

6 Times 1011

Chapter 1011 Fun Time With Mom

Finally, mother and daughter ran out of energy. Susan stopped her licking and remained seated on the floor. Katherine sat up straight and began eating her breakfast. Or at least she did once her hands stopped shaking enough to hold and use a spoon.

As Alan sat there, watching his mother's huge breasts heaving up and down and jiggling while she regained her composure, he marveled, Damn! Just look at their fullness and beauty, not to mention Mom's stunning beauty overall. Ya know, it's funny. With some things you get used to them after a while and they lose some of their magic. But Mom's rack knocks me over every single time, almost like I'm seeing them uncovered for the very first time.

Her delightfully swaying globes reminded him about her breast-feeding. He was going to ask her something like, "Hey, Mom, how's the breast-feeding coming? Is the flow starting to pick up?" But then he thought, Hey, that's the timid Alan talking. In a house of such female bounty, why should I ask? I should just take!

So he said, "Mom, even though I'm done with my eggs here, I could use another glass of milk, please."

"Sure, Son." She smiled at his use of the word 'please.' Then she stood up on wobbly knees and looked to the kitchen.

But Alan said, "I'm not talking about that kind of milk." His intent gaze right at her exposed boobs, still bouncing from her standing up, made his meaning clear.

"Oh!" She said, surprised.

To his delight, she actually blushed in embarrassment. He was tickled pink that even after so much sexual activity, such a minor thing could still make her blush. Despite her newly discovered nymphomaniacal tendencies, she kept a core of innocence and purity, which made all her depraved sex that much more arousing for everyone involved.

But while Susan might still get embarrassed, she certainly never lacked sexual enthusiasm. She spun around on her high heels and sat down on her son's lap. She would have impaled herself on his erection as she sat, but he'd tucked it between his legs to prevent that from happening, since he wanted to save his hardness for Heather and Simone when he got to school.

"Tiger!" Susan cooed. "What a great idea! I'm so horny, I could honk!" She sat down with her back to her son, and then pulled his hands up to her breasts for him so he could fondle and squeeze them.

She added, "Son, nothing makes me happier than giving my milk to you. Nothing!" She frowned.

"Actually, that's not true. I would be in heaven squirting milk into your mouth as your rock-hard cock squirted hot cum into my pulsing, squeezey cunt, but where did that big mommy-splitter go? Today IS Tuesday, you know!"

"Sorry, Mom. It's gone into hiding. It needs a little rest." That was true enough. Even though Katherine had been stroking it for a little while, he still wasn't ready for any serious action.

"Oh, poo," Susan pouted, but her disappointment quickly faded as she got a new idea: she got up and turned around so she was face to face with her son. She screamed with delight when he did as she'd hoped and dropped his face down into her abundant chest.

She concentrated on the joys of having her son suckle on one nipple and fondle the other one. Again, her face turned to one of pure contentment as he took possession of her breasts. Thank you, Lord. Life is very simple and blessed now. If my children are happy, I'm happy. In particular, if Tiger's cock is being taken care of, then all is right in the world. And if the joy of sucking and stroking his cock isn't enough, when he touches me... Oh! The things he does to me! And, Lord, when he's doing something like playing with my big tits while I suck him off... it's too much! Shivers all over!

Recalling how great the combination of tits and dick was, she reached between his legs and fished around for where he'd "hidden" his erection. She pulled it to a more accessible spot between his thighs and wrapped her fingers around it. But, knowing that she was pushing her luck, she forced herself to do nothing more than hold it.

Alan showed no reaction to that, and in fact he hardly noticed, because such touching had become commonplace and his thoughts were elsewhere. It's times like this when I find myself spinning out of control. That's the "Bad Alan!" Like my thought a minute ago: "I should just take." I have to fight that urge and not be selfish. This perfect world is too good to ruin, but it's sooooo easy to let myself go and be an ass. I can literally feel the surges of power flowing through me, the urge to dominate and humiliate. I

have to fight that, even though Mom and Sis get turned on by it. Bad Alan can't be allowed to take total control. My mother is not Heather. Mom needs to be treated like the divine goddess she is! I don't deserve her, or my sister's, trust and love if I abuse it.

He sucked and suckled, and was soon rewarded with some dribbles of mother's milk. He was surprised just how much was coming out - it seemed that her flow doubled daily. But it was almost too exciting for him. He could easily envision getting lost in the joys of sucking and fucking, with milk and cum splashing everywhere. The fact that Susan's hand had gone from just holding his boner to actively stroking it increased his arousal, of course, but it also increased his worry that he might lose control of the situation.

Furthermore, he was aware that he had things to do and places to go. So, after only a few minutes, he abruptly pulled away, forcing Susan to let go of his cock and get off his lap so he could stand up.

"What is it, baby?" she asked, unhappy. "You were just getting started. Mommy's tits need your attention." She cupped her hefty boobs in her hands and lifted them in offering to him. "And then Mommy wants to suck on her cutie Tiger's fat cock all morning long."

Katherine grumbled, "Mom, seriously, what's with you and cocksucking? I mean, I love it too. I love the feeling of Alan's thick schlong sliding through my lips. But it's just one of many great sex acts, not the end all be all."

"I know, Angel. I'm sure I probably get more pleasure out of a pussy fuck. And an assfuck is great too. And who can forget titfucks? Or getting spanked? Heck, it's all good. But somehow, sitting naked on my knees, with my big son towering over me and his thickness practically making me gag as I struggle to fit it into my mouth, somehow that makes me feel extra special." Even as she said that, she stared up longingly at his exposed and slightly bobbing hard-on.

Her eyes glassed over slightly. "Mmmm... Just look at it, Angel. Isn't that delicious? But more than that, it gives me such a deep sense of contentment. Like... like... this is where I belong. This is... my purpose, even."

She stared off into space dreamily. "To be fucked in the face and then have Tiger squirt his creamy sperm all over me... it's just so... right. I feel completely at peace. I don't want my pussy fucked every single minute of the day. It's too intense. And assfucking is even more intense. But I do want to lick and suck on my son's fat fuckstick every single minute of the day, fast or slow, deep or shallow, pounding hard or gentle, or even just holding it in my mouth. What can I say? It's... bliss."

Indeed, her face was blissful if not downright angelic, showing that she wasn't exaggerating in the slightest. I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

Katherine felt jealous. She admitted, "Wow, that's pretty cool. I mean, I love it too, but I wish I could feel THAT strongly about it."

After hearing his mother describe the depths of her blowjob passion, Alan was extremely tempted to blow off his planned meeting at school and just fuck her face for an hour or so. But he knew Heather was not to be trifled with. If he blew off a meeting, she'd be seriously pissed. So he said, "Sorry. I wish I could stay, but I have to go to school extra early. I have some things that absolutely HAVE to be taken care of. It's all part of my plan to defeat the football players."

"Oh. Are they still bothering you?"

"Well, nothing happened yesterday, but I still get a bad vibe. A lot of people are shooting evil looks at me. My growing reputation as some kind of alleged sex stud is causing a lot of jealousy and resentment." That was all true, but he purposely failed to mention Heather, since he didn't want Susan to think that he was leaving her to be with the head cheerleader instead (and on a Tuesday no less!).

Susan was still in a dreamy and distant mode. "I love the sound of that: 'my growing reputation as some kind of sex stud.' That's my boy!" She deliberately left out the "alleged."

He turned to his sister. "Kat, can you take over and give Mom the rest of the suckling that she so richly needs and deserves? She needs to be drained regularly if we're ever going to have mommy's milk flowing out of her like geysers."

"Meow," Katherine replied happily, licking her lips.

But Susan interrupted. "Tiger, hold on. It's practically hours and hours until school starts. I got up extra early so we could have more sexy fun time before you all had to go. Ten more minutes. We need a little more sex stud around here, too. Play with my body for just ten more minutes, okay? And your cock is so hard and needy! Whatever you're doing, wouldn't you enjoy it more if Angel and I give you a nice long double blowjob first?"

Alan looked into his mother's pleading eyes and felt himself waver slightly, but then he hardened his resolve. "Sorry. School starts in forty-five minutes from now, not in 'hours and hours'. I've got something that'll take a good half an hour to do, so I really have to run. You don't want me to get beaten up again, and have another black eye, do you?"

pandasnovel.com "Of course not..." She replied, but very reluctantly. Her sexual desire was strong, but she could hardly hold him up from departing early when he put it that way.

So Alan took one of the shortest showers he'd ever had, grabbed a big selection of dildos from the underwear cabinet, and put them in his backpack.

A still very naked Susan met him as he headed to the garage to get his bicycle.

Seeing her saunter up to him wearing nothing but a "come hither" look and sexy red high heels, he was sorely tempted yet again to let Heather and Simone wait for another day. But his willpower held.

He said, "I promise we'll have lots of fun when I get back home from school."

"Show me what you mean, baby," Susan's lips were on his even before she finished saying the word "baby." Their electrifying tongue duel seemed to go on forever. She had become an excellent kisser since her sexual awakening, and her ardent and loving efforts literally made her son weak in the knees.

He had to clutch her all over to stop from falling, and that just caused her to respond in kind. One of her hands snuck down into his shorts and her index finger rapidly found his anus.

Alan was so surprised that he staggered backwards into a wall, while Susan continued to cling to him as if her life depended on it.

"Let's fuck!" she gasped as she stroked his stiff rod inside his shorts. "I love you so much! Show me your love! Show me... show me everything!" Her eyes were wild with desire.

He somehow managed to disengage. He lightly bit and kissed her ear as he pulled away, which helped mollify her a bit.

"School, Mom! I've got to go! Really!" He pulled his shorts back up, since she'd just managed to pull them down a bit.

She folded her arms under her wobbly orbs, an act she loved to perform because it caused them to push out and appear even bigger than they already were. "School? Tiger, from the way things are going your way lately, I'll bet you're off to screw some hot teenage pussy before class starts."

He grinned with a mixture of guilt and pride while moving further away from her. "You got me. But it's a strategic fuck that'll help me in my battle against the football team in the long run. Honest!"

Susan grasped her breasts with both hands. "God! So HOT! That makes me so jealous yet so fucking insanely horny! My son is an insatiable sex stud! Hurry back home! Hurry! Be a good motherfucker and fuck your mother good when you get back!"

"I will!" He looked at Susan frantically mauling her own bare breasts and felt his resolve to leave nearly fail. My mother is so smoking hot, such a creature of pure lust, that it's insane! Damn, how I love her! He ran the rest of the way to his bicycle and made his getaway before his willpower faltered any further.

As Susan watched her son pedal away, an unusually firm determination began to take hold of her. Today. Tuesday. My son WILL fulfill my fantasy. Not only that, but I expect to hear some good news about my impending divorce. If all goes well, we're going to have a lot to celebrate when he gets home. I can hardly wait!

Chapter 1012 Back To School And Time With Heather.!

Alan hurried to school. Once he locked his bike up, he bee-lined directly to the theater room.

He found Heather and Simone waiting by the door. Once again, Heather had the key to the room on her, but frustratingly she couldn't use it as she didn't want Alan to know she had the key. That really, really

annoyed her and put her in a grumpy mood. Additionally, Alan hadn't fucked her ass since Thursday. She felt that if it wasn't going to happen that day, she was going to lose her mind.

"Took you long enough," Heather complained as Alan came up. "We've been waiting ten minutes."

"Good morning to you too, Heather." He noted that she was wearing a light blue top that showed off most of her stomach but was otherwise conservatively cut by Heather's usual standards. But she mostly made up for it with incredibly short and tight black leather shorts. He wondered if the school administration would allow her to dress like that.

He turned and said, "And to you, Simone."

Simone nodded back in a friendly way.

He smiled at Simone and regarded her. She was wearing tight blue jeans and a white top that also exposed most of her stomach, but overall her outfit was restrained compared to Heather's shorts. He turned again and frowned at Heather. "And by the way, where's my 'sir'?"

"But we're outside!" Heather replied, surprised. Very belatedly and reluctantly, she added, "Sir."

Alan didn't point out that there was no one anywhere near, but rather, said, "I told you you'll call me 'sir' anywhere, anytime. That wasn't just pretend." He unlocked and opened the door as he said this.

"Wait!" Heather said anxiously, thinking through the implications. "What if we're at the cafeteria with everybody around? I can't just say 'Sir' to you! Um, Sir."

"You can."

"But-"

"Yes, it will be embarrassing for you," Alan said evenly. "If you've got a problem with that, then leave now." He acted like he was in complete charge, but inside he was afraid. He crossed his fingers behind his back, hoping that Heather was buying his "tough guy" act.

