one mother-daughter team already. Mrs. Plummer would be just as sexy as her neighbor if she dressed right. Plus, no matter what she wears, it's obvious she has just about the largest set of breasts I've ever seen, and Alan is a tit man. If he's had sex with his sister, why would he stop there? ... But that is so WRONG! How could she? His sister is bad enough; probably the only hope is that Mrs. Plummer somehow resists him. This is just insane. I CANNOT BE INVOLVED WITH HIM! Period!

Gloria Rhymer, what have you done? I just have to completely cut it off. I can't ever again be friends with him after this, as much as that pains me. How will I ever look at him again? How will I be able to teach his class, or even keep my job?

She buried her face in her hands and cried some more. I loved him. LOVED him! He was the only one I ever loved! Hell, I STILL love him. Even after all this, I still love him! I can't bear it. I just can't! I can't go back in there into that classroom! It'll just rip my heart in two to see his cute face again.

She cried for nearly the entire period. But she knew that she couldn't avoid her responsibilities entirely. As time started to run out on the class hour, she managed to pull herself together enough to stop crying. She went to the bathroom and cleaned up. She washed her face over and over, trying to erase the evidence of such a heavy cry, but her eyes stayed red no matter what she did. Finally she had to go back in to the room where Alan was. Her feet felt like lead as she slowly walked back to where she knew he was sitting.

Glory sat at her desk without looking up and then had everyone turn in their papers. The bell rang, and the students all filed out - all but one. By this point she wished the class would never end, because she didn't want to have to be alone with Alan. But she was.

By this time, Alan realized that something was terribly wrong. He'd spent most of the class thinking about what might be bothering Glory instead of fully concentrating on his assignment.

At one point, he went to go find her under the excuse of taking a bathroom break, but he didn't see her anywhere. When she came back with painfully red eyes and a defeated walk, his trepidation grew. He couldn't think what could be bothering her so much unless it had to do with him. Everything else in her

life was going fine as far as he knew, and the breakup with her boyfriend had been a long time coming to what seemed like a loveless relationship anyway. The more he thought about it, the more he figured it was either some horrible new scheme of Heather's or Glory had found out about the incest. His worst fear was that Heather had told her about the incest. By the end of the class he was almost sure that's what it was.

The others were all gone. Alan stood in front of Glory's desk, waiting. She resolutely kept her head down. Finally, he said, "Glory, I can tell that something's obviously wrong. Do you want to talk about it?"

Without looking up, she simply said, "I know."

Alan blanched just as his sister had. His body immediately went into panic mode, but he stood his ground and tried not to broadcast his emotions. He had a very good idea what she knew.

Then she repeated soberly, "I know." She added, "I know about you and your sister. I ran into her before class, and I could tell just from looking at her face. I can't... We can't... It's over. Please leave now. You have to go."

She still didn't look up. She hoped that he would silently walk out and she'd never have to see his face again. She knew it would be very painful to look at him.

He was stunned, even though he'd suspected this, but he didn't leave. His mind was too frazzled to think. It wasn't just that she knew about the incest; his worst fears had come true and she'd chosen to break up as well. It was all too much to take. He'd been under a lot of stress lately in trying to juggle all of the women in his life and keep them happy, and he felt as if all of the balls in the air had just all fallen to the ground.

He fell to his knees and then dropped forwards onto her desk. He buried his face in his hands just as Glory had done in the supply closet, and cried. Just as happened to her, he had a pure outpouring of emotion that seemed to have no end. He was so overcome that he couldn't control himself. He almost forgot that Glory was sitting there right in front of him. When he would remember, his reaction was just like Glory's: he wished she was gone because he couldn't bear to look at her.

He cried into his own arms for a long time. It went on at least twenty minutes. From time to time he paid enough attention to hear the sound of Glory crying as well. Eventually her tears dried up and she stopped and just stared at his head. His crying slowed down too, until it was more a series of sobs.

At one point, he thought, I'm some kind of hypocrite, or selfish bastard, certainly. Hell, I just got a double blowjob from Mom and Sis this morning. I'm involved with too many women, and they're all amazing. Why the hell would I need Glory too? But I do! I really do! I LOVE her! It's not just a sexual thing, or even mainly a sexual thing, although the sex with her is great. I love her! I don't care how many other women are in my life, if she breaks up with me, it's gonna break my heart.

