

6 Times 971

Chapter 971 Alan, Heather And Simone

Finally, after nearly a minute, Alan heard Heather say, "Okay, you can look!"

He removed his hand and opened his eyes. Heather was standing right in front of where he was lying down, totally nude but with both hands covering her pussy mound. Simone stood off to the side, also nude, but clearly trying to be inconspicuous. The focus was obviously supposed to be on Heather and whatever her hands were covering.

Adding to the mystery, Heather was blushing, looking very shy and bashful. He'd already figured out that she hardly ever blushed, even when he put her in very embarrassing situations.

Seeing that she had his undivided attention, Heather removed her hands, revealing that her bush had been completely shaved since he'd seen it last. She spoke nervously, "Voilà!"

Alan was at a loss over what to think or say. In truth, he didn't have a strong preference between hairy pussies and shaved ones. He liked variety. It took him a few moments to remember that he'd ordered her to shave her bush off on Friday. Huh. How the heck am I supposed to react to that?! When I told her to shave it off, I didn't think she'd actually do it. I was kind of hoping she wouldn't, so I'd get a new point of leverage, allowing me to complain that she's just too difficult and disobedient to deal with. But then she up and surprises me by doing it!

Since he was lying down on a mattress at the edge of the stage and she was standing right in front of him off the stage, her pussy was only a foot or so away from his face. He gave it a long look, and then looked up at her face. To his surprise, not only was she blushing, she clearly was anxious and hoping for his approval.

He thought, Shit! Now what? If I want to get really Machiavellian, I should be cruel and uncaring, and just say "Whatever" or something like that. But it's hard for me to be that kind of guy. Look at her! This means a lot to her. How can I be mean to her, not in a sex game kind of way, but in a real, hurtful way? But then again, if I praise and compliment her, that'll only encourage her and I'll end up making more of an emotional bond with her.

Dang, this is tough! There's no easy way out. Maybe I'll try to split the middle. I'll compliment her, but only a little bit.

It had taken him about ten seconds to think of what to say, and Heather had been slowly dying of anticipation. Finally, he looked back up to her face and smiled. "It's nice!"

Heather let out a sigh of relief. But that quickly turned to frustration. "'Nice?!' Is that all you have to say?! 'Nice?!'"

He thought, Crap. I guess that wasn't complimentary enough. He said, "Sorry. You caught me at a bad time. I'm half dead and my brain is kind of running on fumes. Let me take a closer look." He reached out with one hand and ran his fingers all over her shaved skin. But he also used his thumb to rub against her pussy lips.

That caused Heather to relax and even smile. She was disappointed by his words, but she could feel his interest in his touch. Plus, she just loved the sensation of being fondled there. She started lubricating rapidly.

He said, "I'm too tired to put it into words, but I do appreciate the gesture."

Heather relaxed and smiled even more upon hearing that. Aaaaah! Now that's the Alan that I know and love! Wait, did I just say "love." Shit! I don't mean 'love love', I just mean, you know... the guy I appreciate and lust for. Anyway, what he can't say with words, he's saying with his hand!

Indeed, he was happy to continue fondling her pussy mound. He did explore her smooth, shaved skin, but mostly he focused on diddling her slit and clit. That was getting her very hot and bothered.

Yet, even as he was enjoying doing that, he thought, Shit. I'm not really handling this well. I'm just not bringing my A game today, and one always has to be on one's A game when it comes to Heather! It's probably better if I don't say much at all, instead of likely saying the wrong thing. At least she seems satisfied. I kind of rue ever telling her to shave her bush, but this kind of thing keeps happening. The more I try to keep her at a distance, the more I somehow get sucked in.

Heather was mostly mollified. Finally! I've been waiting three days to show him that I shaved my pussy, just for him, and all I get is a "nice." Okay, more than a "nice," but still, it's kind of a letdown compared to my fantasies. I guess it is bad timing; he does look like something the cat dragged in. But, if I know him at all, and I'm pretty sure I do, once his libido gets charged up he'll turn into a fuck machine! I don't much care if he's not very articulate today, so long as he fucks me like only he can!

With that in mind, Heather was eager to do whatever it took to revive him. Simone was just getting bored, since she was forced to stand silent and let Heather get all the attention. So both girls were happy to get back to massaging him.

Alan kept his hands at his sides and his eyes closed, and tuned out for a little bit.

Heather soon began vigorously massaging Alan's thigh muscles, which were quite tight.

He groaned, "Oh God! That feels so good. Better than sex. My legs really hurt."

She asked, "Just what did you DO this weekend, Alan? And why did you miss your first three classes? I was looking for you everywhere."

"I'd rather not talk about it right now. As you've noticed, I'm not in the talking mood. Heather, why don't you tell me about your weekend? What did you do?"

Heather quickly replied, "Oh, not much." Then she glared at Simone with a look that essentially said, "Don't you dare tell him differently, or I'll kill you!"

Simone wisely stayed silent. But she thought, It's not like I need to tell Alan that Heather was pining for him all weekend, since her behavior today has basically confirmed that anyway. I'm glad that she's finally shown him her shaved pussy, so she can stop going on and on about it. Sheesh! I remember her proudly declaring that today would be the day she would take control of her relationship with him and turn him into her "boy toy." Yeah, right! Already, we're giving him a massage like he's royalty. I think Heather's so eager to get fucked that she's willing to do whatever he says. After that itch gets scratched though, it's anyone's guess what she'll say or do next.

Alan asked, "What's the latest with the football players?"

Heather replied, "Ah. Glad you asked. You said that this weekend was my last chance at sexual freedom and that I should use it to my fullest, so I did."

Actually, that wasn't true. The only sex she'd had over the weekend was with Simone. Having sex with other guys just didn't do it for her anymore, and she knew it. But she didn't want Alan to get a big head, as that would give him even more power over her.

She asked, "But what happened to you? You literally fucked until you couldn't walk straight! I'm right, aren't I?"

"All right, you are. Although I did a lot of hiking too."

Simone asked, "How is that possible?! You were with the Boy Scouts the whole weekend, right?"

"Almost. I was until Sunday night. Then I got back and made up for lost time with a big orgy."

Heather clenched her teeth and growled. Instantly, she was pissed off that she hadn't been invited.

He heard the growl and responded, "You're hardly the only girl I fuck, you know. You're not even close to consideration for membership in my harem, thanks to your attitude. Your half-hearted massaging is a perfect example of why you continue to remain unworthy." He knew that competition was one of Heather's major motivators.

Sure enough, even though she'd finally started giving him a decent massage, she immediately redoubled her effort.

He chuckled to himself. I've gotta keep working that angle. That harem talk seems to both impress her and motivate her. Let's see if I can do a little more of that. He said, "In any case, it's none of your business how many women I fucked last night, or how much bigger their real tits were than your fake ones. Let me hear more about your work with the football team. I hope you aren't a walking disease factory by now."

She was thrown off her game by her desire to outdo these unnamed harem women who were clearly higher in the pecking order than she was. She even let the fake tits comment slide. "I promise you, I didn't fuck any of them. I know how worried you are about the sexual disease thing, so I wouldn't lie about that. All I did was give them handjobs. And good God, it sucked. It didn't seem nearly as much fun to be with them as it used to. My plan was to sow dissent and pit them against each other. For instance, I got the three cornerbacks together and told them that I'd only jerk off the one who was the best player AND the best lover. In that particular case, they started arguing with each other so intensely that I didn't have to do anything with any of them. I think a full-on brawl broke out after I left. Fucking with minds is so much fun!"

That was only partly true. She really had sown dissent among the football players, but only through a series of strategic, clever phone calls on Sunday afternoon. She hadn't given them any handjobs. But she wasn't willing to admit that to Alan, because she wanted him to believe that she was still tempted to have sex with other guys.

Alan was secretly very disappointed to hear that, since he assumed it was true. It annoyed him to hear that she was acting that slutty with the football players, whom he really disliked. He complained, "Heather, this is why you're so far from belonging to my harem, and your idea of being my girlfriend is still a complete non-starter right now. If you try to mess with my mind, I promise you, you will be very, very sorry. And even though you say you only gave 'em handjobs, I don't trust you. For God's sake, I want to see a bill of clean health from a doctor before I get my dick anywhere near your cunt ever again, especially after a weekend like that."

She grumbled, "Whatever. It wasn't easy to hold back from having to do more. But I did it for you, and this is the kind of thanks I get. I'm clean, I swear."

"Well, I hope so. By the way, did you ever have anal sex with anyone else but me?"

Heather paused in her rubbing and hesitated in answering, so Simone whispered rather loudly, "In the end - so to speak - Heather decided that her ass belongs to you and only you."

Heather stopped her massaging to flip Simone the middle finger. "Fuck you! Simone, what kind of friend are you? Why the hell are you telling him all these things?! Whose side are you on, anyways?!"

Alan replied, "Let me answer that, Simone. Heather, Simone is your friend, but she's on MY side when it comes to curing you of your bitchiness. In a sense, that still means she's on your side on that too,

because this is all to help you. She's going to be my assistant from now on in this project to fix your personality. Isn't that so, Simone?"

Simone nodded, and said to Heather, "I love you, girl, but Alan seems to know what he's doing, so he gets my full support. It's for your own good."

Both Simone and Heather's hands had been slowly drifting down to Alan's ass. Heather now gave up all pretense of massaging. She reached under him and began an excellent handjob. It seemed his finding out so much about her only turned her on even more.

Heather's position put her face practically in his ass crack, so he decided to push his luck further. He said, "Heather, since your nose is already up my butt, why don't you rim my asshole with your tongue?"

She pulled back in disgust. "What? You've got to be kidding! Not on your life! That's beyond disgusting."

"Oooh, excellent. Something else she hates that I like. I'll have to remember that. But it's not a request, it's an order. Or, let me put it this way: is anyone volunteering to get ass fucked? Say yes by licking my asshole."

Heather feared this would become a new punishment for her, so she tried to use reverse psychology on him. "Actually, I'm just kidding. I love it! You know how much I love asses. I rim Simone all the time, don't I, Simone?"

There was a long pause, and then Simone said, "I'll refrain from answering for fear of getting in any more trouble with either of you." (In truth, that wasn't something Heather ever did for anyone.)

Alan laughed. He decided to pretend to at least entertain Heather's reverse psychology even though he could see right through it. "Heather, I don't care if you like it or not. Do it. Now."

So Heather began to lick his ass crack, but generally refrained from getting near his asshole. She still couldn't bear to do it, even though he was clean down there.

Still, she managed to make Alan feel really good, especially when her tongue focused on the space between his asshole and his penis. Her continuing handjob and Simone's ass cheek groping didn't exactly hurt, either.

She thought, FUCK! This is seriously fucked up! First, he got me to shave off my bush. I wouldn't do that for anybody, not even Simone, but I did it for him. Now he's got me licking his ass crack! Doesn't he know who I am? I'm Heather fucking Morgan! I'm the head cheerleader, the queen bee of this school, the most beautiful girl around! He is a fucking machine, but he's a social nobody and a nerd too. This shouldn't be happening! But when I get my hand on his cock, it's like I can't help myself!

Simone seemed intensely interested to see whether Heather really would rim Alan, so she spread his ass cheeks wide to give herself a better view of what Heather was doing.

The pressure from Simone's constant staring finally forced Heather to put her tongue right on Alan's anus, but she quickly withdrew it.

Simone thought, Wow! Heather really must be in love with him. As she would say, "Heather fucking Morgan doesn't lick anybody's ass." But she's licking his! What a trip this is, getting to watch. So much for her turning him into her "boy toy" today. Ha!

At the same time, Heather thought, UGH! Fucking disgusting! I can't believe I just did that. He damn well better fuck me within an inch of my life today! I deserve it, after that. Yuck! She licked around his anus without touching it again, and kept right on jacking him off.

Alan figured the massage was effectively over since things were heating up. So he sat up, causing both of them to stop what they were doing. He felt a lot better; almost like a new person. His renewed energy gave him more confidence in dealing with Heather. He still didn't feel like he was bringing his A game, but he was getting there.

He said, "Thanks for the massage, gals. Heather, if Simone pisses you off when she helps me, blame me, not her. You got that? She's just following my orders."

Alan stood, and began to back away from Heather and Simone until he was about ten feet away. "Now, let's see if I have full cooperation from both of you." He pointed at his very erect dick and said, "Look at that. You could hardly call me fully aroused."

He snapped his fingers. "Both of you, blow me together. Now. And Heather, you'll be calling me 'sir' from now on, so the correct response from you is, 'yes, sir.'" He remembered that she'd used that term in some of their sex play before and she'd seemed to get off on it.

Still staring at Heather, he added, "Plus, the correct way for you to approach my dick is crawling on all fours."

Simone looked at Heather to see what her friend would do. While Simone thought blowjobs were okay, she knew Heather hated them. But more than that, she couldn't imagine her haughty friend following the other part of his orders.

Heather shot Alan a dirty look, but in fact, she whispered "Yes, Sir," and got down on her knees.

Simone's mouth hung open and she stared in complete disbelief as Heather started to crawl towards Alan. What the FUCK?! First the ass-licking and now this! Is he blackmailing her with incriminating photos or something?! No way! Especially since I know she's doing it of her own free will!

Even Heather had a disbelieving look, as if her brain couldn't understand why her body was being so subservient. But she was aroused beyond belief by being treated this way. She thought, God dammit! I vowed to Simone that I was going to wrap him around my finger today. I wish she wasn't watching. This is so humiliating! How am I going to explain this?! Why the hell am I even doing this?! But it's like I can't stop myself; it's just too fucking HOT!

Alan said, "Simone, what has Heather done wrong?"

"I could barely hear her."

"That's right. Let's hear you, Heather. What do you say?"

Heather looked up, and shot Alan an even more hateful look. She said, "Yes, Sir," but spat it out.

Alan said to Simone, who remained still, "What did Heather do wrong there?"

"She's got a bad attitude."