Heather was tempted to leave, or at least tell him off, but that same tough guy act was suddenly making her quite horny. She felt her nipples harden as she imagined herself calling Alan "Sir" at the 'Blondie' table, where all her closest friends sat. She pictured them pointing and laughing. But in what was becoming a vivid daydream, she imagined that Alan was far from bothered by that. Instead, he pointed to a spot on the ground right in front of him and sneered at her, "Suck me off, bitch. Right here, right now."

There was a hush in the cafeteria as she stumbled out of her seat and fell to her knees. Then a murmur of disbelief arose as she started to lick...

One of her 'Blondie' friends shouted, "Heather, what the hell is wrong with you?! You can't do that in a public place!" bender

Heather panted while she feverishly licked, "But my Sir... Sir wants it... He needs it!"

Back in the real world, Alan wondered why Heather had her eyes closed and a silly grin on her face. "I thought not," he said to her in reality, startling her out of her fantasy.

Her grumpy mood was long gone and she was suddenly quite horny, thanks to the "sir" rule as well as her fantasy.

Alan looked around the room, and said, "Now, let's get started. I can see we're a bit short of half an hour, so I'll dive right in. Why don't you two get a little comfortable? Meaning, take your clothes off. You don't mind, do you, Simone?"

"Why should I mind? You and I have already fucked," Simone pointed out, giving him a sexy wink and licking her lips as she started to undress.

"Good. Then hopefully you won't mind sucking me off while I talk to Heather. After you strip, of course."

Simone merely smiled and licked her lips even more suggestively.

pandasnovel.com Heather's eyes went wide and her usual cool demeanor completely crumbled. Jesus H. Christ, I WANT him! Her pussy was rapidly lubricating as she struggled to hide the signs of her arousal. Using her great willpower, she forced her superior and smug smile to return to her face.

Alan continued, "Now. Heather. I'm going to give you a choice. I'm going to lay out what this Inner Bitch Training of yours is all about and you can either agree to the full program or say no. If you say yes, then I expect no defiance and Simone and I will punish any failure on your part. If you say no, then I'm going to simply walk away and wish you well in life. Maybe I'll fuck you from time to time if I feel like it, maybe not, but I'll certainly wash my hands of any effort to reform your character. Do you understand?" I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

"Of course. I'm not some clueless dipshit. And I'm listening." Heather was struggling to get out of her outrageously tighter-than-tight short shorts as she said this, but she still somehow managed to look haughty and defiant as she did so.

"All right. I've been giving this some thought. Believe it or not, Heather, I actually do care about you in some weird way, and I honestly want to see you change for the better. This is not just some elaborate ruse to have a lot of anal sex with you. You know full well that you'll already give me your ass, and gladly, any time I want it. Won't you?"

Heather didn't verbally answer, but she blushed a bit and averted her eyes.

Alan couldn't recall ever seeing Heather blush before. Normally she would have gone on the offensive and sneered or made some cutting insult to cover up her feelings. He considered it a hard won victory that she would permit herself to appear even that vulnerable in front of him. Plus, he was pleased to see just how beautiful Heather looked with a demure blush deepening her all-over tan.

He continued, "Okay. The basics. We've discovered that you're practically a different person when your ass is filled, so here's what's going to happen. You'll come to school every single school day with your ass cleaned out, lubed up, and ready for stuffing. You'll be stuffed with a large dildo, though for you we're going to call it a Bitch Trainer. Imagine that with capital letters. Simone will usually be the one to load and unload your Bitch Trainers since I'm simply far too busy to do it myself, although I may check in on things from time to time. Simone will be given a copy of the key to this room because I'm not going to get here early every day just to let the two of you in. Simone, I can trust you with the key, can't I?"

Simone, now completely nude, straightened up and exuded composed confidence. "Yes. Absolutely."

Alan openly admired Simone for a few moments. He thought, Dang, she's one sexy babe. Excellent! Even though I've fucked her, I've never really realized just how friggin' muscular she is. But then again I hear she's a star player on all the women's sports teams she plays on, so it figures. Since Heather's pretty buff herself, I wonder who would win in a cat fight. I wouldn't mind watching that!

I think I've been underestimating my ebony vixen. I won't mind fucking her more often. I could praise her body to the high heavens, but now's not the time, since Heather won't take it too well.

Simone, however, could see the way Alan was eyeing her as if truly seeing her for the first time, and she felt flush with unexpected feelings. She was far more impressed by the little she'd seen of Alan than she'd been by any of her own boyfriends. Sure, most of them were bigger or more handsome, but Alan was in a completely different league now that she knew how he handled himself in the bedroom and out of it.

However, she'd seen how Heather had fallen in love with Alan, and all the problems that had resulted from that, and she vowed not to make the same mistake.

Alan gestured for Simone to stand directly in front of him. Once she did so, he took one of Simone's hands, laced his fingers through hers, and brought the back of her hand up. Then he brushed his lips across her skin in a feather-light kiss.

That made Simone's entire body shiver and tingle. It was exactly the sort of unconsciously casual tenderness that she'd so rarely gotten from any other boy she'd been with that made the gesture so moving for her.

He said to her, "Good. We'll talk about that in private some more, later. By the way, feel free to start sucking at any time." He winked at her before releasing her hand.

Simone slithered down to the floor. But instead of starting to suck on Alan's erection, she just held it and examined it, getting reacquainted with it. It was like she was trying to tickle it, the way she gently ran her fingertips up and down it.

Alan liked that a lot, but he turned and spoke to Heather. "And you, I want your mouth free to talk, but I'm sure you can find some way to put your hot body to use. Entertain me."

Heather thought, Fucking asshole! I would tell him just how and where he could go and fuck himself, except he got me too horny with all this 'Sir' talk, plus his instructions on how he's gonna control my ass. It fucking sucks that he knows he's got me, but he does!

But dammit, nobody gets the best of a Morgan woman. I'm going to out-trick the trickster. Sure, I'll do just what he says, but I'll emphasize my ass, so he'll do what I want, and fuck me where I need it most! Ha, take THAT, "Sir!"

That resolved, she spun her nude body around, since she wanted all the focus to be on her backside.

A few moments later, he looked over at Heather to see if she was ready to go yet. He was pleased to see that she was naked and posing to please him. He was surprised though that she was squatting with her back to him, knees splayed out widely and pulling her ass cheeks open, as if in anticipation of receiving his stiff erection in her favorite hole.

He grinned and thought, That's my girl, teasing with her hot body at every opportunity. Looks like she's working extra hard to take my attention from Simone, too, no doubt in hopes that I'm gonna fuck her ass. This is gonna be fun. I love seeing two vixens compete for my attention.

Since Simone hadn't started sucking him yet, he decided it wasn't too late to move to a better spot. He led both teen sexpots to an old couch in the back of the theater stage.

Once he was seated on the couch and comfortable, he said to Simone in a slightly playful, over the top manner, "Dear lady, please, could you ever be so kind as to nibble on my knob a wee bit? I would be eternally grateful."

Simone laughed at that as she dropped to her knees again. She leaned forward and started to lick. "Certainly, kind sir. It's my pleasure." She was speaking with the same over the top politeness, as if they were British royalty gathering for tea. It was all the more amusing for her to say that while licking her way around his cockhead.

Alan then turned to Heather, who was standing with her back turned in front of him trying to strike a sexy and defiant pose that highlighted her ass. His voice changed, becoming harsh and dismissive. "And you. You think you're so hot, when you're just a filthy bitch. Get down on all fours like the she dog that you are, and use your tongue on whatever Simone lets you reach. Don't get in her way. Understood?"

She thought, Wow, that's harsh, even for Alan! His words seemed to shoot through her like an arrow, going straight to her already wet and aroused pussy. "Yes, Sir."

Chapter 1013 Having Fun With Heather And Simone

He could scarcely believe his eyes as Heather followed his instructions exactly. What made it all the hotter was how visibly upset she was in doing it, but it was as if she was unable to stop herself.

He thought, Who would believe it? I can't really believe it myself, that the school's bombshell head cheerleader and her equally smokin' best friend are sharing my cock and following my every command! And to think what I just came from at home!

Actually, generally speaking, I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for what's been happening at home. Dealing with all those hotties gives me the confidence to handle Heather. I CAN just walk away if she annoys me, and she knows it. That's what gives me my edge. bender

Simone began taking Alan so deep with each pass that Heather didn't have any cock to work with. No doubt, this was a deliberate dig. Simone clearly had some resentment issues with Heather that she needed to work out.

But right now Alan was the beneficiary. Simone was clearly giving the blowjob her all in an effort to outdo Heather. She was focusing most of her attention on Alan's frenulum, the super sensitive spot just below the cockhead, knowing that would get the most results. She also kept a hand on her clit to drive her arousal level through the roof, and her other hand stroked the base of his shaft.

Since Heather was completely locked out, she focused on fondling and sucking his balls instead. This deeply shamed her. I can't believe I'm fuckin' sucking his balls! ME! I'm the goddamned Homecoming Queen! Or at least I will be. That fuckin' skank Donna thinks she's so great. Ha! Alan should be sucking my toes! I'm gonna give him a piece of my mind just as soon as... well, later. For one thing, I've gotta

show Simone that she can't compete with me... If only I could have some of the tasty cock, I'd show her for sure! Grrr!

I hope he appreciates what I'm doing here. It's not easy to cram all of one of these damn balls in my mouth and treat it gently. I could so easily pretend not to know what I'm doing and get too rough, ruining Simone's efforts. Both of them would fully deserve it, too! But acting like that isn't gonna get my ass fucked. Besides, I find this strangely appealing. Well, since I've got nothing better to do anyway...

Alan smiled as familiar pleasurable sensations flowed out of his groin. "Now that I'm feeling comfy, let's talk. Heather, you will wear your Bitch Trainer the entire school day, except for cheerleading class. I assume you can't really do your cheerleading exercises and jump all over the place while wearing a great big Bitch Trainer up your butt, or I'd have you wear it then, too. Simone will have to quickly take it out between fifth and sixth periods. Simone, do you think you could find the time to do that before your own P. E. class?"

Simone stopped cocksucking long enough to say, "Yes. Plus you know we have time to change into our gym clothes at the start of P. E., so we could use that time, too."

Once she was done talking, she went back to cocksucking with a will. She was very nearly deep throating him as she stuffed a great deal of his erection in her mouth, but she didn't know how to get past her gag reflex. She choked and gagged as she struggled to get past it, until she finally decided it wasn't worth the struggle.

Alan found himself strangely aroused by Simone's gagging sounds. He knew that wasn't PC, but it was hard not to get excited by the fact that she was trying so hard.

If anything, Heather was even more aroused by those same gagging sounds. That should be ME choking on his fat cock! Some best friend you are, SLUT! Just wait until I get my chance: I won't stop until my nose is getting tickled by his little patch of pubic hair! Then you'll see what Morgan willpower can do!

Alan waited a minute or so until Simone seemed to simmer down and go back to straight bobbing. Then he continued as if there hadn't been an obscene, loud gag-fest at all. "Good. Heather, YOU are not to take your Bitch Trainers out for any reason. But if some emergency forces you to take it out, go to Simone and have her do the unloading. Is that clear?"

Heather had been working on sucking his other ball, but she disengaged to say, "Yes. Sir." She spoke in a resigned voice, as if responding to a teacher who'd just given her a long homework assignment. She felt bummed out, knowing that he was greatly increasing his hold over her with this new regimen, but her body wanted it too much for her to put up a protest. Suddenly, she could barely muster up the energy to properly lick his balls, much less suck on them.

Alan detected Heather's reluctance. He grabbed her chin in a demanding grip and jerked her face up to look at him, even as Simone kept on with her rhythmic sucking. "I hope you mean that, because I'm quite serious. Simone has to change you even in emergencies because you are not allowed to see or touch your Bitch Trainers. You may be allowed to, one day, eventually, but that's a privilege you'll have to earn. I know you're going to get curious to see what goes in you, but consider it a test."

He disdainfully let go of her chin and leaned back. "It's a test I know you will fail, because your willpower is weak. But keep in mind we'll always know what you've done, and punish you accordingly."

"I will not fail!" Heather protested. "You're so wrong. You think you know me, but you don't. Sir." She then dropped her head back into his crotch and resumed licking his balls with new enthusiasm, as if to prove her sincerity.

He chuckled inwardly. This reverse psychology stuff works like a charm on her. She's so smart in most ways, but she falls for that one every time.

He winced from a surge of arousal, thanks to the combined oral efforts of the two girls. Steeling himself to speak, he said menacingly, "We'll see. If you screw up on this, or any other matter, you will be punished. I guarantee you that. The punishment may not happen immediately, but it WILL happen. Punishment can take any form. If you refuse punishment even once..."

He paused, not for dramatic effect, but because he needed to recover his breath. Simone and Heather were trying to outdo each other, and he was the winner.