But how could she ever understand? She must think I don't really care very much.

Finally Glory spoke. She said, "Jesus, are you ever going to stop crying? I-" Her voice broke as she struggled to continue. "I didn't expect that reaction from you."

Alan froze and looked up at her. They made eye contact for the first time since before she'd talked to Katherine. Mascara-smearred tears still ran down her cheeks.

He said, "What do you expect? I'm crying because I love you. I don't want to lose you."

That started a whole new round of crying from both of them.

Alan couldn't bear it. He got up and moved around the desk until he was kneeling at her side.

Then he and she kept crying even as they tightly held each other.

After some more minutes their mutual crying died down, and Glory asked, "Why? Why, Alan, why? How many women are enough for you? Why did it have to be her, too? Or was it... them? Is it... Is it more than your sister? Please, God, I NEED to know now!"

He closed his eyes and admitted, "It's them. The two of them." Having to say that felt much worse than being punched in the gut.

Glory shrieked and fell to her knees. She burst into a new round of gut-wrenching tears. My God! His mother too! I'm gonna be SICK!

Alan had no idea what to do. He feared that if he tried to hug her, that would backfire. So he remained kneeling next to her and waited until she calmed down a minute or two later, and then he said, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry for you, sorry that I hurt you and kept the truth from you. But I'm not sorry about what I've done with them. I'm proud of it. We love each other. It isn't wrong! Love is love. Why is physical love so separate from other kinds of love? Why can't I love the women in my life physically, too? Why is that so wrong? Hell, I'm not actually genetically related to either of them. You know that. I love you, Glory. I love them. I want to kiss and hug - and more - with the women I love. Why can't I, if we all want it? Why?"

She reluctantly stood up. She still couldn't bear to look at him, but his tear soaked cheek rested on hers as the two of them stared together across the classroom into empty space. "It's wrong. It just is. It leads to sorrow. People are made just to have one partner. And the reasons against incest go very deep. It's not just a matter of genes - they are your family." She sighed heavily. "I don't want to talk about it."

He muttered, "I don't agree. You just don't understand how it is." But he let it drop for the time being, since she said she didn't want to talk.

They just held each other and stared out into space for a while longer. Then Glory turned to him, and from inches away said to his face, "Alan, you mean so much to me, but this can't go on. Our whole relationship was insanity from the beginning. I should never have done this. This is a good excuse to call it off. We have to, before it destroys us both. Look at your face with your bruised nose and everything. If you keep this up and just recklessly fuck anyone you want, a few bruises will be nothing compared to the hurt you'll face, especially the emotional hurt. I can't be a part of it. Don't try to argue. That's the way it has to be."

"That's not how it has to be, Glory! I know what we've done and that all this sneaking around has been hard on you, but I love you!"

"Stop saying that! It's killing me!"

"But it's true. It's so true. Doesn't love conquer all? If we love each other, we can overcome anything!"

bender

Glory started crying again, but also said through her tears, "How can you say that? How can you keep saying you love me when you have a girlfriend, and you're doing ... THAT to your sister and mother? Look, I can't take any more of this. I need some time to think. And..."

She looked at the clock on the wall, "Good God! Look at the time. How are you going to have time to eat lunch and show your face to your friends, so people don't suspect? This is the problem. Incest and girlfriends aside, we're riding the razor's edge and it's just a matter of time until we fall. It has to end!"

Alan stood up and held her hands. He looked at her intently, and her eyes were drawn to his. He said passionately, "Glory, I love you. I'll say it again: I love you! I'll keep saying it until you realize it, because I won't stop loving you no matter what happens. You must think I don't love you strongly because I have these other lovers in my life, but that's not true. A person can have more than one friend, and they can have more than one love. I can't live without you!"

She snorted derisively. "HA!"

He admitted, "Okay, obviously I'd live, but I just can't put into words how much you mean to me. This isn't just something where I'm getting off on having sex with one of my teachers. I love you! I really love you! Don't you believe that?!"

After a long pause, she nodded. "I do. That's what makes this so hard!" A new worry came to her. "And what's going to happen when you go off to college next fall? We've talked about that, and we both know you're very likely going to go to UC Berkeley. If we were still together then, how would that work? And what are your... you-know-who? What would they do?"

He winced. "To be honest, I haven't really thought things through. I'm sure it'll work out one way or another for all of us, because true love conquers all."