"Yes, she does," he replied with a sagacious nod. "Let's see you crawl some more, Heather, but do it like you mean it. Like the shameless cock-hungry slut that we know you really are."

Heather closed her eyes and clenched her teeth. Her blush had faded, but that caused her face to begin turning red again.

She thought, FUCK ME! What the FUCK is his deal?! It's like he's trying to push me and push me until I break! But I'm not going to break! I can take whatever he dishes out!

Strangely, with that logic she somehow turned obeying his every whim into an act of strength and defiance. She didn't completely believe her own analysis, but she clung to it in order to retain some shreds of dignity.

She said, "Yes, Sir." Then, with her eyes still closed, she proceeded to crawl in a large circle around the room.

Simone simply couldn't believe what she was seeing. No way! No fucking way! I wish I had a camera right now. I'd KILL for a working camera! Damn, this would be better than taking a clear picture of a real UFO. The mighty Heather Morgan, crawling on her knees!

She looks so fucking HOT! If that doesn't get one's blood boiling, than nothing will! How does Alan have the willpower not to just up and fuck the living daylights out of her this very second?! My heart is pounding hard from just watching and thinking about him fucking her! It's crazy!

Heather was getting more aroused by the second. Her entire body started to tremble as she blindly continued her crawl. She thought, as if cursing Alan out loud, I HATE you! I hate you so much! Fucking DIE, you fucking motherfucker! Do you know who you're dealing with here? I could destroy you with the wave of my hand! I'm just doing this because... Hell, I don't even know why I'm doing this. I need your cock so bad, Sir! Please! Please! Fuck my face! My ass! My cunt! Anything! Everything! I'm yours!

She completed her circle and wound up near his feet. She opened her eyes and gave him a pleading look. Clearly she was hoping that was enough.

He just stared at her with a poker face. The silence stretched out uncomfortably. By that point he was definitely on his A game.

Finally she broke the silence, asking him, "Sir? Did that please you, Sir?"

Simone had begun masturbating without even realizing it. As she fingered her slit, she thought, Unfuckingbelievable! And to think that yesterday she vowed to turn him into her "boy toy" today. No way is that ever gonna happen. She gets off on this. Her whole body is trembling with fuck need. Hot damn!

He looked over to Simone and said, "Simone, I think she deserves a spanking. Give her ten."

Heather gasped out loud. She'd never let Simone spank her before. The idea was almost unthinkable, and yet she realized that she would let it happen if Alan ordered it. Somehow, that aroused her even more.

Simone was slightly embarrassed to be caught fingerfucking herself, so she stopped as casually as she could. Her eyes lit up at his suggestion, but then she said, "Okay, but, uh, how am I supposed to treat you? Do I need to call you 'sir' too?"

"No, you don't. You haven't displeased me and I like you just fine the way you usually are, so please just act like you normally would. However, if you agree to be my assistant, I will demand complete and utter loyalty and obedience from you. You will be one of my women, and I will treat you any way I like. I will have access to your body twenty-four hours a day. I don't mind you having sex with others when I'm not around, but only if they're completely cleared for STDs. If you cross me or disobey me, you will face

punishment until your attitude is corrected. You can quit at any time, but as long as you're with the program it's all or nothing."

Simone thought about that and considered her response. Fuck me all over again! No wonder Heather's fallen for him so hard. I'm not even into that BDSM stuff. But he's so casual with his dominant, confident attitude that it's totally intoxicating. It's actually kind of scary, 'cos I don't want to end up on all fours like her!

She asked uncertainly, "Did Heather agree to those terms?"

"No, she doesn't get a choice. She doesn't deserve to choose since she's a female dog, a bitch. Heather, fuck yourself like a dog in heat."

"Yes, Sir!" Heather immediately slumped the rest of the way to the floor and began fingering her pussy. She was powerfully turned on by his command to do so, so fucked herself eagerly. Dammit! This is so fucked up! But the way he just took control of Simone with a few comments is so fucking arousing that it's INSANE!

Alan looked upon Heather almost with pity. "You see what I mean? If people at this school realized that she was just a sex-crazed manipulative bitch, what would they think? My goal is to use her powerful sex drive to turn her into a worthwhile human being. But since you're already one, you get to choose."

"Hmmm. All right," Simone answered, surprising herself. "I've give it a try, for Heather's sake. But I'm not like her. And I still don't know about you."

"That's understood." He softened his tone and closed the distance between them to reach out with his hand and caress Simone's cheek with his fingers. "But I assure you, you will. And before long you won't even think about quitting because you'll be enjoying yourself so much. We're gonna have a lot of fun together." He brushed his fingers lightly over Simone's lips, which reflexively parted. Before he even realized what he was doing, he was gently fingerfucking Simone's mouth.

Simone was both surprised and very pleased.

Heather, though, looked on with obvious envy in her eyes while she kept on masturbating as instructed.

Alan continued, "With Heather though, sadly, it's mostly punishment." He pulled his hand away from Simone's nursing lips and sensuously traced the curve of her jaw and neck with his wetted fingertips, which excited her tremendously. "Get behind her and spank her please. Give her ten good, solid whacks. I want her ass to be as red as her face."

He turned to glare his disapproval at the blonde cheerleader writhing on the floor. "Heather, after each one, I want you to look me in the eye, say the number of the strike out loud, then give me a 'Thank you, sir.'"

Heather got back on her knees, which left her tits swaying and dangling delightfully and her cunt dripping with her arousal. She raised her butt into position to get spanked. But at the same time, she complained, "Fuck that!"

He had gotten erect again from seeing Heather crawl and frig herself, not to mention thinking about all the things he could do to her and Simone. He stepped forward, closing the distance between himself and the head cheerleader. His long erection bounced in front of her, nearly hitting her on the nose.

She seemed transfixed by the sight. She gulped, knowing that she was about to receive a spanking.

He asked her, "What did you say?"

She grew nearly panicky. "Um, nothing. Sir!"

He thought about Susan and how she said she thought with and was controlled by her breasts, and then he thought about Suzanne and how she had a similar relationship with her pussy.

He said in a calm, collected voice, "Heather, your problem is that you think with your selfish and haughty brain. Look at my cock and imagine how that's going to feel in your ass. Let your ass do the thinking. If you want this in your ass ever again, you will obey everything I tell you to do and never betray me, or I'm not going to bother with you. Believe me, there are plenty of other women I could be fucking at school, and I'm only bothering with you out of a sense of pity. Understand? So what's it going to be? If you're going to obey, you know what to say, and you know how to say it."

Heather tried to look to her friend for guidance and support, but Simone was directly behind her, so she couldn't make direct eye contact. Her focus was magnetically drawn back to his lightly bobbing stiff pole instead. Just the strong scent of his exposed cock-meat right under her nose was incredibly tempting to her. Even though she didn't like blowjobs, she loved this dick above all others she'd had in her life, and found that her mouth was watering for it, just by having it so close. She listened to her ass, and her ass screamed, "YES! GIMME!"

She closed her eyes in defeat, and said in her normal voice, "Yes, Sir."

He smiled and thought, I can't believe this is working! It's like what Simone said earlier: "He seems to know what he's doing." I have to maintain the illusion of control and toughness. He barked, "I will forgive your closed eyes for now. But Simone, make it twenty for her 'Fuck that!' insolence. As hard as you can, please."

Simone seemed very eager to spank Heather, and was already in position to do so before Heather even gave her answer. Her hand came down extremely hard on Heather and made a resoundingly loud slapping sound.

Heather had her teeth clenched, but she couldn't help but let out a loud moan. She thought, This is wrong! This is a major injustice! Nobody treats a Morgan woman like this. Okay with Alan; I could see letting him spank me. But Simone is my lackey. She has no right to do this to me! I will get my REVENGE!

Then Simone stopped, and all three of them just remained where they were for some long moments.

Finally, Alan said, "Heather, aren't you forgetting something? Should I add ten more to help you remember? Oh, and you're not allowed to cum without my permission."

What was expected suddenly came to her. "Oh shit! One! Thank you, Sir!" She thought shamefully, Revenge will have to wait. For starters, I have to get through this damned spanking! I can't cum? That's fucking cruel!

He stood back about five feet, then said, "Simone, you may continue." He watched while Simone spanked Heather over and over with great gusto.

Heather didn't forget to count again, and she behaved as obediently as Alan could have hoped for.

As he watched the spanking continue, he thought, It's incredible what she's willing to endure to get a good assfuck. And Simone seems to be enjoying giving the spanking far too much. Even though they're obviously very firm friends, Simone must have a huge store of resentment for all the times Heather has treated her shitty.

But what's really disturbing is how much I'M enjoying this! For one thing, it's just such a wonderful sight to see one completely naked girl on her knees getting spanked by another completely naked girl standing behind her, and watch both of them getting off on it. And somehow, the fact that Heather is blonde and white while Simone is such a dusky dark ebony just makes it that much more visually appealing. The fact that it's taking place during lunch in the middle of my school day is just extra gravy. Mmmm.

There I go, getting carried away again. I really need to watch myself, because Heather brings out the "Bad Alan" in me in spades. Am I really helping her, or am I corrupting my own soul, or both? What's scary is that both Mom and Sis would probably love it if I'd treat them like this. But I can never ever call them bitches and treat them coldly. Never! If I do, then the "Bad Alan" will have completely won.

Finally the spanking was over. Simone had been vicious with her spankings, never letting up, showing that she had a great amount of resentment indeed.

But Heather had her huge pride, and she had taken it as a challenge not to cry out or disobey. Plus, she'd used all her willpower to suppress a cum.

Alan was impressed with her self-control. He said, "Nice work, both of you. Heather, you've redeemed yourself a tiny bit in my eyes with the way you took that. At least you have some self-discipline. We'll work on building up and improving on that as you progress."

Heather asked with undisguised eagerness, "Sir, may I please cum now?" She was so primed that she knew she would merely have to stop suppressing it and it would happen.

"No. Not yet. Both of you come here and give me that dual blowjob. Simone, you can walk over here. Heather, you need to crawl like the obedient bitch that you are. And if you do an excellent job, I'll consider letting you cum."

The two girls were sweaty and nearly breathless from the spanking. Both were also surprised at how aroused it made them. Heather's thoughts of revenge were completely forgotten, at least for now, because the spanking had made her more aroused than she could ever have imagined.

Heather and Simone practically attacked his cock with wild abandon, even while they attacked each other. And "attack" was the right word to describe it, because both of them fought over his erection, pushing, clawing, and scratching each other (but not Alan) to be in the best position. Yet at the same time they never ceased to finger each other's pussies and do everything they could to keep his boner pulsing with pleasure.

Heather was very torn about Simone fingering her. She was very afraid of cumming without permission, and she knew she was far too aroused to hide it if she did. But she was so very turned on that she couldn't tell Simone to stop. She was flirting with danger, and therefore loving every second of it.

Alan was entertained as he watched three competing desires operating in both girls all at once: their desire to best each other, their desire to suck, lick, and jack off his cock, and their desire to sexually please each other.

For instance, one minute Heather seemed content to lick one side of his erection while Simone licked the other, but then all of a sudden she'd shoved Simone away and swallowed the whole thing, nearly deep throating him in the process.

Simone seemed resigned to that, and went to work squeezing his balls instead, but then, out of the blue, she grabbed Heather's long, blonde ponytail, yanked her friend's head back, and began frantically beating Alan off with her fist.

It kept going round and round like that. The whole time, their hands rarely left each other's pussies or clits.

Another factor was the way they climaxed over and over. Alan had originally intended to wait until he was ready to cum before giving permission for Heather to do the same, but he correctly guessed that she was way too horny to last that long. So, when he unexpectedly gave her permission to cum, she did so right away. But once she started, it was as if her body couldn't stop; she just kept cumming every few minutes.

Simone might be quiet for a minute or two after a climax, letting Heather dominate, but then as another climax began to rapidly well up inside her, her desire for more of Alan's cock-meat would practically drive her berserk and she'd forcibly take control of the most sensitive top part of his dick. Then she would cum and be mostly quiet again, leaving the "best bits" of his erection to Heather for a while. The only problem with it all was that it was rather dangerous for Alan's dick. He worried about an overly enthusiastic accident, especially one involving teeth, but he found it too stimulating to stop.

Alan had originally just meant for the dual blowjob to get him aroused so he could fuck Heather in the ass, as well as having it serve as a test of obedience for both girls. But it had taken on a life of its own, thanks to the strong emotions caused by the spanking, and he was too weary to hold out for long. He could tell they were both having a great amount of orgasmic fun from the process. Besides, their lunch period was too short for this to go on much longer.

So he suddenly grabbed both girls by the hair and shouted, "Stop!"

Heather happened to be sucking him off at that moment, which wasn't too surprising since she was generally the more aggressive one and had the upper hand over Simone more often than not, even though Simone kept fighting for her fair share. Even after he yelled "Stop," she kept on bobbing and licking.

He slowly pulled Heather's head back by her ponytail until his cock swung free of her reaching lips. He said, "That was good. Simone, I think you're beginning to see the rewards you can get if you experience sex my way."

Simone was breathless and amazed. "Yes! Holy cow! I can't stop cumming, and just from sharing a blowjob!"

He tightened his hand in Simone's hair and moved her face in towards his cum-soaked hard-on. He kept pulling her head into his crotch until he felt his cockhead stroke at her tonsils. He barked, "Suck on it!" He belatedly added, "Please," remembering that he was only supposed to be harsh with Heather. But once "Bad Alan" got going, he was hard to stop.

Then he looked to Heather and said, "Heather, you're not yet worthy of my cum, and won't be for some time. Tomorrow, if I'm feeling generous and you act obediently, I may choose to fuck your ass as we

begin your inner bitch training in earnest. But if I do, Simone will be the one to take my cum, just as she will now. You'll have to prove your worthiness before you get that reward."

Simone gleefully cocksucked with total abandon. Her mouth kept puckering over and over around his cock, kind of like a fish. It seemed to be her favorite move. She also liked looking up at him and making eye contact the whole time she had his cockhead in her mouth, something his other women did only rarely.