Finally, he continued, "If you refuse, that's it. My attempt to help you will come to a complete and very final halt. This may seem like a power game to you at times, but I assure you that's not what it's about at all."

He ran a hand through the hair on Heather's head, which was moving to a rhythmic licking and bobbing, just like Simone's. "This is about making you a better person, so if you cheat, you only cheat yourself. I know I sound like some kind of parent or teacher speaking a tired cliché when I say that, but it's completely true just the same."

Meanwhile, Simone was thinking, This is great! I've never been all that big on cocksucking, but doing it while Alan totally puts Heather in her place is brilliant! I could suck like this all day. Too bad school's starting soon.

Alan unexpectedly reached forward with his other hand and caressed Heather's cheek and jaw line.

Heather was so surprised that she let the ball she'd been sucking on fall from her mouth and looked up into Alan's eyes as his fingertips tenderly brushed over her lips.

"But on the other hand," he continued softly, "if you behave well, you may be rewarded. It's the classic carrot and stick method. Simple but effective."

Simone said, "Or classic big dick and giant dildo, as the case may be." She couldn't resist making the joke, even though it meant she'd have to swallow his cockhead again, which was no easy task. She smirked, and then went back to her enthusiastic but gentle cocksucking. She'd given up on making deep passes for the moment, after her gagging fiasco, and was focusing on licking around and under the cockhead. She liked looking into Alan's eyes as she sucked.

That was something he enjoyed since she was nearly the only one of his lovers to do that. Susan, for instance, almost never looked him in the eyes while cocksucking. To her, it was a very serious business that demanded her total concentration. Suzanne often kept her eyes closed or watched what the tip of her long tongue was doing.

"Indeed," Alan seriously replied to Simone's jokey comment. "Rewards can take various forms, and will be solely up to me. But if you make a request, I might choose to reward you by granting that request."

He paused, grimacing with pleasure at the double assault on his privates. Damn, that feels so good! He looked down at the blonde of Heather's hair and the dark brown of Simone's skin. It's like... racial harmony across my cock. He chuckled to himself. That is one sweet sight!

After a long pause, he remembered where he'd left off. "For instance, maybe you don't like calling me 'sir'. You could earn the right not to use that word if you do well. Is that all understood?"

"Yes, Sir," Heather replied. Then she stuffed one of Alan's balls back into her mouth and pulled on it a bit.

Simone smirked and might have said something else, but she was content to keep her mouth full of Alan's cock for the moment. However, hearing his increasingly labored breathing, she forced herself to go slower on sliding her lips up and down so he could keep talking.

"Good," Alan replied to Heather. "Now, here's a key point. We've said that I own your ass, and that's certainly true in some respects, and I'm going to keep on acting like I own it. But it would be more accurate to say that you're only loaning it to me. Ugh! ... Not so much teeth, please."

He was referring to something Simone just did, so she readjusted her technique.

Truthfully, she wasn't that experienced at cocksucking, which helped explain how Alan could still talk at all. She was used to doing a little just to get her partner primed for a good fuck, and she wasn't experienced at focusing 100 percent on a prolonged blowjob like this. But the way Alan was treating Heather continued to thrill her, and that inspired her to do her very best with his cock.

He continued to explain to Heather, "Ultimately, someday, we're going to go our separate ways and I'm going to find new asses to plow while you'll still be stuck with the one you've been born with. So YOU are ultimately responsible for your ass and what gets done to it. Don't go blaming your ass for what happens as if it has a mind of its ... oh! ... own, and don't you dare say you're a hostage to your slutty libido, no matter how true that might be... Good. More tongue... You have to take responsibility for your actions, not to mention learn some self-control. These are some of the things I'm trying to show you."

Heather expressed her understanding by looking up into his eyes and nodding, while gently and delightfully tugging on one of his balls with her teeth.

Alan groaned with delight, but quickly controlled himself and kept talking. "Now, it is true, that as at least the temporary owner of your ass, not to mention the rest of your body, I'm going to want to take advantage of you from time to time."

Heather interrupted and asked him in a voice half mocking and half lusty, "I suppose you think that's your due for doing this? You're going to fuck me without asking like I'm some kind of 'spoils of war'? Sir?"

Again, she spoke the "sir" with particular contempt, though her air of superiority was greatly undercut by the fact that she was sharing the task of sucking him off. Even as she said it, she couldn't stop licking around the base of his shaft.

"Yes," Alan replied confidently. "I do, and I will. Call it spoils of conquest, if you will. But I'd fuck you whenever the mood strikes me even if I wasn't doing this."

Heather found that answer so arousing that she couldn't help but moan. She could scarcely believe how recently she'd dismissed him as a mere nerd. But at the same time she genuinely looked and felt irate at his swaggering attitude.

He saw her conflict, and goaded her, "Look at you now. Are you not my personal whore? Or I should say, merely one of my personal whores."

Heather would have said something nasty in response except that his cutting words turned her on even more, and she expressed herself by throwing herself into sucking his scrotum even more than before.

Simone snickered again. She couldn't help but pile on, and said, "Gee, Heather, you're not going to take that lying down, are you? ... Oh wait! You are. Lying face down with your legs spread. Hee-hee!" Then she moaned and took Alan's erection even deeper into her mouth, until she gagged a little. That forced her to back off some.

Heather looked from her position at the base of Alan's shaft, up to Simone completely engulfing Alan's cockhead and then some, and gave her best friend a murderous glare.

Both of them were too busy licking and sucking to verbally argue with each other, though. They were women in heat, completely lost to their lust. Neither of them had ever imagined that giving a blowjob could feel so good. It helped that both of them were fingering their own pussies at the same time.

Alan just smiled at Simone's growing bravery and continued his speech to Heather. "You know about the S-Club by now, and I may have anyone who takes part in that fuck you, or have anyone else fuck you, for that matter, if it pleases me. If you agree to this program, your body becomes mine to use, abuse, or share in any way I wish, any time I wish, 24/7. I'll grudgingly admit your body is pretty damn hot, and if I want to enjoy it, I will." He reached out to stroke her hair and fondle her shivering breasts to help make his point.

Chapter 1014 Having Fun With Heather And Simone Ctd.

Heather turned and drew away a bit to show her resentment, but she didn't withdraw enough to actually remove her breasts from his reach, when she easily could have. The bastard! He thinks he owns my body! But she shivered with arousal as tingles of excitement ran up and down her spine. What if he's RIGHT?! Oh, God!

That inspired her so much that she actually tried to push Simone out of the way so she could engulf all of Alan's cock. Unfortunately for her, Simone wasn't willing to give it up, and with her muscular, athletic body, she wasn't about to be pushed around either. Heather was reduced to licking just below Simone's sliding lips, waiting for Simone to pull off in order to make some joke or comment.

Alan added a bit more defensively, "Just remember that Simone and I are actually doing you a favor here, and we deserve to get rewarded from time to time. Simone especially, since she'll be doing most of the grunt work. She'll be amply rewarded for her trouble."

Simone raised her eyebrow with interest as she heard this. She would have helped out in every way possible merely in the hopes that her best friend Heather could really change for the better and become easier to get along with. Any rewards on top of that would be gravy.

Alan went on, "But you know... Hey, slow down on the sucking for a sec, both of you. I need to think here."

He paused and mentally counted to ten to bringing his raging urges under control. Then he continued as if there had been no pause at all, "But you know the two of us and you know we're not cruel or greedy. Everything that I will or will not allow to happen to you and your body will be in line with the goals of training your inner bitch. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Sir." Heather tried to sound resentful, but instead her words came out full of lust, as if she'd said in a breathy voice, "Fuck me now!"

An idea came to her. She briefly sucked on her index finger, getting it wet. Then she brought that hand down so it was wedged in between Alan's ass and the couch. Her finger fought its way up to his asshole and she began enthusiastically fingerfucking him there.

As she slowly sawed her finger deeper and deeper into his ass, she thought, Ha! That'll get him going! He thinks he's so smug and superior, able to handle anything Simone and I can do with our mouths. Well, let's see how long he can last now without cumming!

Hot damn! he thought. That feels so fucking INTENSE! But I will not give her the satisfaction of knowing she got me to cum too soon. I have to hold out! This is more than just a two on one sex session; this is a battle of wills! Thank God Simone isn't that practiced with her blowjobs, 'cos that finger up the ass trick is killing me!

He closed his eyes and tried to think about anything but the intense pleasure coming from his groin and ass. I've gotta stay one step ahead of Heather. I noticed an obvious change in her attitude as soon as I started talking about using her body at will and sharing it with others. She clearly finds those ideas quite arousing, even while she just as clearly tries to deny it. I should take advantage of that somehow. You know, she actually has the potential to make quite an exceptional whore, given the right conditions. The idea of being pimped out seemed to be a huge turn-on for her. Not that I'd ever do that, but I can still "threaten" her with that.

However, he felt like he was slowly losing the battle to stave off orgasm. He took some heavy breaths to calm down, and that helped. He upped his efforts to squeeze his PC muscle too.

Unfortunately, he still had a little more to say. Plus, he wanted to make Heather think that she wasn't getting to him with her anal fingering. "Final point, Heather. This is not about 'breaking' you. As I said already, this is not a power game between you and me, no matter how much you might think it is." He started gasping wildly for air. "This is about ... ugh! Slow down for a sec, slow down! ... You too, Simone! UH!"

Heather was feeling triumphant. A-ha! Got him! True, he's gonna cum into Simone's mouth, and that sucks for me, but at least he's gonna cum! Thanks to me! She wiggled her index finger even deeper into his ass until it was buried as far in as it could go.

He sighed in pleasure as an ejaculation-free orgasm passed through him. He hadn't planned that, but he spontaneously took advantage of what Suzanne had taught him recently.

His body relaxed, and he was relieved to discover that his dick was still erect and ready to go. He sighed happily, "Aaaahhh. That's better... Yeah."

Simone was puzzled. She had been bracing herself for a cum blast, but it never arrived.

Heather was both puzzled and annoyed. She pulled off his balls and licked up his long cock. Since Simone was still frozen in place with her lips near the tip, waiting for the cum eruption, Heather was able to lick all the way up to his sweet spot.

That made her happy, and she tried to take full advantage while she could. She did her best to suck on it from the side, as if trying to make a hickey, while going wild with her tongue on it too.

But she also was so frustrated that she almost wanted to cry. How is it that he didn't cum?! What the fuck?! He's still so gloriously hard! I love it, but I hate it too. He's never going to get to my ass at this rate. You know what? I think he can stay just as hard as he wants, for as long as he wants, and there's nothing we can do about it!

Gaawwwd, that's hot! This is the best cock in school, hands down!

After about half a minute, Simone finally resumed sucking, forcing Heather further down his shaft. Neither of them were wiser as to what happened.

Thinking it hadn't been so effective after all, Heather withdrew her finger from Alan's ass. He was secretly very relieved, because that had been way too effective.

He resumed speaking in a much calmer voice, now that his orgasmic crisis had passed. He was even able to stop clenching his PC muscle. "This is about breaking the inner bitch in you, Heather, the bad parts of you, and leaving the good parts."

Alan reached down to Heather's face again. He cupped her cheek in his palm and was surprised when she leaned into his caress and sighed in response, while still lapping up and down as much of his shaft as she could.

He spoke tenderly, "It's just my gut feeling, but I seriously believe that there's a loving and wonderful Heather in there, somewhere, trying to get out. I don't think the bitchy Heather will ever fully go away, but in time, and with training and willpower... and a whole lot of ass stuffing... I think we can keep her mostly in check. So what's it going to be? Do you agree to everything I've said or not?"

As she gently scraped a fingernail over his scrotum, she asked, hopefully, "If I agree and this part of me you like comes to the fore, does that mean you'll agree to be my boyfriend? If you want to keep Amy and all the rest, that's okay with me. I can live with that. But I'd want-"

He reached way down and pinched her left nipple almost painfully to get her full attention. "Hold on! We're talking an extremely hypothetical situation when it comes to any boyfriend promises. Even then, it wouldn't be a normal relationship. I certainly wouldn't give up my other girls for you or anyone else. It just means you'd rank up there with Amy when it comes to doing things in public and at school. You weren't thinking otherwise, were you?"

"I knew that," Heather said defensively, even though she hadn't realized that, and was crushed to hear it. Yet it didn't lessen her resolve to get that coveted official-girlfriend status. She went back to licking his balls while sliding her fingers up and down most of his shaft.

He added, "Besides, we'd be talking far in the future, if that happens at all. Taming your inner bitch down to even moderate levels will take months at the very least. I know you. You're stubborn. You're probably already thinking of ways you can rebel and skirt the rules and that kind of thing even as I speak. Aren't you? ... Don't answer. I know you are." bender

Actually, she wasn't. But that was only because she was too busy concentrating on his words while sucking on one of his balls. But he was right in the larger sense, because she knew that she'd have plenty of time later to plan out her schemes.

