

## 6 Times 931

### Chapter 931 Amy And Kath Sucking Susan

Suzanne replied with more vigorous rubbing instead of words. Her hands went up and down Susan's spine as she rubbed copious amounts of coconut-scented suntan oil into Susan's lightly tanned skin.

As she did that, she thought, I wish I hadn't encouraged Susan quite so much to let ALL of her sexual hang-ups go. The way she goes on sometimes with this sex slave stuff can get on my nerves. But even if I'd been smarter in bringing her along, I think this is pretty much where we were going to end up in any case. Well, more or less. It's become obvious that Susan absolutely loves to submit, and Angel isn't that different, except she's more "uppity" about it. Amy's basically willing to go along with whatever the rest of us do - if we were all wearing S&M biker outfits, she'd wear one and not even bat an eye about it. So some kind of harem and some kind of "pact" was inevitable.

I honestly wonder if it's some kind of biological thing. If a man gives you an orgasm that just about literally melts your mind, your bond to him just deepens and deepens.

A very relaxed Susan closed her eyes and happily "mmmm"-ed in response to Suzanne's massage. "You ever think how similar suntan lotion looks and feels to Alan's thick and tasty cum?"

"Of course. I was imagining that this cream in my hands was his cum instead of the lotion even before you said that. My goal is to cover every single square inch of you in cum so thickly that there'll be smears of white everywhere. I'll probably end up using the whole bottle."

"Please do! That's so fucking hot! If only he could really squirt out that much sperm. When you're done, let me do you, too."bender

"Sure. We can do this all day, if we want. With Sweetie gone, we have nothing to do except prepare our bodies with exercise and tanning so we'll be perfect for him."

"Mmmm. I love the sound of that. Perfect big-titted bodies, ready for our master." Susan mused, "I wonder if some obscure company somewhere makes cum-scented suntan lotion."

"Probably. I'll look into it." Suzanne teased playfully, "Although I doubt they'd have Alan cum-scented lotion in stock."

Susan slurred in a voice unintentionally similar to a drooling Homer Simpson, "Alan flavor. Mmmm... so good."

Susan was so relaxed that she felt like she'd melted into a puddle. After another minute or so, she recovered a bit, and continued, "Anyway, dropping the rules is just the beginning. There's going to be big changes as we contemplate our new lives of eternal incestuous sexual servitude! For instance-

Suzanne groaned inwardly at the words "eternal incestuous sexual servitude." Feeling sexually submissive with Alan could get her really worked up at times, but now wasn't one of those times since Susan was acting even more over the top about it than usual, plus Alan wasn't even around to put her in an exceptionally horny mood.

She said, "Wait a sec, Mom. If we're talking big changes, let's bring our two daughters in on this. I see they're up and about, scrounging around in the kitchen."

"Two daughters!' I love that! And I love it when you call me 'Mom,' just like I love calling you 'Mother.' It makes me so hot." Everyone had agreed that the words "Mom" or "Mommy" could only be used to refer to Susan, and "Mother" could only be used for Suzanne, in order to avoid confusion. Similarly, Katherine would be "Sis" (since Alan called her that already) and Amy would be "Sister."

Suzanne laughed. "Everything gets you hot these days, Susan. I swear, you're talking about feeling 'so hot' even more than when Alan's here."

"I know. That's because when he's here my mouth is usually too full of cock for me to say much at all."

"You wish!" Both of them laughed.

"I know. I'm just so excited about getting royally fucked by Alan tomorrow night. But not everything gets me hot. Let me think. Hmmm. Maybe asparagus," she joked. "I've always hated asparagus."

"I'll bet I could get you pretty hot just using sticks of asparagus," Suzanne suggested in a husky voice. As if to emphasize her point, she began "applying lotion" between Susan's legs, except that she didn't bother with actually using any lotion. She pistoned her index finger in and out of Susan's dripping pussy, keeping her finger stiff as if it was a stalk of asparagus.

"I'll bet you could, too!" Susan said laughing. "Mmmm. Just like that. Put another 'asparagus stalk' or two in there." She spread her legs to give Suzanne better pussy access and make sure that her plea to get fingered wouldn't go ignored.

Suzanne didn't immediately respond with more fingers. She wanted to do a little more teasing first.

That frustrated Susan enough for her to roll over and bend over backwards. With her ass sticking straight up in the air and her knees around her breasts as she lay back on her head and shoulders, there could be no mistaking what she wanted. "Look at me, Suzanne, look at me! This is how I'm gonna be come Sunday night! Except that my whole body's gonna be shaking from his jackhammer drilling!"

Suzanne could hardly resist the feast of pussy practically shoved up into her face like that, and pushed two stiff "asparagus stalks" deeper into Susan's needy hole. But she stopped momentarily to shout towards the house, "Katherine! Amy! Can you two come out here for a minute?"

Susan cooed as Suzanne fingered her, "Tell one of them to bring the breast pump." Susan laughed to herself, and said, "And, by the way, you should know that the very thought of a breast pump..."

"...makes me so hot," Susan and Suzanne said at once, causing them both to laugh.

"But it's true!" Susan insisted once she'd stopped laughing. "It really does excite me terribly. I'm so close to lactating. You saw the drop of milk we squeezed out of my left teat earlier. It's working! I'm going to be Tiger's fuck cow. His moo toy. He's going to milk his mommy ALL day long... I think about him branding my ass cheek with a great big letter 'A' and it gets me so hot!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. She found Susan's sex cow fantasies a little odd and over the top, even by Susan's recent standards. "I know, I know. But who needs a breast pump when you've got my mouth? All of our mouths, for that matter."

"But Suzanne. He's gonna be back in less than 36 hours, and I've got so far to go! This weekend needs to be all about speeding up the lactation. I want to be gushing milk by tomorrow night! I want geysers of milky goodness to spurt from each tit and cover him in as much milk as he always covers me in cum! We need extreme measures!"

"Relax. There's only so much you can do. You've already made so much progress in such a short... time..." Suzanne's voice trailed off because her attention was captured by Amy and Katherine.

The two girls came bouncing out to the pool with their usual youthful enthusiasm. The only clothes they wore were half bras to help keep their tits high and firm. All four females generally wore them at times like these when Alan wasn't around. Even the high heels were off, to give their feet a much needed rest. But if any neighbor was lucky enough to look into the Plummer backyard, they would have seen four nude Playboy model-quality beauties.

"Hey Moms!" Amy said brightly, as she idly cupped one of Katherine's ass cheeks, giving it a playful squeeze. "What's up?"

Suzanne looked at her daughter and practically shrieked. "Holy Mother of God! Honey Pie! What happened to you?"

"What, Mother? What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about your tits, daughter of mine. Is it just me, everybody, or does it look like Amy's growth spurt is increasing the size of her bust by the hour? You look bigger in the chest than Susan and I do!"

Amy giggled. "Oh, that. I wish! No, that's just what happens to them with the push-up half-bras."

"Push-OUT, more like," Suzanne muttered. She thought, Amazing! So much has changed in the last twenty-four hours. I have half a mind to just up and do my own daughter with a strap-on, and now there's nothing stopping me from doing it! But all she said out loud was, "Darling, you look so deliciously fuckable. Sweetie would totally want to bone you."

Susan could see that Katherine, with her comparatively smaller rack, was none too happy with this discussion. She quickly added, "So do you, Angel. Very fuckworthy. Why, I dare say you look at least as

fuckable as Amy today, if not more so. It's a good thing Tiger isn't here, 'cos he wouldn't be able to decide which sister to nail first. That half bra makes you look soooo very busty too. We should wear those when he's here instead of when he's not. But it's your hard, tanned, trim, and toned body that really does it for me."

Suzanne belatedly saw the need to be diplomatic because of Katherine's boob-size issues and joined in. "Oh, definitely. Angel, your muscle tone is second to none, compared to all of us softies. You look like you were born and bred to FUCK. In fact, both of you kids look TOO good. Susan, I hate to say it, but the younger generation is taking over."

Katherine blushed in response to the praise and forgot all about Amy's growing boobs. She knew she was easily the most tanned and toned of the group and she particularly loved the "born and bred to fuck" line. For one thing, she loved the word "breed" because it made her think of having Alan's babies. The mere thought of that always got her hormones racing and her pussy wet, even though she knew he said he wasn't going to knock her up for a long time to come (if he had even committed to that, which was frustratingly unclear).

In fact Amy had had an almost freakishly big growth spurt in the last few weeks, with most of it centered on her chest. She'd gone from a D-cup to an E-cup already and showed no sign of stopping. She claimed that she could make her boobs grow through sheer willpower, and that she had decided to make them bigger once the tit-loving Alan had become her official boyfriend.

Katherine knew that explanation was impossible and absurd, but nonetheless she frequently tried to will her tits to grow too. So far she'd had absolutely no success.

Amy strutted around near the edge of the pool, bending this way and that to proudly show off her impressive cleavage. She asked, "So what's shakin'?"

Suzanne nodded to the bottle of suntan lotion. "Well, aside from your tempting, jiggly twin peaks, I was in the middle of covering Susan with that bottle of Alan's cum when I got an urgent request to insert some imaginary asparagus up her cunt."

Amy and Katherine exclaimed simultaneously, "Alan's cum?! Really?!"

"No, not really," Suzanne admitted with a touch of sadness in her voice. "But with him gone, we have to pretend." She temporarily pulled her soaked fingers out of Susan's pussy, held them up stiffly for the girls to see, and wiggled them around. "That's not why I called you both out here, though. Susan was just talking about big changes, so I thought you two would want to hear what she has to say. Where were you, Mom?"

Susan clarified, while remaining in her awkward ass-up position, "I was just saying that we need new rules. Tiger is the man of the house, and as tempted as I am to obey him in all things, he still needs some parenting. As we've talked about before, Suzanne and I can be a good cop, bad cop duo. But we'll need your help, too. The main thing is, we don't want him to get a big head."

Katherine joked, "Mom, you'd better watch your language there for double meanings. Big head? Maybe you mean he shouldn't get cocky. No, that's no good; we love it when we're all full of cock! He shouldn't have a stick up his butt? No, we all know what THAT starts us thinking about. Let's see. What exactly is the thrust of your point, so to speak? No, that's no good. We can't let him beat around the bush? No, that's dangerous. He shouldn't get stuck on--"

Suzanne interrupted, even as she giggled along with the rest, "All right, daughter. Very amusing. But Susan DOES have a point. And no, not THAT thick, meaty one."

Katherine joked some more, "Speaking of points, do you have any more of that asparagus?" She squatted down and exclaimed as she looked at her pussy, "I could use a stalk right about here!"

"Ooh! Looky, Sister!" Amy said while raising her hand. "Here's a stalk." She winked as she raised her index finger high while keeping the other fingers curled down.

"Well, Aims, get to it. I thought asparagus was for eating, but I like what our mothers are doing with it a lot better."

Amy sat down on the ground right next to the pool. She put her hand over her pussy and kept the index finger pointing straight up.

Katherine then sat down and straddled Amy's lap, impaling herself on the finger. Once the two girls were settled, they turned (most of) their attention to Susan.

Susan resumed, "As I was saying, we have to be careful about inflating his ego too much. Now, I know that we're all aware of what a wonderful guy he is. I also know that we've been saying all kinds of flattering things. He's even starting to warm up to being called master sometimes."

Susan crooked her head to look upside-down into Katherine's eyes as she continued. "It is true that he's the man of the house now, and is our sexual master in every way, shape, and form. But these little asparagus sticks, as nice as they are, just don't do enough for us - we all live to be violated by his massive cucumber. I don't have to remind any of you just how good it feels to have his big log slide into my mouth, er, I mean any of our mouths, so I can, I mean we can, swirl our tongues around his hot, throbbing, ten-inch monst-"

Suzanne coughed. "Mom? Your point?"

"Right. I'd like to ask you to tone down the use of words like 'master' and 'slave' for the time being."

Katherine complained, "Mom! Of all people to say that. You love thinking of him as your master as much as I do!"

Susan responded, "I know, I know. I'm not happy about it. Mind you, we all know that he's the one and only true master of this harem and that he's effectively tamed us all with his big cock and made us his eager busty slaves. But you know how he is with his modesty and all. We're not in this just till next week or even next year. We've got oodles of time to get him used to those kinds of words. Plus, right now he's under a lot of stress as the implications of being lord and master over us all slowly hits him. So keep it cool until I say so, okay? When he's around, let's generally stick with calling ourselves his 'nymphos.' A nice, non-demeaning word."

Katherine was annoyed at this. As she lightly bounced up and down on Amy's finger, she pleaded, "What about 'fuck toy'? Can I pleeeeaase still use that? It means a lot to me."

"Well, okay. But only that. We might as well call a spade a spade. Just don't say 'slave.' ... Although who can really deny that he's completely tamed you and made you his slave in every way... Ah. I'm too soft, Suzanne! You see my problem here?"

Suzanne chuckled. "That's all right. Let Angel have a little fun, if she gets a kick out of 'fuck toy.' I agree it's a good idea to drop the master and slave stuff for now though, especially since that still bothers me

on several levels. I need time to adjust to it, too. But Angel loves 'fuck toy' so much, and she's used it so much around him already, that I really don't think he has a problem with that. And, of course, the rules can be bent when we all get super hot and horny."

"Of course," Susan agreed, while the girls nodded. "That goes without saying. That's one of my favorite things, getting him so aroused that he doesn't mind being called 'Master.'"

Suzanne continued, "In any case, let's hear some more of your plans." Her "asparagus" fingers continued to piston in and out of Susan's pussy, but very slowly, so Susan could remain (mostly) coherent.

"Well, as you all know, I'm hell-bent on starting to lactate as soon as possible. Speaking of which, my breasts are tragically under-suckled at the moment. Hint, hint."

Amy and Katherine laughed, disengaged from each other, and scooted forward. Each one took one of Susan's nipples to suckle on while they continued to listen to her.

"Mmmm. Much better. Thanks, kids. Another thing is beds. It's an absolute tragedy that Tiger has been forced to sleep alone, and it's high time to fix that. I think it's a no-brainer that he should never have to sleep alone at home again. But what if he wants to sleep with his entire harem at once? I'm going to special order a massive four poster bed, the biggest one they can make. I hope we can get one that fits at least eight, since there's no telling just how big his harem will eventually grow. Then we can have big tag-team orgies in it all the time. You won't see me trying to stop or slow down anyone from having sex anymore, in whatever combination we want!"

"Sweet!" Katherine exclaimed as she and Amy high-fived each other.

Susan grinned as she added, "I'm throwing out the old rule book and all the old boundaries, if any still remain. The Pact we made yesterday is the basis of our new rules. The only other remaining 'rules' as such are just common sense things that I probably don't need to tell you. For instance, we have to cover up like the old days whenever we're outside the house, to better keep the existence of our incestuous harem secret. And if we get interested in any women outside the harem, make sure they're bisexual so they can be shared with our master first and foremost."

"Like Brenda," Suzanne said, bringing up an unresolved issue.



Susan had found her ass-up position uncomfortable to maintain, and lay down flat on her back again to give better tit access to her daughters.

But Suzanne still kept slowly teasing Susan's pussy by reaching a hand in between her relaxed, open thighs while the other two remained suckling at her breasts.

"About Brenda," Suzanne continued. "There's another big change that I'd like to suggest. I've decided it's best if we take up her offer to be our house slave. And in her case, slave is definitely the right term to use. She doesn't just have a desire to serve Alan sexually; it's a need! In fact, she needs to serve all of us in every way. She really wants to go all out, and our house is the perfect place for her to explore her new submissive lifestyle and needs. Maybe she can be our slave on a part time sort of nine to five basis, since she still needs to take care of her son Adrian in the evenings and on the weekends. What do you think, Susan?"

Susan responded, "Who could say no to having such a willing, eager, and totally gorgeous slave? I'm going to make her do all the chores I hate to do. But I don't want her to be around much when he's home. Her body is just too much competition for me."

Suzanne chided, "Come on, Susan. Jealousy doesn't become you. Sure, she's got bigger tits, but you're more beautiful than her overall. You're a six-foot tall Amazon goddess, while she's just a little doll. You tower over her. I don't think you have to worry about Brenda too much, as far as her stealing his affections. We hardly even know her, unless you count carnally knowing her. Whereas your cutie Tiger has known and deeply loved you, me, Katherine, and Amy as far back as he can remember. She'll never be able to compete with that emotional depth. No one can. He'll go out and occasionally fuck this and that new woman I'm sure, but he'll always come back to the four of us."

Susan sighed. "I hope you're right. No, I take that back. I know you're right. It's a bit of a bitter pill for me to swallow due to her huge hooters, but she needs to follow her destiny. The Big Tits Theory says she needs to serve a superior man like Alan, and who am I to try to deny him any woman he wants? I'm starting to become good friends with her, to be honest. I'm not worried about her or anything or anyone else anymore. I'm sure it'll all work out. I'm so glad I've been able to take my time and work through all my feelings before getting fucked. Now I can do it without any guilt or ... worries and ... enjoy it to the, oh, ah ... fullest!" Her voice was becoming increasingly ragged as her sexual arousal grew.

"You're so lucky." Suzanne asked, "How many mothers get to experience the joy that you do?"

Susan didn't answer at first, but merely let out a "mmmm" of pure pleasure.

Suzanne stopped playing with Susan's pussy lips to prevent Susan from becoming too aroused to continue talking. What Katherine and Amy were doing to her tits was more than enough stimulation for her, and kept her right on the edge of a wonderful climax. She asked, "Susan? I asked, how many mothers get to experience the joy that you do?"

Suzanne waited. "Did you hear my question? Hel-LOOO? Earth to Susan..."

Suzanne snapped her fingers to get everyone's attention, When that didn't work, she stared down Amy and Katherine until they stopped suckling on Susan and playing with each other. Amy was particularly disappointed, as she was within a hair's breadth of having a really great climax.

Slowly, Susan came to. "Uh, yeah... Oh yeah. I know exactly what you mean. Joy... Naughty mothers..." Her dreamy gaze faded and she grew a bit more lucid again. "My guess is not enough mothers know our joy. Far too few. We're so lucky. Friends, family, and lovers are all the same people now, and each aspect of the relationship makes the other parts deeper. But there still are a few loose ends to tie up. For starters, everyone's in agreement that I should divorce Ron. I want that to happen sooner rather than later. But is that timing wise?"

Suzanne reassuringly stroked her friend's clitoris the way most friends would pat another friend on the back. "Let's not go into that now, my fellow mother. I'm on top of that."

Chapter 932 Good Lord!

While no one wanted to ruin the sexy mood with talk about Ron, Amy very much did want to talk about her father, now that the mention of Ron reminded her of him. "Mom, what about Dad? I'm talking about Eric. What's going to happen to him? It's weird. You and I practically live here now. And I hate to say this, because it's really mean, but..."

Suzanne completed Amy's thought. "You're not all that fond of your father."

"Well, I wouldn't go that far, exactly. I mean, that sounds mean. He's my dad and all, and I should love him, and I do, but..."

Again Suzanne elaborated, "But he's never there for you. He hasn't been for years. He's been married to money for ages, now. His company is his family more than his real family is. It's almost as if someone were to ask him about his kids, he'd have to stop and try to remember how many he had and what their names are. No, Amy, don't feel bad. He's been lost to us for years now. It's just a matter of... your... of our..."

Surprisingly, Amy interrupted, anticipating Suzanne's next thought. "Brad. I love my brother. I mean, he is a bit weird, but then so am I. He'd be totally bummed if the family split up." She put her hand on her chin and pondered.

Thanks to the weighty topic, all four females remained physically disengaged from each other.

"'Bummed' is an understatement, Honey Pie. Yeah, that's the problem. Brad. What to do about him? He's an innocent bystander in all of this. In fact, I've done him wrong and I feel terrible about that. I haven't been there for him these past couple of months. Heck, years. It really hurts me to think that I could be failing him as a mother and even hurting him."