She groaned unhappily. "You can't repeat a cliché like 'true love conquers all' and expect that to solve everything. You're so immature sometimes! I can't believe I ever got involved with you in the first place!"

He wanted to cry some more. "Promise me you won't make any final decisions and just think about it for a few days? Okay? I'll be gone hiking all weekend anyways. Promise me we'll talk some more on Monday? After school?"

She looked at his sincere face and felt her heart melt. She felt as if she was falling in love with him all over again. She had to turn away before the feelings got too intense. Staring at the far wall, she said, "I'll promise we'll talk some more, but that's it. Okay? You really have to go now. I absolutely have to pull myself together. You've turned me into an absolute wreck! Again!"

So Alan left. He wandered out of the classroom in a daze. His plans for the rest of the day and beyond were in tatters. Not even the prospect of fucking his mother mattered to him at this point. He loved Glory deeply with much more than physical love, and he didn't want to lose her. He resolved not to give up, not yet. But he realized that the future with her looked very grim.

#### Chapter 899 Flirting With Christine!

Alan went to the cafeteria to eat lunch, since there was nothing else he could say or do to make things better with Glory. Even though his lunch period was halfway over, he dragged himself along instead of hurrying.

As soon as he reached the cafeteria, Heather was there to meet him. She was very eager to get the theater room key from him, so she'd been looking all over for him. Luckily, she was so eager to accomplish her goal that she didn't really notice his forlorn look. Alan didn't want to talk about his problems with anyone at that moment, and especially not with Heather, so he gave her the key and she hurried off.

Christine also had been looking for Alan so they could talk and clear the air after their kissing the night before. She wanted to make sure their friendship could continue and grow, but on a purely platonic level. She'd already finished eating, so when he made it through the cafeteria food line she got up and waited for him, to make sure there was no way he could avoid her. Then they walked outside, since she didn't want anyone to overhear in case there were overt mentions of their kissing.

However, by the time they sat on the grass, she noticed something was wrong. She asked, "Is everything okay? You look really bummed. When I last saw you at the end of third period you were in a much better mood. What's happened since then?"

He thought, Crap! What am I supposed to say to that? "Oh, no biggie. It's just that I'm bummed out that my history teacher, whom I've been having sex with, by the way, found out that I'm also having sex with my sister." Man! Christine would probably sock me in the jaw! Especially after what we did last night!

You see? This just goes to show, this is EXACTLY why Christine and I could never get together. Glory is livid to find out about the incest, but Christine would literally explode like a nuclear bomb! Who knows, she might even lash out physically before she got herself under control. But I can't sit here just feeling sorry for myself, or she'll get suspicious!

Needing an excuse or two, he told her a partial truth at best. "Yeah... At that point, I thought I did pretty okay on my three tests. But the more I think about it, the more I realize I didn't do well at all. And it's all my fault! I've been slacking off big time lately, and I never did that before. I don't know what's gotten into me. Worse, I've got this Boy Scout Explorer Scout trip coming up this weekend. So instead of being able to use my frustration to go on a tear and get all caught up, I'm gonna have to ruminate for two whole days about how crappy I did. The trip is probably ruined already."

Luckily for Alan, Christine took her studies very seriously indeed. As a result, she had no trouble at all believing that his worries about his test scores had profoundly depressed him. She asked, "That sucks. Is there anything I can do to help?"

He saw an opportunity to bring up the awkward topic of how to move on from their brief yet intense make-out session the night before, by making light of it. With a lopsided grin and exaggerated eyebrow wiggling he asked, "How 'bout a nice hug and kiss, like the kind we had last night?"

That had been a risky move, since he wasn't sure if she'd take that in the right spirit. But he was relieved when she had a good laugh. "Yeah, right! You wish!"

He felt his sadness genuinely passing, at least momentarily, while they shared some friendly laughter. Smiling more widely, he raised an eyebrow and said, "Okay, instead of a kiss, how 'bout if I just fondle your boobs for a while? That'll cheer me right up!" He reached out towards her without actually touching her, and squeezed his hands in the air like a hungry crab searching for food.

She laughed some more. "Fat chance!" She added more seriously, "You know that can't happen again, right?"



He nodded. "Of course. But that doesn't mean I can't tease you about the possibility, from now until forever."