He continued, "And that kind of determination to win is one of the things I like about you. It's just that it's so misguided most of the time. You rebel against anything and everything, like a bull charging blindly at any red cloth waved in the air. If you win by tricking me, you'll actually lose and defeat yourself. Think about it. But my point is, you have such a long way to go that there's no point in even talking about boyfriend and girlfriend for now."

She longingly fondled the base of his stiff shaft, not minding the mixture of saliva and pre-cum there, not to mention the repeated passes of Simone's lips that sometimes caused Simone's face to bump into her hand. "But is it possible? Would I have any chance at all, if it was something I wanted? Not that I care... Sir."

Her attempt to sound disinterested was pathetic; she simply wasn't used to being in this position and didn't know how to act. If she wanted something, she'd always gone right out and gotten it, especially when it came to men. Furthermore, she was confused and distracted by how much she was enjoying stimulating his balls and shaft.

Alan humored her and resisted a chance to mock her. "Yes. I'll admit it's possible. But I'm not even going to think about just how wildly unlikely it is, until you show at least some desire to change yourself. Just tell me, yes, you'll obediently follow my training in every way, or no, you're a stubborn assed wench and an incurable bitch who wants to go her own way."

She looked up into his face and smiled. "Well, if you put it that way... then yes." She tried to appear reluctant, as if she'd had to think it over, but in fact she considered the decision a no-brainer (and had since he'd broached the idea last week).

In reference to the very first thing Alan said that morning, she thought, You had me at "Good morning to you too, Heather." She would have liked to say that out loud as a half-joke of sorts, except that she was too proud to reveal the part of the sentiment that obviously wasn't a joke. The truth was, she was practically panting at the idea of being filled all day and every day by a big anal dildo. Her sexual arousal had been slowly growing, more by anticipation of what was to come than the fact she was naked and fondling his balls and ass, although that was really great too. By now though, she was so hungry to experience the first day of her new life that she was ready to explode.

Chapter 1015 Heather! Whats More To Say! She's Crazy.

Alan felt a bit weary at having to be "on" and domineering around Heather all the time. Though it always led to a lot of sensual pleasure, it was also mentally trying to put on a persona that wasn't really his. He longed to be back home in his mother's safe and warm arms, sucking on her pendulous breasts like a baby.

He decided to focus on enjoying himself and have Simone do most of the work for a while. One plus about the relationship he'd established with Heather was that he could act a bit selfish and still be in character. So he said, "Simone, are you ready? It's time for us to begin, and I want you to take charge from the very start. After all, this will be your 'duty' from now on."

"All right," Simone said. She'd been feeling a bit like a third wheel, even though she'd had the cocksucking to occupy her, and she was glad to take a more active role. She also was secretly relieved to end the cocksucking. It had been going on for so very long that it had become an ordeal for her. But she wasn't willing to stop, because she was getting a kick out of denying Heather the coveted top half of Alan's erection. Still, even that had lost its appeal, and she'd just been about to let Heather take over.

She also not-so-secretly longed to lord over Heather for a change, since Heather had pushed her around for so many years, and her new duty would give her a chance to do that.

Alan directed, "Heather, I want you to put your face back in my crotch, but don't start sucking my cock yet."

"Awww," Heather pouted, and then she blushed as she realized she was supposed to hate blowjobs. She had a reputation to maintain, and it was embarrassing how obvious it was that she longed to feel his thickness between her lips.

"You can lick it all you like, though."

YESSS! All right! Victory! She immediately got busy, slurping all over the cockhead that she'd been denied for many long minutes.

Alan grinned at her obvious enthusiasm. He waited a bit until he could handle her oral attentions. Even though she was focusing on his sweet spot for the most part, he decided he still didn't need to flex his PC muscle yet. That non-ejaculatory orgasm had done wonders for him.

Then he continued, "Simone, get behind Heather's butt and stay there. Heather will NOT be turning around to see you or what you're doing for any reason. Check out the stuff I have in the bag at the bottom of my backpack. You'll also find a blindfold in there too. I want her blindfolded whenever you're handling her Bitch Trainers, at least until she earns the right to not have to wear one."

Simone quickly found the blindfold and tied it over Heather's eyes. Then she assumed her position behind her friend's ass, staring right into her pussy. This rocks! Just having a threesome with Alan would be fun enough on a physical level, but the words are soooo entertaining! He says all kinds of stuff to her that I could never say and still live. Literally!

Heather normally would have complained about the blindfold, but she realized complaining would only delay the magical moment when her ass was stuffed, so she kept quiet. As the moments passed, however, she realized the blindfold could actually help her enjoy the upcoming anal sensations to their fullest by allowing her to focus more of her attention there.

The "stuff" in the bag was the collection of dildos Alan had brought from home. In recent days, the dildo collection had somehow grown by leaps and bounds. It seemed as if all of Alan's family four had been developing private collections of their own in recent weeks (except for Suzanne, who'd had a sizable collection dating back many years already), but they had now all reached a point of comfortable familiarity where they'd started to share all their sex toys freely. So most of them were kept in the underwear cabinet by the front door. He had tried to grab the biggest dildos he could find, but there were surprisingly few big ones (Mr. Excitement tended to stay in Katherine's room). Apparently, none of his women at home were "size queens" and they preferred dildos the size of his penis, or just a little bit bigger.

He hoped that the selection would prove suitable for Heather's needs, at least until he had a chance to buy some more.

He watched as Simone pulled out one dildo and then another, and carefully examined each one. He suddenly leaned over and sprawled himself forward, resting his entire body on top of Heather's back as if she was a table. With his head directly over Heather's ass and his hands grabbing ahold of her ass cheeks to steady himself, he leaned forward still further, indicating he wanted to whisper something in Simone's ear.

So Simone leaned forward too, and Alan whispered very quietly to her so Heather couldn't hear, "I'm thinking, we can't let on just how big the dildos are, or it'll ruin all the mystery for her. So never say 'What do you think about this ten-inch one?' or anything like that. But it's good to hype them in a general way to get her excited and imagining that they're bigger than they really are so as to keep her guessing."

"Gotcha," Simone whispered back, deviously smiling at his cleverness.

Alan remained sprawled over Heather, and Heather was surprisingly quiet about it (all of her attention was focused on what would soon be entering her, and she didn't want to spoil or delay the moment by complaining). He continued to lean out over her ass so he could have a view of all the anal action from mere inches away.

With deliberate slowness, he pulled her muscular buttocks open to reveal her cleanly shaven, lubricated asshole. He could see just how excited Heather was by the way her anus puckered and pulsed in anticipation of what was coming.

Simone finally picked out a dildo, the very smallest one that Alan had brought. In fact, it looked to be an anal dildo that he had grabbed by accident in his haste. Simone winked at him, and said for Heather's benefit, "Okay, I've got a big one for you. Are you ready, girlfriend?"

Heather steeled herself as if she was about to experience something as intense as giving birth. She grunted, "Yes!"

Simone slipped the small anal dildo into Heather's asshole. Like most anal dildos, it was wide on one end and tapered down to a point on the other. It wasn't meant to go in all the way, but instead it could be poked in and out like a penis. But Simone pushed it in as far as it could go, and then left it there.

Heather grunted like Simone had shoved something truly massive up her ass. But then there was a pause.

Alan wished he could have seen her face at that moment, because he knew her expression would be a priceless "Kodak Moment."

Then Heather exploded. "What the FUCK?! You call THAT a dildo?! Toothpicks are bigger than that sorry ass thing! Is this some kind of cruel joke?!"

Alan and Simone cackled gleefully. bender

Then Alan said, "Sorry. We're just kidding around. Simone, please give her a real dildo."

Simone pulled that one out and quickly replaced it with something much more sizable.

Alan wasn't a good guesser at sizes, but he figured the dildo was a tad longer and thicker than his eight-inch penis.

Heather's bitchy grumblings dissolved into sexy moans as this new dildo was pushed into her. Although her ass had been filled by Alan's dick rather frequently lately, she had a strong and tight sphincter and her entrance hadn't loosened. So it was a struggle to get it in, even with lots of lubrication.

But they persevered and finally all but the flanged base of the dildo disappeared inside her.

She exulted, Payoff! I spent a fucking half hour at least sucking on his balls until I thought I couldn't move another muscle. But it was soooo worth it for this! It may not be his cock, but it's very nearly as good! Plus, he's letting me lick all of his cock now, and that's fuckin' glorious. Every inch of this cock is MINE! She lapped on his sweet spot happily, and then added, See? Morgan women always get what they want in the end! She chuckled to herself at her accidental double entendre.

Alan made a mental note that he would need to buy special anal dildos with strings so they could be inserted all the way and still be easily pulled out.

But once Simone and Alan got it in, Heather complained to both of them, "You call that big, Sir? I've had bigger. I thought you were going to put in something BIG! Fill me up with something serious, Sir!" By speaking so impetuously, her use of "Sir" turned into a mockery, and a challenge to Alan's authority.

She went on, "And what's with that base that won't let me take it ALL?! I can't have that sticking out of me and ruining the curves of my perfect ass when I flaunt it while wearing my tightest shorts and my butt floss! Here! Take this reject back, Sir!"

Then she grunted oddly, and right before Alan's and Simone's astonished eyes she pushed the offending dildo out of her asshole, hands free, with a speed they hardly thought possible.

Alan knew from firsthand experience that Heather had some pretty powerful internal muscles, but he hadn't realized just how strong she was inside. It had taken actual work on Simone's part to get that big

dildo into her, and now Heather was pushing it out as though it were no more than a roll of quarters, using only her rectal strength.

Alan and Simone watched the dildo clatter onto the floor following its hasty exit from Heather's rear. The two of them then looked at each other with wonder, as if both were saying, "I didn't know a person could do that!" They were more than a little impressed with Heather's ass strength, but neither said anything out loud for fear of further inflating Heather's already massive ego.

Alan was especially wowed, as he recalled how those same anal muscles had tightly squeezed his dick in the past. Even as Heather resumed licking his sweet spot, he got an extra erotic thrill contemplating his dick discovering more of her anal talents in the future.

Alan and Simone returned their attention to the rest of the dildo collection with a sense of dismay. They both realized that it was doubtful they had anything bigger.

But Alan nodded his head in such a way as to non-verbally say to Simone, "What the heck, let's try another one and see if she likes that any better."

After just a brief silence, Heather complained, "Any day now. Sir." She wiggled her hips petulantly, and made another hickey-like sucking attempt on the side of his cock.

Alan spoke to the still annoyed Heather. "We're working on it. Geez! In the meantime, make yourself useful and suck my dick back to full size and keep your lips around it. At the very least, that'll shut your bitchy mouth for a while." He was still on her back and her face was practically in his crotch. All he had to do was hold his cock out and feed it towards her mouth.

"I don't know why I put up with you jokers," Heather mumbled. "And I highly resent all this cocksucking." But she couldn't disguise her eagerness to finally be given permission to not just lick, but suck, to her heart's content. She immediately engulfed his cockhead and got busy bobbing on it with gusto.

The truth was, even though she was complaining, the dildo sizing was great fun for her, and even downright exciting. Plus, she tried to convince herself that she hated blowjobs, which was generally true since they weren't all about her pleasure, but with Alan it was different. His cock wasn't just a means to give her pleasure anymore, she was falling in love with it just as she was falling in love with Alan. When

she had it throbbing with pleasure that made her feel very good, even if she wasn't feeling pleasure in return. She also loved the challenge of getting him to cum, and the reward she'd get when she succeeded. Just thinking about his hot seed spurting into the back of her mouth nearly made her climax.

Alan shook his head with amusement as he felt all of the different tricks she was trying to do with her lips, tongue, and fingers, seemingly all at once. And she says she doesn't like blowjobs. Yeah, right! Can't she even hear how loudly she's slurping? It's true that she's not Mom good yet, but she's getting there.

Rather than rebuke Heather's complaints and surly attitude directly, Alan decided to take a more subtle but satisfying approach. He watched while Simone held up the dripping dildo that had just been so unceremoniously ejected from Heather's ass, and watched as she held other dildos up to it and compared sizes until she found one that was slightly bigger but double ended.

Alan winked at Simone, and then said, "Oh my God! Not that one! Simone, that's a gag gift. A dildo like that can't actually fit inside a person for real, can it?"

Simone looked at the dildo, perhaps ten inches long, if that, and wondered what the heck Alan was going on about. But then she realized his intentions. Playing along, she said, "I don't know, but I think it's time we found out. After all, our favorite bitch queen says she simply can't get one big enough to satisfy her." She said with a naughty smile, "She must be as wide and deep as a cavern in there."