Susan noted, "But not enough to spend more time with him. You could turn that around any time, you know."

"I know." Suzanne sighed heavily. "But what would he and I say to each other? We have nothing in common anymore. Plus, the lure of this house is far too strong. It's like a drug. Literally! The scent of sex in the air here hooks me just like a drug, and whenever I'm here I feel so free, so high, so happy. Liberated! Loved. Brad's off in his own world. He doesn't want the family to break up, but he doesn't make any effort to keep it together. I feel like I've lost him."

The subject of including Brad in their sexual world had come up before and been rejected. The idea of involving him in their incestuous fun wasn't even considered anymore, because The Pact expressly stated they would touch no other man. They all remained lost in thought for some moments, considering other options.

After a long pause, Amy said, "I know what you mean, Mother. I love my brother, but he's kinda so distant lately. I can't get into his stuff, like football, cars, and fishing, like, at all! And he can't get into my stuff: art, cheerleading, dolphins, nudity..."

Katherine humorously completed Amy's list: "Getting fucked by Alan, getting titfucked by Alan, sucking Alan's cock all day long, bending your sweet ass over so Alan can fuck it..."

"Oh yeah," Amy agreed, as she started to rub her own ass cheeks. "You totally know my favorite super special hobbies!" She giggled. "Hey Sis, tell me more about what it's like to get your ass fucked by our brother's raging butt-stuffer. Tell us all again how he took your anal cherry!"

The group was extremely easily distracted by any sexual thought or action, but Suzanne played the responsible one as usual and completely ignored Amy's last comments to keep the conversation on topic. "Obviously, I have to divorce Eric. The only man for me is Alan. Hell, I wasn't even kissing Eric before... this whole thing started with Alan. But should I divorce him now, or wait until Brad has graduated from high school? That's my big dilemma."

"That's only six months or so away if you wait," Susan pointed out. "That wouldn't be so bad."

"No, it's not so bad, in theory. But in reality I don't know how much longer I can stand it. Amy and I should move in here right away. Otherwise, it's going to drive me crazy, sleeping in the same house with Eric - although thank God we have separate bedrooms - while knowing that the man I love is over here sleeping with you, Susan, and you, Katherine. Or more to the point, NOT sleeping with you while he's sharing your beds, fucking you all night long with that rampant, ever ready, penis of his. Amy's free to spend the night here whenever she wants to."

She went on, "But the worst thing is the danger. We all should move away from here as soon as we can for that reason alone. What if Brad or Eric were to stumble upon us one day? It's so easy just to walk over here and wander in through the side gate between our houses. Even as we speak, one of them could come home unexpectedly and peek through Amy's window to see if we're over here. And what would they see if they look down onto the pool area? All four of us naked and the two teens sucking on Susan's boobs! That would raise some eyebrows, to say the least. Jesus!"

"But we'd hear the car come up first," Amy pointed out, still ever so slightly massaging her own tingly ass. "I'm always totally listening for the car."

"Yeah, but in six months there's bound to be at least one unlucky break. Honey Pie, maybe I should divorce him now and you and I can find a place of our own. We have to protect our new family."

"No," Amy answered. "That could be worse. I mean, in the movies, people hire private detectives and stuff during messy divorces. It would be even more dangerous to do that than to keep going. He might even think you're divorcing him because you have a thing for Aunt Susan, and get all snoopy about that. Or maybe he'd think and wonder about other reasons why you're over here, like 24-7." Amy had obviously given these issues a lot of thought, which Suzanne found somewhat surprising.

"You're right. I've lost my analytical and scheming edge lately. My cunt seems to do all my thinking for me. Damn. He could do that even if I don't bring up a divorce. I really should put in more face time at home, and especially be with Brad some more, but it's just so hard to stay away from here. I'm such a bad mother."

Susan consoled her friend, "No, you're not. It's just fate has it that your children are more Amy, Katherine, and Alan than they are Brad. Brad was the one who withdrew from you, long before all this sexual stuff started. You've been complaining about how he's been lost to you for at least a solid two years now. Anyway, we should really hear from Tiger on the divorce idea. He is the man of the house now, after all."

Suzanne sighed again, but more of a fond sigh, as she thought of Alan. "You're right. My Sweetie is more of a mature man than my husband ever was, even though Sweetie is still in high school. You know what it's like? It's like he's a husband to all of us, and we're all his dutiful wives."

Susan really liked that. Her eyes lit up and the arousal was plain to see on her face. "His wives and mothers and nympho sex slaves, all in one," she corrected, a bit breathlessly. "Or sisters, for Amy and Angel. Oh, and pretend I didn't say 'slave.' I can't even follow my own rules. But you're right. I feel like he's my husband. Oh God, that makes me so hot! That, and your fingers."

Suzanne also had gotten so excited by the thought of being Alan's wife that she couldn't help herself and pushed a finger up Susan's still sopping pussy again. She tried not to show it most of the time, but many of the same things that excited Susan often excited her.

Susan held very little back. "Can you just imagine? I'm getting divorced now. What if Alan wants to marry me?! Fuck, that's a turn-on. Marrying his own mother! I could wear white and he could fuck me in my wedding dress!"

"God, that makes me so hot!" Katherine shouted. She immediately dove back into Susan's chest and rubbed her face all over her mother's ample bosom. Then she resumed sucking with fervor.

Amy waited until the other nipple was free and then dove in, too.

The idea of marrying Alan obviously was extremely arousing for all four of them.

"Like mother, like daughter," Suzanne chuckled, amused that Katherine unwittingly used Susan's new catchphrase. But she answered truthfully, "You're totally turning me on, except that I'm imagining him marrying ME instead!"

The mothers both laughed while the daughters sucked. "And why not?" Suzanne added, a bit more seriously. "Once I get a divorce, my Sweetie and I could get married and we wouldn't even have to keep it a secret."

Katherine and Amy pulled away from Susan's massive mammaries and spoke at once. "Hey!" Then they said in tandem, "He's going to marry ME instead!" Looking at each other, they laughed at their identical reactions.

Amy cried "Jinx!" and then they started tickling each other. Their heads repeatedly bounced into Susan's pillowy boobs in a bumper-car style as they joshed around.

Suzanne spoke to Susan, since she was the only one now paying serious attention. "I know he isn't going to marry someone so much older when there's so many tasty younger vixens for him, especially these two, but it's a great fantasy anyway. But let's not just imagine. Instead of sitting here feeling horny, why don't we dig out our wedding dresses and do some role-playing?"

Susan put her hands on the heads of her two daughters, stilling them a bit. "Oh, you know I'd love to, but I feel obliged to refrain from anything sexual today, well, not counting inducing my lactation. I think we all should. You hear that, girls?" Her hands on each of their heads gently tapped them to better get their attention. "Remember how we said last night that we'd take it easy while he was gone? I think at least one sex free day would do us all some good. For me it'll be the first time in ... well, I don't know how long. But a long time."

Amy moaned, "Awww. Party pooper. I've been on the verge of like a really, really, REALLY big climax for like ten minutes already." She and Katherine stopped their tickle attacks on each other. They turned their attention back to Susan's tits and began licking, hoping to talk Susan out of this new "no orgasms" idea with some skilled tandem nipple stimulation.

Suzanne smiled wryly. "Meet the new Susan, same as the old Susan. Always stopping us from having sex. But I'll go along with you on this one, and we all should. Especially Susan. My dear friend, think how horny you'll be by Sunday night. Going two days without an orgasm for you will be like going two years without for most normal people. It'll make your first time even more incredible."

"God willing, it'll be Sunday night," Susan pointed out. "But he could be tired out, or even sick. Or hurt! Oh dear. I worry about him so. What if I have to wait until Monday? Or even later?! I pray not. But I'll definitely abstain until he's ready." She cried out loud with glee, nearly orgasmically, "My next orgasm is going to be with my son's magnificent penis thrust deep inside me!"

After a few more licks on Susan's nipple, Amy reluctantly said, "M'kay. No more orgasms. After I have this one. I'm so close to bursting! Kat, will you go down on me?"

"Now, girls," Susan chided. "Think of Alan. He's out there right now on some lonely, windswept island. Those Channel Islands don't even have trees. He's going to have to go the WHOLE DAY without a single fuck! Not even a single handjob! There isn't a single woman on the island to even flash her bouncy tits or show him a beaver shot, for God's sake. My heart goes out to him. The way he must be suffering, with his balls building up with such a huge load of cum until they're ready to burst and no one to help out... It's almost more than I can bear to think about! If he can endure that kind of hardship, so can we. Are we in this together, or not?"

"Mmmmm'kaaaayyy... " Amy agreed reluctantly. "No more lactation help for you then, at least not till I can take a cold shower. Grrr." That gave her an idea. She stood up, took off her wire half-bra, and dove into the pool.

Katherine showed no sign of talking, but just kept on suckling on her mother's nipple while watching Amy swim.

Finally Susan asked, "What about you, Angel? Are you with us on this one?"

Katherine eventually pulled off the nipple to talk. "Of course, Mom. My sole sexual purpose is to love and serve my brother. That's what fuck toys do." She bent forward to resume sucking, but then pulled back as a new thought hit her. "But Amy is right that we should stop for now, or both you and I are going to break our vows as soon as we've made them... Hey Mom? I know you're gonna want Sunday night all alone with Brother, right?"

"Yes," Susan replied dreamily. "Him. Me. The bed. All alone. Candlelight. Soft music. Incense. Making slow but insistent, deep, overflowing love..."

Katherine lazily traced shapes on her mother's tits while she imagined the scene. "Mom, it'll definitely be special, but I was thinking. What are the rest of us going to do? Are we going to just sit and twiddle our thumbs in another room? I mean, WE'RE going to be all worked up too! It's going to be cruel waiting. You get him all evening while we're still going to have to wait a whole 'nother day. And it's been days of deprivation already!"

"Hmmm. I never thought about that. I'm sorry, Angel."

"Yeah, but I was thinking. What if we record the whole thing? Isn't it something you'd want taped for posterity? Ten years from now, you're going to want to look back and fondly relive your first real fuck. I'm thinking we can set up video cameras all over the house, and record all kinds of stuff! Wouldn't that be great?"

"It would," Susan replied hesitantly. "But it is kind of unethical..." She turned to Suzanne for guidance. "What do you think, Mother?"

Suzanne had moved away from the others to get out of the bright sun and protect her pale skin. She seemed to be frowning and staring off into space, and didn't give a quick reply.

So Katherine continued, "Mom, just think about Alan taking a shower. Imagine that you can't be in there with him, but you can watch the shower any time you want. Imagine him covering his cock with soapy suds, stroking it over and over with his hands. But then, wait! Who's that walking into the picture? That's me! We can't allow him to touch himself there when there are soft, feminine hands always at the ready. Not to mention, hands are never enough when there's eager lips and tongues! Before long, he's fucking my face, and you can get off watching it, live, even while you're getting dressed up in your bedroom!"



Susan was obviously getting into Katherine's scenario, as her bare breasts were starting to heave and tremble.

"But wait! Who's that?" Katherine paused for dramatic effect. "Is there someone else walking into the picture? Why, yes... It's you, Mom! You got so excited in your room watching that yummy fuck stick getting ready to splodge all over your daughter's face that you want a piece of that load for yourself! So you come on over and join in. Together we show Alan how his cock needs to be treated. We're a mother-daughter cocksucking team! Then, instead of explaining to Suzanne later what you did and masturbating over it like you always do, you two can watch the video!"

"Wow. You sold me," Susan answered, her eyes glazed over with lust.

Katherine was getting into her own fantasy. She sat up on her haunches and spoke as if she were really in the middle of getting her face fucked. She looked around and saw Susan's breasts heaving. Amy was bouncing up and down excitedly as she friggged herself in the shallows of the pool, and Suzanne watched everyone else with thinly veiled amusement. Life was very good.

Katherine returned to lightly stroking Susan's breasts, while her own swayed all over in their size-enhancing half-bra cups. She correctly assumed the tits she held were her mother's most sexually-vulnerable spots, so she knew her stroking would help seal the decision.

"But wait. There's more," she went on. "There's one special place we all know Alan's cock belongs. Your cunt! Our mutual sucking and licking has turned him into a wild man! He throws you against the shower wall, and with water pouring all over you he invades your cunt with his mommy-loving monster tool! Wham! Wham! Wham! He's fucking you into the wall!"

Susan's body twitched violently with each "wham" that came out of her daughter's mouth. She was fully living the moment.

Katherine sped up her description, growing more excited every moment. She bounced up and down on her heels as if she were the one getting fucked. "You're helpless! We all are! There's nothing you can do except experience the fucking of your life! He tosses you around like a rag doll with each powerful, cum-filled thrust! His cockhead is going to explode with fertile seed at any moment! He's gonna drown you in his life-creating sperm! It's all so hot that I can't just stand by and watch, so I have to attack your lips with kisses and maul your tits like I'm gonna tear 'em off! I squeeze 'em so hard that milk is squirting everywhere, covering Alan in your white, creamy love! But he's gonna fill you up even more with his own thick white cum!"

Susan's only response was a series of little happy squeaks that arrived faster and faster.

Suzanne couldn't help but get swept up in the excitement as well, but she felt obliged to walk over and tap Katherine on the shoulder, distracting her. She made a frown that indicated Katherine should cut off her story before Susan climaxed. After all, Susan had vowed not to climax while Alan was gone. Then she retreated ten feet back to her spot below a tree, slightly annoyed that she'd had to be the orgasm police.

Katherine's voice had been getting increasingly ragged, but she calmed herself down a bit. She'd had Susan right on the edge. But then she looked at Suzanne's stern face, turned back to Susan and calmly asked, "So. Wouldn't you like to capture all of that on video?"

"Yes! Yes! More!" Susan screamed. "Somebody get the dildos!"

But again Suzanne rained on the parade, much to her own annoyance. She waved her hand in the air and snapped her fingers to get Susan's attention. "No. No orgasms until our Sweetie gets back home, remember? That was your idea."

"Wha...? Oh. Yeah? Damn." Susan just panted for a while until her close encounter with ecstasy had passed. "Fuck, Angel. That was good. You know all my buttons. Bottom line is, a BIG thumbs up on the video recording idea!" She thrust both of her thumbs up into the air to show how enthusiastically she approved, even as her chest heaved while she panted for air. "Is everyone else with me?"

The others all thrust their thumbs up too. Even Amy had her head above water and gave a thumbs up from the middle of the swimming pool. There was happy laughter all around.

Once Susan was fully off her sexual high, she said, "Suzanne, thanks for saving me from breaking my abstinence vow. What a great friend. Where would I be without you?"

Suzanne thought to herself, Where indeed? You certainly wouldn't be having sex with your son, and none of this would have happened if it wasn't for me. But that's a secret I'll never be able to tell. And yet I worry about these three beauties. Why do I always have to be the responsible one and keep their excesses in check? I wish I could be the one to cut loose and have someone else catch me, just for once.

Suzanne realized that bringing up the idea of mutual help would actually be a good response to Susan's question. "No problem, but please do the same for me. I have my weak moments, just like everyone else. We can be strong for each other and police each other, but we also have to police and discipline ourselves too. And that goes for you two young vixens as well, my daughters."bender

"M'kay!" Amy easily agreed as she splashed around in the water.

Katherine asked, "Life is going to be so much fun, don't you think, Mom? Even more than before."

"Yes."

"I wonder what Alan's doing right now," Amy said out of the blue. She swam to the side of the pool closest to Susan and looked up at her with worry.

"I'm sure he's doing fine," Susan said reassuringly, although wrinkles appeared on her forehead.

"I hope so," Amy replied uncertainly. "He's probably worrying a lot about what's going to happen with Glory on Monday, though." Then she brightened. "I hope he found my picture in his bag and liked it!"

Katherine laughed. "Aims, you only told us that a thousand times already today!"

Susan laughed too, because it was true. Amy had put a picture she drew of herself in his backpack, and was dying of curiosity to find out if he'd found it. And certainly Alan had Glory on his mind, though no one wanted to bring up that delicate topic at the moment.

Susan went on, "Now, here's a plan. I'm going to take a dip in the pool to cool my libido a bit. But then, what can I do to get you two kids to suckle on my nipples some more?"

Christine kept up a very rigorous exercise regimen. Most days, she practiced her martial arts, primarily Aikido. Her martial arts and ballet stretching provided a thorough warm-up and cooldown for her entire body. In addition, she usually swam laps in her backyard pool, jogged around her neighborhood, and conducted her own workout at home using nothing more than free weights and her own body weight. Many days she participated in classes in her Aikido dojo, on top of P.E. at school. As a result, she was the most fit and athletic female in Alan's life, which was saying quite a lot, given how regularly Susan, Suzanne, and some others exercised.

Since it was a beautiful day, Christine had chosen to swim laps. She'd already swum thirty laps when her mother Olga called out for her. "Christine dear? Can you take a call? Or should I have them call you back?"

Annoyed at being interrupted, Christine stopped swimming and lifted her head out of the water. "Who is it?"

Olga shouted through the open kitchen window. "It's a girl named Donna. Do you know a Donna?"

Christine thought, Donna? Donna?! Who the heck is Donna? It's not THE Donna at school, is it? But who else could it be? Ugh. I'd better take it now, since whoever it is, I don't have her number. She sighed at the bother and shouted back, "Tell her to hold on a minute or two, would you? I have to get out and towel off."

Christine quickly got out of the pool. She was wearing a conservative one-piece bathing suit, but she still looked sexy and fantastic, especially since she was only able to briefly towel off and then wrap the towel around her head, leaving her skin glistening wet. Her mother brought the portable phone to the side of the pool, so it didn't really matter that she was still wet.

"Hello?"

"Hi. It's Donna."

Christine recognized the voice as "THE" Donna, the well-known, powerful beauty at school who was competing with Heather for Homecoming Queen. Christine didn't like her at all, since Donna Giovanni was bitchy, selfish and power hungry, just like Heather. She asked suspiciously, "Donna?! What are you doing calling me? How do you even have my number?"

Donna replied, "I got it from a mutual acquaintance. You don't mind me calling you, do you? Normally I wouldn't have bothered, except it's kind of important and urgent. Do you have a minute?"

"I suppose," Christine grouched. "But please make it brief. I was just in the middle of swimming laps, and I don't want to disrupt my exercise sequence."

"Sorry. I'll be fast. As you know, the Homecoming Dance is right around the corner--"

Christine cut her off. "No it's not. It's a couple of weeks away."

"True, but one has to start early to gather support."

Christine sighed loudly. "Oh God. This isn't about the Homecoming Queen competition, is it? You interrupted me for that?"

"It is," Donna admitted. "But I promise you, you'll find this interesting. I just heard some new news that I know you'll want to hear. But first, are you gonna be in the running?"

"Are you kidding me? No way." Sensing the phone call would take more than a couple of minutes, Christine reluctantly sat down on a deck chair. "I couldn't care less about that whole bullshit popularity-contest thing. Count me out."

"I thought you might say that, knowing you. But still, you must know that you're very popular. Even if you don't lift a finger, you'll probably be nominated and get a good number of votes."

"How do you figure?"

Donna explained, "Well, you have no real chance of winning, since you're not into that 'whole bullshit popularity thing,' as you put it. No doubt Heather or I will win the crown. But you're popular with the academic crowd. Plus, you have your own little crowd of groupies, the 'Goody-goodies'."

Christine was still annoyed; she really didn't care about that contest. "I don't have my 'little crowd of groupies,' okay? It's just some friends of mine, and I don't know who came up with that stupid nickname or why. If it makes you happy, I'll tell all those people not to vote for me no matter what, okay? Can I go now?"