He relaxed his PC muscle and began shooting his long, thick ropes of semen into her hungrily sucking mouth.

Heather thought as she watched Simone, FUCKING BITCH! Some best friend she is! That cum should be MINE! Just look at her gulp it all down. But she can't take it. HA! Look at how his flood of cum is spilling down her chin. What kind of way is that to treat my Sir? If it were me, I'd swallow every last drop!

Had she thought about it, she would have been surprised to realize how quickly she'd internalized the use of the word "Sir." Somehow, she found it perfectly fitting, as if she'd been calling him that all along.

He looked down and watched his relatively light-skinned dick going in and out of Simone's still-pumping mouth, even while he buckled and shivered all over. He let out a contented sigh as a great orgasmic peak hit him and then slowly passed.

He thought, I'm not sure what this says for race relations and if this is politically correct or not, but Jesus, I really love watching someone so dark taking me deep. She loves it so much, and she's got such a talented pair of lips! God, life is good!bender

He was even more tanned than Katherine (though nowhere as tanned as Heather); nonetheless, his cock practically seemed pale by comparison while surrounded by Simone's dark nursing lips.

Chapter 973 Heather Planning.

When Simone finished, she gasped, "Son of a bitch! Alan! Now I can see what everyone's been raving about! Your cum does have the most amazing taste."

"Everyone?"

Simone explained, "Ever since Amy started raving about you, your fucking skills have been one of the most popular girl's locker room topics, especially after the other cheerleaders pretty much confirmed how great you are. I think you're right: being your bitch-training assistant is a great idea!"

She extended her tongue back toward his groin, greedily cleaning him. Then she started sucking his penis and balls completely dry, mostly in hopes of enjoying more of his delicious cum.

Meanwhile, Heather put on bored airs and began wiping herself down with a towel, since she was sweaty from all the sexual activity. She didn't want the other two to see how disappointed she was that she didn't get any of his cum, not to mention that he wasn't going to fuck her ass before leaving. She'd been counting on that ass-fucking all weekend long.

She said to him with her usual bitchy tone, "Alan, when-"

"Sir," he interrupted.

She rolled her eyes - now that she was coming down from her erotic high, she wasn't so keen on calling him that. "Sir, when you took away my theater room key, you created a problem. Where is my cheerleading squad supposed to practice from now on? What are we supposed to do for sixth period today? I think it's best if you make me a key so we can keep practicing in this room."

She was again being forced to play dumb and hide the fact she had her own copy of the key, for fear he would figure out that she'd already duplicated it.

He hadn't thought about the complication of cheerleading practice when he took the key, but he didn't want to show any sign of weakness in front of Heather. He said, "First of all, it's not your key, or your squad. Whose cheerleader squad is it? Who owns all of their cunts?"

Heather thought, and then answered, "You do." She shivered lustily as she realized that she really meant it.

Alan glared sternly at Heather, catching her off guard and putting her on the defensive. "Simone, what mistake did Heather make just now?"

Simone paused in her ministrations to Alan's balls and penis long enough to reply, "She forgot the 'sir'." She then returned to her oral search for any more of his stray juices she might have missed. Although she couldn't find any, she loved licking his penis even when it was flaccid. His power-play over Heather had greatly impressed and aroused her, to the point that she was still riding the resulting erotic buzz.

"You do, Sir!" Heather quickly said, before Alan could berate her any more for continued failure to comply with his orders.

"Correct." He knew that his claim to "own" all the cheerleaders wasn't actually true. In particular, his control of Joy and Janice was limited at best. He made a note to try to improve that soon. He wasn't really very keen on Joy and Janice, since he had so many other more beautiful women to have fun with, but he liked the idea of having the entire cheerleading squad firmly under his control.

He said, "I'll loan Katherine or Amy the key for today, and the three of us will discuss it and let you know what we decide concerning how to handle this issue in the future. End of discussion. I will forgive the fact that you called me 'Alan' and not 'Sir' a moment ago because I may not have explained myself properly. But you will call me 'Sir' at all times from now on, unless I say otherwise."

Heather complained, "But what am I supposed to do in front of other people? You don't expect me to call you that in class, do you? Sir?" She just barely remembered to add the 'Sir' at the end.

"Of course I do. However, since you have such a ridiculously huge ego, you may say it sarcastically in front of others, if that helps you save face. But such a tone of voice will result in strict punishment if you try it with me in private."

Heather didn't know how to respond to that. She was pissed off, yet greatly aroused at the same time. So she merely nodded, while she watched Simone continue to clean Alan's crotch. It was completely clean now, but Simone still didn't want to pull away. The dual blowjob had obviously been a very intense experience for her.

Finally, Heather said, "Now I have to go to my fifth-period class. Just how am I supposed to sit down, Sir?"

"Heather, that goes into the category of 'not my problem.' If you enjoy sitting down, I recommend greater obedience in the future. And if you haven't already been preparing your ass with butt plugs, I recommend you start right away. You and Simone meet me here twenty minutes before school tomorrow and you'll find out why. Actually, better make that thirty. I might want to play with your body a little bit. Plus, Heather, I want your ass crack shaved immediately, because you have a wee bit of hair in your ass crack. And make sure to have an enema before school."

"An enema?! That's disgusting!" Heather couldn't even begin to disguise her shock at the very idea.

"You heard me. If you're into anal sex, then get used to it. If you like anal sex, and it goes without saying that you do, you're going to need to get used to taking enemas to keep yourself cleaned out and your butt ready for stuffing and fucking. I don't want to run into anything unpleasant in there, if you know what I mean. Somehow I suspect that the worst thing that could happen is that you'll start liking them and want to do them more often than necessary simply because they make you feel good back there."

Heather kept silent, but her face showed complete revulsion. Shit. Now I've got to shave my ass crack AND my pussy AND have a daily enema AND call him "Sir" and so much more! Where do the indignities end?! Yesterday, Simone told me that shaving my bush for him symbolized that he now owns and control my body. What if she's right?! I've got to fight back somehow! Nobody bests a Morgan woman!

Alan turned to Simone. "Please make sure that Heather gets her minimum daily enema. Administer it yourself if you have to. Maybe you can use the girl's locker room before school or something. In any case, I want you to verify she does it with your own eyes."

Simone's eyes widened, but then she looked over at her friend and gave a slightly naughty smile.

Heather wondered if she was actually seeing Simone licking her chops at the prospect of complying with this latest order, or just imagining it.

"Oh, and one more thing. Simone, do you have any significant other at the moment?"

"As a matter of fact, no. I just recently broke up with one of the football players."bender

"Good. Keep it that way. I don't mind you having sex with others if you can prove that they're clean, but if you pick a new boyfriend, you'll have to choose between him and me. Especially avoid the football players. As you know, I'm having a bit of a battle with some of them at the moment. Heather is helping me out there, and it goes without saying that we need your support as well."

"Of course." Simone was surprised that she said that. Immediately afterwards, she thought, Why the hell am I letting him help pick who my boyfriend is?! But she didn't complain out loud.

"Good. And remember: you're either in my sexual circle or out of it; there's no in-between. I was lax before, but that's how it's going to have to be from now on. For now, stick to lesbian sex with Heather and the other cheerleaders, and come see me about adding anyone else. Heather, the same goes for you. I'm pretty busy with other women myself, so don't count on me to fully satisfy your or Heather's sexual desires. In the next few days, we'll see about widening your circle and getting you some more cock if you need it."

Heather was strangely disappointed to hear that. She wanted all Alan, all the time. But at the same time, she realized that was probably unrealistic, at least for him.

Simone unabashedly said, "Oh, I'll definitely need it. I'm nearly as insatiable as Heather and I'm not afraid or ashamed to admit that. And as much as I love Heather, I do need a man, and it sounds like you're pretty busy."

Alan gave a firm nod, but thought, Now what am I getting myself into? I'm hoping to put Heather and Sean together, but who will I pair with Simone? I need another apprentice or something, but my mind is drawing a total blank on who it could be. I just don't know that many good guys these days since most of my friendships have faded. It would be great if I could hook her up with my one other good male friend, Peter, but he's short and chubby, and frankly, not handsome. I don't think she'd go for that. Huh. Well, I'll worry about that later. Things have a way of working out for me lately.

Heather soon left for class, followed by Simone a short time later. Heather made sure to leave first, so she wouldn't have to talk to Simone about what they'd just done. Even thinking about it humiliated her tremendously, especially when she remembered the bold claims she'd made to Simone over the weekend about how she was going to turn Alan into her "boy toy."

Heather couldn't stop thinking about what had happened as she made her way towards her locker. Students scurried out of her path (even more than they usually did) at the sight of her annoyed scowl. Her backside was burning from the spanking it had taken. The friction of her tight shorts on her naked ass cheeks only fanned the flames scorching her butt. Yet her asshole remained thoroughly unfucked, which did nothing to improve her mood.

Somehow, she found herself in a kind of love-struck trance when she was around Alan, at least on some primitive level. That bothered her. She could still complain about things, but she seemed ultimately helpless to resist any of his commands. However, as soon as she left the room, her usual bitchy personality reasserted herself.

I must have been out of my mind not to have punched him in the face! He's gone way too far this time, even for him! An enema? Shave my ass? "Sir"?! He turned my very best friend against me with that goddamned talented cock of his, and then just to rub it in he made me lick his asshole! Not to mention the way he made me crawl. And after all that, he didn't even fuck my ass. The fucking ingrate! I deserved a good ass fuck, dammit!

This is all too much. I need revenge. Revenge! He needs a serious kick in the head. A kick in the balls is more like it! I'll go along with his plans for now so he won't suspect anything, but tomorrow I'm going to get him back somehow.

Glory. She's the key. Since I hate her guts even worse than his arrogance, I've got to find a way to spoil their fun together. I can kill two birds with one stone and get both of them with one well-placed act of revenge! Ha! I need to remove her from the picture so I can have Alan on MY terms... What to do, what to do? So many delightful possibilities... Watch out, Papa Smurf, no one messes with Heather and gets away with it!

She strutted down the hallway, catching everyone's attention with a neckline scandalously plunging towards her belly button. A smile replaced her scowl. In fact, her face was filled with swagger and confidence as if she owned the school, because in her own mind her revenge on Alan and Glory was a done deal. No one could have possibly imagined that mere minutes earlier she'd been crawling naked on the floor, begging her "ass master" for more abuse.

Meanwhile, Alan looked at the clock. To his surprise, he discovered there was still almost ten minutes left before he had to be in his next class.

As he checked to make sure the door was locked, he thought, All in all, that went really well. Astonishingly well, in fact. The surprising thing is that I didn't plan any of it. Not even a single word! It's funny how things always seem to come together where Heather's training is concerned, as if I know exactly what I'm doing. True, I started slow, mishandling the whole shaved bush thing, but I made up for it later. All I'm really good at in this and everything else is thinking and acting quickly on my feet. They both probably thought that double blowjob was some carefully thought out thing based on long established domination practices, and that I knew their animalistic, aggressive sexiness was going to happen in advance.

But in fact it totally blew MY mind, too! As a matter of fact, in my post-Susan-fuck daze, I didn't even remember that I wanted to meet Heather for lunch to start her training. And even though I didn't get Heather's ass training started - since I naturally forgot the dildos, too! - I think I reasserted and solidified my control over her. I can't let up with her for even one day, or precious work will be undone. I can see Mondays are going to be a problem unless I can figure out a way to remotely keep her bitchiness in check over the weekend.

I hope I can keep up the act of the veteran ass tamer, because all hope of changing Heather will be lost if she gets even a hint that I'm a fraud, and that I'm just really good at winging it. I should probably check the Internet tonight and read up so I can actually plan ahead for once. There must be someone out there who's done this kind of thing before to truly help someone change their personality, or have I totally gone off my rocker into some weird zone where only freaks go, purely for freaky, selfish pleasures? Is this all just an excuse to fuck her ass and call her names? Has the "Bad Alan" won already?

Chapter 974 Suzanne

Susan lay nude in her bed.

Suzanne sat on the edge of the bed, hovering over her new sister like a nurse looking over a sick patient.

However, Susan wasn't sick, she was just tired. She'd slept past noon, and then took a long hot bath. Then she called Suzanne to come over and then lay in her bed waiting for her to arrive. She now had the energy to go do things, but she felt so lazy that she just wanted to stay in bed.

Suzanne looked down with concern. "How you doing?" She was still dressed in her outside world clothes, as she'd rushed to Susan's side as soon as she'd gotten a call to come over. She was concerned for her friend.

"Good, physically. It's the mental part that worries me." She drew her finger in invisible circles around her temple, making the sign for craziness. "I'm officially Coo-Coo for cock n' nuts."

Suzanne burst into laughter at Susan's word play on a famous breakfast cereal slogan. "I love this new sense of humor that's shown up with your sexual liberation... My God, he drained you that good? You're still reeling?"

Susan smiled a bit naughtily. "As a matter of fact, he did. But that's not my problem right now - it's that I'm so addicted. Now that I've had him in me, I must have him again and again! I thought last night would quench my need for a while, at least a few days, but it's only redoubled it! I'm such a hopeless nympho. If his fat stick isn't sliding between my legs, or at least in and out of one of my holes or between my tits, then life seems pale and meaningless. But I've been so bad."

Susan then went on and explained the events of the morning, focusing on how she'd cheated Katherine by stealing a fuck away from her. She played up her role to be as dastardly as she could make it, because she felt particularly remorseful at the moment.

Suzanne mostly just listened, but she scooted down the bed and pulled the sheets away so she could massage Susan's legs. That was a much appreciated gesture.

When Susan finished her story, Suzanne knew it was her turn to speak. She said, "Susan, I know exactly how you feel, it's just that the emotions you're feeling are magnified since you were essentially a vaginal virgin. Ron's small, limp dick hardly counts. You're going a little bit overboard as you discover how good sex can really be. One good thing is that in time your need will lessen after the novelty wears off. But I've often been through what you're going through today - that feeling of withdrawal, the suffering of not getting solidly nailed. I've been going through it all weekend in the worst way, as you know. Luckily, I've come up with some coping strategies. The main thing is that you just have to get used to it. There's only one Alan, and there's four of us, plus all his other women."