Heather ignored the jibe and kept cocksucking. She was intent on getting a big hot load on her tonsils. She didn't really believe Alan could hold out for ever, and she figured that even he would have to give up his cum before long, if she kept at it with all her might.

In fact, he still had a long way to go, thanks again to that non-ejaculatory orgasm. He still wasn't even resorting to his PC muscle moves yet. He gleefully continued with his protests. "But Simone. Be reasonable! That thing is HUGE! It's like a yuletide log. You could seriously cause some permanent internal injury with it!"

"Hmmm. You're right. But if we gently push in just the first fifteen or so inches of it-"

Heather instantly popped Alan's erection out of her mouth. She practically screamed, "Fifteen inches?! I can't take that much! No way! Please!"

Simone winked at Alan. "Hmmm, she may be right. Why don't we get her used to it by stretching her out with a Coke can first?"

"Arrgh!" Heather appeared on the verge of tears. "Please no! Have mercy! Please, I'll do anything; just don't put that monster in me! Please! Sir!" She was practically vibrating with fright now.

Alan laughed. "Ah. So now you remember to call me 'sir.' I think in this kind of situation you should call Simone 'ma'am' as well."

"Yes, Sir! Yes, ma'am! I'll be good!" Interestingly, in her mind, the "sir" was capitalized but the "ma'am" wasn't. Despite her protestations of faithfulness, she was wriggling her hips, trying to dislodge Alan's hands from holding her ass crack open. She was torn between wanting to consume his cockhead again and worrying that she'd need to speak some more.

Simone burst into laughter; she couldn't help it. She was greatly amused by Heather's change of attitude, and the new title of "ma'am".

"What?" Heather asked, suspicious about all the laughter. Heather's hips stopped moving and Alan very deliberately pried her taut butt cheeks open again.

Instead of answering, Simone pushed the slightly bigger dildo into Heather's unsuspecting asshole.

Alan took advantage of this. Putting his hand on Heather's further down his shaft, he maneuvered his cockhead back into Heather's suddenly wide open mouth. That served to shut her up again, at least for a while.

Heather thought as she unthinkingly resumed bobbing on his thickness, I really shouldn't be putting up with this shit. They're mocking me. ME! I OWN this school! I'm going to tell them off in no uncertain terms, just as soon as I can get Alan to fill my mouth with his sweet cum. Why is his cock so God damned yummy? And I'm not just talking about his cum; just sucking on his thick meat tastes good! Why does the fucking fucker have to take so fucking long to cum?! He seriously annoys me with his God damned big and talented cock. He thinks he's so great. Grrr! I'll show him who's great by making him blow his load straight down my throat!

She closed her eyes and tried to devote all her attention to licking and sucking her favorite cock, but it became more and more difficult to think or act as her hungry ass was slowly filled. She gasped and gagged, as it was suddenly hard for her to breathe, but she didn't pull her lips off despite everything.

Chapter 1016 Fucking Simone.! 4K Words

Once the procedure of inserting the dildo completely past Heather's spastically clenching anus came to an end, Alan asked her, "How does that feel?"

Heather tested her ass. She certainly felt quite full when she flexed "down there." She somehow knew that she could take something even bigger, since she didn't feel "filled to the gills" like she'd expected to, and Heather being Heather, she wanted to go to the maximum right away. But after the talk about the "yuletide log dildo," she felt a bit chastened and didn't dare ask for something else for fear they'd go back to that one again. As her rectal muscles rippled up and down and all around the dildo in her ass, she found herself reflexively sucking on his erection for reassurance, as if it was some kind of baby pacifier, while her butt got acquainted with the new sensations it was experiencing. She was positively grateful for the blindfold now, as she could revel in her anal sensations more than ever before.

She wanted to explain that she really liked how the dildo felt, but she didn't want to pull Alan's boner out of her mouth to speak. She tried to say "Mmmm!" as encouragingly as she could, but her meaning wasn't clear.

Simone stashed the dildo collection out of sight back in Alan's backpack and then came around to look into Heather's blindfolded face. "How's that?" she asked. When Heather again failed to respond beyond more mysterious moaning sounds, Simone took off the blindfold to see if Heather was all right. She promptly burst out into hearty laughter again.

"What?" asked Alan.

Simone replied, "It's just that you should see her face. Tears are actually leaking from her eyes. Her eyes are so wide open that they seem stuck that way. It's like she's imitating that kid from the 'Home Alone' movies. I'll bet if she wasn't sucking on your dick, her mouth would make a perfect 'O' shape. Actually, it is making a perfect 'O' shape; it's just that your cock is sliding in and out of the 'O'. I'm thoroughly amused by the thought of her going around all day with that stunned look on her face."

Alan chuckled. "I'd like to see that, too. But I have to admit that being draped over her like this has advantages of its own." As if proving his point, he fondled Heather's flexing and muscular ass as he said this, and luxuriated in the sensations her sliding lips were giving his hard-on. He manhandled and kneaded her strong buttocks for a little bit before gripping her ass like a handle and pulling her entire body back into his crotch.

Heather gagged, coughed and spluttered when Alan's cock went too deep and attempted to penetrate her throat, but then his dick just as quickly pulled back and she reestablished her earlier cocksucking rhythm. This is so humiliating. He's using my mouth as a cum dump and playing with my ass like a toy, and I'm loving it! I should fight back. I should at least bite down a bit to show him who the boss is around here. I'M the boss, dammit! I'm the boss!

She repeated "I'm the boss" several more times while Alan roughly fucked her mouth. She continued to resentfully contemplate biting his cock a little bit, but she didn't so much as put her teeth to it. His erection was remarkably sticky with pre-cum by now, which only redoubled her resolve to swallow a full load. She was getting tired from all the licking and sucking, but she didn't care.

Simone was also idly stroking Alan's back, but for the moment she was much more interested in observing Heather's reaction to the large intruder her ass had swallowed up whole than getting fully involved.

Alan had been slowly reaching a climax, thanks to Heather's unusually enthusiastic cocksucking, so he asked Simone, glancing significantly down at his own groin, "Can you take it out?"

Simone tried to pull Alan's erection away from Heather's nursing lips, but she was quite horny too, and began pumping his sticky thickness with both hands instead.

Alan laughed with glee. He thought, Now, this is the life! Two of the foxiest girls in school will do whatever I want. They can't get enough of my cock! This is just like being at home with Mom and Sis. I can't believe I'm gonna have to go from this to my boring first-period class soon. Ugh. Physics! Maybe taking a hands-on role in Heather's Bitch Trainer insertions wouldn't be such a bad thing... Nah. I can't forget Mom and Sis and our morning fun.

Thoughts of Susan and Katherine made his boner lurch, and thanks to Simone's double-pumping around the base and Heather's nibbling on the cockhead, he very nearly lost control. He remembered to resume his PC muscle squeezing, and that helped.

Snapping from his daydream, he chided Simone in a friendly way, "Hey, stop it already! I'm trying to calm down for a minute. Let's hear what Heather has to say."

Simone reluctantly let go of Alan's member, but she was unable to pull it away from Heather's sucking ruby red lips.

Heather was silent for a while, but after an impatient Simone prodded her with another "Well?" the blonde bombshell finally pulled her mouth away from Alan's throbbing erection and replied in a rather awed voice, "I feel ... full. To be honest, I kind of lied. I've never had anything like this in me before. Just Alan's thick and tasty penis and... some rather small anal dildos like the very first one you jokingly put in me. This, on the other hand, feels, well... full! It's like, well, I can't explain it. I know it sounds stupid, but it almost feels like my ass is like... I dunno... pregnant, or something... like I'm about to give birth... as weird as that sounds. I can't really describe it. There's this THING in there. This tremendously large thing inside me... that feels, really good! But I feel like I need to go to the bathroom. I mean, I can take this for a while, but I can't possibly imagine having this thing in me for hours and hours! There's no way!"

Alan stood up and then pulled Heather to her feet. She wobbled dangerously, but he steadied her until she was standing on her own. He was relieved to have his dick untended for a while, as he'd been extremely close to losing a big load and it would undercut his authority to shoot it into the bitchy cheerleader's mouth.

He let everyone have a much needed rest for a bit. But in no nonsense tones, he firmly told Heather, "Well, imagine it. You will have your Bitch Trainer in you all day, unless you cry uncle and give up. Then Simone will help you, but that will be the end of it." He tweaked both of Heather's nipples to renewed hardness, nearly making her knees collapse out from under her, before continuing on in a softer, more condescending, yet confident voice. "But I don't take you to be a loser and a quitter. Am I wrong about that?"

"No!" she said confidently.

He was once again using the simple psychological trick of playing to her competitive nature. Looking deeply into her wide open "deer in the headlights" eyes and flushed face, he continued, "We've seen that keeping you filled with my dick changes your attitude, and I can already see this dildo is doing the same. Your voice has already changed, becoming softer, mellower and much more pleasant sounding. Your angry and arrogant tone is gone, just like that."

He snapped his fingers to make his point, making a blissed out Heather blink in surprise. "Needless to say, I'm pleased so far, but the big test is, will the change last all day, or will you grow immune to it and go back to your bitchy old self? That's the key test. If the latter happens, then I'm afraid I won't be able to help you much, after all."

Heather didn't reply. Her eyes had narrowed with determination when he hinted at her being a loser and a quitter, but her facial expression quickly returned to one of wide-eyed wonder.

Alan chuckled again at Simone's vision of Heather looking like that all day long.

But Simone was still chuckling too, and seemed even more amused.

So he asked the dark-skinned beauty, "What?"

Simone answered, "Well, for starters, you can see that she's STILL doing the 'Home Alone' look." She made a mocking impersonation of Heather's face, and referencing an old Saturday Night Live act, cried out in a high-pitched voice, "Oh no! Mr. Bill!" She laughed at her own joke. She was having a grand old time.

Ignoring Heather's evil eye, Simone went on, "And for another, Heather, honey, you do know we were just yanking your chain with that whole 'yuletide log dildo' thing, don't you? Oh, that was so much fun! You were about to pee in your pants you were so scared shitless! Not that Alan ever allows you to wear pants or any other clothes! Ha!" She laughed even more uproariously.

Heather burned with anger and embarrassment. She didn't take being the butt of a joke well at all. "Bastards! I'll get you back!" She muttered this just loud enough for them to hear.

She longed to have Alan's cock back in her mouth, both to bite down on it enough to make him hurt and to suck it till he filled her mouth to overflowing with cum. In fact, she loved the act of sucking and licking, even without the cummy reward.

"Now, now," Simone corrected. "'Bastards, ma'am' and 'Bastards, sir.' You have to learn how to address your superiors!" She thought that hilarious, and laughed even more at Heather's expense.

Alan could see there were ways one could push Heather and ways one should not, and this fell into the latter category. Plus, there were things he could get away with saying that Simone could not. He said diplomatically, "Heather, please forgive Simone, she's not used to this role reversal. As for the dildo trickery, sure we were having a bit of fun, but it also served a purpose. I'm worried that you have 'size queen' tendencies and I want to warn you off from putting in the really big stuff."

Rather than reply, Heather kept looking away and mumbled something under her breath. While her words couldn't be heard, her bitter tone made their meaning clear enough.

The lack of time before school started was very much on Alan's mind, so he decided not to make an issue out of Heather's surliness. He looked at the clock on the wall again, as he'd been doing periodically all along. He nodded at Simone, and then at her bag. bender

Simone took over. "Heather, Alan was thinking that you're going to be walking funny today and people are going to wonder why. We talked about some of this stuff on the phone yesterday. So I've taken the liberty of sneaking these out of your house when I stopped by to pick you up this morning."

She held up a pair of five-inch heels. Heather wore two-inch and three-inch heels all the time, but she had been annoyed at how difficult it was to walk in five-inch heels and thus avoided them. Although she'd bought the pair Simone was now holding up, they were still among her collection only because she'd never gotten around to getting rid of them.

Simone casually said, "Your 'cruel shoes.' I know you're not keen on them, but Alan has a point that they'll provide an obvious excuse for why you're walking so funny."

"Okay. Fine," Heather grumbled, grabbing the shoes from Simone's hands. She was still pissed off at both of them. But at the same time, she was thinking about the silver lining: wearing the very high heels would firm up her legs and ass, making them look more tantalizing for Alan.

"Okay. Fine, ma'am," Simone corrected firmly.

"Ma'am." Heather grumbled some more, but Alan was right: her voice no longer had its usual taunting, surly edge. Now she just sounded resigned; defeated by her own lust.

Alan spoke. "Heather, like I was saying earlier, it's all about rewards and punishments. Sadly, you're not yet worthy of taking my cum. But Simone is. Simone, would you be up for a quick fuck? I've been having a load build up in me all morning and I could really use some release before school starts."