She laughed some more. "Oh no! I'm in trouble now!" But she was really glad at how things were going. She had been dreading bringing up the kissing topic, but the way Alan had addressed it with joking actually made it into something fun. And she liked the fact that if they couldn't kiss or touch anymore, at least they could tease each other about it.

He didn't want to push his luck though, so he asked, "How do you think you did on your tests? Aced them as usual, I'll bet."

She knew she had aced them, but she replied with a modest answer instead.

As Alan listened, he felt his sadness descend on him again, even though he forced a smile. Uuuuuugh! I wish so much there was some way I could have Christine as a girlfriend. Not only is she as hot as the center of a supernova, she's just so much fun to be with. It's weird that she comes across as stand-offish to everyone else, 'cos we've got such a good rapport now. I'll have to admit it took me a long time to get through her shell though. And now that we've made it this far, all we can do is joke about kissing and stuff.

What happened with Glory today has to be a lesson for me. God knows I have enough sexy fun in my life already; I can't get too greedy. I need both Glory and Christine as friends. I like 'em both so much! As it is, I'll be lucky if I can save my friendship with Glory at all. I'll deserve everything I get if I turn around and make the exact same mistake I made with her with Christine. Even I'm not THAT dumb!

When Christine came to the end of her answer, she sipped from the carton of milk that she'd bought in the cafeteria.

Alan acted shocked and appalled. "What do you think you're doing?!"

Confused, she lowered the carton. "What?"

He opened his eyes wider. "You're drinking milk! You! Milk!" He urgently waved his hands in the air.

She chuckled, even though she still didn't understand what he was getting at, especially since he certainly would remember that she frequently drank milk at lunch. "Why is that bad?"

He continued with pretend distress, "It's not bad, per se. It's just... too much. It's like... taking a bucket of sand to the Sahara Desert. I mean, you're carrying two gallon jugs of milk around with you all the time anyway. If you keep filling those with even more milk, your boobs will grow bigger and bigger until... until I die!"

She laughed. "Normally, I'd be offended by the 'gallon jugs' comment, but since it's you I'll let that slide. So, pray tell, how are you gonna die?"

"Okay, admittedly, maybe I won't die. But I'll wind up in the emergency room, at least. You know those Viagra commercials that mention needing to seek medical help if you have an erection longer than four hours?"

She laughed some more, in part because she was happy to finally understand where he was going with this. She teased, "Sucks to be you. Mmmm. Boy, I feel really thirsty all of a sudden." She took a big swig from the milk carton. Then she looked down at her rack. "Hmmm. Did I just feel a growth spurt coming on? I think I did!"

He gulped theatrically, pulling at his collar in an exaggerated fashion as if it were suddenly too tight.

She laughed still more, delighted by the playful, sexy fun. She decided to up the ante. Smirking, she took advantage of the fact that she was wearing a shirt that buttoned in the front. As she unbuttoned the button at the top, she said in a surprisingly sultry voice, "Is it just me, or is it hot out here?"

Alan's jaw dropped, which he didn't need to fake. "Whoa! Watch out! You're too hot! I swear, the milk in your gallon jugs is gonna curdle!"

She found that very amusing and laughed even harder. Knowing full well that he was watching her every move with bated breath, she undid another button on her blouse. Having two buttons undone wasn't really that big a deal, since her blouse was still buttoned enough to not be really risqué, but it showed a scandalous amount of cleavage compared to her normal school standards. Then she raised the milk carton to her face and struck a proud pose with a hand on a hip. Pretending to be an actress in a commercial, she winked and said, "Milk: it does a body good!"

He wiped pretend sweat from his forehead. "Phew! It DOES! And dang! It just got way, way hotter! Now I'm concerned that all that milk is gonna get pasteurized!"

She practically doubled over, she was laughing so much at that. Once she stopped she said, "You do know that a woman's breasts are not actually completely filled with milk, especially if she's not lactating. Right?"

"You could'a fooled me." He reached out towards her chest, although he clearly wasn't close enough to actually touch her. "Can I check right now? If I recall correctly, yesterday when I squeezed them, I definitely heard a sloshing sound. In fact, I remember hearing a moo."

Laughing, she swatted his hand away. "Behave! Besides, mooing? That doesn't even make sense." Suddenly remembering they were in a public place, she quickly looked around to check if anyone was paying attention to them. She was relieved to see that no one was. But that reality scare caused her to change the subject and end the teasing, at least for the moment.