"Hold on. I haven't even told you this hot, juicy news yet. I'm glad to hear you're not running and you're not interested, but it's not enough for you to just stay neutral. I'm gonna need your help, and your votes, if I'm gonna beat Heather."

Exasperated, Christine replied, "Look. I don't have a bunch of votes. I just have my own vote, and I might not even bother to vote at all. It's not like I'm the head of some political party or something."

"No, but a lot of people look up to you as kind of their ideal. A moral paragon, even. If you were to say 'Don't vote for Heather; she's a nasty bitch,' that could sway dozens of votes. And I know you hate Heather with a passion."

Christine responded, "It's true: I'm not exactly Heather's biggest fan. But, to be blunt, I don't really like you either. As far as I'm concerned, you two are like peas in a pod. So no, you're not gonna get my 'endorsement.' I mean, the fact that you and she are so keen on winning this silly, meaningless Homecoming Queen title says a lot about the kind of people you are."

"Ouch!" Donna replied. "I can see why they call you the Ice Queen. But I'm glad that you say what you mean, and don't play games. That's a big reason why you could help decide this election, because people respect your opinion; they know it's from your heart. And, okay, it's true that Heather and I are similar in some ways, but she's very different too, and I want to show you that those differences are why you need to get the word out at least to not vote for her."

Christine complained, "Are we done? Try your sales pitch on me some other time. It's very important that after I start exercising, I keep my heart rate up, to--"

Sensing she was losing her, Donna interrupted. "Wait! Let me tell you this hot news about Heather, which I just heard less than an hour ago. It'll prove to you that she's not the kind of person who should be our school's Homecoming Queen. Plus, it's also about Alan. He's some kind of friend of yours, right? I see you and him hanging out together at school sometimes, especially lately."

Christine had been totally annoyed and eager to get Donna off the phone, but that all changed when she heard Alan's name. Her heart immediately started racing. She had to be careful not to sound too interested. "Yeah, I guess you could say that. What did you hear?"

"Well, the word is, he and Heather are getting it on, freaky-style. Really freaky!"

Christine's heart skipped a beat. She'd already become convinced that Alan and Heather were having sex, but hearing that from Donna shocked her nonetheless. "Wait a minute. Hold your horses. There have been all kinds of weird rumors about Alan lately. I've heard them, and they're mostly bullshit. Just because he's dating Amy now, and she said he's free to see others too, imaginations have run wild. Is this more bullcrap along those lines? And who did you hear it from?"

Donna was getting into juicy gossip mode. "I heard it from someone who was THERE! She was in the SAME ROOM as Heather, Simone, another girl, and Alan when the five of them got down and dirty!"

Christine was more than a little skeptical. "Really? Who?"

Donna admitted, "Okay, it wasn't directly the person who was there, so I don't know who. But she called a close friend, and that friend called me. My friend was sworn to secrecy, so she can't name names, but she's very trustworthy. If she said that's what her friend told her, than I completely believe it. And it's not just some vague rumor. It's a VERY detailed account, just one step removed! Besides, it's just too weird and outrageous to be made up!"

Curiosity was getting to Christine, even though she tried to sound put out by the call. "So what did she say, already?"

"Well, the big news is that Heather is some kind of puppet for Alan! She's like his sexual plaything! You know how she's all bitchy and domineering with everyone?"

"Of course." Christine was all ears now. Her heart was pounding hard, even though she just sat in the deck chair.

"Apparently, with him she's the complete opposite. She does whatever he says! If he tells her to strip, bam! She takes off all her clothes on the spot! If he tells her to get on her knees and crawl over to him

and suck his dick, she even does that, even though we all know how much she hates giving blowjobs. And she does it with gusto!"

Christine had heard some weird rumors about Heather's attitude towards Alan, so she suspected there was some truth to what Donna was claiming. But at the same time, she wanted to protect Alan's reputation, as well as her own reputation as a "moral paragon." So she scoffed, "Give me a break! Are you kidding me? That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard."

"But it's true! I know it sounds crazy, but certainly you've heard other stories that fit. Hell, just the fact that Heather has been seen talking to him on more than one occasion recently demands explanation. Why would that be? He's such a nobody, a nerd, so low on the totem pole that normally she'd never be caught dead talking to him. But when his name comes up, which has been happening more and more, her face gets all weird. I've seen it myself."

Christine sighed. "Look. Alan's started dating Amy, right? And his sister is Katherine, right? That's two girls on Heather's cheerleading squad, right there. So, if he's spending a lot of time with Amy, it makes sense that he'll keep running into Heather and they'll have to interact to some extent. Maybe Heather doesn't like him 'cos she thinks he's not good enough for Amy or something."

Donna said, "That sounds reasonable, except you don't know what I know! My source tells a VERY different story. I tell you, Heather is practically Alan's sex toy!"

"Stop right there! How can that be? If anyone even talks back to her, she crushes them like a bug, just because she can."

"I know! I know! But sex makes people do weird things. Apparently Alan has a big dick and, more importantly, he knows how to use it. He rocks her world! She's hooked on him like a drug, so now he holds all the power."

Christine stood up, she was so agitated. "I don't believe it." But in fact, the reason she was bothered was because she found it all too believable; she strongly suspected it was true.

Donna said, with growing enthusiasm, "Have you ever had YOUR world rocked? I have! I'm talking about getting fucked so powerfully and so long that you totally lose your mind! The pleasure is so intense that you didn't even know you could possibly feel that good! You become an animal! You scream like a



banshee and forget your own name! Sweat's flying everywhere with all the pumping and thumping, and the sexual intensity rises and rises until you simply EXPLODE in an incredible, prolonged, mind-shattering orgasm!"

Christine was taken aback. She reflexively clutched at her chest with her free hand. "Whoa! Donna, get a hold of yourself!"

"Well, have you? I take it you haven't, or you'd react very differently. In fact, the word is that you're still a virgin."

Christine pretended outrage. But she didn't outright deny it, since in fact it was true. "WHAT?! Where did you hear that? And anyway, my sex life is none of your damn business!"

"Sorry. I'm just trying to explain this whole Alan-Heather situation. To me, the only way it makes sense is if Alan's taken her to a really high plane of sexual pleasure, repeatedly. It's no secret that she's a round-heeled slut, so she's had sex with lots of guys. Alan must be giving her something way beyond what anyone else has done. I'm not quite sure how he does it, but he obviously does, or the evidence wouldn't be piling up like it is."

Donna sounded like she was suddenly hit with a smart new idea. "Hey, you're Alan's friend. Maybe you can shed some light on this. Has he ever talked to you about sex with Heather, or anyone else?"

"Certainly not! We're academic friends, not, like, sex friends. Sheesh! No way would I ever touch that topic with a ten-foot pole!" Christine blushed, since in fact sex and Alan, and sex with Alan, were on her mind quite a lot lately, and their flirting had been getting increasingly overt.

"Hmmm. That's too bad. But even though he looks like some kind of ugly dweeb, he obviously must know how to deliver."

Christine couldn't help but defend him. "'Ugly dweeb?' That's harsh."

"You know what I mean. Okay, he's not so ugly, but he's not Hunky McDreamy either. He's just some guy. Yet out of the blue he starts dating Amy. After all, she's a cheerleader, and one of the prettiest,

most desirable girls in school. She's waaay out of his league, if you ask me. And then she hypes him up as the greatest lover since Don Juan, yet lets him play around. How does that make any sense?"

"They've known each other since forever," Christine pointed out. "They're next door neighbors."

"True, but that doesn't explain her claims about what an insatiable stallion he is in bed. And it's not just her. For instance, I know for a fact that Kim is singing his praises too, and she's a lesbian. How the hell do you get a lesbian to get all dreamy over a guy? It all makes sense to me. He's got Heather so hooked on lots of stupendous orgasms that now, instead of just being a first-class bitch, she's HIS bitch!"

Christine had to admit to herself that Donna's theory made sense. But again, she wasn't about to admit that to Donna. She paced around nervously along the edge of the pool. "Come on. I know Alan. He's socially clueless. Someone like Heather would eat him for lunch."

"Sure, normally. But you can't judge, because you don't know what it's like to have your world rocked, to have every last nerve in your body sing in total ecstasy."

"So, maybe he's had sex with her. That's possible. And maybe he's amazingly good at it. That's possible too. And so she's nicer to him than usual, or whatever. Big deal. Or it could all just be some rumors. There are always a lot of those around school. Where are you going with this, anyway? Why should I care?"

Donna replied, "Because it's not JUST the two of them having sex. It's like I said before: they're having freaky sex! Do you remember what I said before, about who was there? It wasn't just Alan and Heather: it was them plus Simone, plus my source, plus yet another girl! FIVE people! That's an orgy! The girls were all licking Alan's cock together like it was the most delicious candy in the world, and then he took turns fucking them all into oblivion. On top of that, there was all kinds of girl-girl action. I'm sure you've heard the rumors that Heather and Simone are more than just best friends. Turns out it's true!"

"Okay... But if Heather's bisexual, that's hardly a crime."

"No, but it's a scandal because she keeps it a secret. Do we really want a bisexual orgy girl to be our next Homecoming Queen? What would that say about our school? And then what if she gets busted in some other orgy? It'll be egg on everyone's faces. Whereas look at me. I've had a steady boyfriend for a long time. Have you ever heard any rumors about me cheating on him?"

Christine couldn't help but grin as she replied truthfully, "Actually I have."

"That's bullshit! I don't know what you've heard, but I'm sure they're nothing but vicious rumors, no doubt started by Heather! She's been angling to win the Homecoming Queen crown for a long time now, and what better way to do that than to pull me down?"

Christine grumbled, "Whatever. Look, your 'hot' rumor is certainly interesting, but that's all it is: a rumor. I hope you haven't been telling everybody this? Alan's my friend and he doesn't deserve to have his name dragged through the mud as part of some grudge match between you and Heather."

Donna protested, "It's not like that at all! I swear. I'm totally in the right here, and Heather's the orgy-crazy liar. She's obviously some kind of sex addict. She's not fit to win. As for Alan, I know he's your friend and all, but you need to open your eyes. Sure, I called him a dweeb, and he's certainly got that nerdy vibe, but there's some freaky sex stuff going on with him too. Maybe he's Mr. Generic Gifted Tennis dude most of the time, and that's all you see, but when he gets his freak on, he really gets it on!"

Christine continued to pace around nervously. She was upset because Donna's call was confirming all her worst fears about Alan's sex life.

Donna continued, "For instance, remember earlier when I said that if he tells Heather to get on her knees and crawl over to him and suck his dick, she does, and with gusto? That wasn't just hypothetical; that really happened! My source was there and saw it with her own eyes! And he calls her all kinds of nasty names, and she eats it up. He calls her his slut, and his cum dump, and other stuff like that, and she loves it!"

Christine wanted to punch her fist through a wall. She struggled to sound normal, asking, "What about your so-called source? Does he make her crawl and call her names too?"bender

Donna admitted, "To be honest, I gather the story I got was a bit edited. The source, well, she admits she was there and she's had sex with Alan, but she kind of tried to keep herself out of it and keep the focus on Heather. The other unnamed girl - her involvement was downplayed big time too. Obviously she was being protected for some reason. But to answer your question, it was made clear to me that the name-calling and all the demeaning stuff, that's reserved for Heather only. But I can read between the lines. Alan must be some kind of exceptional sex stud. I mean, just look at the numbers: one guy and four girls. Have you ever heard of a lopsided orgy like that in high school? No way!"

Christine lied, "I'm sorry. I just don't see it. Alan's basically just a nice, mild-mannered guy. He's no sex beast. I think he's had a little luck with Amy and maybe he's played the field some too, since she lets him. People have blown that way out of proportion, probably just to make up juicy rumors."

Donna said, "Tell you what. You're known as a pretty good snoop. Since you're Alan's pal, why don't you dig around and see what you can come up with? You're in the perfect position to get the inside dirt. If you don't like what you call "mere rumors," then get some solid evidence of him getting it on with Heather and pass it on to me."

Christine finally sat back down, complaining "You'd like that, wouldn't you? That would seal your victory for sure. The mere fact that Heather's having sex with a 'nerd' like Alan would cost her a lot of votes from the elite, stuck-up crowd at school that you both hang with. But don't hold your breath. Even if everything you say is true - which I really doubt - I'm not gonna sell my friend down the river to help you win your meaningless little popularity contest. In fact, I think it's damn rotten of you to go spreading these wild rumors around. I know you're all about bad-mouthing Heather, but Alan is an innocent and you're smearing him too."

Donna responded, "Hold on! I'm telling this news to you and you only. Well, okay, admittedly I've mentioned it to a couple of other very close friends, but that's it. This source, she swore her friend to total secrecy. That friend had permission to tell me and me alone, knowing I was the one most likely to put it to good use against Heather. So it goes without saying that I'm trusting you won't tell anyone either. Okay?"

"Fine."

"You see, there aren't that many candidates this source can be. If the story gets back around to Heather, she'll damn well know who else was there at the time, and then whoever it really was is gonna be in a world of hurt! So you can definitely believe I'm not gonna spread this around. If I do, and she gets in trouble, then I won't hear anything else from her."

"Then why are you telling me? You literally have never called me before in my life; we barely even acknowledge each other at school."

"Don't kid yourself, Christine. You're the head of a crucial clique, so I had to make a special exception just for you. You may not think of yourself as the head, but you've got a lot of innocent little 'Goody-

goodies' looking to you for direction. Not to mention plenty of guys who would vote for you just because they think you're hot. I have my crowd and Heather has her crowd, and they're both big crowds. The vote is gonna be close, for sure. In my opinion, the winner is gonna be the one who reaches the other cliques. You could very well provide THE crucial swing vote for Homecoming Queen. You and your followers, that is."

Christine didn't say anything, but she generally agreed with Donna's analysis of school politics.

"I'm telling you this news, and it is news and not a rumor, because I know how moral and righteous you are. You're not going to let some orgy queen become the Homecoming Queen, are you?"

Christine sighed. "I'll admit that if what you say is true, that would be bad. But you could be making the whole thing up, mystery source included. When did this happen? Where did it happen? Where's the solid proof?"

Donna said, "Okay, it's true I can't answer those questions just yet. My source had to leave some things vague to protect herself. She risked a lot just to say anything at all. Apparently she hates Heather with a passion."

Surprisingly, Christine quipped, "That doesn't really narrow it down very much, does it? That could be anybody in school except Heather! Even Simone."

Donna chuckled. "True. Too true. You see? You hate Heather too. That's why you need to spread the word that nobody in their right mind should vote for her."

"Yeah. But the problem is, you're just like her. I'm sorry, but I don't trust you any more than her. I could totally believe you made this whole thing up to get an edge. In fact, I'd be surprised if you DIDN'T make up a bunch of scandalous stuff about Heather to help get some votes."

Donna conceded, "Okay, true. I have... let's say... wandered into some ethical grey areas in the past. But I'm not half as bad as Heather, and you know it! Besides, this has the advantage of being true! I know I don't have any proof now, but hopefully this source will take part in more sex games and come back with something solid and provable next time. What'll you say then?"

Christine tried to sound bored. "If that happens for real, call me again. In the meantime, don't bother me with more rumors. I don't want to get caught between you and Heather in your tug of war. Maybe I should just tell all of my so-called followers not to vote at all, so you two will leave us alone. This whole thing is a waste of time."

Donna concluded, "Okay. Sorry for bothering you. But think of this. If you're not running, then you know it's gonna be a tight race between me and Heather. Do you really want Heather to win? Really?! I know I'm not all smiles and friends with everyone like airhead Amy, but I'm not nearly as bad as Heather either. Think about it."

"Whatever. I've gotta go."

"Later. And sorry to interrupt your... what was it?"

"Swimming laps. And yeah, you kind of ruined my workout. But don't sweat it. See you later."

"Yeah. Bye."

As soon as Christine ended the call, she thought, Well, that was weird, to say the least! Not like I'd ever admit it to Donna, but I'll bet her source was for real! It fits too neatly with everything I've heard about Alan and his sexual prowess.

Jesus! He really is a sex stud! One boy and FOUR girls, together?! And they were crawling naked to him and licking his penis, together?! That is too weird for me to even imagine! What kind of guy have I fallen for anyway?!

Not that I've really fallen for him! This is a good wake-up call. I have to turn off whatever feelings for him I may have, right now. He's bad news all the way round. He's dangerous! It sounds like he casts some kind of spell on girls, and once he's got you and he's "rocked your world," you're hooked. Whatever that means: rocking your world. It sounds pretty damn amazing, actually... Turning into some kind of primal, feral animal, consumed by lust.

But that is so not me! No way. I don't want to be dominated by him and his great sexual prowess. He's a good friend, and we need to stay friends only. You're not gonna catch ME crawling naked across a room to lick his dick! Ewww! Gross!

And as for Donna, she can go jump in a lake. I am NOT gonna get caught up in this ridiculous battle to see who gets crowned the biggest bitch in school. I'll bet in a couple of days Heather is gonna come to me with some scandalous story about Donna. And hell, it may even be true, not that it matters much. I've gotta figure out a way to steer clear of this whole thing.

Chapter 934 Suzanne And Glory Have A Talk

Glory was sitting and moping in her apartment late in the afternoon when the doorbell rang. She opened her front door, and there stood an unfamiliar yet extremely attractive woman at the door, looking a bit lost. She couldn't understand at first what a supermodel level beauty with just about the biggest pair of breasts she'd even seen would be doing at the door of her modest third floor apartment unit.

"Hello. Who are you? ... Wait a minute, I recognize you." It finally came to her, as she'd seen her at some school events. "You're the mother of Amy and Brad Petridge... And Alan's..." Glory's voice trailed off.

Suzanne finished the thought. "Alan's lover. Yes. Well, one of them anyway. Hi. The name's Suzanne." She held out her hand.

The mention that Alan had multiple lovers made Glory wince, but she shook Suzanne's hand anyway. "Right. Suzanne Petridge. Alan's told me a lot about you."

"And I know all about you, too. It's nice to actually meet you after all this time."

"Yes, likewise." Glory paused to check out her visitor.

Suzanne wore a fancy red business suit in an attempt to look unassuming and responsible. However, her attempts to appear unsexy were a complete failure; she simply couldn't look unsexy if she tried. For one thing, she didn't have anything in her wardrobe that didn't make her look fantastic. The clothes she'd chosen for this visit were remarkably tight, and she couldn't even think about wearing her suit without wearing dark red pumps as well.

When she'd finished sizing up her competition, Glory asked, "So what's this all about? How did you even find out where I live?"

"You're the only Gloria Rhymer in the phone book. Look. I know about what happened between you and Alan yesterday and I thought that you might want to talk about it. You know - your big disagreement with him. There are some things I'd like to tell you that you might find interesting. Perhaps we could go get a cup of coffee or something?"

Glory was in pretty bad shape. She had been crying on and off, with little sleep, for the last twenty-four hours. She wore baggy sweatpants and generally looked like she was recovering from a bad hangover. If she was going to talk with anyone, she wanted to do it elsewhere because her extremely modest apartment was a complete mess at the moment.

Suzanne waited patiently while Glory got presentable.

Glory was flummoxed. Not only did she know that she looked like hell, but she was awed by Suzanne's beauty. Even though, rationally, she'd decided to break up with Alan, she felt more than a little jealous about Suzanne, and pegged her as her main competition for Alan's affections. Her strong competitive streak came out, and she tried to dress in the sexiest yet casual clothing she could quickly throw on. She wore a deep blue, skin-tight top that showed off a lot of cleavage, and green shorts. She surprised herself by not even wearing a bra.

When Glory came back to the door to leave with Suzanne, she ostentatiously yawned and stretched. It was like she was throwing down a gauntlet.