"Why certainly, since you asked so nicely." Simone knew that she was unlikely to get off with her own climax in the few minutes they had left to fuck, but she was glad to do it, if for no other reason than the fact it would be a fucking denied to Heather. She still had a lot of resentment towards Heather built up that she needed to work off, and this was just a small down payment on that.

So Alan sat back down on the couch he'd been sitting on at the first part of their session and rolled a condom onto his erection.

As he did that, Heather looked on with dismay. "You can't be serious. After what I did with your balls for, like, five fuckin' hours, this is my reward?!"

He replied, "It's not just about you. You got rewarded with your dildo. Meanwhile, what did Simone get from all of her cocksucking? I'll bet she hasn't even cum yet."

"I haven't," Simone said.

"Well, let's fix that then," he replied.

Heather huffed, and stormed off. Then, realizing she didn't really have anywhere to storm off to without leaving the room, she decided to pretend to not care instead. She also was wobbling dangerously walking in her heels, and realized she needed to do something about that.

Simone sat down on Alan, impaling her hot and wet pussy on his turgid pole. She let out a contented sigh as she lowered herself all the way down.

Alan was a bit sexed out from all the morning's events and in no mood for a big, energetic performance, but Simone understood that, so she did most of the bouncing while he just sat there and enjoyed the sensations while letting his hands wander all over her.

Heather, meanwhile, was experimenting with walking around. Between the dildo up her ass and the high heels, it was quite an effort for her to simply walk from one spot to another. For one thing, her new posture tightened up her calves and buttocks, even more so than usual, which put unexpectedly sexy pressures on the Bitch Trainer she held inside her tightly clenched anus as her legs moved and flexed. As a result, she inadvertently put on a very sexy show right in front of Alan.

Watching Heather in the buff strut her stuff was an excellent bonus arousal on top of the very pleasurable fucking he was getting. Dang! Heather naked in high heels is so fucking smokin'! I'm gonna cum already if I don't watch out. I need to make this good for Simone, even if she is doing more off the work.

Heather, who specialized in cockteasing men with "accidental" displays, was, for once, truly acting inadvertently and without artifice. She was so mentally occupied, especially by the incredible feeling of fullness in her ass, that she was pretty much completely oblivious to anything else. She hardly even noticed Alan and Simone fucking, and the fact that she didn't get chosen didn't bother her nearly as much as it normally would have. Instead, she was practically re-learning how to walk. Her facial expressions were amusingly child-like as she experimentally took dainty, small steps instead of her usual swaggering stride.

Alan's plan was to keep going until Simone had a climax, even if that meant being late for class. But one moment things were going along fine, and the next he'd somehow passed the point of return. He was taken by such surprise that he didn't have time to work his PC muscle trick.

Giving in to the inevitable, he shouted "I'm cumming!" But by then he was already squirting his seed into the condom.

He felt a bit abashed by how "ordinary" the sex was, and the fact that he hadn't given his partner a single orgasm.

He said to Simone, "Sorry, you didn't cum then, did you? Normally, it's really important to me to cum together with my partner, but I got to thinking about the lack of time, and before I knew it, things were kind of happening." That wasn't entirely true. In reality, his body just couldn't take it any more after experiencing such great sexual pleasure for so long. But he didn't want to admit that, since he wanted Heather in particular to think his stamina was virtually limitless. The lack of time made for a lucky excuse.

"That's okay," Simone replied. "You're so good at all this sex stuff that it can't be measured just in orgasms. This whole morning has been one big blast for me. Although, if you could diddle my clit a little bit, that would push me over the edge."

"Certainly." His body just wanted to withdraw and recover, but he forced himself to at least do that so she could get her satisfaction. He was glad when he felt her entire body tremble in his lap, showing that she wasn't faking.

In fact, it really didn't take him much, because Simone had been on the verge anyway. Clearly, the whole dildo sizing session had been a great delight to her, and the brief intercourse at the end was just the icing on the cake. She seemed almost giddy about the way she was allowed to treat Heather.

With Heather still intent on simply walking around, Simone whispered into Alan's ear, "Guess what? I razed Her Majesty big time today, and no lightning bolts struck me! Hee-hee! The harder they cum, they harder they fall, so to speak. Hee! This is simply too cool for school!"

Alan whispered back, "Don't be so sure. We did go over the line with unnecessary teasing, and I get the impression that Heather never forgets a slight. I'd watch your back if I were you, just like I'll be watching mine."

That seemed to sober Simone up.

Time was short, so Alan worked Simone's clit and pussy lips for a minute or so until she had a nice climax. Meanwhile, he was watching Heather standing there for mental inspiration. Damn. That's all I can say, is damn. She thinks her body is the greatest thing since sliced bread, and it actually is, fake tits or not. Damn! And the high heels. What's with me, I dunno, but I must have some kind of high heel fetish. To be honest, I think Mom and Aunt Suzy kind of made me that way, strutting around in nothing but high heels so much.

He stood up and started to look for his clothes. "Heather, when you wear those heels, I want you to think of me. You're not just wearing them to cover for your stuffed ass, you're wearing them as a symbol of your devotion to me. Today, and every day, when you wear heels you're saying 'I want my body to look extra hot for Alan. I want my thighs extra firm. I want my ass extra high. For him.' Right?"

"Uh-huh." She was still in a daze and not fully there, although she would repeatedly mull over his words later.

As usual, things were a bit rushed at the end. They were left with just enough time to change back into their clothes and clean themselves up a bit.

Heather was still so out of it that Simone had to dress her.

As Simone pulled up Heather's "butt floss," Alan said, "Same with your 'butt floss.' When you feel that riding into your ass crack and pulling tight on your pussy lips, think of me. Imagine my hands are pulling it up. Even when I'm not with you, I'm with you, fondling your ass cheeks and pulling on your nipples. Your body belongs to me now."

Heather was reviving, so she paid more attention to that. A part of her wanted to scornfully say, "You wish!" and another part of her wanted to obediently say, "Yes, Sir." She was confused and ended up not saying anything at all.

Even having practiced a little, Heather's walk was quite decidedly wobbly as she slowly made her exit to head off to class. With her "butt floss" riding deeply between her cheeks and her tighter than tight shorts massaging her bare butt constantly with every step, she was so powerfully aroused that she had to keep all her concentration on simply staying upright and moving.

At first she scoffed at Alan's words about her heels and "butt floss," but they stayed with her and doubled her arousal.

As Alan walked out of the theater room, the last to leave, he thought, That went pretty well, overall. Heather's IQ drops big time whenever she has something up her butt, so I wonder how she'll manage in her classes. But the bigger question is, will the dildo effect wear off, or will she be transformed all day, and then day after day after that?

Wouldn't it be amazing if this crazy scheme actually worked? I can half imagine this becoming a psychological cure used by professionals. "Sorry, Mrs. Johnson. Your beautiful daughter has been diagnosed with a case of acutely terminal bitchiness. The only known cure is, well, a bit controversial, but I have the equipment she needs..." Heh-heh! I mean, it would just be so amazing to actually change Heather for the better. What a major accomplishment that would be.

Now, I just have to deal with going to class. Jesus! After all that happened this morning, I'm gonna need a wheelchair just to get from class to class. I know I didn't actually do that much, physically, but being on the receiving end of that much non-stop amazing ecstasy really wipes you out. Phew!

Chapter 1018 MALFs: Mothers Alan Would Like To Fuck!

Susan and Suzanne did their morning exercises together, as usual. After that, Suzanne had to leave to do some errands, so she didn't have time to hang out and sunbathe in the nude with her best friend as was their custom.

That disappointed Susan, but she figured a phone call to Brenda would cheer her up.

Brenda happened to be in the middle of her morning exercise routine. She hadn't been big on exercising until recently, which helped explain her softer, plumper look. But after finding out how serious Susan and Suzanne were about exercising, she'd decided she needed to step up her game.

Susan said into the receiver, "Hello, Brenda?"

"Oh, hi, Susan. What a nice surprise, hearing from you."

"The same. What are you up to?"

"Just trying to get in shape. I have to look my best for my master, and for Aidy too. A good mommy is a sexy, cock-stiffening mommy."

"That's certainly true," Susan happily replied. "Do you have a minute? I have something to discuss that I think you'll find interesting."

"Sure." In fact, although Brenda was in the middle of her exercises, she was much more interested in talking to Susan.

"So many exciting things have happened! It was kind of a special time for Tiger to fuck Amy and Suzanne. I'll give you the usual detailed, pussy-throbbing rundown later. But first I need to tell you about an important family discussion we all had before that happened."

"Yes?!" Brenda was already taking her workout clothes off. She didn't have any idea what Susan was about to discuss, but she was certain that she'd end up masturbating herself to orgasm at least once before the phone call ended.

"As you may know, this is the season for high school seniors to apply to various colleges. Most of the applications are due on January first or thereabouts, and some are due even earlier. So it's high time that our family had a discussion about where he and Amy are going to go next year, and how that'll affect us all."

Brenda's heart practically seized up. She clutched at her bare chest with her free hand. "Oh my God! He's not going to go far away, is he?!"

"Well, yes and no. Right now, it seems most likely that he's going to end up at UC Berkeley. Didn't you graduate from there?"

"I did, but just... tell me the news! What's going to happen?!"

Susan said happily, "We've decided that whatever happens, we're going to stick together as a family, as a harem. It looks likely Tiger will go to Berkeley or some other college in the Bay Area, and Amy will go to CCA, an art college in Oakland, or one of the many other art colleges in the Bay Area. Angel will transfer to a high school up there, and Suzanne and I will move up there too. I imagine we'll buy a big house and all live together, so the worship of our master's cock never has to end. Of course you're invited to join us too."

"YES!" Brenda blurted that out even before Susan finished her sentence.

Susan wasn't at all surprised by that answer, but she was happy to hear it just the same. Still, she asked, "Are you sure?"

Brenda's heart was pounding hard in fear, at this dangerous moment. "Of course I'm sure! He's my master! I'm his slave, now and forever, whether he knows it or not! How could I NOT go where he goes? Would you even consider that for a second?"

"Obviously not. But what about Adrian? Or your maid Anika, who's been part of your family since you were small? Or your big mansion?"

Brenda sighed as she considered all that. "Good point. However, we can move. Sure, why not? All of us together. With my divorce about to be finalized, it makes perfect sense that I'd want to get a new start somewhere else. And I have ties in Berkeley. I still have friends up there, from when I went to college at UCB. In fact, I probably have more true friends there than here. Anika will go where I go, no question. And Adrian will have no choice."

Susan said, "That's true, but it doesn't sound very nice."

"I know, but I'm thinking this could actually be a great opportunity for him. He's deeply unhappy. He basically has no friends, the mean kids give him a hard time, he doesn't like his classes, and on and on. I've been at a loss over what to do about it. So a fresh start could be the best thing possible for him."

"Hmmm. That's true," Susan said. "But still, won't he be resentful that you'd be moving to follow your master? Especially after you two start having sex."

Brenda squirmed unhappily. "That could be a problem, I'll admit. But we'll overcome it, I'm sure. He and I are going to have to come to an understanding about my relationship to Master Alan anyway. This moving idea would be small potatoes compared to some other problems that I anticipate coming up, since I'm sure Aidy would move in a heartbeat if he had the chance."

"Well, that's good then. Of course, I imagine you wouldn't actually move in with us. We couldn't have Adrian there for all sorts of reasons. But you could live nearby."

"But of course!" Brenda said passionately. "Maybe even next door, or down the street! That would be fantastic! But what about Master's other women? Will they be following him too?"

"That remains to be seen," Susan said. "You're the first one I've contacted. And frankly, it's not my place to contact most of them. Heck, I haven't even met some of them. I'm hopeful that at least Xania will be joining us though."

She almost mentioned Glory, but then she remembered that Alan didn't want her to tell others that he was having sex with his teacher. That was extremely frustrating for Susan, since she loved to revel in erotic talk about her son's sexual victories, but she was trying her best to stay mum about that one. In contrast, there was no need for her to keep quiet to Brenda about Xania after the wild sexual events of the poker party that both Brenda and Xania had attended.

Susan continued, "And Christine, his beautiful, busty long-time crush, will almost certainly be going to Stanford, just across the bay. So that's promising. But I'm not worried. I'm sure he'll meet a lot of new beauties up there. Can you just imagine, Tiger let loose on a college campus?"

Brenda chuckled knowingly. "That's more dangerous for the female population than if one were to let loose an actual tiger! He'll have dozens of busty coeds splattered in sperm before the first day of school! Heck, he'll probably tame entire sororities!"