Suzanne looked at the clock next to the bed. "Look. It's near the end of lunch at school right now. I'll bet he's drilling a cunt right now." She wasn't far off - Alan had gotten a great dual blowjob from Heather and Simone just a few minutes earlier.

Susan just moaned in pleasure at that. Her heart was filled with pride at the idea of her son having his pick of the best teen pussy and fucking them in secret during lunch while everyone else just ate. She also ardently hoped that he was banging as many teachers and staff as were Alan-worthy.

Suzanne continued, "Given the royal, deluxe fucking you got, I'm sure you'll agree that it's only fair that the others get their chance today. In fact, some resentment has been building that you get an unfair share, what with your nightly goodnight kiss and cocksuck, the Tuesday tradition, before school fun, and more." She cleverly talked about "the others" as if she was neutral in the matter, when in fact she was talking about herself as much as anyone, if not more.

But even the completely trusting Susan picked up on that fact. "Do you resent me, too?"

"Of course. Not all the time, but sometimes. You know how cuntally-focused I am, and after last night I think you can begin to see why. Nothing beats getting a vagina filled to the brim with a stiff, meaty, and oh-so-slippery organ! Having to just listen and watch last night was tough. But I also love you dearly, and I understand you, and forgive you. There's bound to be jealousies. But if you would try to make it fairer, it would be better for the harem dynamic. We all know how much Alan loves you and your scorching hot body, and he's going to tend to choose you the most. You know I've had some issues at being the second fiddle, and it's a difficult issue for me. It'll take time for me to get over my resentments relating to that alone. So please try to understand our needs a bit more, and don't monopolize him so much, okay?"

Susan squirmed around and complained, "But it's so haaaard! I want to be filled! Drilled! Pounded! He needs to drown me in his thick cum!" She moaned some more as she scissored her thighs together in memory of the night before, temporarily kicking Suzanne's hands away.

"I know, I know. I feel the same. But let's be realistic and look at the numbers. If we look long-term, he's probably going to average about six climaxes a day. He's doing better than that right now, but he's bound to settle down a bit once the initial excitement wears off. He may even not regularly make six. So with Brenda and all the outside pussy and whatnot, that means the four of us will probably only get approximately one of his climaxes a day. There will even be days you don't get any!"

Susan moaned louder than before, but in extreme distress this time. She was acting as if all she could do was moan and lay in bed to get fucked, but that was just her laziness. She focused on the pleasures of Suzanne's hands kneading her thighs for a while, but finally added, "How will I endure? If I can't help myself, like this morning, there's going to be big trouble."

Suzanne replied confidently, "There's only one option. Obviously, we can't have any other man. The very idea disgusts me."

"Obviously!"

"And we can't go without sex. That's like going without air, now that we've fully tasted these joys as a family. So to bide our time, us femmes need to fuck each other more often. I know we've talked about this before, but we need to do it a LOT more often, and we haven't been. Which leads me to coping strategies. These morning sessions with you every day have been vital for me keeping my sanity. If it weren't for you fingering and doing me with a strap-on almost every morning this past week, I think I would have died from pure fuck need."

"That's true," Susan agreed. "We should play around some right now."

Suzanne paused and her eyes brightened, filled with anticipation. "You mean it? You're up for it?"

"Sure," Susan answered with growing enthusiasm. "I told you I'm feeling better now. I was just bummed, that's all."

"Woo-hoo! It's Susan time!" Suzanne suddenly stood up and began to peel her clothes off. For once, she actually had on a bra and panties to remove, and she took them off so vigorously that they almost ripped. She enthused, "Susan, this is one of my favorite parts of the day! God, I love sex!" She playfully stuck out her freakishly long tongue and winked.

"I noticed," Susan answered wryly. "I love it too. But the problem is I love it too much. We need to do something different today. We're always talking about Alan, and when we fuck, one of us is usually pretending to be him. In my current state that would only drive me mad with desire. Plus, most of my body has recovered, but my cunt is still tender. Otherwise, believe me, I would have been fingering it before you even got here. I can't get any relief today!" bender

"Not true," Suzanne replied knowingly. "This gets to the issue of coping strategies. We have to be clever. For instance, your ass is fine, isn't it?"

Susan huffed, "Unfortunately. He didn't even fuck it once last night!"

Suzanne smiled, "Now, Susan, what did I say? Don't be so greedy or it'll just generate more resentment. You know he didn't only because you wanted him to do your cunt instead. I figured your asshole would be your best hole today, so look what I brought." She pulled out an anal dildo she'd thoughtfully picked up from the underwear cabinet on her way in.

Susan rolled over eagerly so Suzanne could insert it. "You're the greatest best friend and sister ever! I promise I'll try my best to share with you and the others more; it's the least I can do for such wonderful and thoughtful people like you. But in the meantime, how can I make you happy? You're probably as hard up for some Tiger cock as I am."

"Worse! It's only been hours for you; it's been four vaginally un-fucked days for me. I don't count that game of 'Fuck Fuck Goose' that he played on Friday where he stuck it in a few times - it's not the same unless he delivers a load, as I'm sure you'll agree. But leave it to me. First I'll take care of your need, and then you can take care of mine."

Chapter 975 Butt Plug Up Her Ass

Suzanne removed the butt plug Susan had stuffed inside herself earlier in the morning and pressed the anal dildo she'd brought against Susan's back hole. It wasn't as big as Alan's penis, but it was still a fairly good size. Susan sat up while still face down and spread her ass cheeks to help ease its entry into her needy backside.

Once the head of the dildo was past Susan's outer sphincter, Suzanne said, "Now, Mom, we need to come up with the occasional non-Alan fantasy from time to time, and try to have more of a lesbian focus. I've got a good one for you. Will you trust me and allow me to share my fantasies uninterrupted?"

"Uh!" Susan grunted because Suzanne was starting to press the anal dildo further in. But she recovered and replied, "Sure. Well, as long as it doesn't have any other men in it, does it?"

"Of course not. You know I'm not going to cheat on my Sweetie, not even in my mind. No, I've been thinking a lot about Glory these days."

Susan asked anxiously, "Should we be talking about her? Tiger said we should be careful not to even mention her name when we're just by ourselves. We don't want her to lose her job."

"Oh, come on. We're all alone. We couldn't be any more alone. It's perfectly safe."bender

"I suppose so."

"I'm sure you're as aware as I am that Alan is going to talk to her after school today. She may turn him down for all we know."

"No!" Susan gasped, as if Suzanne had uttered a blasphemy. "My Tiger is irresistible! He'll fuck her into submission, I'm sure. I'm not worried." As if in emphasis, Susan thrust her hips back forcefully and took more of the anal dildo in Suzanne's hand into her depths.

"Susan, let's face reality. He has a really great thing going on with the women around him these days, but he's hardly irresistible. Just look at Christine and how she turned him down. Or look at Akami. She's been fucked a good number of times now, and sure, she loves it, but it's not like the second coming for her, the way it is for you and me. If she never sees him again she won't be hopelessly crushed."

Susan shot Suzanne an angry look. "FOOL! What's her problem? Actually, now that I think about it, she's only about B-cup material. So obviously the Big Tits Theory doesn't apply to her. She's not worthy to join the harem."

"But Susan, the point is that Glory may say no today. She's different than us." Suzanne tried to sound reasonable as she pumped the anal dildo slowly with measured strokes in and out of Susan's tightly clapping anus. "She was raised with conservative moral values, but not so over the top like you that deep down she wants to rebel against her upbringing. I've been thinking a lot about this, and I have my suspicions that indeed that's what may happen, that she's going to turn him down." She couldn't tell Susan about her meeting with Glory over the weekend. "So, if that's what happens, what will you do?"

Susan sat up briefly and clenched her fists. Her asshole clamped down mightily on the dildo buried inside it. "Oooh! Don't get me started! If Glory knows what's good for her, she'd better spread her-"

"Hold it right there," Suzanne interrupted. "Now comes the fantasy part. I know you don't want to stand idly by if she rejects him. So I'm going to get a little bit more comfy and imagine what you and I might do to her. If she turns him down we can right that wrong in our fantasy. But remember this is just a fantasy only, okay? Fantasy! I am not recommending we actually do this."

"Okay," Susan grumbled. She was still steamed, worked up by the suggestion that Glory might turn Alan down and fail to cater to his every sexual whim.

Suzanne lay down naked on top of Susan (who was still lying face down). She resumed slowly pumping the anal dildo and groped at Susan's large tits as best she could, considering they were mostly pressed into the bed. "So imagine that Alan walks out of Glory's classroom today. We meet him there in the hall and see his sad face. He doesn't need to say anything - it's obvious that she's turned him down. That's unacceptable!"

Susan emphatically seconded the notion, pounding the bed with her hand. "Completely unacceptable!"

"Are we just going to stand there and let him down? No!"

Susan was easily worked up on this topic. She exclaimed, "No! Our master gets what he wants! If his fucking Glory means he fucks me less, then so be it! It is his right to take what belongs to him, and he owns her, body and soul! She's a fool if she doesn't realize it yet. A FOOL!" She pounded the bed some more.

Suzanne chuckled. She waited until Susan finished her mini-tantrum, and then slowly resumed pistoning the anal dildo into her spastically gripping asshole. "We'll never get to the fantasy at this rate. Let me speed things up. We'll burst into Glory's classroom and confront her. Alan follows us back in, concerned about what we'll do. Of course, there's a problem: the three of us women are all his natural nymphos, yet we're completely dressed! We're even wearing underwear. That's not right. So before we can talk to Glory we have to get her, and ourselves, naked. She doesn't take kindly to that idea, and in fact strongly resists. She screams bloody murder and tries to fight you and I off, but there's two of us and only one of her. Before long, we rip all her clothes off!"

"Serves her right, the ungrateful wench," Susan sneered. "But what about our Sweetie Tiger? He's such a kind soul. He doesn't fully understand his pussy rights yet. Certainly he would defend her honor, when in fact he should be hammering her with his stiffness while we get the rest of her clothes off."

"That's where Katherine and Amy come in. Together they hold their brother down and keep him occupied by vigorous dual cocksucking, scrotum fondling, anus fingering, and more. Before long, he's too overwhelmed with erotic ecstasy to even stand."

"Oh good! I feel better, so long as someone is doing something to his cock and keeping it hard and happy. But where did they come from?"

"I just added them in. It's a fantasy. Let's say they got held up with something and made a late entrance. Now can I continue?"

Susan smiled. "Sorry."

"That's okay. Before long, Glory, you, and I are all in the buff. Now we can talk to her, but we still need to put her in the right frame of mind. So we bring the Televibe that Alan so ably used on her last week, and put it up her cunt and ass, just like he did. Now, finally, we're willing to hear what she has to say. It's the usual stuff. She complains that she could lose her job. I offer to buy out the rest of her contract and pay her double, using our soon to be new Brenda fortune. But still she wavers. So we bring her to where Amy is sucking Alan off while Katherine holds him down. We hold her and give her a front row seat. Then we just let her watch for a while."

"Is she still struggling some, or can we watch too?"

"No, she's stopped. Her cunt is sopping wet just from the struggle, but you and I take turns checking to make sure it stays that way, if you know what I mean." Suzanne winked, then licked Susan's ear and wiggled the anal dildo around suggestively. "We seem to both particularly 'check' her clit quite a lot."

"Oooh! I like. What do we all see?" Susan asked gleefully. "Describe in great detail!"

Suzanne gave a mock sigh. "You and blowjobs. You can never get enough of 'em. Okay. You know how Alan's cock is. You've explored every one of its eight incredible inches with your lips and tongue so many times. You know and love his sweet cum taste better than the taste of any food. But I should point out that seeing Glory being held naked against her will by the two of us makes him even harder than usual! Of course, she's not REALLY being held against her will, or she could have easily gotten free at any time, or truly given a shrill scream for help instead of breathy screams of ecstasy. Even though her tits are on

the small side and she doesn't fall into the same fuckable class as you and I, I'll concede that all that surfing made her pretty strong, with just the right amount of muscle tone to be quite sexy."

It should be noted that Glory's C-cups were only "on the small side" from the recent perspective of someone like Suzanne. With her own G-cups and nothing smaller than D-cupped females all around her most of the day, her perspective was quite biased.

Suzanne elaborated, "In fact, he's so excited by the whole scene that his cock grows an extra inch."

"Can it DO that?" Susan asked, gullibly.

"This is just a fantasy, remember? In fact, it grows TWO extra inches. Our pussies are just deep enough to fit his normal penis all the way, but they can't fit his ten-inch monster! It's long and thick, as always, and so stiff that it's like it's been encased in a plaster cast. But Amy is nothing to scoff at. I'm sure you're as proud as I am at how those Pestrige genes have been kicking in lately. I swear, her breasts are going to end up bigger than yours or mine! And that girl knows how to suck. She's been improving her cock-licking skills by leaps and bounds lately. Alan protests that he'd like to help Glory, but in fact there's no way he can resist when Amy's eager tongue is on his tool. She's just too good with it."

"Does she do the barber-pole move? That's one of my favorites."

"Sure. I'll have you know she's even getting good at tooth-scraping moves. And when her jaw gets tired, she has him fuck her new 36Es instead until her mouth is ready for more. Before long, Katherine doesn't even have to try hard to hold him down, so she grinds her cunt into his face instead."

"You go, girl! That's my Angel!" For Susan, the fantasy was so real she could almost see it and taste it.