She thought as she preened, Suzanne, you may have some of the biggest tits I've ever seen on a thin woman and a smolderingly sexy face to boot, but I'm not exactly chopped liver here! Look at these muscles I've gotten from surfing. Alan loves them! Frankly, I'm far more fit and trim than you are, and I could easily kick your soft ass. So don't give me that "I'm the sexiest thing on Earth and you know that Alan fucks me every day" haughty look! I'm not intimidated by you.

However, this was largely bluster since she was feeling very down on herself and uncertain since breaking up with her lover.



Suzanne had heard about Glory's competitive nature and decided the safest course was just to play it cool and act friendly. She smiled warmly and said, "You look great!"

They walked a short distance to a local diner. As Glory walked, she realized her initial reaction was irrational, especially given that she'd decided to have nothing to do with Alan anymore. She decided to try her best to listen to what Suzanne had to say instead of being judgmental.

Suzanne carefully picked a spot in the diner that would give them some privacy. Once they were settled, Glory asked, "So then. Now that we've dispensed with the pleasantries, what's this all about?"

Suzanne replied, "I know everything. Alan told me all about what happened between you two yesterday. We're very open and like family."

Glory spoke bitterly. "That's the problem, isn't it? He seems to confuse his lovers and his family."

"Now, hold on. That's just what I want to talk to you about. I've known him since he was a baby, way back when he was first adopted. He's such a good kid. I'm so proud of him. I don't think you understand all that's going on. Furthermore, I think it's a big mistake for you to break up with him."

Glory grunted. "If you're so happy with him, then he's all yours. This is absurd! Here we are, both lovers to the same man, or should I say, the same BOY, and you're trying to convince me to stick with him? That's crazy! Don't you want him all for yourself? In any case, I've made up my mind. I've cried a lot, but that's over and done with now. I'm at peace with my decision. Let him love entire volleyball teams and packs of wild gorillas for all I care. I'm washing my hands of him!"

"Come now. You're just saying that. Deep down inside, you know that you still care for him and love him. I know you do."

"How can you know that?! I've never seen you before except in passing at a couple of parent teacher conferences. And now you're an expert on my private love life?"

"I'm telling you, I know you rather well. I feel you're a kind of kindred spirit. Alan was talking all about you long before you two got involved. He's been moony about you since forever. For the past two years it's been 'Ms. Rhymer says this,' and 'Ms. Rhymer thinks that.' He looks up to you like you wouldn't

believe. He admires you and respects you. He loves you deeply, and I know you love him too. I can just tell. Things wouldn't have gotten this far if that wasn't the case. Your eyes wouldn't be all red like they are now if he didn't mean something to you."

Glory was very moved to hear of Alan's love, but she barked defensively, "So what if I do? A little, maybe? I'll admit he means something to me, though calling it love might go a bit far." She corrected herself, "MEANT. He meant something to me. I really admired him too. One of my most promising students - so handsome, so smart, and such a heart of gold. Okay. Shit. I love him. Loved him, I mean. But that was the old Alan. He was the one I loved. This new Alan ... he gives me the shivers."

She interrupted herself and gave Suzanne a piercing look. "But hey! What's it to you? I still don't understand. Why are you even talking to me? You and he obviously love each other, so go off and be happy. There's only so much of him to go around."

Suzanne replied patiently, "I know. And we both know that he's already spread quite thin. There was a time, even a week or so ago, when I would gladly have said good riddance to you and thought, 'There's more Alan for me.' And I would still think that, except that now I see how much he's hurting, and how much he loves you and needs you. The two of you have a very special and unique bond. You're a good influence on him, and, well, kind of a mentor to him. You give him the strength and confidence he's going to need in life. It would be so sad to see you two lose the special thing you have for each other."

"I know, I know." Glory looked pained. "And I'm touched that you think that. But I've made up my mind. He and I should have just stayed good friends, safe within the confines of the student-teacher relationship. But he's gone sex mad, and I fell under the spell of his rampaging sex drive for a while."

She looked around and then lowered her voice. "I shudder to think what goes on in the Plummer house, between his sister, his mother, and then you and your daughter Amy, his so-called 'girlfriend' from next door. Have you no shame? Why would you all agree to such an arrangement? Don't drag me into that madness! And that's not even the half of it. If it's got a pulse and a pair of tits, he's probably shagged it already. I just can't look myself in the eye and remain involved with someone like that. I'll admit that I was blinded, blinded by lust and what I thought was love, and I was blinded for far too long. Now I'm paying the price for all that. At least I feel this great sense of relief now that it's all over and I don't have to be afraid anymore. Afraid of losing my job. Afraid of the scandals. If he was a little younger, I could have even gone to prison! I've been living in mortal fear of getting caught for weeks! And what a relief not to be jealous anymore! For crying out loud, how many women are enough for him? I don't even want to know!" Then, with great disgust, she spat out slowly, under her breath, "And his own family!"

Suzanne reached out and held Glory's hands across the table in an attempt to get closer emotionally to her. She leaned forward. "Glory, I understand. That's why I had to see you today. You do know both he and his sister are adopted, don't you?"

"Of course. That doesn't excuse anything. If that's the big thing you wanted to tell me about, then forget it."

"No, that's not it. You see, I know that you think Alan has kind of gone off the deep end sexually, and that he's no longer the darling, innocent boy you knew even a couple of months ago. There's obviously a lot of truth in that. But it isn't his doing. It's my doing. I'm responsible for everything."

"You? I'm sorry Mrs. Pestridge, but I don't buy that. He's really come into his own with his newfound aggressiveness. He needs to take responsibility for his own actions and mistakes. Don't go making apologies for him. There's no excuse for the moral lines he's crossed. I consider myself a pretty open minded and sexually liberated woman, but the things that young man has done..."

"Glory. Can I call you Glory? He's called you that so much that that's the name I mentally give you."

Glory nodded.

"Thanks. And please call me Suzanne."

She paused dramatically, then continued, "I want to tell you a great secret, the biggest secret of my life. I swore to myself that I'd never tell another soul, but I'm going to tell you because I think that you and I will be friends for many years to come, and you, you of all people, need to know the truth. I'm indirectly responsible for all this pain you've been feeling, which makes me feel somewhat guilty about everything that's happened to you."

Glory was normally a very perceptive woman, and perfectly capable of reading between the lines and discerning the truth from a lie. Looking at the slump of Suzanne's shoulders and feeling the grip of her fingers, it started to dawn on Glory that this woman felt very much responsible, and therefore very guilty indeed.

"You know how in September Alan started his rather unusual medical treatment that led to him having a very active sex life from that point on?"

"Yeeeeesss...?" How could I not, seeing as how I became his "mid-day fix"? She shuddered with disgust at how easily she'd succumbed.

"Well, I was the one who got the medical people to tell him all that. I had an ambitious scheme, and I put it into motion. Not only did I want to seduce Alan, but I wanted to seduce Susan and Katherine too. I have an insatiable sex drive and I love both men and women." She relaxed her grip on Glory's fingers, so Glory could pull her hands away if she wanted to. She didn't.

Suzanne continued, "Now, I know what you're thinking, but don't worry, I'm not going to try to seduce you too. Alan has told me that you don't have the slightest interest in other women, and I respect that." She looked at Glory's exposed and nicely tanned cleavage, and thought, However, if my Sweetie gave the thumbs up signal, I'd be so all over you! He has such great taste in women. Glory, if you could only be a full member of our harem, you'd be so happy! You have no idea what you're missing!

But Suzanne didn't give the slightest hint as to these feelings and merely said in a level voice, "I'd developed a tremendous lust for the entire Plummer family that was years in the making. So I created an elaborate scheme, manipulated events, and played them all like puppets so there would be a complete breakdown of sexual barriers within their family. I'm the one who actually encouraged him to be with Katherine and Susan!" She looked around conspiratorially at the other tables, but no one was within earshot. "Nothing, absolutely none of it, would have happened without me. You should blame me, not him."

Glory let go of Suzanne's hands in disgust. Her whole body recoiled. "Good Lord! That's horrible! What possessed you?"

Suzanne found herself starting to tear up. "I love them so much. So very much. This world is such a cruel place, and no one can be trusted. Not even my own husband loves me, but the Plummer family is so special..."

She got a grip on her emotions, wiped away the beginnings of tears, and started again. "My marriage has been all but legally dead for years and years. I started to get lonely, but stayed technically married so my kids wouldn't have a broken home. I had so many adulterous affairs trying to find happiness and true love, but then I realized that my true love was for the Plummer family. I was, and still am, deeply in love with mother, daughter, and son. All of them at once. I had a fantasy of loving the entire family with

physical love expressed as freely between everyone as much as any other kind of love. I thought, why not throw away conventional morality and see if communal love could happen, where everyone loves everyone else as much as two people can possibly love each other?"

Glory stayed silent, but she emphatically believed that Suzanne's vision was not only immoral, but completely unworkable. Her disgust showed on her face.

"But here's the thing, Glory. To my surprise, not only has my vision come true, but I've exceeded my own wildest expectations. We all love each other more than ever before, in every way. But I also unleashed a sexual spirit and drive in Alan that took me and everyone else by complete surprise. Not to mention a talent. His medical treatment, which of course had only minimal medical justification, turned out to be some sort of perfect sexual training for him. Just like runners training for a marathon, his body is now trained for sexual marathons. Everything else that's happened, his relationship with the cheerleaders at school for instance, was all either directly my doing or an accidental side effect."

"But why? Why? Why did you take things that much farther than your already wild scheme?"

"Like I said, things spiraled out of control. For instance, I wanted to see him with Katherine-

"Why?!"

"Because I love her. And I love him. And I knew they loved each other and that she'd had a deep crush on him for a long time. Since they're not biologically related, it was something that could make everyone very happy. And, as it so happened, the way that came to be was through some sort of painting scheme at school that, once started, inevitably led to sexual relations with the other cheerleaders as well. I didn't plan that part, but I'd opened a can of worms, and that's part of what came spilling out. I thought I knew what I was doing but I didn't. The whole thing is completely beyond me now, and I don't even pretend that I can do much to influence events anymore. There are too many people all doing their own thing."

She thought to herself, In fact, I've become ensnared by my own scheme. I almost feel like a bit player in it instead of the original director of it! But she was too proud to admit that to Glory.

"But here's the key point I want to make. Glory, I know this shocks you, and I know you're disgusted by him, and now by me... But look at it from his point of view. He didn't purposely go out to get involved

with his... you know. Susan and Katherine." She looked around again, and was careful not to mention familial relationships or the word incest. "Everything just fell into his lap. I got them so excited that THEY were the ones who seduced HIM. What eighteen-year-old male is going to resist when a beautiful woman throws herself at him? He's not the one to blame. I am."

Glory was very surprised by these revelations. Her gossipy side wanted to find out which other cheerleaders Suzanne was talking about, exactly, but there were more important things on her mind. She raised one eyebrow and looked at Suzanne in a new light. But she was still very much confused as to why she was being told all this.

Suzanne continued, "Yes, he's an incredibly lucky man to have so many lovers, but it's not all about his pleasure. He has many responsibilities as well. He's a very good and considerate boy, I mean man, and he's trying to do his best to keep everyone happy. He's had a heck of a time juggling everyone's needs, and the thing is, he loves all of us so much that he just can't say no. He's actually running himself ragged trying to please everybody."

#### Chapter 935 Suzanne Moving Pieces Everywhere!

Suzanne paused to give Glory time to digest everything she'd said. She saw from Glory's pensive and thoughtful face that she was making some kind of impact.

So Suzanne went on, "But listen. What I did was immoral and selfish, I know. But it's worked out so well for everyone involved that I'd gladly do it all over again."

"It hasn't worked out well for EVERYone involved, I can definitively say that," Glory replied bitterly.

"Don't speak too soon. I'm confident things are going to work out between you and Alan. I've learned something very important, and he has too. There's no reason why people who emotionally love each other can't love each other physically too. There's no law of nature that says a person can only be with one other person. Many societies have polygamous marriages and all kinds of different arrangements, and those customs have worked for untold ages. We've all learned and grown because of these startling changes in our lives, and our eyes have opened to new ways of doing things."

Glory however was still very obviously wedded to conventional morality. "Sorry. No thanks. If you think I'll join in some crazy group marriage..."

Suzanne held up a placating hand, halting Glory's impending tirade. "No. I said I realized that already. I'm trying to be mature, and not manipulative like I sometimes am. That's why I'm talking to you and telling you the full truth so you can decide things for yourself. I've realized that Alan needs you in his life and that it would be selfish of me NOT to try and keep you two together. I don't know what form your relationship will take. I only know that he wants to help make you happy, and keep on loving you, and that it's right. I'm not talking just about a sexual relationship; both of you have so much more to offer each other than that. Although I'll bet the sex is great. Am I wrong? Have you ever had better sex in your life?"

Glory blushed but didn't reply.

Suzanne noticed that a small, uncertain smile crossed her face ever so briefly. "A-ha! I knew it! He blows us all away, actually." She looked around conspiratorially, and seeing the coast was clear, asked, "What is it that you like best? Is it the taste of his succulent sweet seed? Is it the way he's always hard and ready? Is it his inventiveness and the way he makes each fuck so memorable? Is it the way he can just go on and on, making you climax over and over? I hear you're a really good deep-throater. Is it the way he rams his huge thing in your mouth and slides it-"

"Suzanne! Please!"

Suzanne looked at Glory and saw that while her face was irate and annoyed, her nipples had sprung to rock-hard attention beneath her tight-fitting top. Suzanne was testing to see whether Glory still desired Alan, and Glory's nipples showed the answer. Satisfied, Suzanne immediately changed tack. "Oh, excuse me! I got a little carried away there. I warned you I'm a rather hopeless nympho."

"That's all right, but please watch it." Glory belatedly noticed her own nipple reaction and tried in vain to will them back to normal. However, the mental visions now filling her head of Alan pushing his penis far down her throat, and especially the recollection of the one time he'd fucked her into complete helpless oblivion, didn't help matters.

Suzanne carried on, deliberately ignoring Glory's arousal. "But the point I was going to get to is that it's not just a matter of sex. He loves you. I don't know how, and I know he's stretched thin, but somehow you belong in his life, and he in yours. It just feels right to me, and I've always trusted my intuition. That's why I told you this great secret of mine, a secret I trust you'll never tell another soul. Alan, Susan,

Katherine - none of them have any clue as to what I've done. You're the only one who knows now, aside from the nurse and doctor who prescribed the treatment, who naturally had to be in on it. You could play havoc with all our lives if you told anyone."

Glory sat and thought about that. She stared off into the distance for quite some time. Then she said, "Thanks... Thanks for telling me all of that. That certainly does put things in a different light. I guess in my despair I thought that Alan couldn't possibly love me and he just wanted to use me for his own insatiable sexual desires. I mean, deep down I know he really loves me, but what does that mean if he loves half a dozen or more other people as much as or more than me? I was thinking he was sexually greedy and out of control. I didn't realize. But that still doesn't fix--"

Suzanne interrupted. "Actually, we're the sexually greedy ones, if you want the brutal truth of it. It's really the four of us, the Petridge and Plummer women, plus you as the fifth, who are the main women in his life. Almost everyone else will probably fade in and out of his life, but he has a deeper love for us. And we four back at the Plummer house are sexually insatiable. Trust me; WE'RE the ones who are out of control, all thanks to me. I got the others to turn into complete nymphomaniacs. He's just trying to keep up with all the sexual wheels I set in motion. I almost feel sorry for the guy at times."

Glory rested her chin on the palm of her hand. "Huh. I'd heard that you were a bit of a schemer, but still. Wow! However, I still have the same worries as before. How much can he really love me if he loves you four? That's not one, not two, not three, but four! Even more so now, given that you're apparently all so sexually needy. I've always only wanted, and needed, one man in my life. I don't have some kind of great bisexual orgiastic fantasy like you do. I don't want any part in that. Don't even get me near that house, please! His intentions may be good, but ultimately our relationship is doomed. He can't be happy with just me, and I can't be happy sharing him with all of you. I mean, for the love of God, all four of you are like supermodels, and my looks are more ordinary. You've all known and loved each other since he was born. I'll never even be near number one in his book. What you're saying makes me feel better about him as a person and how he's ended up where he is, but it still doesn't ultimately change things. It's still insanity for him and me to continue."

Suzanne nodded in understanding. "Those are good points. I too have suffered knowing that Susan would always mean a bit more to him than I would. But then I realized I would get more love from him, in every way, even a good way down his list, than I would ever get from my husband or any other ordinary man for that matter. Trust me; I've shopped around. Think about it Glory. He needs you. I can feel it. He's got a lot of women in his life, but there aren't that many with such strong willpower who can hold him up and push him if he needs pushing. Susan loves him dearly, but she's a softy and can't really tell him no. Same thing with Katherine and my daughter Amy."



Suzanne saw a waitress walking their way, but waved her away before the intrusion of a stranger could spoil the mood.

"Glory, I don't like to admit this, but I think my resolve and willpower have been weakening too. I think I'm letting my sexual urges get the better of me. That's always been a problem for me, as you can see from the scheme I devised to start this all off. He's likely to become insufferably spoiled and dissolute, given the way things are going, and I think I'm probably more of the problem than the solution on that, the way I feed his ego all the time. You're a unique influence in his life, and a very needed one. You inspire his better side. You can't just walk away!" Suzanne reached out and grabbed Glory's hands again.

Glory allowed her hands to be held, and even sympathetically squeezed Suzanne's fingers. "I don't know. I'd like to help him, I really would... but I'm kind of an all-or-nothing woman. Now that he and I have gotten involved sexually, and so intensely emotionally, I can't turn back the clock on that and merely be friends again. Maybe some other people can, but I can't. I need a partner in my life - one partner, for life. If it can't be him, I have to wash my hands of him or I won't be able to get emotionally involved with someone else. I love him, but I can't just suspend my life forever to continue helping him. Maybe he, or you, can sleep around with lots of people at once, but I just can't do that. It's not in my nature. And I get jealous, very jealous. Every day of my relationship with him has been exhilarating, but also so emotionally tiring. I tried to pretend he didn't have other lovers, but I can't do that anymore! And now, talking to you and seeing you... You seem so lovely and beautiful, even if a bit, uh, ethically-challenged, to say the least."

She nervously laughed a bit, and Suzanne laughed along to be polite.

Glory pouted, "You're so far out of my league! Of course he loves you, and won't want to leave you. If I were a man, I'd probably fall head over heels in love with you too, just like anyone else would. In fact, why do you even put up with the situation? You could have your pick of any man in this whole city."

That cut Suzanne to the bone and brought up issues she didn't want to think about. She growled, "We're here to talk about you." Then she realized she was being a bit short, and added, "I love him. Not some other man, but him. I know I could catch a multimillionaire if I wanted, but so what? I've been with that kind of guy before and learned that money can't buy happiness."

"Sorry. It's just that, what with all the competition, I can't keep fooling myself that he and I will end up together as a couple."

"Glory, don't sell yourself short. A woman's beauty isn't simply defined by how curvy and busty their body is, or how sultry their face is. Not only are you attractive as all get out, but you have a profound inner beauty and a beautiful mind. I don't have to know you well to see that beauty radiating from you. Let's just say that, in every possible way, you definitely qualify as 'Alan-worthy,' as we like to call it."

That accidental reminder of Alan's many other lovers didn't go over very well with Glory, and neither did the sexually-hungry look she thought she saw briefly flicker across Suzanne's face. Suddenly she regretted wearing a low-cut blouse (and no bra!) when meeting with a woman she'd already heard through rumors to have a great sexual appetite.

Suzanne saw Glory wince and tried to lessen the sting with a friendly conspiratorial wink, as if she were just teasing. "All I'm asking is that you think about what I've said and don't make up your mind about him just yet. Let him talk to you on Monday, and listen to what he has to say. I know the situation might not be ideal, but there must be some sort of way things can work out, isn't there?"