Susan chuckled too. "I know! God, wouldn't that be HOT?! Can you imagine an entire sorority of the very hottest, most desirable girls, with ALL of them pledging their bodies and souls to him and him alone?! So hot! I like the way you think!" She reached down and started to rub her clit, but just a bit.

Brenda replied, as she started fingering herself as well, "I love the way YOU think! But most of all, I love the idea of moving to be near my master! That means at least four more years of serving him! FOUR! That's so exciting!"

Susan said, "Brenda, you deserve it. You've taken to serving his cock like a fish to water. In just a short time, you've become a vital part of this whole thing. You've got the right body for it, and the right attitude. I'm confident that in time he'll come to treasure you as one of his favorite sex pets."

"Thank you," Brenda said proudly. "It just feels so right, you know? Like this is what I was born and bred to do. You gave me a serious scare when you told me he'd be moving! I don't know what I'd do without him! I mean, I love my Aidy, and I very much want to have sex with him, but I neeeed my master!"

Susan said, "Of course I understand. You and me, we're the same kind of woman. We need a powerful man like Alan who smacks his cock against your cheek just for fun. And then he plunges his cock down your throat without asking or even speaking, while he's reaching down and squeezing your big tits. He expects the very best cocksucking service from you, and he knows he's going to get it!"

Brenda was masturbating faster. "Oh God! So true!" She was frustrated that she only had one hand to play with herself, so she said, "Hold on while I switch to speakerphone!" She quickly did that, then used her free hand to squeeze one of her tits, like Susan had just described Alan doing.

Susan was masturbating too. "It's true! And yeah, okay, maybe taming an entire sorority or two isn't realistic, even for him. But he certainly will tame some of the best of the best! The competition for some of his stiff cock is going to be, well, very stiff!" I think you should take a look at

Brenda moaned lustily. "Aaaah... Susan, please don't talk to me about his stiff cock! My mouth is watering enough as it is. Oh, by the way, you know how I said I have some good friends up there?"

"Yes?"

"'Birds of a feather flock together.' Most of my girlfriends were stacked and hot! By now they'll be total MALFs!"

Susan moaned lustily too, as she also started playing with her breasts in addition to her burning hot pussy. "Mmmm! Sounds good! But you mean 'MILFs.'"

"No, I mean MALFs: Mothers Alan would Like to Fuck! And I want him to fuck them all! Most of them are mothers by now, and married, but why should that stop him? It didn't stop him from fucking me, or Suzanne, or even you, his very own married mommy!"

Susan moaned even louder. "Ungh! Yes! He's going to fuck us all!" But then she suddenly tried to calm herself. "Wait! Wait, wait, wait!"

"What?" Brenda asked. She tried to pause too, but couldn't completely stop her fingerbanging.

"Let's calm down here for a moment. I have so much more to discuss with you. Let's just... count to twenty in your mind, slowly, and I will too."

"Okay."

So the two of them counted, which helped them calm down, sort-of, since neither of them had completely stopped fondling themselves, even during the counting.

Brenda was the first to speak. "Okay. I'm at twenty, and you're close enough. What else?!"

"Well, we have to consider possibilities. Tiger assures us he's a lock to get into Berkeley. But he's going to apply to some other colleges in the Bay Area and Los Angeles, just to be on the safe side. There's a teeny tiny chance he'll get into Stanford, which would be his top choice. But there's also a tiny chance he might not get into Berkeley and he'll end up going to UCLA or some place like that. We won't know for sure until April. So you probably don't want to tell Adrian or Anika that you're moving just yet, except maybe in a general way."

"Good point. But I've got a good feeling he'll get into Berkeley. It'll be really great for me if he goes to my alma mater. I'll be able to show him all my favorite hang-outs and restaurants, and then suck his cock in them!" She giggled. "And I'll introduce him to my hot MALF friends, and suck his cock WITH them!"

Susan squealed, "This is going to be so much fun! You know, I've been living in fear for a long time about my Tiger and my Angel going off to college and leaving me alone. But now I'm really looking forward to it. Four more years of slurping and sucking, and getting royally FUCKED! Not only will it be as wonderful as now, it'll be even BETTER!"

She explained, "For instance, nobody needs to know that I'm his mommy. My divorce to Ron should be done by then, and that'll give me an excuse to go back to my maiden name, which is Walton. So, when you're slurping up the town with him, I can be right there too. Just imagine the three of us going out to some fancy Berkeley restaurant. One of us would keep him company above the table, and the other one would keep him company below the table, if you know what I mean!"

"I do!" Brenda had a vision of herself stretched out under a table in a restaurant, with her head in front of Alan's lap and her pussy in Susan's so that she could suck on Alan's cock while having her pussy

fingered. "We could take turns, so we both get our spermy treat! Oh, Susan, this IS going to be such fun! I'm getting so horny just thinking about all the wild and crazy stuff we'll do!"

"Me too!" Susan agreed. "I'm going to have to go suck on a Popsicle if we keep this up!"

The two of them giggled at that. It had become kind of a running joke between them about how often they both had been sucking on Popsicles and other phallic-shaped objects of late.

Brenda added, "I love that maiden-name idea of yours. You'd still be his big-titted mommy, of course, but in public you could pretend to be just one more of his many, many sexy sluts! He could reach inside your dress and fondle your tits or ass in front of anybody. Or everybody! Right there in the middle of a crowd!"bender

"Oh GOD!" Susan practically screamed. "So hot!"

"It is! This is our fate! We can be his sex slaves forever!"

Susan groaned almost orgasmically. "Oh, Brenda, please! Don't say that! Too hot! I'm burning up!"

"Well, if that makes you hot, just think about where you'll live! Money is no object. You can move the harem into the ultimate pleasure palace! If you or Suzanne can't afford it, then you damn well better know that I'll chip in, whatever it takes!"

Susan huffed and puffed, "No, please! You can't do that. Tiger would never allow it; I know that much. He doesn't want you to think he's tamed you for your money."

Brenda joked happily, "I know that. He tamed me just for my tits and the rest of my body."

Susan grinned. "Exactly. But between Suzanne and me, we can get a very fancy house high up in the hills over Berkeley. It WILL be the ultimate pleasure palace! All of us, we can plan it together!"

"My God! That sounds great! And we Hunters will live next door, if Master will allow it. Heck, we could even have a secret tunnel between the houses! Oh my gosh! I have so many ideas! I want to start checking the real estate listings already. Can you imagine sitting in an infinity-edge hot tub, getting fucked by your master in the bubbly water while you look out over the entire Bay Area?!"

"That does sound good, especially the 'getting fucked by your master' part." Then Susan asked, "By the way, what's an 'infinity-edge hot tub?'"

"'Infinity edge' is where you have a pool or hot tub which has one or more sides that look like they have no edge at all, kinda like a waterfall hanging out in space. It's really just a visual trick, because the water that spills over gets caught just off the edge and recycled back into the pool. You've probably seen pictures of them; they look amazing. It would be perfect for living on a steep slope up in the Berkeley hills."

"Oh, yes, I think I know what you mean. But that sounds so... decadent. Isn't that extra expensive?"

"Of course it is, but Susan, you're worth it! Our master is worth it! You have the money, so spend it while you can enjoy it. I tell you, this moving idea is the best thing ever! I can already picture your new place in my mind, and it looks glorious. A fresh start is exactly what everyone needs!"

"I completely agree," Susan said. "However, let's not get too excited. It's a long way off until April, and we don't want to get all carried away with our plans, only to have Tiger end up going somewhere else. Let's try not talking about it at all for a while, or I'm going to become obsessed. Most of all, please don't mention it to Tiger, to put even more pressure on him. I just wanted you to know this is happening, and that you can be a big part of it if you want to be."

"I do! I do, I do, I do!"

Susan giggled. "I take that as a 'Yes.'"

"YES!"

They both giggled some more as they each focused temporarily on masturbating.

The two of them continued talking on the phone for a long time. Susan fleshed out Alan's various college options. She also speculated on which of Alan's other lovers might want to move to the Bay Area to stay near the harem.

Brenda was particularly interested in that aspect, even though she'd never met or seen most of the other women mentioned.

But most of their conversation took its usual form, where Susan explained the previous night's sexual adventures in great detail, just as she had been doing for Brenda on most days. By the time they were done and ended the phone call, both women were thoroughly sexually satiated and very, very content.

Chapter 1019 Glory - We Have To Get You Out Of Those Clothes.

Alan hurried to his first-period physics class and made it through the door just as the bell rang. As he sat down, he complimented himself that he'd gotten away with yet more outrageous behavior on the school grounds, and no one was the wiser.

But the instant he sat in his seat, a sense of horror ran through him that something was dreadfully wrong. He could feel wetness on the backs of his upper thighs where they touched the seat, and his forearms on the desk were soaking in something both wet and sticky.

Oh shit! Wet paint! He looked around. Everyone else was settling down and seemed to be doing fine. Whatever had happened had happened just to him.

He froze in place for a few moments. The combination seat and desk he sat in was painted a dull brown. He realized that if he stood up, he would be a laughingstock. But if he remained sitting and perfectly still, perhaps he could get through this hour of class and then somehow get mercy from the teacher before students came in for the next class. Luckily, the teacher of this class, Mr. Tompkins, was a pretty cool guy. Alan felt confident that he would be able to help.

But then Alan realized to his dismay that he couldn't even so much as raise either arm to ask a question or scratch his nose, since they were sticking to his desk. He experimentally tried to pull one of his arms up an inch or so. It took some effort to free the arm from the paint, and then he saw that the entire underside of his arm was coated in brown.

He dropped his arm back down and frantically looked around the room to see if anyone else had noticed. Luckily, everyone was focused on what Mr. Tompkins was saying, except some burly guys in the back of the room who were pointing and snickering. He instantly knew that they must have been involved. He felt certain that they'd spread word of his predicament, so that the whole class would know within minutes.

Then he saw Christine get up and walk to the front of the class. That was very strange, because she hadn't been called on. She handed Mr. Tompkins a note and walked back to her seat.

Mr. Tompkins read the note and put it aside. Then, he said, "By the way, class, I have good news. You all did so well with your surprise exam on Friday, and it's such a nice day, that we're going to have today's class out on the lawn! How do you like that?"

The class was very surprised and excited, and there was a lot of clapping and cheering.

Mr. Tompkins continued, "Meet me outside on the grassy knoll in a few minutes. Alan, can you stay behind for a second? I have something I need you to do."

Alan had been freaking out, but he let out a huge sigh of relief. Suddenly it all became clear. Christine, sitting kitty corner and behind him, had seen his predicament. She'd quickly written a note to get help from the teacher. Either she or the teacher had thought of evacuating the room immediately, before Alan was exposed.

Thank God for good friends! Alan thought to himself, even as he remained as still as a statue in his chair. Wonder Woman to the rescue! He thought that, because Christine happened to be wearing her fabulous Wonder Woman T-shirt that day.

As the other students filed out, Christine tried to linger. She had a concerned look on her face, but the teacher had said nothing about her staying behind as well, so she reluctantly continued out the door.

Alan gave her the most grateful expression he could conjure, mouthing a silent "Thank you." He saw a smile appear on her face just as she passed out of view.

Mr. Tompkins closed the door behind Christine and immediately rushed to Alan. "My God, kid, what happened to you?"

Alan raised his arm all the way, exposing the underside of brown to his teacher. "A prank, Mr. Tompkins. Some of the football players are out to get me. I could see a couple of guys in the back snickering, so I'll bet at least one of them had something to do with it."

"Well you certainly are calm about it."

"I may look calm on the outside, but I'm actually freaking out. I thought I was in trouble for sure!"

"You still may be, unfortunately. I can't just leave you like this, but I can't leave my class lingering around outside for more than a minute or two, either. Don't even move, or you're going to make a huge mess. I thought about leaving Christine to help you, but I didn't want her role in this to be so obvious. What should I do? Call your parents? Call the principal? In all my years of teaching, I've never seen anything like this."

A solution popped into Alan's brain and he spoke his mind immediately. "Get Ms. Rhymer! She has study hall first period, and she's a good friend. I'll bet she can get me out of this!"

"Good idea. I'm out of here. Good luck!"

Mr. Tompkins literally ran out the door and down the hall.

Alan remained frozen in place. The desk had obviously been freshly painted immediately before the class. Now some of the paint was starting to drip and run in places. He realized with chagrin that this must have been set up at the same time that he'd been having fun with Heather and Simone.

Well, at least that pretty much rules out Heather as a suspect, he concluded while he waited. Anyways, I saw the looks on those guys' faces. I just wish I could have looked more than a second or two so I could have figured out exactly which ones were mocking me. Thank God I have the reputation for being a good guy and a teacher's pet, or I don't think Mr. Tompkins would have been so nice.

Suddenly, Glory burst in. She looked deeply concerned. "Young man! What happened to you?"