"Yes, Mom, he's so hard that he's already spewing so much pre-cum, it's practically covering Amy's face! It's dribbling down onto her sizable hooters and of course her cleavage is heavily slicked up with it. I can't wait to get my hands on my daughter's twin beauties tonight, but I digress. Meanwhile, Glory is watching intently. We push her closer and closer to paradise: our Sweetie's tool. At first you and I are just holding her arms, but as she is slowly consumed by lust, we both start idly exploring her perky tits with our fingers. And I've got the Televibe controls, and I'm slowly ramping up the settings. Soon, she's so lost in an erotic haze that she doesn't even notice when we take out the Televibe and plug her holes with our fingers instead!"

"Oh, God, Mother! That's so hot! Fuck my butt harder, just like you're fucking Glory's butt with your fingers! She's so HOT! I've met her a number of times at the school. VERY Alan-worthy! She's so tight and muscular, like you said! I'm sure her cunt is equally tight, too!"

"It is! At least in my fantasy. While I'm fucking her butt, you're fucking her steamy cunt with two fingers. But she hardly even notices, because I say to her, right into her ear, 'Tell me you don't love that cock in front of you, Glory! Tell me that it doesn't belong in your hole, any hole. Every hole! Tell me that you don't want that big wad of cum that's about to explode like a volcano into my daughter's mouth! Tell me you don't want to feel his throbbing, veiny hotness in your hands. If that's the case we'll just leave you alone now and for all time. Is that what you want, to sit at home alone watching TV instead of worshipping Alan's cock with your lips, tongue, hands, and cunt? Actually, that's probably for the best, because prudes like you are bad cocksuckers and even worse fucks. Go on Amy, lick and jack that hard cock until his sperm splashes all over your tonsils, because Glory doesn't want it or deserve it.'"

Suzanne further explained, "I've heard that Glory has a strong competitive streak, so naturally she can't ignore that challenge. She grabs his erection and says, 'Gimme that!' Then she looks back at you and me and says, 'I'll show you cocksucking! Alan didn't know what real pleasure was until he tried my deep throating!' Then she takes him deep, deep, deep! His cock is completely gone, because she's taken the whole thing down to the root! Her lips are up against his balls!"

"Time out, time out," Susan complained. "Is that true? Does she really deep throat, and do it that well?" She felt very inadequate on this matter; although she'd been practicing, she still hadn't managed to deep throat Alan even once. She'd been thinking about doing it the night before, but it never happened.

Suzanne was getting increasingly excited by her own story, and worked the anal dildo deeper into Susan while diddling her own clit. "Yes, I'm afraid. Alan was telling me all about it on Thursday, while I was practicing my own deep throating techniques on him, that time I was giving him the sexual tips. It seems she can jack him off, suck him off, jack him off with her tongue wrapped around his cock, and delight him with the back of her mouth, all at once! I've tried it myself, and even though I can jack him off with my long tongue. I can't do all that at the same time. She's good!"

"There's just not enough cock," Susan pointed out. "Not even his ten long inches can fit a pumping hand and a cock completely down the throat." She felt doubly bad now, to be reminded that she didn't have a long tongue and couldn't jack a penis off with it. Only Glory, Xania, and Suzanne had the natural tools to do that well, and Glory just barely so.

"Yeah. I don't know how she does it. But she does, so she does in my fantasy, too."

Chapter 976 Fantasy Playthrough

Both Susan and Suzanne paused to ponder their own deep throating inadequacies, and both privately resolved to do better.

But Suzanne soon resumed the fantasy. "Now, here's where it gets even more fantastical. While she's doing that, she's so preoccupied it gives us our chance to really strike. She's complained to Alan multiple times how she isn't into lesbian sex in the slightest, and she won't be persuaded by mere words on that, but now we can convert her with action! We've got four women to go on her all at once. Personally, I find her quite scorchingly sexy, and now I get my chance. First, I'm gonna kiss her all over, but especially duel with her tongue. I know she's got a long and talented one. That'll be so excellent! And play some more with her perky little tits and firmly toned, ticklish tummy. And her sexy, curvy hips will be-

"But what do I do?" Susan whined impatiently.

"Okay, I'll switch to her ass and really rim her good, while you get your tongue working on her labia and your fingers busy with her clit! Amy and Katherine will go to town on her tits!"

"Okay! ... Oh. Damn."

"What?"

"Well, you got me so excited that I was raring to dive into her sweet snatch right now, but she's not actually here!"

"No, but you are excited, aren't you?" She was making very long and deep strokes with the anal dildo now.

"Oh, yeah! Completely! I've never had a fantasy like this one before. Please finger my pussy a little bit? I know it's sore, but it's soooo neeeddy..."

Suzanne giggled. She said as if really put out, her voice falling like a two-note foghorn, "Oooooh-kaaaay... You're a difficult one."

Susan turned on her side, allowing Suzanne to keep working the anal dildo while pumping two fingers into Susan's pussy and work her clit with her thumb resting on it.

Suzanne went on, "Glory doesn't have long to suck on that tasty, stiff treat, because even though Alan can last nearly forever with a beautiful big-titted babe inhaling his long cobra snake, few can do her deep throating tricks. So he unloads, shooting an endless geyser of man-cream into her mouth. Naturally she pulls it back towards her lips so she can taste every last drop before it disappears down her gullet. And right then, right as he's painting her mouth with gallons of cum, that's when we take advantage of her distraction and you come at her from behind with a strap-on!"

"OH!" Susan squealed excitedly.

"It's too much for everybody! Alan is spent, in more ways than one, and falls back to the floor, completely exhausted. Glory can't handle it either. At that moment she hits a peak of perfect erotic intensity, the likes of which she's never felt before. Something like your whole body orgasm, I imagine. Her whole body shudders in a great orgasmic earthquake and she too falls to the floor."

"And then?!"

"She comes to her senses a minute or two later, but only enough to realize that she has no less than eight female hands roaming all over her, exploring every last nook and crevice of her body. She complains, 'What are you doing? Stop it! Please, please, just stop!' But she doesn't mean it. In fact, her body has already had several orgasms since we started, and soon she has more, many more. The four of us women work diligently as a team to smash her resistance to lesbian loving. There's no way she stands a chance, especially after you really give it to her with the strap-on! Soon she's begging for more as she drowns in erotic joy!"

"Excellent! What does she say?"

Suzanne gave a wicked smile. "Well, she can't really talk, since her mouth has been stuffed with cock, and now that Alan's down for the count we keep it filled with fingers and tongues. But she does need to breathe every now and then, so we'll give her enough of a break to say, 'Yes! I'm a slut! A Plummer family bisexual slut! But it feels so good, so right! Please let me join your world! Let's fuck together for ever and ever!'"

Susan replied, "Yes, Glory, yes! Please do! We love you!" She turned to make eye contact with Suzanne and asked, "Can I do her in the ass, too? The way you're using that dildo makes me want to see something happen to her ass. I want to put the strap-on in there."

"No. Unfortunately, I hear she's really not into that. Wait, what am I saying? It's a fantasy, so sure, it turns out she secretly loves getting boned up the ass best of all!"

"Woo-hoo!"bender

Naturally, Suzanne put a new burst of energy into pistoning the anal dildo after this "revelation," and Susan fucked back with her hips as best she could.

After a minute or two of focusing entirely on her friend's ass, Suzanne went on with the fantasy. "But that's not all. By the time she's been reduced to a wet noodle, barely able to sit up, our well-hung hero has recovered! Since the naughty teacher can no longer stand, we hold her up, drag her over to a desk, and plop her ass up over it. He goes at her from the back, doggy-style, naturally. He fucks her so good that he completely shatters her world. The rest of us stand back and watch with longing as we remember the times he's done that to each of us. Even as he fucks her deeper into the desk, she freely declares that she belongs to him and the family. She says something like... well, you can probably do it better than me. What would she say?"

Susan's eyes lit up and she turned her head to make eye contact with Suzanne while thrusting her hips. "Oooh! Thanks! This is fun! Glory shouts, 'Alan has tamed my cunt! He's fully tamed it! I belong to him now! There is no greater joy on this Earth than being fucked by this teenage super stud! His joy is my joy! And if that means that I have to go totally lesbo to amuse him, I will! But I'll do it anyway because I love my new sisters and daughters, too. I long to fuck them all in incestuous mad love until the end of time! Thank you so much, everyone, for molesting me and tearing down my prudish walls. Alan, my master, my lord, I love you! I need you! Your teacher now is your complete slave! I beg you to take me into the Plummer family as your newest fuck toy amusement!'"

Suzanne laughed. "Well, that's a bit over the top, and Glory would never say that in a million years. In fact, it sounds exactly like something you would really say to him, now that I think about it. But this is a fantasy, after all, so anything goes."

But she thought to herself, I really need to somehow undo her more extreme attitudes before she gets me making a speech like that in real life. I'm already more than halfway there. Her enthusiasm is just so infectious! She needs to understand that you don't need to be totally submissive to show the intensity of your total love and devotion. Ditto with Katherine. And as for Brenda, well, I think she's a hopeless case on that subject.

Nevertheless, Suzanne continued after only a brief pause, "So Alan naturally agrees to all that, and accepts her into his harem. Of course she can't fully join until Alan properly marks her, so he takes turns fucking all of our cunts, but each time he's ready to shoot he pulls out and unloads on her face. He does it repeatedly until she looks like she's been hit by a semen pie."

Susan eagerly raised her hands. "Oooh! I call dibs on cleaning up the sperm pie with my tongue!" She much preferred the word "sperm" to "semen" and subtly tried to get the others to use it more.

Suzanne laughed again. "You got it. I call dibs on his next real cum load, though, if we can call dibs. Anyhow, the six of us make love long into the night, right there in her classroom. The next day, Glory leaves her apartment and moves in with us. We all live together happily ever after. The end."

Susan clapped enthusiastically. "Yeay! Woo-hoo! Encore!" She held up both thumbs as if they were cigarette lighters and she was in a concert arena, lighting them to hear another number. She was right on the verge of a big climax, too, and said, "More cunt fingering too! Please? Rub it raw!"

Suzanne laughed even more. "Now, Susan, I want to really emphasize that this is only a fantasy. It would never happen in real life and if we tried it we'd probably all be hauled away to jail for rape and who knows what else. I'm fairly convinced that Glory really quite simply isn't bisexual, and in any case it's her right to accept or reject him. I assume you've been plotting to take action if she says no?"

Susan blushed. "Well, yeah."

Suzanne shook her head in slight dismay. "What have you been planning? No, wait. I don't want to know. I don't see your aggressive side much, but when I do it's frighteningly intense. And it's been showing up a lot more often lately. You didn't go ballistic on Christine when she turned Alan down."

"That's because I didn't understand Alan's pussy rights back then. Although, now that I think about it, Christine's tits are big enough for the Big Tits Theory to apply to her, which means--"

Suzanne closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose with her hand in frustration. "My mistake for bringing her up. Please don't even go there. Just promise me that you'll keep your Glory plans as fantasies and leave it up to the two of them to sort things out for themselves."

"Awww. You're totally raining on my parade. You get me so excited, and then you say that. You know that something like that fantasy SHOULD happen. It's what's right. It's what's natural! If he loves her, and he does, then she needs to take her proper place in the harem and her proper place on her knees before him! Her life can be an endless pleasure of unconditional love and mind-blowing lust, just like it is for the rest of us."

"I know, but maybe she doesn't want that. Maybe she wants her teaching career and other things. Sitting around the house as one of the idle rich, doing nothing but fucking all day, isn't for everyone. Maybe she's just not mentally open to that for whatever reason. I have my troubles with the submission issue, but for her I think it might be a deal breaker. Let's not push her, and for God's sake, don't try to seduce her! Please don't even try to talk to her. Your mental state... well, let's just say that you've drifted from the norm lately. What seems reasonable to you might strike her as psycho, to be blunt about it. If she even just knew we were fantasizing about her like this, she would completely freak out and whatever chance he has with her would be ruined. He's said he wants to deal with this himself. So will you promise to let him?"

Susan sighed. "Oh, okay. For now. If that's what he insists on, then we must obey. We can give him some time and some space and see how things go. But I won't be happy until she's joined us."

"There, there." Suzanne rubbed her friend's shoulder sympathetically. "I'll tell you what. Since I cooled you down right as you were about to have another great climax, why don't I suckle on your nips for a while? That always gets you off. I did a hasty job when you came home from dropping the kids off from school, given that you were so tired, but I can do a proper job now. Actually, before you do that, I'm hoping you can play with me for a while, too. You can pretend I'm Glory in the fantasy! But you've got to stroke and fondle me at the same time. I need to get off some more too. And then, when we're done with that, I want to hear one of your non-Alan fantasies while we think up some even more fun ways to play with each other!"

Susan laughed, and said jokingly, "Just another typical soccer mom day." More seriously, she pondered, "How did I used to spend my days? Wasting all my time with minor errands and meaningless social obligations. Sad. I suppose we do have to eat lunch at some point, but that can wait a little longer. However, there is one big flaw in your action plan: I have no non-Alan fantasies. Truly."

Suzanne was amused, because she knew it was true. "Okay then, make up a bisexual fantasy like mine that hasn't got so much Alan in it. Maybe it can be another Glory one. Oooh! I have an idea. Imagine that you and I are teenage girls again, and we're in some kind of girls-only class being taught by Glory, like Home Economics. Only the hottest girls like Heather are there with us."

Susan sighed again. "Mother, you have such a better imagination than I do, but I'll try my best. Of course Alan has to be in that class too. And can I keep my adult-sized boobs?"

"Mom, it's a fantasy, already. You can make them larger if you want. And mine definitely have to be at least G-cups!" Suzanne laughed. "You can have yours fully lactating and have Alan and Katherine milk you right there in the middle of the class. You can do anything!"

"I love it! All right! But first, let's do the milking right now!" Susan sat forward and thrust her tits towards Suzanne's face.

Suzanne looked at her friend with love, and said, "Life is so much better with you, my sister. And I don't just mean sexually. That's just one tiny part of it."

Susan simply replied, "I know." They kissed passionately and deeply.