Glory pondered that. "I don't know... I just don't know... I'll... think about it. I promised that I'd give him a chance to talk, and I'll at least do that. Thanks for being so honest and open. No matter what happens, your secret will be safe with me. I can't relate to why you did what you did with this scheme of yours, and I certainly don't approve of it, but I won't tell a soul." She genuinely smiled at Suzanne for the first time.

Suzanne smiled back. They squeezed their hands together. "Thanks for listening, and for being understanding. One is lucky to find real love even just once in life, which is why it hurts me to see you two part. Please don't tell him or anyone else about this meeting either. I don't want him to think that I'm fighting all his battles for him behind his back. But these were things you deserved to know, especially since you've been hurt by them."

Glory nodded.

Suzanne said, "Oh, and a rhetorical question or two for you to consider: Has Alan ever hinted at or tried to push you, sexually, into getting involved with anyone else while you've been involved with him? Do you honestly think that he would try and force you into a situation with other people where he knew you would be uncomfortable and unhappy, purely for his own selfish desires? Or do you think he's the kind of guy who has tried to accommodate your feelings and be sensitive to your moral bounds, so as to make you feel happy and loved rather than manipulated and used?"

Suzanne let go of Glory's hands, giving her space to think.

Glory seemed to get lost in contemplation of that question. Her eyes focused somewhere off in the distance as she recalled pleasant memories.

After giving Glory some time, Suzanne essentially answered her own questions. "To my admittedly limited knowledge, Alan has tried, as far as he's been able, to keep your relationship with him compartmentalized and separate from everyone else in his life. In other words, he's made a space for you in his heart that no one else but you, Glory, can get into. If I had to guess, I'd say he did that to protect you, because he loves you and cares for you, the way a kind and considerate lover should and would with any special woman who was near and dear to his heart, and not because he was trying to take advantage of or make a fool of you."

Glory didn't answer, but she did nod her head slightly while she thought about it.

The two of them parted amicably not long thereafter. Glory had a lot to think about.

Suzanne felt a tremendous sense of relief that she at last had divulged her most guarded secret to someone else. She also felt proud of herself that she'd put what was best for Alan's development ahead of her own sexual pleasure. She believed that, despite her attraction to Glory, there wasn't any way she could benefit sexually from Glory's inclusion in Alan's sexual circle. Chances were Glory truly did have no interest in women. But Suzanne could sense tough times ahead for Alan and hoped that she and Glory could develop a friendship and work together to give Alan the backbone he needed to overcome all the obstacles which he would undoubtedly face.

She also felt good to once again be a prime mover in events. Between the idea for this meeting and her second-mother idea the day before, she felt like she was back in control.

Chapter 936 Christine-"That's No Way To Treat A Superheroine!"

That night, Christine lay in bed struggling to get to sleep. She couldn't get Alan out of her mind.

She kept tossing and turning, ruminating. Mostly, she was thinking about what she'd learned from Donna's phone call earlier in the day. Damn that Alan and his irresistible ways! It's true that he hasn't

"rocked my world," but I got a taste when we kissed Thursday night. It felt so good and so right, I could have done that for hours!

But no! I'm in control of my body, and I say: NO! I've vowed to just be friends with him, and after what I learned today, that's the only sensible course. He's doing God knows what kind of freaky stuff with Heather, Simone, Kim, Amy, and who knows how many more girls?! Dominating them all! Making them fall deeply for his charms.

Luckily, I've been warned. Knowledge is power. I have the power to say no, and that's just what I'm gonna do. So there! End of story!

But then in the middle of the night, she had a vivid dream.

Outwardly, Christine was a frigid girl - the notorious "Ice Queen Christine." But in fact, she had an extremely vivid and increasingly sexual imagination. It was a deep, deep secret because she would have just about died of shame if anyone knew what, and who, many of her fantasies were about.

Much of the time, her fantasies were run-of-the-mill Harlequin romance type material. But sometimes, and lately more and more of the time, her fantasies would involve a long-standing fetish of sorts: she wanted to be Wonder Woman.

When Christine was a little girl, one of the local television stations had shown Wonder Woman reruns five days a week. She loved it. Christine loved to kick butt (both physically and intellectually), but looking around the cultural landscape, there were no female role models that kicked butt except for Wonder Woman. So the super heroine was a big inspiration for her to do well in school and learn martial arts. While she learned how to fight, more often than not as she practiced her technique she imagined that she was Wonder Woman delivering justice to notorious criminals.

But in the last year or two, something else had happened. She had turned into an exceptionally beautiful young woman but, in large part due to her "Ice Queen" persona, she still had no sexual experience whatsoever. As time went on and her frustration grew, she found herself becoming attracted to that other aspect of Wonder Woman: while Wonder Woman certainly did "kick ass" and defeat the criminals by the end of each show, she also had a habit of getting caught and tied up. The sexual implications were obvious save to the censors, who wouldn't allow anything explicit. She didn't realize that the original creator of Wonder Woman deliberately developed bondage themes and in fact practiced bondage and domination in his personal life.

Christine increasingly longed for a confident man to come along and take charge sexually so she could overcome her complete virginity. She had all the tapes of the old show starring Linda Carter and as she watched them again in recent months, she found herself squirming with excitement whenever Wonder Woman got bound up with ropes. Christine was naturally a dominant type in most things, but she couldn't deny what was arousing her.

Her dream this night started out with a frequent theme for her: she was Wonder Woman and out to get an evil criminal overlord. In this case the evil mastermind was named Black Bart and his fiendish plot involved poisoning the water supply in Manhattan and then robbing key buildings of priceless artifacts after the security was too sick to put up any defense.

She had overheard word of this plot but no one in law enforcement believed her. With so many lives at stake, her only hope was to throw caution to the wind and raid Black Bart's well defended headquarters before the plot could be put in motion.

Christine liked using her martial arts, if only in dreams, so she dispatched many henchmen with takedown throws and dodging maneuvers before reaching Black Bart's lair at the top of a very high office building. With her superheroine powers, she had no trouble overcoming the henchmen no matter how many there were. She could even dodge bullets thanks to her magical and indestructible bracelets.

As usually happens in such plots, she finally managed to break into Black Bart's penthouse for a final confrontation. However, she found out that she had walked into a trap.

As she entered his chambers, a bright ray shone down on her, forcing her to shield her eyes. But then she watched in horror as her golden belt simply unclasped and floated away. No one and nothing was holding it, it simply floated away on its own. "The Golden Girdle of Gaea!" she wailed. "The source of all my strength and powers!"

She attempted to reach after it despite the blinding light, but then her indestructible bracelets came off and began floating away in another direction. "Great Hera!" She exclaimed. "What's happening?!"

However, no sooner did she say that when another powerful weapon she possessed, the Lasso of Truth, also detached and floated away in yet another direction.

"What's happening?! Who is doing this to me?!"bender

On cue, the bright ray of light disappeared and a man completely covered in black stepped out of the shadows to stand about ten feet in front of Wonder Woman/Christine. A mask covered his entire head except for two slits where his eyes were, making him look much like a common burglar.

"Black Bart!" she cursed. "I should have known!" She looked around for her weapons but they were nowhere to be seen except for the Lasso of Truth, which slowly floated into Black Bart's hands.

"Sorry for the surprise," the villain said, "but I can't allow you your little toys. I want to fight you fair and square, one on one."

She looked around his vast penthouse. Now that she wasn't being blinded, she could see the walls were almost entirely made of glass, giving stunning views of the city at night from every direction. "You mean it's just you and me here?"

He smiled and nodded.

She struck a martial arts pose. "Fine. I can still beat you without my powers. Fight me!" She growled, "Bring it on!"

He closed the distance to her, still holding the lasso in one hand, and struck a similar pose. As they warily eyed each other and circled for position, he said, "It's true that you can probably beat me, even without your special powers. You're still an Amazon and I'm but a mere mortal. However, are you sure you want to hurt me?"

With a dramatic flourish, he suddenly removed his black hood.

She gasped. "No! It can't be! A-A... Al- Alan?!"

Alan took advantage of the confusion, quickly flinging the magical lasso at her. With a bulls-eye toss it went around her neck and tightened.

She struggled with her hands to pull it off but it was useless. In truth, she was still so shocked to find her enemy was Alan that she didn't put up much of a fight. "Alan? You're Black Bart?! But you're not even black!"

He cackled as evil masterminds do and closed the rest of the distance to her. "I guess I wasn't being completely honest when I said I wanted to fight fair and square. But what do you expect from a super villain, Wonder Woman? Or should I call you by your real name... Christine?"

She was still stunned. "And you know my secret identity? Great Hera! I've been completely defeated! Alan or Black Bart or whoever you are, why are you doing this to me?!"

Holding the lasso with one hand, he reached out and traced a finger along the underside of her chin. He spoke mostly to himself. "Finally! All my years of scheming have come to fruition!"

Then, eyeing her body from head to toe with undisguised lust, he spoke to her. "Christine, I'm afraid you are the cause of my fall. I was a good kid until that fateful day way back in high school when I asked you out and you rejected me. Since that time, I knew the only way to take you as mine was by force. It took years and years of scheming, but at last! You are mine!"

Christine blabbered, "But, but, but... Alan, you were always a good person. This plot, the poisoning of thousands, I can't believe you would do something like that!"

Again he cackled, but less like a manic villain. As can only happen in dreams, he was slowly morphing from an evil mastermind to ordinary teenage Alan while Christine was morphing from Wonder Woman to her normal self (while still keeping the superheroine garb).

He said, "You silly fool! There's no poisoning plot. I just made sure you overheard that so you'd be forced to come here and fall into my trap. There is no plot at all. However, it took years of hard work, lots of money, and great advances in technology before I could find a way to neutralize your powers. Everything I've done my whole adult life has simply been to get you at my complete mercy."

With that reminder, Christine again bewailed the loss of her weapons. "Great Hera! Without my Golden Girdle, you can have your way with me and fulfill all of your perverted desires!"

He laughed. "That's pretty much the plan." As they talked, he was using more of the lasso's rope to bind her hands behind her back.

She didn't resist this, but complained, "And you're using my Lasso of Truth against me! Surely you must be aware that anyone bound by the lasso must not just tell the truth, but must obey any command whatsoever!"

He laughed again. "If I didn't know it before I know it now. Thanks for the tip! However, of course I knew that already. In fact, I also know that this magical rope can never be undone or broken. Once it's on, only I can take it off. So that means you'll be mine forever. You're no longer Wonder Woman the superheroine, but simply Christine the super sex slave."

"Great Hera, no! It can't be!" Despite her protests, her nipples were rock hard and her pussy was getting wet as she thought about him taking advantage of her.

With the rope now around her neck and her wrists, he stepped back and admired her. "Damn! You really are something, you know that?"

He reached down with his gloved hands and pulled on the star-studded blue fabric covering her groin. As can only happen in dreams, the strong fabric tore away easily, practically dissolving in his hands. He smirked as he looked at her exposed pussy. "A-ha! I knew it! Look how aroused you are. You're soaking wet! Aren't you?"

Christine could feel the rivulets of cum pouring out of her pussy lips, but she tried to convince herself that she wasn't actually wet. She protested hotly, "Nnnnnnn-yes! Argh! Curse that Lasso! I can't lie! But it's only because... rrrraagggaah! I can't say that either!"

He laughed. Then his eyes drifted up to her breasts. "Ah. I decided to save the best for last. Why are superheroines always so smoking hot and busty? Do all the superpowers reside in the boobs? Speaking of which..." He stepped forward and pulled her top down enough to cause her breasts to bounce free.

He exclaimed, "Oh yeah! The objects of my desire. These damned tits drove me mad with lust. They've driven me to this extreme, but now the waiting is over!" He reached out and began fondling them with both hands.



Christine stood stiff and grimaced at her partial nudity. She complained as he tweaked her nipples, "That's no way to treat a superheroine!"

He joked, "Sorry. Why don't you make a formal protest to the Justice League?" Then he yanked her top off altogether.

She just whimpered in frustration and shivered with arousal. She knew that she'd been completely bested. She couldn't really hurt Alan due to a love for him that she had long suppressed. Even if she were able to overpower him, she would still face the impossible task of getting past all his henchmen without her powers.

Great Hera! There's absolutely nothing I can do to stop him. Doubtless he's planned this evil deed for years and worked out every contingency to prevent my escape. He's mauling my tits like raw bread dough and all I can do is stand here and take it. How utterly humiliating! My only hope is to talk him out of his madness.

She pouted, "The indignity!" But that just made him chuckle more, so she asked, "Alan, why are you so obsessed with me? Why?!"

He spoke with great pain even as he fondled her erect nipples. "Christine, don't you know? You're the only woman I've ever truly loved. When you turned me down I was utterly crushed and too ashamed to ever ask you out again."

"But you could have just asked me. Don't you remember our non-romantic dates? I practically threw myself at you."

"Perhaps, but my soul was so deeply wounded from your rejection that I could never ask you out again. I knew on some level that you were attracted to me, but that only increased my agony at my cowardice towards you. Instead, I turned to other women. Lots of them. As you know, within weeks, I was having sex with a dozen or more completely stunning women. My libido went into overdrive. I turned into a sex maniac. But it was all a sham! I needed a constant stream of women to forget about you. But it was no good. I knew I could only ever want you and this was the only way since you laughed in my face."

"I did not laugh in your face. I was very polite."

He continued to fondle. He simply couldn't get enough of her breasts. "Christine, you don't understand how you come across to others, do you? You were so cold, so heartless. It's no wonder everyone still calls you the 'ice queen.' You shattered my soul and turned me into this heartless villain. If I can't have your heart, at least I'll have your body." His picked her up and quickly carried her to his bed, conveniently located mere feet from where they were standing.

## Chapter 937 Christine Having An Awesome Wet Dream

Alan finally undid his pants and let them drop to the floor. His very large, insistent erection bounced out.

Christine stared at it with great alarm, but more than a little arousal too. Great Hera! What's wrong with me?! This twisted soul is about to rape me and my loins are starting to lubricate even more? It can't be! It's a completely hopeless situation but I have to resist every step of the way and pray for rescue.

She said, "Alan, please. Let's talk this out. I had no idea I hurt you so badly. I had no idea you love me so much either. Can't we make some kind of deal?"

But Alan didn't answer. He merely said, "You know, since you're a captive of the Lasso of Truth you cannot tell a lie. So tell me: why did you turn me down when I asked you out?"

"I don't know! I really don't! I was a fool. Looking back on it now, I think it was partly that I was taken by complete surprise. I thought of you as a friend and didn't have a chance to consider there might be something more there. Also, I was scared. I'd never even kissed a guy and I thought I wasn't ready to start. And to my great shame, I must admit that it was partly due to status. I was a pretty important figure in school and you were unfortunately more or less a nobody, socially. A lot of girls would have teased me if we were more than just friends."

He started to rub his erection against her hip while he continued to run his hands all over her defenseless body. "So that's it?! I was driven to the brink of madness because you were afraid of a little teasing?! Even now, you crush my soul."

"I'm so sorry! I really am. You have the lasso around me so I can't be lying about my sincere regret. Looking back, I know I fell in love with you at some point but by the time I realized that, it was too late and you had Amy! Look! Again the lasso proves that I'm not lying."bender

He climbed up onto the bed and started to climb over her. "Amy meant nothing to me. She only reminded me of you." He looked at her face and was mesmerized by her luscious red lips. "Oh! Christine! Do you remember our goodnight kisses on our platonic dates? Have you ever kissed a man on the lips since?"

"Of course not. I knew that my secret powers would be rendered useless if I lost my virginity so I was afraid to start any romance. And all the while I still carried a flame for you. I was willing to lose all those powers for you, but not for any other man! Again, the lasso proves my words! But now, the twisted, dark soul you've become..."

"I'm sorry, Christine. I'm so sorry. I should have been stronger and not given into my base lust, but your incredible beauty was more than I could take. We may never be able to regain our lost chances and innocence, but I'll have to console myself by having you as my sex pet."

"No, Alan, no! It doesn't have to be that way."

"It does. I'm afraid I can't risk the chance of losing you again. I can't take the lasso off. If you were to escape, I would truly go insane." He was on top of her now and continued to slowly scoot up her body.

"What are you doing?!"

"Again, I'm so sorry, but I can't stop myself. For years I have dreamt of fucking your brains out, taking every hole and pounding into your sweet body with my hardness until the end of time. I can't wait a moment longer. I love every inch of you, but more than anything, God dammit, I love your tits. I have to have them!"

Now sitting on her stomach, he lined his erection up with her cleavage and pressed forward. "It's not just that they're so damn huge, but they're impossibly perfect in every way, just like you."

Christine struggled to create a better tit tunnel for Alan to fuck but couldn't since she was unable to use her bound hands. She thought, Why am I trying to help him with this humiliating act? I must be as mad as he is! But there's something about him that I just can't resist. Maybe it's that cute irrepressible smile of his or maybe it's the way he used to treat me so kindly when everyone else was turned off by my ice queen reputation. Or maybe it's all those rumors and stories about his incredible sexual exploits!

Alan held Christine's breasts by the nipples, pulling on them as he started to plow away through her cleavage. He was helped by a couple extra inches of penis, thanks to Christine's generous dream imagination.

Damn! So it begins! I imagine he'll never be satisfied until he's taken all my holes and destroyed my super powers. Actually, it sounds like he'll never be satisfied period. I'm probably going to have to suffer this indignity and much worse every single day of my life from now on. The horror!

Alan continued to happily stroke away between her large, soft orbs and tease her nipples.

She thought, So if it's so horrible, then why am I so aroused? Why did I put up such little resistance and let him capture me? Why is my pussy so wet? It's like my body actually CRAVES to be mounted by this twisted man. Having him tie me up and relentlessly use my chest for his own selfish pleasure actually turns me on! It can't be. I HAVE to resist! ... I sure wish he'd stop doing what he's doing to my nipples, though. That's making me hornier than anything else.

Alan suddenly stopped, as if he'd read her thoughts. "God! As much as I love to fuck your huge hooters, there's so much of you to explore." He scooted back down her body, leaving a trail of kisses down her stomach as he went.

Her concern grew as his mouth started to blow air over her bush and onto her clit. "What- what are you doing?"

"I may have an evil and twisted soul, but you can't say I won't treat your body right. I'm going to make you cum over and over and I'm not going to stop until you scream my name with pure joy."

He dropped his face into her crotch, practically burying his nose in her pussy lips.

Christine moaned, "NO! What...? Don't! Oh! ... Not so...! Not so good!"

He was licking her pussy like it was the greatest experience of his life, which it was. Generally his tongue lapped up and in her pussy lips while his fingers toyed with her clit, but sometimes his tongue and fingers switched places.

He paused for a little while just to admire her pussy. "Mmmm. That's a nice one. Nothing like a good ol' all-American, corn-fed, natural blonde pussy. All covered with Stars and Stripes on your red, white, and blue uniform, too." He cackled. "My tongue feels so patriotic!" Then he dove back in.

Christine was concerned that she would climax thanks to the ministrations of a criminal mastermind. She tried to resist, but his every touch was so electric and magical that she knew it was no use.

"Alan! NO! Please! Have mercy, please! ... Spare me. If you keep doing that, I'm gonna... No! Stop! Too good!"

Within minutes, Alan worked her up to a powerful climax. Her protests eventually turned into cries of, "Yes! YES! God, yes! Great Hera forgive me, but I love it!"

Her whole body practically exploded with orgasmic pleasure. She writhed about frantically and helplessly. She actually loved the fact that her arms were bound and that she was at the complete mercy of her lover.

Alan kept licking her pussy even after her great multiple orgasm and even after she completely passed out.

Christine came to only to find Alan still lapping away happily between her powerful thighs. But as her senses returned she realized her pussy was much too sensitive and she successfully begged him off.