She also re-buttoned the lower of the two buttons she'd just undone, saying, "Okay, kid, the free show is over."

He pouted theatrically, "Awwww... You're no fun."

She snorted with amusement. "Right!"

Once Alan was gone, Christine quickly re-buttoned her blouse completely. She found herself thinking, Boy, that was great! I swear, I NEVER behave like this, but with him it feels so right. I thought things were going to be all awkward after what happened last night, but it's just the same as ever. Well, not exactly the same: the flirtation has definitely gone up a notch. Okay, a lot. But I can roll with those punches! I was so worried that what happened could ruin our friendship, but maybe it'll make things even better between us?

Chapter 900 Simone

Alan remained distraught.

Not only was the situation with Glory bad, but on the way to his fifth-period class, some football players started to intercept him in the hallway. They clearly looked like they were going to do something nasty to him as they pushed their way through other students to get to him and block his exit.

Luckily for Alan, they veered away when they saw a teacher walking nearby, but this was a painful reminder that his confrontation with them was far from resolved, and that he was acting recklessly with both Heather and Glory.

Then Alan had his fifth-period calculus test, the last of three important tests that day. In a way, he was glad, because being forced to concentrate about his test enabled him to put his sadness about Glory out of his mind for a little while. But when the test finished, his woes came right back.

When Alan's last class of the day ended, he was surprised to see Simone come up to him again. She smiled at him, and then pressed a key into his hand. "Hey, what's up? Heather wanted me to give you this."

He looked at the key he'd been given, and saw that it was the theater room key. He realized that he was so spaced out from his woes with Glory that he'd forgotten about getting it back from Heather. But he was very glad. He certainly didn't want her to keep it overnight, for fear that she might make a copy.

He would have been chagrined to learn that Heather had done exactly that during lunch! She'd told him the day before that no locksmith would make a copy of the key, but she'd been lying. So she took advantage of Alan loaning her the key to drive to a nearby shop, have the key copied in a couple of minutes, and return to school. (That made her late to her fifth-period class, but she didn't care much about that.)

It seemed that no matter how much Alan attempted to assert dominance over her, she just had to rebel. At least he would have been gratified to find out that Simone was clueless about the key copying. She just thought she was doing Heather a favor by helping her give the key back in a timely manner.

Once Alan thanked Simone for helping with the key, he gave her a quick explanation about his near confrontation with some football players that had taken place just an hour earlier.

Simone responded, "I'm not surprised. Remember what we were talking about before, about some football players who aren't so pleased with you right now?"

"Oh yeah." He'd forgotten all about that until she mentioned it.

She laughed. "You're just as spaced out as I am!"

He nodded. "That's true. But in my defense, you and I said and did some things that were much more memorable." He thought back to fucking Simone earlier in the day. As he did, he pictured her naked where she was standing. She had a truly impressive muscular body, even by his recent sky-high standards.

She chuckled. "That's true. However, I said I would help with damage control for you today, and I did. I tried my best to spread the word during lunch. I had to concede that you two were getting it on. I said that you two were engaged in an escalating series of dares. So it was just a dare that she said that and she didn't literally mean that you're her master or that she's an 'anal slave,' whatever the hell that is. Heather was there for the first part of lunch, so she was able to corroborate my story."

He asked, "Couldn't you have just stonewalled about me having sex with her?"

Simone griped, "Alan, get real. Not only did you make her say that, but we all saw you fingering her ass! Her short cheerleader skirt rode up and we could see your finger up her asshole, practically in to your knuckle! It's way weird that she'd be hugging someone like you with an audience watching. But with your finger up her ass, and her humping herself onto it while everyone is stunned speechless and staring in shock? Try explaining that away!"

That left him without any answer. "Oooh... Hmmm... So... what does it mean, that news about this has gotten out?"

"Lucky for you, it hasn't gotten completely out. As you may or may not know, Heather has a group of girl friends and ass-lickers around her known as 'The Blondies.' They're the ones who know the truth now about you and Heather. All of the actual eyewitnesses are members of her clique. As you go further from that group, and those friends tell their friends and so on, hopefully fact will turn into rumor. The one thing you have going for you is that the idea of Heather having sex with you is so absurdly unbelievable."

He asked, "It's not THAT unbelievable, is it?"

"It is. Think about it. What if someone walked up to one of your friends and said they'd just heard that you had sex with Heather? How would they react?"