Chapter 977 Alan The Great Sage

Dealing with the likes of Glory and Heather as frequently as Alan did, he rarely had any free time between classes at school. This was especially true today when he'd missed his first three classes. However, there was one thing he wanted to do, and the time left before lunch ended was possibly the

only time to do it, and that was to talk to Sean. He hurried away from the theater room to find and talk to his friend.

Sean was exactly where Alan had thought he would be, sitting at the same table in the cafeteria with the same group of guys that he sat with every school day. Alan used to sit there with them most days too, before his six-times-a-day diagnosis changed his life.

Alan didn't have time to mess around given that there was less than ten minutes until fifth period started, so he walked right up to Sean and said to the group, "Hey, how goes it everyone?" After a few "long time, no see" type comments, Alan said, "Sean, can I speak to you in private for a sec?" and quickly walked off, heading for the door to the outside. Sean got up and followed him.

"Hey, man!" Sean said, rushing to keep up. "Great to see you, but what's the hurry? Where are we going?"

Alan slowed down, now that he was outside. "I don't know. Just out. I want to be somewhere we can talk freely, because everyone will see and hear in there. If your friends ask what that was all about, tell them I had a real urgent test question I had to ask you."

"Hey, they're your friends too."

"They were," Alan said sadly as he saw a bench that seemed safe from eavesdroppers and sat down on it. His legs muscles still hurt a bit and all the rushing around had worn him out again. "Peter, maybe, I hope I can keep as a friend. For the others, my life has just changed too much." He thought about where he'd been just five minutes ago, naked with Simone and Heather, and absentmindedly shook his head no, as if he himself couldn't believe it. "Anyways, we've gotta hurry to class. I wanted to get the lowdown on your weekend."

Sean sat down too. A big smile crossed his face at the change of topic. "Sweet! I was hoping you'd ask that. Dude, it was as awesome as The Fellowship of the Ring and Star Wars: A New Hope, combined!"

Alan stifled a guffaw at that extremely nerdy comparison, but Sean was too excited to notice.

Sean went on, "Way better, in fact! Shit, it beat the whole Star Wars movie series and every episode of Babylon 5, and then some!"

Alan said, while laughing good-naturedly, "I take it you enjoyed yourself. But what exactly happened?"

"Dude! Xania told me you two have done the deed, so obviously I don't have to describe what she's like to you. But duuuuude! She's too much! She's such a babe that she's almost as sweet as Heather."bender

Alan mentally noted that that was extremely high praise indeed from Sean, considering that Sean had practically worshipped the ground Heather walked on pretty much since entering high school. Personally, Alan found Xania more attractive than the admittedly very attractive Heather, especially since he knew Xania wasn't enhanced by plastic surgery like Heather was. He asked, "But what did you do?"

"What did we do? Dude! We did the nasty! Over and over! I don't want to get too graphic here, but the first day, I went wild on her FOUR TIMES! And the second day, yesterday, FIVE TIMES! I'm still recovering. Man! It was intense!"

Again, Alan had to hold back a laugh that Sean was so impressed with himself because he'd climaxed five times in a single day. After what Alan went through the night before with Susan, a mere five times seemed like a sex-free holiday. But he kept his mouth shut.

Sean continued enthusiastically, "Man, it was just like I was an actor in a porn film. She was hot and needy. Like, she let me cum all over her face, and then she just left it there! And then she had me fuck her AGAIN! I felt like a sex god. I was cumming over and over! It was great!"

Alan said, "Cool, very cool. But you're my sexual apprentice now, so I expect nothing less."

"And I can't thank you enough! I am so going to try to repay the kindness, but I'm still trying to figure out how."

Alan suddenly had fears of a gift that the old Alan would have loved, but that could really mess up his new life, like a surprise weekend ski trip. He said, "Great, but I can't deal with surprises at the moment, so please tell me first before you do anything nice, all right?"

"Yeah, sure. Whatever you want. And please give me some hints about what a good gift would be. I'm stumped to find something worthy."

"Okay."

Sean suddenly exclaimed, "DAMN!"

"What?"

"I'm just thinking about Xania. Dude! It's like she's Playboy Playmate of the Year material! AND she has the sex drive to match! I mean, Kim, Kim was great. But she's human, you know? She's mortal. She's sexy, but you don't drop your jaw looking at her. But Xania... DAMN! She's inhuman! She almost makes me forget about Heather."

Alan laughed. "I know, man, I know." He thought to himself, And Mom and Suzanne are every bit as sexy and sexual as Xania, and then some. And speaking about inhuman, don't even get me started on Brenda's anatomically impossible body.

But he kept those thoughts to himself and merely asked, "More importantly, Sean, what did Xania teach you?"

"Oh, that was totally weird, dude. Major weirdness. She was wild! We made love over and over in this apartment overlooking the beach. People could have totally looked up and seen us, especially the one time we walked out on the balcony and stood there naked! Dude, and the things that woman can do with her hips. She's like a feral beast in the bedroom! A beast in heat! She's an ANIMAL!"

Alan found himself aroused and distracted as he fondly recalled his times with Xania. He asked, "Yeah, but the teaching? What did she TEACH you?"

"Oh, right. I guess the two of you discussed in advance about how I'd need to be with Heather, and when we weren't fucking, we were talking. She damn near talked my ear off. She's VERY smart, that's for sure. I mean, what are the odds, somebody that hot and that smart too?"

Alan immediately thought of Suzanne, but just nodded his head.

"But you must have given her the completely wrong impression about Heather, because the things she was talking about had nothing to do with the sweet angel I know. I mean, Xania was going on like Heather was some kind of world-class bitch! She kept saying 'bitch' over and over again. It damn near got me mad, but she was naked when she was saying it, so I couldn't get too angry!"

"Sean. Look at me. Look into my eyes. There was no misunderstanding. Heather is a bitch. A world-class bitch. Open your eyes and be realistic."

Sean's defensive anger visibly rose up. "Hey! How can you say that? If you weren't the most amazing friend, I'd want to sock you one. I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that."

"Sean, listen to me. Have you ever actually had a conversation with her? No. Do you know anyone besides me who has actually had a real conversation with her? No. I hate to be blunt, but you've idolized her to the point where you probably think she can fly and fart out strawberries." Alan thought of his previous crushes on Glory and Christine when he was a virgin, and added, "I know what it's like to idolize. I've been there." He let out a big sigh and thought, Dang! This is going to be a lot more difficult than I thought.

Sean still looked perplexed, doubtful, and even resentful.

Alan thought hard, and then he had a brainstorm. Okay, Heather is Sean's perfect dream princess. And what do guys do with princesses? They rescue them! He said, "Bro, Heather is a complicated person. Deep inside, she's a very lovely person. Your 'sweet angel.' But she was hurt a long time ago, and on the outside, this very mean and even evil bitch resides, and that part of her rules her mind. I know this for a fact from personal experience." He actually doubted that Heather had been hurt and guessed her bitchiness was more because her parents had spoiled her, but he figured the "hurt" line would help motivate Sean.

Alan went on, "Trust me. I've had many conversations with her. I know her really, reaaaaally well." He thought again about his double blowjob from Simone and Heather just minutes earlier, and wondered how Sean would react if he knew. He could probably deal with it if it was just a normal blowjob, but it's the way I insult her and the way she loves it... First, he'd kill me for the ungallant way I treated her, then he'd die of a crushed heart from her reaction. Not good. Not good at all!

Sean replied, "I know that you've slept with Heather. I've been thinking about that a lot, and I accept it as a reality. I knew she wasn't a virgin. But I can't accept that she's a bitch like you say. You just don't know all of her. I may not have talked to her, but I see the true Heather in her eyes nearly every day."

Alan nodded. "That's good. Good for you. You're seeing the inner Heather. That delicate, sweet flower on the inside needs YOU. She needs you to save her from the evil bitch on the outside that is choking her and killing her. You have to rescue her!"

Sean sat on the edge of his seat and seemed to be bursting with eagerness to help. "What do I do? What do I do?"

"Okay, it's like this. Do you remember-" The school bell rang, indicating they had five minutes to get to their next class. But they just ignored it, and Alan continued, "Remember in Star Wars, the way Luke Skywalker and his friends destroyed the Death Star was that they first had to infiltrate it and pretend to be Stormtroopers. Then they had to find the plans for the station, discover the weakness, and only then could they destroy it with their Starfighters."

"Yeah?"

"Well, you have to do the same with Heather. First, you have to get her to accept you. That's like getting inside the Death Star. You have to appeal to the bitchy Heather. You, yourself, will have to be a major asshole. The bitchy Heather likes really aggressive guys who yell rude and insulting things at her during sex. If you don't push her around she'll get bored and dump you out the airlock."

Sean replied, dazed, "Like Xania was making me do. Dude, that was so weird. I was having such a hard time with that, because Xania seems so nice."

"I know. She is nice. She's just trying to help. I told her to do that as part of your training. Think about it: you have to be the evil Stormtrooper. You have to go over to the Dark Side for a while to slip past Darth Vader's detection. That's what you have to do to win Heather. First, get the bitch Heather to love you, then peel back her layers to reveal the real Heather inside. It won't be easy. You'll have to do the exact opposite of what your heart tells you to do. You'll have to be mean. Vicious. Imagine slapping her in the face as you call her a skanky slut. Do you think you can handle it?"

"Whoa." Sean sat back, amazed. "I don't know, dude. That sounds pretty heavy."

"I know you can. That's why I picked you. Hate the bitchy Heather and treat her like a sex toy to free the sweet Heather inside. She loves sex. She lives for it. You have to be like a sexual Jedi master." Alan could see that Sean was having a really hard time envisioning Heather as the slut she was. While he may have conceptually understood she wasn't a virgin, in his heart she still was completely pure. He tried some more shock therapy and asked, "Sean, do you remember some weeks ago when we went to Baskin-Robbins and ran into Heather and her boyfriend there?"

"Yeah?"

"Heather was jacking me off under the table most of the time, right there in the middle of the store. Her boyfriend didn't know, and I didn't want it. But she's that wild. I'm not lying to you. She needs a good man to tame her." As he told this to his friend, he looked him right in the eye so there would be no mistake that he was very serious and telling the complete truth.

Sean stared back, searching for any signs of a lie or doubt. But there were none, so eventually he dropped his head and just sat silent.

Alan could see that he was fighting feelings of jealousy. He could visibly see a great feeling of disappointment sweep over Sean, nearly overwhelming Sean's general sense of shock from everything Alan had told him earlier.

Alan pressed on, trying to distract him, "To switch movie metaphors, you are Keanu Reeves in 'The Matrix.' You are 'the One.' Only you love her enough to treat her like a bitch, thus defeating the bitchy part of her, and winning the true Heather. Go home this afternoon and think about that paradox. Also, go home and fuck Kim some more."

"What?!" That last suggestion threw Sean for a complete loop.

"The key to defeating and conquering the bitchy Heather is with great sex. You won't get anywhere unless you can wow her in bed with your confidence, rudeness, endurance, and all around dominating sexual prowess. Am I some big dominating guy? No, but I've gotten good at faking sexual dominance with practice. That's what you need: practice, practice, practice. You don't want to be with her the first time and get cold feet."

"Whoa."

Alan chuckled, because Sean unwittingly said "whoa" exactly as Keanu Reeves did in "The Matrix."
"Dude, you're on the fast track sexual apprenticeship program. Yesterday, Xania. Today, Kim again. Tomorrow, an orgy."

Sean's jaw dropped wide open. "An ORGY?!"

"Sssh! Keep it down!" Alan looked around, but luckily almost everyone had headed inside for their next classes already. "Yes, an orgy. I'm thinking you and me and maybe three girls. Don't worry, you and I aren't going to so much as touch each other, or I'd have to kill you. You need to be a cruel, evil bastard in bed before you're ready for Heather. It's just like what Xania was teaching you. Do you remember everything she told you, or did you totally space and just stare at her body?"

"No. I remember every word. You know I have a great memory; that's the main reason why I do well in school. Every minute of that amazing whole weekend will be burned into my memory forever." He grinned as he added, "Although I certainly did stare at her body a lot."

Alan grinned too. "Okay, then. Maybe I'll call you on the phone tonight and we can talk about this some more. I'll talk to Kim, and see if she's up for something with you later. If the orgy happens, she'll be at it, too, so you'll have that comfort zone, someone you've already done it with."

Alan was thinking about the S-Club meeting. Technically, it was supposed to happen this afternoon, but no one had said anything about having one. More realistically it happened whenever Alan could make it. While talking to Sean, it suddenly struck him that he should revive the S-Club again and have it tomorrow. He had an idea about something that could happen there that could hopefully shock Sean into becoming the kind of lover he needed to be to have any chance with Heather. Alan was extremely pleased about his idea.

"Uh, okay," Sean said slowly. "This is so much to take. I'm still recovering from the Xania weekend! That was like, whoa. I can't get over it. Mentally and physically."

"Get used to it, dude. From now on, I want you to have a minimum of five orgasms a day. Fucking a girl is preferable, naturally, but masturbate if you have to keep up the average. Space it through the day, so you do it morning, afternoon, and night. Got that?"

Sean looked down at his own groin with a dubious and uncertain look. Then he looked back up to his friend. "I'll try. But why?"

"I've discovered the body changes and adjusts when you do it that much. Think spitting. When people spit a lot, the body is constantly producing saliva. When you cum a lot, the body is constantly producing cum. Heather is sexually insatiable, I tell you! You're going to need to be a sexual dynamo to keep up with her. Now, let's run. We're going to be late to class as it is."

"Okay."

Alan hustled off, though his body movements were still awkward. He looked back and saw Sean still gaping in wonder. He thought, Get used to it, dude, get used to it! Seeing him like that is kind of eerie. It's almost like I took a time machine trip to talk with the old me. Heh. Welcome to my world, buddy. You're gonna have all your sexual fantasies come true, but only if you can survive the shock!