But he was only getting started. "Seeing you cum so hard on my tongue has just increased my desire even more. You truly are the sexiest woman in the world, especially when you're in the throes of passion. But as much as I love your pussy, your face is what haunts me. You're so beautiful." He began scooting back up her body.

Christine was in a sexual la-la land, still dreamy from her great climax. She cooed, "Oh Alan... If being with you means I have to be bad, then I don't wanna be good."

But then Alan added, "I love your face. I dream about it every night. That's why I can't wait to fuck it." He scooted up further.

"What?! Alan, please, no!"

"It's only fair. I gave you oral pleasure, now it's your turn to do the same. Isn't that what superheroines are all about, fairness and justice?"

"Yes, but..."

He continued to slowly work his way back up her body, kissing and fondling as he went.

The anticipation for Christine was excruciating. Finally his groin reached her neck. She fully expected him to put his big hard-on in her mouth and fuck her face, but he did not. At least, not yet.

Instead, he sat up on his heels a bit with his knees on either side of her head so that his erection hung several inches above her face. He could have put it in her mouth, but instead he rested the tip against her left cheek.

He looked to be on the verge of tears. "Christine, I've been stalking you for years. I know this face better than I know my own. I just couldn't let go of you, even though you so cruelly rejected me. I want to make love to every last inch of you. Is that wrong? If it is, I don't care! I love you in my own twisted way!"

He slowly dragged his erection around her face, leaving a copious trail of pre-cum wherever he went. His actions seemed more loving than lustful, because it seemed as if his hard-on was actually caressing her face. It explored her nose, ears, jaw line, and even the tiara on her forehead. He mumbled, "I'm going to savor this moment as long as I can..."

She thought, God dammit again! Alan has always been annoyingly thoughtful. Even now, he's nice enough to get me in the mood with foreplay before he takes my mouth. But he's TOO nice! Dammit, stick that fat thing in my mouth already! I want it! Lord help me, but I actually want to suck on his big dick until kingdom come. What kind of sorry-assed superheroine does that make me? I don't know, but I DO know that I'm going to scream out soon if he DOESN'T stuff my lips with cock soon!

Alan had been thoughtful, but now he said, "Say the magic word."

"What?" She had to close her eyes because he was even running his penis over her eyelids. Additionally, as he'd been doing for some time now, one of his hands was stretched back behind him and working on her clit. She thought she would go completely bonkers, it felt so good.

"I said, 'say the magic word.' You know the one I mean."

Christine replied in a pouty, spoiled baby voice, "I don't..." She was going to say "wanna" but the lasso prevented her from telling a lie.

He teased in a sing-song voice, "Oh, I think you dooOOOoooo..." With his arm stretching back behind him, he was fingering her pussy lips, making her even hotter. But more maddeningly, his dick was now rubbing all around her lips but not actually entering in them.

"It's not fair," she complained, still using a pouty voice. "You have me completely at your mercy. You're making me so incredibly hot for you, and there's absolutely nothing I can do about it!"

"No one says life is fair." He brought his erection right over her mouth but didn't press down into it.

Christine suddenly found her tongue darting out, licking pre-cum right as it came out of his piss hole. She blushed as she realized what she was doing and pulled her tongue back. "My body is betraying me!"

"And what an incredible body it is. They say that busty superheroines make the best sluts. Is that true?"

She thought, So much for him being nice. He's torturing me! This is cruel and unusual punishment. But I have an iron will. I have my pride. I WILL NOT GIVE IN!

Alan again ran his erection all around her lips.

This time, she suddenly jerked her head forward and attempted to swallow his cockhead.

He let her succeed for a bit and she happily wrapped her lips around it and tried to feed more and more of it into her mouth by leaning her head steadily forward.

However, Alan was just playing with her and also was raising himself up, finally moving his erection completely out of reach.

She let out a very frustrated sigh and dropped her head back down.

He immediately resumed painting her lips with a trail of pre-cum.

She sighed even louder. Then, almost inaudibly, she said, "Please."

"What was that? I can't hear you."

"Yes you can, you evil motherfucker! I said please, dammit!"

"Please what? What do you want me to do?" He started to run his dick over her nose, going further and further away from her mouth.

"Fuck you! Please fuck my mouth! Is that what you wanted to hear? I want you to fuck my mouth more than I ever wanted anything in my whole life and since you still have me bound with my own goddamn lasso, you know it must be true! So do it! Dammit, Alan, do it already!"

"Well, since you put it so nicely... Finally! I've been waiting for this moment practically all my life."

He thrust his hips forward as if he was going to do it, but then at the last second he stopped. "Wait. Say it. The other thing."

"What?"

"You know what. The Lasso of Truth will prove your words to be true, if you can in fact say it."



"Oh, Alan... This is so humiliating, after the way you're treating me and the twisted evil man you've become... Turning me into nothing but your sex pet... The truth is, I love you! I always have, I always will!"

Alan's face was overcome with emotion. There was sadness and joy together, but mostly there was lust. He replied, "And I love you too. Now we can stay in bed and love each other until the end of time, starting right now."

He put the tip of his dick right over her mouth again, and again her tongue eagerly sought it out and tried to lick what it could reach. But now he guided it in deeper instead of pulling it away.

Her lips closed around it and again she sighed, but this was a sigh of pure contentment. Oh GOD that feels good! The fact is, I still DO love him and I know I'm going to love everything he does to me. Drive it in deep, Alan! Fuck my throat! I want to learn how to deep throat you. I want to do everything I can to keep your balls emptying into my holes all day long! I may be your slut now, but I'm gonna be the best slut you've ever had!

Thinking about being the best suddenly reminded her of Alan's many other lovers. His dick was inexorably filling her mouth, but in the last seconds while she could still manage to say some words, she asked, "What about your other lovers?"

"What other lovers? Those were all long ago. I gave them up because none of them were you. You're the only one I've ever loved or ever will!"

Now her tongue was frantically licking his cockhead and her lips were sliding over all the cock they could. So she was unable to speak out loud, but to herself she shouted, Alan, I love you too! I don't care what you do to me; I want you to do everything to me because I love you so much! Please! Make me a woman!

Just as Alan's big dick started to hit the back of her throat, she woke up.

She bolted up in bed. Bleah! Oh shit! Not again!

She looked over at her bedside clock and saw it read three in the morning. She sat back against her headboard and sighed. Damn, damn, damn. Ever since I overheard Amy going on about what an incredible sex machine he is, I can't stop thinking about him, and dreaming about him. And when he kissed me, that only made things worse.

But what a STUPID dream. I mean, it's so ridiculously implausible. AS IF I'm in love with him. HA! And the whole premise of Alan being some evil mastermind. Give me a break! Why can't my dreams be more logical? There were plot holes I could drive a truck through. Bleah. In love with Alan. RIGHT! Pffff!

I keep having so many sexual dreams. Why? Why?! For the last month plus, almost every time I remember a dream, it's intensely sexual. It seems that with each additional date I have with Alan, my dreams get more sexual, more vivid, and more, well, Alan-centric.

With all these dreams I'm having I'm really starting to wonder if I'm some kind of repressed insatiable slut. I must be repressed on some level because I'm not in the slightest bit submissive, but I keep having these dreams about being tied up. In fact, that happens in every single dream lately, just about. Maybe that's symbolic, too. Maybe it's my libido that's tied up and is trying to tell me how much it wants to be released. But what if I release it in real life and I go completely bonkers, like in this latest dream? Actually, I should call it a nightmare.

And the dreams always end right before penetration, right before the fun is really gonna start. This stupid virginity of mine. I can't even get laid in my fantasies. I don't even get to find out what a blowjob is like. Argh! And it's all Alan's fault! I was just fine two months ago. Sure, it nagged me to not have a normal social life and no romantic life, but I figured I could let my hair down after getting into the college of my choice.

Then. The rumors. The goddamned rumors. Right after I turned him down for a date, the whole 'Goody-goody' network started to light up like a Christmas tree with rumors about Alan this and Alan that. He was supposedly painting panties on cheerleaders, having sex in closets, sex during lunch, sex with his teacher, blowjobs in bathrooms, sex with Heather even, and on and on. Why, there was even a crazy rumor that he and some stacked blonde had sex completely naked on the hood of a car in the upper parking lot! Ha! As if!

But there are so many rumors that it's obvious at least some of them are true. And everybody starts going off on how sex with him is supposed to be the best thing since sliced bread. Especially Amy. She went into such incredibly graphic detail, and she's his girlfriend - or at least one of them! - so she should know. Then Donna tells me how Alan dominates his women, and even controls Heather, and lo and

behold, he dominates me in my dream. It's easy to see the cause and effect. But dammit! I don't want that!

Alan, I hate you! You've piqued my curiosity with all these rumors and now I can't get sex, or you, or sex with you, out of my mind! This is all your fault. The dates we have and all the flirting is just too sexy and fun. I can't stand it! What happened to the old Christine, the good Christine? Even though I still haven't actually done anything I'll regret yet, you've completely perverted my dream mind. Worse, you've been so frustratingly sensible about saying that you wouldn't be good for me and that I should keep my distance from you. That just shames and frustrates me even more and makes me love you for caring about me like that.

No! Woe is me! That's the worst. "Love." How can I love a boy who has a girlfriend and multiple "helpers" besides? Can I be happy as just another helper?

Ha. Hell no! That's a complete non-starter. Thank goodness he rejected that suggestion right off the bat.

I don't need that, no thanks! Although, it wouldn't be THAT bad, really. If only he could make love to me just one time, and make me a woman. He and I should stop talking about it so much and he should just go ahead and do it! Take me!

No. What am I saying? I've gotta shut up. And shut off these feelings. I'm not some helpless blob. I have strength! Willpower! Determination! Alan's bad news and I know it. I can control my feelings for him. I can!

She sighed heavily. She lay in bed staring at the ceiling for a long time. Her feelings for Alan were torn up and confused and she couldn't figure out what she really wanted or what was possible for her to actually get.

Chapter 938 Heather Is In Love – Simone

Simone opened the door to Heather's bedroom and saw Heather fully clothed in a T-shirt and shorts but just lying on her bed.

Heather turned her head to see who it was. When she realized it was Simone, she growled at her, "The weekend SUCKS!"

Simone chuckled. "Hey, Heather, nice to see you too. That's what I call a friendly greeting."

Recognizing Simone's cheery sarcasm, Heather replied, "Sorry, but it's true. The weekend is too damn long." She said irritably, "When is it going to be fucking Monday already?"

Simone closed the door, walked across the room towards Heather's bed, and sat in a chair next to her. "Yep. So true. That's definitely the Heather I know. You just can't wait for school to come around again, so you'll have more tests and homework to do."

"Fuck off!" Heather griped. She was feeling too lazy to get up or do anything, but she picked up a throw pillow and threw it at Simone.

Simone grinned as she batted the pillow away. "Gee, you're in a better mood than usual."

Heather looked at her best friend with a truly sad face. "Quit the damn sarcasm already. I'm fucking pissed off. Don't mess with me."

Simone could tell that Heather was trying to act mean, but that was just a cover to hide how sad and frustrated she really was. Simone could guess easily enough what the problem was. She knew that Alan was off on a camping trip, because Heather had mentioned it repeatedly since Friday afternoon. That meant two full days where she couldn't get fucked by him or even talk to him.

Simone was tempted to tease her friend mercilessly, but Heather was her best friend and she knew that was the last thing that Heather needed. So instead she just sighed and said, "You miss him that much, huh?"

Heather hadn't been paying Simone much attention, but now she stared at her with surprise. "Who are you talking about?!"

Simone rolled her eyes. "Heather, you don't have to play games with me. This is Simone here. Remember me? We've talked about Alan a hell of a lot lately. It's normal to miss him. That's how normal people feel."

Heather contemplated denying everything but decided that approach wasn't going to fly with Simone. So she just sighed heavily. "Dammit! This sucks! I wish I could fucking punch him for making me feel like this!" Even though she was lying down, she swung a pretend fist in the air.

Simone couldn't resist teasing lightly: "Yeah, that would help." She noticed that Heather was reaching into her shorts and idly rubbing her pussy mound. She joked, "Looks like you've got a bad case of poison ivy, right on your pussy lips!" bender

Heather quickly pulled her hand out of her shorts. She couldn't help but look embarrassed. "No I don't! I wasn't even touching myself there. Just near there."

Simone said, "Yeah, I know, I was just kidding. But let me guess: you're rubbing where your bush used to be."

Heather replied testily, "So what if I am? Why should you care? I'm not horny, I'm not masturbating, it's just... it's... well..."

Simone smiled knowingly. "You don't have to tell me; I know exactly what's going on. You've been rubbing your smooth skin down there pretty much non-stop ever since you shaved your bush off Friday afternoon because being shaved reminds you of Alan. You can't wait to show him that you followed his orders and actually shaved yourself there, but he's gone, so you can't, and it's driving you crazy."

"DAMMIT!" Heather impulsively stuck her hand back inside her shorts and resumed stroking her smooth mound. She looked at Simone angrily, but then softened her attitude since Simone wasn't the problem. She growled, "You're so fucking right! Why did he have to tell me to do that then, so it's three fucking days before I get to show him?! Fuck!"

Simone smirked. "I'll bet you can't wait to see the look on his face when you tell him what you did. Better yet, the look on his face when you SHOW him what you did. Or even better than that, think about how good you'll feel when he fucks your pussy! Your baby smooth, completely hairless cunt!"

Heather liked that so much that she smiled for the first time in hours, switching from rubbing where her bush used to be to fingering her slit and clit.

Simone continued, "Actually, it's more accurate to call it HIS pussy, isn't it?"

Heather grumbled testily, "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"The fact that you've shaved your blonde bush for the first time in your life is highly symbolic. You did it at his command, not because you wanted to, but because HE wanted you to. It signifies that he owns and controls your pussy now, which means he basically owns and controls your entire body!"

Heather gave Simone a nasty look, even as she kept on fingering herself. "Shut UP! You fucking liar! That's not true!"

"Oh, come on. You love it when he dominates you."

"I do NOT! You're totally full of shit!" Heather reluctantly pulled her hand out of her shorts, realizing that her continued fingerbanging was undermining her words. "I'm the one who dominates HIM! True, sometimes I let him think and act otherwise, but that's only because it amuses me."

Simone wisely stayed silent, but she couldn't help but smirk some more.

Heather noticed, and complained, "Smirk all you want, because you don't understand. You're not a master manipulator like I am. I'm playing him like a fiddle. I've got to reward him from time to time so he'll get hooked on fucking me. But really, I'm in total control the whole time."

"Is that so?"

"It is!" Heather stared at Simone with narrow eyes, challenging her to disagree. "It's all part of my master plan. You'll see."

Simone realized this was a super sensitive issue, and she didn't want to piss Heather off. So she merely said, "If you say so." Then, to quickly change the subject, she added, "I've got an idea. Let's go to the beach. You can boss people around, rule your roost, and generally act like a bitch. That'll cheer you up."

Heather considered that for a moment, but then she said, "Nah. You go. I don't feel like it."

Simone was mildly surprised by that. She asked, "Are you just going to lie there all day, fondling your shaved pussy and feeling sorry for yourself?"

"Maybe I will!" Heather stuck her hand back inside her shorts, both as an act of defiance and because she loved fondling her smooth skin there.

"God, what's wrong with you? You didn't go to the beach yesterday either. If it wasn't for me, you would have moped around your room the whole day. I at least got you to have some strap-on fun. Now, it looks like you're going to be even more of a petulant baby. If you don't show up at White Sands Beach even once the whole weekend, people are going to talk."

"Let 'em talk. Tell 'em that I have the flu or something. I don't give a shit."

Simone decided some drama was called for to help get Heather out of her ennui. She stood up from her seat and put her hands on her hips. "HEY! Is this the Heather I know? The Heather I know doesn't just lie around and mope like some kind of fucking wimp or cry-baby. The Heather I know grabs Life by the balls! Then she squeezes Life's balls until Life cries out for mercy! But does she show mercy? No way! She drop-kicks Life and sends it sailing a hundred feet away like she's freaking Godzilla!"

Heather couldn't help but smile at that. "Okay, fine. Whatever. You made your point. Let's go to the beach. I suppose getting out of the house will do me some good."

Simone still stared at her, placing her hands on her hips. "That's a bit more like it, Heather-zilla."

Heather snorted with amusement.

Hoping to cheer Heather up some more, Simone asked, "Before we leave, can you show it to me again?"

Heather's face lit up like a child who had just found a long lost favorite toy. She knew exactly what Simone meant, since she'd been showing off her shaved pussy to Simone with great frequency ever since she'd shaved it on Friday afternoon. Her smile was a mile wide as she pulled her shorts down.

Being a good, loving friend, Simone pretended to be just as enthusiastic as if she were seeing it for the first time. "Nice! Sexy! Alan's gonna love it!"

Heather was surprisingly shy and giddy. "You think?"

"I know! Except it won't look like that for long, once he sees it. Your pussy lips will be stretched wide open once he plunges that big cock all the way in you!"

Heather diddled her clit as she thought lustily, Simone is right! Once he sees me like this, he's gonna get so hot and horny that he'll turn into a wild animal and fuck me hard and deep in every hole! He'll say, "Heather, good girl! You're my favorite sexy little slut! My number one cum dump! I'm going to reward you with lots of hot, throbbing cock, in your cunt, down your throat, and especially in your ASS!"

She stared off into space with a shit-eating grin. But then she remembered that Simone was looking at her. Worse, her thoughts seemed to confirm Simone's claim that she was getting off on Alan dominating her. So she took her hand from her crotch and shrugged nonchalantly. "Whatever. Maybe he'll fuck me, maybe he won't. It's not like I really care much one way or another. Let's get going." She stood up, suddenly all business.

Simone smirked at her friend's pretended indifference, but she knew better than to say anything about it.

An hour later, Heather and Simone were at White Sands Beach, wearing sexy bikinis. Heather was "ruling" the beach as usual, being greeted by various schoolmates who wanted to curry favor with her. But Simone could tell that Heather was just going through the motions and had her mind on other things. So it wasn't surprising when, after an initial wave of greetings, Heather decided to take a walk down the beach with Simone to get away from everyone else.

Shortly after they started walking, Simone said to Heather, "A penny for your thoughts."



Heather gloomily admitted, "This is better than being cooped up in my room. Thanks for being a good friend. Having those losers take turns kissing my ass helps distract me, at the very least. But, dammit, I'm still bummed out and pissed off. I don't like these... weird feelings I'm having."

Simone thought, It's called being in love. But she didn't dare say that out loud, because she knew Heather was in denial about just how she felt about Alan.

Heather thoughtfully stared out at the ocean as they walked along. "I can't stop thinking about... the other day. With Alan. How he made me look at myself through that mirror. I mean, really look at myself. And with his cock in my ass. That seriously affected me somehow. I still don't know how."

Simone was tempted to joke, especially about the "cock in her ass" part, but she restrained herself. Seeing Heather express her inner thoughts like this was very rare, so she didn't want to do anything to discourage it.

Heather stopped and stared off into the ocean with more precision. She pointed towards an island barely visible on the horizon. "He's right there, you know. Maybe not that island, but he's on one of those islands out there. I wonder what he's doing right now, this very minute." Her face turned into a grimace and she growled, "Knowing him, I'll bet he's fucking some impossibly busty, beautiful babe!"

Simone got them to resume walking so Heather wouldn't ruminate on that. "Come on. If there's one time you know he's not doing that, it's this weekend. He's on a deserted island with nothing but a bunch of Boy Scouts! So unless you think he plays for both teams, his penis is safely tucked away."

"Yeah, I suppose," Heather admitted. She sighed. "This sucks! I wish I could take all these feelings I'm having for him and, I dunno... put 'em in a box and mail it somewhere far away so I don't have to deal with 'em. I mean, what's my endgame here?"