He admitted, "They'd laugh and say something like, 'Yeah, right.' Then they'd joke about me having delusions of grandeur."

"You see? Most people don't know you from Adam. But if they do, for instance if you're mentioned in a rumor about Heather, they call you 'Alan the nerd' or 'Alan the straight A teacher's pet' or the like. And anyone who knows Heather at all knows that she'd rather, well, have a factory chimney's worth of smoke blown up her ass than say 'boo' to a nerd. No, I take that back, she'd probably get off on all that anilingus. But you get what I mean. The fact that she'd have sex with a nerd is what makes that worth telling. But at the same time, it's so improbable that it turns the fact into a wild rumor. Or at least that's what I'm hoping."

"God, I hope so too. I'm having enough trouble with the football players as it is."bender

"Yeah, well, unfortunately, a lot of those football players out to get you are close to the Blondies. For instance, remember how my boyfriend is a wide receiver. So to them it'll probably be more fact than rumor, since they'll be hearing it straight from the girls who actually saw and heard it, or maybe just one step removed."

He said with concern, "Wait a minute. If that's true, I'm thinking that those guys who were out to get me today might have heard this latest gossip."

Simone nodded sagely. "That's not a maybe, that's a near certainty. The news spread like wildfire during lunch, and that was the first chance they could get to you. They also know for certain that you're dating Amy. Guys like you aren't supposed to date beautiful girls like Amy, much less have sex with Heather on top of that. So I'm sure they were out to put you in your place."

"Dammit!"

She gravely agreed. "Yeah, it's not good. But don't worry-" Something caught her eye, and she interrupted herself to say, "Oh wait, look. Some girl is in a hurry to talk to you. I'll drop back so you can see what it's about. But don't worry; I'll be keeping an eye on you. I've got your back."

"Thanks."

Simone dropped back while he kept on walking.

But he also turned around to see what she was talking about. Sure enough, some girl he didn't even know rushed up to him, all breathless and excited.

"Alan!" she said. "Hey. I was wondering, you know, if you might want to, um, well, maybe go out some time?"

He looked her over. She was cute. Actually, she crossed the line from cute into downright beautiful. She had very lovely long blonde hair and was fairly stacked to boot. He guessed she was a C-cup. But he didn't know her name. Then, as he continued to look at her, he realized that she was one of the five "Blondies" who had seen him with Heather in the hallway earlier.

He reached out his hand to shake hers. "I hate to say this, but I'm afraid I don't know your name."

She shook his hand eagerly. "Yeah, that's probably 'cos you're a senior and I'm only a sophomore. But everyone says I look like I'm a couple of years older, at least."

He looked her over again and certainly didn't disagree with that. "Yeah, well, you definitely are a stunner. Um, what's your name?"

"Oh! Sorry! I'm Mindy." She still held his hand, though it was more of a gentle caress than a firm grip.

"Well, Mindy, I wish I could say yes, but I really can't. I'd love to go out with you, but there are some things that make that impossible right now."

She looked crestfallen.

He could almost read her mind from her expression. It was like she was pleading, Those things you did to Heather, do them to me too! He could feel a boner growing in his pants as he realized the eagerness of this girl to do sexual things with him. But he knew there was no way he could give in. He was so overcommitted already that the mere idea made him feel more exhausted than excited.

However, she didn't give up easily. "What kind of things?"

"Unfortunately, I can't say. But it's not that I don't want to. You look like the kind of person I wish I could get to know better, but I just can't."

She pressed, "I know you're dating Amy Pestrige, but I also know you're not going steady with her. If fact, she's totally okay with you having fun with other girls, right?"

He said, "It's complicated. I'm not at liberty to explain, but I do have some entanglements. Trust me, if things were different, I'd love to go out with you. You're very pretty, and you seem nice. If things change I'll definitely let you know, okay?"

"Okay." She walked away slightly dejected, even though he'd done his best to let her down easy.

Dang, man, Alan thought. What is it with girls around here? Does everyone want to be treated like a submissive fuck toy or something? I almost want to shake her by the shoulders and say, "Hey! Get a grip. Go find a normal boyfriend and have a normal relationship. Stay away from me. Not only am I way overextended, but I would be downright bad for you. Really."

God, and she's totally doable too. In another year she'll be extremely ripe. She could be Christine-type hot eventually. Somehow that just makes me twice as frustrated.