Chapter 978 Alan Is Hesitant To Meet Glory

Fifth period really dragged for Alan. It didn't help that it was calculus, which didn't exactly light his fire. While he was much better off than he had been during fourth period, he didn't pay much attention to what was happening around him. If he wasn't reminiscing about what happened with Susan the night before, he was worrying about his upcoming after-school meeting with Glory. But then came sixth period - P. E. He couldn't even begin to imagine playing tennis in the shape he was in. He shuffled off to the tennis courts, too tired to think about what to do just yet. He had vague ideas about faking a leg injury, as he'd hinted at the start of Glory's class.

But, to his surprise, when he got to the tennis court, Katherine was there, talking to his coach. He could see that she'd handed the coach some kind of note. He could figure out that she must be helping him somehow, and felt greatly relieved and appreciative.

But then, just as the coach walked away, she turned her head and saw Alan only a short distance behind her. She smiled as a distinctive wide-eyed look crossed her face.

Alan thought, Uh-oh. I know that expression all too well. That's her "Look out, I'm about to do something naughty" look.

As soon as he thought that, sure enough, she winked at him over her shoulder and then seductively wiggled her ass in his direction. Luckily, the coach was still walking away and no one else was on the court, so only he saw.

He shot her a frustrated look, but was too tired to fight her rambunctiousness.

He wasn't terribly surprised to notice that her mere wiggle had also gotten his penis quite erect, even though she was wearing a long skirt which barely showed her ankles.

He'd thought that after so many weeks of so much sexuality he'd start to grow jaded, but if anything he was becoming more easily aroused over time. In particular, just about any thought about what he liked to call his "family four" or the mere mention of their names could turn his penis into granite at any time. He wanted to shout out "Mercy!" but he also loved it. He more than loved it - he was completely ecstatic. He felt these last two months were easily more fun than the rest of his eighteen years put together.

The next thing he knew, she was leading him away to the theater room.

As she whisked him along, he began to think about what might happen when they got there, given what always seemed to happen to him in that room. He was trying to remain quiet, but once they were in the middle of a field, far from anyone, he couldn't help but whisper, "Oh no. Not more sex, please. I'm so tired."bender

"I know that, silly. I'm just dropping you off there to nap. We cheerleaders can practice elsewhere, you know."

He said in a relieved, normal voice, "Oh, Sis! Awesome! How did you know I needed that? How did you get me out of tennis?"

"First question: duh! Anyone can see that just by looking at you. Amy was planning the same thing, and she didn't even know how your morning went like I did. As to your second question, let's just call that a little-sister secret too. I also got you a good excuse for you for missing your first three classes. Everyone seems to trust your wholesome, innocent sister. Little do they know, ha-ha! Now, just rest. You need it."

Alan gave her the theater room key and she let him in. As soon as they were both in the room and he felt he could talk more freely, he complained, "Sis, you nearly gave me a heart attack with that ass wiggle. Please don't do that in public? Please?"

She made apologetic body language, but said, "Hey, I checked to see if people were around first. Anyways, if anyone saw they'd just think we're a couple of siblings joshing around."

"Sis, somewhere, in the special hell reserved for extra naughty sisters, someone is warming a pitchfork for you."

She giggled. "Mmmm. Pitchforks. You know what that reminds me of? Long, hot sticks poking into me. Hmmm..."

Alan was amused, but he just rolled his eyes.

Her eyes twinkling, she continued, "What are they doing in the hell for extra uppity fuck toy sisters? What kind of long, phallic objects get all warmed up there? I'll bet they have a good time." She giggled some more, very pleased with herself and her little prank, not to mention helping him get out of tennis.

Alan went to the mattress at the back of the stage where he'd received a massage during lunch and collapsed on it. He sighed and thought, That's just the way she is. She's irrepressible. Incurable. Lots of fun. But this can't go on. He gave another stab at alerting her to his concerns. "Sis. Security. Security! We're on the brink of disaster. Hanging right on the edge! Why doesn't anyone believe me?" But he zonked out almost as soon as his head hit the pillow and he got those words out.

She let herself out and went to cheerleader practice.

He slept very soundly.

The bell marking the end of school woke him up, but just a minute or two later, Katherine and Amy rushed in to make sure he got up in time for his meeting with Glory.

They swarmed all over him, covering him with hugs and kisses.

He whispered to Katherine as she tried to kiss him on the lips, "Sis, remember, nothing unsisterly at school, not even if we think we have complete privacy. You never know."

They wished him well for his meeting, and said many encouraging things, but before long he had to leave their comforting hugs and words and face the music with Glory.

He walked the rapidly emptying hallways alone, growing more nervous with every step he took towards Glory's classroom.

The fact was, lately he'd become a stranger to failure. With the exception of his recent run-ins with the football players and his declining grades, his life had been nearly free of defeats and disappointments for the past two months. But his instinct told him that his meeting with Glory was not going to go well. He mentally put himself in Glory's shoes, and figured that if he was her, he'd have no choice but to break the relationship. To him, that was many times worse than getting punched in the face by a football player.

He paused at the door to Glory's classroom, thinking, As long as I don't go in there, we still aren't technically broken up yet. Maybe the girls are right and I'll be pleasantly surprised. There's only one way to find out. Yet still he stayed at the door until the tension grew too much to take and he reluctantly knocked.

Chapter 979 Glory!

Glory had to open the door to let him in, and for a brief moment they stood extremely close to each other. Alan wanted to throw himself into her arms so badly that it hurt, and secretly she wished he

would. But they had the willpower to stay apart. Glory returned to her chair behind her desk, while Alan pulled a chair up to the side of it.

She said in a rather bland voice, "So, Alan, how was your weekend?"

"It was all right. Had its ups and downs."

"That's good."

Alan thought, This is craziness! This feels like some boring private student evaluation or something, except that it's so false and so strained! Is this how we're going to interact from now on?

But Glory suddenly cut through the awkwardness. "Alan, let's get right to the point. I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. A LOT of thinking. My mind hasn't changed since we discussed this last. There's just no way we can keep going ... physically. It's insanity."bender

She let out a sad laugh. "I was going to say 'romantically' but how can I say that when you have who knows how many other women in your bed more important to you than I am? To even talk about the position you've put me in is both humiliating and painful. I'm no good at breaking up. If I even see you, it breaks my heart. We just have to completely go our separate ways, at least for a few months, and try to keep our classroom interaction to a minimum."

Alan was silent for a while. Finally, he said, "I had a bad feeling that you would say something like that. And I don't blame you. I don't blame you at all. Maybe I'd do the same thing if I was in your shoes, because it's the logical thing to do. But sometimes love trumps all logic. Sometimes people find they just can't stay away from each other, no matter how insane it is to continue. I don't know what to say to convince you otherwise except that I love you-

"DON'T," Glory nearly shouted as she winced painfully, but then continued in a calmer voice, "say that. Please."

"Why not? That's what this is all about: love. I think it pains you to hear it because you know it's true. And you know that you love me too."

"Oh God," Glory said as she wiped her cheeks of tears, "I promised myself I wasn't going to cry, and look at me already."

She paused to compose herself a bit, and then said in an incredulous and accusatory tone, "Just who ARE you, young man?! How is it that you can pull at a woman's heartstrings like that at only eighteen years old? Did you know that most of your classmates are only learning how to tie their shoes? I mean that nearly literally. Boys your age are complete emotional idiots, and girls aren't much better. But you make me cry so easily. Don't do that! Haven't you ever seen 'Casablanca'? Think about what happens at the end. Humphrey Bogart lets the woman leave with another man even though they are in love with one another, because he knows that it's for the best. That's what we have to do."

"Glory! Don't say that! I don't remember that movie too well, but I do recall there were lots of important external forces keeping them apart. Our case is different, because the only things keeping us apart are the blockades in your mind."

"Oh really? There is that minor little point of me being about to lose my job any day if we were to get caught," she said caustically.

"True. But you and I are smart. We could overcome that. For instance, we could just meet outside of school. The main thing is that you want an exclusive relationship, and you think that's the only way you'll ever be happy. But what if that isn't true? What if there are other ways to love than just purely monogamous relationships?"

"Ha! That's easy for you to say! It's not like we're talking just one other woman here, like a man with a wife and a mistress. No! We're talking practically about a whole goddamned harem! You just want to add me to your collection!" She lowered her voice and whispered accusingly in disgust, "And your own family members!"

Then, in a louder voice, she said sarcastically, "Life must be really tough for you, having to come to grips with having a harem. I feel your pain! If you can't have me, then what'll that leave you with, a 'mere' eight? Twelve? Twenty? Come on, what is it?"

"Glory, I've hidden some things from you in the past, because I was afraid of losing you. But now, no matter what happens, it's time to be totally honest. Do you REALLY want to know about all my other partners?"

She nodded. She couldn't help her own curiosity.

"Okay. This is probably going to destroy my last slivers of a chance for any good relationship with you, but I dream of our relationship being a very special and unique one, a bond of total honesty and trust. So I won't lie to you. Maybe I started too late, but I can't change the past. Okay."

He took a big breath, and then paused for a very long time. "Okay," he said again. "Here it is. You know now I'm sleeping with my sister. Well, I'm also sleeping with my mother." He looked up for a dramatic reaction, but Glory was poker-faced. He didn't know that she already knew this, thanks to her meeting with Suzanne over the weekend.

He was so surprised that he said, "Don't you have anything to say to that?"

"No. I've suspected that for a long time. Just look at her. She's a perfect beauty." It was true that she'd suspected such a thing for a long time - Suzanne had merely confirmed it.

"Well, there's more. Just over the weekend, a new arrangement was made. My girlfriend Amy and her mother Suzanne have also become family. So now I have two mothers and two sisters. It may not be legally binding, but it's pretty real to all of us. If you think about it, Suzanne has always been nearly as much my mother as Susan is, seeing as how I was adopted and both have known me since I was in diapers. So those are the main four. There are a few others, but they all pale in comparison to my new family. You're the only other one I deeply, truly love. In my dream of dreams I'd hoped that you would understand that I have these special, very loving relationships and be able to accept them."

Now it was Alan's turn to start crying. At "dream of dreams" he began tearing up and had a hard time getting the rest of the sentence out.

Glory was starting to react very negatively to this news, but when she saw him starting to cry she softened up a bit. She could tell that this idea of a sexual and loving family meant a lot to him.

He continued, "You may think that I'm only interested in sex, but you'd be so wrong. I don't know what 'it' is, but for some reason I now am loaded with 'it.' I could go out and create a giant harem now of the most amazing women, based purely on sex. But in the end, that would be hollow and meaningless. I think over time I would actually get bored and jaded with it. What really matters are the people I love. Sex is another way to share the love with the people closest to me and I can never get bored of that."

Glory said, "But it's not just those four, is it? You're having sex with many more. Girls like Heather. Just how many more are there?"

"That's true. I've had sex with a total of a dozen different women in my life, and most of them I remain in contact with. But I'd gladly give up all those others outside my family if that would make a difference to you. As amazing as some of them are, there are only two outside of my new family that I'd have trouble giving up, and that's because I think they honestly need me. And not just for sex, but for important psychological needs, too."

"One is a woman named... well, let's just call her 'B'." He was going to mention Brenda's name, but then he thought better of it.

Glory furrowed her brow. "'Bee?' Is that her real name or just an initial?"

"That's just something to call her. If you don't want me to tell her your name, then it's only fair that I don't tell you her name."

Glory grudgingly grumbled, "Fair enough."

He continued, "She's got a complicated background, but suffice to say that she has very deep psychological needs relating to her deceased mother, and it seems only I can satisfy those when it comes to certain things."

Glory felt her jealousy coming to the fore. "So, this bee, is she very beautiful?"

"Let's not go there, okay? What good does that do?"

She nodded reluctantly.

"Then there's Heather. Obviously, there's no point in hiding her name, since you know so much about her and our situation. As everyone knows, she's a complete bitch. But I think I can change her for the better."

Glory scoffed, "Through fucking."

"Yes. For some reason, when I have anal sex with her, it humbles her. She needs to learn humility. Desperately."

"And it just so happens that you're forced to have sex with the head cheerleader in order to be such a good Samaritan. My heart bleeds for you."

"Glory, please don't mock me. Back when I was a virgin, I thought that sex was just about achieving sexual satisfaction, but now I know there's so much more to it. All kinds of intense emotional things can happen. You've felt it with me. Did we not share some of the most wonderful, emotional, and transformative moments together when we were having sex?"

A sad look crossed her face and a lot of the anger and resentment seemed to drain out of her. "Yes, you know we did."

"Haven't we bonded through sex into something so much more than the relationship we had before? A new relationship based on total love?"

"Argh! Stop saying that! Yes, okay. That's true. But now those priceless memories seem so cheap when I think that you might have been experiencing the same thing with Heather or your own mother. Or should I say mothers? Alan, this is just too weird! You've just had too many intense and sexual relationships with too many other women. I'll never be able to deal with it. No!"

"But Glory, why does that matter? Can a parent only love one child? If a parent greatly loves one child, does that mean there's nothing left for the other child? No!"

He paused for some moments, and then continued, "Think how deep a family bond is, a good family bond. I can't change my relationship to Susan and the rest now. Do you expect me to go completely cold turkey on them, never see them again? Think of the anguish. Think of the pain if I simply can't hug my own mother anymore. Think of all the anguish you've been going through, and imagine that happening to them."

Glory thought about it, but didn't mind that much. "You have to do it. You can't continue with this perverse situation. You need a normal marriage. A normal monogamous life! Let me give you that!"

As soon as the words left her mouth, she thought, Oh my god! Did I just propose MARRIAGE to him? No! He's only eighteen! He's in HIGH SCHOOL! Good Lord, is that what I want? Alan, please let that comment slide because I don't even want to think about the implications!

To her great relief, he merely replied, "You don't understand! I don't have the choice to walk away. A monogamous relationship just isn't the cards I've been dealt in this life. It's not just good sex - I have responsibilities to them. Commitments have been made. They NEED me! Look at Amy's mother Suzanne for instance. She's been in a loveless marriage for years. She was the living dead, really unhappy on the inside, and didn't even realize it because she kept herself busy with all kinds of schemes. Then her romantic relationship with me started. Glory, you know I try to be modest, but it's a fact she's found the most intense love with me that she's ever known, or probably ever will know. She would be beyond crushed if I walked away. My mom's feelings, if anything, are even more intense. And if they blamed you for ending what we have? I hate to think what they would do."