"You mean, aside from getting your ass filled to the brim by his long, hard cock and hot, thick cum as often as possible?" Simone pointed out, only half teasing.

That made Heather grin. "That's true. There is that." But her frown returned. "I can't allow myself to get too attached to him, or too sentimental. For one thing, that kind of behavior is not me. I spit on that kind of sappy shit. And for another, he and I have no future. Right? Not only does he have all his other

women, but relationships at our age never last anyway. If nothing else, next fall he's going to go to one college and you and I will be going to another."

She stopped and looked at Simone with a surprisingly vulnerable expression on her face. "You don't think there's any chance he and I could wind up at the same college, do you?"

"Why don't you ask him? Do you even know where he's applying?"

Heather turned her head away. "I haven't talked to him about that, and I don't want to. It would send the wrong message, like I care about him or something."

Simone thought with amused sarcasm, And that certainly is not the case! Yeah, right! Normally she would have said that out loud, but once again she forced herself to stay silent.

Heather continued, "However, I've asked around, in a low-key way. It turns out he's really keen on getting into UC Berkeley, and the odds are very good he'll go there. He is applying to a couple of L.A. colleges as back-ups, like UCLA, but as far as I know, he's not applying to even a single college in San Diego!"

This last point was distressing to Heather, and Simone didn't need to be told why. Simone and Heather had had their college plans more or less set for a long time. Heather's grades were poor, since she spent so little effort on schoolwork. But luckily for her, her mother Helen had graduated from the University of San Diego (USD), a small private university, and Helen still had connections there, ensuring that Heather would be accepted pretty much regardless of what her grades were.

USD was ideal for Heather in many ways. She liked the idea of going to a smaller university where she could have a better chance to dominate. And San Diego was an ideal destination for her. It would be new and different, yet still in Southern California with the "surf and sand" culture that she flourished in.

Heather and Simone were such close friends and lovers that they wanted to go to college together. Simone's grades were markedly better than Heather's, plus her athletic accomplishments made it highly likely she would get an athletic scholarship. She was applying to a variety of colleges, just to be on the safe side, but she knew that she'd almost certainly end up at USD or the more prestigious UCSD (University of California at San Diego). She actually preferred UCSD, which was only half an hour away from USD, allowing them to live together somewhere in between if they were split up like that.

Simone said to Heather, "Realistically, it's just not in the cards. Alan is on a whole different level academically than you, or even me. It'll be a shocker if he doesn't get into Berkeley. He might even have an outside shot at Stanford or one of the Ivy Leagues. So it makes sense that he won't be applying to USD or UCSD, not even as a backup. So, yeah, long term, you two are headed in different directions. Of course, the odds are very good that you'll both still be in California, so that's something. You could still see each other on vacations and such."

Heather stared into the ocean with determination. "Even so, it just goes to show that I can't allow myself to get too attached to him. Hell, I'm not going to let myself get too attached to anybody!" She glanced briefly at Simone and said, "You excepted, of course."

She clenched her fist as she kept on staring at the horizon. "I won't allow him to force me into a position of weakness by getting all mushy about him. Use him and lose him, I say! Still, I have to admit, the kid does know how to fuck! That's just a fact and there's no point in denying it!"

"Obviously..." Simone agreed.

"I just need to wrap him around my finger," Heather ranted, "so I can keep my ass wrapped around that cock of his from now until the end of the school year. Or the end of summer would be even better! Then it'll be, 'So long, kid; it was nice knowin' ya. Come back and fuck me up the ass again some time!'"

"Is that what you really want?" Simone asked, quietly.

"Yeah!" Heather fumed. "No regrets, no looking back, and none of that sentimental crap. I hate that fucking shit!"

Simone nodded. "Good idea." In fact, she didn't really agree. She knew Heather was lying to herself about her feelings for Alan, and heartbreak and trouble would almost certainly be looming, eventually. But she also knew that there was no way Heather would see reason on this, so if Simone tried to give good advice, she'd only be blamed as the messenger. Besides, she doubted any advice she could give would help, since she knew one can't just say "Don't fall in love with him." The heart does what it wants, and Heather would have to learn about both the pleasures and pains of love through experience, just like everybody else.

Heather continued with growing determination, "I have to stay on top of this relationship. He should be MY boyfriend, not Amy's. At the very least, she and I should share him. There are lots of other guys out there just like him, I'm sure. He and I can have maximum fun and a hell of a lot of great sex between now and the end of summer. Then, at USD, I'll find some other guy who's as good as he is, or even better. Yeah, better. The potential pool will be like ten times larger, and guys will be older, with more sexual experience. It won't be the slim pickings I have here, of Alan or this bunch of losers."

She briefly turned around to dismissively wave a hand at the people sitting on the beach, most of whom were her schoolmates.

Simone said, "That's true. But would you really be willing to go out with him in a public way? I mean, he's still considered a nerd. He may not actually be a nerd, but that's how everyone sees him. Sure, there's been some scuttlebutt about him recently, but he's still seen as a nobody."

Heather growled, "Fuck that shit. If I say he's cool, then he's cool. End of story! I'm Heather fucking Morgan! I'm the one who says who's popular and who isn't."

Simone pointed out, "But if you were to publicly share him with Amy? That would make you look bad. Why should you have to share your boyfriend with anybody?"

Heather glared angrily at Simone. Then she lightened up some, realizing that Simone was just trying to be helpful by playing devil's advocate. "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Besides, maybe I won't have to share. I'm Heather Morgan so I do what I want. You were so right, getting me out of my room today. I'm a woman of action. I don't just sit around and let shit happen to me; I make shit happen to everyone else!"

She turned her intense glare out to the island where she imagined Alan was camping. "I sure as hell hope he's resting up and taking his vitamins. Tomorrow, come hell or high water, he's going to fuck the living shit out of me! For hours! No more of this letting him call me names and call the shots crap. I'm going to take charge, like I should have from the very beginning, and make him my boy toy! Exclusively MINE! All those other lovers of his had better get lost before they get hurt. They don't know who they're messing with!" She shot her fist dramatically out towards the ocean.

Simone secretly snickered to herself. I swear, Heather would make such a classic Bond villain, with her angry glares and her fist shakings. And yet, somehow, she's kind of adorable. I don't know what it is, but her deluded overconfidence is actually attractive to me. How can she not see that she's into him so much precisely because he does call her names and calls the shots? If she ever did turn him into her

"boy toy," she'd lose interest in him about five minutes later. It's so damn obvious, but she doesn't have a clue. And that's for the best.

Oh well. Still, this is fun. Heather "fucking" Morgan is in love. I never thought I'd see the day. Pass the popcorn, because this is going to be an interesting show to watch!

Chapter 939 Hotness Overloaded

Suzanne and Amy were hanging out at the Plummer house after everyone had come back from church. Just as the group was finishing their lunches of shwarma wrapped in pita bread, the doorbell rang.

They all knew who was coming. Amy, the most energetic of the group, jumped up and ran to the door.

Sure enough, it was Brenda. She wore a trench coat even though it was a reasonably warm day outside. As soon as Amy closed the door, Brenda lifted the coat off her shoulders and let it drop dramatically to the floor.

Brenda was dressed for action. She wore black high-heeled boots up to her thighs and black arm-length gloves. But other than that, all she wore were thin black bikini bottoms, and one thin strip that went from the top of one hip, up over a tit, behind her neck and then back down over the other tit to meet back up with the bikini bottoms at the top of the other hip. She was also heavily made up, with perfect hair.

Amy whistled approvingly. "Hey, everybody! Check this out. Talk about some yummy tit-flesh. Mmmm. You're so scrumptiously yummeric, Brenda."

Brenda smiled, amused at Amy's unique lingo. "Thank you, Mistress Amy. You're not looking too bad yourself. But why is everyone so dressed up? There's not a single exposed tit in the whole house!"

"What's up with this 'Mistress Amy' stuff?" Amy asked. "Like, you want us to tie you up and whip you or something?"

"Not a half bad idea, my mistress," Brenda demurred. "Didn't the others tell you?"

"Tell me what?" Amy vaguely recalled Susan saying something yesterday about some new arrangement with Brenda, but she'd been too busy getting felt up by Katherine and sucking on Susan's boobs to pay much attention.

Katherine sat at a counter stool in the kitchen with Susan. They could see and hear Brenda in the entranceway, but Katherine walked up next to Amy and said, "About the lack of exposed tits. You've got a point, Brenda. Two big ones, actually." She giggled.

Brenda grabbed both of her firm melons and thrust them out as far as she could. God, I love these things! And to think that I used to almost hate my big tits. There were times I even seriously thought about getting a breast reduction due to the backaches they occasionally give me. Thank God I didn't do that! I love how easily they make Master Alan's dick hard. Now, merely sensing or thinking about my tits automatically makes me think about his big cock, which is perhaps one reason why I have his cock on my mind nearly all the time!

Susan asked Brenda, "So, how does it feel to finally be one of Alan's official personal cocksuckers?"

It was an obvious question, since Susan and Brenda had talked about it extensively on the phone since Brenda's "ceremony" on Friday, but Brenda was glad to repeat herself so all the others could hear too. "Oh! So GREAT! Gaawwwd, I love it so much! I know this may sound ridiculous, but it's given my life new purpose and meaning. I swear, happiness for me is seeing our master's cock hot and throbbing, and plunged deeply into some lucky slut's hot mouth, big set of tits, ass, or cunt! Even if it's not mine!"

Susan spoke proudly. "I don't think that's ridiculous at all. There's great satisfaction in serving."

"Amen," Katherine said. She reached out and tweaked both of Brenda's nipples through the thin strips of fabric over them. She rolled the remarkably elongated nipples around in her fingers. "Mmmm. That's what I'm talking about. Definitely tasty. But unfortunately we've all vowed to abstain from any orgasms until Alan gets back. So that's why it looks like we just got back from church. As a matter of fact, we did just get back from church."

"Oh." Brenda looked down at the floor, very disappointed. She dropped her large breasts and slumped in dejection, inadvertently causing her nipples to spring free of the thin black straps that had been covering them. Her mighty orbs, freed of restraints, bounced up and down, over and over.

She raised a hand to put the strap back into place, but Katherine reached out and gently stopped her with a hand. That turned into another brief nipple tweak. "Hold on, Brenda. Just because we're not getting all sexual today doesn't mean you have to do the same. Remember, the rules are somewhat different for you."

Katherine looked down and noticed that Brenda's thong in fact left most of her bush exposed. The two parts of the thong met right at Brenda's clit, and it looked like Brenda would get delightfully stimulated with every step she took. Katherine very much approved of that, but she looked back up at Brenda's chest and complained, "Do you not remember what Suzanne told you?"

Brenda remembered. She murmured abashedly, "I'm not supposed to cover up my nipples if I can help it, Mistress Katherine."

Katherine and Amy both nodded encouragingly. Katherine answered, "That's right. And you don't want to cross Suzanne, believe me. Do you believe in my mother's Big Tits Theory?"

"Of course. My enormous breasts are proof that I've been placed on this Earth to sexually serve my superiors. I have no doubt about it. And all of you are my superiors, Alan most of all."

"Well then, let's see your glories in their full glory."

Brenda dramatically pulled the straps over her breasts aside and thrust her bared chest forward again. She happily thought of one of Susan's favorite quotes from Alan, which had become one of her favorites as well: "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." That's what I'm doing too, Master Alan!

Katherine smiled. "That's better. But come on in. Can we fix you some lunch?"

"No thanks. I just ate... Um, Mistress Katherine." Brenda blushed. She was still getting used to using mistress titles.

Brenda followed the two daughters with her back still arched to thrust her bouncing boobs even more prominently than usual. The sight was so mouth-wateringly arousing that by the time they reached the kitchen counter, everyone was quite horny. Hello kisses followed all around.

Brenda got (and gave in return) enthusiastic French kisses and tit gropes from everyone but Suzanne. The dark red-haired, green-eyed beauty barely gave Brenda a peck on the cheek.

Everyone noticed Suzanne's unusual behavior.

Brenda immediately blamed herself. "Did I do something to displease you, Mistress Suzanne? I'm sorry that my nipples were covered up when I first came in, but I thought I'd quickly remove-"

Suzanne cut in, "No, don't worry about that. It's nothing. I'm just not in the mood. Why don't you all have fun together. I'm going to go lay out by the pool for a while."

She got up, opened the sliding door leading to the patio, and went outside. Her church clothes weren't the thing to wear for lounging in the sun, but in truth she just wanted to be alone for a little while. Brenda's abject subservience reminded her of her own issues with Alan and the new family pact in a negative way. She also was worrying about Glory and if she'd been wise to tell Glory her great secret. Furthermore, Alan being gone was making her feel especially pissy.

Brenda didn't say anything, but her face was full of consternation.

Susan spoke up. "Don't worry, Brenda. It's not you. For some reason, Suzanne seems to be in a bad mood today. She's been like that all morning, and doubly so since we got back from church. I haven't seen her smile once all day. She was kind of moody last night too, now that I think about it."

Brenda frowned even more. In her new, submissive relationship with the Plummer family, she tended to blame herself for any problem, even if she had nothing to do with it.

Katherine immediately saw the frown, and consoled, "Don't worry, Brenda. She's probably just missing Alan. Like all of us."



That made Brenda feel better. "Mistress Katherine, if you don't mind, I have a suggestion. Please take off all of your heavy clothes and I'll help you take your mind off him. Then I'll go down on everyone else. It's the least I can do." She licked her lips in anticipation of this "chore" she'd have to "suffer" through.

But the others showed no reaction to that except frustrated frowns.

Brenda thought, and then said, "No, wait. Scratch that. None of you are having any climaxes today. Well, if you won't have any, then I won't either. We'll all stick together."

Susan spoke up. "Hold on, Brenda. That's a nice thought, but if you do that, how are we going to complete your slave training? That's why we had you come over in the first place."

Since Amy had spaced out in the earlier discussions, she asked, "What training?"

Susan explained, "Amy dear, don't you remember what the five of us discussed on Friday, after Tiger left? How Brenda is going to be the Plummer house slave from now on? That means she's going to be your slave too. This isn't a game; it's very much what she wants to do. Permanently, I think."

Brenda nodded in affirmation.

Amy said, "I know that, but I don't remember any talk about training."

Susan continued, "I guess that was more something I've talked about with her over the phone since then. Remember, it's not like the rest of us, where we play around with the sex-slave fantasy. She's hard core about it. She wants to be a true slave! But while she's very enthusiastic, she's never been any kind of slave before, except in her dreams, so she needs some training. And heck, to be honest, we need the practice too, to figure out how to handle her. I don't know the first thing about slave management, and I'm sure you don't either. I wish Suzanne wasn't having one of her moods, 'cos she'd know what to do."

Amy looked over at Brenda, who nodded again, indicating everything Susan said was true. Then Amy asked to Susan, "What does that mean: 'a true slave'? That's so weird! Is she going to be in chains and stuff?"

"No," Susan explained patiently. "Not unless she wants to. It's just a state of mind. It's something that excites and fulfills her. She told us she wants to be Alan's 'sex pet,' and she takes that quite literally."

Amy pouted, "But I'm his sex pet too, aren't I? Isn't that true for all of us? Especially after The Pact?"

"Of course that's true. We've all pledged our bodies to endlessly serving him. But Brenda, well, she's kind of taken the service idea to an even deeper level. It means that she'll do anything we ask her to do. Any of us, you included. She lives to serve us and please us, especially sexually, just as we live to sexually serve Alan. And if she fails to do what we command, she gets punished."

Brenda got down on her knees, bowed her head, and stated in almost zombie-like fashion, "I am a sexual plaything made only to serve the Plummer family." It was something she'd repeated in her head many times a day since the pivotal events last Friday.

Amy said to Susan, "Wow! That's wild. I guess I didn't fully understand until now. I'm still not sure, actually. For instance, do you mean I could order her to lick my muff and she would, just like that?" Amy snapped her fingers.

As soon as those words left Amy's mouth, Brenda scooted forward a bit, and ducked under Amy's long dress. Remarkably, Amy was wearing underwear for once, since she'd just come home from church, but Brenda pulled that away and had her mouth on Amy's shaved pussy lips within seconds of Amy's question. Despite the ban on orgasms, she wanted to show Amy how well she could serve her.

"WOW!" Amy exclaimed while the others giggled. "That's service! Gosh, this is soooo neat! But, I mean, how is that so different from the rest of us? Aunt Susan, if you asked me to lick your pussy, my tongue would be on it before you could say 'sarsaparilla.'"

Brenda meanwhile continued pussy licking, causing Amy's eyes to go wide.

Susan explained, "That's true, and I'd do the same for you. The difference is that I'd ask you to go down on me, but I'd order Brenda to. And I know we're usually in the mood; in fact we're just about always in the mood, but what if you're not in the mood somehow? What if you were just really tired one day? So tired that you didn't want to fuck?"

"Gosh. I'd have to be super duper tired, then."

Susan grinned at that youthful enthusiasm. "But the point is, you can choose. You can say no. But Brenda can't. She doesn't want to have the freedom to say no. That may sound cruel, but that's the way she wants it. I know it sounds strange, but Suzanne has explained to me that ever since Brenda discovered her true self, she wants and needs to serve us. She even needs to get punished regularly. In fact, she likes that part more than anything. Isn't that right, Brenda?"

Brenda paused in her lapping and spoke up from the darkness under Amy's dress. "I'm sorry, Mistress Susan! I'm a BAD slave. A naughty slave! It's so wrong of me to crave punishment. I think you need to punish me for that. A spanking. I need a real good spanking!"

Amy, Katherine, and Susan all laughed at the way Brenda confirmed the crazy logic behind what Susan had said.

Susan said to Amy, but also to Katherine, "See what I mean? For Brenda, everything is an excuse for a spanking. Your mom and I were talking about this yesterday, and we've decided to institute a reverse punishment system. Brenda will get spanked after she does things well. That way it'll be a reward, though we can play like it's a punishment. When she actually does something bad, we'll punish her by taking away her slave status. She'll have to dress up, underwear and all, and watch TV."

Suddenly Brenda pulled herself out from Amy's dress and looked up at Susan, her eyes wide with horror. "Watch TV? Fully dressed? With underwear? What are you talking about? That's the last thing I want to do when I'm at the Plummer house. That's just so ... normal!"

Susan giggled. "That's the point. Suzanne's so smart. It was her idea. She said that unless we did that, Brenda, you'd probably slowly destroy the house and drive us all crazy in an attempt to get spanked more and more."

Brenda folded her arms beneath her tremendous tits and huffed, "Well, I must submit to the decisions of my superiors. But what am I supposed to do to get spanked, then?!"

Amy lifted her dress back up over Brenda's head and said, "I know! If you get me off real good with that licking, I'll promise to spank you really hard."

Brenda immediately dove back into Amy's snatch.

But before she could get more than a few licks in, Katherine pointed out, "Um, Aims, I hate to bring this up, but what about the no orgasms ban until Alan gets back?"

"Oh. Dagnammit. Golly geez! That's frustrating. Brenda, you'd better stop while I still have the willpower to say that."

Brenda stopped and pulled out from under the dress again. She looked crestfallen, even as Amy's pussy juice dripped down her cheeks. "Whatever you say, Mistress Amy. But with all of you abstaining all weekend, how can I earn a spanking? Maybe if I clean up the house really well, will you-"

Susan spoke up. "That's another thing, Amy. Remember that Brenda's going to be doing most of the chores around the house from now on, too."

Amy said, "I remember that, but I don't really understand it."

"Be that as it may, she says that's what she wants. That's what full slaves do."