Alan explained quickly, and as she listened her obvious concern became mixed with amusement.

Glory looked over the other desks, then concluded, "Hmmm. It appears that just the desktop, backrest, and seat were painted. I'd better go get some supplies. That backrest is dripping something awful. Don't move!" She ran off. I think you should take a look at

As Alan sat and waited yet again, he thought, Fuck. Someone, or more likely more than one, of those guys really have it in for me. Whatever Heather did over the weekend to try to appease them clearly wasn't enough. I might have escaped being completely humiliated and embarrassed, thanks to the sharp eyes of one of my few remaining friends, but it's not like they're going to stop. They're going to keep coming at me again and again. And they're bigger and stronger than me, and outnumber me badly. I need real help!

Glory came back with her arms full of janitorial supplies. She locked the door behind her, then set about cleaning up the mess. First she wiped up the paint that had dripped on the floor. Then she had Alan rock the desk-chair to lift up each corner, one at a time, so she could put a big plastic tarp underneath the entire area.

"You're damned lucky I happen to have this period free, young man," she said as she finished placing the tarp.

"I'm damned lucky period! I mean, what if this classroom were on the ground floor and not the second? I'd bet my tormentors would find a way to peek in and take a photograph or something." Then he briefly told the story about what had happened and how Christine and Mr. Tompkins had rescued him.

"Quick," Glory said, cutting off the end of his story. "Stand up and strip! We have to get you out of those clothes."

Alan stood, making sure to remain over the tarp-covered area. "Oh, fuck! Look at me. Look at this! This sucks! Shit. These clothes are ruined. Oh, FUCK! Where the hell am I going to get some other clothes to wear before this period is over? And of course I didn't wear any underwear today. That's probably a bad habit. I'm screwed!"

He rapidly shucked off his T-shirt and shorts as he said this. His hands had been on his desk, so they were covered with paint, too, so he got a lot more brown paint on his clothes as he took them off. They were clearly ruined. The only items not completely ruined were his shoes and socks, which he still wore.

Glory looked at Alan standing naked in the middle of a strange classroom, and cursed him. "Damn you, Alan Plummer! Why do you have to get a fucking hard-on at a time like this?! Young man, you're simply insatiable, and incorrigible!" She pretended anger, but really she was both frustrated and amused.

"I'm sorry," he said sheepishly. "I wasn't aroused even slightly until just now. But you're far too sexy in that fancy outfit. You always dress so nice. And then seeing you bend over all around me, wiping the floor... I mean, I'm only human! It's your fault for being too dang sexy all the time!" He didn't add what had brought his cock to full mast: as she'd been down on all fours putting the tarp into place, he'd a good angle to notice that she was going commando, without panties.

Glory laughed. "All right. All right. But we've resolved to have a purely platonic relationship from now on. This sure is some kind of awkward start to that! Jesus H. Christ! Make it stop bouncing around like that, dammit!"

"I can't!"

She sighed. "Let's get you cleaned up as fast as possible, then. I brought some gloves and a scrub brush and all kinds of things. But if you see one drop get on my clothes, tell me."

"A drop of what?" he asked in as innocent a voice as he could manage.

She knew what he was implying: a drop of paint, or a drop of cum? Her pussy throbbed as she thought about deep throating him so thoroughly that not a drop would escape her lips. But she gained control of her lust and said, "You know what I mean. I don't want these ruined."

He was feeling a lot better by that point. He had a good feeling that he'd get out of this jam. So he teased further, "You could just take them off like mine, you know."

"Wouldn't you like that? I'm sure you'd insist on taking off my bra and panties too, just to be on the safe side."

"Of course. One can't be too careful, especially with the expensive, pure white undies that you like to wear." He found it interesting that she was pretending she was still wearing panties. He strongly suspected that in fact she wasn't wearing a bra, either.

"Young man! What am I going to do with you?" She scrubbed his hands and forearms as she spoke.

"I could think of some fun things."

She laughed, but said, "Arrgh! Platonic, remember?" She ignored the great itching need that she was feeling in her crotch.

"I know. I'm sorry. It's just that I'm all freaked out and worked up, and some humor is helping calm me down. I'll stop."

"Thanks. I know what you mean because I feel the same. Larry - that's Mr. Tompkins to you - was in such a rush that he didn't have time to explain and merely told me that you were alone in this classroom and needed my help right away. I nearly died of worry before I got here! Just exactly who did this to you anyway, and what's it all about?"bender

He explained all about his feud with the football team while she finished cleaning him off. There wasn't much paint on him. It was mostly just on the lower side of his forearms and hands where he'd touched the desk, plus a thin stripe on the back of his lower thighs where his flesh had made contact with the seat. The rest had been covered by his now-ruined clothes.

Glory, however, seemed to take her time, doing an extremely thorough job of getting all the paint off his skin. In fact, she continued to work on the back of his thighs long after all the paint had gone, although Alan didn't know that. She was intoxicated by being so near his naked ass, and it was a constant struggle for her to keep enough focus on his words to understand his predicament. She reminded herself that this was probably the last time she'd be able to see and touch a naked Alan, though deep down she strongly suspected that that might not be true.

She also had a nearly irresistible urge to grab his erection, which continued to stick straight out, bobbing lightly as she worked on him. She thought, I know every single vein and bump on that penis, and my tongue and lips know it even better than my eyes do. I just can't believe I'm never going to even hold it

again... Can't I pet and stroke it just a bit, for old time's sake. Can't I do that? It's not like he would mind...

Chapter 1020 Glory - I'm Not Deep Throating You Yet.

But his story about the football players gave her something else to focus on. As his tale came to an end, she blurted out, "I blame Heather."

"Heather? Why her?"

"First off, if she hadn't been such a slut and slept with half the team, or more, then they wouldn't be so bent out of shape by the fact that now you're sleeping with her. Then, once that happened, she should have cleaned up her own mess and taken care of them, and she's clearly failed to do that. You're just an innocent victim of her twisted personality and her wanton, immoral behavior."

"Hey. Just a minute. I'll admit that Heather's no saint."

"Ha! Understatement of the year!"

"True. But she's just a part of this whole mess. The main thing is, they consider themselves the top dogs in the school. They always get the best girls, especially the star players. But then I come out of nowhere, a nerd, no less, and suddenly I've got Amy for my girlfriend, and rumors swirl that I'm fucking the rest of the cheerleading squad and then some - minus my sister, of course."

"Oh, of course," Glory said sarcastically, knowing full well that wasn't the case.

"So naturally they're jealous. I've upset the social order, and as you know since you study the gossip, the social order in a high school is everything. And can I really blame them for being jealous? Talking about wanton, immoral behavior, if they only knew half of what I'm actually doing, they and the rest of the school would probably lynch me on the spot. Take you, for starters. Do you know how many guys in this school have crushes on you? If someone were to snap a picture right now of you cleaning my thighs yet again - aren't they clean already? If they were to take a picture right now, with your hands and long tongue wrapped around my cock, alternately jacking it off and deep throating it, I'd be lucky to make it off the campus alive and in one piece!"

"Hey, I'm not deep throating you yet. What are you talking about?" She came around from behind him and stared at his erection from mere inches away, as if confirming that she wasn't already there. She backed up in surprise as it very nearly bounced off her nose. Then she groaned with frustration when she realized he was playing a verbal trick on her.

He laughed. "Just kidding. A guy can dream, can't he? It's only been ten minutes since class started, but it feels like hours have passed, and I'm getting a little bit freaked thinking about someone finding us here." bender

As Alan talked, Glory mentally calculated the number of inches between the tip of Alan's stiff pole and her lips. The number seemed to be rapidly shrinking and would soon need to be measured in fractions of inches. Even as she promised herself restraint, she licked her lips in anticipation. Her pussy was wet and dripping.

She was thinking, It's really not fair to leave him like this. How is he going to make it through his next classes with a painful hard-on like that? It's my fault, having him stand naked in the middle of the class and then fondling his ass, er, I mean, rubbing the paint off his ass, for so long. Just one little blowjob wouldn't be like we're getting back together or anything. Right? I mean, if I deep throat him and swallow every last drop of his delicious cum, I'd just be doing him a favor, and the fact that I'd be feeling unimaginably great pleasures has nothing to do with it. He's probably noticed that I somehow forgot to wear my panties, so it really is my fault and my-

But then he interrupted her thoughts by saying, "I don't feel nearly as safe right now as when I'm in your room. For one thing, I wouldn't be at all surprised if Mr. Tompkins gets away from his class for a little while to see how we're doing."

"OH FUCK!" She jumped up in panic and backed away, as if Mr. Tompkins had just walked into the room. Then she calmed herself a bit. As much as I'd love to suck him off, I mean, help him out, we can't. Not here, not now. What if someone comes in? This is crazy!

She sat back, making sure to do so in a way that her pussy could no longer be seen. "Phew! Good point. You see? This is why our affair has to stop. I can't take the constant fear that we'll be discovered. Never let me forget that! Let's find you some clothes. Now that I think about it, I have some shorts and a T-shirt that should fit you back in my classroom."

"You do? What luck."

"It's not luck. I've thought a lot about all the different things that could go wrong with our affair. In addition to packing spare clothes for me in my closet, I have some meant for you, in case you got in an embarrassingly cummy mess during one of our lunchtime escapades."

He grinned, impressed. "You're too good for me. You're so clever."

Clever, maybe, but unwise, she thought to herself. If he hadn't reminded me about the almost certain chance of Larry coming back to his own classroom at any time, I'd probably have given in and I'd be deep throating him right now! He knew it and I knew it. I was sooooo close. I even said "yet." Damn! I have to resist! I'm so stupid! True, I thought of the clothes, which helped speed things up, but if he hadn't been the one to remember about the teacher, my goose would be cooked for sure! We're hanging on by the skin of our teeth! And I thought I'd put all this behind me yesterday, but I can't get free.

She returned with the clothes minutes later, and soon he was dressed. The two of them finished cleaning up, including wiping all the wet paint from his desk until it was useable for the next period's class.

Once they were done, Glory thought, Now, this is awkward. He still has that hard-on. And it still would be mean of me to just leave him like that. But I can't just ask him to unzip his pants so I can run my tongue up and down his beautiful shaft, slathering it and loving it as I take it deeper and deeper. I have my dignity! We're supposed to be moving past that. Besides, what if Mr. Tompkins comes back? He will soon, I know it. What if he sees me on my knees, with my handsome student shoving all eight magnificent inches between my hungry lips? Would I just sit there and suck and lick and tease until he blows his huge wad of tasty cum all over my tonsils while another teacher watches?

Good Lord!

She stood up and began pacing about. She kept busy cleaning the rest of the room, even though that had nothing to do with the painting incident. She just wanted an excuse to look anywhere but at Alan.

He didn't realize it, but she was close to the breaking point. If he had so much as touched her on the shoulder, she would have turned around and melted in his arms, eager to do anything and everything he wanted to do.

But ever so slowly, she managed to calm herself. They started talking about school gossip, which was safe territory. Eventually, Glory noticed that Alan's erection had subsided and that took away her excuse to "help" him. Her pussy finally stopped throbbing with need.

By the time Mr. Tompkins came back in to check on them, everything had been taken care of. They sat next to each other, making idle chatter, looking as innocent as two angels.

But deep down, both Alan and Glory were very distraught, though for different reasons. Alan knew he'd dodged a bullet. A public humiliation would be worse than actually getting beaten up, because one got a lot of sympathy with the latter, but practically none with the former. He considered this painting incident to be a declaration of war, though he didn't even know exactly who his enemies were. He was already plotting his own moves, and the first step was to solidify the status of his own friends and allies. With an S-Club meeting planned for the afternoon and a dinner date already scheduled with Christine this evening, the timing seemed just right. Again, he marveled at his great luck.

Glory, on the other hand, was deeply disturbed by just how aroused she'd been. She cursed her rotten luck and wondered at the odds that a bizarre series of events would result in Alan standing before her completely naked and fully erect just minutes after school began. She both loved it and hated it.

She could hardly understand herself anymore. For instance, she had no good explanation why she consciously chose not to wear any underwear as she dressed for school that morning. She told herself that it was an accident, but she didn't really believe that, as she'd never made that kind of mistake before in her life. Some tiny, naughty voice in the back of her head told her that Alan had commanded her to do that the week before, and since he hadn't said anything contrary since, she continued to obey. She knew that was the most pathetic excuse imaginable.

What she couldn't deny however was that being naked under her clothes was inescapably arousing to her. Deep down inside, she secretly knew that she just wanted to be naughty for her young lover. She knew that in her bed tonight, she'd be fantasizing endlessly about all the things that could have happened between them in Mr. Tompkins' classroom if she'd had just a tiny bit less self-control.