Glory shuddered as she thought about the likes of the wily Suzanne getting revenge on her. But more than that, she was impressed at the depth of responsibility and commitment Alan felt for the others. She could tell he was very sincere about it.

He went on, "But more than that is the love. I love them and need them, and they feel the same about me. I know I'm incredibly lucky with my sexual situation, but there's so much more going on here. It's exactly the same situation with you. It's the same! I love and need you too, just as much as them! We're not just a couple of people having a hot sexual affair; we're in love! We should be together, always. You belong with me. With us, in our loving circle."

Glory put her hands over her ears as if the words caused her physical pain. She closed her eyes tightly and said, "You can't seriously be asking me to join your multiple partner, incestuous, bisexual family! I can't do that! I can't even look at you face to face; it's too painful!"

"That is what I'm asking. I love you and want to be with you the rest of my life."

She griped, "Besides, how would that work, with you going to UC Berkeley next fall? You're a good student, despite slacking off lately. I'm sure you'll get in." Alan had kept her apprised of his college application process all along, so she knew his preferred choices and his rough chances of being accepted.

He said, "I don't know! Frankly, I haven't thought everything through. But we could make it work somehow. You could move up to Berkeley and teach there!"

She scoffed, "Oh, great. That's a big sacrifice for you."

He gesticulated in frustration. "I don't know. Maybe we could compromise somehow. I'm sure we could make it work, because true love conquers all, and I love YOU."

"Stop saying that already!"

He reached across the small space that separated them and gently laid his fingers over hers. "But it's true. Do you doubt my love for you?"

He hesitated to say something several times and even stammered, then finally said, "Ah, what the hell. I might as well tell you. I've never really told you about my crushes in middle school or before. That's because there never were any. Sure, I thought some girls were cute, but I never felt anything strong enough that even made me want to go on a date. Maybe it's because I got interested in sex kind of late. Pretty ironic, given my life today."

He continued to explain with total sincerity, "But more than that, I think all those girls didn't really appeal to me much because they were just that: girls. There wasn't anything for me to talk about with them. You were the first female I fell for, and fell hard. I wouldn't be surprised if there's some kind of deeply ingrained chemical or biological thing that happens to permanently mark that first love. I don't think there will be anyone, ever, who will make me feel like I feel when I see you. I know it sounds totally cornball, but my heart leaps every single time I see you. I do love you. So much."

Glory's eyes were open again, in complete amazement. She replied, "Stop saying that," but this time it was clearly meant as a joke. She was using humor in a desperate attempt to laugh to keep from crying. She was profoundly moved by the depth of his love, and stood up to hug and kiss him.

But as soon as she was out of her chair, she regretted the move. Not only was she afraid of losing all control as soon as they touched, but by suddenly standing she felt a breeze on her pussy and realized that her skirt had ridden up and she was showing everything down below.

She stood like a deer frozen in headlights for a few seconds, and then practically threw herself back into her chair. Luckily, he stood at the same time, and his eyes had never left hers, so she was fairly confident he didn't notice.

Nonetheless, she again cursed her choice of a short skirt and her failure to wear underwear. But that and the near hug reminded her of how impossible the whole situation was. She said, "I'm sorry. I knew I was your first serious crush, but I never realized just how deep it was and how much it's meant to you. That means a lot to me. But still..."

He sighed. "'But still.' I know. I know it'll take a long time for you to understand everything and feel comfortable with these ideas I'm putting out there. In the meantime, can't we at least remain friends?"

She looked at him pleadingly and helplessly. "I really, really want to, in theory. But in reality, you have a very strong sexual magnetism now. Do you know what you did to me during class today? Maybe it was my imagination, but you seemed to smell of cum, your very special and delicious brand of cum. I could barely control myself! Teaching the class was pure torture."

She thought again of how close she'd been mere moments before to a hug that certainly would have ended with him banging her right on her desk, and said, "Even now, my body is begging me to throw myself at you. We can't forget the past and all the intense, sexual moments we've shared. This is pure torture now as I speak! I want so much to be happy with you. But the only way I can realistically survive and carry on is to go completely cold turkey and bring our relationship outside the classroom to a complete halt. Otherwise I'll always be completely dependent on your strange sexual power over me."

She belatedly realized that they were still holding hands. In fact, they were squeezing each other's hand as if their lives depended on it. She reluctantly pulled her hand away.

Chapter 980 Glory - 'I Am Not Interested In Women'

Alan was stumped. Changing Glory's mind seemed hopeless. But then he decided to take a completely different tack, which was also completely heartfelt and true, but more desperate, in an attempt to keep at least some relationship going. "Let me be brutally honest. I'm the one completely dependent on you.

Everything else aside, the fact is, my life is a hair's breadth away from total disaster. You're my only hope of salvation."

"How do you figure?"

"Glory, you're right. There does seem to be some kind of strange sexual thing going on with me. I don't know what it is. But the women I happen to love the most are all basically either submissive or passive types who seem to lose all willpower around me. The only exceptions are you and Amy's mom, and she seems to be getting overwhelmed, especially from my mom. There's no one to say no. It's approaching the point where I could start using my family as furniture. When I sit down to watch TV, I could literally tell my mother to be my naked footrest, and she'd do it! Now, I would never, ever do that to her, but it's so dangerously intoxicating to know that I could treat people like that! Yet, it's so very wrong! Sometimes I feel like my mind is slipping and I'm either going to go crazy or turn completely evil and abusive. Nobody should have that kind of power, because power corrupts, but I just can't trust myself to do the right thing all the time. I don't even know when too much is too much sometimes, anymore. I NEED someone to tell me no!"

He continued, "Look at my schoolwork situation. I missed half my classes today, and completely spaced out in the rest, as you certainly noticed. If I told my family that I was going to drop out of school tomorrow, not even Suzanne would try to stop me. She's too much of a hostage to her own lust."

His voice grew much more urgent. "You're the ONLY ONE out of the people I deeply love with the willpower to keep me on the right path. The very fact that you're telling me 'no' today shows me that you have the strength I need. Without your help, I can see my future, where sexual obsession leads me and my whole family to complete ruin."

He got down on his knees and begged. "Glory, I know that you're not ready to join my family, but don't leave my life completely! I can't make it without you!"

Glory was stunned by that, and just sat silently for a while. She recalled how Suzanne had said that he was thrust into a difficult situation not of his own making. She felt for his plight. She looked at him kneeling before her, and found her eyes drifting down to his shorts. Against her will, she was checking for signs of any bulges. She realized how wildly inappropriate that was and tore her eyes away. Then she said, "Sit back in your chair, young man. I don't like to see you like that."

While Glory had been checking out his package, his lower position gave him an accidental up close view of her legs and the space in between them. Even though she kept her knees close together and a hand on her lap to best protect her modesty, he was able to see some of the flesh between her legs.

He thought, I know it's totally inappropriate to think this right now, but am I seeing things, or is she not wearing any underwear? Maybe she's wearing flesh-colored pantyhose over her panties?

He returned to his chair and tried to keep his mind out of the gutter.

She thought some more. "I had an inkling about those kinds of problems, but I didn't realize their extent. I've been watching you slip into sexual abandon for a while now, and it's been worrying me. I can't bear to just stand aside and watch you drop out of school and out of life, becoming a sexually relentless terror to all women."

Her tone softened slightly as she looked at his earnest face. "You're such a good boy at heart, but you're right, power does corrupt. I want to help you, except for one thing. I don't know if I have the strength to resist you. What if I just totally lose it, and become, well, a sexual slave? That's what I feel like, sometimes. You're so emotionally intense! At times, I feel right on the verge of giving my whole soul to you. The fact that I love you so much makes you that much more sexually irresistible." She bowed her head down sadly. "I don't know if I have the strength you need."

He replied, "Maybe not, but I'm thinking that you and Suzanne can do it together. Right now, she's surrounded by submissives who are all pulling her one way. There's no one and nothing pulling her the other way. Together, you two can lean on each other."

Alan naturally didn't know about Suzanne's fantasy concerning Glory that she'd detailed to Susan a short while before, but if he did it would have served as an excellent case in point about how Suzanne was getting sucked into the submissive mind set. He also would have been completely appalled that even Suzanne would harbor such thoughts about Glory, even if only in fantasy. Worse, if he'd listened to the whole fantasy, he would have been both appalled and very aroused.

He continued, "It's not just a matter of saving me. It's like this new family is a new ship sailing off into uncharted waters, and we're all in danger of drowning. We're getting completely carried away by our lusts. But you're the missing piece. With you, we could right the ship and do great things that have never been done before. We could create a new kind of family and live lives few even dare to dream. That's one reason why it just feels so right that you belong with us."

Glory was hit by an epiphany. She thought back to her conversation with Suzanne, and remembered how Suzanne had told her that she thought they were fated to be best friends. Is this what she meant? That the two of us are the only ones with the necessary willpower, so we naturally have to support each other, and lean on each other, as Alan put it? Somehow, even though I've only met her once, I can imagine being best friends with her, and working with her as the family "backbone" for years to come. It's almost like I can see the future, the two of us, hand in hand, holding each other...

But as she thought this she recalled how attractive Suzanne was, radiating sexiness and desire so strongly that she began to get aroused just thinking about her pale face. She further recalled the hungry looks Suzanne had given her, and wondered if Suzanne secretly lusted after her. In her mind, their holding each other for mutual support turned into a more intimate embrace. She found herself looking up into Suzanne's shimmering green eyes as their lips drew closer. Somehow along the way their clothes disappeared, and Glory's C-cup breasts were swallowed up by Suzanne's soft yet firm G-cup mountains. Their faces came closer and closer together until their quivering lips were on the verge of touching...

Glory suddenly rebelled in disgust at the thoughts entering her mind, and tore herself free from her daydream. She thought, What is WRONG with me? I am NOT interested in women, period! But with Suzanne, who can blame anyone if they... What I mean is, she's so beautiful that any human being, male or female, can't help but desire her sexy, sultry body... It's as if she was one of the Greek goddesses come to Earth... A giant Amazon of pure lust ... holding and squeezing a mere mortal like me...

To her disgust, she realized she'd been drifting off again. She looked at Alan and saw he looked very puzzled by what had been her dreamy and distant gaze. She shook her head as if that would clear her mind, and protested to him, "But I'm not like them! I'm not bisexual. I wouldn't fit in..."

He answered, "I'm not asking you to do anything bisexual just to fit in. That would be wrong. Some people just are that way, and some people aren't. I'm sure they would gladly accept you in a loving but completely platonic way. You must know enough about them from all I've told you to realize they're very loving and understanding people. What's important is that you and I stay together, and my family stays together."

She refocused her thoughts and tried a different tack. "Look. Here's an idea. Your academic career is hanging at the edge of a cliff. Why don't I work with Suzanne to try to get that back in order? Between her at home and me here at school, we can use carrots and sticks to get you back on track. Lately, you've somehow been doing some homework, but it's been a pale reflection of the work you used to do. You can do better. Then, if that works, we can talk about tackling some of the other, bigger problems."

Alan was overjoyed. He jumped up to hug her.

But she recoiled at the prospect of the hug and said, "BUT! Wait! There's a 'but.'"

He stopped just before he reached her and listened.

"The condition, young man, is NO sex with me. Nothing. No hugs, no kisses, no touching, nothing. Frankly, I am very, very doubtful that I have the willpower to do even this. You want to know the truth? I was aroused and wet through the entire fourth period today. And when the class was over, I spent the lunch in a masturbatory frenzy, cumming over and over. Does that sound like the kind of woman with the willpower and strength you need? No! I should flee this whole city if I know what's good for me. I fear that you'll pull me into this sexual storm surrounding you, and I'll never get out. But I'm willing to risk it for you, because... because I love you."

He smiled and joked, "Stop saying that already!"

She laughed. "You see? That's the problem. You're just too damned lovable. Very funny. But you have to work with me, okay? Don't tempt me! Help me, okay? We have to help each other."

"Okay. You're right. I'm so relieved. I was so worried that this would be the last real conversation I'd ever have with you. This feels right. I still feel deeply that you and I should love each other in every way, but we should gather our strength first. Together, we're going to do it!" He reached forward to hug her, but stopped himself at the last moment. "Oh. Right. No touching. Sorry."

She nodded, her face both happy and sad at once.

bender

He started walking to the door. "I'll just let myself out then. Thanks so much, Glory. You're the greatest!"

She remained in her chair after he'd gone. What have I done? "Willpower?" Ha! What willpower? I've just doomed myself to an endless future of frustration and misery. Tonight I know I'm going to be dreaming and masturbating about him yet again, just like last night. Then tomorrow I'm going to see him

in class and my heart will leap up into my throat, but I won't be able to even share the smallest hug with him. Is there any other woman as unhappy and trapped between a rock and a hard-on as I am? But I can't stand by and watch him fail. I couldn't live with myself.

She paused. Wait! Did I just say "hard-on"? I meant "hard place." Hard PLACE! See? This is my problem! Why does he assume I'm not as sex-obsessed as the rest?

She raised herself off of her chair a little bit to adjust her skirt. She thought, Of all the days to forget to wear my underwear, why today? And with Alan getting down on his knees he must have seen everything! He'll think I'm a complete slut... But I'm going to prove him wrong. I will NOT let thoughts of fantastic sex overwhelm me. Willpower! I must have willpower!

As Alan closed the door behind him, he thought, Well, that wasn't a total disaster. I feel hopeful that maybe we can reach some kind of new understanding. But now I have to go from the frying pan into the fire. It's time to deal with the whole Dr. Fredrickson situation. Ugh! And so much more to do today. But no time to think - I've gotta run!

He ran to the front of the school, where he expected a ride would be waiting.