"That's right, Mistress Susan," Brenda agreed, while she licked up the cum on her face and swallowed it down. "But slaves most definitely do NOT wear underwear and watch TV. That's just so ... wrong! Licking Master Alan's huge, hot pole for hours on end while he watches a good movie, or making you all snacks while you watch something together, now those are the kind of things a slave should do." She looked resolutely at the others. "My role is to serve my master and mistresses! I am here merely to give you all pleasure!"

"And to get spanked," Susan pointed out. "You have your needs too. In fact, Suzanne says you're going to be very high maintenance with all your spanking and sexual needs."

Brenda blushed slightly. She knew that was true.

"But Mom," Amy asked, "I still don't get it. Why would a woman with tits as large as small watermelons, a cute baby face, and loads of money want to be a slave?"

"That's what turns her on and makes her happy. Suzanne explained it all to me. Amy, I know it seems bizarre to you right now, but if you think about my Big Tits Theory, it makes perfect sense. God obviously made horny, big-titted women to sexually please others. The bigger the tits, the more true that is, so a woman with hooters like hers would naturally want to be a full slave."

"Gosh. I didn't realize." Amy seemed very impressionable. She suddenly opened her mouth wide and gasped, "Wait a minute! My boobies are getting a lot bigger lately. Does that mean..."

"Yes. As your bustline continues to grow, you'll feel an increasingly insistent need to suck and fuck your master. You'll live for lusty, busty sex with him, even more than you do now." Susan really believed that.

Amy's eyes went wide as saucers. "Even MORE? Wow!"

Susan gently tweaked one of Brenda's long nipples. "It's remarkable, I know. Suzanne says Brenda will remain almost orgasmically happy merely by the act of serving us. Something like vacuuming the floor is a sexual act for her. The more degrading and demanding we are to her, the more she loves it. However, Tiger is a very nice boy, as we all know, and there are certain things I'm sure he won't allow anyone to do to her, even though she'd love it. But we can spank her, for instance, and if we spank her she'll be in seventh heaven. We need to practice that, so why don't we do that right now?"

Brenda's eyes went wide and she clutched her legs together as if she'd accidentally peed.

Katherine rolled her eyes. "Brenda, don't tell me you just climaxed from Susan saying you'd get spanked."

"No," Brenda admitted. "But it made me all gushy. See?" She sat up on her knees and pulled her sopping wet bikini bottoms to the side of her crotch.

Katherine was amazed at the rivers of pussy juice flowing down both of Brenda's thighs, even though she already knew Brenda was a copious leaker. She wanted to dive right in and enjoy the taste, but then she remembered the no orgasms vow. "Damn!" she cried out. "Brenda, that looks so tasty, but I can't. Not now. None of us have cum since Saturday morning. It's going to be so tough making it until Alan gets back."

All four of them sighed as they contemplated just how true that was.

#### Chapter 940 Everyone Is Fucking Crazy

Amy, Katherine, and Susan went to the underwear cabinet and changed into more "comfortable" outfits for the spanking, which meant *négligées* and the like.

Then Susan opened the screen door leading to the backyard and called out for Suzanne to come back in.

Suzanne came back immediately. She was the only one still formally dressed. She said in a peeved and surly tone, "What is it, already?"

Susan explained as she led Suzanne to the living room, "We're about to give Brenda a spanking."

Suzanne sighed, and asked, "Are you doing it because she's been good or because she's been bad?"

"Good, of course."

Suzanne spoke testily, "At least you got that much right."

Susan said, "I thought you'd want to join in. Heck, I don't think we can do it properly without you. We need your help and expertise."

Suzanne looked over at the middle table. Brenda's almost-naked ass was high up over the table, ready and lightly jiggling with anticipation of being spanked. Amy and Katherine stood by, eager to watch or help with her "punishment."

But Suzanne said caustically, "Susan, it's a spanking, for God's sake. We're not building a nuclear reactor here. You don't need me for this. I think maybe I should go home. I've got important things to do."

Susan came close and looked very deeply into Suzanne's eyes, trying to figure her out. Finally, she said, "What's wrong? There's been something about you all day long. I thought you were just missing our Sweetie, but it must be something more. Did one of us upset you or something? Please tell us so we can fix whatever it is and do better. It hurts me to see you upset."

Suzanne sighed again and sat down on one of the sofas. Her surliness disappeared, only to be replaced by sadness. "No. It's not you. Sorry. It's me." She let out an extremely long sigh. "It's just that, well... I've been thinking. I'm happy to be part of the Plummer house, to be your sister and a second mother to Katherine and Alan. That means so much to me. You've always been much more to me than just a friend."

Suddenly, Suzanne's eyes started to tear up. She had to turn away and wipe her face for a second.

Susan sat down on the sofa next to Suzanne and touched her tenderly on the shoulder. "What is it, Suzanne? If you're so happy, then why are you starting to cry?" The tender touch turned to a firm and loving hold.

Suzanne looked at everyone one by one. The spanking was temporarily forgotten while the others tried to figure out what put Suzanne in this unusual mood. "I don't know. It's just that, on Friday I said some things, agreed to some things in the heat of the moment, and now I'm wondering if that was such a bright idea. I mean, no offense Brenda, but I was basically agreeing to be Alan's sex slave. Not only that, but I was actually loving it! I got all excited about it. Me! That's fine for the likes of Brenda, because that's what feels right for her, and Susan, you seem to be into that lifestyle too."

Susan nodded. "If it's my son."

Katherine wanted to chime in that she preferred that lifestyle too, but she decided to stay quiet. She figured it was good if Suzanne didn't fully realize how submissive she was feeling.

Suzanne continued, "But I'm an independent and even domineering sort of woman. I like to be in charge. If you would have asked me even a month ago, I never would have agreed to become anybody's slave in a million years! I would have laughed out loud at the very idea. The euphoria of The Pact kept me buzzing for a long time after Sweetie left. But now that I've calmed down and come to my senses, it just doesn't sit right with me."

Susan just nodded and lovingly brushed the wetness away from Suzanne's cheeks with a light touch from her fingertips.

"But on the other hand, I'm still really glad about The Pact, and I wouldn't undo it. My long-held dreams have finally come true, and I love it. I mean, I dreamt of having..." She was going to continue to say, "one loving, sexual family with you all for years," but she stopped herself, for fear of revealing too much about her role in getting the whole thing started.

Instead, she continued, "Well, I've dreamt a lot of things, but this is even better than any dream. But I'm also kind of ashamed about the way I'm freely calling myself Alan's fuck toy and sex slave. That sure was never part of my original dream!" She thought about the term "fuck toy," and added as an afterthought, "No offense, Katherine."

A puzzled Katherine replied, "None taken." She didn't realize that the term "fuck toy" was particularly on Suzanne's mind, and that Suzanne and the others now closely associated that term with Katherine herself.

Susan held her arms open. "Awww. Come here."

Suzanne fell into Susan's arms.

The two best friends squeezed each other tightly. They rocked and hugged for a while. Susan consoled Suzanne much like a mother consoling a crying child.

Once Suzanne had calmed down and relaxed a bit, Susan asked, "Now, tell us what brought this on. You were so fine with everything yesterday, long after Alan had left. Didn't you agree yesterday morning you were so happy that you could die? So what's changed since then?"

"I don't know," Suzanne answered hesitantly. "Maybe there's something in the air, or should I say, not in the air. This house is usually filled with the smell of Alan's cum, but he's been gone nearly two days now and the smell has mostly dissipated. Maybe we've just all been drugged by his deliciously sweet cum and that's all there is to all of this."



Susan looked to her daughters. "Does anyone else feel that?"

Amy and Katherine both emphatically shook their heads no.

Katherine clarified, "God, no! With him gone for so long, I've never been more ready to suck on the Alan-sicle. I find myself salivating at the oddest times, wishing my mouth was stuffed dangerously full of cock. My tits actually ache because there's no hard brother meat thrusting in between them. And don't even get me started on how badly my cunt longs to be filled! Not to mention, I just miss seeing his face so bad!"

Amy added, "Me too on all that, especially the salivating thing. But don't forget the ass! Alan's going to FINALLY fuck me up the ass when he gets back!" She reached back with both hands and grabbed meaty handfuls of her plush posterior. "It's like waiting for Christmas morning. I can hardly even stand it! I love him and want him more than ever."

"I agree," Susan replied, amused and aroused by Amy's enthusiastic self-groping. "None of us are feeling that way at all. I don't know if I look like it on the surface, but on the inside I'm a total nervous wreck. I can't think of anything but how deeply he's going to plow me tonight. I've been more than daydreaming, I've been literally hallucinating about getting fucked by my son! I see visions of Tiger fucking me everywhere. When I look at a piece of furniture, sometimes all I can think of are the many ways Tiger can take me on it, and it becomes so real that it's like he's really there!"

Suzanne looked at her with concern.

Susan protested, "Don't look at me like that. We're not drugged or crazy. No. We're doing this because we love it! Come on, Suzanne. I know you're the same too. What's going on? What's making you doubt this perfect world we've created and say such ridiculous things? Wouldn't you love to suck on the Alan-sicle right about now?"

"Yeah, you got me there..." But Suzanne's fond vision of Alan's thick penis pumping in and out of her mouth was disturbed by a recollection of the conversation she'd had with Glory the afternoon before. She felt proud of the way she'd handled that situation, but at the same time there were things Glory had said that really rankled her. It had brought long-standing issues that she'd been mostly ignoring to the forefront of her mind, and they'd stayed there ever since. Yet she couldn't tell the truth about what Glory had said to the others, since her conversation with Glory had to remain a secret.

Suzanne thought for a bit, and then came up with a way she could tell the content of what was bothering her without naming names. "Okay. Truth be told, last night I had a dream. In the dream, I met a woman who was very smart and independent-minded, and actually much like myself. She knew everything I'd done sexually with everyone, and said to me, 'I shudder to think what goes on in the Plummer house.' Then she said, 'Have you no shame? Why would you all agree to such an arrangement? Don't drag me into that madness!'"

"And then when I think about that, it reminds me of the way I crawled on my hands and knees that one time, begging Sweetie to let me suck his cock. And then I wonder what's happened to me. I've pledged to be one of his sex slaves, for crying out loud! Where's my pride? Where's my dignity?"

Suzanne paused and sighed. "Alan is wonderful. There's no doubt about that. I love my Sweetie more than I love my own life. But I just feel ... strange. Lately, it feels like my entire purpose in life now is to please him and make him cum. And I love it, most of the time, but now that I've cleared my head a bit with his absence, I feel humiliated by it too. So I'm deeply conflicted. I don't want to change things, but I'm not really happy about things, either."

She looked around to all the others. "Do any of you understand how I feel? Am I the only one? I feel like my reaction is the normal one, and the Brenda reaction is not normal. No offense, Brenda. Again. Sorry. But don't any of you ever wonder about your dignity? Are you all so happy about this that you don't have ANY problems with The Pact we made? Like all these things Katherine says about living to serve as a fuck toy - there's so much more to life!"

Susan replied, "I know what you mean, Suzanne, and I know logically that I should react differently to the humiliation that my son effectively owns me now and that I'm merely one of his many big-titted sex pets, but I can't stay upset for long because thinking about that just makes me more aroused. I mean, my goodness! When my Tiger says 'Assume the position' and makes me get down on my knees naked as the day I was born and suck his magnificent throbbing cock until his sperm shoots down my throat, it just doesn't get any better than that! Well, it will tonight when he finally puts his motherfucking cock where it belongs, but that's another story!"

She sighed with longing, but didn't allow herself to get too distracted. "I guess that's the difference between dominants and submissives, and you're in a house full of subs. The fact is, I love The Pact. It's perfect."

Katherine and Brenda both nodded.

Brenda, in fact, still remained lying naked on the table with her ass up high. She couldn't be in a more humiliating position if she tried. She felt sad that she hadn't been included in The Pact, but she reminded herself that being the Plummer "house slave" could be even better.

Katherine felt the need to defend herself. "Look, Aunt Suzy... Mother. A person can have complete devotion and even submission to their partner and still get on with the rest of their life. Pleasing Brother makes me feel good AND gives me an endless number of mind-blowing orgasms, pretty much on a daily basis. But of course I still have ambitions to go to college and much more beyond that. I'm just determined to be near him from now on, is all. Maybe calling myself a 'fuck toy' is just one way I express my love for the man I know is my soulmate."

Suzanne nodded thoughtfully and turned to Amy to see her response.

Amy said, "Mother, I don't think I'm a domme or a sub. I just love sex. The way I figure, it's all gravy. Sex talk, like calling yourself his 'sex pet' or the like, doesn't that make you hot? It does for me. That doesn't mean I literally am one, like Brenda apparently is now. Sheesh! Yes, I've submitted myself to him, but we're part of a harem, and a harem has to have one undisputed master or else there will be chaos. That doesn't mean I think I'm less valuable than him. We all have our roles in this new kinda sex family life."

She added, "What is pride all about, anyways? I thought you told me pride is not a virtue. Why not just do whatever feels good instead of worrying about how other people would think about it? Because isn't that what pride and dignity is all about, looking good to others and holding your head up high? I don't see the point in that. We should just have fun and forget about all those fuddy-duddy bozo brains."

While Amy was surprisingly articulate, her mindset didn't gel with Suzanne's, so her comments didn't help much. Suzanne couldn't let go of her pride that easily.

Susan saw that and groped for something more useful to say. She started, "Now, according to the Big Tits Theory, women like us are made-"

Suzanne interrupted and said brusquely, "Please. Spare me your Big Tits Theory for once... Sorry. I know it means a lot to you, but..."

"No problem. Okay. Let's put it aside for a moment, even though I think we can learn a lot from it." Susan was going to explain why she enjoyed loving and serving her son, but she belatedly realized that was the last thing Suzanne wanted to hear at that moment.

She tried to find a more diplomatic yet still honest approach to take, and then said, "Let's look at The Pact and see what you've actually agreed to. The way I look at it, I may be my son's fuck toy and sex slave from now on, but he's just as deeply tied to me. Is there anything he wouldn't do for any of us? No. It's a cliché, but he would climb the highest mountain. Literally."

She added, "And who's pleasuring who? He lives for our sexual pleasure just as much as we live for his. The fact is, we're all one big happy family now. It's a communal thing. We talk about harems and being his sex slaves and fuck toys because some of us find those words sexy and arousing. But if you don't, we don't have to use those words around you. We already agreed yesterday to cut back on using the 'slave' word so his ego doesn't grow too big. Of course, that doesn't count for Brenda since no other word does her justice. But the important thing is, we all love each other, and we're all a team. We ALL gain from that, not just him. Don't you see that?"

That argument really hit home for Suzanne. She just stared for a few moments, and then answered, "Yes. Yes, I do see it. God, Susan, that makes me feel so much better." They hugged and kissed.

But Suzanne's feelings weren't completely mollified, and when the hug ended she said, "But there's more to it than that. It's not really a completely equal exchange, is it? Lately, I feel like, well, like the only thing that matters is to please him. It's like we've all joined the cult of Alan and we've all been brainwashed. My own needs mean nothing, even in my own mind. It doesn't matter if I cum, the only thing that matters is if a tasty load explodes out of his big, thick, juicy six-shooter. And I don't even have to be the target! I'll actually go around and find him someone to fuck, instead of me. Sometimes I look at a beautiful woman walking down the street and imagine how much more beautiful she'd look if her face and exposed tits were covered in his magnificent seed. My cunt starts to throb thinking about my Sweetie fucking HER! That's just weird! It's completely nonsensical."

"But is it really, Suzanne?" Susan asked with surprising confidence. "Look at Brenda. Would you have more or less sexual fun if Brenda wasn't a part of our group? Less, obviously. Sure, your holes are filled by Tiger a little less than before, but you more than make up for that with a remarkable new sex partner. And admit it: isn't sucking him off with someone else helping even MORE fun than doing it all on your own?"

Suzanne grinned as she thought about that, and some of the recent double blowjobs she'd been a part of. "Yeah. Most of the time, at least."

Susan nodded. "That's how I feel too. Besides, it seems the only types of new women coming into our harem are bisexual friendly, anyway. I don't think that's just a matter of luck. It's all part of God's plan. And the more you think only of making him cum, the more you end up cumming yourself. He's not going to be happy if you don't cum as much as possible, so you don't need to think of your own needs. You know I'm right!"

"Besides, Mother," Amy blurted out, "when was the last time your high and mighty pride and dignity made you, and everyone around you, deliriously happy and gave you great orgasms? I know it's not all about sex, but doesn't the sex make everything that much better? Look at Alan and me. Before we got sexual with each other, we were close, yeah, but we didn't talk to each other that much. We'd kind of drifted apart for a while. But now, not only is he my official boyfriend, but we're totally soulmates! We can talk about anything! Sex just makes EVERYTHING better!"

Susan grabbed her best friend's face with both hands, forcing Suzanne to look her in the eye. "Don't listen to me or to your rational mind; listen to your cunt. We all know that just as I have extra sensitive tits, you have an especially needy cunt. So what does your cunt think about The Pact?"

Suzanne directed her mental focus down towards her pussy. As if on cue, she felt a surge of tingly feeling coming from deep inside, quickly followed by a throbbing pull and an inner spurt of wetness. "She likes it," Suzanne admitted, blushing heavily, the way Susan used to. "She likes it a whole lot."bender

Susan smiled knowingly, stroking Suzanne's cheek lovingly with a single finger. She slipped her other hand inside Suzanne's clothes, heading for her slit. "Of course your cunt likes it. It's just like Amy said: it's all gravy. Look at Brenda. Her needs to serve and be spanked are going to make her, and all of us, much happier in the end."

Amy said, "Don't say that. You're getting me too excited!" She was lightly bouncing up and down on her toes, a ball of energy. "I just wish Alan would make ME happier in the end."

The others laughed at that play on words.

Susan pushed Suzanne's panties aside as she continued, "The more Brenda helps others, the more pleasure she has herself, and that means we all have more. Call it luck or whatever, but we really have a beautiful situation. It's gravy for everybody."

Susan slipped a finger into Suzanne's vagina and pumped slowly, creating some rather obscene squishing sounds. "When in doubt, listen to your cunt. That's what I do now, except that when I'm in doubt I listen to what my tits have to say."

Suzanne griped, "Hey, I know what you're doing: you're seducing me with your sneaky fingers."

Susan grinned impishly. "True, but so what? You're the one that taught me I need to listen to my body to fully understand my feelings. I'll bet you're feeling pretty frustrated right now, but wouldn't you feel better after you've spanked that tempting ass of Brenda's hanging in the air over there? My nipples in particular are thinking about that ass right now, and they haven't been wrong yet. Don't worry about if things add up to be exactly 100 percent equal. The point is, we'll all enjoy life so much more as a team. And I'm not just talking sexually. Look how many hands are ready to catch you if you fall. We're here for you, Suzanne. Always."

Suddenly, Suzanne broke down. She fell back into Susan's arms and began crying. "You're right. You're so right! I love you all!" She cried a little bit, but then quickly dried her tears.

Then she stood up. "Look at me. Pride has always been an issue with me. I can never even have a good cry because I have some crazy notion ingrained in me that crying is a sign of weakness somehow unbecoming for a modern woman. So I stop myself from crying even now, when I want to just let it all out. But I do feel much better anyway, thanks to you. I feel so loved, by all of you."

As she talked, she began taking off her clothes. "I'm going to work through my issues. This whole harem thing, it's so intense that I've shied away from the full implications of it. It's like the fear of standing at the top of a steep mountain slope and hesitating to ski down it. But I'm going to dive down, full speed ahead. I don't care about the words we call things. The important thing is, let's all love each other to the fullest!"

Amy hooted "Yeay!" and started a "yeay" cheer.

The others joined in, clapping and hooting while Suzanne finished undressing with an increasingly dramatic flair.

The sultry redhead threw off the last few items like a stripper and then flung them across the room. She thought, Everyone in this room is crazy, but what the hell. That's one reason why I love 'em. We do have so much fun!